THE FIELD

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A GROUP AT PERTH HUNT RACES

The Earl and Countess of Airlie with Sir Ian Stewart-Richardson. Lord Airlie married Lady Alexandra Coke, Lord Leicester's second daughter, in 1917. Sir Ian Stewart-Richardson, the sixteenth baronet, succeeded his father in 1914

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FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

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MATTERS OF THE ROAD

SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL in his motoring article this week again touches on the subject of road safety, a topic which must be ever-uppermost in our minds when each week that goes by brings a toll of over 130 killed and close on 5,000 injured in road accidents. He contends, and with reason, that a good deal of muddled thinking results in coupling up the cause of accidents with speed alone. Speed in itself may, on occasion, be dangerous, but it is by no means synonymous with bad driving; that, where the car is concerned, is the mainspring of road casualties. With a careless driver at the wheel accidents can occur at 20 miles per hour as well as at 70 miles per hour. An outstanding menace is the man who courts disaster by recklessly cutting in, but who so often escapes it through the quick-wittedness of others. "You are the most dangerous type of driver there is, because you do not know how dangerously you drive," said a magistrate to one motorist who was fined £15 and had his licence suspended for a year for cutting in between cars on two bends near each other at a speed of 50 miles per hour.

Here is a case of the dangerous driver ready to take improper risks, but the slow drivers who attempt to pass a big vehicle moving rapidly ahead and have not the power to do so are just as reprehensible. Dazzling, undipped headlights, again, on cars driven at speed by night, and decrepit vehicles long unfit for travel can be added to the long list of road menaces. A case was reported recently of a lorry found to have 10in. of backlash in the steering wheel, a defective handbrake and footbrakes which did not function. The owner was fined £5 for allowing this wreck on the highway!

Sir John Simon has issued a circular to magistrates pointing out the lack of uniformity in the penalties imposed upon motorists. It reveals some astonishing figures. In 1935, out of 1,966 convictions for driving under the influence of drink, 1,377 licences were suspended, and 385 endorsed but not suspended; out of 10,348 convictions for failure to insure against third-party risk, 3,934 of the drivers convicted had their licences suspended, and 629 had their licences endorsed but were not suspended; and out of 4,525 convictions for driving recklessly, suspension of licence followed in 1,640 cases, while 2,668 escaped with endorsement. It is added that on conviction disqualification for twelve months should operate in the first two cases, while in the third category disqualification is at the discretion of the court on a first conviction, but obligatory on a subsequent conviction. But in every case there should be an endorsement of licence. The only loopholes provided are when the court takes other action for "special reasons." It is considered that differing opinions of what constitutes a "special reason" as understood in some courts are likely to defeat the intentions of Parliament, and to lead to a sense of injustice among defendants who are strictly dealt with in some courts, while in others those convicted escape punishment.

Since these figures were issued, the Press has given considerable publicity to prosecutions of motorists. The result is a long list of convictions for exceeding the speed limit in restricted areas and for a number of minor offences. But the publicity which we require is that which draws attention to fatal accidents, to the causes which led to them, and to the punishment meted out to the guilty. And as regards police activities, instead of so much attention being paid to minor points, could not a more intensive campaign be launched against the reckless performers on the high road? Pedestrians, too, need to be taken into account; for though the motorist almost always bears the brunt of the attack when the casualty roll comes up for discussion, it should be remembered that the private car driver does not come out of it badly in the statistics. When the full force of the driving tests is felt, and when more insistence is brought to bear on the necessity for marked crossings, his position will be clearer still.

Should the pedestrian so often go unblamed? The "jay walker" can be responsible for untold disaster, and so can the cyclist both by day when he is visible and by night when he is almost invisible. Has not the time arrived for a motorist to take a test action against a reckless cyclist? To the rider who dashes across him from a side turning, forcing him to swerve or risk collision from a following vehicle, cannot the car driver rightly say, "You have endangered my life and the lives of my passengers," even though he may have averted an accident by his own promptitude and vigilance?

LORD HUGH CECIL

THROUGH five centuries the ceremonies of the installation of a Provost of Eton have been the same; the Provost-designate is escorted to the closed door of School Yard, upon which he knocks three times, to be admitted and received by the Vice-Provost; follow processions and other ceremonial and a service in Chapel. All this through the centuries, and on every occasion a great name is added to the roll, and a great personage succeeds to a great office. But never until Sunday last has a Provost been installed with quite the same record as that which belongs to the career of Lord Hugh Cecil, who has succeeded Dr. Montague Rhodes James. Scholar and politician, Lord Hugh adds a further claim to the admiration of Etonians, particularly of the younger generation. Lord Hugh left Eton in 1884, and during the War he served as a Lieutenant in the Royal Air Force in France. It may have fallen to the lot of Provosts in the past to be more or less militant in their office, but never before to have flown.

POLO IN THE UNITED STATES

Mr. Peter Vischer, in this issue, describes the great fight between the Templeton and Greentree polo teams for the United States Open Championship. As a result of the match Greentree earned the right to play Argentine for the "Cup of the Americas." At first it was thought that Gerald Balding would have to retire as he could hardly represent the United States and Great Britain in successive months. However, he was permitted to play, inasmuch as Greentree was playing for the Cup and not a team representing the United States. If Templeton were considered a great team, and Greentree earned superlatives on their play, what terms can be applied to the Argentine combination which met the latter team in the America's Cup match at Meadowbrook, and defeated them by 21 goals to 9 in the first match, and by 8 goals to 4 in the second? In the opening contest Robert Cavanagh, the Argentine No. 2, who scored nine goals for his side, is said to have covered Hitchcock so well that he only scored three goals. Andres Gazzotti (3), Manuel Andrada (4) and Luis Duggan were the other members of the Argentine team. Apart from Hitchcock, Bostwick contributed five goals and Balding one goal to the United States total of nine.

HUMAN FALLIBILITY

It was a startling example of the fallibility of form and human judgment when St. Botolph won the John Porter Stakes at Newbury last week. Interest in this race centred round Fairey and Field Trial; indeed, in some quarters it was almost regarded as a match between these two prominent horses. The story, briefly told, is that St. Botolph was the pacemaker, and when it came to "catching time," neither Field Trial nor Fairey could catch, or anything like it. Gordon Richards rode St. Botolph in this race, which had a distinct flavour of Nat Gould. What a story he could have made out of it!

BLAGDON IN AUTUMN

With the closing down of most rivers there remain few chances of sport for fly rods this year unless they include the pursuit of grayling in their repertoire. But Blagdon keeps open for another ten days, and there are few more satisfactory endings to a season than a great fish from the famous lake, one of the real old-timers which comes cruising into a shallow bay after sticklebacks, perhaps, and leaves a wake like a motor launch spreading redly across the placid water as the sun sinks behind the dam. There have been complaints of late years that these portly fish disdain the shallows where anglers wait to greet them, and it may be that the drought years and the timely mudding operations which were then undertaken have temporarily disturbed the food supply; but they show up at spawning time and Nature's readjustment will surely make those 6-pounders report for duty in due course. There is always the chance that this year may begin the era of their resurrection.

THE SCHOOLBOY EXPLORERS

Every year Surgeon-Commander Murray Levick's Public School Exploring Expedition grows in size, and the party that recently returned from Lapland was the largest to leave this country, consisting of a total of 120 boys and two leaders. The boys brought back a collection of birds and insects for the British Museum, and experienced all sorts of weather—warm sunshine, rain, cold winds, 12 deg. of frost and a heavy gale in a mountain pass. They were doing the real thing, and the juniors had their spice of excitement and adventure when three Finnish refugees escaping from Russia sought shelter in their camp and were pursued by aeroplanes. Picked parties of seniors marched about 220 miles over rough country with their equipment. All the boys showed pluck, were loyal and cheery, and returned in excellent health and as hard as nails. The Public Schools Exploring Society is going to grow still bigger, and parents of boys who wish to join the Newfoundland Expedition next year are advised to apply now to the Hon. Leader at White Barn, Old Oxted, Surrey. Expenses are estimated at about £40. Officers of the Army and Navy are required for posts as Hon. Assistant Leaders, and Hon. Physicians and Surgeons are also required.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a popular novel: "Lord Archerfield is our host. Deep Hollow is the place, down in Sussex. . . . Tennis, boating and a good 400 acres of grouse to shoot over."

A CHAMPION RETIRES

Not many weeks ago Jack "Kid" Berg's long and honourable career in the rings of the world came to an end. Like many a champion before him he had refused to see the writing on the wall. He was a fighter pure and simple—and the ring took an immense toll of his stamina. His retirement came one fight too late. Berg twice fought for the World Championship. Tarleton, who lost his Feather-weight Championship to McGrory last week, also fought twice for the World Championship. Tarleton is a boxer as opposed to a fighter. At the age of 30 he shows no sign of lack of stamina, and might quite well fight for another five years in good company. He announced his retirement from the ring when the decision was given to McGrory, and thereby showed a wisdom not usually associated with professional boxing champions.

McGrory was found by the N.S.C., and has at last fulfilled the promise he showed as a boy. To defeat Tarleton on points is an achievement: to have Tarleton on the verge of a knock-out is even more of an achievement. And this was done in Liverpool before a crowd of Tarleton's most ardent supporters. Such an indifference to atmosphere is rare in a Briton, and is common only to real champions. McGrory is young and has a great future.

MORE ATHLETIC RECORDS

Although it is two months now since the record-breaking Olympiad was held in Germany the Finnish long-distance athletes have not been content to rest on the laurels they won in Berlin. Last Monday Iso Hollo, winner of the 3,000 metres steeplechase at the Games, broke four world's records, three previously held by A. E. Shrubb, of Great Britain, in winning the 15 kilometres marathon race at the Viborg Sports Club. He now holds the world's records for the 7, 8 and 9 miles (34min. 46.8sec., 40min. 0.2sec., 45min. 13sec. respectively), as well as beating Paavo Nurmi's previous best for the 15 kilometres by doing 46min. 45.4sec.

It is interesting to recall that only a week ago the veteran British athlete, W. G. George, stated in an interview that "he believes that the new athletic records have not been created by better training methods or by superior running tracks, but by much greater intensive world competition." Whether this is true or not, part of the success of the Finnish long-distance runners can be traced to the fact that at home they mostly run in cross-country races and, as there is no season, they are always in training and always fit. Jack Lovelock, who will take part in another "mile of the century" race in the States early this month, is also in the habit of keeping fit by running in cross country races throughout the winter.

SUMMER TIME

To-morrow summer time comes to an end, and there will probably be as many people to-night as usual who will forget to put their clocks back the necessary hour, or who will be in doubt whether the clock should be put back or forward. But for most of us the end of summer time, whether or not we remember to set our clocks right, brings a thought of sadness, and in this particular year we may ask, perhaps, how much of the year can have been called summer at all. Even in September, which sometimes redeems the rains and cold of previous months, we have had fog and cloud which in ordinary years we expect in November and the last few days of the month, with the wind blowing from the north-east, might easily have belonged to March. Well, there are still two later summers to hope for—St. Martin's in November, and, within a fortnight's time, St. Luke's.

THE FALL

In the green stillness after night's long feud
  Of rain, I marvelled how such peace was born:
  Drop-crystals hung from every wintry thorn.
Broad meadows smiled in blank beatitude.
Then a sound spread; an oak-branch mighty-thewed
  Rain-rotten, like an elk falling, his horn
  Plunging through network, crashed. That thud forlorn
Made jewels shower from hedgerows, rood on rood
  As long as the slow fall; then all was still.
  I saw the milk-float climbing yet the hill,
I saw the rooks in clearings wheel, and then debouch;
  But I was far away in place and year.
I was a savage rising from his crouch,
  His heart yet drumming with primeval fear.

GEOFFREY JOHNSON.

A possible thrill for the spectators

WHY NOT "BRIGHTER RUGBY"?

Methods That Mar Open Play

ONCE upon a time Rugby football was a well-defined game. That is to say the fifteen players of a team had definite functions and stuck to them. In those days—and they are not so very far distant—the forwards *were* forwards, and developed their own arts of play within their own sphere. They rarely handled the ball. They left that to the backs. But they did know how to pack down and shove solidly in the scrummages, to heel the ball to their backs or to carry it on with their feet in a well-organised rush. When they heeled the ball from a scrum they looked to their backs to do the running and hand-to-hand passing, and the backs, left to themselves, had room to exploit all sorts of tactical variations that were a pure joy to see. There was even a time when a player who kicked the ball over the side lines was greeted with a howl of derision, though that was a very long time ago and will hardly be believed by the modern generation of players, who are accustomed to receive hearty applause for kicking the ball out of play.

Consider now how these old principles of play have been violated in the name of progress. Forwards are not content to be merely forwards. They must be continually taking a hand in back movements or dashing among the opposing backs to spoil *their* movements. The result is that they are all the time rushing all over the field, stifling open play and causing in its place a tremendous lot of struggling and scrambling that leads nowhere. These moderns claim that the game is faster than it used to be. It is faster only in the negative sense that players rush around more than they did. There is certainly much less open running than there used to be, and much, very much more chaos.

Kicking over the side lines has been increasing for several years, and it will go on increasing if modern tactics are pursued. On the one hand, backs are resorting to it more and more as a means of relief from the persistent raiding by the opposing forwards. On the other hand, its use as a means of gaining ground for attack is extending because these same forwards so often smother ordinary methods of attack. It is easy to gain thirty yards with a kick to touch, whereas tremendous effort may be necessary to achieve the same object on the field. In actual fact the game is drifting towards a kind of American football, in which the teams work their way up the field by assault and battery. But whereas the American game is an organised warfare, thrilling large crowds by its very intensity, Rugby football has become merely chaotic and much of it extremely dull to watch.

Kindly critics, in their enthusiasm for a great game, profess to see little wrong with the modern game—chiefly, it seems, on the principle that "there can be no such thing as bad Rugby so long as the players are enjoying it." The *Field* has always taken the view that if a game is worth playing it is worth playing in the best possible way—and it is patent that, in general, the players are not making the best of it nor getting the best out of it. And, since the leading clubs now lay themselves out to attract spectators, they must accept some responsibility for seeing that the game is worth watching as well as worth playing. Many of them have been complaining about declining "gates" in the last year or two, and it is a fact that even at Twickenham, the headquarters of the game, there has been a marked decrease in the attendances at matches which used to attract large crowds—such as the Services' matches.

Surely there is here a lesson to be learned from experiences of first-class cricket in recent years. In the main, Rugby is suffering from the very thing that was driving spectators away from cricket matches until wiser counsels prevailed—that is, too much defensive play. The batsmen were to blame in cricket, the development of forward play in Rugby. Those forward developments have practically all arisen from the introduction of wing forward play—the skirmishing operations of the two outside players in the back row of the scrum. C. N. Pillman, of Blackheath, was one of the first forwards to demonstrate its possibilities, but no one can seriously blame him for subsequent developments any more than any one could blame such a classic defensive batsman as Willie Quaife for the subsequent spread of dull batting. The difference between these players and their successors and imitators has been that between constructive and negative play.

Insistent demands for "brighter Cricket," coupled with alterations of the conditions under which the County Championship is contested, have reduced defensive play and restored some measure of life and enterprise in that game. What we now want is a "brighter Rugby" movement—which means, not faster play, but more constructive, more varied, more interesting play. How is it to be attained? We cannot expect the players of their own accord to abandon the methods in which they have been trained. It is their misfortune that they have never known the glories of the game as it used to be. The clubs and those old players who take an interest in them could undoubtedly do much to restrict defensive spoiling and encourage more open play. But the only way really to ensure concerted action to curb the activities of marauding forwards, which constitute the chief evil, is to modify the laws accordingly.

At its annual meeting this year the Rugby Union did consider proposals to this end, but the committee failed to arrive at a satisfactory modification of the rules. Mr. J. E. Greenwood, the President of the Union, one of the great forwards of his time, as a player expressed the opinion that the wing forward would be made completely impotent if the opposing forwards kept on shoving. The objection to this theory is that a pack which kept on shoving might often find nothing to shove, as the opposing forwards broke up. Only practical experience can show how the laws might be modified to the best advantage, and a simple ruling that forwards must not advance beyond their own front row until the ball has left the scrum, would seem, at any rate, to be worth a trial in match play.

F. I. W.

THE SOUTH BERKS HOUNDS AND HUNTSMAN CUB-HUNTING IN THE MORTIMER WEST END WOODLANDS

BECOMING A MASTER OF HOUNDS

Tasks Which Fall to a Young M.F.H. Before and During the Hunting Season

By R. ANSELL WELLS

THE young man about to take a pack of hounds will inevitably, in these days, have several to choose from. In these circumstances there will be many considerations which will have helped him finally to make his choice. One of these will probably be what sort of man he will be succeeding as Master.

What type of Master is the ideal one to follow? Answer: None. It is obviously advisable, if possible, to follow a man of much the same temperament as oneself, but at best it is not an easy job and at worst it is well-nigh impossible.

If the retiring Master has been a bad one he has probably offended many people who will not easily be reconciled to the Hunt; if he has been a very good Master the task of his successor will naturally be difficult, and comparisons, however odious, are sure to be made.

What, then, is the young tyro or the old hand to do when entering upon their term of office in a new country? The old hand will have learned from past experience, but for the tyro my advice is much the same as that of the musician to his son: "Don't B♯, don't B♭, B♮." In other words, be yourself; stand on your own feet. After all, as a general rule, it may safely be said that it is not the manners of the average man or woman that exasperates his or her fellow-creatures, but the mannerisms. Everyone has their own mannerisms: the most fatal thing, and one to which many people are very prone, is to try to ape those of the great.

Well, now, we have decided that the new Master is to be himself, or perhaps better to say, is not to try to be somebody else; but this is a somewhat negative virtue, and a Master of hounds, like a politician, must of necessity have some very positive virtues, and also a constructive policy. A constructive policy—mark, learn and inwardly digest! A policy is a well-thought-out course of action, not a series of bright ideas. If the young Master has not past experience upon which to build his future, he should read the memoirs and treatises of acknowledged masters of his art, and then take the advice of one friend who knows more than he does. Having decided upon the friend by whose advice he is going to be guided, he should stick to him and take no notice of criticism, and theories advanced by all and sundry, of which he is sure to have a surfeit.

Make a plan and work it out, give it a chance to prove itself. If it has been advanced by somebody who knows, believe in it and don't lose faith halfway; don't be sorry you came until you get to the end of the road. The foregoing particularly applies to the breeding of hounds, as this requires time to work itself out; for this reason it is best to carry on the tradition of the pack wherever possible, provided that it is not producing obvious faults.

While we are on the subject of hound breeding a word on the craze of the present day. Pace will not be out of place. Hounds, to do their work properly, must be bred for the conditions under which that work has to be done, a fact which many young Masters would do well to remember. It is no good working-up a pack that would be a credit to Leicestershire if they are to hunt, for instance, in Devonshire, where the conditions are so very different. Hounds should certainly be fast, but not too fast. I remember a year or two ago hunting with a very well-known pack in the South-West of England, which were too fast for their country. It was very heavy "going," and on good scenting days hounds could, and did, run clean away from the horses; sport suffered, and foxes were lost in consequence, to say nothing of the dullness of the proceedings for the subscribers.

It goes without saying that the horses must also be suited to the country. The young man taking his first pack of hounds will probably be quite content to take advice about the hounds, knowing his own limitations in that direction, but when it comes to the horses he will probably have very decided views of his own. Everyone has, and nobody is ever the least bit influenced by what anybody else says, however carefully reasoned or well-backed by experience his arguments may be. There are, nevertheless, certain principles in the selection of Hunt servants' horses which have proved themselves many times over.

For instance, it is inadvisable to mount a whipper-in on any horse under the age of six. Horses are not fully developed and "set" before that age, and with the constant stopping and twisting and turning which is required of a whipper-in's horse, it is more than likely that they will break down somewhere, probably in the hocks.

Remember, when mounting Hunt servants, that you are employing them, not in their capacity of horsemen, but as hound-men; do not give them horses that are difficult to ride; it is not fair on them, and will not enable them to do their best. Any attention which they are forced to give to their horses is so much less for the hounds.

It seems a pity that, when the inevitable changes in Mastership take place, more regard is not paid to the huntsman's likes and dislikes in the matter of horses; he, at least, should have horses which require the minimum of riding, and it will repay the new Master to take over any horses from his predecessor that the huntsman has been riding and has got to know and like, provided they are not unsound or too old.

A modern writer, describing the finances of a pack of hounds, has said: "The Master . . . used formerly to pay for everything connected with the hunt, and still pays for practically everything else within a radius of 30 miles of the kennels." This is, unfortunately, too true to be funny. The only person who can control this wholesale drain upon the Master's pocket is the Master himself; he will do well to be guided by the old adage, "A stitch in time saves nine." If he hears that a farmer is losing a lot of poultry, he should go round to see him quickly before the claim comes in, when his solicitude and cheery remarks, with a small cheque paid at once, will prevent the man feeling that nobody is interested in his loss, and besides, dead poultry have a way of increasing in numbers and value as time goes by. It is a mistake to leave all this sort of work to the secretary, as, however good that official may be, it is impossible to get away from the impression, in some people's minds, that he is the servant of the Master, who sends him round because he cannot be bothered to come himself.

A very good example of real and genuine interest taken by a Master in his country is afforded by one of the packs in the Midlands. The son of a large landowning farmer, in their Monday country, was knocked down by a motor car and badly hurt. By 9 o'clock the next morning the Master was out in his car seeing the parents, and taking fruit, etc., to the boy in the infirmary 30 miles away. In justice, let it be said that the same treatment would have been afforded to the son of a small farmer.

HOLD HARD, PLEASE!

Reproduced from the painting by George Wright through the courtesy of Messrs. Arthur Ackermann & Son, Ltd., 157, New Bond Street, London, W. 1

To be able to do this sort of thing, which counts for so much, requires a really intimate knowledge of the country and of the people in it. Such knowledge takes time, and a certain amount of hard work to acquire.

Changes of personnel have inevitably been effected before May 1st, and the first real chance of meeting his supporters will have been afforded the new Master at the Puppy Show, that function which comes as a breath of fresh air to hunting enthusiasts in the middle of the arid summer months. After this comes hound exercise, and nothing pleases a staunch supporter more than to have hounds brought round for him to see on a summer morning. And so on to the early days of cub-hunting; all these varied activities provide many and invaluable opportunities of meeting people and of getting to know the country.

The best person to act as guide and to perform the necessary introductions will be the huntsman, if the new Master has retained the services of his predecessor's servant, or the kennel huntsman and first whipper-in, if he is going to hunt the hounds himself. This worthy will know all the little foibles and failings of the people with whom he comes in contact, and will be able to prime the Master with the pieces of local gossip and history, with which he will be expected to be familiar.

The young man without previous experience may well feel appalled at the magnitude of the task which he has undertaken, but it will all turn out all right in the end, if he gives his time and his mind to the work in which his heart must surely be, for him to have aspired to the letters M.F.H. after his name. He may rest assured that he will receive loyal support and encouragement from his fellow fox-hunters for most of them still think as Jorrocks did when he said: "Tell me a man's a foxhunter, and he's a frind o' mine at once."

HOO!—FORRARD AWAY!

Reproduced from the painting by F. A. Stewart through the courtesy of Messrs. Vicars Brothers, 12, Old Bond Street, London, W. 1

THE LURE OF THE AUTUMN DOUBLE

Some Fancied Horses for the Cesarewitch

ALTHOUGH the task of finding the winner either of the Cesarewitch or the Cambridgeshire is sufficiently difficult, many followers of racing are now engaged in the endeavour to solve the much more elusive problem of the autumn double. The probability is that the running at the Newmarket first October meeting will have a bearing on the prospects of the second of these big handicaps, though neither Finalist nor Aldine, the preliminary favourites for the Cambridgeshire, has an engagement at the fixture.

Most of the horses which competed for the Newbury Autumn Cup on Saturday are eligible to run for the Cesarewitch, including Coup de Roi and Jack Tar, who were first and second respectively. In the past we have sometimes seen the Newbury form work out well at Newmarket, notably when Yutoi and Enfield carried their 10lb. penalties to victory in the Cesarewitch, but we are inclined to look askance at the form last week-end owing to the moderate time in which the race was run.

The going was good, yet the race took 3min. 48⅘sec., which compares most unfavourably with other times in the corresponding race. Last year, for example, Cecil, in spite of carrying 9st., won in 3min. 40⅕sec. Enfield's time in 1934 was 3min. 35⅗sec., and twelve months previously Loosestrife won in 3min. 40⅗sec. These figures suffice to show that the pace at some stages of the Newbury Cup this time was almost funereal, and when this occurs it is usually prudent to accept the form with caution.

This need not deter us from congratulating Sir Percy Loraine on carrying off this handsome prize. For the second time this season the British Ambassador to Turkey—a great supporter of racing in Egypt when he was High Commissioner of that country—had the satisfaction of seeing his colt win an important handicap, his previous success having been achieved in the Northumberland Plate. For that event Coup de Roi had been one of the favourites on the strength of his second in the Ascot Stakes, but at Newbury he was at relatively long odds because he had been beaten out of a place in the Rufford Abbey Handicap.

The only excuse his trainer, Mr. R. C. Dawson, had for him at Doncaster was that E. Smith might have made a little too much use of him. That jockey did not attempt to make a move on him on Saturday until within three furlongs of the winning post, and then his mount quickly settled Jack Tar, gamely as that gelding struggled along. Penalised 10lb., Coup de Roi has now to carry 8st. 5lb. in the Cesarewitch, which means that Jack Tar will be meeting him on 15lb. better terms, but the Whatcombe colt is a stayer of genuine class and we shall not be surprised to see him confirm the Newbury placings at the new weights.

It was one of Cho-sen's bad days, but her stable companion, Nightcap III, ran well seeing that he had not been on a racecourse since the Cesarewitch of last year. One expects to see him in still better shape at Newmarket on the 14th. G. Richards has been engaged to ride Buckleigh in the Cesarewitch, and Lord Glanely's colt has come in for good support since it was definitely decided to run him in the handicap. He and Robin Goodfellow are among the few high-class horses in the entry.

Buckleigh has plenty to do with 8st. 13lb., though it has to be borne in mind that the handicapper would have given him a little more had the weights been compiled after the colt's success in the Doncaster Cup. Two or three runners for the Cesarewitch will probably come from France, but at the date of writing we can only count with certainty on Primrose, a four-year-old colt belonging to Mr. A. K. Macomber. Having already won this race with Rose Prince (the sire of Primrose) and Forseti, the owner in question is naturally hopeful of bringing off yet another Cesarewitch coup.

Newtown Ford continues to be one of the favourites, as he is well entitled to be on his form at Doncaster. Avondale, who was second to him on the Town Moor, will be meeting him on worse terms at Newmarket.

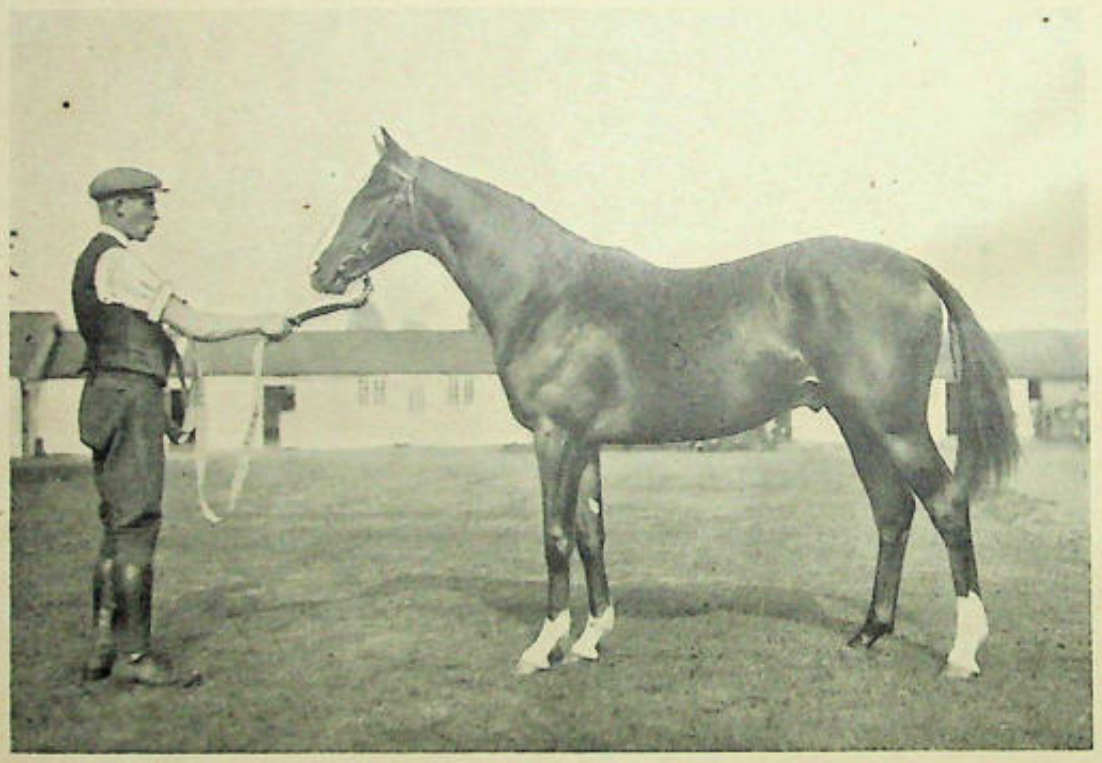
SIR PERCY LORAINE'S COUP DE ROI WINNING THE NEWBURY AUTUMN CUP LAST SATURDAY

At the same time this mare may reverse the placings with Newtown Ford if the going is soft. When Avondale won the Goodwood Stakes the course was very holding, and she will be well suited if the Cesarewitch course is on the yielding side. St. Botolph drew attention to himself as a Cesarewitch outsider by his most unexpected success in the John Porter Stakes at Newbury. That was a remarkable race by reason of the ineptitude of Fairey and Field Trial under stiff weights.

With G. Richards in the saddle St. Botolph set a lively pace, and if the riders of the favourites imagined he would come back to them in the straight they were widely out of their reckoning. It was left to Sharp Tor to tackle the leader in the last furlong, but the weights were against her. St. Botolph is in the Cesarewitch with 6st. 8lb., and in V. Mitchell the stable has a good lad to ride him.

Among Cambridgeshire horses talked of a good deal lately is Stone Ginger, a four-year-old trained in Lancashire by Mr. W. Carr. This stable has done remarkably well during the last season or two, and its young trainer, who is a fine amateur rider, has acquired the reputation of being able to place his horses with excellent judgment. Pegomas and Merely a Minor are among the good winners from this quarter. The fact that Stone Ginger could do no more than run a dead-heat for a handicap at Hamilton Park last week-end scarcely inspires a confidence in him, especially as he was regarded as such a certainty for the race that odds of 6 to 1 were betted on him.

Mr. Frank Butters's stable, already one of the most powerful in the country, is to be further strengthened by the arrival of five yearlings belonging to Miss Dorothy Paget. So far as racing under Jockey Club rules is concerned this owner has scarcely enjoyed her fair share of luck so far, and we hope that the distinguished trainer whose establishment she has now joined will bring her a change of fortune. The colt by Fairway out of Golden Hair, who goes to Fitzroy House, is already famous by reason of the vast price he fetched in the sale ring.



THE RECORD-PRICED YEARLING

A colt by Fairway ex Golden Hair, for which Miss Dorothy Paget paid 15,000 guineas at the Doncaster Sales

FOR THE SECOND YEAR IN SUCCESSION

Mr. R. Gubbins's Our Hope, winner of the United Services Cup

THE HIDDEN BEAUTY OF THE HIGHLANDS

A remote loch in Inverness-shire, Loch Affaric, at the headwaters of the Gless, a tributary of the Beauly

LUCK OR JUDGMENT

Which Counts for Most in Loch Fishing ?

By T. C. BRIDGES

ONE day last August, when fishing on a hill loch in Perthshire, I was accompanied by a schoolboy nephew who, though keen, is not yet much of a hand at casting. There was hardly any wind, his line was not going out straight, and his flies fell all in a heap close to the boat. Yet he hooked a big Loch Leven, the best fish that any of the party had yet taken. "One more example of chuck and chance it," remarked a cynical observer from the bank.

It is not by any means the first time that I have seen this kind of thing happen, yet I flatly refuse to acknowledge that the taking of fish with the wet fly in lake or loch is purely a matter of chance. Put two men in two boats on the same loch; let them both be equally expert in the matter of casting, which is, after all, child's play when there is a breeze to take out the line; but let one have experience of loch fishing while the other has none. The former will get more fish than the latter and, if the two fish in the same way for a week on end, the difference will be accentuated.

The reasons are several. In the first place the experienced angler is aware that trout take better in some parts of the loch than in others. A year or so ago the owner of a small artificial loch gave me leave to fish it, but told me that it was extremely unlikely that I should get anything for he had not taken a sizeable fish during the past fortnight. I went out after tea on a windy evening, and had to handle the boat myself.

Fortunately I had a drag anchor in the shape of a big stone. The wind had been blowing from the west all day, and it seemed obvious that whatever feed there was on the surface must have been driven to the east bank. So I wasted no time in getting there. I had but three rises yet came back in an hour with two very nice fish, one just over the pound, the other just under. Both took my fly when it was within a foot of the stone escarpment, where small waves were breaking quite fiercely. There was never a move anywhere else. I do not take any credit for my success, for I had learned my lesson from a keeper years earlier.

It is a rare thing to find fish rising equally well in all parts of a loch. They do this sometimes in June, but most of my Scottish fishing has been, perforce, in August, a bad month and one in which you have always to work hard for a decent creel. Sometimes the rise is only along the edge of the weed banks, and there have been occasions within my experience when the only moving fish were to be found off the mouth of burns entering the loch.

It is hardly necessary to add that after heavy rain the best fish in the loch will be congregated in such a spot. I have fished one sulky little loch where almost the only big fish I have taken were got just where a small flood poured in at the upper end. Dark as the water was, they rose freely. In a loch I fished recently the only rises I had were in comparatively shallow water close to a chain of tiny islets in the centre of the loch. It is clear, then, that the first thing which experience of many lochs teaches is that there are certain spots where you can catch fish more easily than in others, and that this knowledge has some say in eliminating the element of chance.

Next comes the question of flies. It is quite customary to use a 10-ft. loch cast with four flies, the idea being that the more water you cover the better chance of taking fish. I have given these four-fly casts a thorough trial, and abandoned them. To my mind an ordinary 3yd. cast tapering to 3x with two flies is all that anyone needs. And I tie my dropper a little longer than is the usual custom. As it bobs along the surface in recovering the line the dropper may take as many trout as the tail fly. The size of the fly is, I think, more important than its colour or variety.

I had a very curious illustration of this fact when fishing some years ago on Loch Crannoch, in Glenfernate. It was a dull, cool day with mist on the hill tops and the ripples had that leaden look which usually means there will be no rise. For a tail fly I put on a small Butcher, for I believe in a little flash of silver in dark weather. I forget what I had for a dropper. Anyhow, it does not matter, for all my fish came to the Butcher and by the time we landed for lunch I was pleasantly surprised to find that I had seven nice fish. My companion, who was using, I think, a Peter Ross and a Claret and Grouse, took only one trout.

After lunch the weather was worse. It was blowing hard and quite cold. Before we went out again my friend asked me if I could spare him a Butcher. When I looked in my fly case I found three, but all of a larger size than the one I had been using. He put one on, and at once began to rise fish. During the next two hours he took six good trout and I, using the same cast as in the morning, did not net one. Then the weather got so bad that we packed up and went home for tea. This seems fairly good proof of the importance of size of fly, and nowadays, to save time, I usually have several casts ready in my damping box, tied with flies of varying sizes.

The Gun Month by Month

CIVILISED SPORT

Counter Attractions to the Wide Spaces

By W. G. M. DOBIE

ONE September day, in the company of a Highland stalker, I crouched under the shelter of a rock on a deer forest 3,000ft. up, and waited hopefully for a break in the wall of white mist which surrounded us. While we waited there we talked about deer and grouse; then I spoke of partridge prospects in the South. Had I mentioned starling shooting or the pursuit of sparrows with an air-gun, my companion would have shown the same polite but distant interest. Obviously he did not regard the partridge seriously as an object of sport, so I hastily switched back the conversation to grouse and stags.

This incident led me to believe that partridge shooting must be an intensely boring occupation for a big-game hunter. One does not invite county cricketers to show their skill at croquet, or tunny fishers to angle for perch. A few weeks ago, however, a Canadian friend who has hunted big game in all districts from Newfoundland to the Rockies, expressed his disappointment that this year he must return home before the opening of the partridge season. I marvelled that he should be able to find any interest or excitement among English stubbles and turnip fields; but our "civilised sport"—so he described it—is to him most fascinating, because it differs completely from the shooting to which he has been accustomed.

Although he has not, this year, shot partridges, he had enjoyed "civilised sport" of another sort. He had caught sea trout, numbers of sea trout, from a river which winds in sparkling shallows and dark pools, close to the house where he was a guest.

"To get sport like that at home (he told me) I'd have to travel far, on roads worse than anything you could find in this country; then the car would stick, and I'd tramp another mile or two, through bush and scrub, to the river. Here, while I caught these sea trout, a farmer was carting his meadow hay on one bank, and on the other bank I heard a lawn-mower at work behind a hedge of rhododendrons. Ten minutes before lunch and tea they sounded a gong at the door for my special benefit; then I pulled off my waders and walked up to the house on a gravel path—there was a gravel path all along the river side. Marvellous! This is a great country!"

He had happy memories of other visits to England in October and November, when he stood back from high hedges and waited for the driven coveys; or, at the covert side, heard the tap-tap of the beaters' sticks. In these shooting days he had found the same fascination as in his sea-trout fishing. He is a loyal Canadian, and he did not by any means decry the sport he enjoys at home. There is nothing quite like moose hunting, and he would not exchange that for all the partridges and pheasants ever hatched; but "civilised sport" is very pleasant, and he hopes to come back.

All of which is comforting and reassuring to those of us who, while awaiting that substantial legacy which will bring grouse moors and deer forests within the realm of possibility, must content ourselves with such shooting as a few hundred acres of arable land can offer.

Our partridges may not provide the highest form of sport, but at least they are not regarded by a big-game hunter as "less than the dust." Admittedly their home environment is uninspiring. There is something of poetry and romance in the pursuit and slaying of a red deer stag among the high corries, or in the cold vigil, at dawn on a winter morning, when the grey geese flight. Romance and poetry are absent from fields of roots; a record bag of partridges inspires no immortal verse.

A certain glamour of mystery ennobles the wild goose, whose long migrations and whose domestic affairs have not yet been brought under the microscope of scientific research. Little mystery remains in the life of the partridge, from the egg to the game-bag. His requirements in vitamins are investigated; his food is subjected to analysis in the laboratory; synthetic substitutes are discovered.

"The Partridge" volume of the *Fur, Feather and Fin* series left still a little scope for conjecture and imagination. Not every last detail of the partridge's domestic life was then known, and it was considered sound policy to entrust these matters to the inherited and acquired experience of the birds themselves "Certainly it is best that the majority of nests should escape attention altogether." When the late Captain Aymer Maxwell wrote, a few years before the War, on "Partridges and Partridge Manors," much had been discovered, the Euston system had been widely adopted, and "the keepers are out from dawn till close on mid-day systematically hunting for nests."

Since the War, and especially during the last few years, progress in scientific research has been rapid, and now we are possibly within measurable distance of rearing partridges in such numbers as may be required, independent of July thunderstorms, and dependent only on the number of skilled keepers and the amount of money available.

While it is axiomatic that what costs nothing (from education downwards) is worth approximately its cost, Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd. have provided the proverbial exception to the rule by issuing gratis to all inquirers a series of pamphlets describing what has already been achieved, and what it is hoped to achieve, at the Knebworth Research Estate. If those pamphlets had been issued at, say, one shilling each, they would still have been cheap and would possibly have attracted more attention.

In spite of all the scientific investigation which has been and is being accomplished, it is safe to predict that, for many years to come, partridges will on a vast majority of shootings be permitted to manage their domestic routine as of old, unassisted by the Euston system, dummy eggs, incubators or "broodies."

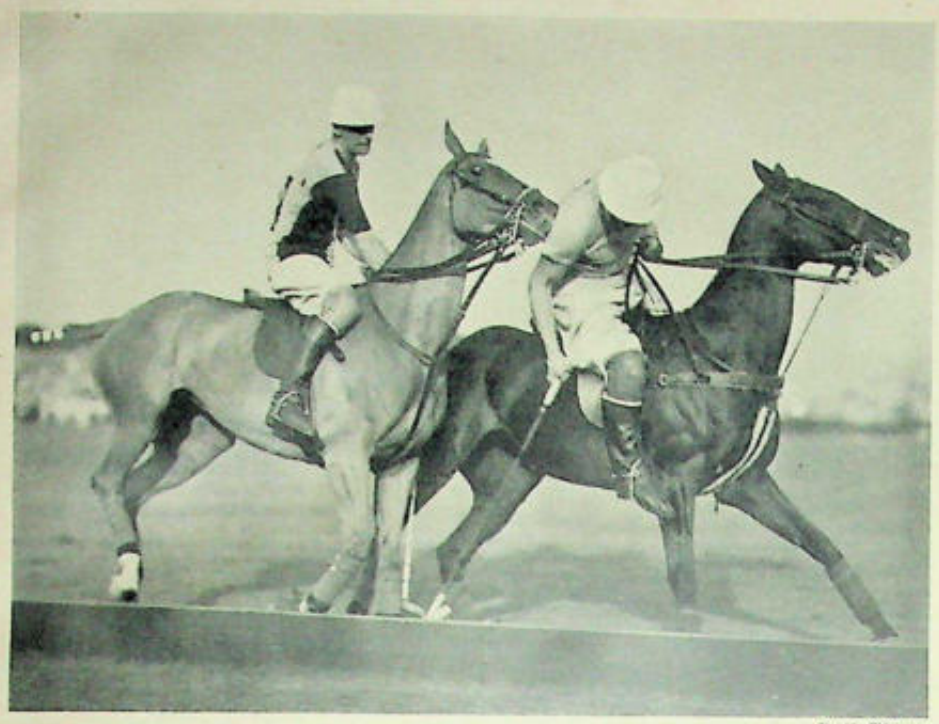
So long as this is the case, there is a good deal to be said in support of the *Fur, Feather and Fin* dictum: "Certainly it is best that the majority of nests should escape attention altogether." A sufficient number of nests should be discovered to provide eggs for exchange; but, beyond that, what is to be gained—where the Euston system is not adopted—by systematically searching and disturbing every hedgerow at the very season when the birds demand quiet?

A certain keeper who is most conscientious in his search for nests was once asked what he proposed to do with them when he found them. He replied, with hesitation, that he would "keep an eye on them." His ground was by no means clear of vermin; in particular, it harboured many rats, which astutely took advantage by night of his researches by day. His time would, perhaps, have been better employed in the destruction of these, and, at other seasons, in the fencing off and improvement of odd corners of ground suitable for nesting, in the provision of grit, of winter (and spring) feeding, of dusting shelters, and in all those many small attentions whereby a partridge stock may be kept in that state of health which is the best guarantee of full coveys in seasons to come.

The high winds and heavy rains which this year swept many parts of the country in August and September, battered and twisted the crops to such a degree that harvesting was extraordinarily difficult. Cutting was postponed on account of the weather till the crop was dead ripe, and in consequence there has been an abnormally heavy loss of grain. The farmers' loss in this respect is the partridges' gain. The stubble fields, from which twisted crops were harvested, should provide pickings for the birds for several months to come; and, further, it should this year be easy to purchase for game-feeding, quantities of weather-damaged wheat or oats which would be unmarketable for other purposes.

Grain which the partridges normally pick up for themselves on the stubbles, and weed seeds which they discover in dry ditches or in hedge bottoms, have been exposed to all weathers for weeks or for months. Partridges, therefore, are unlikely to regard too critically the weather-damaged or musty grain which the economically minded will provide for winter rations.

ROMANCE AND POETRY ARE ABSENT FROM FIELDS OF ROOTS; A RECORD BAG OF PARTRIDGES INSPIRES NO IMMORTAL VERSE



B. C. Thayer

TRYING TO STOP THE WORLD'S GREATEST POLO PLAYER

J. P. Mills endeavouring to prevent T. Hitchcock, Jun., getting the ball in the match between Templeton and Greentree

THE TEMPLETON TEAM AT HOME

English Polo Victors Who Were Not America's Best

By PETER VISCHER

(*Editor of "Horse and Horseman"*)

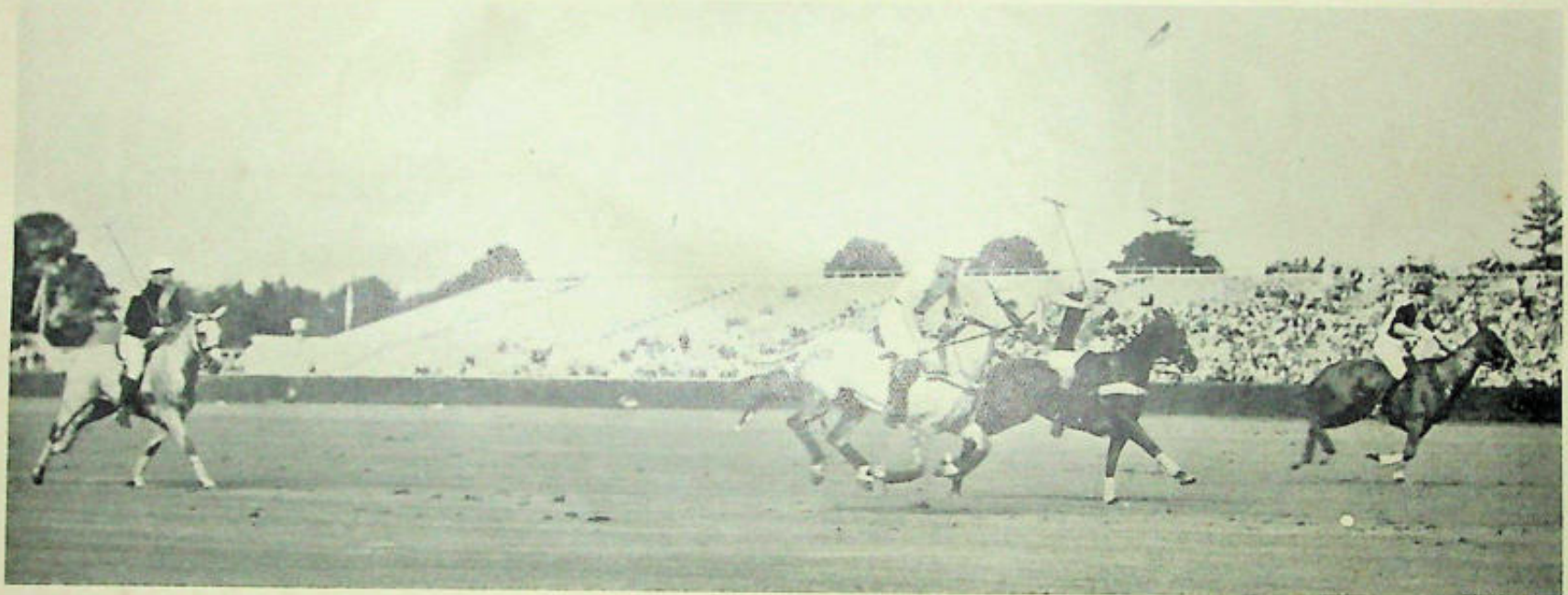
"As a comparison of the standard of play in America and over here it will be interesting to see how Templeton fare in the United States Open Championship at Meadow Brook next month. They seem to be just a bit too good for any of our teams."—"The Times."

I LEFT England at the close of the London polo season with the above quotation revolving in my mind. True, Templeton had seemed invincible in England; Templeton had won—and won with ridiculous ease—everything there had been to win in that rainy season. And Templeton promised to be even stronger at home in the United States and had foregone the Olympic Games at Berlin in order to be in the very pink of condition. Possibly Templeton would sweep the Open Championship at Meadow Brook and thus indicate that the English teams in London's historic championships were really better than they seemed.

Yet I could not forget that I had seen Templeton beaten last year—not once, but twice—by the same Greentree team that would have to be faced again. One defeat at the hands of Greentree might have been written down as an upset; two, accomplished in the exact same manner and by the same margin in scores, just one goal, indicated that John Hay Whitney and his Greentree team meant it when they beat Templeton.

I will not say much about the preliminary matches in the Open Championship at Meadow Brook because they have no particular significance to English readers. A team called Texas (quite different from the Texas Rangers so popular in London, for it consisted of W. G. Reynolds, T. Q. Preece, the irrepressible Rube Williams and Tom Mather) defeated a team called Roslyn, consisting of D. W. Bostwick, John R. Fell, Eric H. Tyrrell-Martin and Raymond Guest. The Hurricanes, consisting of Stephen Sanford, the younger Earle Hopping, R. E. Strawbridge, jun. and J. C. Rathborne, defeated Old Westbury, consisting of three Argentine spares and Ivor Balding. Greentree won an easy victory over an Aurora side weakened by the absence of Seymour H. Knox. And Templeton had a bye.

The semi-finals set a perfect stage. Greentree had to fight a stern battle to vanquish the Hurricanes, but gave plenty of indication to knowing eyes that they could, in the American vernacular, "pour it on." Templeton simply swallowed Texas in one of those games so familiar to London followers of polo, 16 to 5, a game in which Guest and Iglehart roamed the field at will, Mills hit shots that made the spectators gasp, Phipps could not miss the ball if he tried. To the casual onlooker it seemed as



B. C. Thayer

HITCHCOCK TAKING THE BALL DOWN THE FIELD ON HIS OFF SIDE IN THE MATCH BETWEEN GREENTREE AND TEMPLETON AT MEADOW BROOK

This final of the United States Championship produced a thrilling nine-chukker contest which Greentree won, after an extra period, by 11 goals to 10. The players shown are, from left to right, Stewart Iglehart, Hitchcock, J. P. Mills and Winston Guest

B. C. Thayer

THE VICTORS—MESSRS JOHN HAY WHITNEY, T. HITCHCOCK, JUN., GERALD BALDING AND G. H. BOSTWICK

At one time during the match Greentree were led 9—6

though no team that had to struggle as hard as Greentree did to beat the Hurricanes could possibly stop Templeton.

To the follower of polo who could not forget last year's stirring encounters, however, it meant that Greentree had just exactly what it needed, a stiff fight under its belt. And that Templeton had just what it did not need, an easy sweep that was useless as preparation for a hard battle and a game likely to bring over-confidence into the sanest head.

So they rode out on to the wonderful No. 1 field at Meadow Brook (there are eight at the club, each better, in all frankness, than the international field at Hurlingham) before a crowd of about 13,000 on September 5th.

Followers of polo in London who have not seen Thomas Hitchcock, jun., in recent years, cannot appreciate what a great polo player he is. They know Cecil Smith as a master with the mallet; Hitchcock is as good, gets more out of his horses, has an overpowering drive to victory that the more phlegmatic Smith lacks. Londoners know Stewart Iglehart, Eric Pedley, Winston Guest as magnificent polo players; so do we in the States, but there is not a serious student of polo and there is not a player who would not consider Hitchcock at least a full goal better than any one of them.

Hitchcock was at No. 3 for Greentrée. He had G. W. Bostwick at No. 1, Gerald Balding at No. 2, and John Hay Whitney at back. Englishmen know Pete Bostwick as an outstanding gentleman rider, particularly over hurdles; he is also a fast and clever No. 1, rated at six goals and worth it. Balding is familiar to all English polo players. Whitney is a five-goal player who has made immense strides during the past few years; he is a good shot, knows the game thoroughly, and is wonderfully mounted, but he still lacks experience in top company and sometimes has difficulty with his shots because of very bad eyesight.

Templeton had Michael Phipps at No. 1, James P. Mills at No. 2, Stewart Iglehart at No. 3, and Winston Guest at back. Followers of English polo saw all these players in action this summer in London, and I need hardly explain what a strong combination this made. Indeed, according to the new English handicap ratings, Templeton made a 36-goal side.

Usually, teams led by Hitchcock get off to a very fast start. One of his strongest assets is the ability to strike a hammer blow immediately upon the assumption of play, thus not merely taking the offensive himself but catching his opposition off guard and momentarily demoralising them. But this time nothing like that happened; to the surprise of all concerned, the Templeton team got off first. Phipps was very fast, Mills alert, Iglehart very sure in his protection, and Guest playing a deep and severe back as he did in London. Two Templeton goals were scored in the opening moments of the play. Of course, this was a pace which could not be put up against Hitchcock, and in the second play Greentree went into the front but only to have Templeton leading again by a goal when half-time was called.

After the rest, which should have been of greater help to the older Greentree side, Templeton again assumed the offensive at a terrific pace. First Templeton led by 8 to 5, and then by 9 to 6. But still Hitchcock and his team mates would not be defeated. Playing super-human polo, Hitchcock stirred the Greentree side until it was only a goal behind, 9 to 10, with one-half a minute left to play.

What a half-minute that was! Three times Hitchcock attacked, and three times Greentree missed a goal by a small margin. During the third attack, Iglehart crossed in front of Balding and Hitchcock was given a free shot from 30 yds. away with the timekeeper's hand virtually waiting to strike the bell. Coolly and confidently, Hitchcock approached the ball, hit it squarely and, of course, did not miss.

The teams went into an overtime period, the ninth. First, Iglehart attacked but Whitney made a marvellous save in the mouth of his own goal. Then Hitchcock attacked, but Guest turned the ball with a brilliant effort. Then the whole Greentree team attacked, and this time there was no stopping them. Bostwick, from the back position, passed the ball to Hitchcock, and sent it through Guest to Balding, who scored the winning goal, 11 to 10, from 20yds. away.

THE SILLY SEASON IN THE STUD

UP FROM GRASS

SADDLE UP

MAN UP

HORSE UP

ALL UP

AND BACK TO GRASS

MODERN RIDING SCHOOLS

Neston, Chester

MODERN riding schools and training academies are numerous in the south of England, but seeking pastures new I found at Neston, a charming little place on Deeside, what I believe to be the only one in the north of its kind. The riding school and hunting stables are situated on the main Chester–West Kirby road, and are separated from both Liverpool and Chester by a distance of only ten miles. A very warm welcome was extended to me by Commander G. Lee Morris, and my short visit to the delightfully appointed guest house remains a happy recollection. The guest house, once a favourite retreat of George IV, overlooks the tidal estuary of the Dee to the hills of North Wales.

The school was formerly the home farm on the Hinderton estate. There is excellent accommodation for some 25 horses and ponies. The good old-fashioned straw bed is preferred, while the hay that is fed has something of the sweetness of a real English summer. No wonder the equine staff were in perfect condition. An ingenious device for traffic-shy horses is the arrangement in three of the loose boxes whereby a convertible window built into the back wall can be removed, affording the animals a close-up view of motors and of lorries passing along the main road.

All branches of equitation are thoroughly taught, especial attention being given to children, and also to students wishing to take the Institute of the Horse examination. Arranged courses for the examination commence on specified dates. As the majority of candidates working for this examination hope to obtain posts afterwards as instructors, a very strong feature is made of the difficult art of "teaching how to teach." The ordinary person probably has very little idea of the numbers of questions students have to answer correctly to obtain their certificate. Commander Lee Morris allowed me to see a carefully filed list of between 200 and 300 questions which candidates up for the examination have been asked. These questions are thoroughly dealt with and test papers are set each evening.

Instructors of the Institute of the Horse only are employed. In addition to the Principal there are four, Miss Kathleen Blain being particularly worthy of mention as a Fellow of the Institute of the Horse. They are entirely responsible for the care and the management of all the horses. Students may work in the stables under their direction.

The large indoor school is fitted with four reflecting mirrors. There is a touch of grim humour in the inscription above one, which reads, "Look and see what others suffer." The outdoor school is surrounded by a circular jumping lane. The obstacles include a bank, invaluable in making a horse handy, and also a big open ditch, protected by a natural birch fence, which can be placed either on the take-off or on the landing side.

The problem of the modern road surface for hacking purposes has been solved by the acquisition of riding rights over a large stretch of natural country. The nature of the country is absolutely typical of that hunted over by the Wirral foxhounds and abounds in the big ditches. Made-up jumps have been erected in one of the fields.

Residential and daily students are taken. The first class commences shortly before ten o'clock. Before proceeding to the saddle-room, students consult the framed notice board fixed to the door of the clipping box. Opposite to their names they find a number corresponding with the number on the stable door of the horse or pony they are to ride that morning. In the saddle-room they find a saddle and a bridle similarly numbered, and then only do they proceed to their allotted stable and saddle up their own mount.

Out at grass I saw the yearling Popcorn, who promises to interest the judges at Olympia another day. I liked very much also a Birthright youngster who well may follow in the footsteps of Lancelot, a point-to-point winner produced by this stable.

JOAN ROBESON.

REDBREASTS FLYING OVERHEAD

MORE ABOUT THE HUNGARIAN GEESE

Another Letter from the Hortobagy

By PETER SCOTT

I BELIEVE there are a hundred thousand wild geese on the Hungarian plains during the spring migration. I was there in March, and wrote back to a friend to tell him of the adventures which I had there. The first of two letters appeared in the *Field* two weeks ago, and here is the other :—

"The Csarda,
"Nagyhortobagy, Debreeen,
"Hungary.

"My Dear Michael,

"Since I last wrote we have seen more geese than I ever believed could exist in the world, and made the most staggering bags—amongst which I have amassed 22 beautiful live birds. The shooting has been marvellous, and I missed making a record shoot one morning by running out of cartridges. Of that more anon.

"I will try and tell you some more about the place. We have been out in every direction from the csarda, and although there seem to be more geese in some parts than others, there is nowhere where one doesn't see *clouds*.

"There are one or two major events to report.

"First of all I was sitting in my pit the other morning during a quiet bit of the flight, when I suddenly saw a fox come trotting past. He passed down wind of me, but for some unknown reason he didn't wind me and went unconcernedly on towards a big pack of geese sitting about 500yds. away. I watched him with the glasses and he went straight through the middle of them. A lot of the geese went on feeding. Those within about 10yds. put their heads up, and the very nearest stretched their necks and started swearing at him, but on the whole I was amazed how little notice they took.

"The same morning I saw an enormous pale goose-like bird coming past with slow wing beats and a sort of purposeful flight. It was buff-coloured—almost white, and it was quite a while before I guessed what it was. A great bustard. It did not come in shot, but anyway, according to local instructions at this time of year the bustard 'is defended'! So, at any rate, says the paper which I was shown headed 'What should the sportsman know about the wild geese shooting in the Hortobagy'!

"Next day in another part of the puzsta I saw two more bustards, and later a single one, and then a grand sight—four long thin grey birds in line ahead, common cranes. It really is rather grand seeing all these fine birds.

"The storks arrived about three days ago. We had got back from flighting, and after lunch we were lying out on *chaises longues* in front of the csarda in the most marvellous sunshine. Suddenly I saw high up in the blue, five tiny yellowish objects. They were the storks arriving—planing in on set wings. They came sweeping down over the station and village. One separated off, and came straight in to the csarda chimney, where there is a sort of platform especially for them, where they have apparently nested for centuries with but few gaps. There was great excitement in the village, as the storks bring luck to the houses on which they first settle. The stork on the roof threw his head back and dropped his wings and rattled splendidly. By the way there are quantities of bramblings in the bushes round the csarda. It seems to be about the commonest of the finches.

"I had some fun with Farkas Istvan (the guide) and the buggy driver and an old hare—there are heaps of hares, and they are absolutely enormous.

"This particular 'Sally' was sitting in a form as we drove past on our way to pick up B after the flight.

"Istvan got very excited and took the gun out of the slip and explained to me in signs and odd words of German and such Hungarian as I could cope with that I would be doing him a personal favour if I were to do in Sally. We drove up and came to a standstill at about 30 paces with Sally still crouching in her form. Clearly it was intended that I should bump her off where she sat, and when at last after harooshing at her I persuaded her to make off, I missed her clean! There were exclamations of disgust from Istvan and companion, but they were premature because I got her with the second barrel at quite a distance. She was collected with high delight, and immediately hidden in the hay at the bottom of the cart. It appears that Sally, too, is 'defended'!

"There are millions of marmots all over the dry parts of the puzsta. They sit up and whistle at you as you go past—not very attractive animals, rather like a stoat, only the colour of a rabbit and a face like a rat. They say they bite like hell; they look as if they would.

"I've only seen redbreasts twice again since I last wrote. There seem to be more of them in one particular part quite near the csarda. The first time I heard the note, and recognised it at once, in a high flock of whitefronts. It wasn't till they had passed that I picked out 4 redbreasts by their white sterns. They were noticeably smaller, too, once you knew which they were, but not so much that you could have picked them out by that alone.

"The other time was quite exciting. Yesterday there was an enormous pack of geese—about 15,000—feeding near the csarda, and after lunch we decided to take the cart and go round them so as to get the light on them, and then look them over carefully and see if we could see any redbreasts.

"The difficulty we found was that you could get moderately close in the cart, but, as soon as you stopped, up all the nearest ones got. They only just 'rolled' away, settling at the back again. It is practically impossible to move the whole of one of these enormous packs—they always 'roll.' I am trying to perfect a system with Istvan. The principle is that the best flights are when your pit happens to be directly between two big packs, because then there are always twos and threes flighting from one to the other. Two mornings I have been spoiled because the flight line between the two nearest lots has been passing about 300yds. out to one side of me. My best morning was when there were four big lots, and I was just at the point where the two lines crossed. Anyhow, the point is that since the big lots only 'roll' I am trying to arrange for him to move the geese *not* towards me, but into such a position that their flight to another pack *will* pass over me.

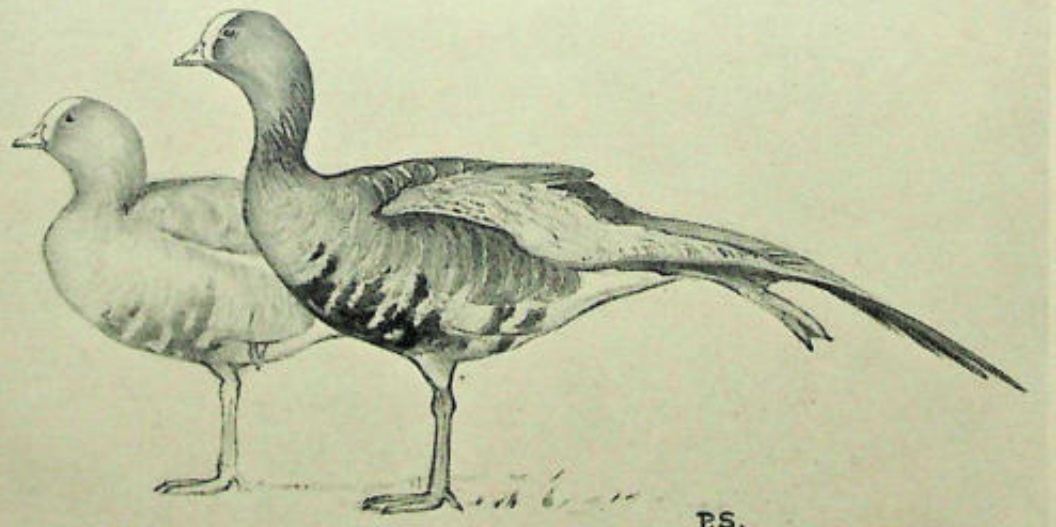
"It is hard to explain, because by the time it has been translated into my bad German and conveyed to Herr Neureth and translated by him into Hungarian and then conveyed to Istvan, he is almost certain to jump to the conclusion that what I want is to have the geese driven over me! Anyhow, I have one more morning for the plan to succeed. But to get back to yesterday afternoon. Eventually the geese sat still at about 300yds. and I went over them with the glass. At first I saw nothing but whitefronts, or anyway, grey geese. I kept thinking I saw Beans and doubtless some of them were. Then on a second perusal I saw a very dark bird. It was facing away from me, and I was sure it was a redbreast, but at last it turned broadside and it was just an ordinary whitefront which the light had made look dark. But quite close to it in the field of my glasses was a goose with a noticeably wide white patch down its flanks. I looked carefully and it was a redbreast—just one alone. He did not look any darker in the bright sunlight than many of the w'fs near him, and when he was feeding you could see nothing of the red on his breast. But suddenly he jumped up to chase a w'f that had come too close, and then, as he stood puffing out his breast with pride, he shone brilliantly in the sun, and I could also just see the white spot on his face.

"Odd, wasn't it, that the white flank should be more noticeable in bright light than the black back and head or the red breast? After that I looked carefully for more white flanks, but I could not see any, and I found it quite difficult to find the one again, even though I knew where it was, in order to show it to B.

"There are two redbreast skins in the little museum which Herr Neureth has made in the csarda. That was how I first discovered that there were any here. I was told that they were *very* rare, and so, when I came in after the first morning and told them I had seen one, as I told you in my last letter, there was, as you can imagine, a good deal of scepticism. Since then I've hardly dared to mention it when I've seen them!

"The chances of getting one are slight, but on the other hand discrimination may help. Very few people would pick them out in a big flock, still less leave easy shots in order to let them come on. But I know if they do come I shall miss them! So far I have seen 34 (if I haven't seen the same ones twice, which is *highly* improbable in this mass of geese).

"I had a thrill the day before yesterday. The cart arrived to pick me up after the flight. B was



PORTRAIT OF A PAIR OF "KISH LILLIKS," THE GANDER STRETCHING HIS WING

B. AT HIS PIT, WHICH IS NEAR THE WATER BUT REMAINS DRY OWING TO THE CLAY SOIL

already on board, and called me to look in the cart. Under the front seat, sticking out under the rug that hung down from the seat, were the primaries and tail of a live goose. This was where we always kept our live geese, and I was not unduly impressed as I had 5 live ones in my pit; but B said 'Wait!' and then dramatically lifted the rug like a theatre curtain, and there, peering at me, was a beady eye surrounded by an eyelid ring of brilliant yellow. It was our first live lesser whitefront. B had wrapped it in a handkerchief, as he said the wing was broken pretty badly, and he had come down with a bit of a bump.

"When we got back we got some firewood and cut two splints and bandaged them on and then put the bandages right round his body. Yesterday you couldn't see the bandages, as he had preened his feathers over them, and he was eating corn in the afternoon. But it is a bad break, and I don't know if he will survive. I hope he does, as he'll look nice at the Lighthouse if I get him back safely. They call lesser w'fs 'kish lilliks,' which is 'lillik'—because it's what they say, and 'kis' (pronounced 'kish') meaning small. Ordinary w'fs are 'nagy lilliks' (pronounced 'narge' to rhyme with 'large'). Redbreasts, by the way, are 'Vörös nyaku liba' (vörös, red—nyaku, neck—and liba, goose).

"I've just been out to look at a mass of geese which are within half a mile of our window. I said there were 5,000, and then estimated in hundreds, and it came to 9,000. The noise is a continuous babel even in this room.

"Well, the long and the short of it all is that I fancy the Hortobagy Csarda will be seeing me again before long, and I fancy it will at the same time be seeing you. They say there are even more geese here in October. The week has come far above expectations—five different kinds of geese, and a hundred thousand of them into the bargain, was hardly to be dreamed of, and the redbreasts were an unexpected bonus.

"I'll be back on Friday, with D.V. and w.p. 22 w'fs.

"See you Saturday,

"Yours PETER."

And on that Friday I returned with fifteen geese (the others were to follow, as there was not room for more in the aeroplane). The lesser whitefront, which was one of them, got safely home, and after about three weeks I took off the splints and bandages. The wing was completely mended, and now my "kish lillik" is the smartest of all my geese and my favourite (except perhaps for my little Emperor goslings).

Only one of the fourteen whitefronts succumbed to the journey. All the rest are alive and well. Three days ago five of the remaining ones arrived from Hungary, the two others having escaped after the moult when they had shed the old cut wing feathers and grown fresh ones. These last five are just beginning to settle down, and yesterday and again to-day there have been meetings between the new arrivals and my original fourteen. They have been noisy meetings, reminiscent of the jury in the *Hunting of the Snark*, who had each formed a different view, long before the indictment was read, and

"They all spoke at once, so that none of them knew
One word that the others had said."

(To be continued.)

ARRIVING BACK AT THE CSARDA

Tarkas Istvan in the middle and the author, in the background, having his muddy coat removed for drying. In the gateway is the chef weighing up two geese that he will later cook and present most appetisingly

THE COMMON TERN IN FLIGHT

Stanley Crook

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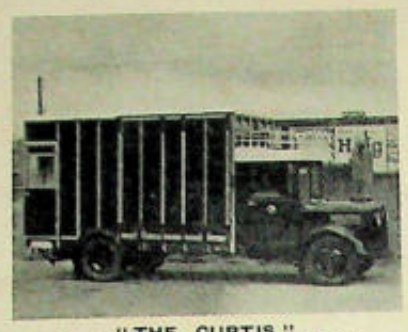

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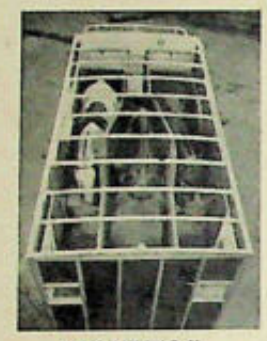

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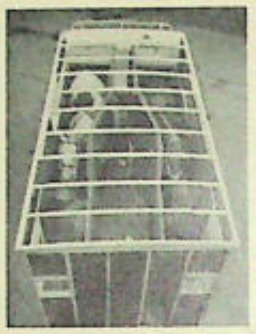

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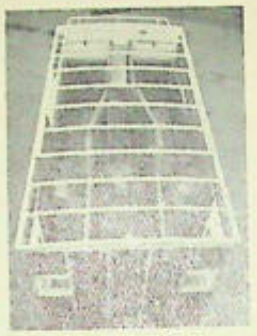

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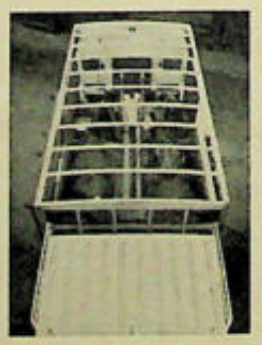

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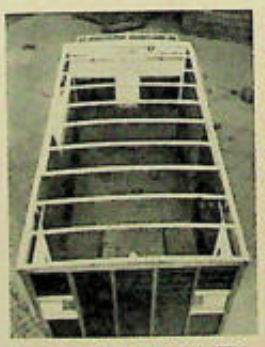

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TRAVELLING REPRESENTATIVE DETAILS UPON APPLICATION

CLOTHES FOR GROUSE SHOOTING

Protective Colouring on the Moor

By BERNARD CAZENOVE

MANY a time when in my butt at the beginning of a long grouse drive I have looked down the line to see how much or how little the clothes worn by my fellow guns show up against the surrounding country, and it has proved rather an interesting study.

Most people, I think, when going into their tailors to choose a shooting suit, have rather a vague idea that brown is the most suitable colour. This may be correct, but, unfortunately, it is extremely difficult to choose the right shade of brown in the environment of a tailor's shop.

Recently, in a shop window, I saw a stuffed grouse sitting majestically on a roll of cloth, the colour of which matched the bird almost exactly. I feel certain that this clever form of advertisement attracted many purchasers. Actually the colour of the cloth was far too dark to be practical and would show up in a most conspicuous manner on a moor. Clothes that are too dark are even more noticeable than those which are too light.

Personally, therefore, I would always avoid choosing a brown shooting suit. There are, however, other choices which are perfectly satisfactory and one of these is a greeny tweed known in shops as a "Lovat" mixture. This mixture always seems to me to blend into the colour of the surrounding country extraordinarily well, and, although it is as unlike the colour of the heather as anything could be, I guarantee that a man in a coat and cap made of this stuff will be the least conspicuous in the line.

Another extremely good pattern is known as "Shepherd's plaid," in its simplest form; this is merely a small black and white check. I have a suit of this pattern myself and, only last year, I was on the hill picking up after a day's driving. I had a keen-sighted young schoolboy helping me, and at one time, although he was only about 250yds. away, and I was standing right out in the open, he was quite unable to spot my whereabouts, even though he knew I was in the vicinity owing to the fact that he could easily see my black Labrador dog. There are, of course, lots of varieties of both these tweeds from which a choice can be made according to one's own particular fancy.

A really old coat, whatever its original colour, always seems to blend well into any background, although I admit that my own partiality for antique shooting clothes may have somewhat affected my judgment.

When grouse driving a hat or cap should always be worn; nothing shows up more clearly than a pink forehead on a sunny day. Ask any beater. The form of headgear can be left to personal choice, but I dislike the very lightweight hats that are sometimes sold. They are a nuisance in a wind, and it is impossible to shoot well if one knows one's hat is likely to blow off at any moment.

On dry days I prefer an ordinary cloth cap, but when it is wet nothing is so good as the old-fashioned "deer-stalker" with a peak fore and aft. They are seldom worn in these days, but, none the less, when it is raining the double peak prevents the rain from getting into one's eyes and down the back of the neck.

Whatever their advantages may be for golf, "plus fours" are singularly ill adapted for shooting, especially grouse shooting. When walking through long heather that is wet the baggy knees get saturated, and the result is an uncomfortable clammy flapping against the knees for the rest of the day.

A pair of old easy-fitting Bedford cord riding breeches are much the most practicable garments that can be worn, and later in the season "continuations" go a long way towards keeping the legs warm. Of course, breeches do not show when one is in the butt, so the colour is immaterial.

"ANOTHER EXTREMELY GOOD PATTERN IS SHEPHERD'S PLAID"

What are advertised as "knickerbocker breeches" can be bought, and while these are far better than "plus fours," I do not think they have any advantage over an old pair of riding breeches. The mention of wet brings us to mackintoshes, and, personally, I loathe shooting in them, as I find that if they are the least small they prevent the easy swing of the arms, and if they are big enough to be comfortable, the stock of my gun invariably gets caught under the arm when it is being brought up to the shoulder. As a compromise, I usually at the start of the drive, put my mackintosh over my back as though it were a cloak, ready to throw it on to the back of the butt as soon as the birds begin to come. This idea might be fairly good if one could be sure of the coat always landing on the back of the butt, but in practice it nearly always lands on the ground, and one, subsequently, tramples it into the mud on the floor of the butt. Other men, however, can shoot successfully in a mackintosh so that they only have to think of one thing, namely, the colour.

For the last few years mackintoshes seem to have been getting lighter in colour. This may be all right for racing, but it is no good for grouse driving.

"WHEN WALKING UP IN DRY, HOT WEATHER, I PUT ON A PAIR OF GREY FLANNEL TROUSERS"

Last year I was in a butt that I had often occupied before, and I knew the flight of the birds well. It started to rain early in the drive. When the birds started to come I noticed that as soon as they topped the rise in front of me they split, some going to my right and others to my left. I could not make this out, as it was quite contrary to their ordinary flight. I turned around to remark on it to my loader, who was behind me, and I saw that he had put on his mackintosh, which was nearly white. I at once made him take it off (much to his disgust), and thereafter the birds came along the line of their usual flight, and I subsequently had a very good drive. As in shooting coats, the older the mackintoshes are the less conspicuous they become.

In cold weather mittens made with long wrists are a great comfort. They do not hinder one in any way when shooting, and even the bare fingers keep quite warm. Careful attention should be paid to footgear. Early in the season and in dry weather shoes are usually worn and are quite practicable, but later on, when it gets wet and cold, a good stout pair of boots worn with anklets are far and away the best. They keep the wet out and the feet warm.

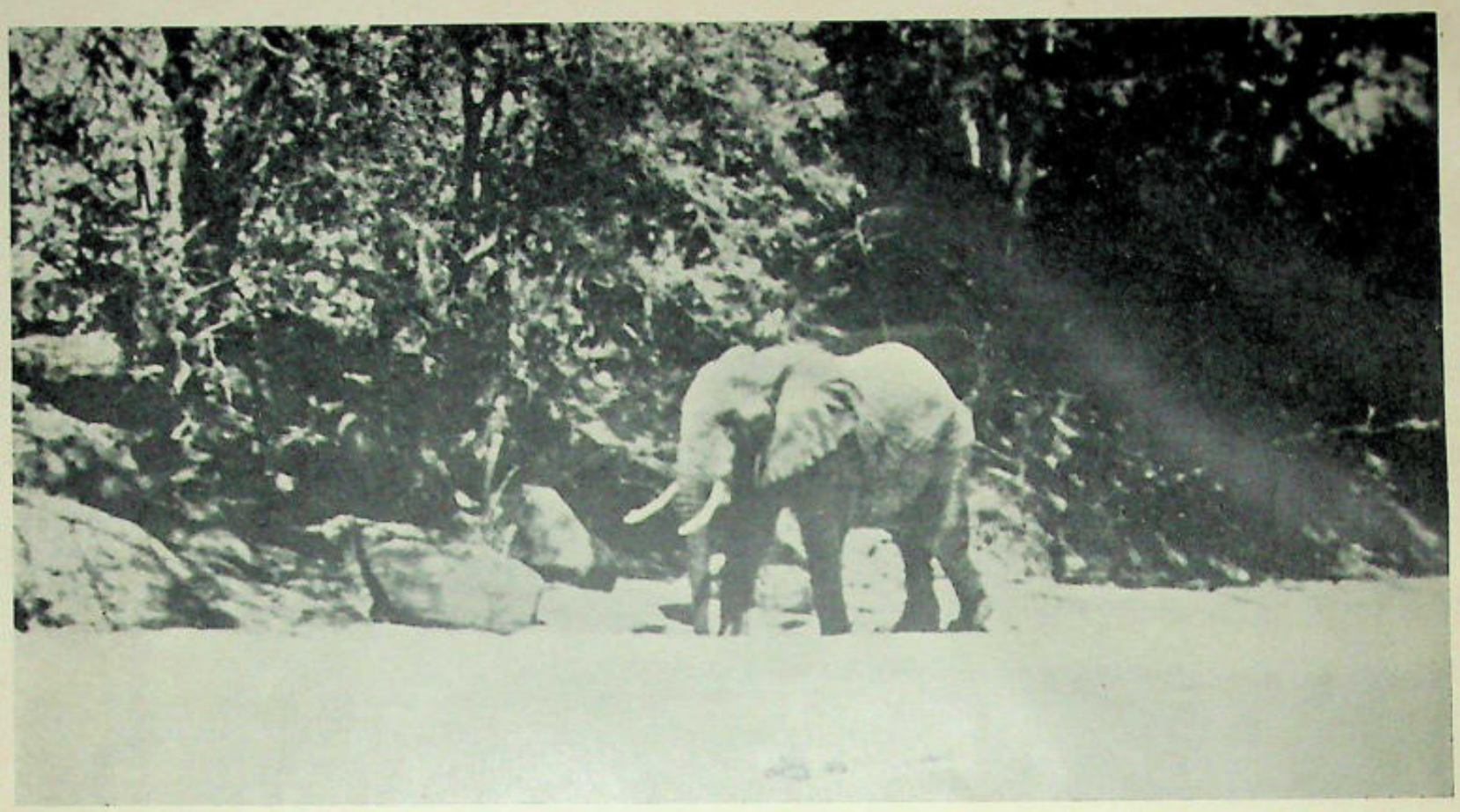
When buying shooting boots or shoes make sure to have them big enough to allow a pair of socks to be worn under the stockings. This tip I learnt years ago in cricketing days, and it has served me in very good stead in many climes. The extra pair of socks keep the feet warm when standing in a draughty butt and save them from getting tired when shooting over dogs or stalking.

I have in my possession a very old pair of boots that are so big that I can wear inside them a pair of thick stockings, then some thick socks, and underneath them again a pair of thin socks, and when I am going to walk over the hill on a cold winter's day I always choose to put on that old pair of boots, and when they get worn out completely I will get another pair the same size!

Good nails are essential in shooting boots, and by good I mean nails that are in no way worn down. Always, before going north to shoot, the nails in one's boots should be renewed. Often the peat soil in Scotland is greasy and if one's nails are worn down a tumble is frequently the result. Worst of all, perhaps, is in very dry weather, when the grass and heather on a hillside gets very slippery, and unless one's nails are in good order it becomes difficult and very tiring to get about. Just two more tips that I, personally, find useful.

When walking up in hot, dry weather, instead of wearing breeches and stockings I put on a pair of grey flannel trousers. These, perhaps, look slovenly, but they are cool and much more comfortable on a hot day.

The other tip is for cold weather. I have found that one often gets cold round the neck, but a scarf or muffler is bulky and interferes with getting one's face properly on to the gun stock. Therefore, instead of wearing a collar and tie, I put on a long flannel affair and tie it exactly like a hunting stock. I am uncertain what the correct name for this flannel thing is, but they are stocked by most men's shops, and they certainly overcome a rather difficult problem. They can be bought in various colours, but, so long as they are not too bright, the shooter can choose for himself those which he thinks are the most decorative.



A BIG BULL ELEPHANT FILMED AT 100 YARDS WHILE WASHING HIMSELF IN A RIVER BED

ELEPHANT SOUTH OF KITUI

Rifle and Ciné-Camera in Kenya

By PRINCE ADOLPH SCHWARZENBERG

MY wife and I are, strange to say, residents of Kenya, owing to the fact that we possess a beautiful farm near Nanyuki; but, unfortunately, we are forced to live mostly in Europe and can only afford to go "home" very rarely. When we have arrived at last safely in Kenya we spend our time mostly on safari or on our lovely estate. In January, 1935, we set out on an elephant hunting expedition in the districts south of Kitui, a country where the largest elephants of the world are to be found. Our white hunter, Roy Home, had wired for one of the best known elephant trackers of these parts. On arrival at Kitui we then agreed to drive towards Ikutha. Kitui is situated about 120 miles from Nairobi and Ikutha about 60 miles south of Kitui.

After having settled different formalities with the very friendly and obliging district commissioner, we drove via Ikutha to Kansiko (twelve miles from Ikutha) and another ten miles further to Temboni. Water conditions were miserable. The people seem to drink this water instead of cocoa, they certainly like it. As Home told us, our elephant tracker from the south Sudan was not at all delighted at the idea of my wife joining the safari. He did not like women on safari, but suggested to Home to give him a good medicine, then everything would be all right.

I intended to try for a specially heavy tusker here of at least 100 pounds. This did not prove to be easy. It was much warmer here than at Nairobi, and the air very heavy. We went on into the bush for another eighteen miles, and set up our camp at the foot of a hill called Ithumba. In a rock we found a water hole, difficult to approach but containing fresh water. As long as this water lasted we could stay there. Naturally water is one of the most important things on safari. Later on I noticed that your own feet are just as important as water on an elephant hunt. When walking a lot, your feet get terribly hot, so that it becomes to be a real trouble.

Near Kilului we met with an elephant sleeping during the daytime. He was stretched out in the thick bush, and his snoring was to be heard far away. But his tusks were small, and I did not want to shoot. As I could only see very little of the elephant it would have been difficult. When we wanted to draw back, the elephant was roused and roamed away to our left; he got our scent, stopped and seemed to reflect for a minute what to do next. With our rifles ready we waited until our opponent decided to move on and not to charge.

As we had no success here, we decided to advance further south into the neighbourhoods of the Tiva River. As far as possible we had a road cut into the bush, so as to get on with our cars. From a base camp we made excursions on foot in a circle of about 20 miles. The ground is entirely flat with a few low rocks, here and there, that help you to find your way. The Tiva River is quite dry, its bed sandy; but if you dig in the sand for about ½yd. you find some brackish water. But thirst even makes such water drinkable, and there are moments in African life when this water tastes better than the best wine at an elegant dinner party.

Together with Home I succeeded here on the Tiva River in filming an elephant for a fairly long time. From a distance of 100ft. we shot a film 100ft. long, the bull taking no notice of us. He was digging a hole in the sand and with his trunk spattered the water into his throat and all over his body.

Directly after we had shot this photograph, a Kirongozi (tracker) came and announced that not far from us a big tusker was slowly going off. After an hour's time we found warm droppings, and soon after spotted him 50 paces away near a tree, turning his head towards us and waggling with his ears. Home looked at his tusks, and said that he was not a 100-pounder. Retiring gracefully we suddenly heard a breaking noise. What happened next took place in a few seconds. Instantly we turned in his direction and saw him charging us. Home shot and the elephant collapsed 50ft. in front of us. Home said: "He came quietly, that means business, I had to shoot." This was accompanied by one or two curses.

One day when we were stalking, once again without success, the Kirongozi "moussa," slave of the chief hunter Mukula, suddenly stopped, knelt down, ceremoniously opened a bag, took out some grass blades stained with blood and drew an inverted "V" into the dust; then he took the blades, one after the other, looked up to the sun, said some words, put the blades on different places around the drawing, and asked a tribesman to take an especially efficacious one back and put it down. We watched with devout faces, suppressing laughter, so as not to disturb the sacred act. But the great witchcraft did not work. Perhaps Moussa used a wrong recipe.

I did not kill any elephant here. Apparently my ambitions had been too big. I killed a smaller tusker much further south near Voi. Will the great tusker be waiting for me when I come down again this year?

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Letters to the Editor

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

THE HEATHER BEETLE

SIR,—You might be interested to hear my experience of this pest in south Ayrshire. The destruction of the heather, put down to the beetle, first appeared on our moors in 1934, when one-third of our usual bag was killed. In 1935, one-sixth of the previous season's reduced bag was obtained walking; whereas this season we are having difficulty in killing enough birds for the house.

As soon as the beetle, or rather the destruction of heather said to be due to this pest, had been definitely established on our moors, I noticed on one beat, most of which lay alongside the face of a steep hill and was naturally drained, that the heather was practically normal, whereas on the flatter beats the heather had been apparently completely destroyed. I therefore started to open up all the old drains and watercourses I found on the hills, even cutting some new ones, and ever since the season 1933, during the winter, draining work on the moors has been systematically carried out.

The heather this season has never in my recollection been better, and the logical deduction to be drawn would seem to be that in consequence of my draining scheme the beetle has gone, the heather has recovered, and the birds have come back. Unfortunately this is not the case. The birds have *not* come back, and the heather has equally recovered on my neighbour's moors, where no draining has been done for years, and most of his beats are naturally wetter than ours.

There must be some other reason for the recovery of the heather. It may be that the recent cold winter killed off the beetle. But why should Lanarkshire, a neighbouring county, be apparently ravaged this season by the beetle, where it has never been seen before to any large extent? I think we can rule out the frost and snow; almost, I am afraid, one can rule out the beetle as the sole heather destroyer.

The beetle, I have been told, breeds on sphagnum moss, and it is possible that, on a badly drained moor, in a dry spring and summer, this moss remains sufficiently damp to enable it to thrive and multiply. During a particularly wet spring and summer, with heavy water pouring down from the hills, the drains naturally scour themselves out, and it may be that the sphagnum moss dries up, or in places where the drains are hopelessly choked, becomes so waterlogged that nothing can breed on it. This may account for my neighbour's heather being as good as mine this season.

The fact that our Ayrshire heather has recovered, whereas Lanarkshire has been attacked, may be accounted for by the fact that on the sea coast, where my mother's property lies, we have had a great deal more rain than our neighbours, as well as mist on the hill tops—even though it may have been fine below—and the burns have almost continually been in spate. To account for there being no birds, though the heather is good, I would say that the grouse, after experiencing year after year of starvation diet on our moors, have simply migrated, and no one has told them as yet that food has come back again.

Several of your correspondents suggested that a Government Research Department should be established to enquire into the heather beetle, and with this I am in complete agreement. Two years ago I approached the I.C.I. They were extremely sympathetic, but apart from a spray, which they admitted would be prohibitively expensive and impracticable, they had no other suggestion. They are, I understand, still making independent researches in the matter.

Yours faithfully,

122, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3. INCHCAPE.

NEW FOREST PONIES

SIR,—I shall be very surprised if an abler pen than mine has not already replied to Colonel O'Rorke's letter concerning New Forest ponies, which was published in your last number.

Colonel O'Rorke seems to have a keen eye for nature, but he mentions a poorly conditioned mare with a nice foal, and then asks what good the mare is; surely, as long as the mare produces the "nice little foal," what matters? Brood mares are often unsound in one way or another, otherwise they would not be brood mares.

Colonel O'Rorke also mentions that mares with young foals tend to keep away from the road. Perhaps he has not been in the forest at the beginning of May.

Although I ride in the forest practically every day I invariably see my first foal of the year (often only a few hours old) on some green at the side of a road. For the benefit of those who know the forest, the best examples of these places are the Swan Green, Lyndhurst, and the Balmer Lawn, Brockenhurst; these spots practically always have a young foal on them, and they are both on very busy roads.

Lastly, Colonel O'Rorke wonders that ponies do not cause more accidents on the roads. I have heard this said countless times before, and the answer is that there are a great many accidents due to ponies, let alone the "great deal more." There is no doubt that in most cases the pony is to blame, but, after all, the New Forest always has been the home of the pony, and just because modern inventions have turned the cab horse out of towns there is no reason why the forest pony should be robbed of his ancient home.

Yours faithfully,

Aldermoor, Lyndhurst. DARLING.

BLACKGAME IN SUSSEX

SIR,—On August 10th, while I was walking in a newly planted orchard, situated on high ground, on this farm, I flushed a blackcock. On August 22nd I was carrying wheat on a field situated about 300yds. from the same spot, when a blackcock and a greyhen got up from behind a stook of wheat, at a distance of about 15yds. from the waggon on which we were working. A man who has worked for many years on this farm, and was with me at the time, tells me that he often saw blackgame here in former times, but had seen none for the last fifteen years. From an account given me by another man they were seen here last year.

Yours faithfully,

Amblehurst, Wisborough Green, Sussex. C. F. O. MASTER (Captain).

[We hope that these birds will not be shot if they are seen in the neighbourhood. In *A Practical Handbook of British Birds*, edited by H. F. Witherby, blackgame are referred to as "extinct in Wilts, Hants, Kent, Surrey and Sussex."—ED.]

STOAT AND RABBIT

SIR,—I read Mr. Mortimer Batten's article on "Weasels and Stoats" with great interest. When a boy I often remember being told that a stoat and a wild-cat were impossible to tame. In the former case, anyway, this is not true, for one could not wish for a more delightful or amusing pet.

I was out one day last May and happened to see a bitch stoat carrying a young one in her mouth—she was no doubt shifting her family to a new home. Anyhow, I shot her, not a pellet, strangely enough, touching the young one; it was very young and could only just manage to crawl, so, picking it up, I put it in my pocket and took it home, determined to try and rear it in order to see whether or no it could be tamed. I fed it on milk and pulped meat, which it seemed to thrive on, and in about two days it had lost all fear.

The first day or so it was inclined to spit if its box was opened suddenly, but as I kept it in the house it very soon got used to noises of all kinds.

Every day I did (and still do) take it out of its box for a romp; it loves running round the room, jumping on to the chairs, diving into one's pockets, crawling up inside one's sleeves, etc., most of the time making a funny little twittering noise.

I also take it out on the hill, where it will follow me like a dog. It is like a ferret, very clean in its habits, but has not the objectionable smell of the former.

Mr. Mortimer Batten mentions that the musk of the weasel family may primarily be used for defensive purposes, but that excitement of any kind brings the glands into use. Personally, I imagine the musk to be the very last line of defence, for since I've had this stoat the glands have never been brought into use, and it has often had cause for excitement and fear—for instance, being brought up here in a car from Galloway.

As for jerking and whisking its tail when in pursuit of a rabbit, my tame one does the same thing when cartwheeling about the room, also when holding one's finger in its teeth, yet the glands never come into use.

Yours faithfully,

Glendessary Lodge, Achnacarry, Inverness-shire. GILBERT HOLMES.

HOOPOE IN SCOTLAND

SIR,—On September 14th, at Alt-Na-Bea, five deer-stalkers and I watched for some time through our glasses at a distance of about 60 or 70yds. a bird which has since been identified as a hoopoe. It seemed to be feeding on flies or grit. It was soon joined by five or six sparrows, and a starling, who all seemed as surprised at its appearance as we were.

My wife, who is President of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, hopes very much indeed that it may not be killed.

Yours faithfully,

Berriedale, Caithness. PORTLAND.

[The hoopoe is regarded as a straggler to Scotland. But during September four reports of its occurrence in different localities reached the *Field*. It is a matter of interest that this bird should be reported from so far north so late in the year.—ED.]

DO ARCTIC HARES CHANGE COLOUR OR MOULT?

SIR,—I thought this question had been definitely settled in favour of the moulting idea, but it keeps cropping up in broadcasts and articles as if it was merely a matter of opinion. The old idea was that colour receded from the brown fur of the Arctic hare at the coming of cold weather, and came back to it at the beginning of spring; the summer coat thus changing to white while on the backs of the hares, and the white winter coats similarly changing to brown at the advent of warm weather in spring.

As you may recollect I sent a fairly complete series of stoat skins showing that stoats moult to white and brown in autumn and spring—to your office once, and I saw a letter from an authority in your columns admitting that stoats moult to white (or brown), but it would be interesting to know which idea has been authoritatively adopted.

Since making and sending you a collection of moulting stoat skins I have made a second collection of hare and stoat skins showing the moults in progress, and have a photo of the collection for a book (*Wild Life of the Highlands*) soon to be published.

While making the last collection of skins I shot a half-grown Arctic hare in *January*, and the animal was still in its *summer* dress. The reason for that is not far to seek, the fur of the young animal was not ripe for moulting, hence it had to wear it until it was ripe, which might be in February or March, or not at all. I am sure every hair of the old coats of stoat and white hare is shed at the seasonable changes of colour, and, of course, the *new* fur comes white or brown as seasonably requisite.

Yours faithfully,

Woodview, Comeri. DUGALD MACINTYRE.

PENS FOR SILVER FOXES

SIR,—Having had some experience of pens of similar construction, I was especially interested in the article appearing in your issue of September 5th on the making of cheap and simple pens for silver foxes. The principal saving in cost, I find, is in the fact that one set of pens does duty for two of the fixed type, and, if only the same period of resting be considered sufficient, no additional space need be necessary.

Two advantages not mentioned are the elimination of the possibility of neighbouring animals fighting and biting an incautious foot that may slip through the netting; owing to the sloping sides there is little likelihood of broken legs through wire climbing.

Though this pen may be virtually escape-proof, it is not fool-proof, and a door may be left insecurely latched. To corner a fox in the alley of a permanent range is simple, but, as I know to my cost, it is quite a different matter to round up, perhaps single handed, an animal that can roam the entire confines of the guard fence. Such incidents have a perverse knack of occurring upon some occasion such as a wet morning when one has to catch the early train to town.

The major drawback to the portable pen would appear to be in relation to the substitution, during the breeding season, of one dog for another, or the changing from pen to pen of a dog used polygamously. It would be interesting to learn what method your contributor finds most expedient for carrying this out.

Yours faithfully,

Royston, Herts. B. A. LE NEVE FOSTER.

"NOW WHEN THEY WERE COME TO THE BEAUTIFUL STREAM OF THE RIVER WHERE TRULY WERE THE UNFAILING CISTERNS"
(See Letter "Where Nausicaa and Odysseus Met")

SIXTY YEARS ON THE ROAD

SIR,—I was very much interested in your letter to the *Field*, July 18th, 1936, *re* Cycling, etc., and I thought you would perhaps like to hear my experiences in that line.

In the early eighteen seventies I rode, but did not possess one, a boneshaker, since when I have owned and ridden continuously a bicycle (mostly 52in.) of the day, including the penny-farthing leather, rubber, solid and rubber cushion, and pneumatic tyres. My present bike is a Beeston Humber safety which I ride frequently. On the early high bicycle I did 100 miles in a day, Loughton—Ely, starting about 8 a.m. and finishing about 9 p.m. At that time the Cyclist Touring Club, of which I was a member, gave a medal for anyone riding 100 miles in one day on a bicycle. From 1880–1910 I drove a steam launch, and later a motor launch, over 2,000 miles of inland waterways and then in 1910 I started motor driving. I have had several makes, from the old cabriolet to the present-day saloon, mostly Vauxhalls. I have driven almost all over England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. My present car is a Vauxhall saloon, 14 h.p. light six. March 20th, 1936, was my 84th birthday. The whole of the time 1868–1933 I was working for my firm, 8 a.m.—6 p.m., the touring and riding being mostly done at week-ends and holidays. Yours faithfully,

Burton Walks, T. H. CARTWRIGHT.
Loughborough.

RABBIT-PROOF PLANTS

SIR,—Can any reader whose garden is infested by rabbits give me a list of flowering plants which these pests do not destroy.

From two years' experience the only unwired survivors are marigolds, forget-me-nots and the sedum family Everything else from tulips to rhododendrons is damaged or destroyed.

Yours faithfully,
69, Hazlewell Road, LIONEL S. CHALLIS.
Putney, S.W. 15.

A LANDSEER FRESCO

SIR,—I enclose a picture of the remains of a fresco of stags and hinds. It was painted by Landseer on the plaster above a fireplace in a cottage in Glenfeshie. The cottage fell to ruin. To preserve the fresco a wooden chapel was built. The chapel is now in ruin. Glenfeshie deer forest is the property of Sir George Macpherson Grant, Bart., of Ballindalloch. Landseer painted many of his noted pictures in the glen.

Yours faithfully,
Aberdeen. ALEX. B. BEATTIE.

MURAL DECORATION
(See Letter "A Landseer Fresco")

WHERE NAUSICAA AND ODYSSEUS MET

SIR,—The little beach of Ermones, on the West coast of Corfu, is considered by the French archæologist, Bérard (who gave his life to the study of Odysseus's travels), to be the place where that hero met the young Princess Nausicaa.

It will be remembered that the Princess and her maidens took their clothes down to a fresh stream, flowing into the sea, to be washed. While the garments dried the girls bathed and threw a ball about. Their cries awoke the shipwrecked and naked Odysseus from his exhausted sleep in the bushes. There followed the delightful encounter so perfectly described in the 6th book of the Odyssey.

Ermones fits Homer's description very well indeed, but there will always be sceptics who wonder whether Homer—blind or not—had any real place in mind. Yours faithfully,

Whirlow Court, CATHERINE HARRISON.
Sheffield.

"THE SQUIRE"

SIR,—We should be glad to know if any *Field* reader could kindly furnish us with some information regarding a mezzotint engraving which has come into our possession.

This is called "The Squire," engraved by R. C. Peter, after Ben Marshall, in colour.

The publishers, Messrs. H. C. Dickins, unfortunately, cannot give us any definite information. All they can tell us is, that the person lived somewhere in Westmorland.

We should be very grateful if you or any of your readers could help us in this matter.

Yours faithfully,
Mawson, Swan & Morgan. W. H. ROBSON.
Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

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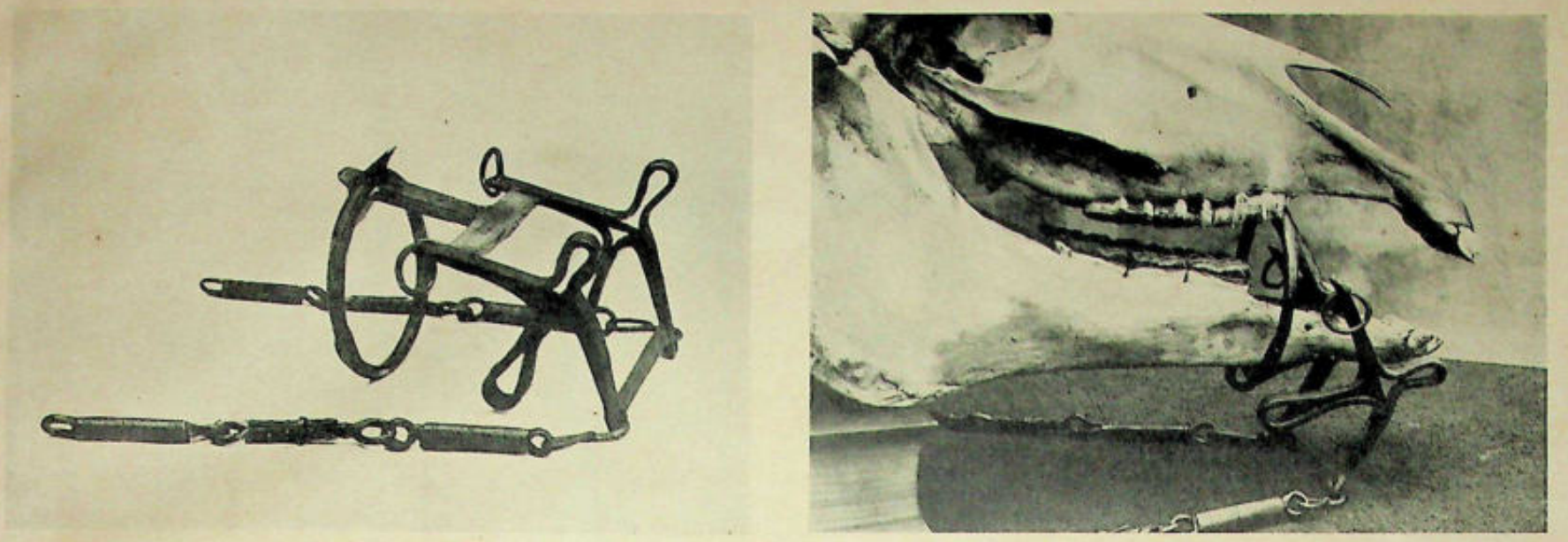

A CRUEL INSTRUMENT WHICH EXERCISES A QUITE UNNECESSARY CONTROL
(*See Letter "Hausa Bits"*)

HAUSA BITS

SIR,—For some time past the University of London Animal Welfare Society has been interesting itself in the cruel Hausa bit which is used by most natives in Nigeria, the Gold Coast and other parts of West Africa. With the valuable help of Lieutenant-Colonel W. T. Shorthose, late of the King's African Rifles and an authoritative writer on all things connected with West Africa, Mr. W. G. Beaton, M.R.C.V.S., Veterinary Officer of Kano Province, and Mr. J. A. Griffiths, M.R.C.V.S., Deputy Chief Veterinary Officer, Nigeria, I have now been able to obtain seven specimens of this bit. Mr. P. W. Southern, of the Royal Veterinary College, has been good enough to make the enclosed photographs which illustrate the action of this instrument which, I think all who understand horses and their management will recognise, exerts a cruel and quite unnecessary control. The bar, showing upward and downward projections, is placed in the mouth and the ring is passed over the lower jaw. When the reins are pulled the ring acts as a curb and the projections on the bar pass into the back of the tongue and roof of the mouth. These bits are made in a rough way by local blacksmiths. Economy in iron and slipshod workmanship account for sharp edges and generally in the production of bits too small for easy adaptation. Consequently, ulcers are usually to be found in the mouth and on the lips of the animals wearing them.

The following is quoted from a letter of July 17th, 1936, received from Mr. Beaton: "A great endeavour is being made to prohibit their manufacture in this country, and a simple pattern easily made by local blacksmiths has been circulated in a great many of the provinces. It is probable that there are many thousands of old bits lying around the countryside in England, and if these could be collected and sent out here, I would see they were well distributed and this would undoubtedly advance the total abolishment of the present instruments of torture."

This Society heartily associates itself with Mr. Beaton's suggestion, and I shall be grateful to receive at Bangweolo, Staplehurst, Kent, old bits for distribution in Nigeria and elsewhere on the West Coast. Yours faithfully,

A. H. B. KIRKMAN
(Hon. Secretary for Wild Life, U.L.A.W.S.).

RELIGION AND ANIMAL WELFARE

SIR,—Many of us feel that the welfare of animals does not always receive appropriate consideration in the sermons preached and prayers offered in our churches. A fine example was set by St. Francis d'Assisi, although he was only one of the many medieval advocates of the application of Christian principles in the human attitude toward the sub-human creation. Whilst the laws in defence of animals have advanced, there is still a vast need for revitalising the spirit of compassion, and we suggest that special opportunities are available this year, not only by the fixing of Animal Sunday on October 4th, but also at Harvest Thanksgiving services, when the debt we owe to horses, dogs, and other farm workers might be remembered in sermons and prayers.

Another appropriate day would be September 13th, when church collections are to be given to the King George Memorial Fund His late Majesty was always considerate toward animals and this was especially brought home to us when his favourite white pony, Jock, took part in the funeral procession at Sandringham.

In these days of turmoil the friendship between animals and human beings is a most precious possession, and we would welcome correspondence from those who wish to deepen the happy relationship. Yours faithfully,

Victoria Station House, London, S.W.1. C. R. JOHNS (Secretary).

WHITE-HEADED RIVER EAGLE

SIR,—When the longed-for end of a tiring march in the Southern Sudan is near, there is no more welcome sound than the cry of the white-headed river eagle (*Haliaetus vocifer*), or the fish eagle as it is often called. This eagle is never far from water and its clear clarion call marks the end of the journey. This high-pitched three-note call is accompanied by a characteristic throwing back of the head. Well is this eagle named "vocifer," as its cry rings out above all others and will almost immediately be echoed by that of a mate or a rival.

And of all the many birds that are an endless source of delight in this inhospitable area, few are more beautiful. Its great black body, which is shot with a deep chocolate brown, is crowned by a head and shoulders of pure white. Its favourite perch is the branch of a tree overhanging the

A KING OF THE AIR
(*See Letter "White-Headed River Eagle"*)

water, from which it will swoop down to the shallows to seize a fish in its talons, or more frequently an unsuspecting egret, a shy heron or a slow-winged whistling teal.

The enclosed photo well illustrates its powerful expanse of wing. Yours faithfully,

Khartoum. F. D. C.

AMERICAN WIGEON

SIR,—It may interest you to put on record that last December I shot an American wigeon drake, *Mareca Americana*, in the north of Lancashire, near the sea. A few days later I sailed for India, and, in the meantime, my identification was confirmed. This bird was shot out of a flock of about 25 to 30 birds. Unfortunately, I missed with one barrel, and am therefore unable to say whether the other birds were of a similar variety.

I should be interested to hear whether anyone in the district has this species in captivity, as I understand that only five specimens have been recorded in the British Isles, two of which might have escaped from captivity. Yours faithfully,

H. A. FOOKS.
15, Kensington Palace Gardens, W. 8.

[This is the eleventh example recorded in England since 1837. Only one female has been recorded. It should be remembered that some of these examples may have been escapes from captivity—which is, of course, a possibility in the present case. Our correspondent can rest assured that all the other birds were not of the same species.—ED.]

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A STRANGE MEMORIAL

SIR,—One of the strangest memorials to be found in England stands in a garden in Waterside Road, Barton-on-Humber, and was erected by the late Thomas Ellis, of Barton, in memory of a terrible hail-storm which fell upon the town and district on the night of July 3rd, 1883. This storm, "Barton's worst," is remembered by several of the town's older inhabitants who will relate the horrors of that "awful night." These worthies recall that not one pane of glass in the greenhouses of the Barton nurseries, or in any greenhouse in the town and district, was left unbroken. The town was in the hands of glaziers for a week afterwards.

Inscriptions on the monument give a terse description of the storm; on the front appears: "In memory of the great hail-storm at Bartons, July 3, 1883."

On the four sides appear: "10.30 to 11 p.m.—ice 5 inches long, 3 inches wide—15 tons glass broken.—Ice weighed 2¼ ozs."

In the construction of his monument Mr. Ellis used bricks that were being made in a Barton brickyard at the time of the storm; these bricks were deeply indented by some of the huge hailstones.

A deluge of rain followed the hail; the unbearable heat had changed to arctic cold; streets and gardens were covered with ice and houses were flooded. Farmers in the district suffered severely, standing corn being destroyed by the hail. It is recorded that at one farm the loss through damage to corn was over two thousand pounds.

Yours faithfully,
H. S. VICKERS.
127, Pelham Road,
Immingham, near Grimsby.

TROUT AND NEWTS

SIR,—The following may be of interest to your angling readers. On August 2nd, a local fisherman caught a brown trout on the Upper Fergus, flowing into L. Inchiquin. At his request I sent the stomach contents to the Department of Agriculture (Fisheries branch), Dublin, and the following are extracts from letters received from that Department.

I.—From Miss W. Frost of the Department.

A BIG FISH FROM THE KASAI
(*See Letter "A Record Tiger Fish"*)

"The eighteen small newts which constituted the bulk of the food were a most extraordinary trout food—only once in examining about 900 trout have I found a fish containing a newt and then one only was in the food. All the eighteen save one were undigested, suggesting that, having come across a shoal of them swimming around, the trout had gulped them down voraciously."

II.—From the Department (official). "The bulk of the contents consisted of eighteen small newts and in addition there were 1 caddis-fly; 80 caddis-fly pupæ; 1 beetle; 16 beetle larvæ; 14 nymphs of blue-winged olive; 3 nymphs of baëtis; 1 aseleus of baëtis.

The fly used was a "Cock Robin."

Yours faithfully,
T. G. STUDDERT.
Clifden Guest Home,
Corofin, Co. Clare.

LIFE CYCLE OF EELS

SIR,—The interesting question of the life cycle of the eels which inhabit our sluggish freshwater-ways and ponds, makes me ask your readers to help

IN MEMORIAM
(*See Letter "A Strange Memorial"*)

me out of a difficulty that has arisen about this subject. Up to the present I have understood it to be a fact that the Norwegian Government researches conclusively proved that the elvers which reach our shores and those of other countries bordering the North Sea are hatched in the vicinity of the Azores, but now the point is whether they do not also come from the Sargasso Sea, or round about the Bermudas. Probably the elvers from these waters owe their origin to parents from the American continent, and confine their cycle to its waters.

I do not refer to conger eels, to whose young the term elver is equally applicable.

Yours faithfully,
JAS. WORTABET.
Mylor, Falmouth.

A RECORD TIGER FISH

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a tiger fish (*Hydrocyon goliath*), caught by my friend, Dr. Gillet, in the Kasai River, Tshikaya, Belgian Congo. I think this constitutes a world's record, viz., 85lb. Dr. Gillet informs me that he has hooked much larger ones, possibly over 100lb., and lost them; their mouths are so hard that you only land about one in twelve. They were all caught on Hardy's crocodile spinners.

Yours faithfully,
W. A. TERRY.
Port Victoria,
Mahe, Seychelles.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

A Large Hollyhock.—We have a 14ft. hollyhock in our garden. I wonder if this is at all rare?—"SODA," Hants.

Comma Butterfly in Sussex.—I saw a comma butterfly in my garden here on September 14th, and a painted lady, the latter, of course, not so uncommon.—A. WHITWORTH, Haywards Heath.

Clouded Yellow in Cornwall.—While walking along the coast between Looe and Downderry on September 8th, while a strong N.E. gale was blowing, I saw a male clouded yellow fly across the track and alight in a bungalow garden.—E. G. CLOSE, West Looe.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W.1, ask for 5/- weekly to increase the income of a clergyman's daughter, aged 54. For eight years she nursed an invalid mother and, on the old lady's death eighteen months ago, was left penniless and too old to begin a career. She tried to support herself by breeding Aberdeens and selling salads from her little garden to supplement the allowance of £31 yearly which she gets from a charitable society. Her sole outings are weekly visits to the hospital, where she undergoes treatment for arthritis. The Friends of the Poor ask for donations.

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IN THE CITY

A PROMISING INDUSTRIAL

INTERNATIONAL COMBUSTION, LIMITED was incorporated in 1934 to acquire and amalgamate companies manufacturing mechanical stokers, steam boilers, ash and coal handling equipment, machinery for pulverising coal, etc., and mining machinery, including ore reduction plant and screening and filtering equipment. The main business of the company is the manufacturing of plants for raising steam by the economical use of low-grade fuels; it has designed and constructed some of the most important steam raising plants in this country, as well as in the Dominions and abroad.

The authorised and issued capital consists of £150,000 in 6 per cent. cumulative preference shares and £351,698 in £1 ordinary shares. The company and its subsidiaries were hard hit in the slump but for the twelve months ended on September 30th, 1935, the net profit was equivalent to 26½ per cent. and the dividend was raised to 20 per cent.

Last March, when the shares of International Combustion were placed with the public, it was officially stated that the volume of orders on hand was considerably greater than at any time before or since the amalgamation. Indeed, it is now learned from usually well informed circles that this company has such a large volume of work in hand that it can no longer accept orders which other concerns wish to "farm out" to it. It is anticipated, therefore, that the accounts for the financial year ended last Wednesday, will make a most satisfactory showing when published in January; it is thought that the net profit will be equivalent to about 50 per cent., and thus at a guess the total distribution for the year may be raised to say 30 per cent. by the declaration of a final dividend of 22½ per cent., or alternatively a bonus of some kind or another may be distributed.

The ordinary shares of International Combustion can be obtained at the time of writing around £5¾. If anticipations are fulfilled, and under present trade conditions, they do not appear unduly optimistic, the ordinary shares of this concern should be worth about £6¾—7 for even at these levels the dividend yield would be 4½ per cent. and the yield on earnings over 7 per cent. As a holding for three months or so, the shares seem to have attractive possibilities.

THE BUTTERLEY COMPANY, LIMITED

An unfortunate misprint crept into this column last week when the name of the colliery share mentioned was printed as Chipley instead of Shipley. Most readers probably recognised the misprint immediately and those who agree with the writer that the outlook for these Midland coal mining companies is now better than for many years past might consider the merits of the £1 ordinary shares of the Butterley Company.

This latter concern owns the freehold of over 20,000 acres in Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire with reserves sufficient to last many years despite the fact that it can produce no less than 3½ million tons of coal on single shift working. In addition the company owns large ironworks, engineering works and brick kilns, etc., together with its own electric power stations.

The issued capital of the company, which has no funded debt consists of £500,000 in 4½ per cent. preference shares and £1,800,000 in £1 ordinary shares, a large proportion of which are closely held. The financial position is strong and the substantial earning power, even during the depression, is indicated by the following figures:—

Year ended March 31st.	Trading Profit.	Earned for Ordinary.	Ordinary shares Earned.	Ordinary shares Paid.
			(per cent.)	
1927	£606,416	£400,592	33.4 Tax free	15
1928	63,081	Dr. 29,538	—	5
1929	93,753	59,104	3.3	2.5
1930	155,618	105,805	5.9	5
1931	139,352	90,024	5.0	5
1932	165,794	92,925	5.2	5.5
1933	131,323	95,279	5.3	5
1934	120,016	90,589	5.0	5
1935	116,642	87,963	4.9	5
1936	190,498	137,940	7.7	6.5

Butterley Company ordinary shares can be bought at about 44/6, at which price the yield is a little under 3 per cent. net equivalent to approximately 3¾ per cent. gross, with dividends at the rate of 6½ per cent. free of tax. At the annual meeting last June, the chairman said that prices latterly had been somewhat higher, and since then it appears that further improvement has taken place, judging by the latest reports of the satisfactory way in which the regional coal selling schemes are working out. The interim dividend, which is due to be declared in December may provide an indication of the total distribution likely to be made in respect of the current year's trading.

PACTOLUS.

New Books

A CLASSIC OF SALTPETRE

Sport in Wildest Britain

THE late Major Hesketh Prichard, who served with high distinction in the Great War, survived only to pass on shortly after Armageddon was at an end. His comparatively short life was a crowded one. He was hunter, naturalist, explorer, besides being man of letters, soldier and dazzling county cricketer. Considering how short his hours of "leisure-to-write" must have been, it is surprising to think that he has quite an appreciable number of volumes to his credit. Besides his novels and stories, he has dealt with war and the wilderness, where Hesketh Prichard (as a woodsman, only Pan is his equal) was highly at home.

But the book by which he is best remembered (and it is widely known even though it appeared a generation ago in prohibitive *edition de luxe*) is *Sport in Wildest Britain*. It is pleasant to think that Philip Allan & Co. (at 10/6) now publish a new and "popular" edition of this classic which Mr. Eric Parker, long a friend of the author, introduces. Messrs. Allan's publication is, moreover, decorated by the etchings of Mr. D. Watkins-Pitchford—to me, a newcomer, and a rather striking one, among the "bird-artists" who woo inspiration mainly from wild-fowl.

As the title implies this is no book of the partridge manor or the rearing field. Nor is it a book of the grouse moor, nor even of the deer forest. No doubt that Hesketh Prichard knew these four well and was apt in the sport of each, but (a little like Bret Harte's young lady letter-writer) his "heart's somewhere there, in the ditches, and you've struck it on Poverty Flat." By which I mean to say that the author's affections are all to the mud-flats, their slow, salt tides, where go the wandering wedges and skeins of fowl, and those "perilous seas, colder than the Hebrides," where the huge grey haskeir seal—the *grypus*—lives with the ridiculous puffin and the wheeling "black-back" his loud, arrogant and insolent sentinel.

Hesketh Prichard's memories of these, and like things and places, are as thick, so he says, as currants on a stalk. He writes of them with a charm which is hard to define and with so manly a humanity that I can vastly enjoy myself with him on all occasions, even when he shoots a seal. But beyond all I think that Hesketh Prichard keeps the softest place in his heart for the human boy. Again and again throughout our pages this young sportsman crops up in all his sorts, bloodthirsty, keen as mustard and entirely lovable. An incident not to be missed is where one of his kind wades out, neck-high in icy sea, clutching a spaniel to his bosom so that the latter, launched as a torpedo from a battleship, may get a view of the far-floating corpse of the black goose and retrieve it.

This book is one which might be quoted from indefinitely. It is one of the very few classics of saltpetre and, from now on, it will be in every country house library where there are those to love it as their fathers before them loved the *Wild Sports* of Charles St. John and of their own young youth. P. R. C.

Sport in Wildest Britain. By Hesketh Prichard. (Philip Allan & Co.: 10/6.)

EXPERIMENTS AT WOBURN

A MILESTONE in the business relations between landlords and tenants was passed in 1875, when the Agricultural Holdings Act became law. For generations farmers quitting their holdings, either of their own free will or at the command of the landlord, had no legal claim to compensation for any improvement they had effected in the soil. It was held that the landlord could do what he liked with his own and if he chose to dispossess a tenant he could do so. It had been to the tenant's own advantage to improve the soil, but, as this still remained the landlord's property, he could have no grievance if he had to give up without compensation at the end of his tenancy. There were, it is true, local customs, which allowed some compensation for feeding-stuffs used, but this was an act of grace and not a legal right. When the 1875 Act was on the Statute Book some facts were obviously required on which the compensation to be awarded for cake and corn fed to livestock should be based. The Royal Agricultural Society undertook the necessary experiments at Woburn, on a farm generously given by the ninth Duke of Bedford, and Dr. Augustus Voeleker was placed in control. When he died, in 1884, his son, the present Dr. J. A. Voeleker, succeeded him, and until the present day he has been closely concerned with the experimental work at Woburn. In their book, Sir John Russell and Dr. Voeleker set out some of the chief findings of these investigations. There is much useful information about the effects of nitrogenous manuring, ploughing in green crops and the need for lime when sulphate of ammonia is used freely. But Dr. Voeleker has to confess that the main question of the comparative values to be set on the manurial residues of cake and corn remains unanswered. He tells us that the experiments have entirely failed to show any marked superiority of cake feeding over corn feeding on this light soil. They afford no support to the values assigned in the present tables according to which a farmer feeding cake on his land can claim at the rate of £3 2s. 11d. for every ton of decorticated cotton cake so used, as against 14s. 9d. for each ton of maize meal. Certainly the cake put more nitrogen into the land, but for some reason or other it has not become available for use. What has become of it, and how to make it available, or to prevent its loss in the soil, is work for future scientific investigation. A. H.

Fifty Years of Field Experiments at the Woburn Experimental Station. By Sir E. John Russell and Dr. J. A. Voeleker. (Longmans; 21/.)

THE LATE EDWARD HUDSON

A GREAT lover of the English countryside and all things associated with beautiful homes, ancient and modern, has been lost to us in the death of Mr. Edward Hudson. Everything beautiful in art and nature appealed to him. He was a pioneer in the campaign against the destruction of our finest scenery by haphazard methods of building and a foremost supporter of every movement to preserve it for posterity. His association with the late William Robinson and Miss Jekyll brought him a clear vision of what could be accomplished in new gardening methods to replace a Victorian period of ugliness and depression. Born in 1854 and destined to become a solicitor, he broke away when he persuaded his father to let him take over the family printing works of Messrs. Hudson & Kearns, Ltd., and when he became associated with the late Sir George Newnes was launched on a career which enabled him later to expound his ideals through the medium of *Country Life*. In the pages of that publication he cultivated a love for natural history, for gardening, for good pictures and furniture and fine architecture. He loved the open air, was a keen golfer, and was a missionary in the cause of making English people realise the heritage they possessed.

THE BEST OPEN AIR BOOK OF THE MONTH

The "Field" choice for the Best Open Air Book published during September is

SPORT IN WILDEST BRITAIN

By Hesketh Prichard (Philip Allan & Co.: 10s. 6d.)

FLIGHT

THIS is a bird-book, quite out of the ordinary run. Primarily, it is a picture-book of birds in flight. There are more than 200 photographs of many different species, and some of them are really remarkable. But as a picture-book it is no more worthy of notice than many which have appeared since the boom in Nature photography. It is, however, a great deal more than a picture-book. Indeed, the photographs, though they occupy by far the greater space, are incidental to the text. This is filled with the most interesting information and the most out-of-the-way details of bird life. All the things we wonder about and never ask about, because they seem foolish. What birds have been caught in fish nets 90ft. below the surface of the sea? How fast does a humming bird beat its wings? What is the effect of broadcasting on a bird's sense of direction? These and many other similar questions are answered by the author. The book itself falls into four parts: the Evolution of Flight, the Biology of Flight, Migration and the Aerodynamics of Flight. Mr. Aymar is an amateur ornithologist, and he writes for the amateur. None of the matter is too technical. But there is ample to interest the scientifically minded. It is, indeed, a bird-book for everybody, and should find a place in every bird-lover's library; and the writing is less jerky than is usual in American ornithological works. B. V-F.

Bird Flight. By Gordon Aymar. (The Bodley Head; 12/6.)

TERRIERS BETWEEN PAGES

Motoring in the country many people miss a good deal of the significance of what they see in the fields because they do not know about the farming of the district. Mr. J. P. Maxton has collected in one handy volume, *Regional Types of British Agriculture* (Allen Unwin; 12/6), an account of the farming features of different parts of the country, so that the traveller who wants to know can have at his side a ready source of information.

Dog lovers will be amused and delighted with Paul Hubner's little book *Dogs' Licence* which contains a series of illustrations, showing the West Highland team of footballers at play, from the "kick-off" to the scoring of the first goal. Intense interest in the game is shown by the press reporters for *The Tailwaggers' Times*, and it is obvious that the keen eyes of the Press in the Wheelbarrow Grand Stand will miss not a single point of the game. There are also some charming studies of Sealyhams, Cairns and wire-haired terriers which form a feature by themselves. R. F.

Dogs' Licence. By Paul Hubner. (Methuen; 3/6).

Mr. Marshall Hardy did "a good thing" when he decided to start *Angling, a Quarterly for every Angler*. Vol. I, No. 1, has just appeared, and if Vol. X, No. 1, is as good as this, Vol. I, No. 1, will have become "memorable" as well as "good." Even in these days of amazing value for money in books, this shilling's worth is outstanding.

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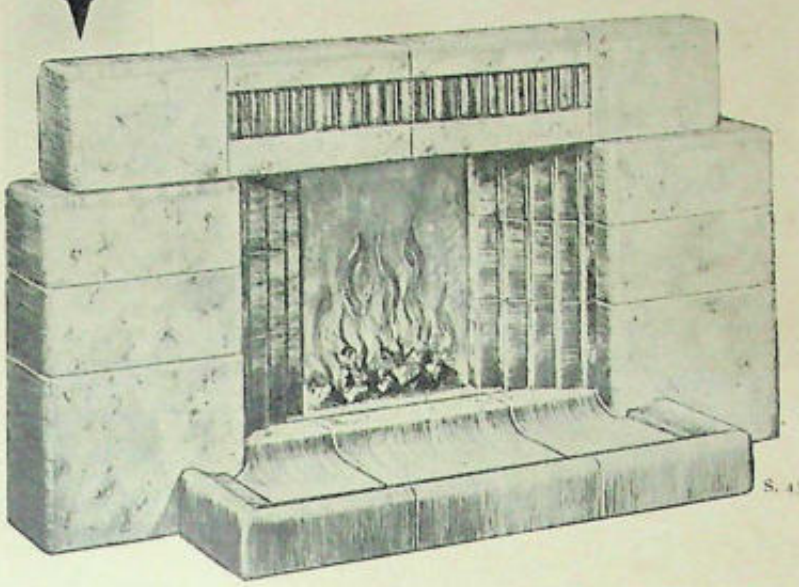

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POPPY DAY Nov. 11

DONATIONS will be welcomed, and these should be addressed to the local Poppy Day Committee, or to: Captain W. G. Willcox, M.B.E., Organising Secretary, Earl Haig's British Legion Appeal Fund, 29, Cromwell Road, London, S.W.7.

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'THE ROYAL SALUTE," BY SAMUEL SCOTT

This picture, exhibited at the Antique Dealers' Exhibition and Fair, at Grosvenor House, represents a man-o'-war receiving a visit from royalty

surmounted with a crown the latter is not. Both medallions are supported by cupids, between which, towards the top is the inscription "Separe et Unis," and towards the bottom a love bird; a flaming heart and on the flap the inscription "Fermez a Horus por a vous," all bespeaks it as a true labour of love.

But it is almost impossible to regard any of the innumerable exhibits which include paintings, sculpture, tapestries, furniture, jewellery, silver, glass, china, musical instruments, and *bric-à-brac*, without an interest compounded of æsthetical, technical and sentimental values. The æsthetical interest in the purely abstract sense is not always indisputable. The technical interest is more certain since the old craftsmen, to whom time was not money, took a pride in the perfection of their labours. In this connection it may come as a surprise to many that division of labour far from being a modern expedient was a traditional practice.

To take just one example, there is a "Monks' Table" of the late seventeenth century, a simple-enough piece, which nevertheless is the result of co-operation between the joiner, the turner and the carver. The expert considering this piece discovers additional interest in the incised design with which the under-side of the table top is decorated. Again, there is a charming little china group, here illustrated, which has the appeal of a painted picture.

The Country House

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A Splendid Exhibition at Grosvenor House

IS THIS THE LARGEST PIECE OF SILVER EVER MADE?

This claim is made for this colossal "wine-bath," weighing 1 *cwt., which was made for the Earl of Chesterfield when he was Ambassador in Brussels about* 1730

A HÖCHST GROUP OF A LADY AND GENTLEMAN SEATED IN AN ARBOUR

This piece, circa 1760, *is* 11 *in. tall and might well be called "The Lovers' Seat"*

LAST Thursday the Earl of Athlone, accompanied by Princess Alice, opened the Antique Dealers' Exhibition and Fair at Grosvenor House, which is open until October 16th. This annual event, now in its third year, is becoming an institution to which an increasing number of people are looking not only for profit but for very real and varied pleasure. Visitors to other art exhibitions, whether they know it or not, put on that air of high seriousness which the appreciation of Art with a capital A seems to demand. *Antiques*, however, is a term that covers more than æsthetical, technical and historical matters. If one is duly impressed by the statement that this present exhibition comprises antiques and works of art of a total value of more than one million pounds, the value of what one may call its *human* interest cannot be estimated.

In referring in his opening speech to Queen Mary's well-known love of antiques, the Earl of Athlone used a happy phrase: "I should say," he added, "that she knows as much about what is really worth while as many of the art dealers themselves." "What is really worth while" means what is really worth spending not merely money but time on; what is really worth contemplating. It is the peculiar charm of antiques that their appeal is nearly always "arresting"; they invite us to examine them, to handle them, to look into them. Moreover, they naturally are associated with the habits and customs, the thoughts and feelings of our forebears.

It is true that here and there in this exhibition the high seriousness of a fourth-century Buddha or a fourteenth-century Madonna may bid us evaluate if not religious at least abstract æsthetical qualities; or an object of historical importance, such as the highly decorated mace, silver gilt, used in the Irish Parliament from 1765 until the time of its dissolution in 1801 may evoke political associations. On the whole, however, this exhibition, like its predecessors, is remarkable for its pervading feeling of what one would like to call conviviality; these things one sees here have once been lived with and one enjoys living with them again *for auld lang syne*. Who, for instance, if he be a man, could contemplate the great Earl Chesterfield's colossal "wine-bath," claimed to be the largest piece of silver ever made, weighing 1cwt. and holding 136 bottles, and admire no more than its design, craftsmanship and rarity; or who of the fair sex would not regard a little wallet, 7in. by 4in. of seventeenth-century English bead-work embroidery, with tender sentiment when she knows its history. This, it appears, tells us that it was made by Princess Mary Stuart for her husband, William Prince of Orange, during his stay in England, 1688–1689. On one side are two medallions, one with a portrait of Princess Mary Stuart, the other with that of William of Orange, and whilst the former is and that might be called "The Lovers' Seat." To the connoisseur it is an interesting piece. He knows that it is neither Meissen, Chelsea nor early Derby, but came from the Höchst factory; and he speculates whether it was modelled by Johann Friedrich Lück, or whether this artist's name is really fictitious, because there never was such a person, and its probable originator is one Gottlieb Riedel, an itinerant artist who worked for different factories. Yet again, for the collector of paintings, there is a picture—to quote another example at random—by Samuel Scott. It is called "The Royal Salute," and represents a man-o'-war receiving a visit from Royalty. It suggests at once various points of interest. The connoisseur of paintings will recognise it as a descendant of Willem Van de Velde's the younger, famous "Cannon Shot"; the naval man will be interested in the shipping of the period and in the events that are taking place all round, probably represented with scrupulous accuracy; whilst the "period" collector will welcome it as a desirable addition to the furniture of a "period" room.

Technical knowledge thus certainly adds to the pleasures of the antique collector who will find, amongst other things, that the arts from the age of oak up to the age of mahogany seem to have progressed from the masculine to the feminine conception of design, from simple to lavish ornament, from stability to elegance, from usefulness to playfulness.

From these, of necessity, cursory lines it may be concluded that the Antique Dealers' Fair never releases its hold on our sense of social as well as æsthetical and technical values.

F.

MISS WETHERED AND MISS WILSON AT BRAMLEY

Our Greatest Lady Golfers in a Two Ball Foursome

By E. R. TIPPLE

RARE APPEARANCES

An almost unique opportunity for seeing two of the world's leading lady players in action was afforded at Bramley last week in foursomes played in aid of St. Dunstan's. Miss Wethered and Miss Wilson have never met in tournament golf and have only once before played together, also when they gave their services in a match at Bramley for the benefit of the blind. Our photographs show Miss Wethered and Miss Wilson (right) driving

NOWADAYS the number of times golfers are able to watch Miss Joyce Wethered play are all too few. Since her retirement from competitive golf in 1929 she has confined her playing activities, except for a tour of America last year, to the ever-popular Worplesdon meeting and to infrequent friendly rounds. Even the bad weather did not prevent a large gallery being present last Saturday at the Bramley course, near Guildford, when she took part in an exhibition foursome match, which was made the more interesting because Miss Enid Wilson was her chief opponent.

This great lady golfer, also, has forsaken competitive golf except for the Worplesdon meeting. She retired in 1933 after winning the ladies' title for the third year in succession, whilst Miss Wethered was champion in 1922, 1924, 1925 and 1929. They never met in tournament golf and, before last week, had indeed only played together on one occasion, also, strangely enough, at Bramley, in aid of the same deserving charity, St. Dunstan's.

Miss Wethered was partnered by an old ally, John Morrison, whose many fine sporting achievements need not be recalled, they are so well known. And Miss Wilson's supposed helper was myself, with whom she had combined successfully earlier in the year on the Continent. It was decided to play a two-ball foursome—to keep the ladies busily occupied! As they went up the first fairway the questions everyone was asking were, "How would these great lady golfers compare? How would they perform now that they no longer play regularly?" Let it be said at once that the standard of golf displayed was extraordinarily high, especially considering the almost wintry conditions.

Bramley is not a long course, but it was playing every inch of the distances marked on the card. It has several holes which the modern "tiger" could reach with a drive and a "flick," and at least one odd short hole, 95yds. long, where any golfer is quite bewildered. The tee is perched up high on a hill, the green being at the bottom. Only the wise old members know exactly how much to give the shot. The scratch score of this typical inland course, constructed on heavy pasture land, is 74, yet Miss Wethered and Morrison went round in 73. Against such golf their opponents felt satisfied at taking the match to the sixteenth green. Their score of 77 was just not good enough.

Both Miss Wethered and Miss Wilson drove consistently well and straight, with the former usually in front by a few odd yards. Indeed, their partners rose to the occasion, and were also accurate off the tee, so that neither side went exploring into the trees and rough. Both ladies showed that they can play the short approaches as well as any first-class male, but whereas Miss Wilson had a tendency to hook her long second shots, Miss Wethered persisted in being devastatingly accurate all the time. In fairness, it must be added that the latter has had more opportunities for playing recently than Miss Wilson.

The game, as so many do, turned on the putting. Whenever the others had a chance of reducing their deficit, Miss Wethered would hole an awkward-length putt, and when they were struggling for

halves she would end those efforts with a single putt which never looked anywhere else but in the hole. She gave as fine an exhibition of confident putting as could be seen anywhere. Putts of 3yds. or 5yds. do not get Miss Wethered worried, a short look at the line, then a slow deliberate stroke, and the ball disappears from sight. Unlike so many modern young players, she does not prostrate herself on the ground and then fidget about with her grip and stance. When putting she looks relaxed and quite normal and not in agony. No wonder, then, that she holes out so frequently and inspires her partners.

Both these lady golfers play the game in the right spirit. They seem thoroughly to enjoy themselves which, of course, all golfers should, but rarely do. Both seem to possess a reserve on which they can call in time of need. Once Miss Wilson had to play what looked, and really was, a difficult pitch. She put the ball by the hole just as easily as if the shot had been a short putt. At the sixteenth Miss Wethered was faced with a long wooden shot to the green and a tree directly in her path. She ran no danger of hitting the tree, but sent the ball off flying very low nicely beneath the lowest branches to give her partner an easy approach which he promptly put by the flag.

Any young golfer watching Miss Wethered or Miss Wilson in action can learn a great deal. These two great players have dominated British feminine golf for many years, and their successors have no easy task to follow in their footsteps. It would be a fine thing for promising young players if they could be persuaded to give exhibitions all over the country.

To conclude an interesting day, young Max Faulkner, son of the club professional and one of the best assistants in the country, opposed the new match-play champion, D. Rees. Rees, like Miss Wethered, found the putting a very simple business and required only thirteen putts in the first nine holes, so was out in 31. Home in 36 he set up an unofficial record for the course, and won his match on the seventeenth. Both these young golfers played magnificently, and both seem destined to accomplish great things. Rees, in particular, is certain of a place in the Ryder Cup side.

COTTON WINS AT LAST

Victor in a Match of Champions

HENRY COTTON'S grand victory at Wentworth last week in the last big professional event of the year, the Dunlop-Metropolitan tournament, gave him some definite consolation for a weary season full of bitter disappointments. Time after time this brilliant golfer had produced superlative form only to see victory pass to others, and his putts slide by the holes. Rarely has such fine consistent play gone unrewarded so long.

Over the long, testing West Course—one of the finest examples of good architecture to be found anywhere—Cotton played like one inspired. It was his last chance to break the sequence of bad luck and he took it. Usually very long off the tee and always absolutely accurate, Cotton, for once, rarely faltered on the greens. He left himself little to do after his long approach putts and missed very few of the "holeable" ones. He appeared much more natural in stance than usual, and so was more confident.

The luck of the draw ordained that Cotton and R. A. Whitcombe should play together for the final two rounds, which was fortunate for the spectators as the title rested between these two and Lacey, who lost ground in the third round. R. A. Whitcombe picked up three strokes on Cotton but that was not enough, and he had to be content with equal second with Lacey at 284, just three strokes too many. But he matched Cotton for skill at hole after hole, which is high praise indeed, for Cotton was at his very best. That final day provided a grand end to a fine season.

Only those who had either won previous events or been runners-up, together with past open champions, were eligible to compete. It was a field of master golfers, yet 70 was beaten only four times, a tribute to the fair difficulties of a great course. Adams achieved the best round, a 67, and finished fifth despite two major disasters, a nine and an eight. But for those two lapses he would have worried Cotton. Young Rees finished well up the list, as did the champion, Padgham, who, however, did not touch his top form. And once again the Whitcombe brothers refused to be left out of the picture. Brother Charles tried to steal Reggie's honours, but ended up six strokes behind him. Leading scores:—

	1st rd.	2nd rd.	3rd rd.	4th rd.	Ttl.
H. Cotton (Waterloo, Belgium) (£150)	72	68	70	71	281
R. A. Whitcombe (Parkstone) (£87 10s.)	75	71	68	70	284
A. J. Lacey (Berkshire) (£87 10s.)	70	70	75	69	284
C. A. Whitcombe (Crews Hill) (£50)	73	71	74	72	290
J. Adams (Romford) (£30)	78	71	67	75	291
A. H. Padgham (Sundridge Park) (£20)	76	71	75	71	293
W. J. Cox (Wimbledon Park) (£12 10s.)	72	74	75	73	294
M. Seymour (unattached) (£12 10s.)	76	75	70	73	294
E. R. Whitcombe (Meyrick Park) (£10)	74	76	70	75	295
D. J. Rees (Surbiton, Asst.) (£10)	76	73	73	73	295
P. Alliss (Temple Newsam) (£10)	73	73	75	75	296
R. Burton (Hooton) (£10)	81	72	73	70	296
J. J. Busson (Pannal)	77	76	73	72	298
N. Sutton (Leigh)	74	77	74	73	298
H. E. Osborne (Addington, Asst.)	72	74	80	73	299
J. J. Taylor (Potters Bar)	78	75	69	77	299
P. J. Mahon (Royal Dublin)	77	74	72	76	299
D. A. Curtis (Queen's Pk., Bournemouth)	78	74	73	74	299
A. Perry (Leatherhead)	74	73	80	73	300
J. Fallon (Huddersfield, Asst.)	74	76	76	75	301
S. L. King (Knole Park, Asst.)	74	76	73	79	302
C. S. Denny (Thorpe Hall)	75	76	75	77	303
A. G. Havers (Sandy Lodge)	74	76	76	77	303
E. E. Whitcombe (Meyrick Park, Asst.)	72	78	77	76	303
T. Williamson (Notts)	75	76	76	76	303
A. G. Beck (Sherwood Forest)	78	75	70	81	304
C. H. Ward (Palace, Torquay)	75	75	78	77	305
M. Faulkner (Sonning, Asst.)	77	74	75	79	305
S. Easterbrook (Knowle)	73	80	78	75	306
W. H. Davies (Wallasey)	75	76	77	78	306
J. Knight (Carnoustie)	76	77	77	79	309
F. Bullock (Holyhead, Asst.)	75	76	81	80	312
C. A. Pickett (Wanvoe Castle)	76	76	81	82	315

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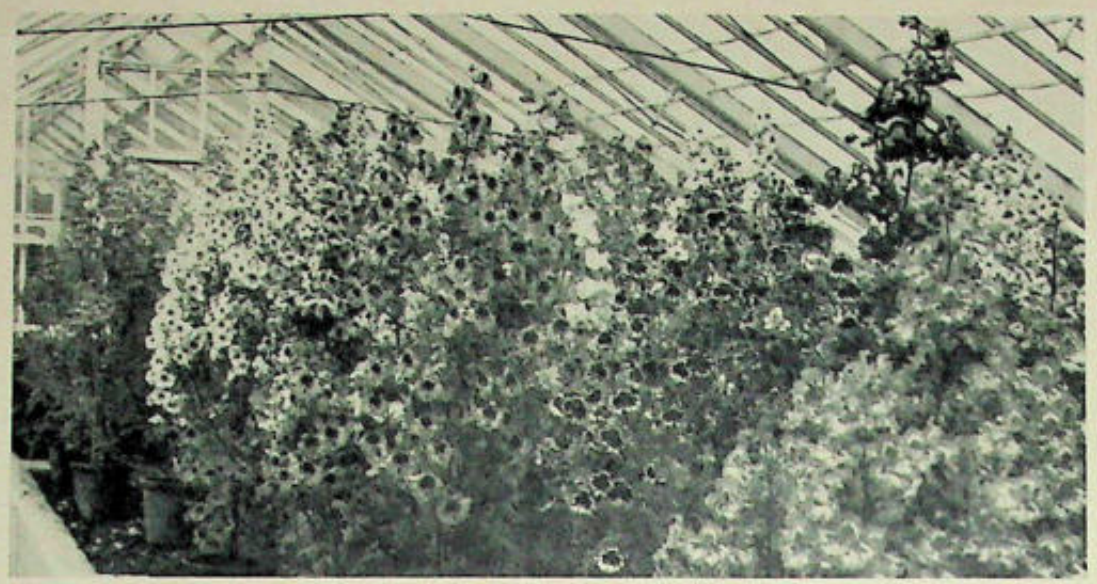

"ALL SCHIZANTHUS HAVE A LONG FLOWERING PERIOD, QUITE EIGHT WEEKS"

The Country House

AUTUMN ANNUALS

Sowing in the Cool Greenhouse

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

LARGELY owing to the cult for sunlight and colour, the cool greenhouse, which, in modern houses even more commonly than of yore, is an annexe to one of the sitting rooms, is now frequently used as an additional sitting-room. For there sunlight can be enjoyed in comfort, when it is far too cold to sit out of doors. We seem in for a spell of cold springs. No displays of colour during the bleak weeks of spring cost less than annuals in the cold greenhouse, and a well-thought-out display is delightful. One mistake to avoid is too many varieties, for the result is apt to look a muddle. Big banks of a few different kinds that go well together and shown off by a good carpeting are far better. In any case, there are comparatively few annuals that can be sown in autumn in the greenhouse. They include, however, such decorative kinds as Schizanthus, Clarkias, Godetias, Brompton Stocks, *Phlox Drummondi*, Nasturtium, Salpiglosses and the double annual Wallflowers.

Schizanthus are, I think, the loveliest greenhouse annuals, especially the self-coloured Danby Park strain. Messrs. Sutton have a beautiful strain of these. All Schizanthus have a long flowering period, quite eight weeks. The earlier in autumn Schizanthus are sown the better—*i.e.*, early September at the latest. Seed should be sown in sandy soil in shallow boxes, just covering the seed with very fine soil. The boxes can be placed in a cold frame. The soil should then be moistened, using not warm water, but water that has just had the chill taken off it. Until germination takes place brown paper should be kept over the glasses on the boxes, but the glass must be turned and wiped daily. As soon as the seeds have germinated the brown paper must be removed, but the boxes cannot be exposed to very bright sun. As soon as large enough to handle prick out into boxes in a compost of equal parts loam and leaf mould and a little sand. Until the plants are established and begin to make fresh growth, the cold frame should be kept closed. When large enough, they should be repotted into 3-in. pots, then 5-in., and finally 7-in. pots. Schizanthus must never get pot bound but be kept growing.

Over-watering in the seedling stage is fatal. They are sure to damp off. Nor do Schizanthus like an atmosphere that is too moist. From the 5-in. pots onwards the compost should be two-parts loam, one-part leaf mould, and a little bone-meal and sand. As with all seedlings, firm potting is essential. The more light and air Schizanthus have through the winter the finer the plants will be, but, of course, they must not be subjected to draughts, and in common with all greenhouse plants they must not be crowded.

Clarkias have an equally long flowering period, and they should also be sown about now. Those grown under glass make very fine plants—quite 4ft. high—and these are among the few cases where the double are preferable to the single. The single varieties, however well-grown, look weedy. It is as well to buy the packets in separate colours, the best of all being the rich salmon. Clarkias sown in shallow boxes can be kept in a cold frame till large enough to prick out. When they have made two pairs of leaves the tips should be pinched off and when they have reached a foot they should again be pinched. This makes nice, bushy plants. Like Schizanthus, Clarkia cannot stand excessive moisture in the air. The compost for the final potting into 7-in. pots should be two-thirds fibrous loam, one-third leaf mould, and a little mortar rubble, soot and sand. When the flower-buds show, very weak liquid manure can be given occasionally.

Godetias are amongst the easiest of greenhouse annuals, and the double azalea-flowered, which attains barely a foot, makes a colourful front row plant for the cool greenhouse.

The new vivid carmine and scarlet shades are particularly attractive, and this colour is not too common in spring. The taller kinds attain about 18in. to 2ft. Godetias need exactly the same treatment as Clarkias, except that they are not pinched, for they naturally grow bushy.

Larkspurs, especially if the single and stock-flowered kinds are grown in mixed colours, are delightful for a cool greenhouse. The stock-flowered are rather taller growing than the single

CLARKIAS GROWN UNDER GLASS MAKE FINE PLANTS AS TALL AS FOUR FEET

kind. The vivid rose-coloured is quite the most effective and goes well with the pale mauve. Larkspurs have a flowering period of quite two months and are in flower at the same time as Godetias and Clarkias. They need the same treatment as Clarkias, except that as with Godetias the points are not pinched.

Phlox Drummondi in mixed colours make a wonderfully colourful display. The tall-growing (about a foot), the Intermediate and Dwarf are all effective; the last-named being valuable for the front row. *Phlox Drummondi* comes into flower a little later than the annuals mentioned above.

Shirley Poppies sown in late September flower in April. They are far from commonly grown in cool greenhouses, possibly owing to the fact that these annuals, grown thus, are not a success if pricked out in boxes. They should be sown in thumb pots and thinned down to two seedlings. When the seedlings have made a good ball of roots they can be transferred with the least amount of root disturbance to a 5-in. pot.

SQUASH RACKETS PROBLEMS

Experiments with the Rules

IF a game is to be judged by the general enthusiasm of the players there would appear to be little wrong with squash rackets. But the growth of the game continues to present new problems, and those who play in big tournaments like the Bath Club Cup or championships seem hard to satisfy. In its short existence as a championship game the ball for squash rackets has been changed three times from the old "nigger" to the "standard," and from the "standard" to the "new standard." Each in its turn has been accepted by the majority of players, who do not appear to worry very much about the implements of play. This year it is the turn of scoring to be subject to fresh experiment, and the decision of the Bath Club to play the best of three games instead of the best of five has not met with the approval of the younger players. It is some time ago since the scoring was changed from the best of three games of fifteen points to the best of five games of nine points, but since 1926, when five games were first played in the Amateur Championship, most people have taken it for granted that there would be no further change.

The Bath Club Cup competition is, of course, a private tournament, and how they arrange their matches is nobody's business but their own. But the Association have already been consulted, and as a result have given their permission for the Bath Club tournament to be played on the basis of the best of three games instead of five, hinting that should the experiment be considered a success, "an alteration of rule 2 would in this case appear desirable." Rule 2 is concerned with scoring. Matches played on the basis of the best of three games will frequently be over before a player has warmed up and provide no fair test of skill. Moreover, the rule seems greatly to the advantage of the older player for whom the game is surely not primarily designed? It will be interesting to see how players, who have played in the Bath Club Cup, will fare in the championship against others more accustomed to five hard games.

Five doubles courts are likely to be ready for play in the course of the year, another experiment which is likely to upset the present scoring methods. Doubles is a most enjoyable game, but since the courts are being built on the American dimensions we might do worse than adopt the American ball, and possibly the American system of scoring. This is an admirable development which should make Squash a greater game than it already is.

In London, the Cumberland Cup matches will begin late in October. This is an entirely new club competition for those clubs which do not already compete in the Bath Club Cup. It is being run in much the same way, except that the matches will be the best of five games and that two points will be scored for a club win in addition to one point each for individual victories. The general standard of play in the Cumberland Cup should be very high, as some excellent teams are competing.

JOHN ARMITAGE.

REPORTS FROM THE FORESTS AND MOORS

SCOTLAND

LOCH DOON.—Mr. Edward Chadwyck-Healey writes to inform us that on September 16th, stalking in South Ayrshire, he shot a stag which weighed, clean gralloched eight hours after being shot, 27½st. (385lb.); maximum girth, taken just behind the shoulder after gralloch, 60in. The head had ten points: length of horn, 33½in.; inside span, 23in.; beam between bey and trey, 5¼in. Teeth in excellent condition. This forest lies between 1,000ft. and 2,300ft. above sea level, and the deer on the ground are regular inhabitants and have been so for many years.

BUCHANAN CASTLE.—J. H. Watson, Esq., of Beith, a well-known rifle shot, who leases Buchanan Castle Moors for the deer stalking from the Duke of Montrose, grassed a 6-pointer, weighing 20st. 2lb. clean, while out stalking on September 20th.

DELNADAMPH.—Mr. C. N. Baillien and party, on Delnadamph on September 19th, shot 147 brace of grouse; on Allargue, on September 21st, 147 brace.

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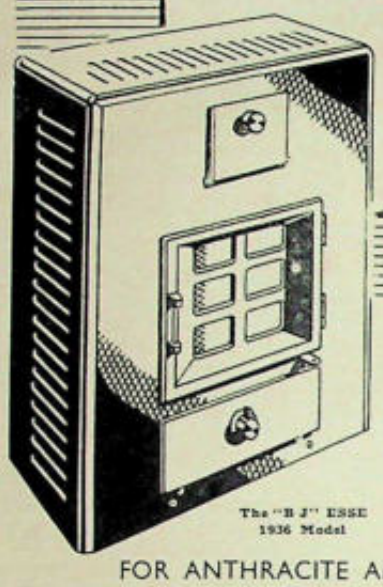

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THE FERTILIZER DRILL PLAYS A BIG PART IN WHEAT GROWING TO-DAY

WHEAT GROWING

Should the Acreage be Increased This Autumn?

WHEN the Wheat Act was put on the Statute Book in 1932 there were plenty of critics ready to prove, at any rate to their own satisfaction, the folly of this measure, providing a standard price of 45s. a quarter for home-grown wheat. They visualized the whole of England being turned into a vast wheat area, with the widespread mechanisation of corn growing by the introduction of combine-harvesters. The land, they foresaw, would be drained of fertility. In short, from every point of view, the Wheat Act was a deplorable concession to Norfolk—"the county that produces the maximum amount of noise per acre."

Happily the experience of the past four years has proved the Jeremiahs to be wrong. The Wheat Act has worked to the advantage of the arable counties of England and it has harmed no one. The acreage planted with wheat has increased but not to a level any higher than the normal pre-War acreage. More wheat is being grown in proportion to barley and oats, because the market for these two cereals has been unremunerative, but this in itself is not a harmful tendency.

Indeed, as farmers know, wheat needs to be done well and the fact that a bigger proportion of the arable land is devoted to wheat nowadays means that there is a greater expenditure on fertilizers and the land is kept in better heart than would otherwise be the case.

There were, of course, a few misguided people who thought they could go "wheat mining," growing wheat year after year. This, they soon found, does not pay. On land in really good heart a second crop of wheat can occasionally be taken with satisfactory results. I remember in 1934 a second crop of wheat giving me twelve sacks to the acre after a 1933 crop of wheat feeding nine sacks. The second crop had a complete dressing of fertilizers, and, of course, 1934 was a perfect season for wheat. Speaking generally, it is, however, recognised by farmers that wheat after wheat does not pay.

With this knowledge the natural tendency is to farm well for wheat. Travelling round the country this autumn, since the corn has been carried, I have been struck by the great number of fields sown with clover. The clover shows up more than usual, perhaps, since it has been an extraordinary growing season, but it seems likely that the acreage under temporary grass will show an increase next year. The policy that many farmers are pursuing now is on the lines found most satisfactory in the border country of England and Scotland and also in the south of Sweden. Clover leys are taken in the arable rotation, the crop being left for two or three years and then ploughed in and the accumulated fertility is cashed in a wheat crop. It should be a bumper wheat crop and if the land is in really good heart a second wheat crop can be taken. In so far as this plan is being adopted, and it is found now on many farms, the assured market for home-grown wheat is encouraging a higher standard of farming. A wheat crop of 5–6 sacks to the acre can barely pay its way, whereas a crop of 10–12 sacks or more is decidedly profitable. It is then arguable that the Wheat Act, far from impoverishing the land of England, is setting a premium on good farming.

If we are farming for big yields of wheat we need not only to do the land well, by taking clover leys and applying farmyard manure from the cowsheds and piggeries, but also to select varieties of wheat which are capable of responding fully to generous treatment. Squareheads Master or Standard Red is the kind of wheat that many farmers grow on clay land or stiffish soils, regardless of the possibilities of other improved varieties. Their fathers grew Squareheads Master, and they know that the land suits it. Actually, if they could bring themselves to make a change on the advice of, say, the county agricultural organiser or some wide-awake corn merchant who knows wheats, and wheat soils, they could in all probability find a variety that would give them a rather better yield than the old sorts. I remember one seed merchant in Essex saying that if farmers in the county would take the advice offered them freely they could, by changing over to more productive and suitable strains, increase the wheat yields of the county by no less than 20 per cent. His more enterprising customers were never satisfied with yields of less than two sacks per acre above the county average. Incidentally, the leading seed merchants have now issued their autumn corn catalogues and they will repay the attention of those who want to be in the forefront. Once-grown seed wheat of a good strain direct from one of the leading firms, will always command a premium of a few shillings a quarter. When commercial wheat is making 35s. a quarter, seed wheat of known antecedents, once-grown from pedigree strains, is worth 42s. to 45s. a quarter. It pays, then, to use the best seed and have something that others will want in the following year for seed purposes.

It is agreed that the Wheat Act, coupled with the sugar beet subsidy, has encouraged farmers to keep more land under the plough than they could otherwise afford to do. The need is now recognised from the standpoint of national defence of maintaining and even increasing the ploughland acreage and it is not surprising that the advisability of extending the provisions of the Wheat Act is being canvassed in Government circles. The 1932 Act sets a limit of 6,000,000 quarters as the amount of home-grown wheat that may qualify in any year for assistance at the full rate. When the home crop exceeds 6,000,000 quarters, as it has done each recent year, the Wheat Commission's deficiency payments are reduced in proportion to the excess. Thus, from the 1935 crop farmers marketed 7,500,000 quarters, and the average price received (market price plus deficiency payment) was 42s. 8½d. per quarter, instead of 45s.

The National Farmers' Union, among other bodies, has urged the Government to raise this limit of 6,000,000 quarters and to make their decision known soon, so that farmers may know in good time for autumn planting whether to give an increased acreage of wheat for next year.

World wheat prices have risen sharply, and English wheat is now worth fully 36s. a quarter on the market. The days of a world surplus of wheat are over, at any rate for the present, and as there is every prospect of market prices remaining at about the present level an extension of the Wheat Act to cover 9,000,000 quarters instead of 6,000,000 quarters would cost little more than the sum already provided in past years when world wheat prices were low and the rate of deficiency payment was correspondingly high. Last year the average market price was 26s. a quarter. This year it may well prove to be nearer 36s. a quarter and the more wheat that is grown at home the better for the country's balance of trade.

R. F.

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On high ground a big acreage of wheat has already been drilled

MINK FARMING

Some Fencing Hints

NOW that so many are taking up mink farming a few words on security and labour-saving may not be out of place.

It is well worth while seeing that the surrounding wire is both mink- and rat-proof. If rats burrow under the wire the mink will use their runs by which to escape. In consequence it is necessary to bury one foot of the surrounding wire into the earth. At the time of putting up the outer fence this is a very small matter, but it will save a lot of trouble later. Again, the fence should be topped with a foot of very cheap galvanized, or other plain sheeting, so that the mink cannot climb out of the enclosure. If the mink farm is in an exposed place it is also necessary to see that the supporting poles are very firm, otherwise a strong wind will play havoc with it.

Labour-saving is also an item that, at the outset, seems a small matter, but as stock increases it becomes more and more important. Labour is required for watering, cleaning and feeding. To empty 200 buckets and refill them even with a hose, takes about an hour. If you have cages permanently in the same place, it is possible to have a basin in each connected to a pipe so arranged that by merely turning a cock you can empty and refill every basin. This is an immense advantage.

To save labour in cleaning, a hinged back to the nest box and a false bottom that will pull out and bring all the bedding and refuse with it, is strongly recommended.

O. A. C.

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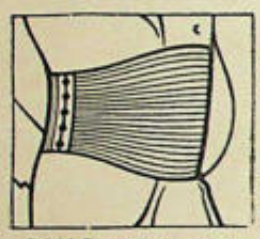

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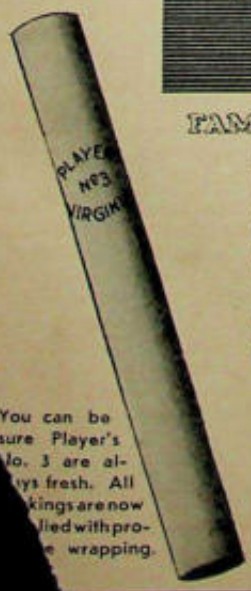

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SOME OF THE WINNING SHEEP DOGS

Mr. J. M. Wilson's Roy, the individual champion, is second on the left, and Mr. David Murray's Sweep on the right

INTERNATIONAL SHEEP DOG TRIALS

Wales and Scotland take the Honours

THAT greatest of all pastoral events, the International Sheep Dog Trials, which are held alternately in Scotland, England and Wales, took place on the Racecourse, Ayr, on September 21st, 22nd and 23rd. Large and representative gatherings, including visitors from overseas, assembled to witness the cream of Britain's sheep dogs reveal their uncanny prowess in the art of controlling and guiding sheep. The event cannot be termed a sport, nor is it an exhibition of trick working. It is a revelation of the ordinary everyday work performed by shepherds and their dogs. Nothing is attempted at these trials that does not come into the routine of shepherding, either in the field, on the hill, or on the road. And despite this one cannot help being thrilled and fascinated by the sight of such canine intelligence and handling skill as this great pastoral drama presents.

The supreme championship of the sheep dog world is the high stake for which these shepherds and their dogs are playing. It is a coveted honour the striving for which has done more than anything else to instil a desire within sheep dog men to breed selectively. And this process of selective breeding, which has been encouraged by the International Sheep Dog Society, under the guiding hand of its secretary, Mr. Jas. A. Reid, of Airdrie, is year by year proving the soundness of its policy. The improvement in the working capabilities of the sheep dogs of Great Britain has increased by at least 30 per cent. during the past ten years.

At Ayr, in the championship class, the standard of perfection exceeded even that of Blackpool last year, where the course was infinitely easier.

The result was a decisive win for Scotland's leading trainer, Mr. Jas. M. Wilson, with Roy, who previously won the International at Cardiff in 1934. Roy is the first sheep dog to win the supreme championship twice. He is a son of Craig—winner of the International in 1930 at Ayr—and his performance on this occasion was an almost exact repetition of that of his illustrious sire. Gathering and driving were the outstanding features of his run, while the generalship of the handler was ever apparent at the shed. Mr. Wilson added yet another classical contribution to the long list of memorable exhibitions which are credited to his name. This was his fourth championship, a feat that has no equal in sheep dog annals. Scotland has good reason to be proud of this expert trainer.

England was awarded second place through the medium of Mr. Mark Hayton, the English ex-President of the International Society. Mr. Hayton's dog, Pat, is out of his own bitch, Fly, and at two-and-a-half years is wonderfully well developed in the natural style of working. His initiative has in no way been impaired by training and few, if any, other dogs received fewer commands in the execution of this exacting championship course. It was a valiant effort and, since Mr. Hayton also won the Farmers' Cup on the previous day, proof, if that were needed, that his dog possessed all the qualifications of a champion. Mr. David Murray's Sweep was second for the Farmers' Cup.

One of the best dogs that has ever been in the Welsh team came next. This was Fleet, a son of T. Roberts's Jaff. His master, Mr. John Jones, won the supreme award at Blackpool last year with Jaff, who was also in the Welsh team this year but who did not qualify for the final stages. Jones is an expert handler and if Fleet has a weakness it is visible only to the expert eyes of the judges. In any case it did not affect his efficiency in guiding and controlling his sheep, and if his tendency to look round towards his master when "driving" can be eradicated, then he may yet be the supreme champion of Britain.

In the competition for the Team Shield held by England, the twelve dogs from Wales secured a decisive victory. And the great improvement in the capabilities of the Welsh trainers and in the abilities of the Welsh dogs has been achieved as the result of an intensive campaign that is going on in Wales to breed from the best dogs and to practice and study the art of handling.

At the conclusion of the International on Wednesday the Marchioness of Ailsa presented the awards before a large and enthusiastic gathering presided over by Lord Mostyn.

DRUMCLOG.

SILVER FOX FARMING

Individual Attention is Essential

AFTER many years of open incredulity and doubt, the silver fox farming industry in this country is at last coming into its own. The last months of the season 1935 finally exploded the time-worn theory that fine silver fox skins could not be produced in a climate as mild as that of the British Isles. In two consecutive sales of well-known auction companies, both the top and second highest prices were realised by British bred skins, sold in fair and open competition with the finest that Canada or Scandinavia could produce; not even the most hard-bitten critic of British bred skins could deny the force of this argument. So we have Great Britain at last taking her place among the ranks of the world's producers of fine furs.

It should be emphasised, however, that although fine fox skins may be produced in this country, this does not mean that any Tom, Dick or Harry who possesses the minimum capital will be able to produce them. It means that to the suitable man, having both the required available capital and the type of temperament required for successful stock raising, there is a very fine chance of combining an open-air life with a very profitable undertaking. An ability for hard work and a love of animals are both undoubtedly necessary to the successful fox breeder, and mere capital without these is valueless, and without them also ultimate success with any form of livestock is extremely unlikely.

The writer has for many years felt very strongly on the subject of co-operative silver fox farming in all its forms, and the recent unhappy experience of a large concern of this kind was merely the natural result of livestock breeding on the mass production scale, and was in no sense any slur on the possibilities or otherwise of the industry if properly applied. Whatever the prospects of the fur production in this country may or may not be, the rules which govern stock breeding the world over must not be broken or success can never be attained.

It is a strange fact that all the members of the dog family, of which of course the fox is one, are notoriously difficult to maintain in really good health in captivity. The feline or cat family are as a rule much more amenable, and will keep in good condition under ordinary menagerie accommodation and under conditions which foxes would never tolerate at all. If a concrete illustration of this is required, one simply has to pay a visit first of all to the cat house, and then to the dogs and wolves at the London Zoo.

Foxes, like wolves, are prone to a large number of parasitic and other complaints, and unless these are kept in check by experience and care, and by correct feeding, and constant change of ground, then the animals will eventually succumb. Experience has shown in the past that the large mass-production concerns are unable to give this care and individual attention, and sufficient change of ground is almost an impossibility where the numbers of pairs on one farm run into hundreds, with the result that after a few years disease makes its appearance; and in the overcrowded conditions generally to be found in concerns of this type, its depredations are twice as heavy as they would be under better conditions.

This depressing picture is luckily by no means typical of the conditions on the average British farm, where clean conditions, regular good food and, above all, change of ground have produced a fine, healthy lot of foxes whose pelts can be marketed at a good profit.

Silver fox farming is and always must remain a one-man outdoor industry for the right type of person; to those without these qualifications and to those who wish to regard foxes merely as an investment, the writer can only say, "Stay out of this industry." But to the man whose qualifications both of capital and of temperament are suited, I would say, "Look into silver fox farming immediately, and in it you will find the ideal combination of an outdoor hobby of absorbing interest and a business with great possibilities."

C. J. JOHNSTONE.

FOOT ROT TREATMENT

Boots for Sheep

BOOTS for sheep suffering from foot rot were demonstrated at Coldharbour Farm, the experimental centre of the Wye Agricultural College, Ashford, Kent, last week by Sir Frederick Hobday, President of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. These boots, which are made of rubber, are built to fit the sheep's feet so closely that they hold firmly in position any dressings applied to the wound.

Hitherto, sheep treated for foot rot were turned out to graze with their feet unprotected, and any ointment round the wound was rubbed off in the grass in such a short time that any beneficial effect was almost negligible.

It is claimed that tests carried out over the past six months show that, when the boots are used, foot rot can be completely cured in a week and, normally, only one or two dressings are necessary.

The sheep boots are made in the Dunlop footwear factory at Walton, Liverpool, which turns out millions of pairs of Wellingtons a year. They are of rubber and are, therefore, waterproof and pliable. The rubber is also acid proof. The boot is slit part of the way down the front and the foot is slipped into it behind a flap which is then drawn back into position and the boot is fastened with a press fasten and a lace hole or with a zipp. The boots are made in five sizes, three of which cover 80 per cent. of the sheep in the country. They weigh an average of 2½oz. Sheep wear the boots without noticing them and placidly go about living their normal life. The boots cost either 3s. 6d. a pair (with zipp) or 2s. 11d. After being cleaned and disinfected they can be used on one sheep after another.

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

THE MOTORIST'S POINT OF VIEW? WHAT GEESE PEDESTRIANS ARE; *WHAT* PEDESTRIANS ARE GEESE
Jack Barclay's 4¼-litre Bentley held up on the road near Malvern. The car is fitted with Bosch radio

DANGEROUS PARKING THE CAUSE OF MANY ACCIDENTS

And the Value of Safety Bays on Main Thoroughfares

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

IN the efforts that are being made to insure greater safety on our roads, several important factors are being overlooked which, by themselves, have contributed in no small degree to the terrible fatalities which take place on our roads every week.

Our authorities seem to be of the opinion that speed, and speed alone, is responsible for this appalling state of affairs, and, in attempting to find a solution to the problems, look always for still further legislation to combat the speeding motorist.

I would like to make it abundantly clear that I have no sympathy whatever with the reckless or dangerous driver, and the sooner he is removed from our roads the better for all concerned, but I contend that these individuals are really comparatively few and that it is the selfish or thoughtless driver who is mostly responsible, directly or indirectly, for the accidents which happen daily.

The law as it now stands is able to deal adequately with the dangerous type of driver, since if anyone is convicted of such an offence the penalty may be anything from a fine, to imprisonment, or both, according to the severity of the charge, and in any case the licence is usually forfeited for a period of three months or more. On the other hand, we seldom if ever hear of charges being brought against a motorist for leaving his car by the roadside at danger points, such as on the brow of a hill or on a bend, but I contend that more accidents are caused by thoughtless and selfish acts such as these than ever take place through sheer reckless or dangerous driving.

A motorist who leaves his car at danger spots should receive at the hands of the law exactly the same treatment as the reckless driver, since in my opinion the one offence is as bad as the other. The law as it stands at present can only deal with an offender if an accident has occurred through his negligence.

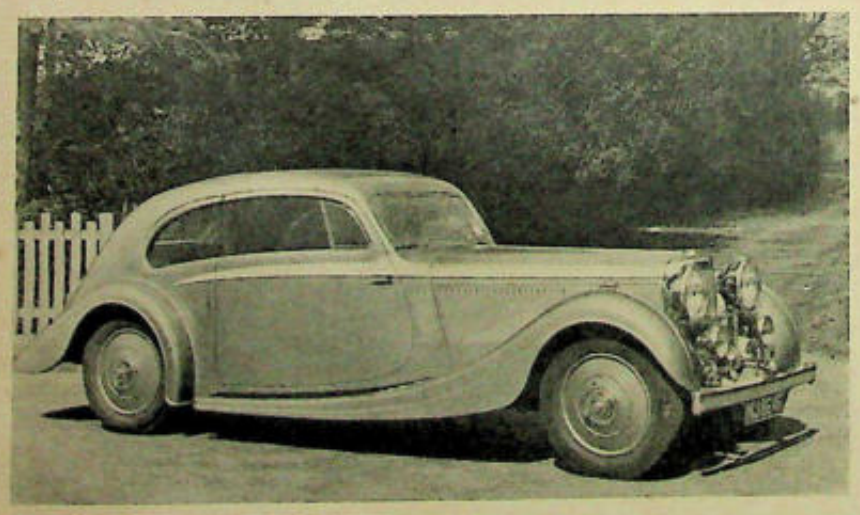
I have on many occasions advocated that safety bays should be constructed at regular intervals along all our main thoroughfares which are limited in width, as this would greatly add to road safety.

Let us take for an example the main London to Brighton road that runs between Reigate and Hookwood, as this is an extremely narrow highway and carries throughout the year a tremendous amount of traffic. The road in question is only just wide enough for two cars to pass one another in comfort, and if any car happens to be parked at the side of the road one stream of traffic has to pull up to let the others by that may be coming in the opposite direction.

I know this neighbourhood only too well, as for fifteen years I lived in the district and, motoring to and from town daily, I soon found how dangerous it was. Hardly a week passed without an accident taking place on this particular stretch, and in nearly every instance it was due, in the first instance, to the unattended car left by the roadside. It would be such a simple matter to construct these safety bays here, as there is ample space available for doing so.

If ever a scheme of this kind is adopted, and these bays are constructed alongside our narrow thoroughfares, it will of course be essential that legislation is introduced so that motorists will be enforced to use them.

Not only will their adoption be the means of saving a considerable number of accidents every year, but at the same time it will relieve congestion, for one has only to live on a main road for a short while to appreciate the enormous volume of traffic which passes along these highways during the week-ends.



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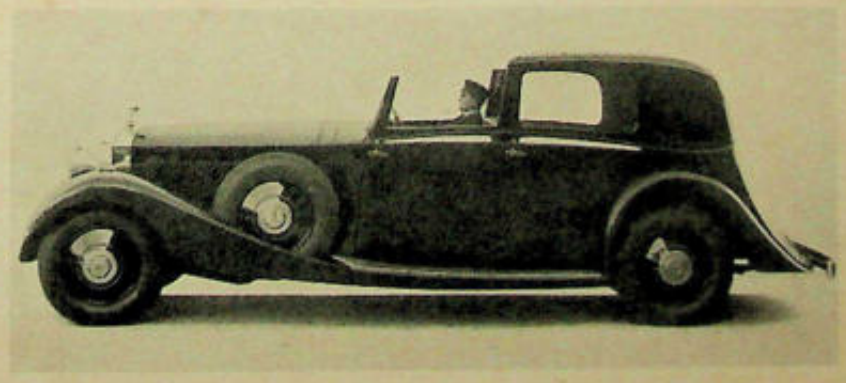
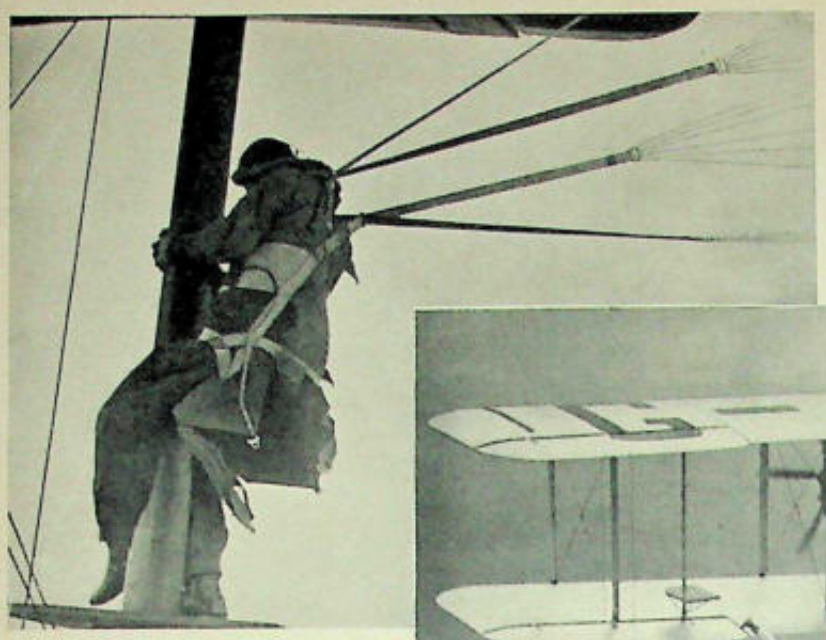


A TWO-YEAR-OLD PRIZEWINNER
The property of Mr. Max Ausnit, this Rolls-Royce, fitted with a Hooper Sedanca body, has achieved considerable success at the Biarritz Concours d'Elegance which was held at the beginning of last month. Although two years old, it obtained the Grand Prix d'Honneur in all categories, and won a Sèvres vase presented by the President of the French Republic



A CRITICAL MOMENT

The first stages of a parachute jump showing (above) an R.A.F. officer clinging to a strut just before being dragged from his position by the opening parachute and (right) the moment's drop before the parachute opens demonstrated by another airman from the wing of a Handley-Page air liner

SIGNPOSTS FOR THE AVIATOR

The Need of a National Scheme

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

IN a recent letter to the *Field* Mr. and Mrs. Mollison put forward a plea for the better marking of towns and villages of Great Britain in order that pilots might be able to locate themselves with accuracy in the event of bad weather conditions. The idea is not, of course, new, and a number of signs have been painted on the tops of buildings, gas-holders, railway stations, and so on. But there is nothing like a national coverage; and it is urged that facilities should be provided so as to make it as easy for the aviator to find his way as it is for the motorist.

It is, of course, not difficult to see why there has been no great activity in the erection of aerial signposts. It has to be remembered that it was not until comparatively recently that a national road signposting scheme for motor traffic was adopted; prior to that, a good deal of the work was left to the enterprise of the motoring organisations, and aeroplanes are not nearly as numerous as motor cars. Moreover, in flying circles, the pilot is assumed to be possessed of sufficient navigational skill not to lose his way on cross-country flights; those who could take the initiative, therefore, have not always grasped the main line of the arguments.

But it is clear that some sort of air sign will become more and more necessary as time goes on, for not only will the number of aircraft continue to increase, but, obviously, flying must be made simpler so as to attract the non-technical. There can be no popular flying if every aviator is expected to be an expert navigator and instrumental pilot.

It is, therefore, of more than ordinary interest that the Royal Aero Club is reported to be considering plans for a national scheme, which, it is proposed, shall not only mark each town and village of importance, but shall indicate the direction of the nearest aerodrome. This latter is an important point, for quick identification of locality and the ability to make a nearby aerodrome may mean a great deal to the pilot when fuel reserves are running low.

There should be no great expense involved in "signposting" the country for the aviator, for no elaborate signs are required. The roofs of railway stations, gas-holders, and the like provide suitable backgrounds for large lettering, which, itself, can be applied at small cost. The only upkeep involved would be cleaning; but this again, necessary to ensure legibility in all weathers, would not amount to much.

From the public point of view there can be no objection to the provision of air signs. In the majority of instances, the actual indicator would be out of sight from the ground; the erection of no new posts or boards further to disfigure the countryside would be involved; and the system would, too, help to secure some added protection against forced landings in public places or on agricultural land. The possible advantages resulting from the last named might well induce those local authorities that have, up to now, shown no great willingness to assist the aviator to change their attitude and bear some of the small cost of erection and maintenance.

The object of any national scheme would be twofold: In the first place, it would seek to make flying easier in all parts of the country and to safeguard the pilot in various kinds of weather; in the second, it would strive to create a uniform type of sign, so that the information could be conveyed speedily and accurately. The advantages of the latter need not be stressed; the early chaos in road signs is sufficient reminder of the evils of the lack of standardisation.

It might be urged that these signs would have been all very well some years ago, when private flying was just commencing; but that it is now rather late in the day to consider them, seeing that radio beacons and direction finding are becoming more general. This argument is not altogether sound. It must be many years before all private aircraft can be equipped with radio, and the attempts to cut the costs of flying would be badly handicapped if every machine built had to be radio-equipped. Moreover, the use of radio equipment depends upon the existence of ground stations; and it is unlikely that some of the more remote parts of the country—which, after all, are those most likely to attract the tourist—will be so provided.

A further point is that the present interest in the proposal is sponsored by pilots of high experience. The demand does not merely come from the "inefficient amateur," but from airmen whose skill in navigation has been abundantly demonstrated over many years. Than this, there could be no more convincing proof of the desirability of a national "signposting" plan, or, at any rate, of the need for official inquiry.

For the fact remains that this country is not one of the best in the world for flying. Not only are our small fields uninviting for forced landings, but meteorological conditions are not very reliable. However much a pilot may rely on his instruments, in the last resort he depends upon personal observation and the recognition of landmarks; and in bad weather the familiar landmarks may be either obscured or unrecognisable. The knowledge that air signs were available all over the country would assist both the experienced pilot and the novice. The former would be encouraged to take his pleasure further afield, and the latter to try out his skill in cross-country work more often.

GOING TO EARTH

(Above) a pupil of the Guyancourt Parachute School—the only civil school of its kind in France—making a descent and (left) a good landing amid the cows at Abridge aerodrome.

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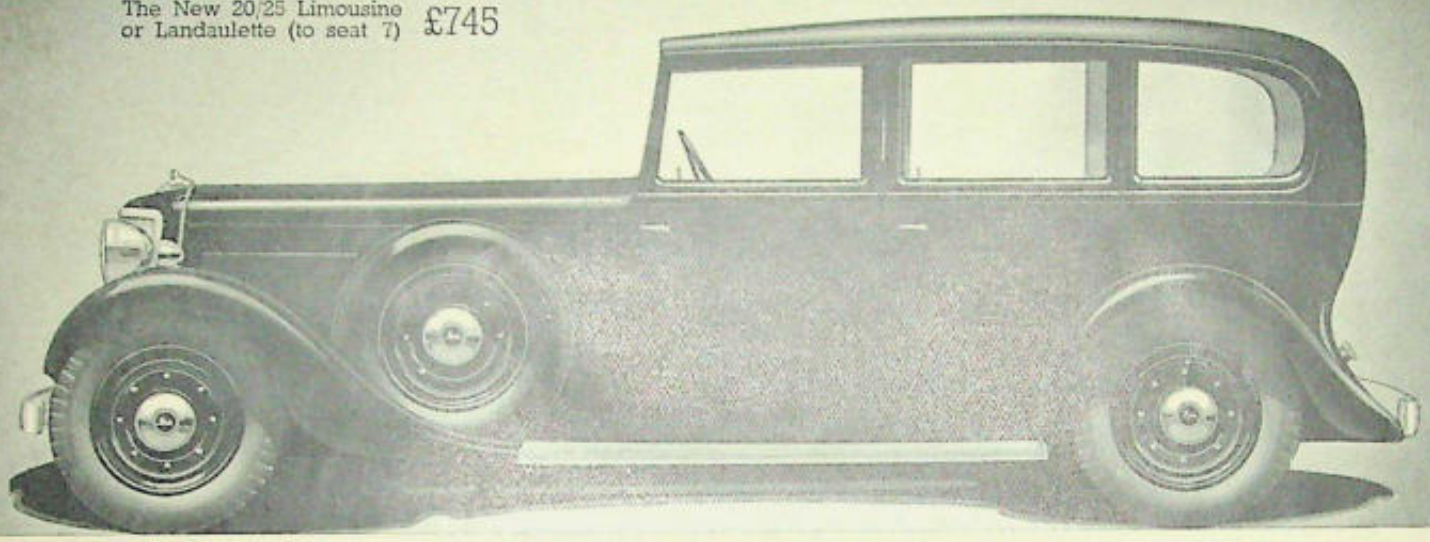

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A TYPHOON IN THE FAR EAST

"Time and Wind Stay No Man's Pleasure"

By JOAN STEPHENS

GOING East! What visions that conjures of perpetual sunshine and great heat, with nature presiding like a fat smiling Buddha through lazy hours which vary little from day to day. Fans going at full speed, the minimum of clothing, and an unquenchable thirst, all this seems to spell life in an Eastern country to the untravelled voyager.

In the Far East, however, which holds for many people the greatest fascination, the climate in reality varies a great deal, and the changes when they come are much more sharply contrasted than in England. In North China, for instance, one feels that the long winter of intense cold will never end. The whole countryside is a vast drab monotony, and the Chinese seem to consist of thick layers of wrappers topped by fur caps with ear-flaps. It is then that the poorer classes suffer such hardships, and it is not an uncommon thing to find some unfortunate coolie lying frozen to death in the morning because he was too poor to pay for shelter.

In the foreign concessions the houses are kept very hot with central heating and thick double windows which are extremely effectual. Everybody wears furs or fur coats, and these are a good deal cheaper than at home. Dealers are to be found everywhere, and notices to say "sanitary furs sold here," or "hygienic fur store," should be a great incentive to would-be purchasers.

The canals are all frozen hard, and in a very severe winter even the Gulf of Pe-Chi-Li freezes, causing great inconvenience to shipping. Spring comes quickly, unlike England, where the great charm is to watch trees and plants slowly pushing their way out and up. There everything arrives with a great rush, and quite suddenly one realises that it is hot, that once more everything is green, and that furs must certainly be packed away. The Chinese, too, assume a more normal shape, and a more cheerful expression. However, if spring in North China is less temperamental than at home, the dust storms which it brings are only second in unpleasantness to the typhoons which dwellers in South China and Japan have to face later on, neither is the colony of Hong Kong behindhand in producing weather, good, bad, or indifferent. From October until December it is ideal. One day of perfect sunshine follows another, but with no extreme heat. The harbour and surrounding islands are dreams of beauty, with the light and colour changing apparently every few minutes. Bathing, sailing, riding, tennis, golf, and the glorious walks which abound can all be done under perfect conditions.

Later, however, it becomes quite cold, and the spring brings damp and fogs unequalled even in London. This is followed by a hot steamy summer, and it is then that the typhoons can be expected.

A violent typhoon is, after an earthquake, one of the most terrifying of Nature's disasters, with the feeling of utter helplessness that man cannot but have as he realises his utter inability to contend against its fury. In the lovely island colony of Hong Kong, with its spacious harbour filled with shipping and craft of every kind, great preparations must be made when the cone-shaped symbol goes up as the high trellis mast of the Royal Observatory, which shows that a terrific gale is expected. For several hours before this a big black "T" has been up to indicate the existence of a threatening typhoon, and now that it is really possible that it will hit Hong Kong an air of tense expectancy pervades everything.

The bars, cubes and crosses of the storm signal system exhibited at the signal station to give the longitude, latitude, direction and intensity of the typhoons which scour the China sea, are anxiously scanned as they change with the approaching advent of the storm: also the dark and murky sky, and the barometer which is now falling dangerously low. The proud ships of the Navy, and other larger vessels have moved to a safe anchorage, while the native junks and sampans and other small fry are scurrying away for safety to the specially constructed typhoon shelters.

The harbour presents a most unwonted aspect. On land everything movable has been made fast, doors securely locked and bolted, and the heavy typhoon shutters dragged out and placed over the windows. All the social life of the colony is at a standstill—plans and parties are cancelled, and everyone sits behind their bars awaiting the blow! The edge of the harbour, usually so thronged, is deserted, and the Chinese all crowd together in the shelter of their houses.

All wait, while that strange atmosphere that always accompanies one of Nature's outbursts, deepens. The sky becomes darker every moment, and the silence is only broken by the increasing force of the gale, and the creaking and squeaking of the tortured inanimate objects which strain against it. Presently comes an ominous lull. Three gunshots are fired from the signal station. A black cross, the final warning, is hoisted to the trellis mast. The typhoon has come. The trees bend and sway before it, roof tiles and other objects loosed from their moorings crash to the ground, and complete the sensation of a world out of control and filled only with noise. Every moment the wind gains in fierceness and velocity, and soon it is driving before it great solid sheets of rain, while out in the harbour the waves are being lashed madly in all directions, with foam and spindrift swirling everywhere and adding to the fury of the scene.

More and more fiercely the storm rages and above the wild whistling of the wind and the rush of the rain is heard the triumph of the typhoon. Trees and branches are crashed to the ground, and fences, roofs and shutters are hurled about like paper. In the junks, and in the tiny sampans, where existence begins and ends for so many of them, crouch whole families of Chinese, but thanks to the typhoon shelters they have a measure of security. Some of the big ships are driven from their anchorage, and can be dimly seen through the storm, straining at their cables, while their engines are being driven full steam ahead to offer the utmost resistance. Seamanship is being put to its highest test, and the whole scene seems to prove the powerlessness of man against the force of Nature.

For over two hours the storm rages, but presently the noise becomes less deafening, the gusts of wind more spasmodic, and the gale diminishes. Little by little anxious faces can be seen surveying the damage, and tours of inspection are made. Thanks to the adequate precautions made possible by the storm signal system, the damage, although widespread, is not very serious, and there is no loss of life, as on an appalling occasion when hundreds of Chinese were drowned in the harbour. The typhoon has carried roofs, windows, tiles and fences in its train, and trees are mutilated and snapped in two, and now it has gone leaving reminiscences and comparisons with a feeling of thankfulness that it was "no worse."

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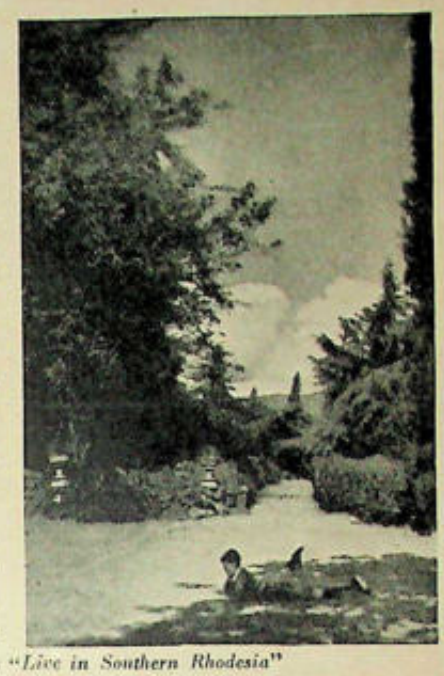

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"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE

THE WHITE HART ROYAL HOTEL

FOUR hundred years ago the White Hart Royal Hotel at Moreton-in-Marsh was a far larger building than it is to-day, for in those times it embraced a number of houses now private dwellings. At this time of day half the charm of the old inn is due to its compactness.

If you pass through the archway on the north side, on the Oxford Road, you will see where the coaches must have entered, for it would have been difficult for them to have passed under the low eighteenth-century arch on the west front. How different were the customers in those days, and how different the scene at departure. "Time's up!" called the coachman, and out into the cold morning went his passengers, thankful for a brief rest in the cosy parlour of the White Hart Royal. There is a delightful passage in *Tom Brown's Schooldays* which describes this sort of scene perfectly as dawn breaks on an autumn morning.

"And now they begin to see, and the early life of the countryside comes out—a market cart or two; men in smock-frocks going to their work, pipe in mouth, a whiff of which is no bad smell this bright morning. The sun gets up, and the mist shines like silver gauze. They pass the hounds jogging along to a distant meet, at the heels of the huntsman's hack, whose face is about the colour of the tails of his old pink, as he exchanges greetings with coachman and guard. Now they pull up at a lodge, and take on board a well muffled-up sportsman, with his gun-case and carpet-bag. An early up-coach meets them, and the coachmen gather up their horses, and pass one another with the accustomed lift of the elbow, each team doing eleven miles an hour, with a mile to spare behind them, if necessary."

All that is of the past—which is a pity—but there is still the same warm-hearted welcome at the White Hart Royal for travellers of to-day. A little while ago, amidst some old lumber, was found the sign that has been bravely repainted and now bids a traveller rest awhile and refresh himself. It was probably first placed in position in the early days of Queen Victoria's reign, at a date when the old mounting-stone outside the hotel was still in constant use. That same stone has been moved back from its original position nearer to the roadway.

There is a room in the hotel called "The King Charles Room," on the wall of which you will find an old framed notice, written many years ago, which says: "King Charles I slept at this inn in his way to Evesham Tuesday July 2 1644." This room is not in the north wing, the oldest part of the hotel, where the oak beams speak of Tudor days, and a quaint old staircase leads to the roof where you may see fine old tie-beams that must surely have come from Wychwood Forest, long ago vanished.

But if Wychwood has gone there is still the beauty of the Cotswold country for visitors to the White Hart to explore. Burford, one of the loveliest and least spoilt little towns in England; Broadway, Chipping Campden, Fairford, Cirencester, Bibury, Evesham—these are but a few of the places which Moreton-in-Marsh can call neighbours. A stay at the White Hart Royal will make you realise why Dr. Johnson, during a visit to the fringe of the Cotswolds in 1776, delivered his famous panegyric on inns as being the most comfortable places produced by man. The inn is emphatically a comfortable, solid, well-managed and cheerful Trust House where peace and quiet are allied to comfort and a ready welcome.

London

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THE FIELD

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THE NEW CAPTAIN OF THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT

Sir John Simon, a keen golfer, who last week played himself into office as captain of the Royal and Ancient at St. Andrews. The Home Secretary's ball as he drove off passed over the heads of the caddies waiting to retrieve it, and was caught by John Melville of St. Andrews, who received the reward of a golden sovereign in accordance with the custom observed at this ceremony

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FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

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

AN UNFORTUNATE AIR RACE

CONSIDERABLE space has been devoted by the Press of this country to the progress of the very recent England-South Africa Air Race. The event came to a sad and inglorious conclusion, and only one of the nine machines that started finished the course, the others, due to defects of one kind or another, being forced down at different points along the route. Most unfortunately, one of the machines to encounter difficulties was that piloted by Captain Max Findlay, one of the most competent and energetic pilots in civil aviation, with a fine record of 1914/18 Service flying. He and Mr. A. H. Morgan lost their lives in an accident at Abercorn. The general public was certainly expecting an event similar in world-wide interest to that of the MacPherson Robertson Trophy Race of some two years ago, in which 11,296 miles were covered in 71 hours at a speed of 159 m.p.h. In that event, Dutch, Danish, American and British pilots competed on multi- and single-engined aircraft suitable for all phases of air transport, and twelve reached Australia out of a total of 20 that started. The race was won in fine style, but by a narrow margin, by the late Mr. Campbell Black and Mr. C. W. A. Scott, the winner of the recent England—Johannesburg event.

The Great Britain—Australia Race, conceived by a distinguished Scot, Sir MacPherson Robertson, was international in character and aroused keen interest in all countries. Our aircraft industry was able to gain some useful experience from the results of the race, and recognised that steps would have to be taken very rapidly in the development of new types if Great Britain was to be in the forefront of those countries designing and constructing civil aircraft. In the recent Empire Air Race to South Africa, the splendid spirit of the Australia event could have been maintained and even enhanced by making full use of the experience gained. The generosity of Mr. Schlesinger made this possible, but it can hardly be said that his advisers took the broad view that was to be expected. The fine qualities of British aircraft are universally recognised, and there can be no doubt but that our designers can show that they are capable, given the chance, of producing suitable designs useful for civil aviation in all its phases. Are we to assume that Mr. Schlesinger's advisers were not of this opinion? If they were it would have been proper to have given adequate time for our designers to have shown their merit. Whatever the reason may be, the chance of making the England—Johannesburg event a great one was not taken, and the result was that the race had but a mild interest for the British Empire public, and none for the world in general.

Had the race been open to the world there can be little doubt but that, in the circumstances, the honours would not have gone to a British machine, and the attempts to preserve the field in which British technical endeavour can, and should, lead by such a policy as was adopted is to be deplored. The single advantage that air transport has to offer is that of speed, and if we are not capable of producing aircraft that the present state of world development in the science of aeronautics makes possible, the sooner we recognise this fact the better. The British Empire, which stands to gain more than any other country from the development of air transport, must have the very best flying equipment suitable for all Empire route conditions, even if designs have to be drawn from abroad. The facts are unpleasant, but they must be faced. Our failure to produce several commercial aircraft of high performance that can hold their own against the productions of other countries such as America, Germany or France, is unfortunately an indication that our national and industrial policy is wanting in the energetic direction that animates such policies in other countries. The generosity of Mr. Schlesinger deserves the highest praise, but the same can hardly be said of the advice that has been given to him. The pilots and crews played their parts with skill and determination, and had our designers been given a chance they could have faced with confidence a race open to the world.

FOR A FITTER BRITAIN

AN English Minister of Health sees many things for himself about which the public in general only read vaguely in the newspapers, and it is interesting to find Sir Kingsley Wood implementing in detail Mr. Neville Chamberlain's observations of last week on the need of a fitter Britain. Half a million slum dwellers, Sir Kingsley tells us, have gone to new and better homes, and they continue to go at the rate of 6,000 a month. That is a fine record. So also is the spending of millions during the past year on recreation grounds and swimming pools "much more than in previous years." One of the most important objects at which to aim is the opportunity for healthy exercise among boys and girls between the time when they leave school and the time when they enter employment and come under national insurance. Sir Kingsley hopes that this matter will be dealt with by proposals during the coming session, and he hopes, too, that a new scheme for the care of mothers will be in full operation in July. The definiteness of these dates is promising.

NEXT WEEK

THE "FIELD" SPECIAL HUNTING NUMBER

This issue will contain the annual list of Masters and secretaries and hunt staffs, of staghounds, foxhounds, harriers and beagles for the forthcoming season. There will be five special colour plates including a new portrait of the Duke of Beaufort. The literary contents will include a description of one of the Pytchley's best days, by Frank Freeman; an article by Earl Bathurst on strains which have made the modern hound; notes on the schooling of hunters, by Captain J. E. Hance; advice on the starting of a pack of beagles, by Donald Boase; some details of the responsibilities of an amateur huntsman, by a well-known authority on the subject; a description of hunting with the Calpé Hounds to-day, by Surgeon-Lieutenant-Commander John Cussen; and the results of the season's cub-hunting to date.

GLASS FISHING LINES

Fishing lines, it seems, are to undergo a further metamorphosis. It is a matter of a century since white stallion's tails ceased to be in great demand for fishermen's lines, though even then "lines composed of horsehair and a small portion of silk interwoven together" were considered the *dernier cri* by the fly fisherman. The very best, apparently, cost about fourpence per yard, so the angler could equip himself for an enviably modest sum. All-silk lines followed and in turn became the established practice when oil dressing for waterproofing became perfected. Recently artificial gut has gained some popularity as a substitute for silk, and now the well-known American firm, Messrs. Ashaways, have sent us some samples of lines made of spun glass which seem to have the flexibility of silk without its habit of absorbing water. Though they are not yet perfected, we understand, the idea seems to have possibilities. An undressed line with no water-absorbing qualities would have a ready welcome from spinners and bait fishermen.

SPAIN AND SILKWORM GUT

It is a far cry from the Test to the Sagura, but distance has not, it appears, prevented an annoying echo of the Spanish civil war reaching the quiet waters where the trout rise so energetically directly the season is over. Messrs. Allcock inform us that the Redditch Fishing Tackle Employers' Association have decided "in view of the uncertain conditions existing in Spain," to advance the price of silkworm gut as from October 5th. Casts will cost 15 per cent. more, and flies or hooks whipped to gut have gone up 10 per cent.—an unavoidable annoyance but at least there is reason behind it. Let us hope that the skilled workers of Murcia will return unscathed from the combat; but anyhow the trout fisherman has six months before he must positively renew his stock of fine points, and in six months much may happen.

HEATHER BEETLE

We would draw particular attention to the letter of the Secretary of the British Field Sports Society, Mr. J. W. Fitzwilliam, on the subject of the heather beetle, which appears in our correspondence columns. Mr. Fitzwilliam asks for all the information that owners and tenants of grouse moors can give him, as to the occurrence of the beetle, the date of its first appearance, the preceding weather conditions, the area of heather affected, and so on. We hope that any and every reader who has information to give will write to the Secretary of the British Field Sports Association, for it is only by collating facts—some of which may appear at first sight unimportant—that we can hope for light on the present situation, unparalleled in the history of Scottish grouse moors. May we hope that the Forestry Commissioners, as having charge of large areas of Scottish moorland, may perhaps add their quota of information to the general stock? Some of the chief enemies of the heather beetle are blackgame. What are the numbers of blackgame which have been killed off by orders of the Forestry Commission, in and out of season, during, say, the last three years?

WITHOUT COMMENT

A daily paper on sportsmanship. "Here was a match between the club at the bottom of the First Division and the club at the top. The one at the bottom won by two goals to nil. Now, if Charlton had wanted an excuse for a display of bad temper, surely here it was. Last season we had to mention J. Milburn, the Leeds left back, for his sportsmanship. We were pleased to notice that he is still the model footballer as regards his conduct on the field. Even when Wilkinson beat him—and he was well beaten by the Charlton winger twice in the first half—he never tried—and it never even appeared to enter his mind—to exploit doubtful tactics to stop his man."

AGRICULTURE AT MARGATE

The dissent of the rural constituencies with the fruits of the Government's agricultural policy was expressed forcibly at the Conservative Party Conference at Margate. Mr. Elliot, the Minister of Agriculture, had some days before asked for "a head of steam" on which to work, and he got the necessary impetus at Margate. The case for more effective protection for home agriculture was not ignored by Mr. Neville Chamberlain in his final address to the conference. Mr. Chamberlain spoke of the determination of the Government to find a solution of the difficult problems yet ahead, and there were many at the conference who saw in his deliberate statement a promise of the straightforward and sufficient tariffs for which the farming industry has long asked.

YOUNG RUGBY TEAMS

Never was it more true than it is to-day that Rugby football is a young man's game, and early matches among the leading clubs round London bear witness to the rise of new players. The promise of Blackheath is particularly interesting in view of their in and out form last season. They have been passing through that transition period which comes to most clubs now and then, when old players drop out and the new have their best to come. Last season Blackheath, so long the nursery of International players, could not produce one player for England. Already this season J. A. Macdonald has shown outstanding form at wing three-quarter.

The Harlequins team have also begun well, with a back division of improving players, and Richmond, with more experienced backs and a strong pack of forwards, have the makings of a very powerful side. The Wasps have come rapidly to the front in the last few seasons and the way in which they beat the London Scottish and Clifton is worth noting. Team work has always been one of their strong points.

AN AINTREE REHEARSAL

Golden Miller is to make his reappearance this month in a small race at Wincanton, and will then go for the Becher Steeplechase at Aintree. We shall be curious to observe how he shapes over the Aintree fences in a race which will not be associated with the excitement inseparable from the Grand National. It is satisfactory to note an appreciable increase in the value of National Hunt races at the Liverpool Autumn Meeting. The Becher Chase and the Valentine Chase, for example, are now twice the rather paltry value which formerly attached to them, and the Grand Sefton Chase has become a plate of £1,500 instead of £1,000. All of which, as followers of National Hunt racing will agree, is something to the good.

ORCHARD AND GARDEN

It is not often that September ends and October begins in an east wind. But the contrasts of weather during the present autumn have throughout been unusual. August gave us some of the best sunshine of the year, and September brought us day after day of mist and fog. The first day of "winter time" was in some parts of the country the best day of all the year, with almost no wind and sunshine all day from a clear sky, and it was followed by thick morning mist and a bitterly cold wind. As to the effect of the weather on garden, orchard and farm, there are corresponding contrasts. In the south of England, at all events on sandy soils, the gardens have never looked brighter; and if comparatively very little good hay has been carried, the apple crop has been exceptionally heavy. If there are readers of the *Field* who have more apples than they know what to do with, will they perhaps think of sending a hamper to the clergyman in charge of some poor district in a town? If any readers know of clergymen who would like to receive such a hamper for distribution we should be glad to publish their addresses.

SUMMER DYING

Pity poor Summer, sinking slowly,
To a death lonely.
Green, blazing zenith half forgot
But by her only.

Bitter frosty fingers at her heart.
She defies sorrow
With a last store of frail beauty
Spent for to-morrow.

A brother, Winter, shall succeed her.
Then a sister, Spring.
Whose troubled passing, sweetest death
Comes while birds still sing.

A. H. V. L.

OUR DIMINISHING WILD-FOWL

Problems Which Need Investigation

By PERCY R. LOWE

For some years past the question of the numerical status of migratory geese and duck has been causing considerable concern to ornithologists and wild-fowlers. This concern may be said to have reached a climax when it was learnt that the United States of America had decided to reduce the open season for shooting wild duck to what virtually amounts to one month in the year; and that in Sweden all shooting has been stopped for a period of five years in the large province of Jämtland, and a request for a like treatment has been made by the inhabitants of two other provinces.

As far back as 1925 Professor Einar Lönnberg, of Stockholm, was so impressed by the steady diminution in the numbers of migratory duck passing through Sweden that he addressed semi-official inquiries on the subject to ornithological experts in other countries; while in 1926 the Swedish Government approached other European Governments. This was the first official movement in the matter as far as Europe was concerned.

It was followed up by the representative of the British Section of the International Committee for Bird Preservation at a congress in Copenhagen (1926), who put forward a motion calling for preliminary reports upon the subject on the part of the various nations taking part in the congress, as well as a proposal that a special conference should be subsequently convened to consider these reports.

The latter conference, limited to Northern European nations, was held at the Foreign Office in London in 1927, under the direction of the Home Office, when the question of the status of European wild-fowl and the factors controlling it were discussed under the chairmanship of Lord Ullswater.

But as a fact, little more was done until the status of geese and duck had arrived at such an alarming point in the United States of America as to induce the British Section of the International Committee for Bird Preservation once more to consider the problem as it affects Europe in general, and the British Isles in particular.

With this object in view a special sub-committee has recently been appointed to investigate the various factors, natural and artificial, which affect the welfare of both migratory and home-breeding geese and ducks. The sub-committee comprehends ornithologists, biologists, wild-fowlers and other sportsmen, representatives of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, Royal Society of Edinburgh, British Ornithologists Union, National Trust, Wild-fowlers' Association of Great Britain and Ireland, British Trust for Ornithology, Society for the Promotion of Nature Reserves, Hancock Museum, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and the Editors of the *Field*, *Country Life* and the *Irish Naturalists' Journal*.

The scope of the inquiry has been made as comprehensive and far-reaching as possible, for it is obvious that the status of migratory geese and duck in the British Isles and Europe, is governed by conditions which obtain on the breeding grounds of far northern Europe, and even Asia, to say nothing of such as exist in southern wintering quarters.

It is clear, for instance, that the opening up of the Tundras and northern latitudes of Europe and Asia by modern forms of transport, the exploitation of their mineral and agricultural resources, the inflow of fresh population, and the establishment of fresh centres of human activity in general, represent factors which are bound to upset the old natural conditions under which teeming thousands of duck and geese formerly bred undisturbed.

Then, again, the problem of the over-commercialisation of duck by means of decoys, the extent to which punt-gunning may legitimately be carried out under present conditions, the length of the open season, the effect of the present-day diminution of *Zostera marina* upon which the geese and duck feed, the part played by increased facilities in road transport to shooting areas, the increase of bungalow populations along our shores, the silting up of estuaries, old harbours and shore lines with consequent disturbance of old haunts formerly frequented by wild-fowl—these are among a few of the many problems which need investigation.

The time, in fact, seems to have arrived when a serious effort should be made to take stock of the actual situation before it is too late; for there seems little room for doubt that, given the continuance of the present spread of population and human activities, nothing less than carefully considered and rigidly enforced legislation on the part of the European Governments concerned will avert disaster.

To give an instance, eider-down collectors in southern Spitzbergen are stated to be living on ducks' eggs and shooting or killing geese and duck in full moult (eclipse), and so unable to fly; while persistent and most disquieting reports are coming in to the effect that wild ducks' eggs are being collected wholesale to supply the needs of the cinema film industry.

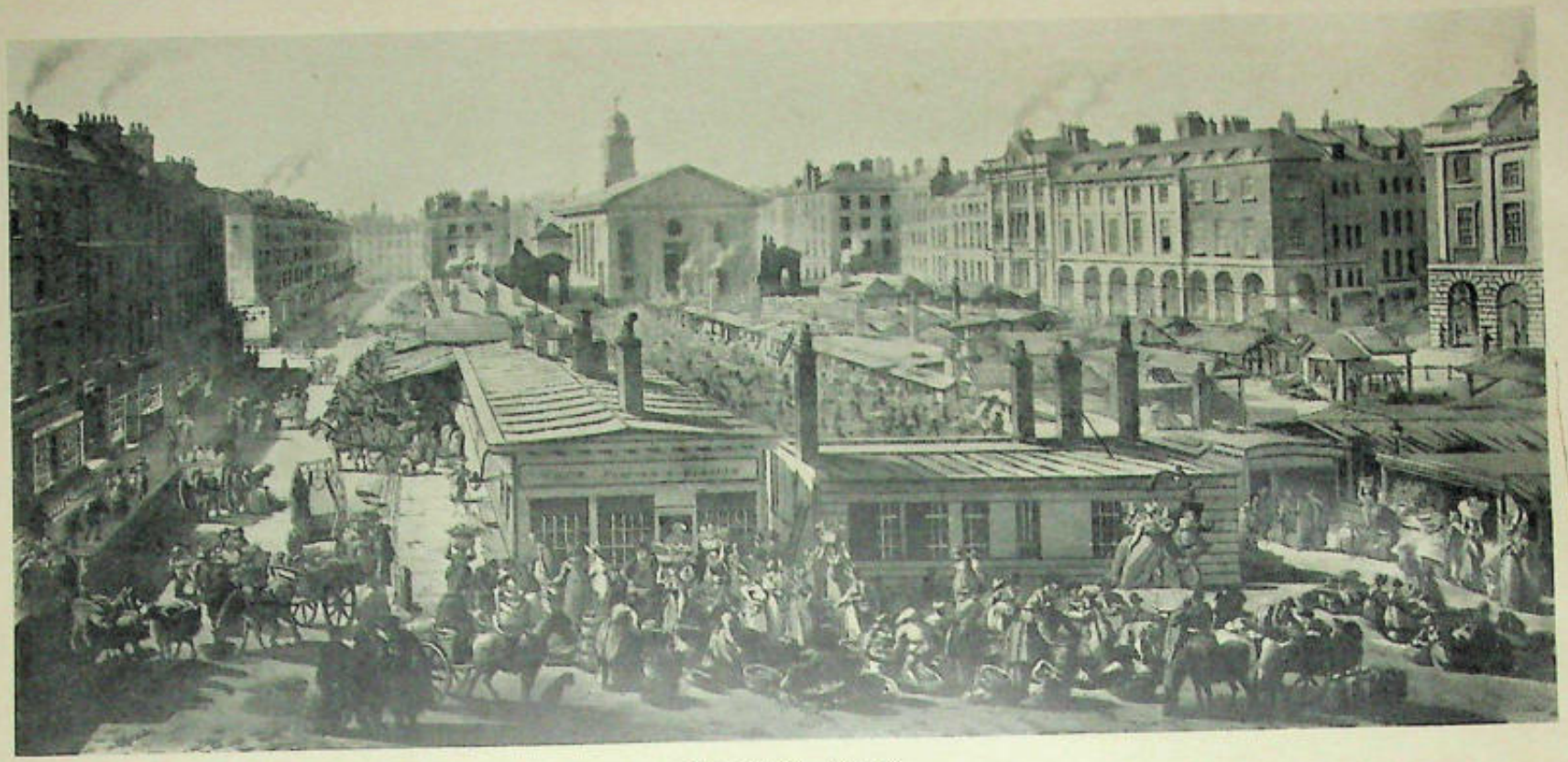
Then, again, it is of first importance to gain information as to the lines of migration of duck to and from the breeding areas in spring and autumn. If, for instance, we had definite knowledge of the breeding areas of such duck as pass through the British Isles, or winter here, it might be possible to exert influence in the matter of protection of those breeding areas. It is only possible to obtain the desired information by an organised system of ringing, and it is proposed to buy ducks caught in decoys in Great Britain and release them after ringing them.

In England two of our committee, joint-owners of a decoy, have already done a lot of good work in this direction.

The investigations enumerated above entail the expenditure of considerable time and money, and the British Section is not only unendowed, but is entirely dependent for its results upon the voluntary and self-sacrificing efforts of the members of the committee. An urgent appeal is therefore made for financial help to save the wild-fowl of the old world *before it is too late*.

We hope we do not appeal in vain to all those who are concerned with the welfare of wild-fowl, be they sportsmen, ornithologists or the general public, and that they will give as generously as they are able in order that the activities of the sub-committee may not be held up for lack of funds. To mention one small point only, the number of duck it will be possible to ring at decoys depends entirely on the financial support forthcoming.

Donations may be sent to Miss Barclay-Smith, Hon. Secretary British Section, International Committee for Bird Preservation, c/o Zoological Society of London, Regent's Park, London, N.W. 8.



OLD COVENT GARDEN

It was at 43, King Street, that the old N.S.C. had its headquarters in a house redolent of the atmosphere of the days when Bow Street was the Bond Street of London

THE NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB REVIVAL

A Much Needed School of Boxing to Arise from the Old Home of Boxing

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

JOHN FLEMING founded the National Sporting Club in 1891. The opening night was March 5th, and Lord Lonsdale was the President. No position could have been better chosen for the site of a temple dedicated to a national pastime than that of the old N.S.C. The building was one of the first of the private houses erected in Covent Garden after the Duke of Bedford had commenced the market buildings in the reign of Charles I, for a stone let into the brickwork bore the date 1636. The first tenant was William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, and after him came a number of well-known men, amongst them being that lively character, Sir Kenelm Digby. In 1696, during the tenancy of Admiral Russell, the building was the scene of the first cabinet council—so called—held in England. In 1773 the house was converted into an hotel by David Low, and it was the first hotel in London. From 1800–1805 it was known as "The Star." Those were the days when Bow Street was the Bond Street of London. As Mrs. Bracegirdle declaimed in the epilogue by Dryden:

"I've had to-day a dozen *billets-doux*
From Fops, and Wits, and Cits, and Bow Street Beaux;
Some from Whitehall, but from the Temple more,
A Covent Garden porter brought me four."

Hay Wrighton

THE MARQUESS OF QUEENSBERRY

who is carrying on a great tradition

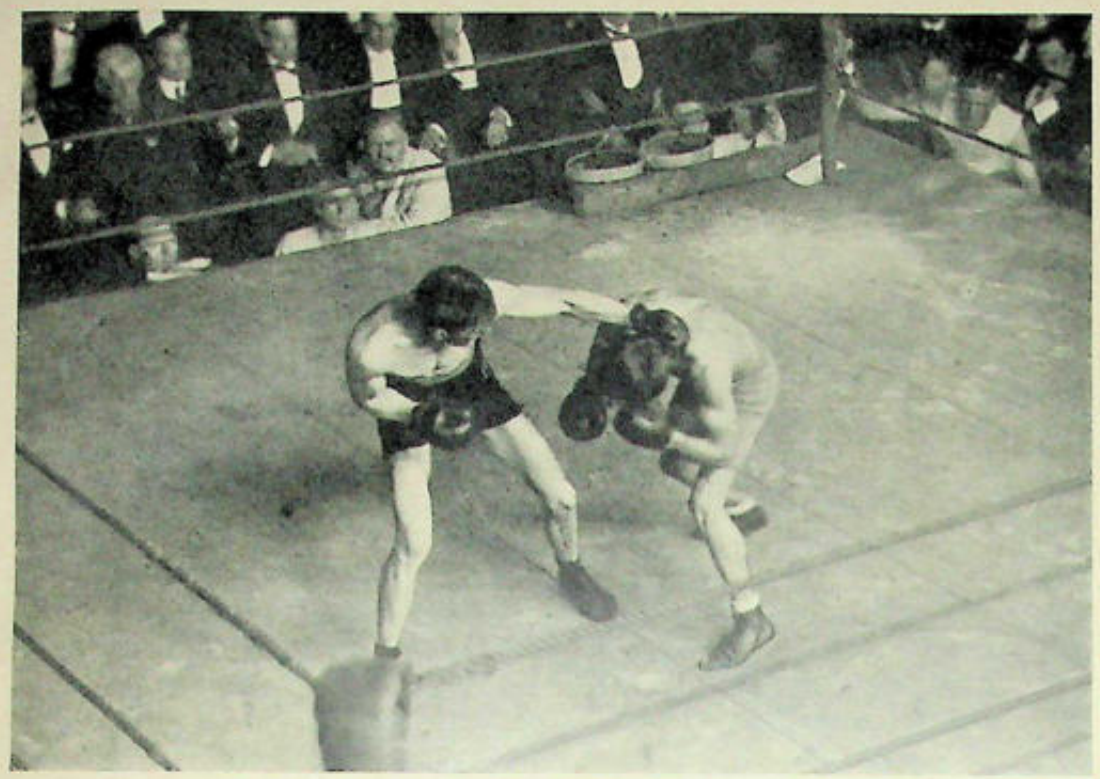
LORD DECIES

Chairman of the Advisory Board

As Scott remarked, messages from Bow Street would to-day be more alarming than flattering. In due course the building became Evans's Hotel, Supper Rooms and Music Hall, and in this light was graphically described by Thackeray in *The Newcomes*. Despite all the changes through which the house passed, it suffered very little fundamental alteration. Even in its final days as the National Sporting Club, there was still to be seen in the entrance hall Admiral Russell's old staircase, taken from his flagship Britannia at the Battle of La Hague. Here it was amidst these old associations that the Home of Boxing came into being. Where the old ring stood (an extension built in the music-hall days), was the cottage were Fanny Kemble was born, on the site of the garden of Sir Kenelm Digby. Here it was that the "Monday Nights" which were to become famous throughout the world were held. Famous names spring to mind; "Peggy" Bettinson, Bernard Angle, Ned Donnelly, John Douglas, Colonel North, George Belcher. And famous fights: Peter Jackson and Frank Slavin, Joe Bowker and Frankie Neil, Jimmy Wilde and Joe Lynch, Jim Driscoll and Charles Ledoux. And famous fighters—names almost forgotten to-day: Tommy Ryan, Jack McAuliffe, Dick Burge, Joe Walcott, Matt Precious, Owen Moran, Billy Plimmer, Sam Langford, Sam Baxter; and the only two professionals ever to be made members, Charlie Mitchell and Captain Pat McEnroy. The

THE MARQUESS OF DOUGLAS AND CLYDESDALE

who was a noted amateur boxer



JIMMY WILDE *v.* JOE LYNCH

Above: Wilde coming into close quarters. On the right: At the end of a really great fight, Lynch congratulating his conqueror

N.S.C. was the home of boxing: it was more—to all the world it was the soul of boxing.

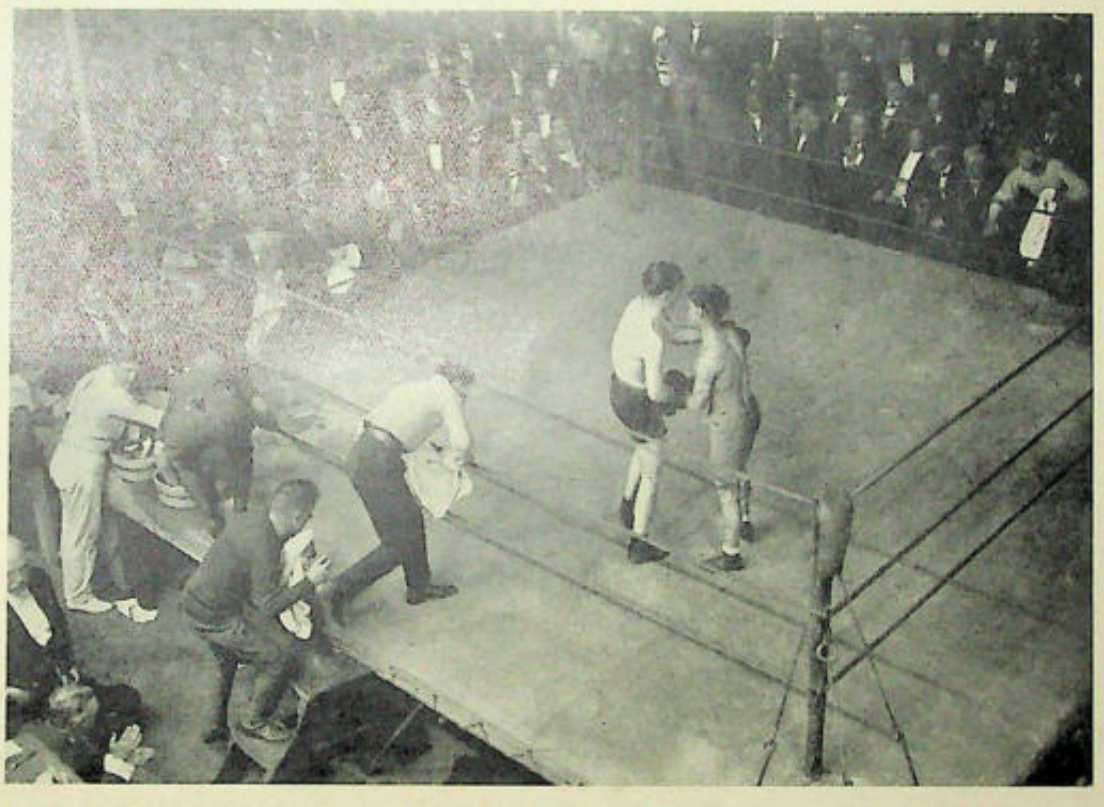
The old club is dead. It was the victim of the new conditions brought about by war and the aftermath of war. It was not only that the club could not hope to compete with the "big business" of boxing which came after the war. (To do so would have meant entering the market and staging—what a word to use in connection with the Noble Art!—its championship fights in huge halls quite devoid of the N.S.C. atmosphere.) The whole outlook and conduct of boxing became such that even the N.S.C. was swamped by the undesirable element.

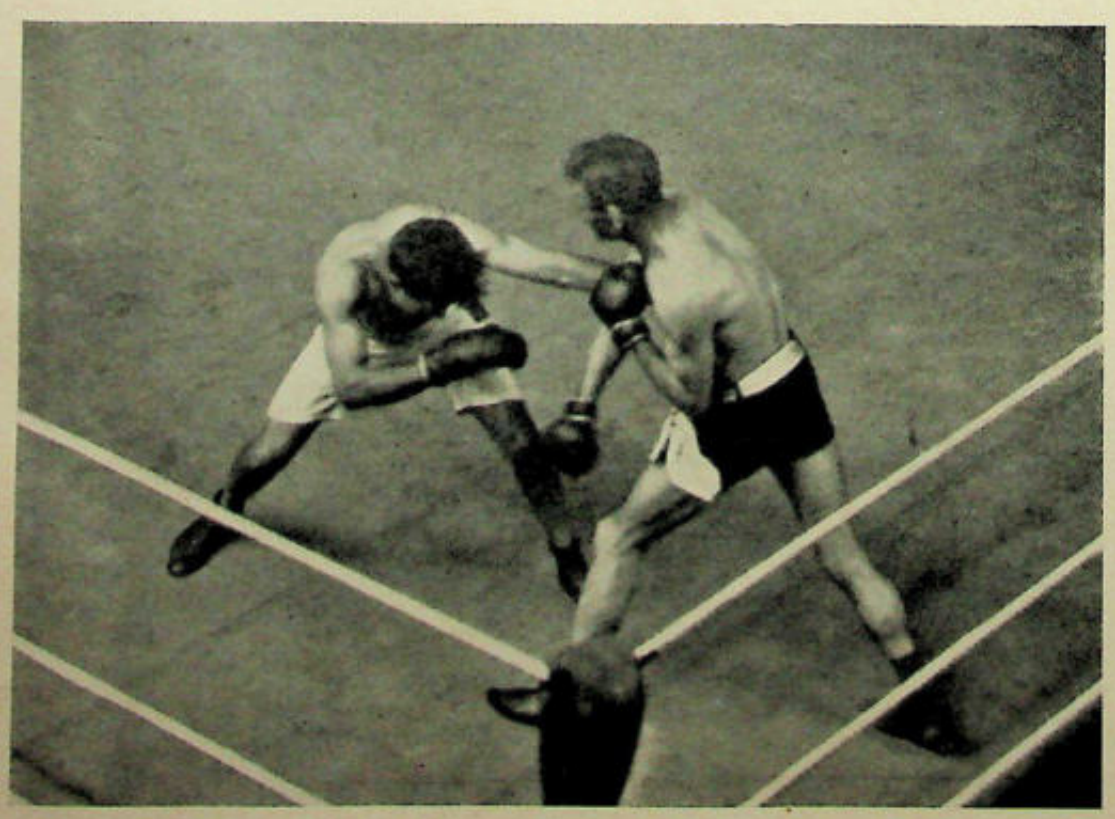
Lord Decies has announced the rebirth of the N.S.C. All who have watched the gradual but persistent degeneration of British professional boxing will wish the new club every success. That degeneration has been largely due to the lack of a national home, to the absence of the influence once exerted by the N.S.C. "Members and friends" stood for a great deal in British boxing; much more than was realised. The Board of Control never succeeded in taking the place of the club. It arrived too late to be a Jockey Club. It never commanded universal respect. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the new club will bring about a revival based upon something stronger than mere officialdom.

The new club has ideals and aspirations. Lord Decies declared that this country has never lacked the raw material of boxing: that what was lacking was the organisation which would guide these youngsters to the championship. That is perfectly true. No thought or expense will be spared by the new club to make good that deficiency. A severe task. Protection is needed every whit as much as organisation. That protection and organisation should have been provided by the Board of Control. It was not. For the new club to provide it means the cleaning up of boxing, the destruction of the bad elements in managership, and the general strengthening of the tone.

In the old days that was done by amateurs. The founders of the old club were Corinthians. Their own conduct was the standard by which professionals were judged. Bernard Angle and John Douglas and "Peggy" Bettinson could hold their own with the best professionals. And they could referee without fear of suspension, nagging promoters, incompetent judges, and a hundred and one other possibilities. They ruled by example. So we hope will the new club, though it is doubtful to what extent leading amateurs will be allowed to clean up professional boxing. At least the advisory board contains a number of experienced men without axes to grind. That is promising; and the match-making has been placed in the hands of Johnny Best. No better man could be found anywhere.

And with the match-making in such hands, the revived "Monday nights" should not lack interest. The club is not to compete with outside promotions—a wise decision—and so it will be on these "Monday nights" that interest will centre and



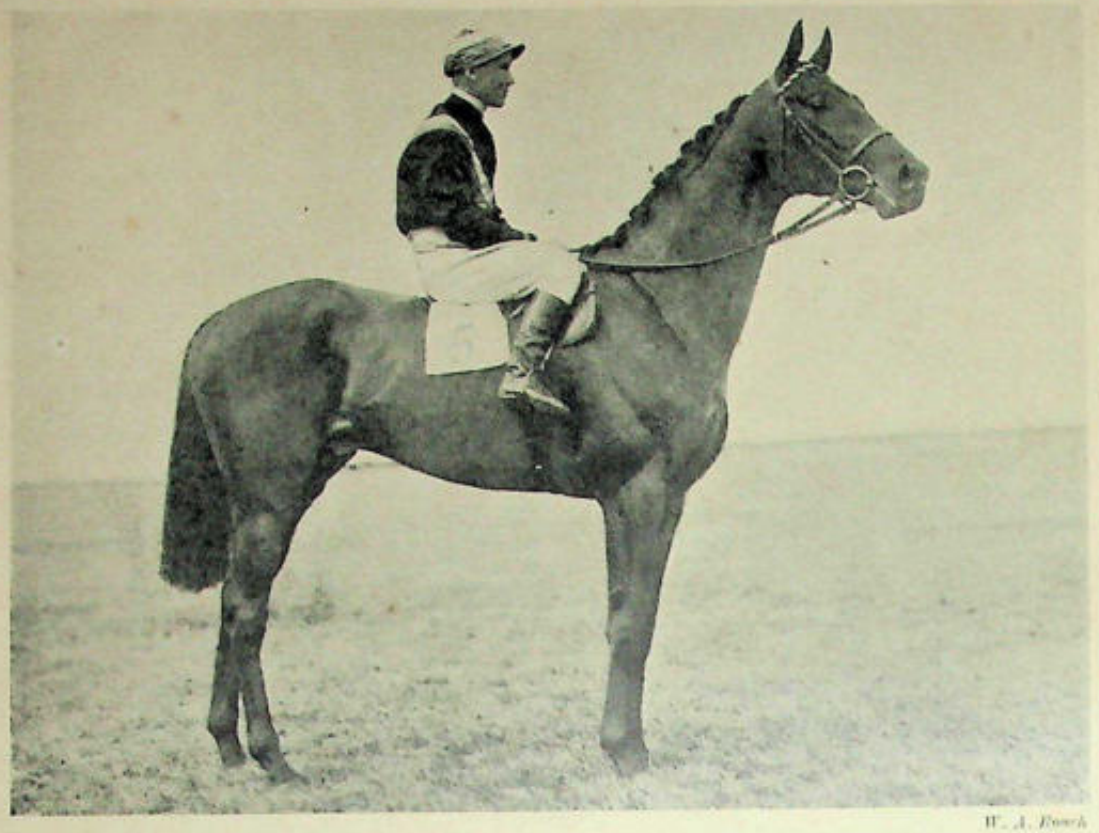


JAMES DRISCOLL *v.* CHARLES LEDOUX

Towards the end of an epic contest: Ledoux, sensing that his opponent is tiring, launches the final attack

the club survive. True, two big shows will be organised each year. The opening programme is, indeed, as good as one could wish with the Lightweight Championship up for decision, and with the prospect of seeing Jack London—a heavy-weight full of the promise of great things—against such a wily campaigner as Larry Gains. But the Monday nights will be the club's stand-by. They will not be the Monday nights of old. Big names will be absent: but big names, to-day, do not mean good fights. Instead, it will be the raw material of Great Britain that will be on view on these Mondays. And from this raw material one hopes will rise the champions of the future.

But the new N.S.C. will never be the old N.S.C. The greatest danger to the new club is that in the romance of the thing the practical 1936 side may be overlooked. The old N.S.C. was housed in atmosphere; it was more than the home of boxing, it was the Mecca of characters. In this age of regimentation there is no room for characters. We may sigh for the hansoms jingling home with the vegetables; we may try to recreate the ghosts of the past. But the past is dead. To recapture root principles is of more importance to boxing than the atmosphere of 30 years ago. The advisory board seems to have realised this. In the place of an institution that was the spirit of an age now dead, we are to have a School of Boxing. The new N.S.C. may be the soul of an age to come.



W. A. Rouch

BUCKLEIGH, A FOUR-YEAR-OLD CESAREWITCH CANDIDATE, AND WINNER OF THIS YEAR'S DONCASTER CUP

WHAT FOR THE CESAREWITCH?

Newtown Ford May Win the Big Handicap for the North

At the moment the racing talk is all of the Cesarewitch, and the chief question appears to be whether Buckleigh will be able to carry 8st. 13lb. to victory. It can be said that Lord Glanely's colt has thrived on his preparation, and Gordon Richards, his jockey, was pleased with him when he rode him in a gallop at the week-end.

Buckleigh, a four-year-old by Sansovino from the Bachelor's Double mare Surbine, first came into prominence when winning the Craven Stakes at long odds early last year. Later in the season he was third in the St. Leger and then won the Newmarket St. Leger. He has not been easy to train, and it was not until the Doncaster Cup that he gained his first success this year. This he was able to do because he had a pull of 12lb. with Enfield.

It is questionable whether he can be made out to be a good thing for the Cesarewitch on that form, but it is believed that he has made further advancement since Doncaster, and it is argued that he will be meeting a lot of moderate horses on Wednesday. Perhaps the best public performance since the publication of the Cesarewitch weights was that of Newtown Ford over a two-and-a-quarter-mile course at Doncaster. At 7st. this North Country colt is well handicapped, and as he has done well during the past month it will be surprising if he is not actively concerned in the finish.

There is a general impression that Hoplite is not relatively as good as when he was third in last year's Cesarewitch, but this may be a mistaken view. At all events he is one of the runners who can be depended on to stay every yard of the course. We think the issue will rest between Buckleigh, Newtown Ford and Hoplite, and for an actual selection we take Newtown Ford each way.

Next to the long-distance handicap the most important event of the second of the autumn meetings at Newmarket will be the Middle Park Stakes, in which special interest attaches to the running of Perifox, who will represent the powerful Boyd-Rochfort stable. As the winner of the Soltykoff Stakes at Newmarket and the Richmond Stakes at Goodwood this colt already holds a high reputation, and should he add the Middle Park to his successes he will have to be accepted as a really formidable candidate for the Derby of 1937.

Mr. William Woodward, his owner and breeder, has already been fortunate enough to carry off two classic prizes in this country—the One Thousand with Brown Betty and the St. Leger with Boswell. As a stayer Perifox will probably be superior next season to his brilliant stable companion Foray, whose two-year-old activities closed with an easy success at Newmarket last week. It can well be imagined that their trainer has hopes of taking next season's Two Thousand with Foray and the Derby with Perifox.

The classic aspirations of the stable can also extend to the fillies' races, as Black Lashes, another of last week's winners at Newmarket, can run for the One Thousand and the Oaks. Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort is to be congratulated on a singularly good season. At the beginning of the present week he was only about £5,000 behind the Manton trainer on the winning list, and there is even a possibility that the Newmarket establishment may yet come out on top.

Captain Boyd-Rochfort's belief that he would have been both first and second in the St. Leger but for the untimely trouble which kept Precipitation out of the field seems to be borne out by that colt's handsome victory in the Jockey Club Stakes last week. Nothing the worse for having been stopped ten days in his work last month, Precipitation proved himself a genuine stayer in the valuable Newmarket race, and he is already regarded as a probable winner of the Ascot Gold Cup.

More than ever that race will be worth winning, as in Coronation Year it will be the most valuable event ever run at Ascot. To the sweepstakes the Race Fund is adding £7,250, of which the second is to get £1,500 and the third £750. If the increase in the money given to the race produces satisfactory results it is hoped to make the Gold Cup permanently of the same value.

Entries close on December 15th and are sure to be representative of the best stayers in England and France as well as in the U.S.A. Assuming that he goes on in the right way, Precipitation will be difficult to beat in the Gold Cup. His style of galloping reminds one a great deal of that of his sire Hurry On, who was never beaten, and though he is a darker chestnut than his father, Lady Zia Wernher's colt takes after him in size and conformation. Perryman, who rode him to victory in the Jockey Club Stakes, declared with emphasis after the race that he is a "really good horse." And that jockey is not one to bestow such praise on any of his mounts without good cause.

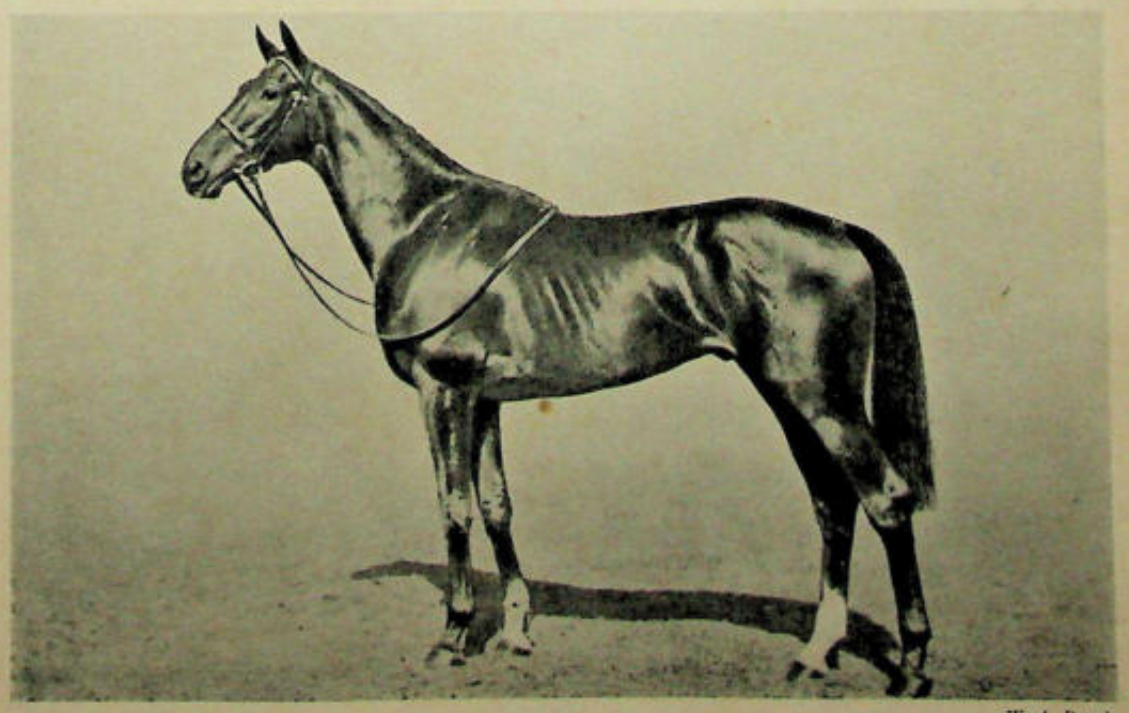
Years ago there was a prevailing notion that good-class horses could not be trained at Epsom. That theory was completely exploded when Mr. Richard Wootton turned out so many good winners, and in more recent years the Derby has been won by the Epsom-trained April the Fifth. Mr. Victor Smyth, as able a trainer as he was a jockey, has produced two high-class two-year-olds this season.

One is Mr. Malcolm McAlpine's Diplomat, who, when winning the Newmarket Produce Stakes under 9st. 8lb. last week, brought his total of successes so far up to five. Further, his stakes have been of a substantial character, and at 2,400gs. this son of Stratford—Honour Bright must be reckoned one of the best bargains of last year's Doncaster sales. Victor Smyth's other important young winner is Lovers' Path, who, following a success at Hurst Park more than a month previously, carried off the Imperial Produce Stakes at Kempton on Saturday, a prize worth more than £4,000 to its winner.

Mr. Frank Butters was expected to win either with Lord Durham's Ruby Tiger or the Aga Khan's Ali Pasha. One was fully prepared to see him first and second with those colts. It so happens that the Fitzroy House stable is not in luck's way at present. Fortune has not been with it since so many horses in the establishment went down with heel trouble. This caused Mr. Butters to be lacking in optimism at Kempton, and, surely enough, neither of his colts proved good enough to win. Lovers' Path gave weight to them and a decisive beating.

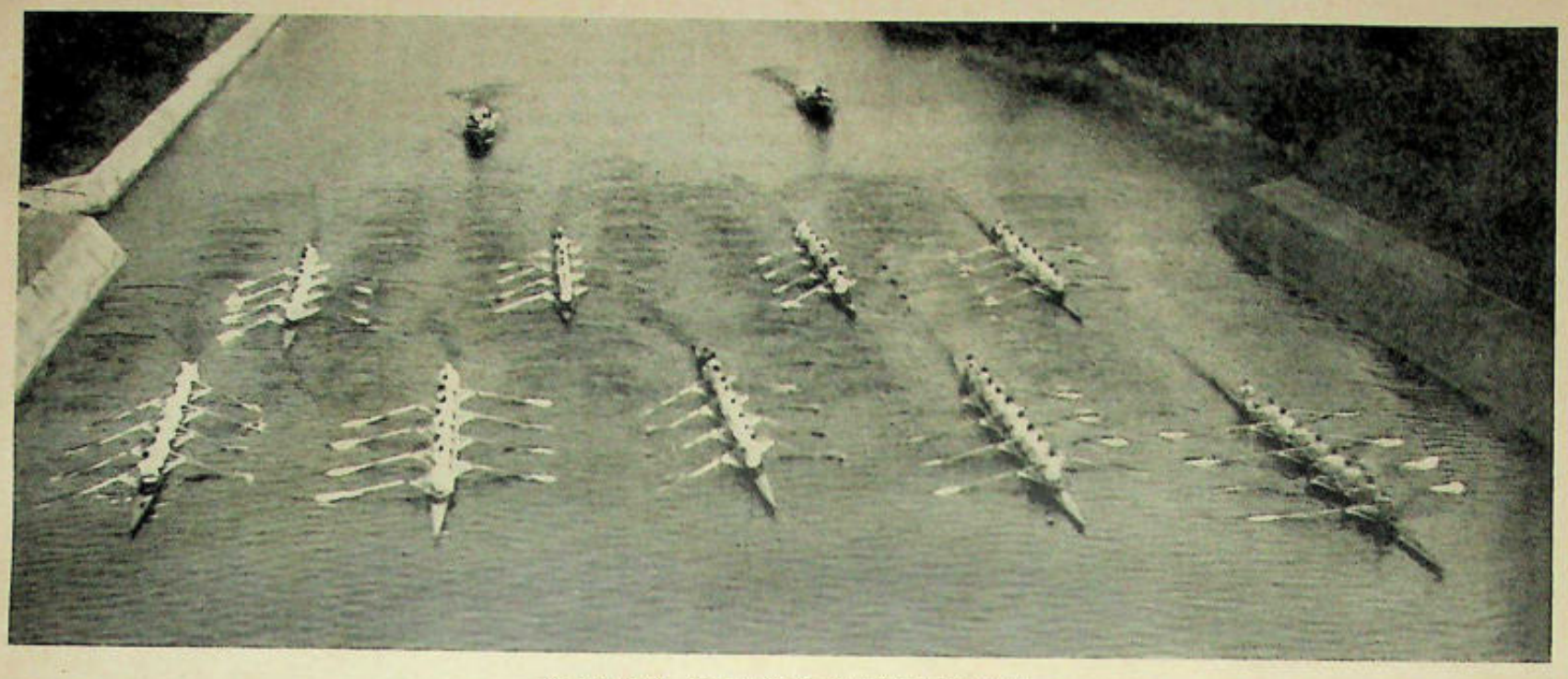
The Sledmere Stud, as the owner of the winner at the time of entry, receives £200 out of the stake. The filly is a daughter of Fairway, who thus enjoys another big lift on the list of winning stallions. For a long time past his position as champion sire of the year has been unassailable. Lovers' Path is out of the Bachelor's Double mare Trustful, who is doing remarkably good service for Sledmere.

She first came into fame as the dam of Colorado, undoubtedly one of the fastest horses of his time. Mr. Robin McAlpine did well when he gave 2,800gs. for Lovers' Path, and we hope Mr. J. V. Rank will be equally successful with his yearling colt by Cameronian out of Trustful, for whom he paid 3,000gs. last month.



W. A. Rouch

HOPLITE, PLACED THIRD IN THE CESAREWITCH LAST YEAR



AN AMERICAN PRELIMINARY TO "TRIAL EIGHTS"

Nine crews of the University of Washington at work previous to time trials for the selection of three eights to take part in inter-collegiate competition

OARSMANSHIP IN THE UNITED STATES

A Comparison of British and American Methods

By E. E. D. TOMLIN

DESPITE the continued growth of the popularity of rowing in this country, in particular as shown by the increase in the size and number of rowing clubs scattered along our larger rivers, a disturbing factor in this otherwise most gratifying state of affairs has recently made its presence increasingly apparent. I refer to the lack of success gained by English rowing, not only in the chief English regattas, but more particularly in the major events at the Olympic Games this summer.

No one will demand a sweeping success for this country in any sphere of sport, but since we in England have come to regard ourselves as the founders of rowing as a sport, and having practised that activity for nearly a century, it is disappointing to say the least, to find so little real success attending the efforts of our crews when pitted against those of other countries.

Not only does this apply to rowing in general—it applies to sculling also. To the few and well deserved successes achieved by England in these spheres recently I shall make reference in due course, but in the meantime it is as well to bear in mind the present unfortunate state of affairs, and if possible to try to diagnose the reasons for such a condition.

It would not be going too far to say that no country has done more to show up the deficiencies of British rowing to-day than America, and it is to the recent successes of American crews and to their methods of training that I wish to refer now. A few weeks ago I had the privilege of visiting the United States and Canada, and during my stay I tried to glean such information on this important topic as I could, and to see for myself the conditions under which American crews are formed and tested, and the underlying organisation of their clubs.

The first thing that is apparent to any visitor to the United States is the vast scale on which activities of all description are conducted there. In particular, the attention given to rowing comes under such a heading, for in most of the great universities—Harvard, Yale, Princeton—one finds the mechanical aids to training men in athletics are very highly developed as compared with those in this country. Although it is to baseball and football that the American gives most allegiance, rowing is definitely one of the more prominent sporting activities at the great universities, though unlike Oxford and Cambridge the prestige that somehow attaches to rowing is not nearly so marked.

But whereas we in England try to achieve proficiency through the use of "bank-tubs" and "dummy" oars, and only occasionally have an opportunity of studying the character of an oarsman in a rowing tank, America can boast a number of such specially constructed machines in which eight men can be coached simultaneously and made to acquire that uniformity of essential motion which characterises so many American crews. I stress the word "essential" as applied to rowing movements because I believe it to be true to say that in very few American crews will one find any two men rowing in a standardised style, yet the whole effect of uniformity is achieved by concentrating on, say, a strong send-away at the finish and a sharp recovery.

Further, in their keenness for sport of all sorts, it is possible for young Americans to devote far more time to practice than could be spared by the average Englishman, and the length of time employed in producing a really first-class crew in America is reckoned in months and years, where we normally devote only some weeks to the task—largely because opportunity is lacking.

The victory of the American eight at the Olympic Regatta was the culmination of a very long and arduous period of training in which men and coaches had had their ultimate aim always in view. It is small wonder then that our Leander eight—a really first-class crew under all normal conditions—could not compete with such pace, for it was not until some days after the conclusion of Henley Regatta that even the composition of the crew could be called definite—let alone the scheme of training.

In view of these facts, we need not in actual practice deplore the inability of our oarsmen to row in the most successful way; what we must deplore is the pitiful lack of opportunity with which these men are provided, and we cannot but congratulate them on their success in reaching the final at Berlin.

The lesson we must learn from the successes of foreign crews, notably the Swiss eight at Henley and now the American eight at Berlin, should be that it is impossible to produce a really first-class crew from first-class men at a few week's notice, unless—and this is perhaps the secret of the whole matter—a greater measure of uniformity in the teaching of rowing methods is adopted. This is not the time to revive the vexed question of rowing styles in this country. It should be sufficient to point out that in America there is, relatively speaking, no acute controversy on that subject such as we find here.

Finally, we must admit that in view of the fact that on financial grounds our rowing clubs cannot compare with those in America, such successes as we do achieve in fours and double-sculling (a notable Olympic success) and indeed in eight-oared rowing at Henley, are no mean achievement. There is no avoiding the fact that an adequate financial backing to a club which devotes its time to rowing may mean all the difference between victory and defeat.

If we in England could copy the American policy in this respect much improvement might be forthcoming with the additional opportunities provided. Nevertheless the Englishman still regards his rowing as a pastime and not an occupation; and this is where much of the difference lies between our country and theirs. Yet half the enjoyment of rowing rests in its individual characteristics and in its lack of mass organisation; and many of us would deplore the day when initiative and casual enthusiasm—if one can use such a term—disappear from the Englishman's attitude to sport.

TRAINING OARSMEN IN THE MASS

Princeton crews practising on "land eights" under the eyes of their coach

RIDING PUPILS AT CANFORD SCHOOL, NEAR WIMBORNE, LISTENING TO A FEW WORDS ON HORSEMANSHIP FROM THEIR INSTRUCTOR

RIDING FOR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Should the Example of Canford and Bryanston be Followed?

By JOAN ROBESON

"According to a writer, the man who sticks to a horse enjoys the best of health; those who don't, of course, often walk with the limp."——"Punch," 1933.

WHETHER or not riding at public schools should be included in the general curriculum is an open question, and one that permits of argument from either point of view. It has lately been my lot to be sitting on the hedge, so to speak, and listening to both sides of a vexed problem that is not unlikely to assume large proportions shortly. One definite fact appears to emerge from the controversy. If riding is to become a recognised part of school and college life, tuition must be under a properly qualified instructor.

In the course of my recent tour of modern riding schools, it has been impressed on me more than once the untold harm that is done in allowing children to ride during term time under so-called riding masters and instructors. Bad habits are formed, and the short time available in the holidays for proper instruction is largely taken up with eradicating these faults, instead of tuition proceeding on progressive lines. But I digress.

The obstacles advanced by the "Anti-Riding at Public Schools Camp" are legion. The first, and apparently the most overwhelming, is our old friend the enemy, pounds, shillings, and pence. They claim, and quite rightly, that no school can introduce riding without making it an "extra"; and as everyone knows, these "extras" are the bane of the modern parent's life!

This argument must necessarily carry a deal of weight, especially when it is remembered that mounting taxation, coupled with diminishing incomes, is affecting very hardly the class of family from which the public schoolboy is drawn. An offshoot of the financial problem is that while some parents might be willing and able "to foot the bill," others would be totally unable to do so. It is argued that the boy of rich parents would have a better opportunity than the boy of parents in less propitious circumstances. This objection can be easily put on one side with the reminder that inequality of opportunity, like the poor, is always with us!

Photos: Dennis Moss

SIX YOUNG RIDERS IN A BALANCING ACT

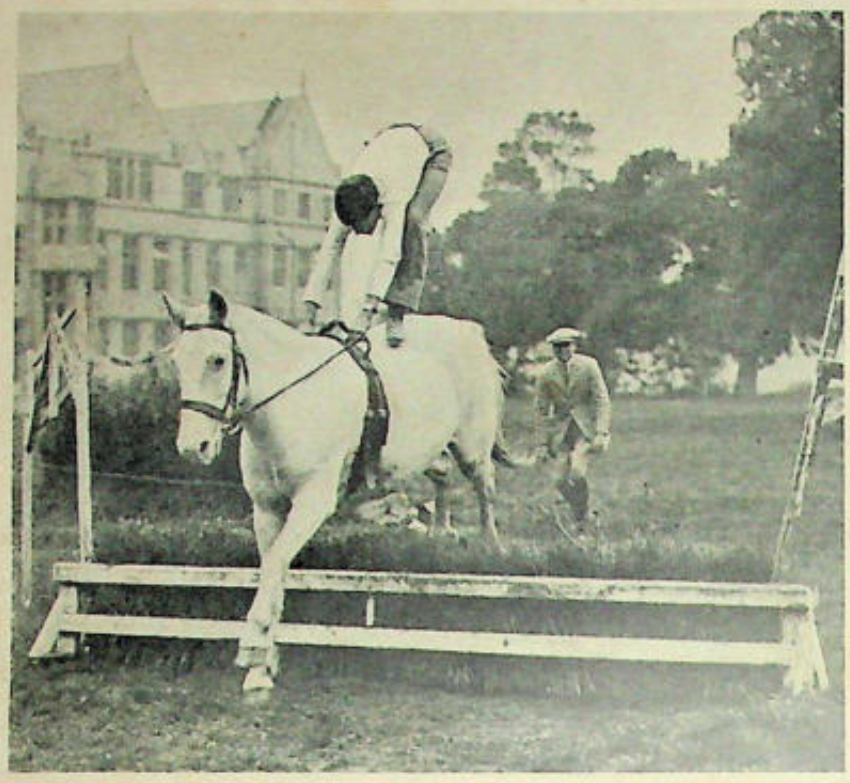
Another negative reason I have heard advanced is as to whether in encouraging a boy to learn to ride, it is not instilling in him a taste for something that in many cases he will not afterwards be able to enjoy. The exponents of this line of thought declare riding lessons to be a waste not only of money but also of valuable time. Setting aside the fact that the ability to ride a horse may prove extremely useful at some later period of a boy's life, it should not be forgotten that riding is one of the finest aids to character building, and mental and physical development known. There is a great deal to be said for the old adage "that the best place for the inside of a man is the outside of a horse." Riding calls for quick decisions, self-control, and physical fitness. Surely no time is wasted that is spent in acquiring these desirable qualities.

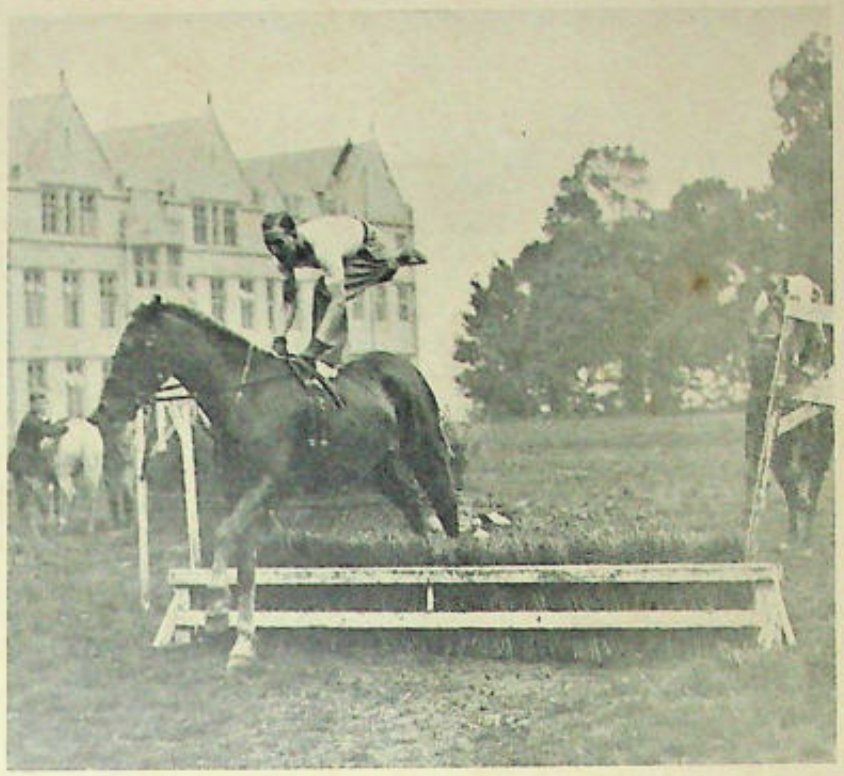
There are some people, too, who are against riding at public schools solely because their boys can, and do get, all the riding they want at home in the holidays. They forget the keen boy whose only chance of riding is at school.

The question of time is a big one. How can riding possibly be fitted in with all the other activities of a large public school? Work takes up a major portion of the day. Added to this, there are already games, O.T.C., literary and debating societies, and all the hundred-and-one other organisations to be considered.

In my search for hard facts I am rather afraid I engendered the wrath of a certain captain of a cricket eleven at a well-known public school. This individual immediately conjured up a despairing vision of his cherished fast bowler pleading inability to play in an important match owing to the complication of a riding lesson!

The full answer to all these questions is, however, to be found at Canford School, in Dorset, where riding has been tried, and has succeeded beyond all expectations. The school is particularly fortunate in many respects. Captain W. P. Browne, the cheery joint-Master of the Portman, has given the movement any amount of practical help, and encouragement. He has brought the hounds to Canford School twice every





LESSONS IN BALANCE: TWO YOUNG CANFORD RIDERS IN AN UNUSUAL BAREBACK JUMP

season at the invitation of the headmaster—the Rev. C. P. Canning—a fine type of English sportsman.

ABOVE: A LESSON IN THROWING A HORSE AND HOLDING IT DOWN
BELOW: CAPTAIN GOLDINGHAM SUPERVISING ANOTHER BALANCING FEAT

Captain Browne has another protégé in the shape of Bryanston School, also in Dorset, of which he was formerly Bursar. Riding at Bryanston is being made a strong feature, and they have already met and defeated Canford in competition. Riding instruction at Canford takes place under Captain P. R. Goldingham, who also is a house tutor. Captain Goldingham is a Fellow of the Institute of the Horse. He was formerly an instructor at Major Faudel-Phillips's Riding and Training Academy, and he has been equitation officer of the Royal Army Service Corps.

I do not propose in this article to go into any length of detail as to exactly how the riding at Canford is managed, but a few facts that answer some of the usual objections raised possibly may be of interest.

The riding lessons are necessarily an "extra," but a scheme has been evolved whereby fees are kept as low as £3 10s. per term. There are something over 300 boys in the school, and the number taking riding lessons is often as many as 80. Riding is never allowed to interfere with work or games, and takes place before breakfast and on certain afternoons during the week.

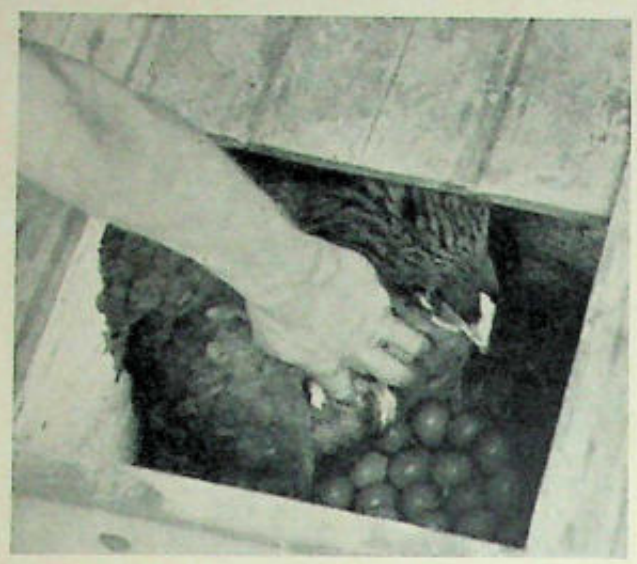
Each boy averages fourteen rides a term, while those riding really well get one, or possibly two, days with the Portman Hounds in the winter months. Before going out hunting the boys are thoroughly grounded in the etiquette of the hunting field, a special point being made of good manners and forbearance! Riding at Canford is taught from the very beginning, and as the pupil's work advances, exercises, jumping and vaulting—the last introduced by Sergeant-major Yerrill, R.A.—helps to keep the ball rolling. Inter-house competitions have proved extremely popular.

All this serves to bear out my earlier contention that riding should take place only under qualified instruction. No doubt a number of people will say: "Why does everything have to be professional? No one is any good unless they are a 'star.' Cricket, football, lawn tennis, have all gone that way. Is riding to cease to be a recreation and to become a serious business?" While no one wishes this state of affairs to come about, it should be borne in mind that a boy's nerve can be destroyed for life by an accident that might well have been avoided. Riding is not a game at which the rules can be broken safely for long together. Probably 90 per cent. of riding accidents are due to the lack of the knowledge of the correct use of the hands and the legs. It is in emergencies that proper instruction wins the day.

The whole question of riding at public schools boils down to this. "Is it worth while?" After having seen it in actual practice, my reply is "Yes." It may be no empty dream, either; I foresee of a future England when "riding schools" will take their place among "cricket schools" and "rowing schools" as we know them to-day.

Possibly even Eton, Harrow and other great schools will join the pioneers of the present time. America is far beyond us in this respect. I believe polo is even played at some of their schools. No English boy gets a chance to try his prowess with a stick and a ball until he enters the army or a university.

Photos: Dennis Moss



"UNLESS YOU REAR BIRDS YOU WILL GET NO SHOOTING WORTH MENTIONING"

BUILDING UP A STOCK OF WILD PHEASANTS

Natural Difficulties and their Solution

By CAPTAIN J. B. DROUGHT

A POPULAR conception of covert shooting is based to a great extent on a vague and erroneous impression that nine out of every ten pheasants are what the propagandist delights in describing as "tame birds." It is true, *pace* the "tameness," that the bulk of the annual hatch is hand reared; but to what extent this is due to a widely held theory that (in the words of a keen sportsman of my acquaintance) "unless you rear birds you will get no shooting worth mentioning" it is difficult to say.

Under certain local geographical conditions this may be no less than the literal truth, but the fact remains that ever since the Euston system first proved, by the production of over 7,000 wild birds on that estate in the year of its initiation, that the converse was equally true, scores of properties have yielded consistently large bags without recourse to artificial methods of preservation.

Of course, anyone deciding to rely solely on wild pheasants must face the fundamental fact that, although they may be agreeable to nest in exposed places so long as cover is abundant, they will not remain indefinitely in such an environment. Only the incurable optimist will hope to surmount natural disadvantages of ill-kept coverts when the nights begin to get a trifle chilly. He may count with satisfaction the number of his birds during the summer months, but he is pretty sure to be rudely disillusioned by their disappearance at the time of year their presence is most desirable. For it is not when foliage is thick, but when it is almost non-existent that the pheasant will appraise residential comfort. It is when the harvest is gathered and the land ploughed up; when the cold winds send him scuttling back to covert that he likes to find a snug roost and a bite of supper waiting.

In a sense the pheasant is a paradox. His most striking characteristics are at once an urge to wander and a love of home, so that it is only by ensuring the comfort of the latter that the former can be checked. In other words, the secret of building up a goodly stock of wild birds lies in assuring them such comfortable quarters that, however strong may be the wanderlust, the call of home will always be a little stronger.

Those who have read Commander Lang's recent articles on covert planting in the *Field* will need no further advice as to how planting may conduce to comfort. What I am more concerned with is to dispel a prejudice against reliance on wild birds, which is characteristic of many people brought up to regard hand rearing as the *only* method of increasing the pheasant population.

What are the commoner grievances against wild birds? That they are unreliable; here to-day and gone to-morrow; that where they lead their hand-reared relatives will follow; and that the hens lack the maternal instinct. Unquestionably the keeper, whose job depends upon the quota he can show in every covert has some grounds for the contention that if a crowd of boundary-bred birds attracted solely by the delicacies of his larder, get in among his hand-reared poults, the effect will be somewhat similar to that created by a few bad boys in a dame school.

Yet it takes a long time for the pagan instinct to develop in the products of the rearing fields; they have neither eye for country nor sense of direction, and even if they are tempted to adventure it will be sought within crowing distance of their home coverts. Nor, in my humble opinion, is it justifiable to brand hen pheasants indiscriminately as bad mothers. Many undoubtedly make a hideous mess of things, but I would suggest that such are the first-year products of hand rearing which, in the absence of tuition by a natural mother, are inexperienced, in the raising and protection of a family. But the survivors of a single shooting season become quite efficient housewives, and if their capacity for bringing up their broods is compared unfavourably with that of partridges, it must be remembered that the cock pheasant does not exhibit the domestic virtues of his opposite number.

The quickest way to provide a sound nucleus of wild birds is, I think, to rear a good many pheasants for the last time, shoot sparingly (except the cocks), pen a few birds, and leave the bulk to breed as they list. Then there will always be surplus eggs to make up casualties in the wild nests. The prospective mothers will inevitably scatter all over a shoot, but this is all the better. For, after all, a keeper relieved from the non-stop duties of a rearing field can be more or less ubiquitous, and the advantage of non-interference with nests (except those in obvious danger zones) is that chicks hatch out on virgin soil rather than in a more or less circumscribed area on which probably pheasants have swarmed for years. Moreover, having been bred under conditions which conduce to instinctive self-preservation, they do not so readily fall victims to poaching cats and other furred malignants. Hand-reared birds continue to mass together for some time after their dumping into covert, and they are slow to appreciate the wisdom of roosting high. Not so the wild poults which try Charles James's patience a good deal higher.

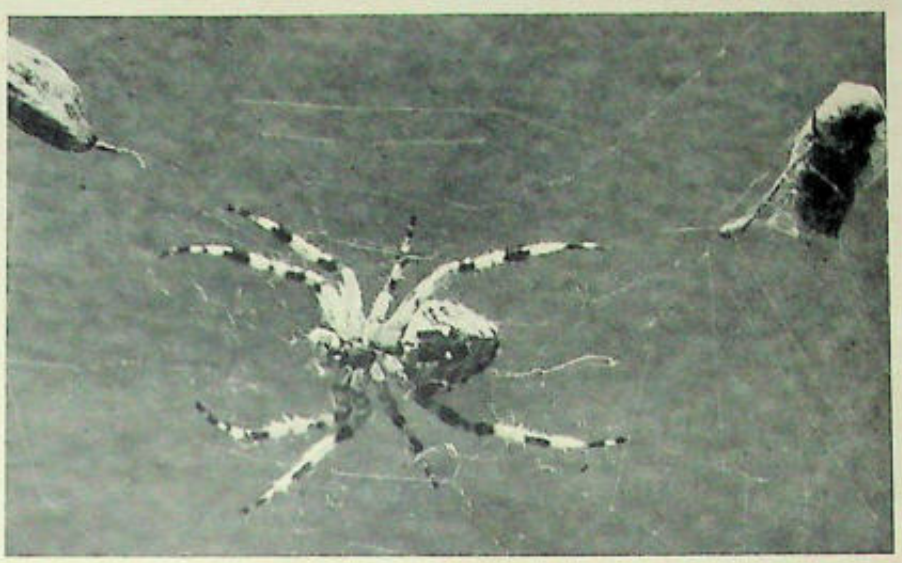
Results in the first season or two as opposed to artificial rearing may be disappointing, but with patience a really good stock can be built up and maintained at a fraction of the cost.

And of the sporting quality of the shooting there is no question, for birds will be found here, there and everywhere, past-masters in the tricks of their trade, and affording many a pleasant by-day round the hedgerows and outlying beats. Densely stocked coverts need not be expected, although it is hard to agree with those who maintain that wild birds cannot be flushed properly. So long as systematic feeding in covert has been the practice, my experience is that they are just as easy to handle as the hand-reared variety.

HIGH OVER
A drive in progress on a Kentish shoot

SPIDERS IN AND OUT OF THE WEB

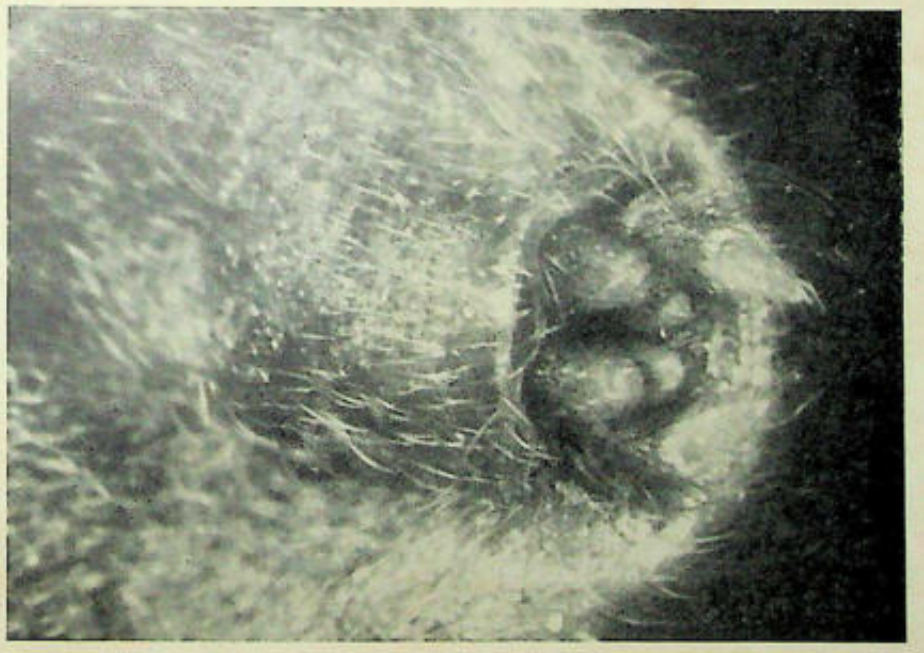
PORTRAIT OF A SPIDER



A SPIDER WITH TRAPPED FLIES IN HER WEB

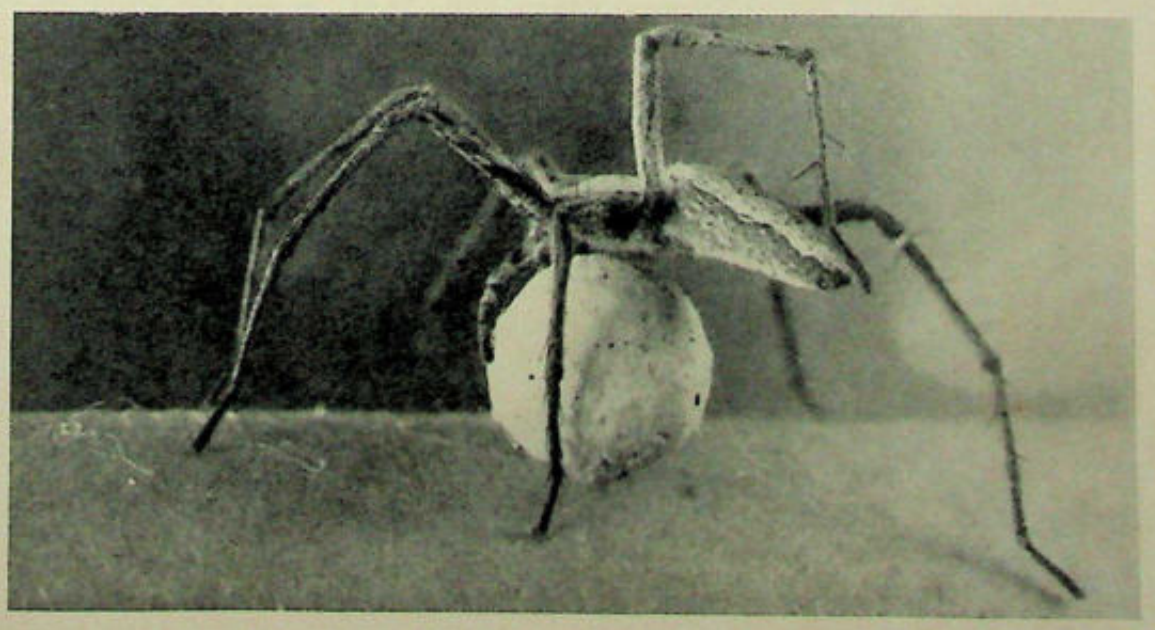
AT this season of the year the spider's web is everywhere, and the spider herself is found in all the odd corners of the house. Yet our knowledge of their habits and distribution is far from complete because, though there are some 550 different species to be found in Great Britain, their study has so far interested only the specialist. Spiders' eggs are small yellow spheres and are laid in a silk cocoon. The young are at first unable to feed or spin; after the first moult they can do both and exactly resemble their parents except in size and colour. Male spiders are usually smaller than females. Most spiders are cannibals, but the popular belief that the female always eats the male after pairing is an exaggeration. The prey is caught in a variety of ways of which the web is but one. Spiders can eat large meals and, as they can store their food in internal tubes, are able to go for months at a time without eating, but few can go for any length of time without water. No British spider is dangerous to human beings. These photographsare by Dr. Croy, the German zoologist.

SPIDERS JUST HATCHED, LOOKING LIKE LITTLE GLASS BALLS



A CLOSE UP OF THE SPINNERET

YOUNG SPIDERS JUST HATCHING OUT OF THE COCOON



THE EGG COCOON, WHICH THE HUNTING SPIDER TAKES WITH HER WHEREVER SHE GOES

"TO GROUND" IN THE BRACKEN

Mr. John Alexander, Joint-Master, with Mr. C. Furness of the County Limerick Hounds, photographed during a morning's cub-hunting. The height of the bracken shows how blind the country can be in September

HUNTING IN COUNTY LIMERICK

Good Sport Over Wonderful Country

WHAT could be better than a hunting holiday in Ireland, or a honeymoon with the Limericks. The county foxhounds hunt three days a week, with an occasional bye-day. The cap for the visitor is only 10/–, and if, at the end of your two- or three-weeks' stay, you would like to subscribe a fiver to the Hunt funds, the donation is always acceptable.

It is the finest county in all Ireland for the variety of its "lepping." To the west the bank country: large, small, double and single jumps. The meet at Rathfreedagh, Viscount Gillamore's estate, is always a sure find. A fox from that covert, in February, 1935, gave one of the best points in the history of the hunt—"nine miles, twenty miles as hounds ran." Towards the river Shannon at such coverts as Mantenan (Dorothea Conyers's home) you have the stone wall country. And towards the east of the county, at Croom, within easy reach of the Duhallows, the United and the Scarteen Black and Tan packs, you have the cream of the country. It takes a good horse and man to keep up with the Limerick bitches. Fifty jumps of all sorts and sizes, shapes and conditions, may be met in the course of a 25 minutes' burst. There is a little wire to stop you.

If you would like a day with the harriers, several packs give great sport—the Croom, the Castletown, the Limerick and the Kilcornan—who hunt in the stonewall country by the Shannon. A training ground for many a young horse and rider. Should you want to hunt on Sundays, after last Mass, the Clonoaugh Harriers will lead you a merry dance round Knockaderry Village and the foot of Knocktierna, the "hill of the Fairies."

Two or three guineas will be asked for good hirelings that know their job, from Mr. "Joe" Murphy, and the Power Brothers, Rathkeale, or by Mr. "Joe" Hogan, of Croom. Thirty "bob" will be the price of a mount for a day with the harriers. The cap at these meets is about 2/6 or 5/– and some don't cap at all.

The Adare Arms Hotel is first class, and caters for the hunting visitor. Various country houses take paying guests. A list of these may be obtained from the Hon. Hunt Secretary, County Club, Limerick. One's own motor car adds to the comfort of the visit, and the Automobile Association arranges triptiques, shipping freights, and insurances with masterly efficiency. Dependable chauffeur-driven motor cars may be hired by the day or week for 15/– to 20/– the day. A car is essential.

It is possible to leave Euston or Paddington in the evening and travel, either by Fishguard—Rosslare or Holyhead—Dublin, and be in time for a meet in County Limerick next morning.

Travelling expenses, tips during your stay, and other incidental expenses, such as neighbouring hunt "caps," or dance tickets, soon mount up, but allowing 30 guineas a week to cover everything, the cost of a hunting holiday in County Limerick is not excessive.

There is scarcely a day lost through fog, frost or foot and mouth disease. Nearly every day is a sure find, and if you are a good customer and a possible purchaser by and by, there will only be a nominal charge for your hireling on the blank days. Until you know the country it is best to follow a good pilot. Though the county looks flat as the palm of your hand from any point on the hills encircling it; it is amazing how easy it is to lose hounds for the rest of the day should you get left at the start.

A few final words of advice. The horse comes first in the Irishman's thoughts. Should you have a fall, blame yourself and not your mount, and on the road to and from the meet say "Good day to you!" to the passer-by, and have a kind word for the farmer. Then you can knock down his fences, pound his fields, and leave all his gates open. The Irish farmer forgives a lot if the visitor is courteous and has good manners.

And, indeed, even if you happen to be one of those unfortunate people who do not hunt, there is yet no better place for a holiday. For there is good fishing to be had in the streams—the Shannon provides sport of a quality not fully appreciated—and there is varied shooting in a county of pleasant people and pleasant scenery with the mountains as a background and Lough Derg within easy reach.

J. C.

ON A WET AND WINDY MORNING

Another photograph of Mr. John Alexander, taken at six o'clock in the morning on the Black Hill, Liskennet, where the Limerick were cub-hunting. Hounds have been hunting three mornings a week

CUB-HUNTING WITH THE COUNTY LIMERICK FOXHOUNDS

Mrs. John Alexander and Master Alexander, the Joint-Master's wife and son, on the Black Hill, Liskennet

A COPY OF THIS PICTURE CAN BE OBTAINED (POST FREE) ON APPLICATION TO DEPT. F, THE DUNLOP RUBBER CO., LTD., ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.

FROM A PAINTING BY S. J. LAMORNA BIRCH, R.A.

C.F.H.

BIRD PHOTOGRAPHY FOR AMATEURS

How to Make and Use a Hide

By S. E. BAKER

The following article gives an excellent idea of how to start bird photography from a hide. In the issues of June 20th and 27th Mr. Mortimer Batten gave valuable advice to beginners in animal and bird photography including details of electrical shutter releases

COLLECTING the eggs of birds has never had the slightest fascination for me, mainly, I think, because any hobby must be a live one and carry with it the pleasantest of memories. For this reason I started, several years ago, to photograph birds and their eggs. The first stumbling block was the vital question of expense. One can, however, obtain quite good results with a No. 2 Brownie, assisted by a portrait attachment costing a few shillings, and during my first year I confined myself to photographing eggs and young birds, principally waders, by this means.

But the time came when I wanted something more thrilling and I naturally turned to the photographing of a wild bird at the nest. For this a hide is essential, so I obtained a discarded binder-sheet—the sheet which carries the corn on the modern self-binder—from a local farmer, attached a flat waterproof roof to it over one end, after standing it on end in the form of a square; I then fixed this over a framework of four wooden stakes, with two diagonal pieces at the top to support the roof. The corner stakes were knocked well into the ground. I have never found it necessary to camouflage a hide when photographing our common birds. Camouflage, unless it is tied on strongly, is likely to flap about in the wind and nothing disturbs a bird more than this. I always put the hide about 7ft. from the nest at once, and do not move it daily towards the nest as is so often advocated in books. After erecting the hide, I watch, from a distance, the return of the bird, and then leave her for two days to get happy about her unusual surroundings.

A word about the camera and its accessories: a stand is essential, and, if you wish to get good results, a reflex camera is necessary. I use a Thornton-Pickard, which cost about £5 second-hand, and I attach a small piece of plane mirror to the lid of the camera so that the image is reflected to me from the frosted glass screen, as I sit on a stool behind the camera.

We come now to the birds on which to start; personally, if I started again, I should take some photographs of the domestic hen, and then of a pheasant and a partridge. This may not sound very exciting, but if you work quietly and do all your movements slowly, these can be taken without a hide, and you will gain considerable experience of the best time exposures, and a knack of taking photographs without jogging the camera, which is an art in itself.

The time has come to start on the first really wild bird. Commence with the lapwing. For these reasons: the bird and the eggs are large, both birds incubate, the male has a magnificent crest, and the nest is on the ground, so that the erection of the hide is simple. In the early morning creep up to a field on which plover are known to be nesting and suddenly tap on the gate; all the nesting plover will rise immediately, and it should be an easy matter to locate the nest.

Now you are in the hide for the first time; take a companion with you to fasten you in and before he leaves arrange a code of signals. At the end of a quarter of an hour you are feeling slightly cramped, when suddenly the bird calls from the ground within 50yds. of you. You hear her slowly approach the hide, and you wonder if she can hear the beating of your heart! Let her sit half-an-hour before taking your first photograph. The click of the camera will probably make her leave the nest; after a few snaps, this will not alarm her, and you will be able to snap her approaching the nest, turning the eggs, and in a hundred-and-one positions that a bird adopts when sitting contentedly. The male plover is usually shy, though my best photograph of the plover is of the male bird.

Having finished with the plover you can deal with other birds which nest on the ground: the snipe, redshank, tern, and curlew are some of those which will give you many happy hours and most beautiful pictures. Later on you can start on the tree birds, where a different type of hide is necessary; with them the wood pigeon is suitable for gaining experience; later on you can turn your attention to birds in the open.

A few details about exposures and plates: 1/50th of a second will generally hold a bird when it is walking, and a 1/75th is certain to do so; the stop depends on the light; on a fairly fine day f.11 gives good results, but this is a generalisation, and it is advisable to obtain full particulars from a Burroughs & Wellcome Diary. I have obtained my best photographs at about 4 p.m. when the sun is covered; the details come out so much better then.

I use Ilford soft gradation plates which are easy to work, but require a comparatively long exposure. I develop with Rytol in a tank because of the ease of doing so.

I have, with my photographs, all that is necessary for the enjoyment of the long winter evenings—printing, enlarging, and making and colouring lantern slides. As each negative is dealt with it revives happy memories of the thrill and excitement of the time when the photograph was taken. With the possibility of such a hobby as this, who would be an egg collector?

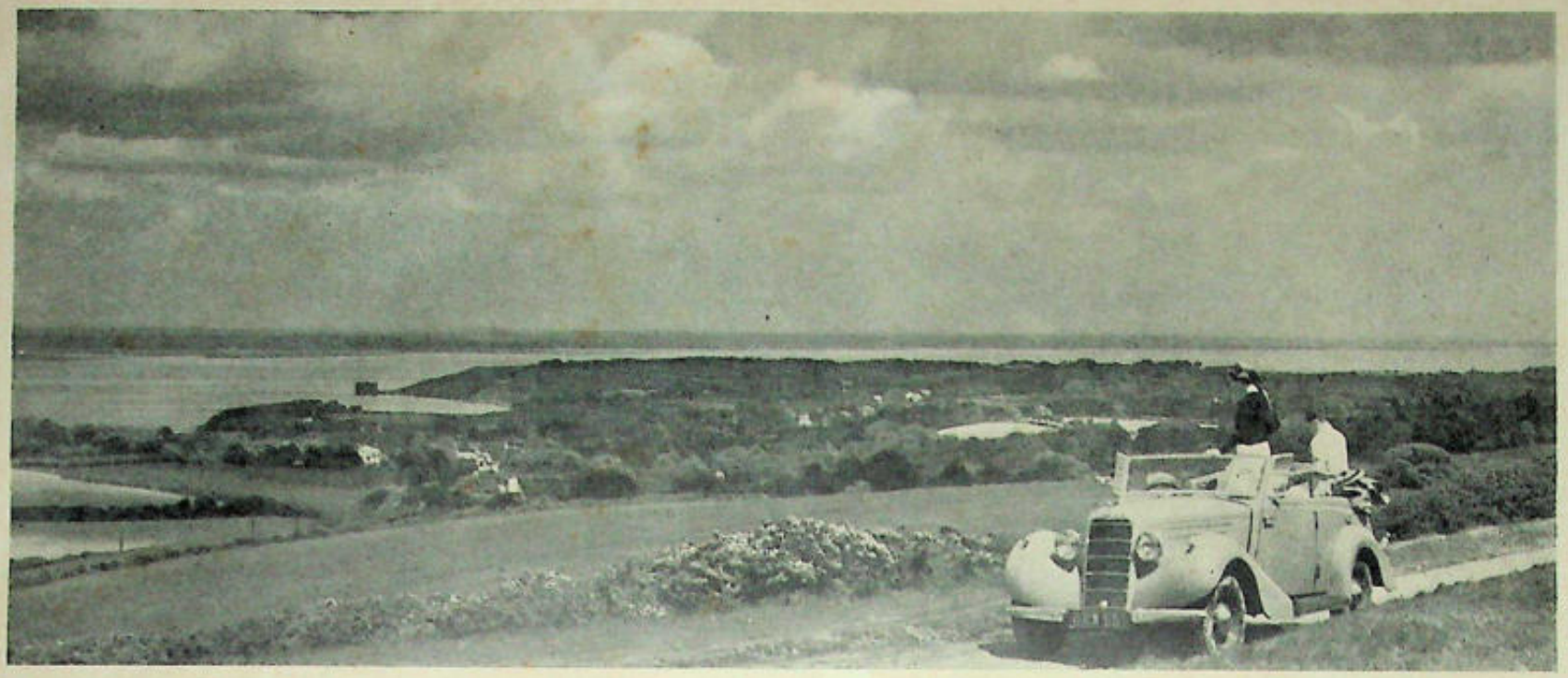
RINGED PLOVER ABOUT TO BROOD

REDSHANK AT NEST

CURLEW AT NEST

CURLEW APPROACHING NEST

LAPWING ABOUT TO BROOD



"WHICH OF US IS NOT SOMETIMES AFFECTED ALMOST TO DESPAIR BY THE SPLENDID VISION OF EARTH AND SKY . . .?"
The occupants of a 1937 Hillman Wingham Cabriolet with the roof open, pausing to admire the delightful view across the Solent

NEW FEATURES IN AN EVEN BETTER SHOW

What to See at Olympia

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

YEAR by year it becomes increasingly difficult to discover any fundamental changes in car design. That is not by any means to say that design shows signs of stagnation; quite the contrary, since every year that passes shows a progressive improvement, not so much in basic design, which has become more or less standardised, but in those improvements and refinements that, small individually, yet, in the sum, make all the difference in performance and efficiency between one year's models and those of the previous year.

In so far as concerns the cars for next year, I do not think we shall see any notable changes when the Motor Show comes round again. Improvement there will be, of course, but these I think will generally affect coachwork design rather more than chassis details. We have arrived at a stage of motor-car construction when the vehicle has taken on a more practical and, at the same time, more beautiful appearance than ever before. Graceful sweeping lines combined with an absence of those ugly excrescences which, at one time, were regarded as essential evils, have made it a production which would, artistically, seem hard to improve upon. No longer do we think it necessary to mount spare wheels where they are an offence to the eye. Even the petrol tank, universally disposed at the rear of the car now, is hidden from view by the downward sweep of the tail—nothing is visible but the sweep of the bodywork which is as graceful as a yacht in most British cars. I have made this qualification of nationality expressly to exclude some of the monstrous designs—I can call them nothing else—which make it difficult sometimes to tell whether they are coming or going. Fortunately, our own constructors have refrained from copying these *outré* designs, which is to the good so far as the native product is concerned as well as a tribute to the British manufacturer's sense of what is fitting in car design.

Generally, body improvement is likely to take the shape of better driving visibility and greater comfort in seating accommodation. So far as the first is concerned, this is good news. I have always opposed the increasing disposition to sacrifice road visibility to the fetish of a low centre of gravity. I quite agree that the latter is eminently desirable. The lower it can be set the safer the car, and, given that all other things are equal, the better will be its road-holding qualities. But you can pay too high a price for even the most desirable of qualities, and I do think that our designers have been inclined to go a little too far in the price they were willing to pay in this matter. The first essential to safe driving is a proper view of the road ahead. I, personally, do not mind whether I can see my near-side wing lamp or not, but I do object to driving a car in which I have to raise the driving seat in order to get a view of the radiator cap, which has been the case with one or two cars I have tried. Fortunately, we are trending away from that kind of thing, and I believe we shall find at the Show that the 1937 car leaves very little to be desired from this point of view.

Of mechanical development I do not think we shall find much that is notable. That is to say, there will be no revolutionary changes—all the alteration we shall see is in the gradual process of detail improvement which goes on from year to year. One point that rather surprises me is that, contrary to expectation, gear-boxes of the pre-selective type do not seem to have caught on to any marked extent. Apart from the pioneers, I do not hear of firms having adopted this type during the past year, though it still remains a favourite with those who originally pinned their faith to it. Considering its many advantages over the more conventional change-speed gear, I am a little surprised at the comparatively small acceptance it has met since the last show.

A TALBOT ON CROWEL HILL NEAR PRINCES RISBOROUGH
This type of Talbot, the 105 speed model, is a car of high performance and has won many awards in speed and sporting events

Coming to a brief review of the programmes of leading constructors, very few really new models are making their appearance. Policy and design once settled they are apt, in these days of large production figures, to remain stabilised for some considerable time, and this applies with more than ordinary force to makes that have achieved a large measure of popular favour. To quote an example to prove the case, the Morris "eight," which is one of the most popular little cars on the roads, remains virtually unaltered since its first introduction and is to be continued in its present form. As a matter of fact, there could be no point in altering it unless it were slightly to differentiate between one year's model and the next—a policy which is now virtually dead, abandoned for the much more sensible one of "series."

There *are* new models, of course. Triumphs announce two new cars, one a four-cylinder chassis, to be known as the 14–60 h.p., the other a two-litre "Six." Both are to be known as the "Dolomite" models, and will sell at £338 and £368 respectively. Known also as the "Vitesse," they are to be sold at £318 and £348, there being slight differences of wheelbase and track between the two types. Alvis are introducing three new models, the most notable of which is a 4.3-litre chassis, which is to sell at £750. The engine is of the six-cylinder type, monobloc cast, having a bore and stroke of 92 by 110 m.m. and an R.A.C. rating of 31.48 h.p. The chassis follows the usual Alvis practice, with independent front wheel springing. Wheelbase is 10ft. 7in. and track 4ft. 8in. I am looking forward to trying this car later on, since it seems likely to be a rather notable production.

Rileys will show two new models in the shape of the "Sprite" series, on special 1½-litre chassis. Designed for high performance, these will have an undoubted appeal to the sporting enthusiast who aspires to the ownership of a really fast car which can be entered for competition work with a reasonable chance of holding its own with the professionally driven "works" car. In addition, the highly successful Riley range is to be continued without material change.

Very material alterations have been made to the Austin series. There is to be a six-cylinder "Fourteen," a new four-cylinder "Twelve," while the little "Seven" has been altered in several points of design. The engine has been given a three-bearing crankshaft, the braking system has been radically improved, and a new body design adopted. Detail improvements have also been made in the "Twelve-six," the "Eighteen" and the "Twenty."

Naturally, I have only been able to touch the fringe of the subject of next year's cars, but later on I hope to deal in detail with a few of the more outstanding cars of the year and to describe their road performance, which latter is, after all, the thing that matters most to the motorist.

EASIER AND SAFER MOTORING

Details of Design and Construction which Simplify Driving

By H. E. SYMONS

OWING to the improvement of car design, motoring is easier and safer to-day than it has ever been, with the result that drivers can concentrate on the road instead of on their cars. With greater reliability such potential causes of accidents as brake or steering gear failure are now practically unheard of, while broken springs and burst tyres, two other causes of mishaps in the old days, have now practically passed into the limbo of forgotten things.

The great forward strides which have been made recently in the direction of safer motoring are marked by the improved design of the cars themselves and by the simplifying of the controls. Under the former heading come chassis improvements. The tendency is now to build the frame very wide, with a wide spring-base which counteracts rolling. The increasing adoption of independent springing for the front wheels makes for good road-holding on any kind of surface, and this in turn reduces the likelihood of skidding, since the start of a skid is invariably due to a sudden decrease in the adhesion of one or more wheels to the road.

Modern chassis are now built extremely rigidly, so that they do not whip or twist when a bad road is traversed. This results in the steering being safer under all circumstances, while steering gears themselves have been improved so that extremely accurate control is obtained, even if through neglect, or any other cause, the steering is no longer in first-class condition. Brakes are very much more powerful, which means that the motorist is in a better position to save the life of a careless pedestrian who might step suddenly out before him, but at the same time they are smoother and can be applied safely even on wet and greasy roads. Even tyres have been improved with the idea of preventing the car from skidding, and enabling very quick stops to be made in an emergency, while improved methods of tyre construction have resulted in the tread lasting much longer than previously, and tyres are so strong that the rubber is worn off the tread before the walls show any signs of weakness.

Accurate weight distribution, better springing, and other features which I have mentioned, tend to make the car itself a safer vehicle; but various devices have been introduced to eliminate the need for any special mechanical skill in driving, and thus contribute much to enhanced road safety. In the old days gear-changing called for some concentration, but nowadays there are cars which change their own gears according to the gradient encountered, while the majority call for only a flick of the thumb to change up or down. There are also such transmission units as the famous Daimler fluid flywheel and a variety of automatic clutches, which prevent the engine stalling, even if one brakes hard in an emergency and forgets to use the clutch, while at the same time providing a smooth getaway from rest without touching the clutch pedal.

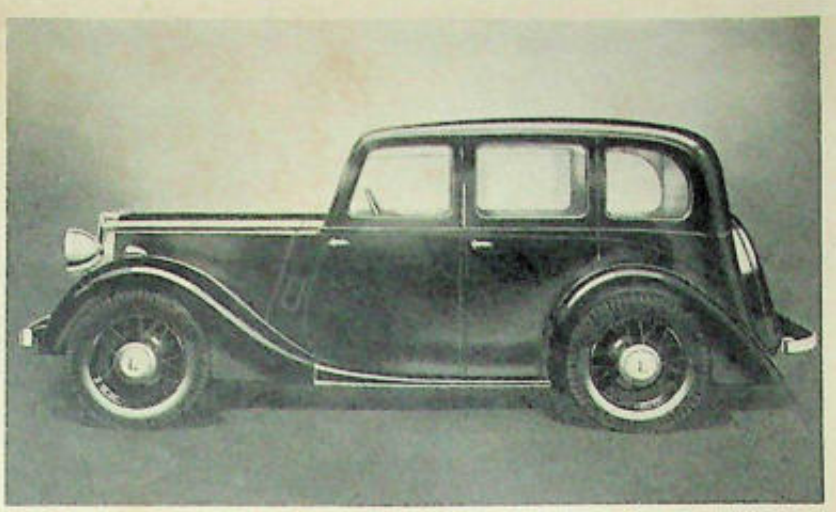
The Hayes transmission, used on certain Austin models, is entirely automatic, suiting itself to all sorts of conditions of hill-climbing or acceleration. The Armstrong-Siddeley concern pioneered the Wilson pre-selective self-changing gear, which has been standardised for several years by Daimler, Lanchester, B.S.A., Riley and other concerns, besides Armstrong-Siddeley themselves.

There is also the synchro-mesh gear, in which a lever of orthodox type is moved in an orthodox gate, but without the need for any double-declutching, up or down. Vauxhalls pioneered this in Great Britain. Hillman, Humber and Alvis have synchro-mesh on all four gears; Standard cars have it on second, third and top; and most of the other makers who do not use any other kind of transmission offer, at least, synchro-mesh gear-changing between third and top gears.

One important factor in safe motoring is good visibility. In this respect British manufacturers are far ahead of their foreign competitors. From the driving seat of the average British car it is possible for the driver to see both wings of both side-lamps, while the ground is only masked by the radiator for a short distance ahead.

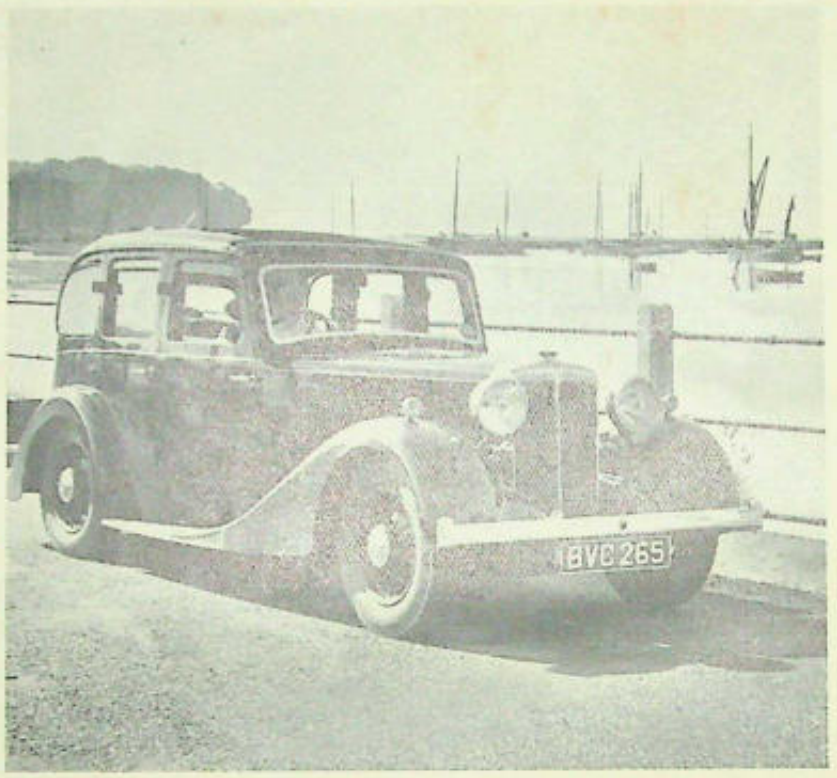
Many cars made in this country now have adjustable steering columns: the length of the column can be varied instantly while the car is in motion, while on some vehicles the rake or slope of the column can be altered also. In this way it is possible so to set the steering wheel that the pedals are always within easy reach and in an emergency the driver can thus fully apply the brakes, while yet not fully extending his right leg.

Obviously the driver who cannot reach the pedals properly, or who has the steering wheel, gear lever or hand-brake in an awkward position, cannot control a car nearly as well as one who has all these controls within easy reach. Improved seating relieves the driver of a great deal of the fatigue that was normally experienced on long journeys, while better ventilation disposes of noxious fumes which, in time, bring on drowsiness and lack of that vigilance which is so essential to safe driving.



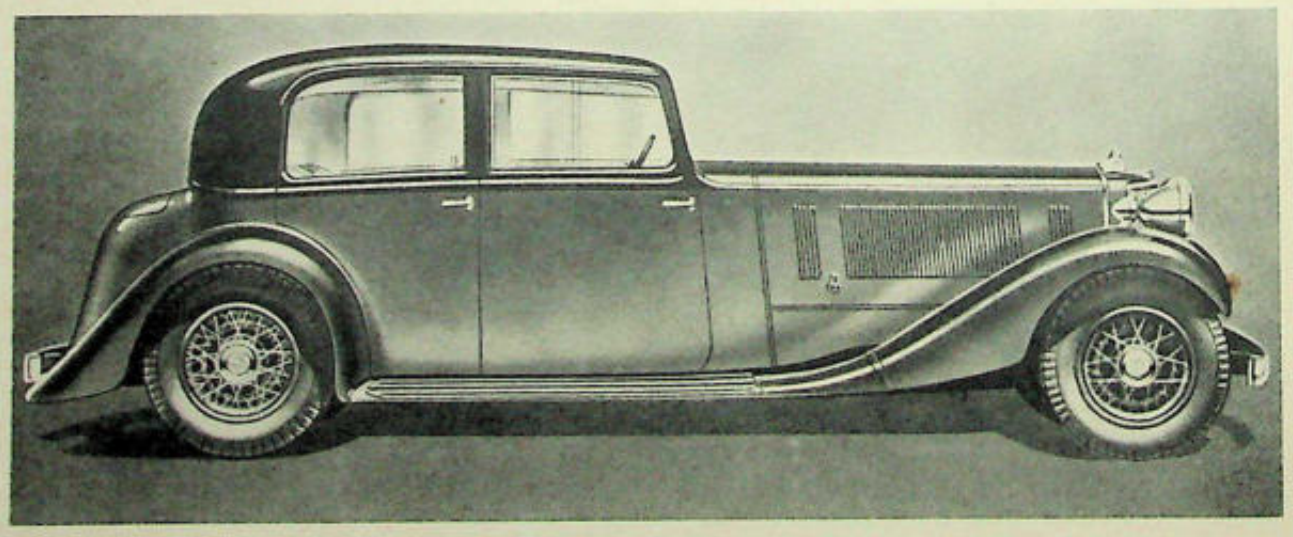
THE LANCHESTER FOURTEEN "ROADRIDER"

This saloon with its panelled top is priced at £330. Like the Armstrong-Siddeley these cars have the Wilson pre-selective self-changing gear, which has been standard for several years



A 1937 MODEL DAIMLER AT YARMOUTH, ISLE OF WIGHT

These cars are likely to become increasingly popular owing to their economy and fine workmanship

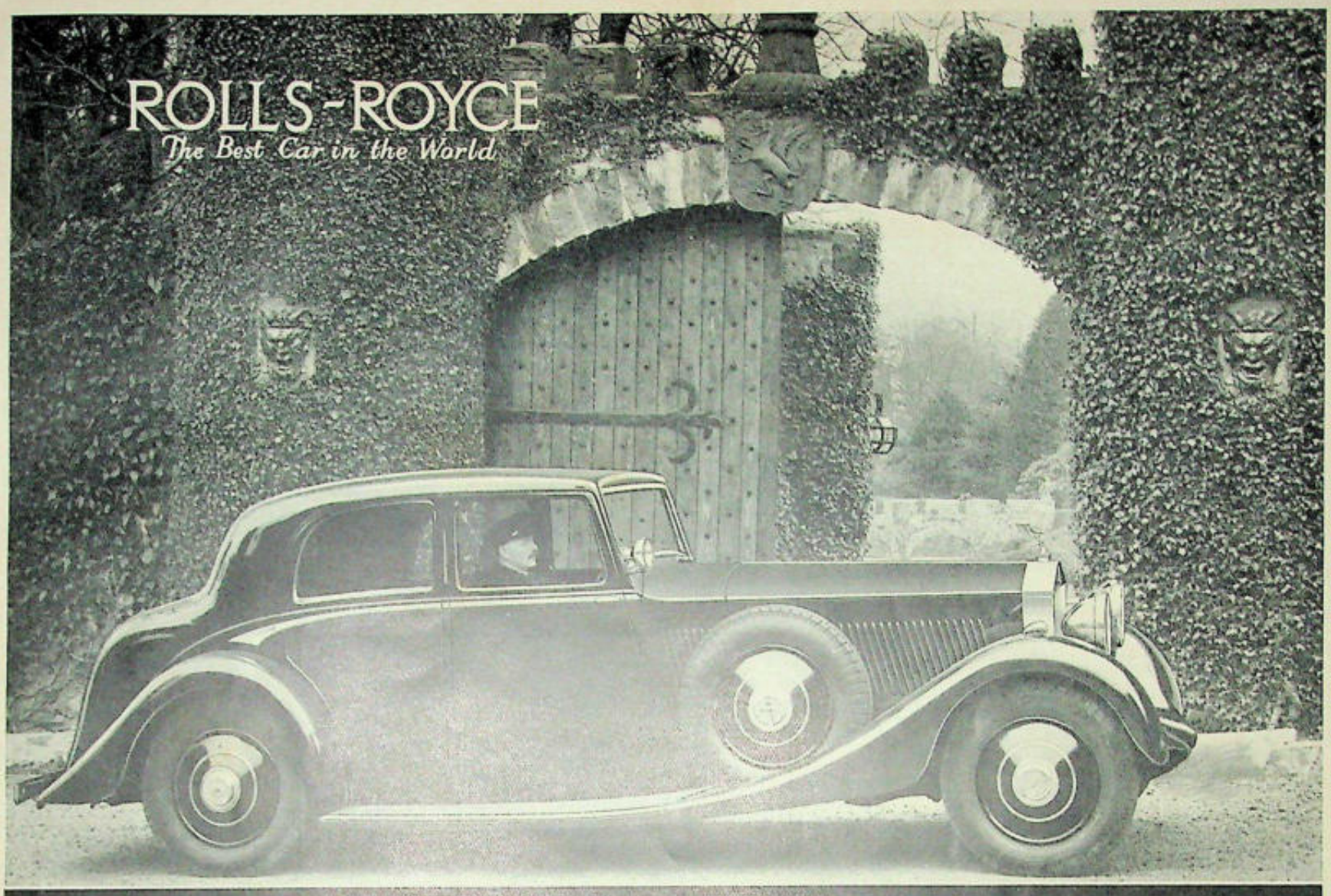


THE ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY SPORTS SALOON—THE SIDDELEY SPECIAL

This graceful car is priced at £1,050

THE FLYING STANDARD TEN

This car (illustrated below) is a comfortable four-seater saloon. Two models are available: the saloon, selling at £169, *and the saloon-de-luxe at* £179



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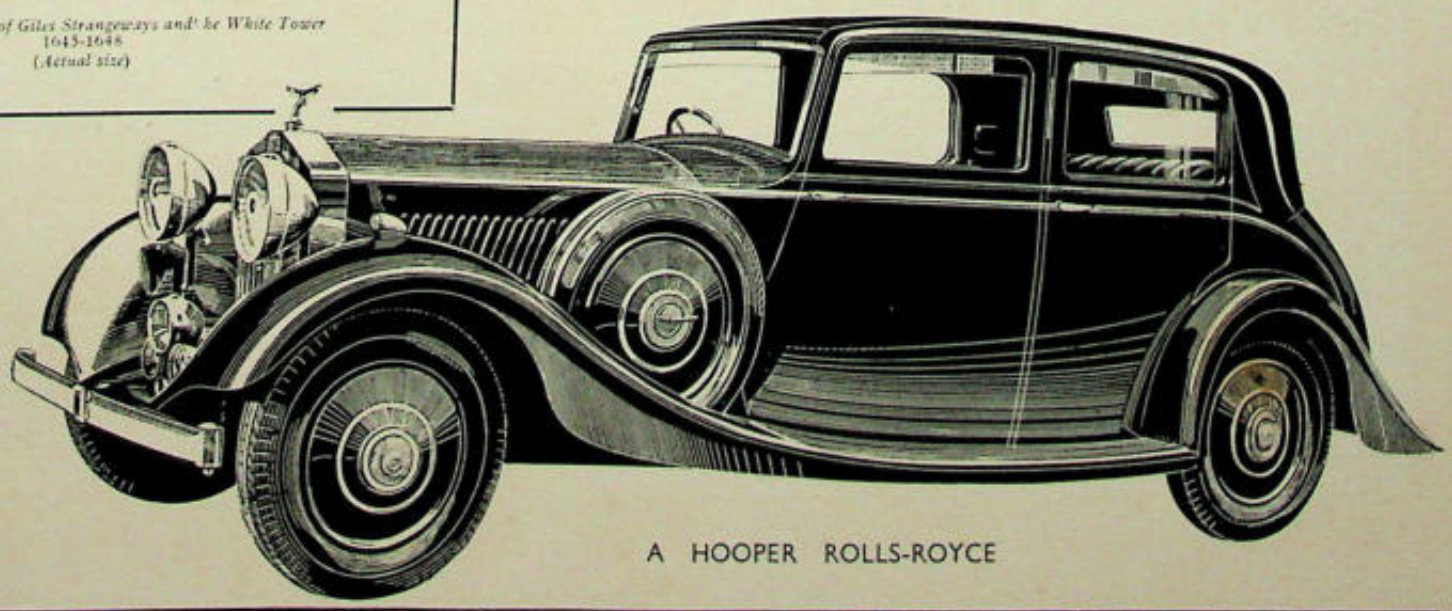

A HOOPER ROLLS-ROYCE

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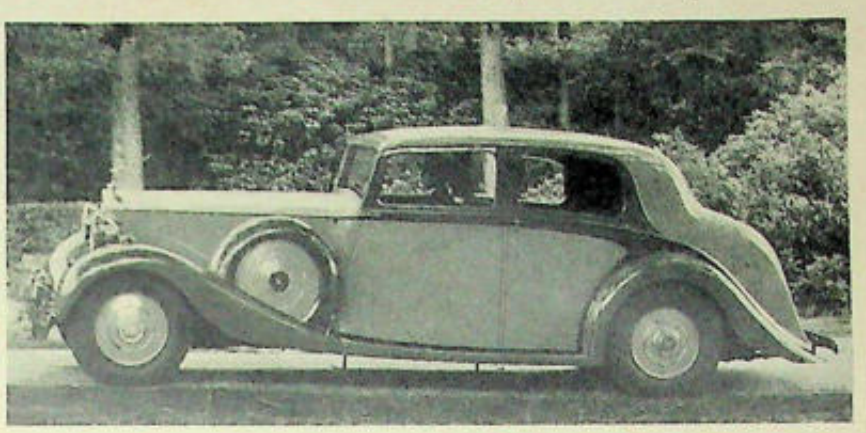
THE COACHBUILDERS' ART

To-day's Progress in Body Design

By W. G. McMINNIES

AT first sight it may seem strange, in view of the excellence of the standardised bodies turned out by the large-output car manufacturers, that a large demand also exists for specialist coachwork. The reason is that the man who spends anything from £1,000 upwards on a car often decides to have his own individual tastes and requirements incorporated in the body. The exclusiveness of the design also appeals to him, while in such matters as line, colour and comfort it is probable that feminine influence plays an important part.

A THRUPP & MABERLY FOUR-DOOR FOUR-LIGHT SALOON FITTED TO A 25/30 H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE. A DROPPING TYPE OF DIVISION IS PROVIDED BEHIND THE DRIVER



A PHANTOM III ROLLS-ROYCE SPORTS SALOON, FITTED WITH A HOOPER BODY. IT HAS A RADIO, BEAUTY PARLOUR AND COCKTAIL CABINET

For a clientele of this kind there exists a number of concerns which have long specialised in the art and craft of carriage building. They work in the closest possible co-operation with the designers of the highest grade chassis with the object of producing the most luxurious and handsome vehicles for modern road travel. In the past the body-builder had to comform to the ideas of the chassis-designer, but to-day the tables are turning, and especially in the highest grades of cars the chassis-designer is very largely influenced by considerations of the type of coachwork his chassis has to carry.

The general tendencies in exclusive coachwork are well defined. Lower frames have produced a lower roofline without reducing head room. In cases where the engine has been moved forward, extra room has been found at the rear for a luggage boot without excessive overhang. Very often the back panel or door of the boot is made to swing open to form a platform for carrying extra luggage, as on the latest Barker bodies. And sometimes when the platform is in use a metal shield is provided to protect the luggage already in the boot. Excellent examples of this idea are found on the latest coachwork by Thrupp & Maberly and Mann Egerton, among others.

Special attention is also paid to the importance of providing sufficient space for carrying golf bags, hunting boots, gun cases and sporting tackle, as on the Hooper designs. All these facilities are available within a smooth sleek contour, cleanline but not really streamline in appearance, and possessing a lighter, more thoroughbred look than the broader treatment and grosser curves that characterised some of the so-called streamline bodies of a few years ago. In this connection the well-known coachbuilders, A. J. Mulliner, consider that the cleanline design may be a stepping stone to the streamline type, although at the moment the public is not prepared to accept the latter.

A PHANTOM III ROLLS-ROYCE WITH COACHWORK BY H. R. OWEN

In this car the spare wheels are carried at the side, while the rear trunk contains three large suit cases, a hat box and a shoe box. Features incorporated in this body include electrically operated blinds, concealed radio to both front and rear compartments, adjustable driving seat and special ventilation

To obtain this cleanline effect many small details have been modified. Excrescences such as indicators, number plates and mirrors are incorporated within the body shell; hinges and luggage container handles are concealed, water gutter channels are moulded into the panel, and projections are eliminated or converted into gentle curves. These details have another advantage, for they help to reduce wind noises.

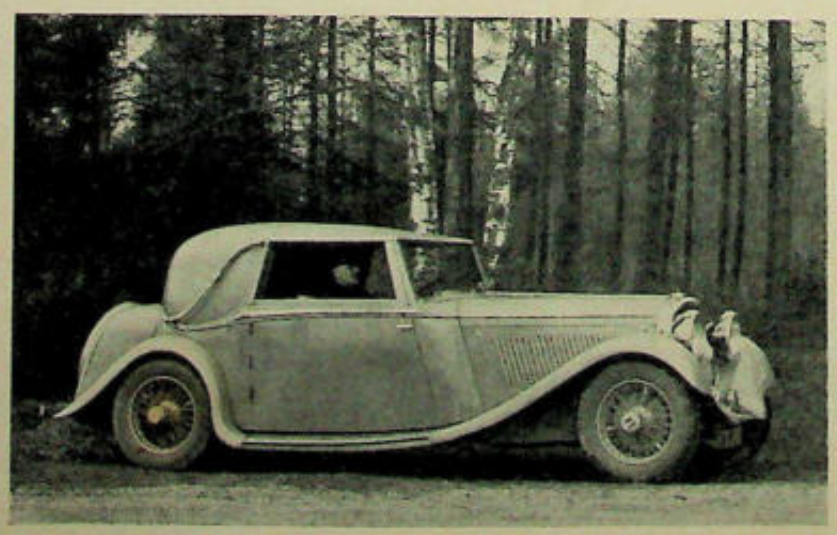
Very great strides, too, have been made in seating comfort. Vanden Plas have obtained remarkable results with Dunlopillo pneumatic upholstery and vulcanised hair, and have developed seats with adjustments for slide and angle. On other designs even the length of cushion is variable. Hoopers, too, have obtained excellent results with Dunlopillo upholstery.

Another important point is ventilation. Here opinions are divided as to what is the best type of window layout and control. Some carriage builders remain faithful to the vertically sliding panel. Others prefer a horizontal glass louvre fitted at an angle above the windows and enabling them to remain slightly open during rain, while a third class, as exemplified on the designs of H. J. Mulliner, consider that the vertically hinged swivelling panel gives the best results.

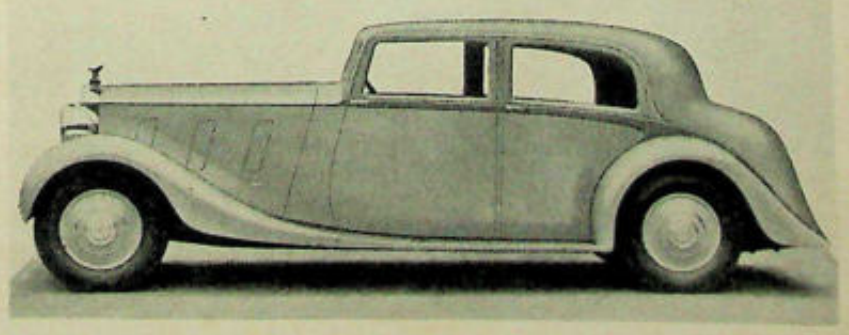
Great strides have been made with the insulation of the interior of the body from noise, engine fumes and heat. The latter are insulated from the interior not only by special blankets of material such as felt and rubber, possessing sound-deadening properties, but also by the careful filling in of all orifices through which they might enter the body. In a design by Mann & Egerton even the petrol tank filler cap is housed in a special fume-proof compartment, although the cap is fitted with a breather pipe which extends to the rearmost part of the body.

Side by side with these obvious features go many minor features which in their total make for comfort, and if neglected, for constant annoyance.

A concern like Hoopers, for instance, has gone to endless trouble to render foolproof and satisfactory in long service numerous small fittings. Sunshine roofs, screens and ventilators have been made leak-proof, wipers and indicators are designed to work all the time and not just when they think fit, windows must always slide freely even when wet, and adjustable seats must operate lightly and evenly. The same concern has investigated at considerable length the methods of reducing body resonance and the transference of road and tyre noises to the interior of the body. Although this work does not show, its results can be felt.



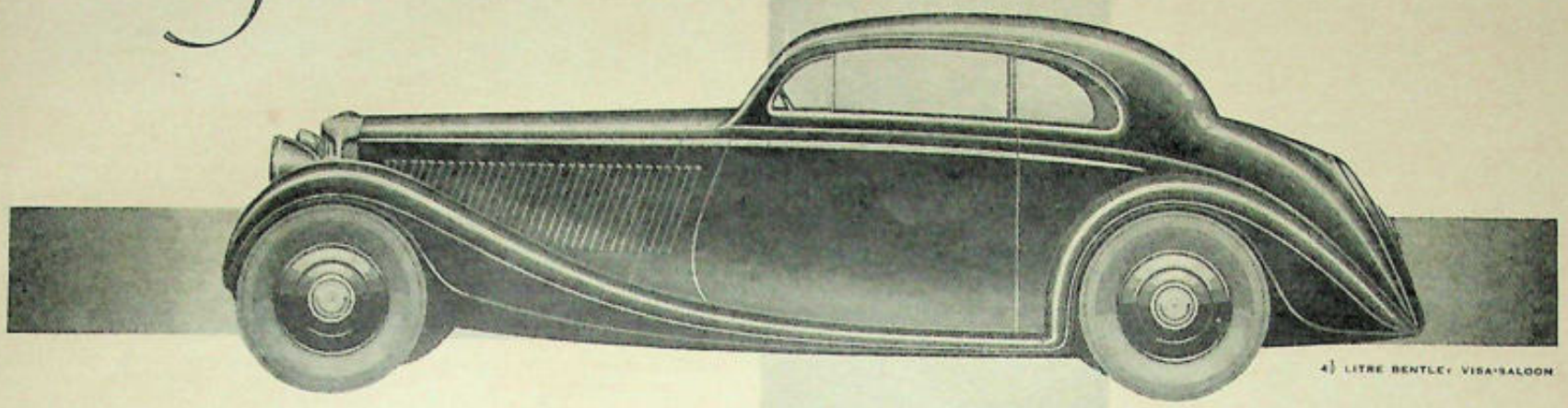
BARKER COACHWORK ON A 3½-LITRE BENTLEY



TOURING SALOON COACHWORK ON A 40/50 H.P. PHANTOM III ROLLS-ROYCE

This body is by Park Ward and gives accommodation for five. The luggage capacity consists of a large built-in trunk and, in addition, the back flap folds down to form a grid

Coachwork of TO-MORROW
For cars of TO-DAY



4½ LITRE BENTLEY VISA-SALOON

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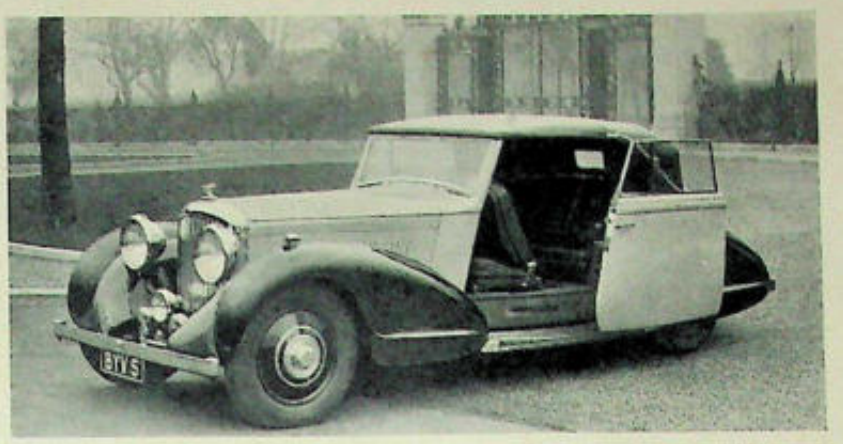
The Best of the New Sports Cars

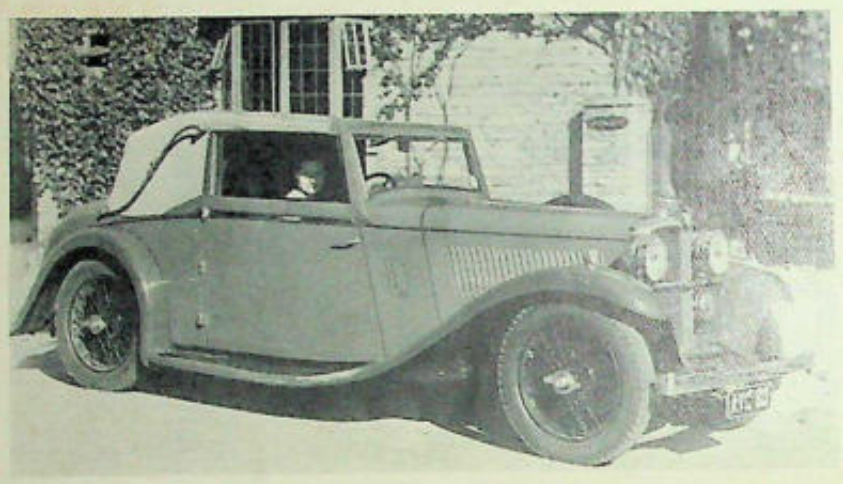
CONTRARY to the opinion held by many who are not well versed in motoring matters, the high-grade sports car is often a safer vehicle in every way than the more sedate family type of car. An entirely false impression exists in the minds of some people that a sports car is a light, flimsy vehicle with an enormous engine which snorts, bellows and belches smoke and flames. This strange idea has doubtless been gathered from reading novels produced at the beginning of this century, and can quickly be dispelled simply by showing the modern sports car to the carping critic.

To the makers of the Bentley car must be given the credit for setting the fashion for silent sports cars, producing high-grade touring cars in which full use is made of the valuable experience learnt on road and track. There are two types of M.G. available, one being the beautiful 2-litre saloon and the other the new T-type M.G. Midget. The 2-litre car is one of the most comfortable sports cars on the market, but the soft, cushioned springing in no way militates against the splendid road-holding for which M.G. cars are famous. The back seat is as comfortable as the front, which is saying a great deal, and a synchromesh easy change gearbox has now been included in the specification. This car sells at the very reasonable price of £375. The new T-type Midget is altogether a roomier car than the little car that was its predecessor. It is able to reach a speed of just on 80 m.p.h. and has a much better top gear performance and acceleration than any of the earlier models. It sells at £222.



AN INTERESTING 3½-LITRE BENTLEY COUPE

This car is fitted with an original system of patent door suspension designed by Messrs. Pass & Joyce, Ltd., to provide greater safety and convenience



THE IDEAL CAR FOR A LADY DRIVER

The Alvis "Firebird" coupé which is a leading car in modern style and elegance

From the moment that the new generation of Bentleys began to emerge from the famous Derby works of Rolls-Royce, Ltd., it was no longer "done" to drive a noisy sports car. First came the 3½-litre, a car which set new standards of silence and comfort, coupled with a really outstanding performance. Here was a really fast car, so light to handle and so easy to control that the frailest woman could drive it. About six months ago it was announced that for an extra £50 the same car could be obtained with a 4¼-litre engine. I have covered some hundreds of miles in one of these, and it would be hard to imagine a car that would better satisfy the enthusiast. With a maximum speed of well over 90 m.p.h., astonishing acceleration and the road-holding of a thoroughbred racing car, it yet remains a silent and refined carriage, extremely economical on petrol and always delightful to handle.

In a lower price category and noteworthy for many unorthodox but well-tried features in design, come the Alvis models, of which the Speed Twenty-five may be described as a typical sports example. As an open sports four-seater it is priced at £700, while the drop-head coupé or four-door saloon is listed at over £850. This car has a six-cylinder engine, slightly over 3½-litres in capacity, a four-speed all-synchromesh gear and independently-sprung front wheels. The brakes are of special design, working in 14in. drums ribbed for cooling, and the steering is of new pattern design with low pressure tyres. The shock-absorbers are finger-tip controlled, while the equipment is extremely complete.

M.G. sports cars have long since made their name by a striking series of successes in racing and record-breaking. At the moment the manufacturers have given up racing in order to devote their energies to producing high-grade touring cars in which full use is made of the valuable experience learnt on road and track. There are two types of M.G. available, one being the beautiful 2-litre saloon and the other the new T-type M.G. Midget. The 2-litre car is one of the most comfortable sports cars on the market, but the soft, cushioned springing in no way militates against the splendid road-holding for which M.G. cars are famous. The back seat is as comfortable as the front, which is saying a great deal, and a synchromesh easy change gearbox has now been included in the specification. This car sells at the very reasonable price of £375. The new T-type Midget is altogether a roomier car than the little car that was its predecessor. It is able to reach a speed of just on 80 m.p.h. and has a much better top gear performance and acceleration than any of the earlier models. It sells at £222.

There is a certain type of driver known as the "big car" man, and to him the 4½-litre Lagonda is a vehicle that will appeal strongly. This fine, upstanding car, dignified in appearance, is capable of an extremely satisfying performance. It gives one the impression that it has been built firstly to conform to certain ideals in quality and sound engineering practice and that the price has been fixed afterwards. With an engine developing considerably over 100 h.p., a four-speed gear with right-hand change and large diameter wheels, it is a grand car for covering great distances up the Great North Road or on the straight, tree-lined roads of France. The steering is delightfully accurate and the brakes powerful and smooth. The springing is such that the car comes definitely into the luxury class, in spite of the suspension being so firm that there is no perceptible rolling on corners or bouncing on bad roads.

The Railton is one of the most interesting sports cars yet produced, for while selling at a moderate price it has an altogether remarkable performance. This has been obtained by the simple process of eliminating all unnecessary weight, just as the athlete strips for the struggle. As a result, the Railton has extremely powerful top gear acceleration and hill climbing, gradients of 1 in 6 or so being easily climbed at a crawl on top gear by standard saloons. There is also a very light doorless sports model, capable of something like 110 m.p.h. and with a performance that can only be described as electrifying.

"A SPORTS MODEL WHICH HAS WON ITS SPURS"

The S.S. Jaguar 2½-litre saloon which is priced at £385

One of the best-looking medium-priced cars of the day is the S.S. Jaguar—a sports model which has definitely won its spurs, and which gave adequate proof of its worth in the recent International Alpine Trial, when the open edition put up the best performance of any car in the 3-litre class in the face of strong Continental opposition. The design is on orthodox lines, with a six-cylinder, overhead-valve engine and synchromesh four-speed gear, half-elliptic springs all round and large-diameter brakes. Its road-holding qualities must be experienced to be believed, yet this stability is not obtained at the expense of comfort.

The Rapier is a small sports car with a very exceptional performance. The capacity is just over 1,100 c.c. and the rating is only 9.6 h.p., but properly conducted tests have shown that the standard model is capable of nearly 82 m.p.h. and will reach 60 m.p.h. from rest in just over 20 seconds. The braking qualities are amazing, for a Rapier car is brought to rest from a speed of 30 m.p.h. in only 24ft. In chassis form this car sells at £270, while it makes a very attractive four-seater tourer at £375, the saloon being £415. In supercharged form a speed of 90 m.p.h. is possible, while 60 m.p.h. can be reached from a standstill in 12⅝ seconds. The four-seater tourer with supercharged engine costs £435.

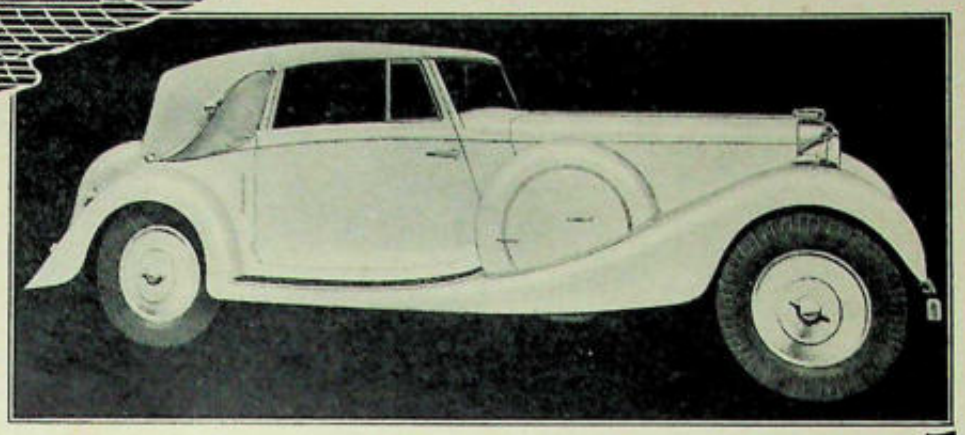
Aston Martin cars first made their reputation soon after the War and have continued to enjoy a splendid name for excellence of manufacture and high performance. The 2-litre model is one of the most interesting this concern has yet produced; rated at 15.09 h.p., it has overhead valves and camshaft and two S.U. carburetors. The gearbox has synchromesh on second, third and top gears and is centrally controlled. The rear shock-absorbers are controllable from the driving seat and the specification generally is of the best possible quality. The normal saloon costs £595, while an extremely attractive open four-seater is available at £575. The "Speed" model is particularly interesting and sells at £775. This has higher gear ratios than the standard model and special dry sump lubrication system with two gear-type pumps.

Mercedes-Benz is a name to conjure with; ever since the earliest days cars of this make have represented the finest German practice. The amazing successes of Mercedes-Benz cars in recent motor races have provided a wealth of experience, as a result of which the standard products have been still further improved. The sports model is the type "500" supercharged Straight Eight. The engine has now been increased in capacity to 5.4-litres, although the design is similar to that of the 5-litre models. The new engine develops 115 h.p. without a supercharger and 180 h.p. when this is in action, so that speeds in excess of 100 m.p.h. can be easily and quickly reached. An interesting feature is the synchronised four-speed gearbox with a semi-automatic, pre-selective change between third and top. The road-holding is outstandingly good and some very fine new coachwork has been evolved for this chassis. Regardless of the style of the body, the price is in each case £1,890.

"A BEAUTIFUL 2-LITRE SALOON"

This M.G. four-door saloon, which sells at £375, *is one of the most comfortable sports cars on the market*

LAGONDA



An Invitation

Shortly after the Motor Show a representative of the firm will be making a tour of England and Scotland in the new season's 1937 model Lagonda and would be pleased to hear from anyone residing in areas not covered by a local Distributor, who would be interested to try this—Mr. W. O. Bentley's latest design—entirely without obligation.

A postcard or telephone call will enable us to fix an appointment when the car is in your district.

GAFFIKIN WILKINSON & CO., LTD.

(Distributors and Retailers for the past 9 years.)

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ask for Mr. Edwards

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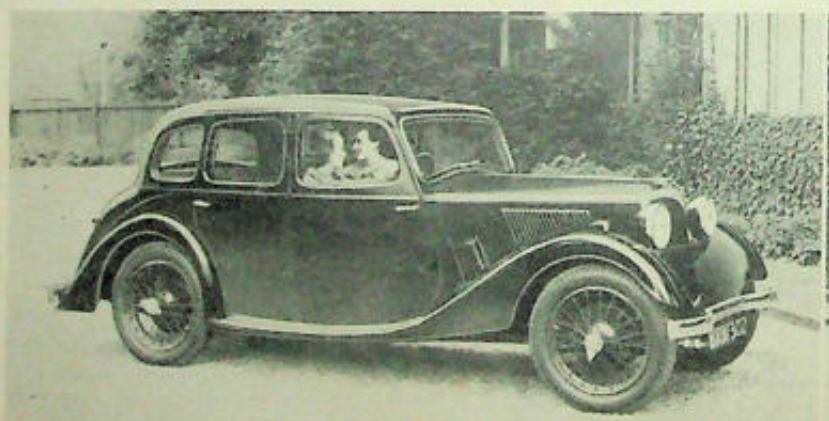
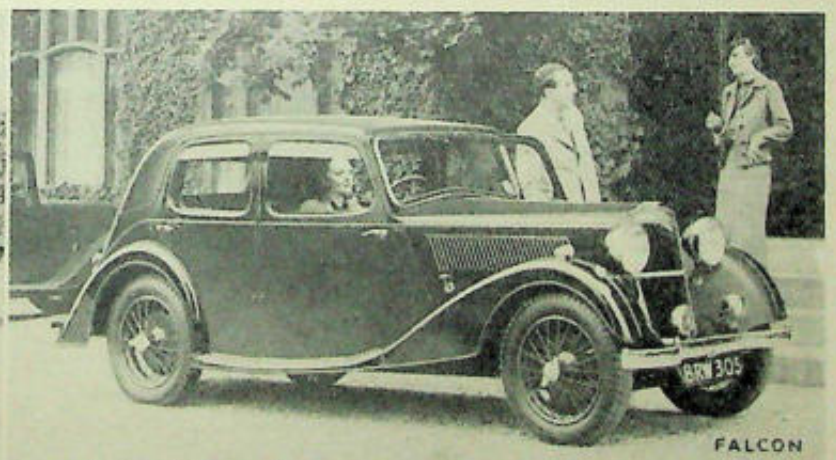


MONACO



FALCON

CHOICE OF THE CHOICEST

It's already fairly certain that we shall sell a lot of (a) 9 h.p. Monacos and (b) 1½ Litre Falcons, but we might just as well admit that we don't know which of the two we shall sell most of.

Of course, the ''Nine'' has tradition behind it, stability of price, economy of running, and a soundish reputation—bit of a halo, in fact.

The 1½ Litre, on the other hand, being a ''Twelve'' costs a little more to tax and run, and £17 more to buy; but for that you get a slightly better flat-out speed, a bit more power on the hills, a bit more zip at the traffic lights, and a bit more room for the family.

In a way, we're rather glad we're selling them instead of buying them (that sounds rather on the honest side, don't you think?) because we wouldn't know which to choose. Possibly we'd buy a five-seater Riley Adelphi, or even another make altogether.

The Riley Range

9 h.p. Merlin Saloon £275
9 h.p. Monaco Saloon £298
1½ litre Falcon Saloon £315
1½ litre Adelphi Saloon £350
6 cyl. Adelphi Saloon £380
8 cyl. Adelphi Saloon £450
1½ litre Kestrel Saloon £350

Dunlop Tyres and Triplex Glass

RILEY (Coventry) LTD. COVENTRY

ROUND THE STANDS AT OLYMPIA

Cars Which Should Not Be Missed by Prospective Owners

FEW motorists other than the perfervid enthusiasts will even attempt conscientiously to wander round Olympia, examining every car on every stand. The average visitor will content himself with picking out from the catalogue some of the more famous makes and looking first at what these makers have to show.

Rolls-Royce, one of the best-known names in the world, stands for all that is best in automobile construction. On their stand at Olympia these famous manufacturers are showing two of the wonderful Phantom III twelve-cylinder limousines, and two limousines on the smaller chassis, respectively the 20/25 h.p. and the 25/30 h.p. six-cylinder models. The Phantom III has an engine rated at 50.7 h.p. and has an easy-change gearbox giving four forward speeds and reverse, all of which are silent. Despite the larger size of the engine compared with the Phantom II, the overall dimensions of the car are slightly less and the steering lock, through independent front springing, is exceptional.

One of the Phantom III's has a striking Hooper enclosed limousine body seating six or seven persons, including the driver; it is cellulosed black with a fine white line, and upholstered in cloth in the main compartment, while the driver's compartment is in black leather upholstery. Complete in every detail, this magnificent car is priced at £2,605. The other Phantom III has a Barker touring limousine body seating five. This has a dropping partition behind the driver and is cellulosed light green with green leather upholstery. This car has a neat built-in luggage container fitted with suitcases and there is an auxiliary luggage platform concealed when not in use. This car sells at £2,650.

The 20/25 h.p. has a Thrupp and Maberly enclosed limousine body and is listed at £1,572, while the beautiful grey Park Ward touring limousine on the 25/30 h.p. chassis is priced at £1,767.

No fewer than six cars are being shown on the Daimler stand, ranging from the "Fifteen" saloon at £465 to the "Straight Eight" 32 h.p. limousine at £1,510. One of the most interesting new models is the light limousine at £795, a dignified carriage painted dark blue with a black top. There is a "Fifteen" sports saloon, as well as the Light Twenty in saloon and sports saloon form. The Light Straight Eight sports saloon, which sells at £995, is an impressive fast car capable of a speed of 90 m.p.h. Most of the coachwork is by Daimler except that of the Straight Eight limousine, which has a seven-seater body by Hooper & Co., cellulosed maroon with a thin red line. With luggage grid folded, this impressive car is 17ft. long.

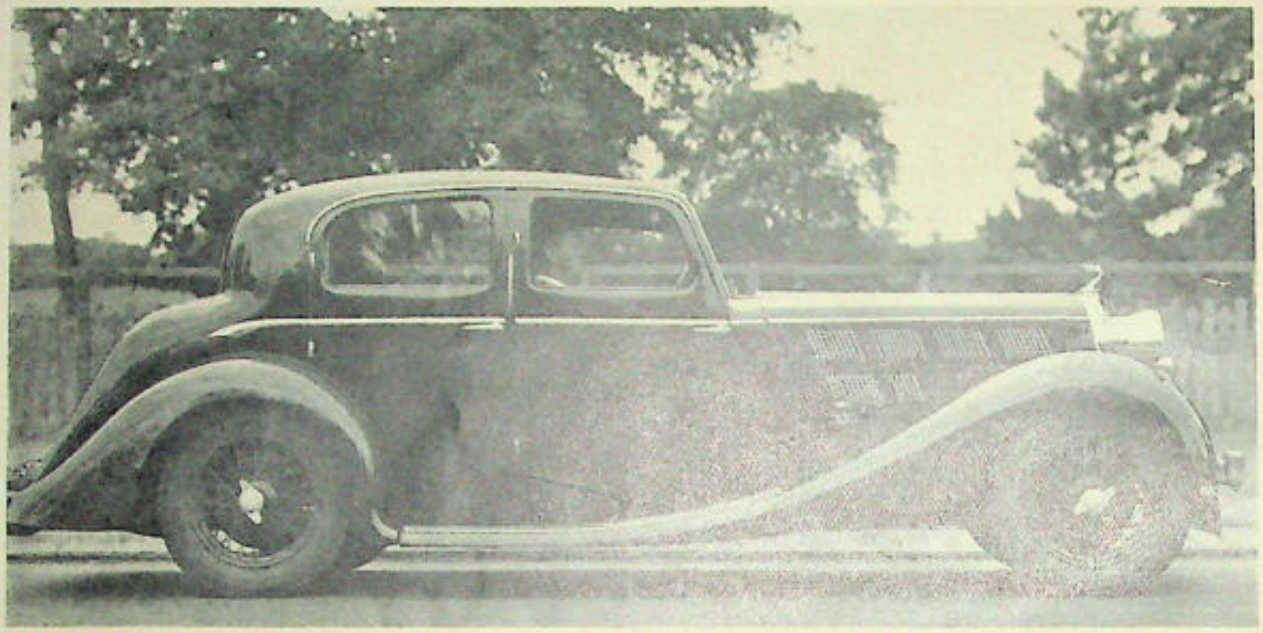
Five models grace the Lanchester stand, ranging from the 11 h.p. saloon to the Lanchester Eighteen. The 11 h.p. four-cylinder is an improved edition of its predecessor, the Lanchester Ten, and has a four-cylinder engine with Daimler fluid flywheel transmission and self-changing gear. A newcomer is the Lanchester Fourteen "Roadrider" saloon, which sells complete at £330. This has a six-cylinder engine, and the usual Daimler transmission with final drive by underslung worm. In common with the "Roadrider" sports saloon and coupé and the 11 h.p. saloon, the body is by Mulliners. Finally there is the Lanchester Eighteen saloon with a new frontal appearance and many other improvements, which now sells complete at £595.

Eight cars figure on the Talbot stand, while another eight are scattered about the coachbuilders' and garage equipment section. On the makers' own stand are two of the attractive little 10 h.p. Talbots with four-cylinder engines and easy-change synchro-mesh gears. One is a sports saloon painted in the Talbot Gun finish, while the other is a red sports tourer. The well-known and well-tried "75" is shown as a six-light saloon, and has a ruby-coloured sports body. The equally famous "105" model is shown as a six-light saloon in the Talbot Gun finish, and is equipped with a pre-selector gearbox, while the very fast 3½-litre is shown as a speed saloon and a speed tourer, the bodies being finished in a scintillating "steel dust" shade. The exhibit is completed by a roomy and dignified black 24 h.p. limousine.

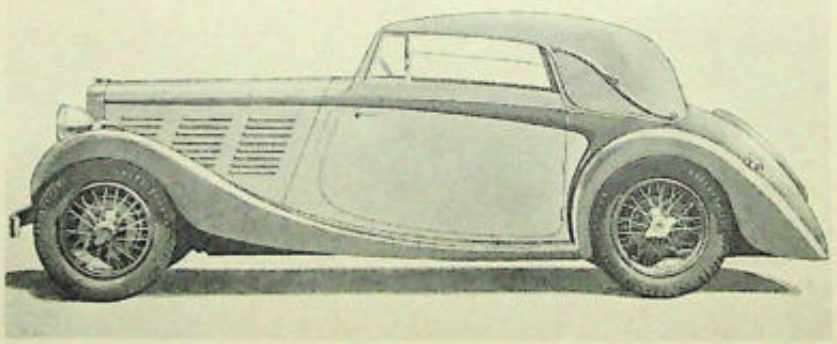
There are eight cars also on the Triumph stand, ranging from the Gloria saloon at £268 to the Continental 2-litre saloon at £368. The latter is similar in design to the larger Dolomite, though it has a more conventional type of radiator. The Dolomites themselves are large cars of roomy design distinguished by a special type of radiator grille. Two examples are shown of the 14/68 Vitesse, which, at its first attempt on the Alpine Trial, secured a Coupe des Glaciers. This is an interesting car which is capable of over 80 m.p.h., and has a four-cylinder engine of 1,767 c.c., and sells at the moderate price of £318.

Crossley exhibits comprise examples of the 10 h.p. "Four" and the 12 h.p. Six "Regis" saloons, and a 3-litre sports saloon, all being fitted with Crossley coachwork. The 10 h.p. "Regis" four-cylinder sells at £335; while the 12 h.p. six-cylinder car is priced at £365. Features common to both these models are low level frames, pre-selective, self-changing gears, with automatic centrifugal clutch, underslung springs inside the frame, draught-less ventilation and self-energising four-wheel brakes. The same body is fitted to both chassis, and is lavishly equipped. The 3-litre sports saloon also has a self-changing pre-selective gearbox and an extremely substantial frame and sells at £795.

The new Buicks as shown at Olympia has improved appearance,

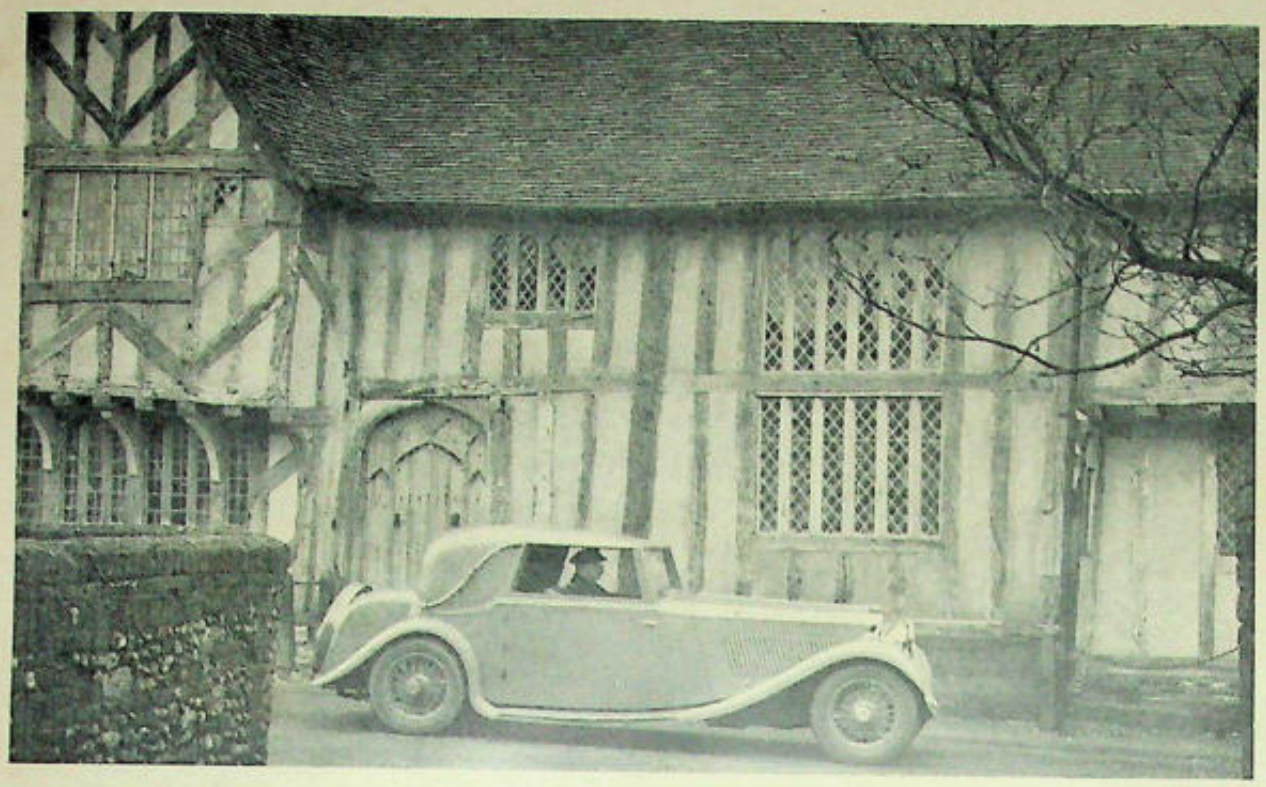


THE 2-LITRE TRIUMPH "CONTINENTAL" SALOON PRICED AT £368



THE BRITISH SALMSON—A PRODUCT OF FINE WORKMANSHIP
This 12 h.p. four-cylinder coupé has quarter-elliptic rear springs and independent front-wheel suspension

A CANADIAN CHEVROLET SALOON NEAR BLANDFORD
This car is a 26.7 h.p. machine costing £338



A 3½-LITRE BENTLEY OUTSIDE ONE OF THE FINE OLD BUILDINGS AT LAVENHAM, SUFFOLK

roomier bodies, better draughtless ventilation and larger capacity luggage trunks. In addition, there is double-adjustment front seating, greater comfort in the rear seats and twin stabilisers, while the power output of the engine has been increased and a new automatic choke fitted. These features are, of course, in addition to the already well-known Buick characteristics of an oil-cushioned O.H.V. engine, hydraulic brakes, knee-action springing, silent synchro-mesh transmission and turret steel roof.

The front end of the new model has been entirely redesigned and the radiator and grille moved well forward over the vertical centreline of the wheels. The bodies are roomier on account of additional head room and increased width being provided, but the overall height is no greater. The doors also are higher, making it easier to enter or leave the car.

An interesting feature is that the front seats of the saloon can be adjusted for height as well as in a backward and forward direction, while the angle of the back squab is automatically changed with each fore or aft adjustment. Thus the seat back is almost vertical at the extreme forward setting and is tilted towards the rear at the extreme rear setting. All Buick models have eight-cylinder engines and the remarkable speed of 97 m.p.h. is claimed for the model "60," which has a 10ft. 6in. wheelbase.

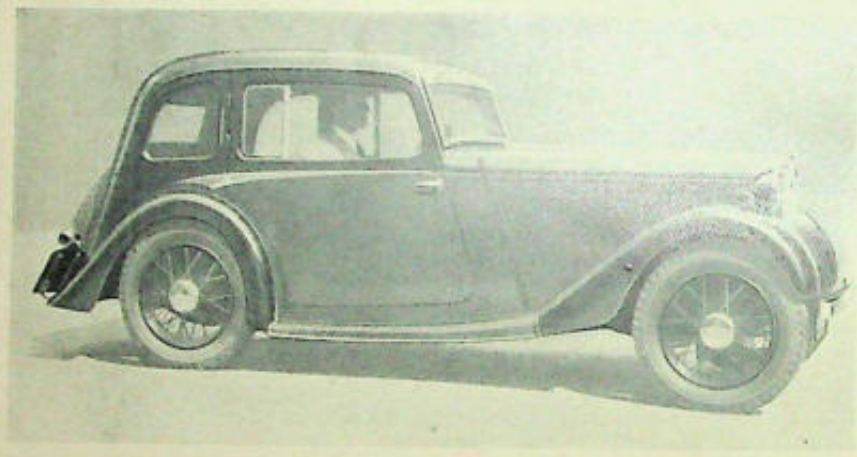
Several attractive cars of typical transatlantic design are shown on the Hudson stand. The Hudson "Eight" has many remarkable features, including an "electric hand" control, which consists of a tiny gear lever working in a minute gate just below the steering wheel. This gives a certain amount of pre-selection. The ordinary gear lever can be screwed in and used if required.

Stability has been increased by the provision of radius rods for the front axle, which allow the springs to fulfil their function without taking any steering stresses, while the steering and braking systems have both been improved. As a safeguard against the hydraulic brakes failing, there is a mechanical operation for the rear brakes from the same pedal.

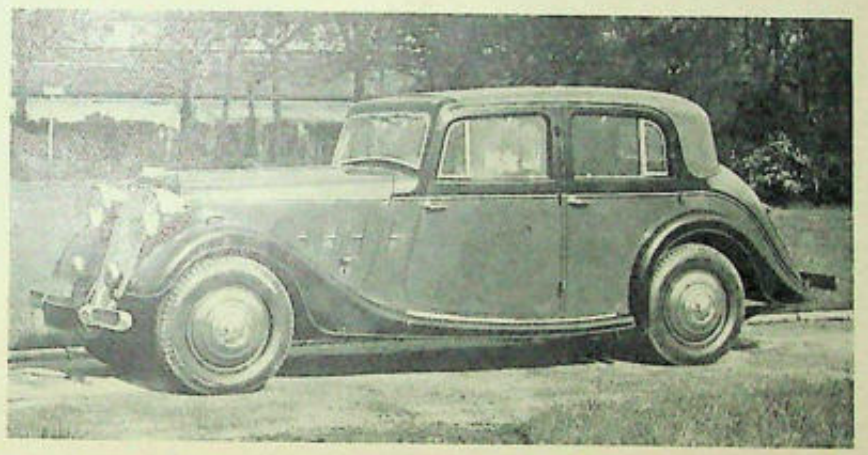
While the standard coachwork is very attractive, there are also some fine English bodies to be obtained on the Hudson chassis. The Tickford cabriolet, for instance, costing £585. The lowest-priced Hudson "Eight" is the Victoria coupé at £390; while the least expensive car in the range is the Terraplane, which is rated at 16.9 h.p., costing £285 in coupé form.

Some very attractive coachwork is to be found on the British Salmson, which is available both as a 12 h.p. four-cylinder and as a 14 h.p. four-cylinder, while there is also the 2½-litre six-cylinder model. The new four-cylinder chassis follows the main lines of the six-cylinder model and has quarter-elliptic rear springs and independent front wheel suspension. These cars are remarkable for their neat design, every detail, including the wiring, being laid out as on the highest class British products. This is not surprising, since the makers of British Salmson Aero Engines, Ltd., manufacture aero engines for the Government and the same qualities of accuracy and fine workmanship are devoted to the products of their cars.

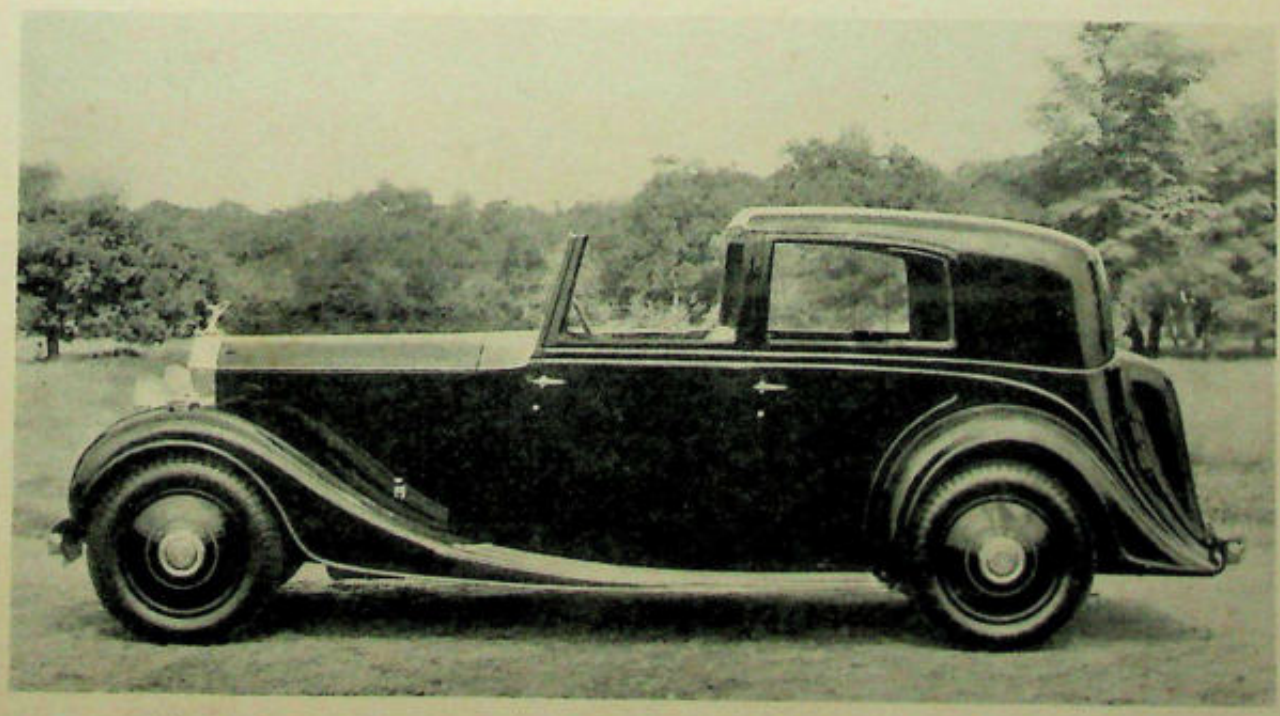
For the man of moderate means the range of Singer cars are of interest, ranging as they do from the economical Bantam Saloon at £132 10s., to the 16 h.p. six-cylinder car at £295. This firm are showing seven of their thirteen models at Olympia, and these include the 9 h.p. coupé illustrated on this page and a 12 h.p saloon priced at £225. This car has a four-speed synchro-mesh gearbox, and the makers claim an unusually good performance on top gear which will simplify driving a great deal.



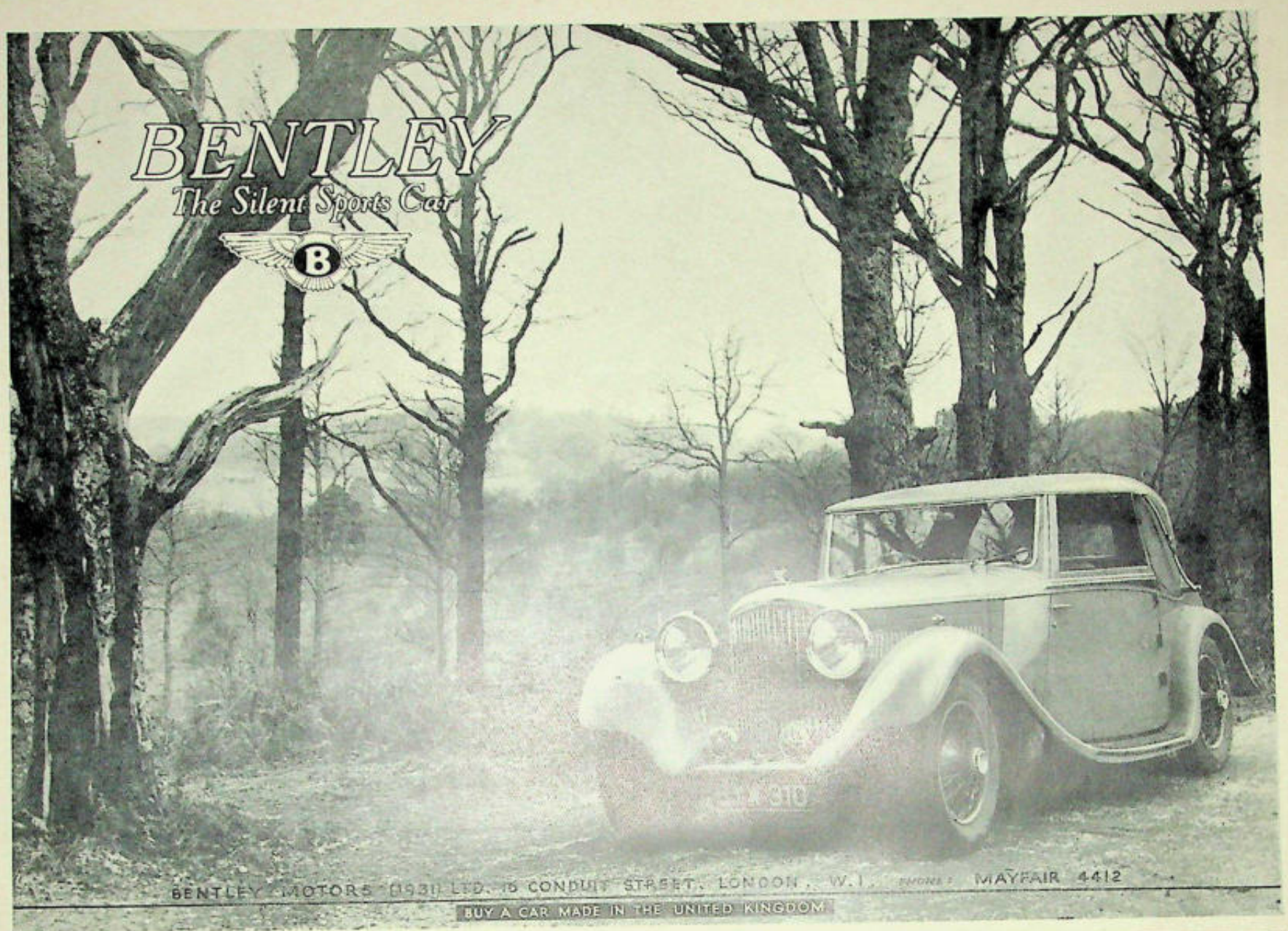
THE SINGER NINE COUPÉ—A LIGHT CAR OF CHARACTER
The Nine Coupé, which sells at £159 10s., is a vehicle which should attract the man of modest means, for it combines an attractive body with a very efficient engine



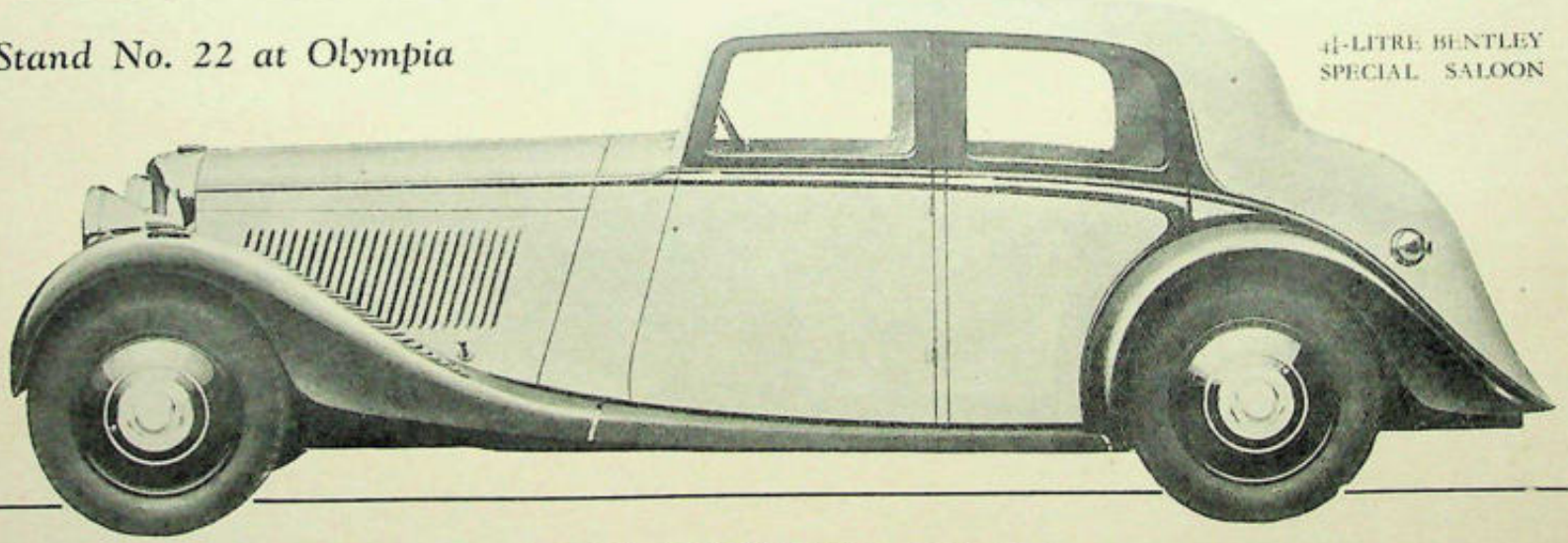
ONE OF THE WELL-EQUIPPED CROSSLEY "REGIS" SALOONS
The same body is fitted to both the 10 h.p. Four and the 12 h.p. Six "Regis" Saloons. The price of the former is £335 and that of the latter £365



ONE OF THE LATEST 25/30 H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE CHASSIS WITH SEDANCA DE VILLE BODY
This new and distinguished-looking coachwork is by H. J. Mulliner & Co., while the car, which has recently been purchased by Captain G. E. Bowman, was supplied by the Car Mart Ltd., of Park Lane



Stand No. 22 at Olympia



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How often does one hear those words of praise . . . Appreciation of perfect coachwork—superb design and skilled craftsmanship? Park Ward coachwork of patent all-steel construction, recognisable by its grace and dignity of line and the completeness of its equipment. A combination of good looks, sound construction and luxurious comfort compelling admiration from the most critical. "A beautiful Car" . . . A compliment to its owner and to . . .

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BRITISH CARS OVERSEAS

How the Removal of Horse-power Obstacles has Benefited the Trade

THE NEW AUSTIN SEVEN
A popular car both in England and overseas

TO-DAY there is no reason why those living overseas should not invest in a British-built car. It is true that the old grumbles of lack of service facilities, insufficient ground clearance and cooling still linger in some people's minds, but the truth is that all these disadvantages have been eliminated for some years. And the result is that the British-built car is to-day, in its class, unequalled.

This state of affairs has come about largely owing to the initiative of some of the captains of the motor industry, men like Lord Nuffield, of the Morris, Wolseley and M.G. concerns, and W. E. Rootes, of the Humber-Hillman combine, who have taken the trouble to study overseas motoring conditions and requirements on the spot. The latter, for instance, only recently returned from a six months' 25,000-miles world tour, in the course of which he visited Egypt, India and the Far East.

Lord Nuffield's world tours resulted in the grouping of the overseas sales organisations of the various makes he controls under the heading of Morris Industry Exports, Ltd., which move has already been of enormous benefit to users of Morris, Wolseley and M.G. cars overseas.

The better appreciation of the overseas owners' requirements is reflected in improved sales. For the first six months of 1936, car exports increased generally by nearly 6 per cent. In the same period, Humber-Hillman exports compared with the same period, and last year, increased by 54 per cent., while the exports of the Minx, the smallest model of this range, increased by 75 per cent. The Morris group reflects the same splendid advance and for the twelve months ending July, 1936, have increased sales by over 30 per cent. when compared with the previous twelve months' overseas trading.

It is generally agreed that the British Empire forms by far the best market for British-built cars. There, in spite of complicated and high tariffs in Australia, a duty of 30 per cent. into India, and no preference into South Africa, steady progress has been made. Cars like the Vauxhall, which during the last few years has had an amazing vogue in England, and the Armstrong Siddeley, famous the world over for its pioneering and perfection of the self-changing gear and pre-selection control, have both obtained a firm footing in the markets. Both these concerns appreciate what an important bearing good after-sales service and the adequate supply of spare parts have on the development of business overseas. In their most important markets, Armstrong Siddeley have for years established their own service organisation, and in South Africa, for instance, there are Armstrong Siddeley depôts in the three largest cities, *staffed by their own personnel*, and run in the same way as the company's depôts in this country. Incidentally, their most popular type is the "Twelve-Plus," known overseas as the "Fourteen-Forty-Five."

The economy and handiness of the small- and medium-powered British-built cars, which is almost a speciality of the country, is being more and more widely appreciated. In India, which is still a 40 per cent. British car market, nearly all the British cars are small ones. Vauxhalls, too, find that New Zealand, South Africa, and other parts of the world are realising the special merits of light types of car and that even in Australia, which is one of the slowest markets to come to this way of thinking, this demand is increasing and will be assisted by the recently imposed weight basis duty.

The economy in fuel which results from light weight and a more compact design, is a particularly strong selling point in these countries, where petrol costs from two to two and a-half times what it does in England. In some Continental countries revenue is derived from fuel taxes and there the small British car with its proved economy in consumption enjoys an increasing vogue. Then, too, in countries like New Zealand, where distances to be covered are comparatively short and road conditions good, the small car is again to the fore.

Austins have actually started selling cars in certain of the South American countries, such as the Argentine, Uruguay and Chile. In all colonies, and especially in India, this make has made substantial progress, due no doubt to the fact that the dependability of this car is becoming as well known overseas as it is in this country. Further, the improved, cleanline modern coachwork on the designs introduced recently are sure to result in a further extension of sales.

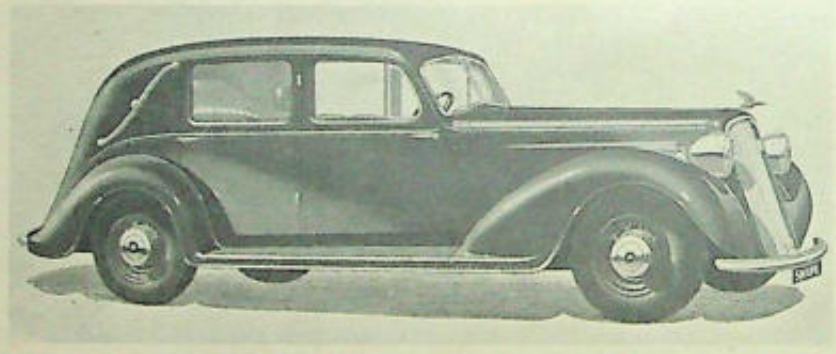
The reason why most of the overseas business in British cars is confined to medium- and lower-powered models is that the American production of cars, mostly large ones in our eyes, is ten times as large as ours, and for this reason can be produced at a lower price. It is obvious, therefore, that our makers are wise to concentrate chiefly on other types possessing a special appeal such as economy, easy handling and simple maintenance.

But from this it must not be thought that it is only the smaller type of British car which is selling overseas. There is also a well-defined effort to provide larger and more powerful vehicles for rougher types of road and longer distances such as are encountered in Australia, the Far East, and Africa. For these conditions such cars as the big Morrises, Wolseleys, Humbers and Hillmans, the last two with their independent front wheel suspension, are eminently suitable.

Carrying capacity is another important feature in these countries, for not only does an owner take his personal luggage in his car, but quite probably his bed and camping equipment. For this reason the increased attention being paid to the design of luggage containers, some with doors which can be converted into platforms for the accommodation of extra luggage, should be noted.

To-day there is no marked trend towards real streamlining. But there is a noticeable endeavour to clean up the lines of a car and make its appearance sleeker and neater as a whole. This tendency to cleanline coachwork not only enhances the graceful, flowing effect of the whole car, but has two other important advantages. First, its smooth broad surfaces do not seem to attract the dirt and dust as previous designs did, and secondly when dirty they are washed much more easily. Then, too, these makers who are looking to world markets for the expansion of their business have designed their coachwork on lines that will be acceptable to the eyes of their buyers overseas. This does not mean that they have in any way abandoned what the Englishman considers good taste and graceful lines in carriage-work. Rather have they adapted typical British coachwork to what one may call a more international form. Good examples of this kind of development are afforded by the Vauxhall, Humber, Hillman, Morris and new Austin bodies.

At one time what were called overseas models differed in certain respects from cars intended for the home market. To-day, a car has to be built for service in most parts of the world. Doubtless the fact that even British motorists travel so far afield may have had something to do with this. But anyhow, a good British chassis is as good as anything in its class and the only alterations that are sometimes made are minor ones to suit special conditions. An example of this is afforded by the Morris Eight which can be had with left-hand steering, an amendment which has been responsible for considerably increased sales in countries where left-hand drive is customary.



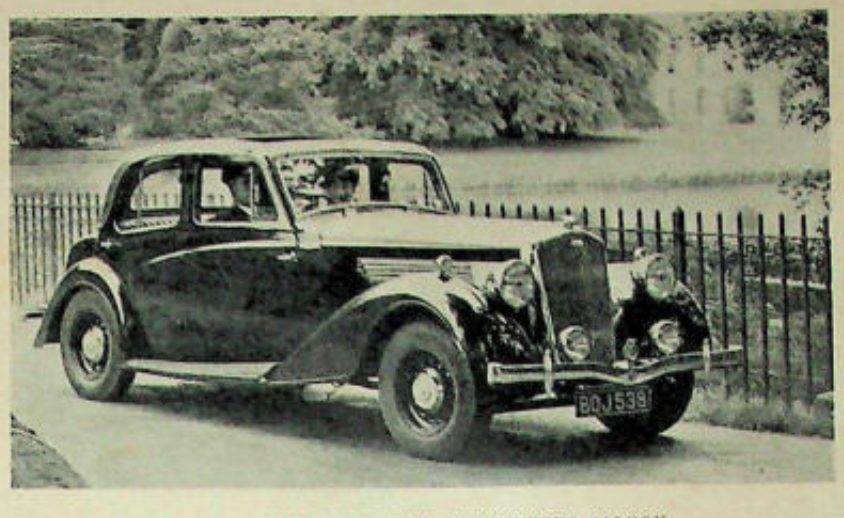
THE HUMBER SNIPE FOUR LIGHT SALOON
With independent front wheel springing this car is well suited to rough roads

THE MORRIS TWENTY-ONE AND TWENTY-FIVE H.P. SALOON
An example of the adaptation of typical British coachwork to more international form

THE VAUXHALL "25" — DESIGNED TO MEET WORLD COMPETITION
It has independent front wheel springing and costs £298

CARS FOR THE FAMILY MAN

Reliability and Comfort at a Moderate Price



THE 25 H.P. WOLSELEY SPORTSMAN'S SALOON

This car has a four-door body with ample luggage accommodation, and although it is capable of speeds of over 80 m.p.h., it is an excellent town car. The price is £425

WHAT are the qualities of the family car? That it should be roomy goes without saying; it should have ample luggage space, so that the family can be taken away for its holiday complete with all its paraphernalia. It should be comfortable, easy to drive, and essentially reliable. Speed is a secondary consideration, though power on hills is an advantage. Economy is important, and instantaneous starting from cold all the year round is essential.

Really large cars are now becoming so inexpensive that purchase price is consequently a consideration which is of less account. Running expenses, on the other hand, are important, and though a family man with a moderate income could probably quite well afford to purchase one of the new 25 h.p. cars, he may not feel justified in paying the higher taxation, insurance and fuel bills.

Most of the manufacturers of the sort of car we are discussing cater for a wide range of possible purchasers. Take Vauxhalls, for instance. The well-tried Light Sixes, of which over 50,000 have been sold, are now known as the 12 h.p. and 14 h.p. models. Although economical to run and inexpensive to maintain, they yet provide sufficient room for most people. Where a full-sized car, however, is essential, there is the new Vauxhall Twenty-five, a low-priced car (it sells at only £298) with a top speed of 80 m.p.h. and acceleration and top gear hill climbing to compare with that of powerful transatlantic products. The smaller Vauxhalls can be purchased from £195 upwards, and have many characteristics which appeal to the man with a family.

The Vauxhall Twenty-Five has been built to meet family requirements in every part of the world. It is a full-sized, full-width car and the seats will consequently take three abreast in comfort. It has the characteristic Vauxhall features of no-draught ventilation, body-conformity seating, independent front springing, and so on. The top gear performance for which this car is remarkable makes it a very suitable car for the family man, for petrol consumption is kept down and acceleration and hill-climbing are little affected by the number of passengers carried.

An excellent range of medium-priced cars, appealing to the man to whom price is not of primary consideration, is provided by the eight Rover cars. The Ten saloon sells at £248, and should suit the small family very well. It is taxed at only £8 5s. a year, and is very economical on petrol. The free-wheel, which is incorporated in the gearbox, not only provides an easy, clutchless gear-change, but effects a large economy in petrol and oil if used constantly. The gearbox gives four speeds, with silent second, third and top. The appearance of the Rover Ten has been improved for the coming season, and it may be described as a very good-looking example of its type.

For those who want a bit more power and slightly more room there is the Rover Twelve, taxed at only £9 per annum. This has a very handsome body with a neat rear quarter carrying an enormous amount of luggage. The Sixteen, incidentally, is a new model with a slightly wider track than the Fourteen. The engine is of over 2-litres capacity and certainly gives a much improved top-gear performance.

In each class, by the way, there is a normal saloon and a sports-type saloon except in the case of the Ten, which is not made as a sports model, and the Speed Twenty, which is not made as a family type. The Sixteen saloon, which seems assured of a good future as a family car, sells at £345, the Twelve being priced at £285 and the Fourteen at £305.

The Morris range consists pre-eminently of family cars. At one end of the scale there is the "Twenty-Five," a large car that will go anywhere and do anything, while a comparative newcomer is the Morris "Fourteen," which has practically the same roomy coachwork as the Big Sixes, but which is powered by an engine of more modest size. The spring-base is very wide indeed, so that there is no tendency to roll on corners in spite of the springing being delightfully soft. The Eight, Ten and Twelve are four-cylinder cars, while the Fourteen, Sixteen, Eighteen, Twenty-One and Twenty-Five are six-cylinder jobs.

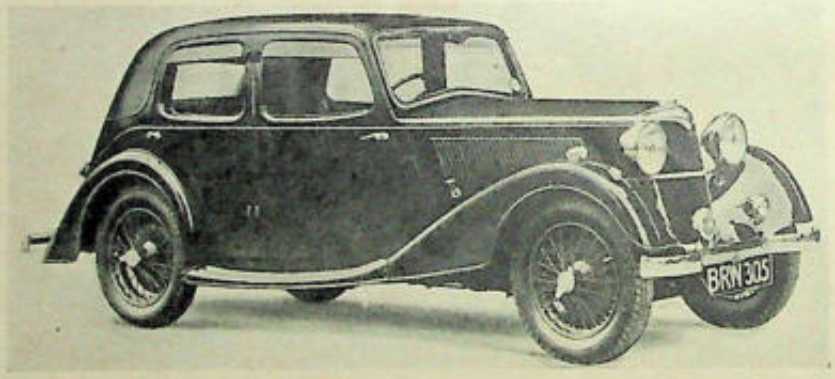
Although promulgated as publicity matter, the Austin catchword, "Invest in an Austin," concisely expresses the way these cars maintain their value. They are thoroughly sound cars with a good performance, intended for hard wear and designed for comfort as well as outside appearance. Side-valve engines and four-speed gears are features of all models, though on the Eighteen the Hayes automatic gear change is available. There is the new Austin "Fourteen," which is in some respects a re-designed edition of the famous "Sixteen," having the same size engine (15.9 h.p.) in spite of its denomination. Pressed steel wheels with large-section tyres and much more powerful brakes are among the many detail improvements and innovations for the coming season. The Austin range is extremely complete and extends from the famous "Seven" to the six-cylinder 20 h.p. limousines.

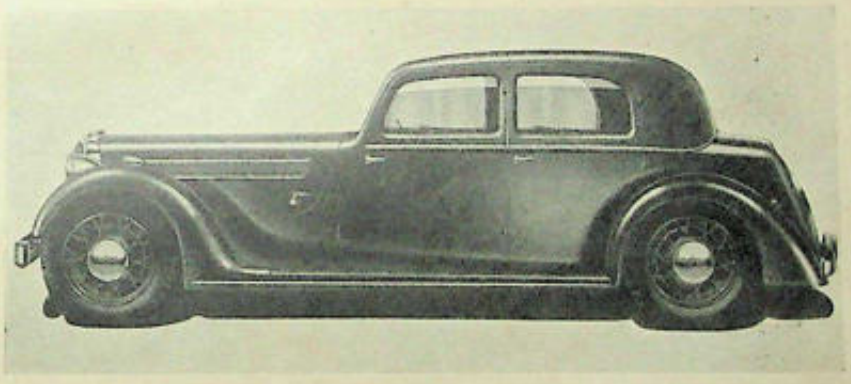
To the Standard Co. must be credited the idea of popularising streamlining. Until the Flying Standards were introduced about a year ago the family man put streamlined vehicles in the same category as sports cars, but he has now been educated to appreciate the very real advantages of reduced wind resistance. Through clever design the streamlined Flying Standards give just as much head room and more baggage space than the average box-type saloon, while they gain both in speed and economy through wasting less power in overcoming wind resistance. The latest addition to the Standard range is the very attractive little two-door 9 h.p. four-seater streamlined saloon selling at £149, and capable of 63 m.p.h. This is very economical to run, so should appeal to those with small incomes. There are also, of course, the 10, 12, 16 and 20 h.p. models, all built on much the same lines and varying mainly in size. The engines are of the side-valve type, with four or six cylinders according to the horse-power rating, and an excellent synchromesh easy-change gear gives four speeds and reverse, all except first and reverse being engaged by synchromesh mechanism.

For the man who is prepared to pay for really high-grade finish and a fine turn of speed and good acceleration, the Riley models are decidedly attractive. The famous Riley "Nine" Monaco saloon has now been revived in a much improved form and sells at £275. Unlike many cars rated at 9 h.p., the Riley is comparatively large, with ample room. For those who desire more power there are the 1½-litre four-cylinder and six-cylinder models. The Kestrel saloon is a streamlined variation of the standard article, and has fine wind-cutting lines without apparently diminishing the available head-room. A heat-proof and fume-proof bulkhead between the engine and the driving compartment is one of the features of the current models. The fact that Rileys have won the Tourist Trophy Races in Ulster for the last two years is sufficient proof of their qualities.

About a year ago the Minx Magnificent made its appearance, being an entirely re-designed edition of the already famous Hillman Minx. This has been retained for the coming season with only detail improvements, so that anyone investing in this model is sure of buying a thoroughly tested article. The aim of the manufacturers has been to give big car comfort, safety and roominess at small car cost. Even the de luxe model Minx Magnificent costs only £175. Although built so low that running-boards are unnecessary, and one can step straight into the front and rear seats, there is ample ground clearance and plenty of head-room. By reducing weight to the minimum compatible with strength and safety, an outstanding performance has been achieved, while the low build of the car coupled with its long springs, gives smooth road holding and riding comfort. The Hillman "80" makes an attractive car for those requiring a full-sized vehicle.

No stone has been left unturned to enhance the already high reputation of the Wolseley cars, and the quality of the finish is only equalled by the excellence of the performance. Wolseley cars range from the 10 h.p. to the 25 h.p. models, and all have push-rod operated overhead valves, four-speed gears with synchromesh on third and top, lockheed hydraulic brakes and Jackall permanent jacks. The latest addition to the range is a very beautiful 25 h.p. Sportsman's saloon which has four wide doors and an exceptionally roomy locker in the tail. There are also two new models known as "Salons de Ville," one being on the 25 h.p. and the other on the 14/56 h.p. chassis. These are comfortable saloons with more than the usual amount of headroom, and with the seating so arranged that they are eminently suitable for more formal occasions, as, for instance, going out in evening dress. At the same time, the performance of these cars is such that they are perfectly suitable for long main road journeys when the occasion demands, but the idea behind their development has been to provide a really luxurious town carriage. The largest Wolseley has shown that it is capable of tackling the worst roads and steepest alpine passes without discomfort, and without overheating. It is capable of a good 80 m.p.h., and therefore takes its place among the outstanding present-day models.





TWO RELIABLE CARS OF FINE CRAFTSMANSHIP

The 1½ litre Riley Falcon, which has been improved in appearance, now costs £315—a reduction of £20 on last season's price

The 1937 Rover "Fourteen" sports saloon has a very graceful body, and its well-designed rear quarter allows for a large amount of luggage

INDIVIDUALITY FOR THE OWNER OF MODERATE MEANS

Attractive Coachwork on Popular Cars

THE motorist who wished for something other than the ordinary quantity-produced bodywork had, at one time, to pay heavily for the privilege of being different. Now, however, several coachbuilders have got down to production of bodies of individual design which can be fitted to various inexpensive but efficient chassis.

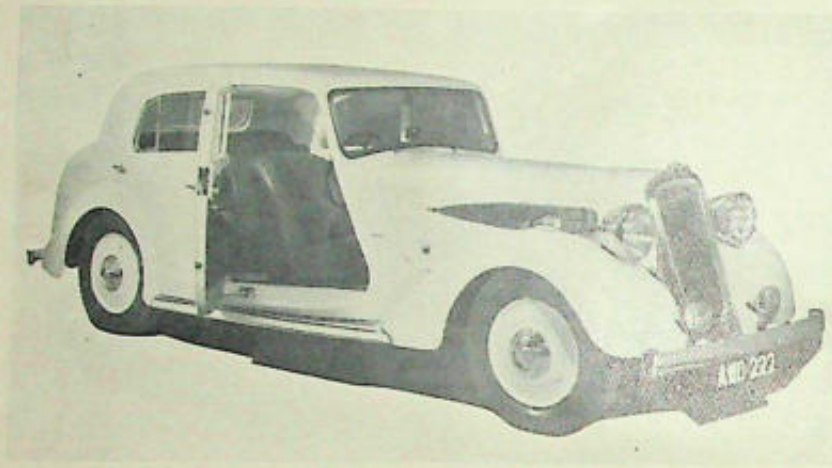
The British fondness for fresh air has resulted in an increasing demand for good convertible bodies. For the real country lover, the sunshine roof is not enough; he must be able to lower the hood or roof completely and be able to enjoy all the advantages of an open car.

One of the earliest convertible bodies with real ease of operation was the "Tickford," made by Salmons and Sons, of Newport Pagnell and London. The appearance and design of the bodies have constantly been kept up to date, while the mechanism itself has been improved. The great feature of the Tickford body is, of course, that it is instantly convertible from an open to a closed car and *vice versa* by inserting a handle into the near-side rear quarter and winding the hood up or down. The windows are of Triplex glass, and the front part of the hood, which comes over the driving seat, can be folded back quickly without lowering the entire hood, thus giving an effect comparable with that of a coupé-de-ville or sunshine saloon. The Tickford cabriolet can be obtained on quite small and inexpensive chassis, when it makes an excellent low-priced vehicle of individual appearance. It is also available, of course, on the largest and most luxurious cars it is possible to purchase.

Another well-known convertible body is the Wingham cabriolet, made by Martin Walter Ltd., of Folkestone. The principal feature of this is the so-called self-acting head; whether the windows are up or down the head can be thrown back with one hand, when it folds itself automatically and correctly. To raise it, it is only necessary to give it a push from behind when it extends itself fully and only requires clamping to the screen. The hood is lined and padded to give the exact streamlined saloon appearance when raised. The body is constructed on patent lines and has steel reinforcements giving great strength and rigidity to the doors and body, thus ensuring freedom from rattles, while, thanks to the patent window construction, folding pillars above the waistline have been eliminated and an unobstructed view obtained.

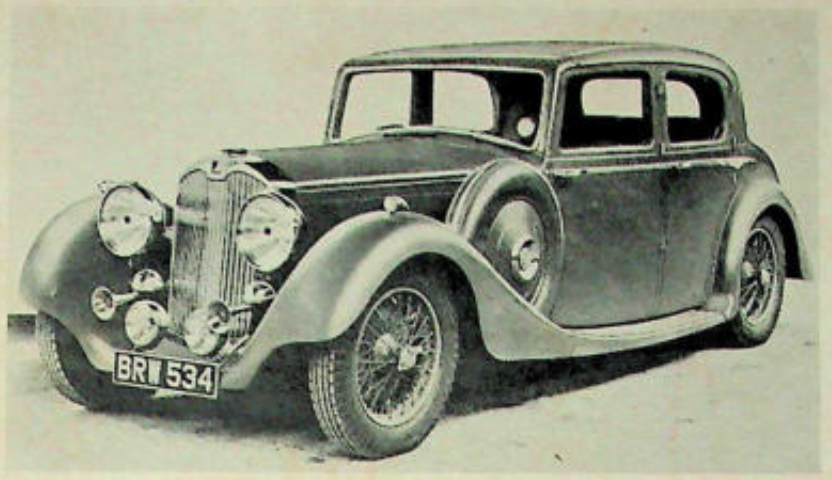
When the winding windows are lowered nothing rises above the waistline and a full touring-car effect is obtained. Draught-deflecting windows are attached to the windscreen pillars, while the screen itself is of entirely new and exclusive design, with the screen pillars set well back so as to offer practically no resistance to the driver's view throughout a horizontal range of 110 degrees as compared with approximately 90 degrees in the orthodox type of screen. The vertical range of vision is increased by the extension of the screen on to the contour of the dash.

The head itself has been improved and folds practically flush into the body when lowered, while it does not project beyond the back of the coachwork. The seating has been altered to the new Martin Walter "Comfy-poise," which gives luxurious softness combined with scientific support to the shoulders, back and thighs. Although the spare wheel is housed in the rear locker, there is, in addition, plenty of room for suitcases, etc., when the locker is closed, while, when open, the lid forms a platform for trunks or additional suitcases.



A DIGNIFIED AND GRACEFUL COACHWORK BY THE NEW AVON BODY COMPANY

A 20 h.p. Standard Avon four-door Saloon which costs no more than £375



A NEW BRITISH CAR

Although not being shown at the Show this year the new Autovia, an all British car, should interest readers. It is powered by a 24 h.p. V8-cylinder engine. The saloon model here shown sells at £975

The Motor Show exhibits on the Martin Walter stand include a Vauxhall "Fourteen" at £310 and two of the new Vauxhall "Twenty-Fives," which are priced at £400 and £550 respectively. There is also a Hillman Hawk at £395 and a Daimler Light Straight Eight at £1,095.

Some very nice coachwork is exhibited by E. D. Abbott, Ltd., of Farnham, Surrey. One of these is a Humber Pullman cabriolet specially constructed in coach style with hand-beaten aluminium panels. The patent cabriolet head gives saloon protection but is convertible to an open car. The upholstery is in soft leather and window surrounds, facia board, etc., are in French polished walnut. The body is painted in Jewelessence golden brown. Another interesting car on Abbott's stand is an eight-cylinder Chrysler cabriolet of the four-door type finished in tulip black with chromium-plated moulding, while one of the interesting new 3½-litre supercharged Lammas-Graham chassis is shown mounted with a four-door saloon body. It is finished in Jewelessence steel dust and maroon. Two other attractive small cars are a 10 h.p. Talbot drophead foursome coupé and a 10 h.p. four-cylinder two-seater Talbot coupé with dickey. These have specially light bodies and ample luggage accommodation.

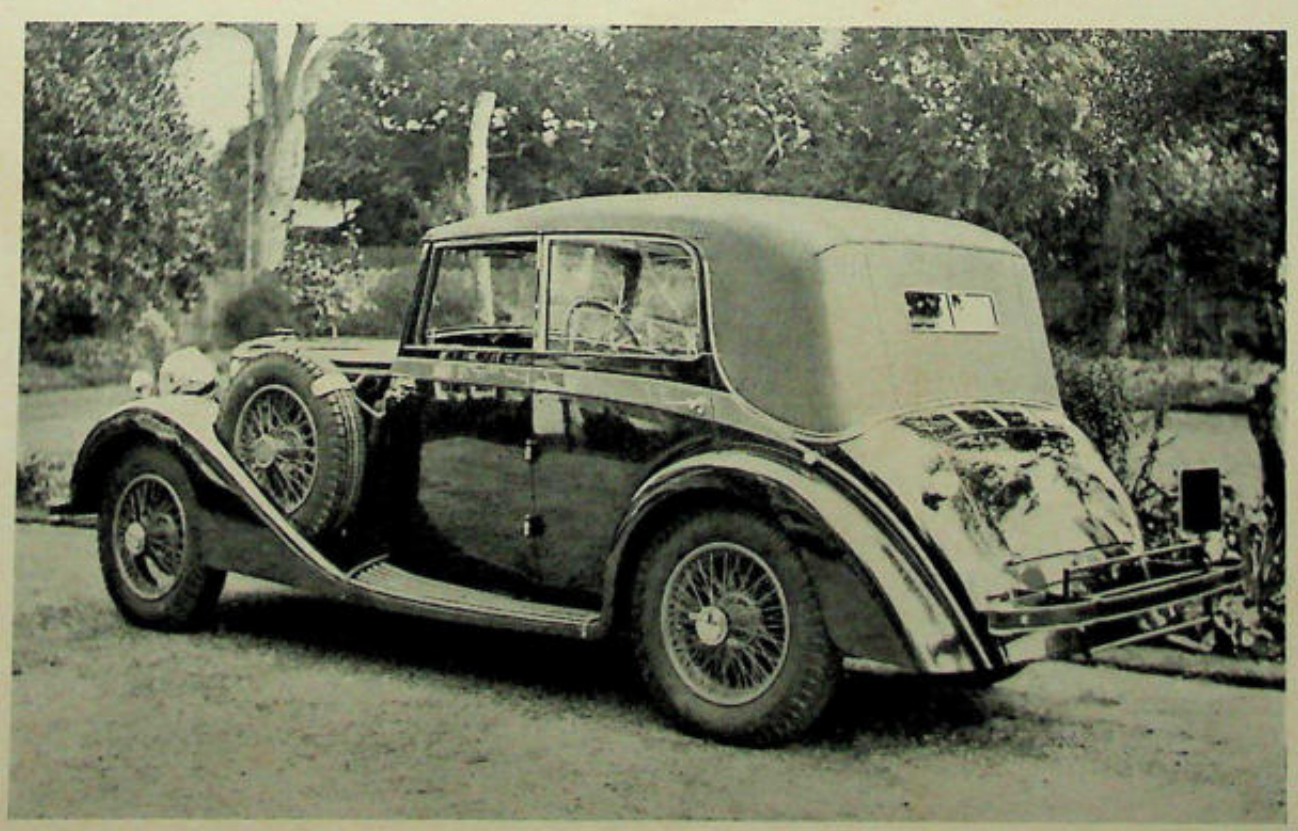
PARKING PROBLEMS AT OLYMPIA

THE R.A.C. announces that the following car parks, which will be under the control of the Club, will be available to visitors to the forthcoming Motor Exhibition. Russell Road, adjoining Addison Road Station; North End Road; Kensington Crescent, opposite Russell Road.

The charges in each park will be 2/- per car per day and 1/- for motor-cycles and three-wheelers, not including readmission. Season tickets will be available for the full period of the show, price £2 2s., covering reserved accommodation, and the right to enter or leave the park at any time.

The R.A.C. points out that the accommodation at the Russell Road Car Park being limited, it is strongly recommended that applications for reserved accommodation should be made as quickly as possible.

Owing to the action of the authorities in prohibiting the parking of cars in the streets adjoining Olympia, the R.A.C. has arranged to establish a car parking office in Russell Road, where, when the above-mentioned parks are full, motorists will be able to obtain information as to the nearest garage having vacant accommodation. The telephone number of the office will be Western 6246.



"INSTANTLY CONVERTIBLE FROM AN OPEN TO A CLOSED CAR"

A Tickford body on a 20 h.p. Light Daimler. This type of coachwork is known as the Jubilee Cabriolet

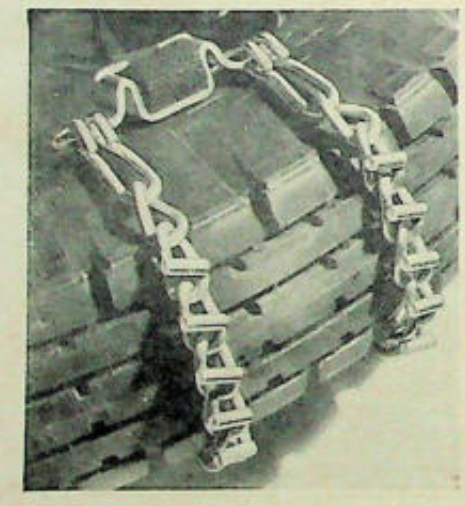
EQUIPMENT AND SERVICE

Interesting Accessories which Make for Greater Efficiency

A CAR is judged by its equipment as much as by its appearance, and the name and type of battery, the kind of sparking plug used, or the electrical equipment, are unfailing evidence of the manufacturers' determination that only the best will do for those who purchase their cars.

As an example, it may be mentioned that the vast majority of cars at Olympia are fitted with Dunlop tyres. This is not surprising in view of the amazing proofs that have been given of the ability of Dunlop tyres to stand up to the hardest wear on road and track. Among Dunlop exhibits is the extra low pressure tyre, which makes it possible to travel rapidly and comfortably over the roughest surfaces. It has achieved great success overseas, particularly in desert territories where transport is difficult. The Dunlop Cruiser is a low-priced, high quality tyre, while the Dunlop Sports has a tread specially designed for hill-climbing and trials work.

It may not be known to some people that Dunlops also make wheels, prominent among them being the spoked disc wheel, with a 16in. rim, and the centre-locking wire wheel. There is also the Dunlop detachable wire wheel, which is used exclusively on Rolls-Royce chassis.



PARSON'S BAR-REINFORCED EMERGENCY GRIP

For those who go to point-to-point meetings, etc., these chains are more than an advantage, they are a necessity

In the Garage and Service section are other examples of Dunlop activities, including a 2-ton control jack, and an air-control tower enabling two tyres to be inflated simultaneously, with a device incorporated in the gauge showing when the pressures are balanced.

Shell-Mex and B.P. Ltd. have made their stand at Olympia (No. 149) into a miniature cinema, where they will show their coloured talkie, "The Birth of the Robot," which is something new in films. As they *might* say in their famous series of advertisements: "Rest and be thankful while Shell does the Work"! A seven-minute rest while walking round Olympia should be well worth having, incidentally.

THE LUCAS ANTI-DAZZLE "PASSLIGHT"

This useful auxiliary lamp with a chromium-plated finish complete with bulb, cable, etc., costs 52/6

Triplex safety glass is now an all-round standard fitting on practically every well-known British car. Windscreens and windows of motor cars, sun-vizors, louvre-light, dazzle-proof backlights and motor boat screens of either Triplex toughened glass or Triplex safety glass will be exhibited on this firm's stand.

Other interesting exhibits will be Triplex goggles, spectacles and interior driving mirrors. Triplex toughened glass, which was introduced more than three years ago, consists of a single sheet of specially treated British plate glass; it is proof against discoloration, blisters and similar defects. When broken, it crumbles into small harmless fragments.

Leading motor car manufacturers exhibiting at Olympia to whom the Triplex Company supply safety glass as standard equipment include Alvis, Austin, Armstrong-Siddeley, Crossley, Frazer-Nash, Hillman, Humber, Lagonda, M.G., Morris, Riley, Rover, Standard, Sunbeam, Talbot, Triumph, Vauxhall, Wolseley, and all the leading coachbuilders.

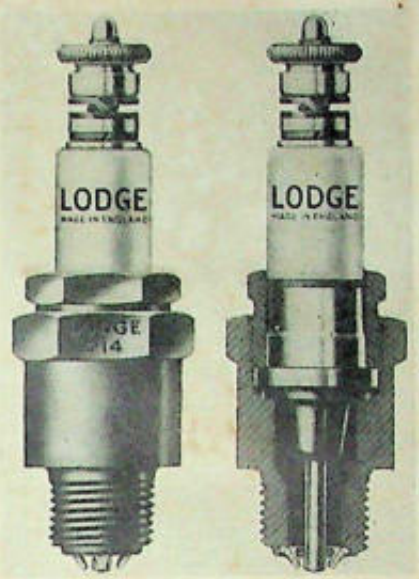
Among the interesting exhibits on the stand of C. C. Wakefield & Co., Ltd., are some special three-minute cinema shows depicting notable motoring events and record runs during the past season.

Patent Castrol also will be exhibited for the second time. It should be pointed out that it has met with tremendous success since it was introduced some eighteen months ago, and all sales records have been broken. The oil is specially treated by a secret process with soluble compounds of chromium and tin. It prevents corrosion of the cylinder walls and the piston rings, at the same time minimising the formation of sludge with its attendant evils of increased wear and choked oil ways. One corner of the stand will be devoted to the free lubrication chart service, covering nearly 500 different types of car.

In the Service and Garage Equipment section Wakefields show a new kind of oil pump and power-operated lifts, as well as apparatus for greasing the chassis, flushing the crankcase, filling the back axle, etc.

Particulars of the Exide service system, whereby batteries are overhauled by men who have been trained at the Exide Works, are being given out on Stand 449 in the gallery, where the Chloride Electrical Storage Co., Ltd., display batteries for motor car starting, lighting and ignition. One of the special features is the famous Exide "Double-Life" car battery, which is unconditionally guaranteed for two years, and representatives of the company will be available to explain the system whereby the possibility of internal short-circuits harming the battery is almost entirely eliminated.

Another accumulator concern is the Young Accumulator Co. (1929), Ltd., which is exhibiting on Stand No. 265 in the gallery. A feature of the Young de luxe model is the totally enclosed positive plate. This type of battery is known as the Young Super-Armoured, and is unconditionally



A RELIABLE PLUG

The Lodge C14 plug as it is normally, and in section

guaranteed for two years, while the "Renown" is a moderately-priced battery with an eighteen months' guarantee. There are also marine batteries for ships, yachts and electric canoes and sectional batteries and cells of special construction.

The Anglo-American Oil Co., Ltd., whose stand at the show will interest readers, have been responsible for pioneering many of the most important developments in the oil industry of Great Britain, for they were responsible for the introduction of Ethyl; they were the first to adopt pumps for the distribution of petrol; and they were the first to adopt sealed glass bottles for distributing Essolube motor oil.

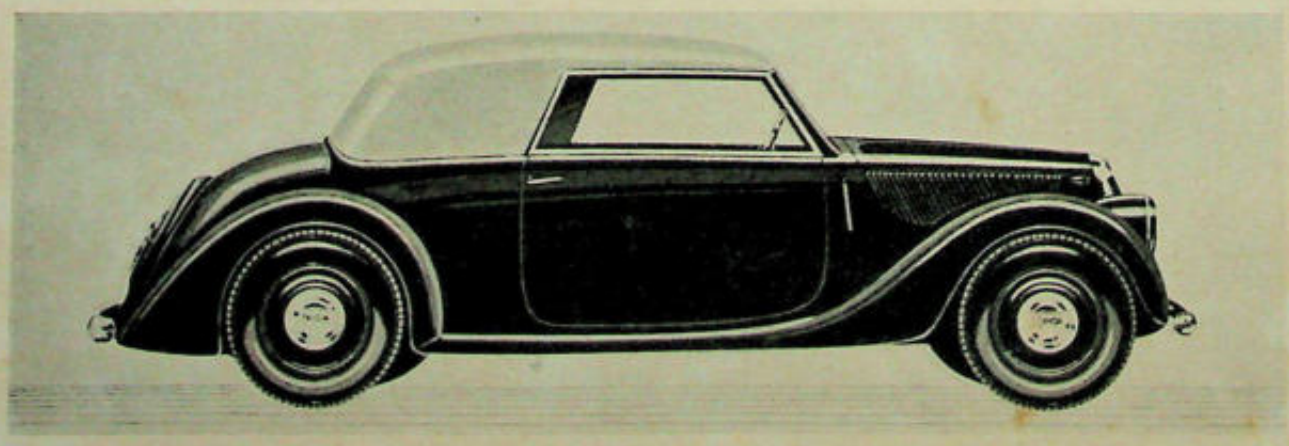
Widespread comment was made at the Ulster T.T. Race this year as to the exceptional performance put up by the India tyres fitted to E. R. Hall's Bentley, which achieved the highest average speed at which the course has ever been covered—424 miles at 80.81 m.p.h. The run was made non-stop without a change of tyres, and at the end noted experts remarked favourably on the unusually large amount of tread left considering the gruelling nature of the run. Racing enthusiasts will therefore be interested to see this type of cover on the India Tyre Stand, No. 460. So, however, will all classes of motorists, for the tyres used by Mr. Hall were not special racing tyres but India Supers taken from stock.

With the new season comes a fresh addition to the now famous range of Lucas Foglamps and anti-dazzle "Passlights." This is the FT57, a de luxe edition of the Lucas FT37.

The new model differs from the "parent" lamp in having a shallow bowl-shaped body of very graceful outline, and is fitted with a domed and fluted front glass which helps to give an even spread of light. The new shallow body has been designed to suit the latest model cars where space in front of the radiator and wings is restricted. This "Passlight" is but one of many useful pieces of equipment to be seen on the Lucas stand (No. 384).

The Lodge Co. are making their stand (No. 388) at Olympia a technical bureau of ignition matters.

Besides the orthodox types of Lodge plug there will be on view the special grades for use in sports and supercharged units, watertight plugs for marine use, etc. Terminal adaptors for use with the various quick-fit cable ends used by different car manufacturers will also be exhibited.



THE LANCIA APRILIA—AN EXAMPLE OF RATIONAL STREAMLINING

Owing to the light weight of the Aprilia a very low weight-to-power ratio has been obtained (about 39½ lbs per h.p.) which makes for good speed and acceleration. The chassis price of this car is £280 or as a Saloon or Foursome Drophead Cabriolet £345 and £495 respectively

AFTER THE DUST BATH

In this picture, Mr. Marcuswell Maxwell has caught the rhino just as he emerged from his bath, a study to which Kilimanjaro lends an impressive background

"I saw dimly through smeared glasses first three points on one top then two on the other . . . "

MY MOST HUMILIATING DAY ON THE HILL

or

Should a Grandfather Go Stalking?

By LORD DORCHESTER

THE weather promised quite well for the glass had risen overnight, and it was fine when I left the lodge, but by the time that we reached the entrance to the glen the rain began. A chill, pitiless, driving downpour that blew in under my cap in front and behind so that my glasses which I have to wear when shooting, were wet both fore and aft throughout the dismal day that followed.

We had penetrated about a mile into the glen when we spied a heavy stag and a lot of hinds fairly low down on the hillside beyond the River Aven, which here flanks the pony track. He was in a good position, so the stalker decided to seek no further but to go for him at once. As a start we had to wade across the river, and then followed a stiffish climb up a gully to reach a point above the feeding deer. Once above them the stalk promised to be too easy to be interesting, but for the fact that the stag carried a fine head, which already my imagination pictured as set up and adorning my smoking room.

But on coming down to where we expected the stag to be, we found that the deer had moved along towards a small corrie. This involved re-climbing the hill and making a wide detour, but all in vain; for the beasts had not rested but had moved further on to a bigger and more sheltered corrie, probably owing to the chill of the increasing wind and rain. This time we had to make a still wider detour up a hill and down a long slope and then across a wide expanse of boggy peat hags, followed by a really stiff climb, after which another mile of peat hags lay between us and the corrie. We had "made our offing," so to speak, and were standing in-shore towards the corrie when we caught sight of four stags grazing a mile away and exactly across our line of approach. We dared not go to windward of them, and to pass to leeward on that open ground would have meant a detour of several miles, but while we were discussing the problem the stags, one of which was very big, lay down and appeared settled.

We thereupon decided to take the big one en route. When we came to study the situation more closely we found that the beasts had settled on the only small ridge on a vast area of hags and that it seemed a moot point as to whether we should "get in." All went well for a while, however, and we found cover to within 300yds. of them, after which it seemed impossible to get any nearer. We made several attempts along various gullies in the hags, but every depression petered out on to exposed ground, so after an hour's crawling and counter-crawling we decided that our only hope was to retire and make a wide turning movement and try to get in by working up in line with a solitary rock near which the nearest and smallest stag was lying and from which we expected to be able to overlook the other three.

This new approach was a very tricky business, for except for peat gullies the ground was quite open and we were as close to the wind as we dared go, and it was further complicated by a covey of grouse whose heads were projecting above a hag within twenty yards of our selected line. For half an hour we wriggled and writhed like adders, face down in rank grass, wet peat mould and drenched heather, kicking ourselves forward with our toes or hauling ourselves along by our elbows. Whenever I dared raise my head I could just see to the right front the tips of the horns of the nearest stag showing above the false crest of the slope, while close to my left I was acutely aware of the inquisitive head of an old cock grouse.

The wind and rain undoubtedly saved us from the grouse for somehow we got past them, and finally finding ourselves dead in line with the rock, were able to crawl straight up, only to meet with bitter disappointment. Peering cautiously round it, our heads almost buried in the short heather we could see two beasts within 60 yards while the horns of a third were visible further on, but of the big stag there was no sign; he obviously was lying in some fold of the ground which was dead from our present coign of vantage.

So all our labours were in vain, except that we located another solitary rock near which we knew that our quarry must be lying. Backwards once more we slithered, pushing ourselves with our elbows and dragging ourselves by our toes, until feeling the edge of a bog we slid down into its chocolate bed and were once more under cover.

The stalker had taken bearings of the other rock and now in comparative comfort, crouching instead of crawling, we worked towards it down a succession of peat channels. The easement was brief, however, for soon our way was barred by a heathery slope which the smaller stag could overlook if he turned in our direction. Inch by inch we advanced, halting every time that the stag's horns turned our way, until finally the open was crossed and we gained the shelter of some water-logged peaty ground into which we had perforce to glide and across which to wriggle. Never shall I forget that crawl, the stark discomfort and misery of it, the rain lashing my face, my glasses so blurred that I could barely distinguish the nails in the soles of the stalker's boots—two, or it may have been three, as I remember, were missing from his right heel.

At long last we got to within a few yards of the rock and knew that the big beast must be very close. The stalker, motioning me to lie still, wriggled on a few paces and pressing himself close against the face of a bog very, very gradually raised himself to take a survey of the situation.

Ahead, to right, to left, his head pivoting by fractions of an inch at a time, he gazed, then slowly, slowly melted down into the heathery fringe of the bog, and hooking himself backwards by his toes he squatted down beside me. "The big beast is lying down quite close in front of us, he's looking this way, but is undisturbed, take the rifle and get you to yon clump of berries to the left of the stone and make yourself comfortable for the shot." Make myself comfortable! with hands of ice, a smear of mud on rain-dimmed glasses, my whole body shaking, not with stag fever, but sheer chill! No comfort for me this side of a six-mile tramp to the pony, to be followed by a five-mile ride ere I can get out of my saturated clothes and into a hot bath. Comfortable, indeed!

At this moment, too, some spiteful freak of the gale burst a hole in the driving clouds and allowed a gleam of watery sunshine to light up the scene. The clump of blackberries was only five yards away but separated from me by a shallow pool of water impossible to circumnavigate without exposing myself. The thought occurred to me "Why won't people pull up the waste tap on leaving the bathroom?" as I insinuated first my left arm, then my chest and finally my thighs into the icy water, and proceeded to wallow through, my rifle grasped precariously in my right hand.

At long last I was across and crouching submerged to the hips, my frozen fingers fumbled with the safety-catches of which there are two on my rifle. By fractions of an inch I, in my turn, raised my head until craning over the heather, bog-cotton and berries, I saw dimly through smeared glasses, first three points on one top, then two on the other—it should be an eleven-pointer at least—but the tray tine was missing, yet bay and brow antlers were there to make up a grandly spread wide, wild head. However, the sun, to which I have referred, was my undoing, for it shone straight into my face while the couching stag lay silhouetted as black as any raven, not 60 yards away. "He's seen us, I think; take him as he lies," whispered the stalker. Alas! for clouded spectacles and the light beating full upon the rifle barrels, I simply could not pick up my foresight, try as I would; at least that is my excuse for missing an absolute sitter.

The sun, having done its worst, went in again, the rain continued and the mists came down on Ben Abon and Ben MacDhui, and it seemed that we might as well go home. We stuck it out, however, and as we came down the long steep face leading to Faindoran Glen, a transient gleam of sunshine once more lit up the opposite hillside sufficiently to show that it was alive with deer feeding and sheltering in the lee of the vast ramp that guards the north-east approaches to the Big Slocht. Immediately opposite us we could see one very good stag and a lot of hinds. "That's a grand beast and I think we can just get into him below the wind"—and we did.

Another wet crossing of the river preceded a weary toil up a one-in-two face, to try and get level with the deer. The wind had veered and was now blowing from left to right, and the deer were on our right and slightly above us. It was a toss up whether we could get to them before they winded us. We just managed it, and as the stalker handed me the rifle the lowermost hind got a puff, and in a moment they were all on the move; the stag, however, who had been guarding his harem, apparently had not noticed anything for he turned to blare a roar of defiance at some imaginary rival.

At that moment I fired and this time it was all right, for the bullet went in at one ear and out at the other. "Good shot," said the stalker, but it was a pure fluke in reality, as I had tried for a heart shot. My confidence, already shaken, was in nowise restored by this, because I realised that I could not properly distinguish my foresight under existing conditions. The rest of the day was a nightmare. We now worked up wind and westward, along the face to our left, "shooting our way home," as I subsequently described it to the long-suffering stalker. Three times he got me into and above good beasts and three times in succession I missed. Admittedly the light was bad, and what there was of it was in my face, my glasses too were opaque with moisture, and not once did I get an easy firing position, but the fact remains that out of five shots fired one only resulted in a kill—thank heaven there were no wounded.

I reached home at 9 p.m., thoroughly tired out, chilled to the bone, humiliated, and wondering whether a short-sighted grandfather ought to go stalking in stormy weather.

THE NEW BIG BOATS TO BE

Can We Profit from History?

By COMMANDER JOHN IRVING

THERE is a well-worn cliché about the easiness of being wise *after* an event. It *is* easy to be wise under such conditions; it is equally easy to be sorry as well. Some weeks ago, rightly bowing to the storm of criticism that was eddying around and about the British big-class of J cutters, the Y.R.A. pronounced weightily that it had decided to introduce a new class of yacht of 56ft. rating, that is to say, a vessel with a waterline length of 65ft. and a Thames tonnage of about 100 tons or a little more.

So far, so good. This action had been occasioned presumably, by the frequent accidents to the existing J class yachts—the "big class"—and to the too-frequent abandonment of racing fixtures on the score of weather. What is wanted in the class representing first-class yachting in our home waters is a yacht which can race in almost any of the weather likely to be experienced in a typical home summer and, when racing, to provide good, keen sport. If that could be found it is doubtful if anyone would regret the passing—or the metamorphosis with schooners—or, at its kindest, the eclipse—of the present J-class of dainty, ladylike light weather racing machines.

But as to the question of wisdom after the event. So far the strict details of the new class are still in the air and the year is drawing inexorably to a close. Unless the details of the new class are soon published prospective "hundred-tonner" owners are not given every chance that they might have of getting the craft they want ready for next season. And since the rules are "in the air" there remains a chance to consider possibilities, and to propound heresies.

Firstly, from the announced dimensions of the contemplated class (56ft. rating with a waterline length of 65ft. and so on), there is more than a suggestion that the new class will be of the order of, if not exactly, the L-class of the Universal Rule. And the Universal Rule, excellent as it may be, is an American rating rule, designed by Americans for American yachts racing in American waters. That we, who race British yachts in British waters, where the seas are shorter and more hollow and the breezes much more substantial and damp laden in summer than they are across the Atlantic, ever came to adopt the American Universal Rule in place of the previous system can be explained by the Y.R.A. who, it is said, exchanged their birthright rule for a mess of pottage of America's Cup conditions.

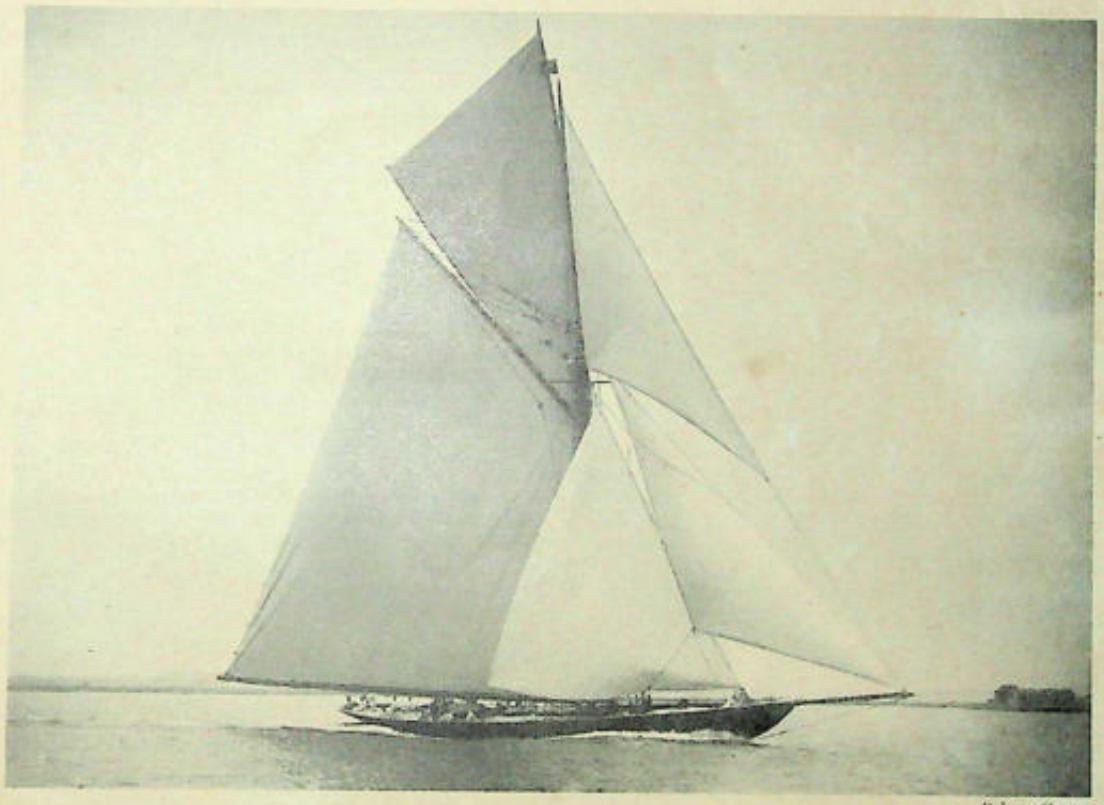
The important fact is that at present we labour under this Universal Rule and the proposed new class, unless changes are made, will labour under it also. And, if any changes for the better in rig, masting, sail area and so forth are proposed for this contemplated new class it will be found almost inevitably that these changes cut across the American Universal Rule. What then?

No one will for one moment dispute the Association's wisdom in putting forward a new 56ft. rating class, but many owners would have welcomed a frank statement at the same time as to whether the contemplated 56-footers were to be an addition to the J-class or "in lieu of same." The present state of the J-class and, for that matter, of big-class racing generally, rather suggests that the 56-footers will in due course become the premier cutter class. If this is the intention then, of course, history is merely repeating itself. When, after the coming of Dixon Kemp's "Length and Sail Area" Rule first-class home yachting sank to its lowest ebb in the 'nineties, the 40-raters took the field; 40-raters, in modern parlance, would be yachts of 56ft. rating. This class, headed by Mohawk, Creole and the others were the foundation of the renaissance of British yachting, of which Britannia and her cousins took every advantage.

Thereafter, so long as there was a class of "big cutters," the "forties" withdrew to second place. With the collapse of big cutters, due to over-legislation in 1897, the "forties" for a while held the fort, but under the mischievous first linear rating rule they and others soon fell into disrepute.

In 1898 a 65-footer class, the new linear name "forties," came to the forefront, and as racing was still in eclipse became a premier class. Many of the yachts then competing were admirable types which provided excellent sport until in 1900 the class broke up, unable to retain its popularity under the stigma that it was too lightly built.

Then onwards till almost 1905 large yachts were out of fashion, and the 52ft. raters (which would have been called 20-raters ten years before) held the field. In the next two years, however, the requirement that all large racing yachts should be built to Lloyds' Rules paved the way for another big class revival, and large cutters again appeared. The new 23-metre class suffered, however, from what I consider was a great failing, they were all alike and sailed without time allowance.



"AT THE PRESENT MOMENT WE POSSESS A 'FIRST CLASS' WHICH SURELY COULD NOT PERFORM THE EVOLUTIONS COMMON TO BRITANNIA AND HER SISTERS 40 YEARS AGO"

To obtain an ideal *big* class, I consider, there should be a great evenness in size, but not an exactness. There must also be, between members of the class, those *small* time allowances which encourage keen racing, and attempts at improving a vessel's performance. These conditions, naturally, do not apply to smaller classes, but for a "big class" they are undoubtedly essential.

There is, indeed, some historical support for this plea for minor inequalities and small time allowances. The 23-metre class which followed the years of decadence before 1906 expired for want of the saving grace of a little time allowance. The 19-metre class—Octavia, Oceana, Mariquita and others (a successful class of 56-footers which raced from 1911 to 1913)—also raced without time allowances and expired. After the War there were economic factors to be taken into account; and, to begin with, big-class racing could only be maintained on a handicap. Later, under the International Rule, some fine big cutters were built—and then came the bondage to the Universal Rule with its fine-weather J class.

It is an odd story traced out from the "eighties," but to me it suggests that always when the big class has entered upon an epoch of decadence or of unsatisfactory health, a 65-foot class—call it 46-rater, or 65-footer or 19-metre, or what you will—has come to the fore. Historically, also, big-class racing, whether in cutters of the largest size or, in their absence in 65-footers or 19-metres, has almost always been eclipsed either because the limits of the class were too wide so that yachts of *very* different size were competing against each other or because, going to the other extreme, all the yachts in the class were of *exactly* the same size.

Here, then, is a line which might be considered by those who will produce for us the new class, and which, saving the rise of the ocean racers, must in a few years be a premier cutter class. Instead of sticking rigidly to a system which urges every yacht to be built to a type would they not be wise to allow that latitude of type and design which permits of slight difference in rating and an attendant *small* time allowance? At the same time, to prevent those evils which led to the collapse of the original Britannia class in 1897, they could rigidly define the top and bottom size limits for yachts built to the class.

And having got thus far, what of the rig and sail plan? At the present moment we possess a "first class" which surely could not perform the evolutions common to Britannia and her sisters 40 years ago. The idea of the present J's storming across Channel in half a gale of wind to Cherbourg and back as Britannia did is—just an idea. Satanita, on a broad reach in the Thames in 1896, logged over fourteen knots; to expect the present J-class to do that is—just another idea. And yet what we want to-day is a premier racing class which can do this sort of thing, which can race anywhere in our waters and in almost any weather without leaving *all* the honours in the hands of the ocean racers.

We are told that the J's carry too much sail, that in their rigging "aeronautical design has had as much to say as sailoring." We are told that they would be the better for vertical masts, or a three head-sail rig, or shortened masts, and so on. No doubt most of this is true, but the above-decks lessons of the J's could be applied to the proposed new 65-footers, and, as a result, a magnificent type of ship could be evolved.

But, if all this were done, then these changes would necessitate wide departure from the basis of the governing Universal Rule, and, it is hinted, departure from this rule might place us in a difficulty. By the rule we are bound to the chariot wheels of the New York Yacht Club; if we cut adrift from the rule and build a premier class entirely suited to our own home water conditions, we are told, our yachts would not be eligible for the America's Cup.

And "there's the rub"; the "battered old mug" crops up again. In the past it has brought us little but disillusionment and hard words; in the present it is disposed to fetter our own home yachting. Surely now is the time to consider all these things before the die is cast, before the new class rules are signed and sealed, before it is all to late.

Home yachting and our own British "big class" are surely of more import than all the international trophies rolled into one. Let us have a premier class that we can be proud of, one that can emulate with ease the deeds of Britannia and her contemporaries, a class of approximately equal size, a class designed and adapted for racing in our own waters. And let the America's Cup and its challengers work out their own salvation.

SALMON HATCHING

Pros and Cons of Artificial Propagation

By W. L. CALDERWOOD

AFTER a period during which salmon hatching was hailed by many as a splendid method of increasing the stock of any river, we have come to a time when we are not so sure about it. Quite a number of years ago we were told that salmon hatching was past its experimental stage. Ireland adopted the establishment of hatcheries as a settled policy. In Canada and the United States large sums of money were spent annually on the running of hatcheries on a scale quite unknown in this country. In California and the State of Washington, it appeared that so much confidence was placed in this method that netting could scarcely be overdone; that all the states had to do was to increase their hatching.

It could not fail to be noticed, however, that in spite of unexampled hatchery work, the fisheries declined; even the great Fraser River stock seemed to be going back—and it had been considered inexhaustible. The rock slide in Hell's Gate during the making of the Canadian Northern Railroad then occurred on a big year or fourth year of big run, and people became so alarmed that serious inquiry was entered into.

It was evident in Tasmania that the attempt to introduce the Atlantic salmon by hatching the eggs and rearing the young, had failed. Rivers there are very favourable for salmon, and the trout have done very well. The conditions in the surrounding sea were rather blamed for the failure. In New Zealand many attempts were made and many people regarded all as failures, before it was found more or less accidentally that some large silvery fish caught in Lake Te Anau were the product of an experiment which had been accepted as a failure. From this, and possibly from the fact that those fish have not braved the dangers of the surrounding seas but have increased in the solitudes of the South Island, where the enemies that might prey upon young salmon are remarkably few, New Zealand now has the Atlantic salmon.

In eastern Canada, the stock of Atlantic salmon in such rivers as the Restigouche, Cascapedia, Bonaventure, York, Moisie and others, had kept up very well without the aid of artificial hatching. It was on the Pacific Coast where the genus is *Onchorynchus* rather than *Salmo*, and where an extensive canning industry had arisen, where a commercial element had induced keen competitive fishing and the employment of thousands of men, where large rivers might be fished for perhaps 200 miles, and where the approaches to those rivers were full of nets; it was there of all places that the pinch began to be felt.

The cannery people themselves voiced their doubts about the large sums spent on hatching being the slightest good. In some places south of the Fraser it was found impossible to get a sufficient number of adult salmon to stock the hatcheries. This was a most significant and startling discovery, for it occurred in a region where the claim was made that artificial hatching was the supreme panacea, and the region in which hatching had been carried out on a more extensive scale than, it was declared, anywhere else in the world.

The Biological Board of Canada decided to make an experiment to test this matter. They decided also to select a stream frequented by Sockeye fish (*O. nerka*, the most valuable canning fish) and to carry on the experiment through a whole cycle of the fish's life. Dr. Foerster was put in charge of this experiment, and Cultus Lake which is in the Fraser River system, and has a stream which does not flood to any excessive extent, and is a natural Sockeye stream, was selected. The experiment began in 1925, and it was anticipated that it would continue for twelve years. In the first season the natural spawning apart from any artificial method was ascertained. In 1926 artificial hatching was tested apart from the natural method, and a definite programme along those lines was drawn up.

A fence composed of a series of compartments in a double row was erected in the river 200yds. below the outlet from the lake, and, to prevent the scouring of the river bed, a sheathing of wood was secured to both the river bed and the banks for a distance of 170yds. It was necessary to count every fish that came up, to ascertain how many eggs they would lay, and to count also the number of fry that went down. When fish were wanted for stripping, and had to be held up for a considerable time, the loss which occurred was marked. Great differences occurred when years were compared. When the fry descended, they were at times in such numbers that the system of enumeration by weight was resorted to. This was checked at intervals and was found to be quite satisfactory.

ONE OF THE DANGERS TO SPAWNING SALMON
Fish being rescued from a pool where they have been trapped by low water

This Canadian experiment is of great interest to us on this side of the Atlantic, although the fish dealt with is not our salmon. It has now run for eleven years, and the results are sufficiently clear to enable the Biological Board to come to certain conclusions. We in this country have also been suggesting an experiment of a similar kind with the Atlantic salmon. So that the differences of habit between the spawning of the two fishes may not continue as an uncertainty, it may be as well to indicate the differences.

The Sockeye spawn in lakes, the eggs being laid at a depth varying from 3ft. to 20ft. The eggs are not covered up to the same extent as are the eggs of the Atlantic salmon laid in the gravel of running streams. Whether or not this makes for a greater loss in the case of the Sockeye, we do not know, but the presumptive evidence indicates a much greater loss. The Sockeye are all small fish, and they come up from the sea when of very uniform size and age. The Atlantic salmon spawns at various ages and sizes, and, naturally, all large fish contain a very much greater number of eggs than small fish. At the commencement of the Cultus Lake experiment it was necessary to ascertain the average number of eggs allowable for each female, and the figure arrived at was 4,500, being a figure similar to what we should allow for the eggs of a grilse. A large Atlantic salmon may lay 12,000 to 14,000 eggs. The difference is most important in any estimate of resulting numbers.

At Cultus Lake the proportion of the sexes was also found to give rise to much ambiguity. At first there were fully three females to every male. In the following year the position was reversed; there were nearly three males to every female. We have often found females in the majority in the early part of the season followed by runs of males later, but in different districts a disparity of the sexes may continue for many years, and in the north of Scotland it has been usual for the males to be more numerous than the females. The stock of parr and smolts must depend necessarily on the number of hatched eggs.

Perhaps, however, the most important difference is in the habit of the young. The majority of the Sockeye young migrate downstream when one year old. The majority of *Salmo* young at two years. At Cultus Lake it was found that the yearling migration was 3.8 of the eggs available. We do not know what the two-year-old migration of smolts represents in the total eggs. We know that approximately we should expect perhaps about double the number of smolts from the protected eggs of a hatchery than from the eggs in the wild state. This figure is so empirical that we must use it with caution. The Weser results of Jaffe, which were fry liberated to adults caught, represented three adults per 1,000 fry.

Our real trouble is that we do not know what is produced by Nature in Britain with *Salmo salar*. From marking wild smolts in the Tay we got a return of 2 per cent., but it is clear that the greatest loss is in the early stages. We require to know what our smolt descent represents.

The Biological Board of Canada have come to the conclusion that this great hatching adopted by their Fisheries Department is uneconomic, and that in rivers where natural spawning is possible it is unnecessary to resort to artificial hatching, and that in such districts, if additional results over the product of natural spawning are produced, they are not in any way commensurate with the cost. It is a significant finding after eleven years of experimentation.

But the question as applied to Atlantic salmon still remains unanswered.

BASS FROM THE SHORE

Tips for the Surf Fisher

BASS often come so close inshore that rock and beach fishers have opportunities of taking them. Though the sand eel is reputed to be the most attractive of all baits, the prawn is the more practical lure, in that it is easily obtained and can be kept alive without difficulty. If the shore fisher provides himself with a properly designed prawn bag he will find little or no trouble in keeping his baits lively for several hours. The rod should be only sufficiently stiff to cast a lightly-leaded float without straining the top.

As a rule, bass take the prawn best when it is five-and-a-half to six feet below the surface, and the weight should be quite close up to the cork. Bass are shy, that is why the lead should be high up and out of sight; while for the same reason a short-shanked hook should be used, as this is concealed by the prawn's tail. With a fixed-drum reel it is easy to use a light lead and float, and the prawn is less knocked about in casting.

Throwing out from a beach is usually a less effective method of angling for bass than float fishing. Far more weight has to be used to keep the paternoster or leger on the bottom, also the rod has to be stiffer. Surf fishing can, however, be raised to a much higher level by casting a slice of mackerel or herring on an unweighted, or very lightly weighted, line. As the bass only feed when considerable waves are stirring up the sand and washing various edible creatures out of it, long boots are necessary to keep the surf fisher dry.

The great difficulty, as with most other sea fish, is to discover where the bass are. Perhaps the fisherman intends to visit some favourite rocky point which he knows the bass frequent. Yet though tide and weather conditions may be ideal, it is quite possible that he will not even get a single run. The reason seems to be that the bass coast along our shores and are ever on the move, so much so that if several fish have been taken from a certain rock to-day the chances are that there will not be one there to-morrow. Some people may call this glorious uncertainty, but quite another adjective would be more truly descriptive. Do we love fishing any the less because we know a great deal about the fish?

FLEUR

A 21-POUNDER FROM THE BLACK POOL
"It took me many years to find this particular stretch of water"

FISHING IN SOUTHERN INDIA

Fly and Spinning Rods Compete for Favour

MANY fishermen in Southern India, who are out of reach of the trout waters of the Nilgiri Hills, concentrate entirely on heavy game, the mighty mahseer of the swift, upland waters, and the giants of the carp and catfish tribes which inhabit the bigger rivers and banks. None of these are to any extent flytakers and this fascinating branch of the art consequently suffers an undeserved neglect. Those, however, who know how to set about it can find plenty of work for a fly rod throughout much of the country if they are not too ambitious.

It is unfortunately true that the majority of the surface-feeding fish are small, but one kind at least, the carnatic carp, run to a good size and have the further merit of a wide distribution. Their favourite haunts are the upper reaches of the larger rivers, almost from their sources up to where they debouch into the open plains, especially stretches running through thick forest with a succession of rapids and deep still pools overhung with trees. A boat of some kind is necessary as the banks are usually too overgrown to allow of fishing from the shore.

The most suitable craft is a coracle, not unlike these used on the Welsh rivers but larger, as it has to accommodate two people. It consists of a saucer-shaped, bamboo basket, about six feet in diameter, covered with untanned buffalo hide, in which the angler sits at ease on an upturned box, while the boatman squats by his side, wielding a paddle. It is so light that one man can lift it without difficulty, a great advantage, as the fishing grounds are often far from any road, and though it is much more seaworthy than its appearance would betoken, it is sometimes necessary to portage round particularly bad rapids.

In the bigger rivers the carp are found chiefly in the quieter waters and almost stagnant eddies under the banks, and the deep, heavy rapids, the haunts of the mahseer, do not attract them. They feed to a great extent, particularly in the cool of the day, on the berries, flowers and insects that drop from the overhanging trees, and at such time freely take a sea-trout fly or, better still, a real grasshopper. A light salmon rod is the best weapon for the work, for though a good trout rod is capable of dealing with most of the fish one is likely to meet, it cannot cover so much water, and as they are timid creatures, it is necessary to fish as far off as possible.

The procedure is to drift quietly downstream with the current, trying all likely places as one passes. Spotting a shoal on the rise, the boatman, with a noiseless turn of his paddle, edges the coracle within range, and the fly, dropped neatly over the fish just where the sunlight meets the shadow of the trees, is almost certain to be greeted with a response. There is no mistake about it either. The carp takes with a dash and a swirl if it intends to bite at all, and hooks itself without any need of striking. In fact, a strike is very likely to end in disaster for there is no stopping the first rush of a big one and it must be given plenty of line.

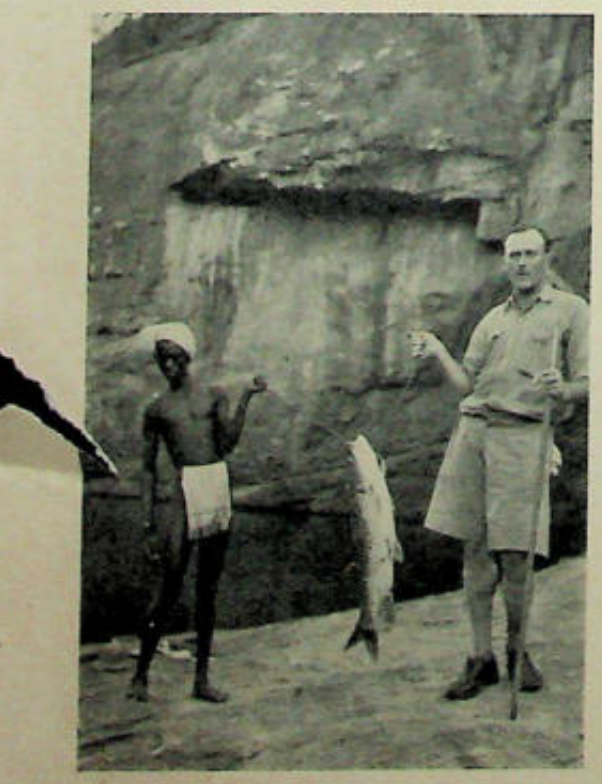
Once turned, however, there is little trouble. They lack the gameness of a trout and soon losing heart allow themselves to be drawn sulkily towards the net.

They swim in shoals, seldom lingering in one spot when on the feed, so that it is useless to go on casting after one or two have been taken and the rise has stopped. It is a case of drifting down and trying fresh water. They run up to fifteen or twenty pounds, and the bigger fish are to some extent predaceous and may sometimes be caught on a spoon or a minnow when spinning for mahseer. It is seldom worth trying when there is no rise on, for though paste, waterweed, and various jungle fruits are sometimes effective, fished on a float, the fish are very capricious when feeding on the bottom.

Of other flytakers, none unfortunately run to any size, but with a light rod and the finest of tackle one may by way of variety have an hour or two's capital fun with davril or blackspot, both of which occur in most of the smaller streams. The former are cousins of the so-called Indian trout, and it is the greatest of pities that they never grow to more than three or four ounces, as they are most game little fish and take the fly with all the zest of a brown troutling. They like clear brooks, with pebbly bottoms, and the swift-running, shallow stickles on larger streams. A cast of three or four small dark flies fished wet on 4x gut yields the best results.

Blackspot are very like dace in their habits, swimming in shoals in the quiet, weedy reaches of small streams and taking the fly with a gentle suck. When on the feed, they rise freely to any small black fly and it needs a delicate touch to hook them. A cautious approach is essential as they are easily put down, but once one knows their ways it should be possible to get 30 or 40 in a couple of hours on a good day. They are deep, thick-set fish, running four or five to the pound, and are distinguished by a large black patch on the median line near the tail.

SHAHIN.



A FOURTEEN-POUNDER

SPINNING FOR MAHSEER

The Lure of Difficult Waters

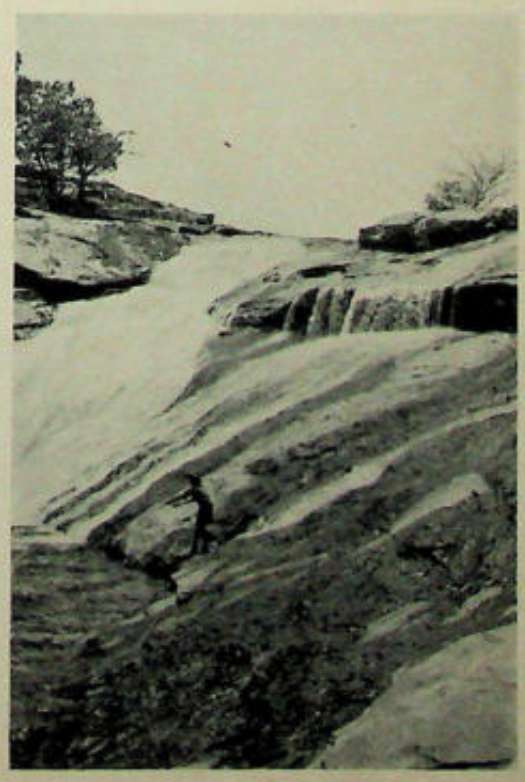
FISHING in the more get-at-able parts of South India is, I regret to say, very much of a gamble, but if one is prepared to face long treks, fever, and the ever-present menace of elephants, there is still good sport to be had. The pool shown in the illustration is known to the local inhabitants as the "Karangagam" or Black Pool. These local people are called Polayars, and are the remnants of an ancient, much degraded tribe of slaves.

It took me many years to find this particular stretch of water, but in the end my efforts were well rewarded, for here, on account of the rocky nature of the river, the deep gorges and rapid streams, poaching is very difficult. The forest guard, the first offender in poaching, is seldom seen upon this stretch.

Pound for pound the mahseer fights every bit as well as the salmon or sea trout. It varies greatly in size, and in the deep slow-running reaches of the great rivers, attains weights of 100lb. and more. In the rocky streams of the foothills, however, is to be found the sport "par excellence." Here the Scottish gillie would require all his skill and an expert knowledge of the spinning rod and reel. A mahseer will seldom take the fly, but will invariably follow a spoon.

Big fish lie at the head of the stream, and I generally spin up and across, drawing the spoon rapidly through the white water. In these foothill streams mahseer above 20lb. are uncommon, but a 10lb. fish will give you all you want in the way of excitement. I have known one of these gigantic carp, for it is from the carp family that it originates, to fight me for 25 minutes against powerful tackle and then turn the scale at 12lb. only. I never believed in the pound a minute theory, but in the case of the mahseer it definitely does not hold.

W. S. S. M.



IN THE ROCKY STREAMS OF THE FOOTHILLS

New Books

BIRD-ARTIST—AND DAUPHIN?

The Life of "John James" Audubon

I CAN think of no "life" of a naturalist with which to compare Miss Constance Rourke's biography of "John James" Audubon, published under the title of *Audubon*. So if I say that it stands by itself I shall be saying what is literally true as well as bestowing a deserved laurel. Miss Rourke has built a very charming story from the material of her hero's life and character which she has been at wide pains to collect.

Hitherto I have been vaguely prejudiced against Audubon. I have looked upon him, mainly through the mediumship of Mr. MacGillivray, as one of the murderous, taxidermist naturalists of his murderous day. I have, I now admit, misjudged the man who, an expert marksman and a woodsman born, killed no more than was necessary to his needs. He was, says Miss Rourke, naturally a hunter and he belonged to his time. This book shows him also as a man of humour, courage and singleness of purpose. It gives, too, the story of his life-long love for his charming Lucy—the wife who was so greatly his companion and friend.

Miss Rourke begins her story with a scarcely veiled hint that our Audubon (the little boy called Fougère who, *circa* 1794, at nine years of age was adopted by an honest seafaring person, Captain Audubon, of Nantes and elsewhere) is no other than the Dauphin—the small son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette! A most intriguing suggestion. Anyhow, our hero was the "handsomest boy in France." And when he was sent, as a youth, to America to make his fortune—and meet his Lucy—he was grown to an uncommon good-looking young fellow with an aristocratic fondness for fine and tasteful dress.

Audubon was never wholly a scientist, he was a bird-lover, an artist of bird painting, a back-woodsman and, I like to think, the rightful King of France. Audubon was the first author to produce a "luxury" bird book—where colour plates go with letterpress—his *Birds of America*, published in 1827. This fashion of book was held, by Mr. Wagner and the Ray Society, to "enrich ornithology only to its ultimate injury on account of a costliness which greatly reduced the number of naturalists able to avail themselves of it." Another criticism of the artist was that he was over prone to represent his subjects in violent action and "in postures which outraged nature." Miss Rourke reproduces a dozen of Audubon's colour plates and, here and there, these may be said to justify the critic. Her pages are additionally adorned by some very pleasing black-and-white work by Mr. James Macdonald.

This book gives us the life, in France, in America and in England, of a naturalist personality of his time. It is beautifully written; it is written with appreciation and sympathy. I wish that I could quote it extensively. I cannot do this, but I can recommend it to all bird-lovers and lovers of literature. Also to the novel reader who may well find it to be worth a dozen works of fiction.

P. R. C.

Audubon. By Constance Rourke. (Harrap; 12/6.)

A RUGBY MANUAL

IN these days when Rugby football has become so popular, it hardly seems necessary for any author to tell his readers that the game is played between teams of fifteen men each, that the man in charge of a game is called the referee, that he carries a whistle with which he signals his decisions to the players, and other such very elementary details. But this is characteristic of the thoroughness with which Captain H. B. T. Wakelam explains the game in the first of a new series of Modern Sports text-books. Mr. Howard Marshall, as editor of the series, says that its primary purpose is to give the young or inexpert player a sound understanding of his chosen game. He might have mentioned the inexpert spectator, too, for Captain Wakelam's book applies equally to the many onlookers who are unfamiliar with the essentials of the game. He himself was a very versatile player before he began to reveal his exceptional flair for broadcasting commentaries on international and other big matches. As a member of the Harelquins' team, he played in every position on the field—and incidentally he says he found the full back position the most difficult of all. He opens his book with the laws of the game—a good plan, for, complicated as they are, the rules are after all the most informative treatise on the way the game is played. These are followed by explanations of the functions of the players and referee, individual and team tactics (illustrated by diagrams), captaincy and training, supplemented by information about the government of the game, its history and development, etc. It is interesting to have Captain Wakelam's confirmation of the opinion so often expressed in the *Field* that wing forward play is at present concentrated too much on defensive spoiling. Among several good photographic illustrations are a particularly helpful series of excerpts from an instructional film demonstrating fundamental acts of play.

F. I. W.

Rugby Football. By Captain H. B. T. Wakelam. (J. M. Dent; 6/- net.)

A TEXT-BOOK OF FOX HUNTING

THERE must now be hundreds of pupils graduating annually from the many first-rate academies of equitation throughout these islands who, sooner or later, will wish to participate in the sport of riding to hounds—for which purpose after all the majority of such establishments are plainly designed to fit both horse and rider. At least, such riders would like to know what Hunting to-day really means and the cost it entails. *The A B C of Fox Hunting*, by D. W. E. Brock, has been written to tell them. The author realises that a new type of rider is supporting these establishments often on the surplus of a meagre salary, especially round our big industrial centres where the unparalleled exercise of riding offers a welcome change from office, class-room, ward and mechanical routine. To them, as well as to visitors from Overseas who want to get to the bottom of "this Hunting business" without waste of time, I strongly recommend this excellent five shillings worth. Admittedly, there are many books on Hunting, but the majority are specialistic, take too much for granted, are out of date or are extremely expensive.

The author of *The A B C of Fox Hunting* presupposes a knowledge of equitation and horse management to the extent of an ordinary "pass out" at a modern riding school; all the rest you want to know he conveys in quickly readable form, well written and in this very handy size.

I could recommend the book only by the author's choice of chapter headings, which are not only quotations from my own favourite hunting poets—Will Ogilvie, Whyte-Melville, Egerton-Warburton, Masefield, Kipling, Shakespeare and Adam Lindsay Gordon—but show the true inward spirit of field sport, without which the hunting man or woman is merely another technician. The sixteen chapters are all good, particularly those dealing with the hound side of hunting. I do not think the chapters on "How Hunting is Organised," "The Fox-Hound," "The Fox," "Hunting the Fox in Theory and Practice," "The Whipper-in," and "Cub Hunting," have ever been bettered—certainly not without several more pages and hosts of illustrations. Such illustrations as there are in this *A B C* are plain, to the point, and above all placed in the context. The print is excellent.

Advice on dress and equipment is always a stumbling block; but the only statement I can find to quibble at is one recommending a tweed hacking coat of a length that "just touches the saddle behind you." In my opinion a riding coat designed for riding should be long enough at least to touch the horse and, better, a little longer still. I thoroughly agree with the author's preference for cavalry twill for hunting breeches and coats, as also with his recommendation to a beginner in doubt as to where to buy his first hunting clothes—"Find out where the master gets his Hunt servants' things."

"Riding across country" is excellent advice, particularly "to be in front day in, day out, season in, season out, entails absolute concentration through all the stages of every day's hunting—at the meet, on the road, at the covert side and during the hunt itself.

Probably at least 90 per cent. of hunting people do not realize this, and if they do happen to be well placed in a run, it is more through good luck and good nerves than through their own skill. . . .

The biggest fences of the day are jumped at the very beginning of the first hunt, for it is then that the good man to hounds with an iron nerve will take on more or less anything that will give him a chance to get clear of the crowd."

The chapter on "On the Road" is Hunting from an unusual view, but very useful to-day! As also is that on the "Management of the Hunter," with lots more like "The most vulnerable parts of a hunter are his forelegs. . . . Imagine that your horse's legs have so many miles of galloping in them before they break down, and imagine that each fence you jump is worth a mile of galloping. Then you will treat his forelegs with the consideration which is their right." The glossary is one of the best I have come across. In short, the *A B C of Fox Hunting* is a first-rate text-book, published at a refreshingly low price.

V. A.

The A B C of Fox Hunting. By D. W. E. Brock. (Philip Allan; 5/-.)

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Champion, by K. F. Barker, is the story of a Bull Terrier (*Country Life*, 7/6), as charming as the same author's *Just Dogs*, which found many friends.

In *Tiny Friend*, by C. R. Acton, illustrated by C. Amber (Eyre & Spottiswode, 5/-), an author and an artist have combined in capital fashion to show the evolution of a nervous little dog into a real sportsman.

George Allen & Unwin have published a most unusual and entertaining biography of Audubon by Donal Cubrous Peattie under the title *Singing in the Wilderness*. At the modest price of 7/6 this book can be thoroughly recommended.

Harrap's have published *Apes and Monkeys*, by E. G. Boulanger, at 7/6. This is not a text-book, but a very readable story packed with information of those wild animals which attract more attention than any others. Many intimate details are given of the lives of such Zoo favourites as Jubilee.

We extend a very hearty welcome to the issue of *The Journal of the Royal Naval Sailing Association*. This is an admirably produced journal—the more so as the problems confronting the editor of a club journal are all too well known. Everyone wishes it well and professes an urgent desire to help—nobody does anything unless driven and goaded. This inherent difficulty of the usual journal seems in some miraculous fashion to have been overcome in the Senior Service. Within its initial 28 pages there is plenty of "meat" for the sailor-for-pleasure even if he be on a busman's holiday. Furthermore, there is more than ample evidence in the notes here and there of the rapid expansion of the club itself and of the directed development of its aims.

"WHAT TIME DID I COME IN, HAWKINS?"

"*I really couldn't say to the minute, Sir. After the Milk, if I may say so, Sir. But definitely before the first post.*"

"Then why do I feel so jolly fit, Hawkins?"

"*That, Sir, depends upon what you—er—consumed.*"

"I stuck to the Gin and Lime pretty faithfully last night and I feel as though I'd gone to bed at 10 o'clock on a glass of milk."

"*Well they do say, Sir, that lime juice—er—as it were—neutralises the—er—what would have been a nasty hangover, Sir—*"

"I say, it's a bit of a discovery though—what? Oughtn't we to have some by us? I mean, Summer is coming and all that—to say nothing of the party tomorrow."

"*Very good, Sir. Two cases of Rose's Lime Juice. I will order them at once.*"

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.

LAKELAND AFFORESTATION

SIR,—The note on afforestation in the *Field* of September 26th will be welcome to all lovers of the Lake District for its assertion of the principle that it would be folly to sacrifice indiscriminately that "priceless heritage" to the creation of timber reserves. But those of your readers who have not seen the report recently issued by the Forestry Commission may, I fear, draw a wrong conclusion from your statement that the two interests—afforestation and the preservation of natural beauty—"are not irreconcilable, even in the Lake District." If we understand the term "the Lake District" in its widest sense, that is certainly true. On the edges of the Lake District there is plenty of land suitable for afforestation from all points of view. But, unfortunately, the Forestry Commission still persists in its intention to carry on afforestation on the estate which it has bought in Eskdale and the Vale of Duddon, though it was this proposal which originally aroused opposition and was the primary concern of the petition presented to the Commisson a year ago, and though an offer to buy the estate from them has been made.

Further, the Commissioners have now made it clear that they look forward to making additional purchases for planting in this same part of the Lake District, and it appears that the Vale of Coniston is also threatened. It is small wonder that the Council for the Preservation of Rural England have expressed regret that these areas have not been scheduled along with those from which afforestation by the Commissioners is wholly ruled out. The two interests may be reconcilable, but they are far from being reconciled, and the representatives of the C.P.R.E. state quite clearly with reference to the district I have mentioned that they "find themselves in disagreement with the Commissioners."

Unquestionably the valleys now threatened are part of the heart of the Lake District. Some good judges consider Eskdale almost, if not quite, the most beautiful of all the Lakeland valleys; and we know what Wordsworth thought of the Duddon from his sonnets, and what Ruskin thought of the Vale of Coniston from the fact that he made his home there. Yours faithfully,

Scarborough College, Yorkshire. A. R. WOOLLEY.

THE WING FORWARD IN RUGBY FOOTBALL

SIR,—With regard to the article on "Brighter Rugby" by F. I. W., apparently the wing forward is the root of all the troubles—or supposed trouble—in modern Rugby football. He rushes about the field pulling down three-quarters who would otherwise thrill the crowd with dazzling runs; he does not shove in the tight scrums; he hampers the scrum halves; he is apparently the cause for excessive kicking. F. I. W. pleads for brighter Rugby. Obviously, he is looking back, and he remembers Edgar Mobbs and Ronnie Poulton and Adrian Stoop. Looking back! A typical English failing. "The good old days," and "When I was a boy, my boy" attitude that does nobody any good and is always tinged with exaggeration. For the most astonishing thing about a famous athlete is his immunity from the normal human weaknesses. After his retirement he grows in stature, and with each passing year (even death cannot supervene) he grows and grows—and soon he becomes a giant.

In the good old days forwards shoved. In other words they put their heads down and kept them down, coming up only when air was an urgent necessity. They were, indeed, a part of the game but *the* part of the game that mattered (so one gathers) was the dazzling runs of the now immortalised three-quarters. And were the forwards of those days any better than those of to-day? Would not Wakefield, Bannerman, Wateyn Thomas, Jamie Clinch, George Beamish, Tom Voyce—to mention but a few—have been great in any age? And what of the All Black forwards of 1924, and the last Springbok pack? The post-war forwards are no whit inferior to the pre-war. They are possessed of more intelligence. F. I. W. was obviously brought up to regard Rugby forwards as mere shovers, oxen, beasts of burden.

True it is, that the wing forward breaks up three-quarter movements. I am very doubtful if the three-quarters of the pre-wing-forward era would have amassed their reputations had they played to-day. Those of genius would have shone. But so do those moderns of genius. The wing-forward held no terrors for Kershaw or Davies or Corbett: he held no terrors for the Oxford three-quarter line of 1924; he held no terrors for Mark Nicholls; he holds no terrors for Cliff Jones, or Wooller, or Cranmer, or Tanner.

Do not blame the wing-forward. Blame the backs. Our forward play has not degenerated. (The All Blacks of last season considered their pack their strong point; we beat them forward—not only in international matches but in club games. Were our forwards praised? On the contrary the All Black forwards were regarded as a bad pack.) But our back play has gone down hill amazingly. We have no scrum halves able to throw a long enough pass to give their stand-off a chance. Cliff Jones is the only stand-off with sufficient ability to out-wit the wing forwards. The average run of centre three-quarters to-day do not know how to run straight, how to take or give a pass. They ignore their wings and they kick because they are too incompetent to run. They are fair meat for any forward—wing or not—and the forwards know it.

As to excessive kicking: F. I. W. should remember that the pace of the game has increased out of all recognition and is increasing every year. Kicking has become an essential part of Rugby tactics, not only as means of gaining ground but also as means of saving the forwards' legs.

Rugby football is not in need of brightening up. The tackling is superb, the forwards are good, and sometimes we are vouchsafed three-quarters of genius and initiative. If the whole desire of the spectator is to see tries scored—then the obvious thing is to do away with as many players as possible. In fact to introduce seven-a-side football. But if—and I think the majority of spectators are of this mind (the annual squeal comes from those whose heads are in the rosy mists of yester-year)—the game of Rugby football is a game of science and brawn, in which the score is second to the spirit of give and take, then leave Rugby football to look after itself. A drawn game with no score and poor back movements can be just as interesting as any other.

Those who advocate a return to old-time forward play, should remember what old-time forward play was. When my father played as a forward the scrummage would sometimes last for fifteen consecutive minutes, and so soon as the ball appeared from beneath the forwards' feet so soon would it be kicked back again. That must have been exciting for the onlooker!

We do not want "Brighter Rugger." The "Brighter Sport" movement is a mere pandering to satiated tastes. It brought the "no-foul" rule to New York boxing: it has brought no good to any sport anywhere. Yours faithfully,

London, N.W.4. EX-FORWARD.

WIRED-IN CROPS

SIR,—I should be glad to have the opinion of game-preservers and shooting men as to whether the presence of wire netting, surrounding small portions of arable land, planted purposely for game, is detrimental, in the way of preventing game using the ground as freely as they would if the netting was not there.

I am inclined to the opinion that to a certain extent it is detrimental, in so much as it prevents birds running into and out of the cover so provided and of necessity they must jump or fly over the obstruction.

For some years I have rented an acre or so of land adjoining a cover from the farmer over whose land I shoot and this has been ploughed and sown with buckwheat, barley, etc.

This year I have increased the area to three or more acres and wired the whole lot in with 3ft. wire netting to keep the rabbits out. Other years the "buckwheat patch" was always a sure find for partridges, this year we have beaten it blank more than once. Hitherto we have always put up a considerable number of wild pheasants when beating out the "patch" in September for partridges, this year we do not see nearly as many and I should say, roughly, the birds hatched are about equal in numbers to last year. Where, before, the birds could run from the cover into the buckwheat and back again, they now have to either jump or fly over the netting, which I believe they dislike doing. One would not think this would apply so much to partridges, but the fact remains that we do not find them in the "patch" as we used to do and it is not for the want of birds, although this is a bad partridge season.

Further, I would ask for opinions as to the desirability of leaving standing a crop of barley, oats or wheat planted for game, in hopes of its affording feeding and cover for the birds throughout most of the season.

I have done it and found it more or less a failure for I believe the birds much prefer stubble to standing crops as the season gets on. This year I am going to harvest the corn and leave the stubble and try what the effect may be.

Yours faithfully,

Woodside, Crowborough, Sussex. R. S. K. E.

THE HEATHER BEETLE

SIR,—I am particularly interested in Lord Inchcape's letter in your issue of October 3rd on the subject of the heather beetle, as we have been making some inquiries as to the damage done by and the possible cure for this pest, and it would seem evident that someone will have to take the matter up seriously, and on an extensive scale, before an ultimate solution of the problem is found.

Lord Inchcape's suggestions that a Government research department should be established is an excellent one, but it will require concerted action on the part of those interested before the Government can be persuaded to take such a step. In any event, the British Field Sports Society is prepared to help in any way it possibly can in the matter, and to this end we should be extremely grateful if owners and tenants of grouse moors would send us any information on the subject which they may have at their disposal.

Reports should, so far as possible, refer to the weather conditions for a period of at least one, and if possible more than one year before the effects of the beetle were first observed, and should describe the humidity of the soil, age and area of the heather affected, and the prevalence of other birds which may feed upon the beetle or the larvæ, such as black game. In addition, particulars should be sent of stocks of grouse in recent years and information as to the migration of birds owing to the destruction of heather.

Yours faithfully,

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

BLUE-WINGED OLIVES

SIR,—The note of despair which predominates in "J. D.'s" article in your issue of September 12th and his plea for investigation, will find a sympathetic response from all fly fishermen.

We must, however, investigate on the right lines, and I would submit a brief consideration of some physical facts, which appear to rule out the suggested investigation with ultra-violet light. It is true that colours are modified when viewed under the mercury vapour lamp, which is the common source of ultra-violet light, just as they are modified to some degree under any other artificial light, but it is the predominant and visible blue rays emanating from the mercury vapour lamp which cause the discoloration; the invisible ultra-violet rays play no part in it.

Then as regards fluorescence. Some substances fluoresce to ultra-violet light, but so far as I am aware feathers do not come within this category. Even so, the proportion of ultra-violet rays in daylight is very small, and any fluorescing effect from them would only be made evident in complete darkness. And so, when we consider that ultra-violet rays are completely absent at dusk, and further that the transparent tissues of the eye are impervious to these rays, I think we may be allowed to bid farewell to all the pleasing theories of the influence of ultra-violet light upon the fly-fisher's success, or want of it.

As regards big hatches of blue-winged olives. Has it occurred to "J. D." that in such circumstances the trout may be taking the fly near the surface in the act of casting its shuck, and not waiting until the floating fly sails over its circle of surface vision? I think it is generally conceded that trout do on occasion feed in this fashion. It has been my lot to see but one mass rise of blue-winged olives, and then the trout were visibly rushing at the flies in all directions, consistent with the view that the trout's objective was seen at a distance beneath the surface. Possibly trout habitually take the blue-winged olive in this way, and if so might not this account for the typical boil of the fish at this fly? Herein, however, we require observation, and herein, also, the fisherman is not the best observer! He is too intent on catching fish, unless, indeed, he lay aside his rod and sacrifice his sporting instincts for the common good.

I may add, with profound diffidence, that the only fish I caught in the above-mentioned rise of blue-winged olives was taken on a hare's ear, probably partially sunk. Yours faithfully,

The Heights, Marlow, Bucks. A. GOODMAN LEVY.

A NOVEL TRAP
(See Letter "Trapping Rabbits")

TRAPPING RABBITS

SIR,—The rabbits in the Whipsnade district have become a serious menace to the local farmers. Many ingenious attempts have been made to reduce their numbers. Here is one. This farmer has gone to the expense and trouble of having one of his fields, situated close to a wood, completely surrounded by close-mesh rabbit wire, and dug twelve inches into the ground. A small hole has been made at one point, in the bottom of the wire, through which the rabbits from the wood enter the field, and a slab of concrete suspended above the hole. The slab is connected by a wire to the farmhouse, 300yds. away. At 10 o'clock each night, and again at 5 o'clock in the morning, the wire is released at the farmhouse and the slab falls, covering the hole and confining the rabbits to the open field. An average of 30–40 rabbits is the nightly catch.

In the temporary absence of the farmer, a party of holiday-makers from London, with the hope of increasing the catch, introduced directional instructions. But for three successive nights they have drawn a blank. Yours faithfully,

Hampstead, N.W.3. A. A. ROBERTS.

FLOCKS OF RAVENS

SIR,—I was interested to read Dr. Julian Huxley's letter in your issue of September 12th, since I have seen flocks of ravens in the same part of Pembrokeshire.

On August 16th, 1934, on a headland at the south side of St. Bride's Bay, we had noticed flying about during the morning a rather unusual number of presumed families of five to eight ravens, and a visitor from Yorkshire, Mr. Grant, told me later that he had seen 27 together.

On going to verify this I found the flock considerably larger. The ravens were spread over about a quarter of a mile of cliff; they were not feeding, but were sitting about in groups of six to ten on rock outcrops and occasionally three to six would take wing and indulge in playful aerial acrobatics for a few minutes. I kept them under observation from various view-points for over an hour, and at one time I had 38 in sight. If approached, the nearest birds merely flew a few hundred yards ahead, and I could not get the whole flock on the wing together, but as nearly as I could get it the total numbers were between 55 and 60. This is the largest flock I have seen.

By careful stalking I was able to anticipate the movement along the cliff of one section of the flock and obtained a photograph of thirteen together.

W. H. Hudson, in *The Land's End*, page 219, mentions a flock of 32 ravens he saw in Cornwall in the winter of 1906/7, and my friend, Mr. Ian M. Thomson, M.B.O.U., informs me that he has seen 50 or more ravens in a flock in the Shetlands in late summer. Yours faithfully,

32, West Bute Street, Docks, Cardiff. H. MORREY SALMON.

ENGLAND'S FLY-FISHING TEAM

SIR,—I think the following information regarding the "England" Trout Fly-Fishing Team for 1936, which won the International Fly-Fishing match on Loch Leven on May 27th, for the second year in succession, may be of interest to your readers.

Mr. Geo. Waddell, of Otterburn, our representative in the Scottish National Association Fly-Fishing match, held on Loch Leven on June 3rd, obtained second place out of 63 competitors. Mr. S. O'Hanlon, of Manchester, our representative in the Loch Leven championship which was fished on that loch on September 11th, was placed fourth out of 67 competitors. In the above two matches, the competitors are the selected champions of Scottish fishing clubs, and our Scottish friends and rivals invite the "England" committee to select one Englishman to represent our country in each match.

All things considered, I think these results reflect great credit on our selection committee, and our international fishermen of future years will have to exercise the greatest skill and be favoured by a little luck, "this element being always present to a certain extent in loch fishing," to enable them to improve on this year's record.

Yours faithfully,

Gilnockie, Lilburn Gardens, South Gosforth, Newcastle-upon-Tyne 3. H. E. ARMSTRONG (Hon. Secretary, England Committee).

A WINE TABLE

SIR,—Having read a letter from Miss Kathleen D. Ogilvie in your issue of September 19th, concerning a wine table in her possession, I enclose a scale (approx.) drawing of a similar one of mine.

The dimensions of mine are different as you will notice: it has four legs instead of five, and the flaps are smaller and drop down instead of folding back. They carry a small extension on the inside, as shown. The brass fitting pivoting on the centre revolves on two rollers running on a small extension around the inside of the table. The legs are roped and have handsomely-ornamented brass castors.

I have always understood this table to be a wine

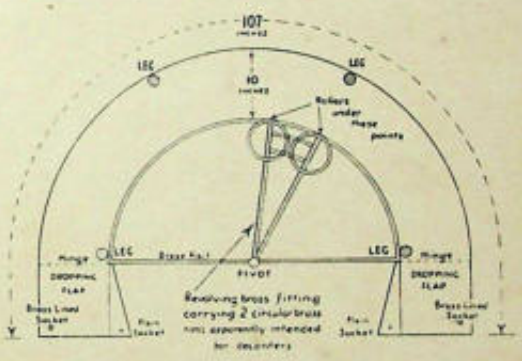


table for placing in front of the fire, as suggested by your correspondent. I believe these tables are uncommon and of value, and I think they date from 1800 or thereabouts.

Yours faithfully,

Inch Thurles, Ireland. R. RYAN.

A FAMILY PARTY
(See Letter "Flocks of Ravens")

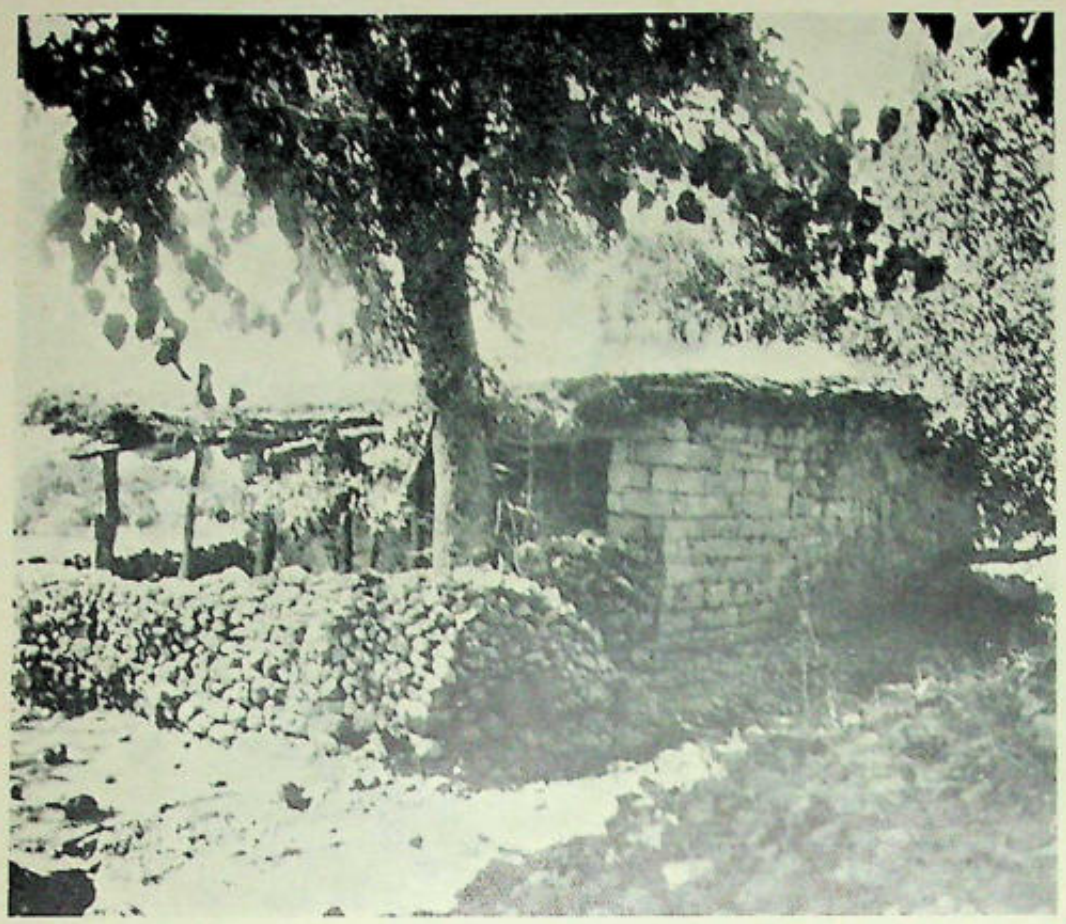
"It's older and better than ever"

—said Johnnie Walker

Only whisky that has matured for long years in the wood is used in the blending of Johnnie Walker; and the huge stocks of fully matured whiskies owned by John Walker & Sons are in fact older and better than ever.

All over Scotland fine whiskies have been and are maturing year by year, waiting to give, when skilfully blended, that 'roundness' and harmony which has always been a distinctive feature of Johnnie Walker. It is always worth looking for the famous square bottle, asking for Johnnie Walker by name.

JOHNNIE WALKER
Born 1820—still going strong



A SMALL CHURCH WHICH IS WELL ATTENDED
(See Letter "An Assyrian Church")

NIGHT BLINDNESS IN HORSES

SIR,—It would be interesting to know if such a disease as night blindness in animals is recognised scientifically. Apparent cases of it have been known, but I have never come across any mention of it in books of animal hygiene. By night blindness I mean the inability of a horse, with apparently normal eyesight in daylight, to see at night objects fairly easily distinguishable by others. I do not refer to a pitch dark night, when no object can be seen by any ordinary human being, but on a fairly luminous night such as one lit up by the stars, when fair-sized objects such as rocks or bushes can be readily discerned. I have heard of complaints of night blindness by human beings, but as these were of inability to see in the trenches in France during the Great War, they were regarded with some suspicion!

However, later, in South Persia, I came across instances of both horses and mules apparently unable to see on nights when I was able to see large objects quite easily. My quarters at the time were some mile or so distant from the horse lines, where I was in charge of some 200 horses. The intervening country was chiefly bare, sandy waste, with a few clumps of palms and scattered thorn bushes. On riding home after dark some horses would pick their way easily so as to avoid the bushes, whilst others, if given a loose rein, would blunder right into them in spite of the fact that they invariably got pricked by the thorns.

A still more striking case of apparent night blindness occurred with my transport mules. I had occasion once to start a march at about 2 a.m. The camp we left was bordered by several narrow but deep irrigation channels. These were crossed by narrow stone bridges about 5ft. to 6ft. in width. The mules were pack mules, led in the ordinary Indian transport fashion of three animals tied nose to tail by one man. The night was a very clear one, and all these small culverts were perfectly visible to the ordinary eye. The men leading the mules had no difficulty in getting the number one mules on to the culverts, but after the following mules of several trios had walked blindly into the ditches, I had to have all the mules detached and led across one by one. I can only imagine the mules were unable to see these ditches, and so walked straight into them. It is not as though they were tired after a long march, and so blindly followed each other without looking where they were going. The march had only just started, and the animals were quite fresh.

The Indian ranks of my force quite recognised such a complaint as night blindness, but put it down to the only water obtainable in the country, which was certainly very saline and unpleasant to drink. Personally, I put it down to the fact that the animals had to stand all day in a very bright glare thrown by bare sandy ground unrelieved by any shade or green. This presumably caused their pupils to contract in their eyes, and these were unable to expand again to normal even during the whole course of the night. The same effect, in fact, as is noticeable in one's own eyes on coming into a shaded room out of the glare of a bright sun outside. It is often some seconds before they become adjusted to the dimmer light.

The existence of night blindness in the horses struck me as likely to be a very serious handicap if the cavalry were called on for any night operations against our local enemy, the Tangistani tribes, but on my reporting the matter to my brigade commander, I am afraid he only looked on my plaint rather as I had looked on the plaint of those men who told me they were unable to see at night in the trenches in France!

However, it would be interesting to know of the experiences of other of your readers on the inability of horses or other animals to see at night.

Yours faithfully,
K. D. BARBOUR.

CURIOUS DEATH OF SPARROW-HAWK

SIR,—We keep four budgerigars in a large cage in a conservatory. To-day we found a sparrow-hawk dead outside, having apparently dived at the birds and killed himself against the glass.

The budgerigars are very tame and not easily frightened, but on showing them the dead body of the hawk they showed the greatest fear of it, though they had probably never seen a hawk before.

Yours faithfully,
Northumberland. GERARD F. T. LEATHER.

AN ASSYRIAN CHURCH

SIR,—This is a photograph of an Assyrian Christian church, taken at Haisi, Kurdistan. The church itself is reputed to be one of the oldest in existence—400 years old, according to the priest, who speaks fairly good English. It is quite small, about 40ft. by 20ft., and has a large congregation. The door itself is only about 3ft. high by 2ft. wide. The interior is pitch black and is infested with bats. Some Bibles in Assyrian were shown us, and we were assured that they were older than the church. They certainly looked it!

Yours faithfully,
Himaidi, Iraq. JAMES MERCER.

MERLIN AND GREENFINCH

SIR,—a lady who resides near here in a bungalow situated on an upland heath, had a rather interesting experience lately. She was sitting indoors when she heard a heavy thud accompanied by considerable screeching outside her front door. Upon investigation she found a greenfinch lying dead in the verandah, and beside it a female merlin in a dazed condition. The merlin died shortly afterwards. Evidently the merlin had been in pursuit of the greenfinch and the latter dashed for refuge into the rose covered verandah and struck one of the windows or the woodwork of the house and the merlin followed in the blind excitement of the chase and met the same fate. I was fortunate to see the birds in the position in which they had fallen and a distinct mark was visible on the merlin's nape, showing where it had crashed.

Yours faithfully,
Dornoch, Sutherland. D. MACDONALD.

SILVER Y MOTHS

SIR,—In view of Captain Dannreuther's letter in the *Field* of September 19th, it may be of interest to record that on August 29th a noticeably large number of Silver Y moths was observed here (some six miles from Leicester city). For three days (as far as I recollect) hundreds of these moths fed by day upon flowers in this garden and, as at Hastings and elsewhere, they appeared to be in excellent condition and not at all timid on approach.

Yours faithfully,
Uplands, Rothley, Leicestershire. JOHN J. TAWNEY.

SIR,—Regarding the Silver Y moths mentioned in the correspondence columns of the *Field*, I noticed hundreds of specimens busy on the flowers spread over a large area in the Windermere District. We always see a fair number at this time of the year, but on the morning of September 11th I noticed that our verandah floor was strewn with legs, wings and heads of Silver Y moths, the bodies having been devoured during the previous evening by a bat which was flying in and out whilst I was sitting there. This discovery drew my attention to the abnormally large numbers of these moths in our garden and the gardens of several of my friends who had noticed them also.

I may add that all last week the number of Tortoiseshell, Peacock and Red Admiral butterflies on the wing here has been phenomenal. I see few Painted Ladies, none this year so far, but a few Small Coppers of the third brood appeared last week.

Yours faithfully,
Fayrer Holme, Windermere. C. M. CLARK.

THE REMAINS OF A FEAST
(See Letter "Silver Y Moths")

RETRIEVERS RUNNING IN

SIR,—I think the following extract from a letter received from a friend may interest readers of the *Field* familiar with the methods of Field Trials:

"No point in my going in for Field Trials, as I don't hold with the idea of dogs not running in.

"A dog may run in without running wild, and from experience my dog will retrieve twice as many birds in a day than any dog kept to heel will do, and instead of leaving a dozen birds in the turnips we may lose one. After the first day, when I keep my dog on a lead, it is very seldom that birds are flushed by the dog that runs in the moment it sees a bird falling. And the time and trouble saved when the dog and the bird reach the same point together and he gathers it at the gallop is incredible.

"In consequence, I am asked to shoot not because they want me, but because they want the dog.

"Besides, it is far better to see a really smart dog have his bird back within a few seconds of the shot than to see a man messing about trying to work his dog on the place where he (the man) wrongly supposed the bird fell."

Yours faithfully,

Pangbourne. W. M. C.

THE DEATH OVEN

SIR,—It must be nearly four years now since you published for me a somewhat sensational article entitled "The Death Oven," in which I pleaded for a humane rationalisation of the many objectionable means taken by professional animal protection societies and individuals for the destruction of unwanted dogs and cats.

As a result of the great sympathetic interest this article aroused in many of your readers, the then president of the National Veterinary Medical Association was moved to write you a letter in which he said that a competent veterinary committee would be formed to investigate the whole question of "small-animal euthanasia."

The conclusions formed by that committee would, he assured you, appear in the lay press after publication in professional journals.

In due course I met the chairman of this new committee (Major Dunkin, the well-known distemper research scientist), who suggested that I should have full confidence in his committee and should discontinue my own independent researches,

A HOT SPOT IN AN ELM
(See Letter "An Unusual Bees' Nest")

as well as refrain from publishing matter which might embarrass the work of his committee.

To this course I readily agreed, and am still awaiting the promised report of the committee.

It seems to have been a long time to expect the results of what did not seem to me to be a very obstruse question, and I have no doubt that some other of your readers who have expected the report will share my impatience.

So far as I know only two developments of practical importance in this branch of veterinary science have occurred since my article was published, namely an improved technique for the use of Nembutal as a general anæsthetic and lethal injection, and electric stunning. But a report that has taken so long to produce must contain a vast amount of interesting matter, and a reminder in the columns of the *Field* might produce it while veteran pioneers like myself are still alive or have still the mental ability to use it for the common good. The report may also, from the point of view of comparative pathology and physiology, assist the deliberations of scientists and statesmen in countries like Canada and some American states where the various means for the most humane destruction of criminals are being very seriously considered at the present time.

Yours faithfully,

WAKEFIELD RAINEY
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Perth, Western Australia. Lieutenant-Colonel).

ERECTED BY PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION
(See Letter "'Brusher Mills,' Snake-Catcher")

"BRUSHER MILLS," SNAKE-CATCHER

SIR,—In a churchyard at Brockenhurst, Hants, stands a stone erected by public subscription to the memory of Harry Mills.

When over forty years of age he built himself a hut in the New Forest, and there he lived for many years. He was paid 15/- a week for catching snakes, the best of which he sent to the London Zoo. The photograph shows him standing by his primitive hut and holding his forked stick in one hand and some adders in the other. At his feet is the can in which he carried them. He wore sacking round his legs as a protection from bites.

When he received his first bite he was told he would die. "Well," he said, "stand me a drink or two first." All his friends stood him drinks, and he drank pint after pint. He recovered from the bite and was afterwards quite immune.

In those days anyone in the New Forest who put up a dwelling-place and fenced in some land and lived on it, without interference from the authorities, for fifteen years, could claim the land. Just before Mills's fifteen years had expired he began to boast about the land that was to be his. The result was that orders were given for his hut to be burnt. So "Brusher Mills" never got his land.

Someone who knew him told me he never used to change his clothes, or wash, and that he often carried snakes about in his pockets.

Yours faithfully,

31, Manor Road, JOHN H. VICKERS.
Headington, Oxford.

AN UNUSUAL BEES' NEST

SIR,—I should be grateful if any of your readers could tell me if the accompanying photograph shows an unusual position for a bees' nest? It is situated about 20ft. from the ground on a young elm. There is now no sign of bee life round the nest. Would this have been made by the common domesticated bee?

Yours faithfully,

Wonersh Chase, B. N. DOUETIL.
Wonersh.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W.1, need £10 to help a gentlewoman who is struggling to pay the school fees of her son aged fourteen. Her husband died eighteen months ago after an illness which exhausted their small capital. His widow took a post as chauffeuse-companion and, until her health broke down this summer, she was able to maintain her boy at school. He is anxious to join the R.A.F. Although only partially recovered, for her son's sake, she must find another post, for his future depends on her present efforts. Friends of the Poor are anxious to lessen her anxiety by paying for this term's fees and his winter outfit.

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IN THE CITY

TWO LONG SHOTS

THE excellent recovery in profits and the high rate of activity at which companies such as International Combustion, Ltd., and Hopkinsons, Ltd., and others in the trade are now operating is well known and has recently been referred to in these notes. American companies in the same trade only began to obtain a real increase in business during the past year and the recovery is still in its earlier stages. It is seemingly the prevalent opinion in City circles that, regardless of the outcome of the Presidential Election, the improvement in general business in that country will be maintained now that it has really penetrated to the heavy industries. Furthermore, it is believed that both new and replacement orders from such an important industry in the United States as the electric power supply companies, long delayed owing to special and political factors, cannot be longer postponed, and that in the next twelve months a very substantial demand for equipment will originate from these companies, as well as from oil, shipbuilding and other industrial concerns. The outlook, therefore, for a concern supplying such equipment may now be viewed with a certain amount of optimism.

Foster Wheeler Corporation manufactures complete steam boiler plants and turbine room equipment, as well as oil refining equipment and petrol recovery plants, etc. As happened with many other concerns in the trade, the demand for its products fell so drastically in the depression that in each of the last five years operations resulted in a loss; on the 17,518 shares of $7 cumulative preferred stock which are at present a nominal market around $120 (there are no debentures in issue) dividends have been omitted since January, 1933, and arrears now amount to $460,000 or $26.25 per share. On the 247,700 common shares in issue no dividend has been paid since 1931, and in view of the arrears of preferred dividend a resumption of distributions is not an early possibility. However, it is interesting to note that unfilled orders on the company's books at June 30th last totalled $6,155,000 as compared with $4,286,000 a year previously, and the improvement in operating results is reflected in a net loss in the first six months of this year of only $24,700 as against $151,300 in the first half of last year.

In respect of the current financial year ending on December 31st the accounts to be published towards the end of March, 1937, should show a small profit, and it seems not unreasonable to expect the company in due time to recover the major portion at least of its former profit earning capacity. How substantial this was is indicated by the fact that earnings in 1929 and 1930 were equivalent to over $6 per common share. Obviously the common shares of Foster Wheeler are in a speculative position at present, but in a year or so the shares may well show a handsome profit on a purchase at present levels around $34.

LOOKING AHEAD

The United Gas Corporation was formed in 1930 and now owns or controls various concerns supplying some 2,400,000 persons in Texas, Louisiana and other Southern states with natural gas. The company is one of the sub-subsidiaries in the Electric Bond and Share group, and is thus under excellent management. It should be mentioned that this group is liable to be adversely affected if the new anti-holding company laws are upheld in the courts, but the most serious consequences of these laws seem rather unlikely to materialise.

As its name implies, the corporation has been chiefly engaged in supplying natural gas (found underground in the United States in very large quantities in certain districts), and in conjunction with these operations it has also been producing oil. The volume of natural gas sold has steadily increased, while recently the production of oil has amounted to about 25 million gallons annually. The margin of profit, however, declined sharply during the depression, and after meeting interest and other charges on its own and subsidiary securities profits have been insufficient to meet in full dividend requirements of $9,340,000 annually on the $7 cumulative preferred shares, which are now in arrear to the extent of about $40,733,000. However, it is noteworthy that profits have been rising very rapidly in recent months, and for the twelve months ended on July 31st, 1936, were almost sufficient to cover dividends at the full rate on all the preferred shares.

The position of this important undertaking has improved considerably of late, but the most significant feature in the outlook is that it has extensive holdings in the recently discovered Rodessa oil-field, an area "which promises to be a major oil reserve." The common shares of the United Gas Corporation, now quoted around $7¼, are considered to have interesting possibilities as a long lock-up.

PACTOLUS.

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MISS PAM BARTON'S "DOUBLE"

Amateur Golf Champion of the United States and Great Britain in One Year

By E. R. TIPPLE

A LITTLE over two years ago Miss Pam Barton's name was unknown in golfing circles. Now, wherever the game is played, enthusiasts are discussing her latest triumph—the winning of the American Ladies' Golf Championship. Such a rapid rise to the front rank is almost without parallel in recent years, and certainly no one deserves success more than she does.

She has emulated the example of Mrs. Hurd who, as Miss Dorothy Campbell, won both the British and the American titles in 1909. The only other British golfer who has been American champion is Mrs. Temple Dobell. The latter, who was before her marriage Miss Gladys Ravenscroft, was successful in 1913. Twenty-three years have gone by before another British lady golfer could capture the second most coveted title in feminine golf!

Miss Barton suddenly decided to go over to America this year, and was the solitary representative of this country's players. She allowed herself very little time in which to practise, yet struck her best form almost at once. Passing the qualifying stage with ease, she progressed steadily round by round, and many of the American players, notably Miss Patty Berg (last year's runner-up), fell by the wayside. In the semi-final she met Miss Marion Miley, who took part in the Curtis Cup match at Gleneagles earlier in the year, and who was the last American player in the British Championship, being beaten in the fourth round by Miss Bridgett Newell. Thanks largely to a brilliant outward half which she accomplished in the par figures, Miss Barton scored a comfortable victory, and so passed into the final. Her last opponent was perhaps the most difficult she had to face that week—Mrs. Crews, better known as Miss Maureen Orcutt.

Mrs. Crews is a seasoned campaigner with a long record of distinguished successes to her credit, notably winner of the Canadian title in 1930 and 1931, and finalist in her own country's championship of 1927. Miss Barton, then, knew she had to give of her best. The first eighteen holes were fairly even, neither player managing to hold the lead for long, and both most probably feeling the strain of the occasion. But after the luncheon interval the British champion simply ran away with the match, hitting the ball yards past her opponent off the tee and following this up with a display of superb putting. Thus she turned her morning lead of one up into the commanding one of five at the twenty-seventh. Her score of 38 against the par 39 for these nine holes tells its own story. Even Mrs. Crews's grimly stubborn play could not match such aggressive golf, and the ultimate result was obvious. Taking every advantage of her opponent's mistakes, and making few herself, Miss Barton held on to her lead, finally winning the title on the thirty-third green.

It is indeed very rare for one golfer to win the amateur championships of Great Britain and America in one year. Those who have accomplished this wonderful feat in the past had been prominent before. They had gained much experience and been among the leaders for years—among the men H. H. Hilton, R. T. Jones and Lawson Little can be cited. Each in his time was really outstanding. Now little Miss Barton, only nineteen years of age, has placed herself among that small, select band of notables, and has given us further welcome consolation for the defeats of our international teams. It is surely a sign that, individually, British amateur golfers are becoming players of first-class importance, when first Jack McLean reaches the final of the men's event, and then Miss Barton goes one better and carries off the ladies'. These performances are distinctly encouraging and should spur on all those who have the ability but who do not often produce it when required. They also jolt the long-established American supremacy and will make the authorities in the United States search for new talent.

Playing in her first championship at Porthcawl in 1934, Miss Barton, then only seventeen years of age, reached the final, defeating on her way many well-known and established players. Those who saw this sturdy girl play then were impressed. Her serious determination coupled with her jolly way of treating her opponents was noticeable. In those days her long driving was a feature of her game but, as I wrote in the *Field* at the time, her iron play needed much improvement. She was too prone to under-club herself—a familiar failing among young golfers. Although Miss Holm beat her quite easily, the critics prophesied a brilliant future for Miss Barton, but none, myself included, expected her to accomplish what she has already achieved. In 1935 she again reached the last stage of the British championship, only to be beaten, this time by Miss Wanda Morgan. Again the old tendency to take an iron instead of playing a wooden club was noticed. And at Southport, despite one of the finest entries of recent years, Miss Barton once more went through round after round, and this time it was a case of "third time lucky."

In her brief golfing career she has twice been a member of an official British touring side, visiting Canada and America in 1934 and Australia and New Zealand last year. These trips must have taught her a great deal. But what, I fancy, she has never been taught to acquire is that determined "never-say-die" attitude which is such a characteristic of her outlook on the game. She must have possessed that all her life.

Her way to the front rank has not been easy. It was not reached without a good deal of sacrifice and hard work. Hard work in the shape of continual practising and tuition under Archie Compston. She is one of the few first-class golfers who spares time to go out on to the practice ground at her club, Royal Mid Surrey, and spend hours hitting balls about, striving to get better and better. Compston must feel proud of his pupil, and he deserves to be, like Jack McLean, she has proved that regular help from a good professional is essential.

Miss Barton, who has done what Miss Enid Wilson attempted so valiantly to do in 1931, 1932 and 1933, has entered with Francis Francis for the Worplesdon Mixed Foursomes, which begin on Monday. There she is sure to be accorded a reception in keeping with her American triumph.

A PUPIL OF COMPSTON

Miss Pam Barton, winner of the highest honours in lady's golf at the age of nineteen

CONGRATULATIONS FROM THE RUNNER-UP

Miss Wanda Morgan (right), winner of the English Ladies' Close Championship, and Miss Phyllis Wade, her opponent in the final

MISS WANDA MORGAN'S REGAINED TITLE

A Close Final in the English Ladies' Championship

THE last of the year's golf championships—the English Ladies'—took place at a new venue, Hayling Island, last week, and resulted in a victory for Miss Wanda Morgan, champion in 1931, and British champion last year. Over the long and testing links the golf displayed during the meeting reached a high standard, and in the final both Miss Morgan and Miss Wade played extremely well.

Handicapped by lack of length, Miss Wade put up one of the most courageous fights ever seen. Time and again she saved herself by her accurate pitching and by her consistently good putting. Although round in 77 in the first eighteen, and three up, Miss Morgan had to watch every shot, and only won on the thirty-fifth green. In the end her long accurate drives and brassie strokes turned the balance in her favour. Like Miss Barton, both these ladies believe in practice, and Miss Wade pays regular visits to the genial R. A. Whitcombe.

Those who reached the last stages have been in the front rank for some years, Miss Gourlay, Miss Fishwick, Miss Newell and Lady Eddis, for example. Few newcomers did well, but the one-club player, Miss Minoprio, seemed to be more accurate than before. There appears, however, to be a need for more young promising players.

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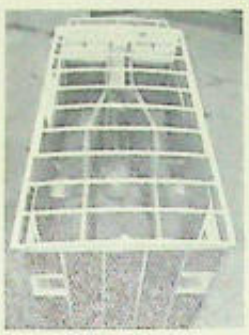

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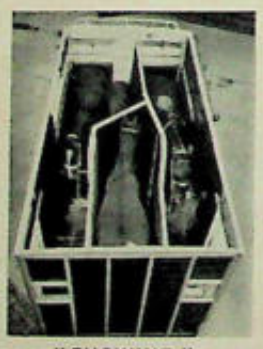

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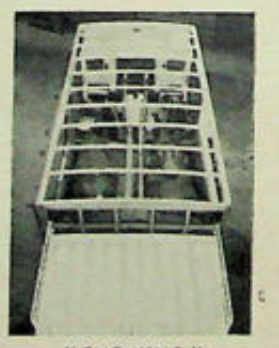

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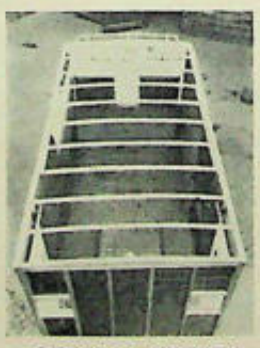

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A BRILLIANT THIRST SYMPHONY

BY THE MUSIC CRITIC

THE other evening I tried over Schweppes' Thirst Symphony in A Flat (and elsewhere). The keynote is the Tonic (see "Schweppes on Liquid Harmonies"). The symphony is equally effective taken either as a solo or with accompaniment; and here is my own arrangement. First movement (*vivace*): let bottle strike edge of glass; try this on your piano. Second movement (*andante*): let Schweppes Tonic ripple *glissando* into glass: try this with tuba or trumpet, but an ordinary tumbler is easier to drink from. Third movement (*allegro con brio*): listen to the genial tremolo of Tonic against vocal chords and the rise of your spirits through at least three octaves. Try this on your friends. Repeat *ad lib.*

Schweppes

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The Country House

LILIES FOR AUTUMN PLANTING

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

LILIES that are planted in autumn are not only amongst the easiest but they also include those that increase rapidly, such as *L. aurantiacum*, *L. pardalinum*, *L. Hansonii*, and consequently have to be lifted and divided at least every five years.

L. aurantiacum (*syn. croceum*), one of the most decorative and long-lived of July border plants, succeeds in any good soil and has for long been a favourite with cottagers. In several of the old herbals it is beautifully depicted. Farrer described this lily in one of its native habitats in Piedmont as growing in the smallest ledges of the cliffs "till up and down the sheer and terrible walls twinkle at you from afar a thousand little sparks of flame that are the golden goblets of the lily held up to catch the daylight in the darkness of the precipice and radiate it forth again in living fire." Looked at closely, the fire-like colour of the petals is more striking, for they are a fiery orange with a suffusion of red towards the tips, suggestive of glowing embers.

L. aurantiacum is a stem rooter and should be planted 6in. deep on light soil and 2in. deep on heavy soil in full sun. It increases so quickly that it should be divided every four years. It does particularly well in a soil that is inclined to be heavy.

L. Hansonii is a lovely yellow lily and as easy as it is lovely. It flourishes in most soils, does not resent lime, and is long-lived and charming in the semi-wild garden. I had not long ago to plant a nut-walk which we decided should be spring-flowering bulbs, sparsely planted in the grass, and for succession I suggested *L. Hansonii*, also sparsely planted. In the semi-shade afforded by the nuts this lily should do particularly well, for not only does it like part shade, but in full sun the flowers fade. It blooms end of June and July, and the nodding yellow flowers on stems 4ft. to 5ft. high are scented. The foliage is abundant and handsome. The bulbs should be planted quite 8in. deep. Every few years the plants can be divided up. *L. Hansonii* is a stem rooter.

The closely related *L. Henryi*, commonly known as the Orange Speciosum, is one of the first-rate late flowering lilies. In cultivation this lily frequently attains over 7ft. and its nodding orange-yellow flowers are borne on purplish stems. Like *L. Hansonii* the foliage is abundant and very numerous

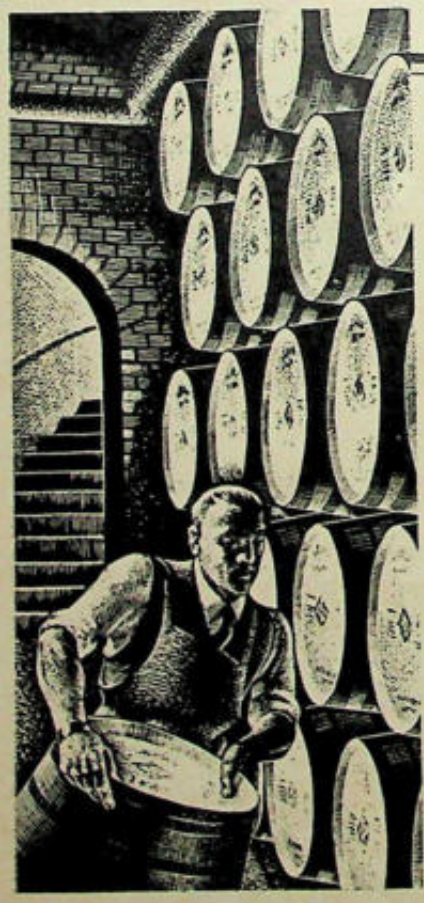
LILIUM AURANTIACUM (SYN. CROCEUM), "ONE OF THE MOST DECORATIVE AND LONG-LIVED OF BORDER PLANTS"

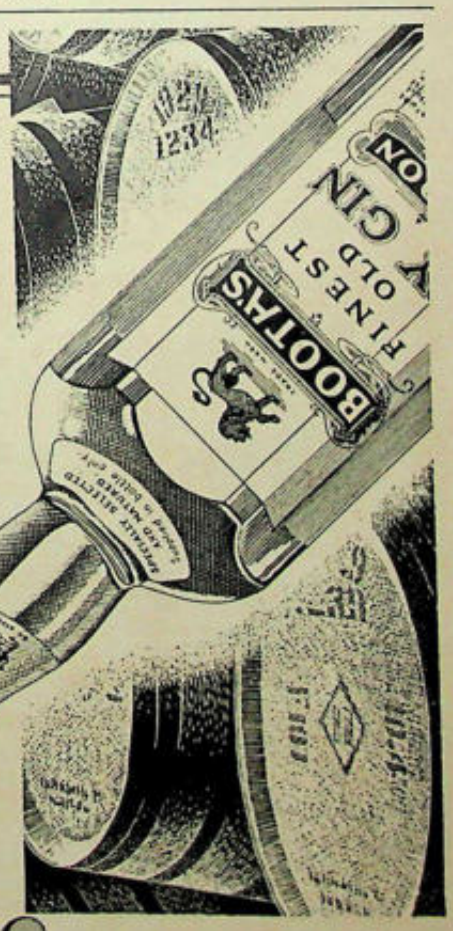
just below the flowers. This Lily varies somewhat, but the best forms have rich orange-yellow flowers and the poorer are paler in colour. The green line down the centre of each petal is a striking feature of the flowers. This Lily is a lime lover, and does best in a good loamy soil with plenty of leaf mould. Good drainage, but plenty of moisture during its growing season are essential. *L. Henryi* is a stem rooter and the bulbs should be planted 8in. to 10in. deep. Like *L. Hansonii*, the flowers fade badly in sun and it is best to grow it in part shade.

L. Martagon, the old Turk's Cap, is the commonest of all European Lilies and the name was applied in the olden times to any Lily with conspicuously recurved petals. According to some authorities, this Lily is a native of these islands as well as the greater part of Europe, but it is generally believed to be a garden escape in northern parts of Europe, such as these islands and Scandinavia. The Martagons do not resent chalk and succeed in most soils. The best known varieties are the Backhouse hybrids. The type has pinkish flowers that are not particularly attractive in the garden but pleasing in big drifts in a wild garden, as for instance, they are grown in the garden of S. John's College, Cambridge. The snowy white Turk's Cap is an exquisite Lily and deserves a place in every garden. The Dalmatian Martagon produces its rich claret-coloured or purplish flowers on stems 6ft. high. The purplish coloured kinds are not so attractive as the deep wine-red. *M. Cattanae* from North Austria is like the Dalmatian Martagon but more purplish and faintly spotted. All these Martagons bloom in late June and July, and succeed in either sun or part shade. They do not usually flower their first season.

L. testaceum, the Nankeen Lily, is still one of the most popular of all Lilies. It is generally believed to be a hybrid of *L. candidum* and *L. chalcedonicum* produced about 80 years ago in Holland. Its lovely apricot-yellow flowers, slightly marked with raised red spots are borne in racemes varying from three to about nine on stems about 5ft. high, with foliage all the way up the stems. It is perfectly hardy, succeeds in almost any garden soil, including chalk, and does not resent the atmosphere of towns. It is not a stem rooter and bulbs should be planted not more than 4in. deep in full sun or part shade. It is July flowering.

L. pardalinum, the Panther Lily, although a swamp Lily, flourishes in most soils and is invaluable for planting in damp borders in part shade where few showy plants succeed. Its orange and red flowers are borne in July on stems 5ft. to 6ft. high. It is a rhizomatous Lily and should be planted about 5in. deep. The handsomest form is *L. pardalinum Johnsonii* from British Columbia.





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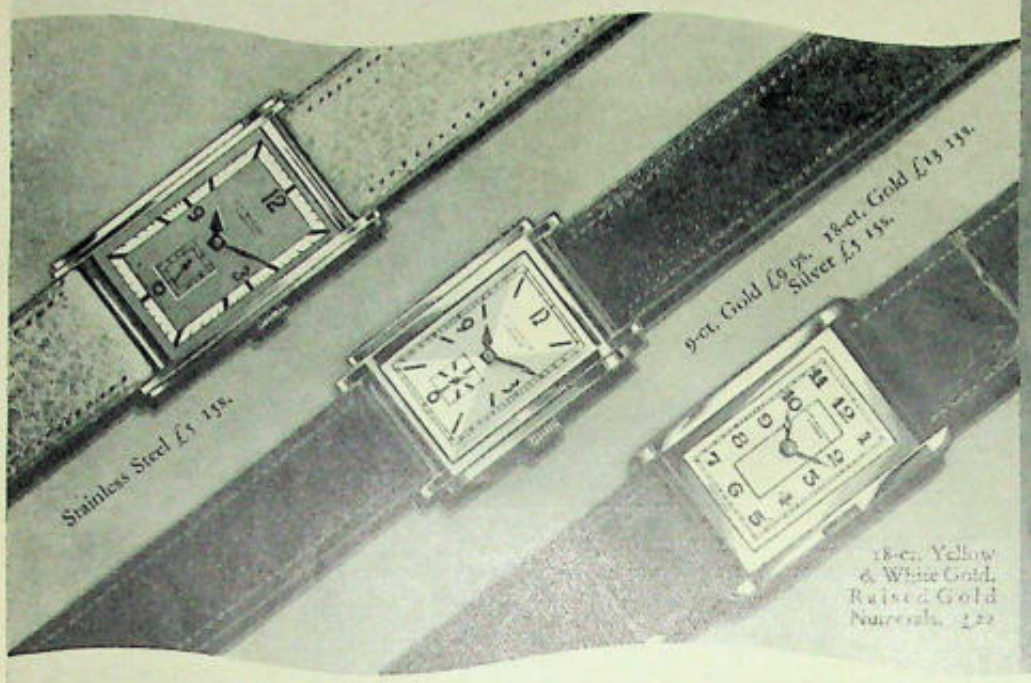

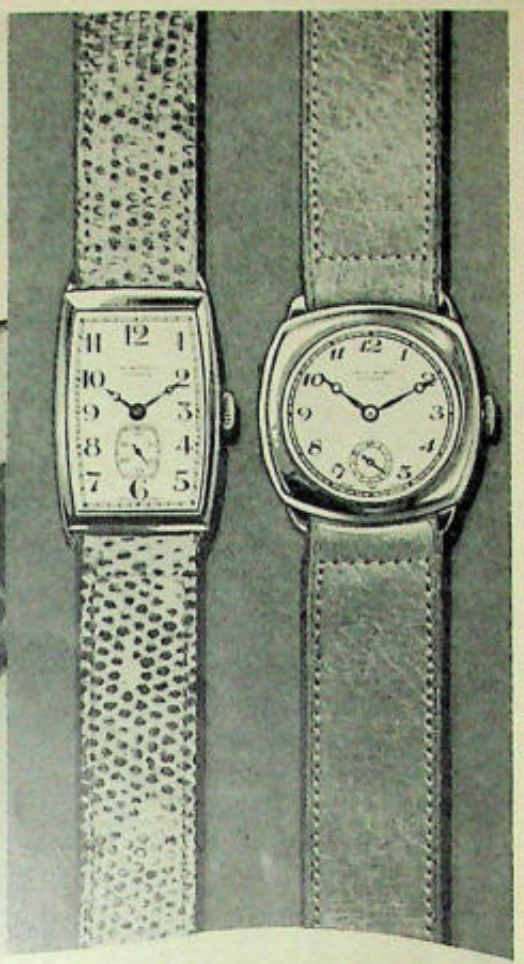

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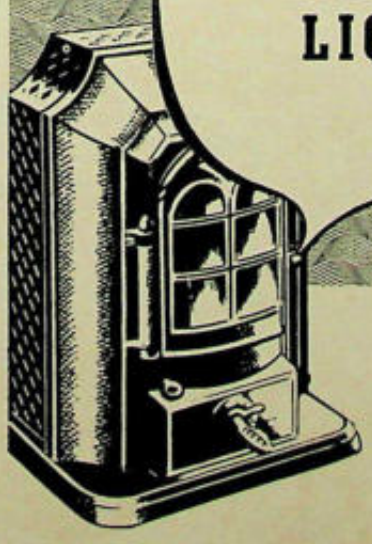

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THRESHING BARLEY ON A BERKSHIRE FARM
Much of the later barley was spoiled by rain last month, but the brewers will have the offer of some choice samples

ENGLISH BARLEY FOR ENGLISH BEER

The Brewers' Bond Honoured

MANY conflicting reports have come in about the quality of the 1936 crop of barley for malting purposes. Buyers are naturally enough not given to over-rating the quality of the produce they want to buy, and it is a rare occurrence indeed for maltsters to say that there is an ample supply of barley of the quality fit for the purpose of making the bright, light beer that the public consumes to-day.

There is, however, some good barley about. The early crops in the Southern counties were saved in good order. On the later ground the September rains came, unfortunately, just when the crop was fit to cut or was standing in stook. The fact that the clover had grown up extraordinarily in the corn, where it had been under-sown with seeds, meant that the barley was standing out week after week. One farmer told me, on October 2nd, that he still had some barley to carry. He farms on the high ground of the Cotswolds, and when I was motoring in that district a fortnight ago there were thousands of acres of barley and some oats and wheat still to be carried.

The Eastern counties growers have also been held up by the wet weather, and a good deal of the barley in Norfolk and Suffolk must have taken too much weather to make a bright sample of the kind that takes the maltster's fancy. We shall, there is no doubt, hear much in the next few weeks about the poor quality of the English barley crop this year and the consequent necessity of the maltsters buying barley from abroad.

In the October issue of the *Brewing Trade Review*, the official organ of the Brewers' Society, a statement is published showing the quantity of home-grown barley purchased in the year ending June 30th. The total is put at 7,729,000cwt. as compared with 7,458,000cwt. in 1935. It may be recalled that it was recently decided by the Import Duties Advisory Committee that the farmers' application for an increased duty on imported malting barley should be regarded as in suspense so long as brewers continued to purchase each year at least 7,500,000cwt of home barley, the figure to be increased *pari passu* with any increase in beer consumption.

The return now published shows that brewers bought last year about 3 per cent. more home-grown barley than the amount stipulated by I.D.A.C. It may therefore be claimed that full effect has been given by the brewers to their undertakings both to the committee and to the Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1933, when the Brewers' Society agreed to recommend all brewers to increase as far as possible their purchases of home-grown barley.

No mention is made in this statement of the barrelage of beer produced last year. The consumption of beer should be increasing with the improvement in employment and returning industrial prosperity. There is more money available now for a little mild recreation at the public house, and the brewers have done much to stimulate the demand by skilful advertising. As the barrelage of beer produced increases, I.D.A.C. will presumably adjust the minimum figure of 7,500,000 cwt. of home-grown barley which the brewers are to use to carry out their undertaking.

The imports of barley show a heavy increase during the past year. This is explained in large part by the expansion of the pig industry and the extra demand for feeding barley on this account. Many brewers use a proportion of foreign barley in their business, but it is evident from the returns quoted above that they are using more home-grown barley wherever possible. A. H.

BEEF FROM THE TROPICS

Developments in Queensland

THE proposal, one might say now the intention, of the Government of Queensland to develop the waste spaces of the tropical North and North-West of Australia for the purpose of producing beef on a vast scale for export to Britain is of interest to many people. At present that interest is almost confined to Queensland and to those concerned with the pastoral industry, but presently it will extend in radiating waves to the whole civilised world.

If it is made possible to replace the meat grown in temperate climates, now nourishing nearly 50 millions of people in Great Britain, by meat grown more cheaply in the tropics, we may be quite sure that the change will not end with Queensland or with Britain.

This is a matter of world importance that must be thought out by statesmen, by philosophers, by scientists, and by humanitarians. It will be for the scientist, perhaps, in the first place to tell us whether meat produced in the tropics—almost on the Equator with no factor of altitude to compensate for latitude—is as good for the British people as the food grown in the British Isles, in New Zealand, and in the Argentine Republic. This will not be an easy job for the scientist, because even if he can show us that the chemical composition of the different meats is identical, he will have to convince us that all our traditional and instinctive ideas on the matter are mistaken.

It will be hard, at a time when the subject of nutrition is foremost in the medical councils of the world, to convince thinking and experienced men that the nature of such food, which contributes largely to the environment of a race, plays no important part in human development. Chemistry can tell us much, but it cannot improve upon the knowledge that found oats to be the best food for horses as well as Scotsmen, or that chose the Roast Beef of Old England as typifying vigour in the British system of nutrition.

It should be hard even for the people of Queensland, who are presently concerned about the adequate nutrition of their own people in the North, to be sure that beef grown on the shores of the Torres Straits is quite the same thing as the meat produced in the Gippsland district of Victoria. Nor will the task of the humanitarian be an easy one when the British people, who willingly fulfil so many of the laws they have passed on the matter of animal protection, learn the whole truth about Queensland in this respect.

The Australian pastoralist or butcher is not inhumane: he has in full and to spare the natural disposition of the British to avoid any semblance of deliberate cruelty to animals.

But he is often ahumane, as it is said of some races that they are amoral. In a country where in one year millions of animals may and do perish miserably from drought and the effects of drought it would be unreasonable to expect that meticulous care of animal welfare that obtains to-day in Britain.

Judging from what may be seen by any qualified observer almost anywhere in the pastoral districts to-day in the periodical effects of drought, in the defects of transportation, and in the primitive methods of slaughter, there must be a long and terrible intervening period of animal suffering before conditions in Queensland can even approach the relative perfection that has been attained in Britain, in Ireland, in New Zealand, in the Argentine Republic, and, perhaps, in the State of Victoria.

It may be that already, in anticipation of the fulfilment of the rosy dreams of politicians, individual pastoralists are making plans and laying out money to no good end. The Australian North has waited long: it had better wait a little longer till the slow-thinking Englishman has made up his mind about a matter that not one Englishman in a thousand has yet even considered.

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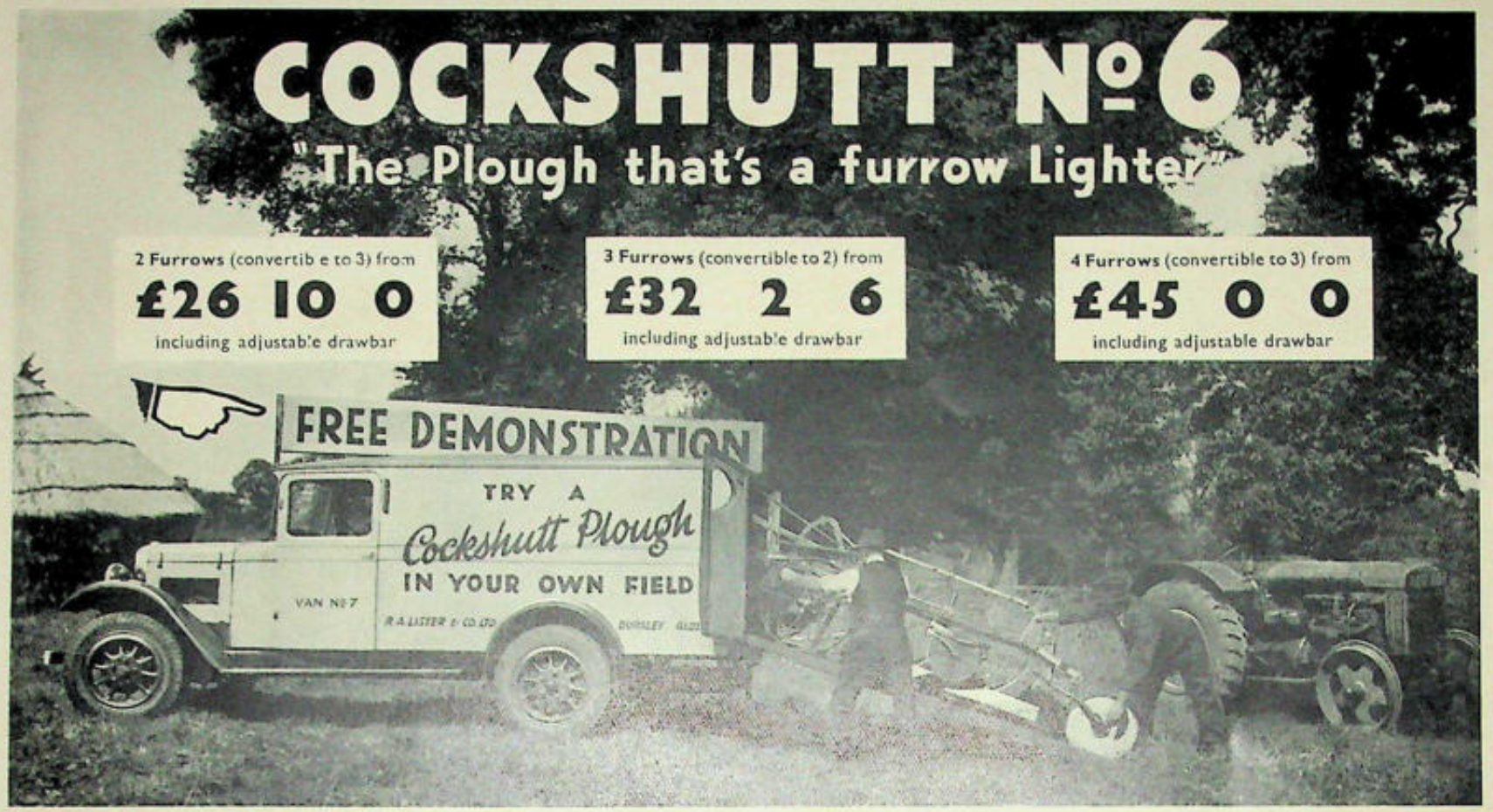
SIR WALTER GILBEY has consented to present the prizes at the forthcoming National Exhibition of Live Silver Foxes, to be held at the Royal Agricultural Hall, on November 11th, 12th and 13th. The presentation will take place in the New Hall (Liverpool Road entrance), on Friday, November 13th, at about 3 p.m.



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WHERE BRITISH FARMING HAS LOST GROUND

Some Import Figures Examined

ANYONE who goes about with eyes and ears open must realise that this country is now comparatively prosperous. Employment has been improving consistently during the past two years, which means that more money is circulating in wages, and, as wages are generally on the upgrade, the purchasing power of the consuming public has considerably increased. Is British agriculture sharing in this revival of prosperity?

So often we have heard that really tariffs, quotas and other devices are of little value compared with the purchasing power of the general public. Now this factor has, it would be expected, turned in British agriculture's favour, and yet farmers are not able to realise any better prices for their produce. What, then, is happening?

A good deal of the story is told by the Ministry of Agriculture's table showing the imports of agricultural produce which compete with what the home farmer has to sell. Here are the figures:

	August, 1936.	August, 1935.	Average of August, 1931-35.
	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.
Chilled Beef	37,000	40,000	35,000
Frozen Beef	17,900	22,000	18,500
Frozen Mutton and Lamb ..	21,000	24,000	27,000
Bacon	29,000	31,000	39,000
Hams	3,700	2,700	3,600
Frozen Pork	4,500	4,300	2,900
Poultry, dead	570	700	800
Butter	37,000	43,000	38,000
Cheese	8,700	9,300	11,500
Potatoes	310	2,300	8,000
	Gt. Hds.	Gt. Hds.	Gt. Hds.
Eggs, in shell	1,899,000	1,694,000	1,773,000

Of all farmers the sheep owner has had the best year. His fat lambs have been in good demand during the summer, and at the autumn sales store lambs for winter feeding on sugar beet tops and roots have been making very satisfactory prices. What he has had to sell has been wanted. Imports have been kept within bounds, the August importation of frozen mutton and lamb being, as this table shows, 21,000 tons compared with 27,000 tons on the average in the previous five years. The market has been able to absorb at a remunerative price all that the home farmer has offered. No one has complained of the high price of lamb and everyone is satisfied.

The beef figures, by contrast, are not so satisfactory. Imports in August amounted to 55,000 tons compared with the previous average of 53,000 tons for the same month. The excess is not great, but enough it seems to have depressed the market price of fat cattle to a level that, even with the addition of the Government subsidy, allows no margin of profit to the grazier.

Part of the trouble in the case of beef is undoubtedly deterioration in the quality of the general run of home-killed beef. The persistence of low prices in the cattle markets has driven many farmers out of beef production proper, and for a livelihood they have turned to milk production. The increase in dairying has led to more fat cows and animals of dairy type being marketed as beef, and we are now getting more beef of the kind that the Englishman abhors when he travels on the Continent. It is, in Sir Arthur Hazlerigg's words on the wireless, hateful to see a dump of milk churns outside what is recognised as a first-rate grazing farm in Leicestershire. The job of the best pastures in the Midlands is to produce prime beef and not to be adding to the surplus of summer milk.

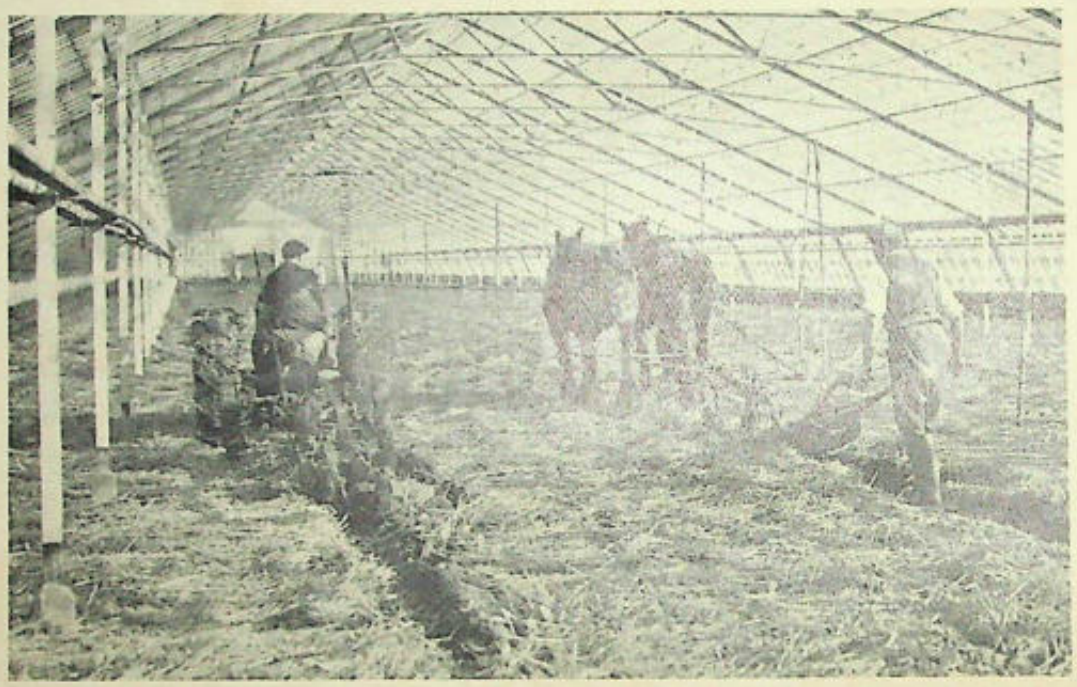
While home farmers have lost confidence in the market for really well-finished beef cattle, which, incidentally, last week were making no more than 32s. a cwt. in Leicester market, it is not surprising that the quality of home-killed beef has deteriorated and that chilled beef from Argentina is in the ascendant. We shall not see English beef regain its place until the price is stabilised round about 48s. cwt. With an assurance of this, breeders and graziers could go ahead with their business with some confidence that there would be a livelihood in it for them.

There is no cause for complaint in the bacon import figures. Supplies of foreign bacon have been regulated strictly by quota, and the home producer has been allowed a free run to develop the bacon industry here. Home production has increased by more than one-third since 1930, and the quality of English bacon has improved out of all recognition. There has, however, been trouble over the division of the spoils, and the Pigs Marketing Board and the Bacon Marketing Board have been at loggerheads over the terms of the 1937 contract. With some justification, the Pigs Board, representing farmers, has pointed to the high prices that bacon curers are prepared to pay for pigs in the open market, and has demanded a higher scale of prices for pigs supplied under the marketing scheme contracts.

Butter and cheese imports continue at a high level, but there has lately been some reduction in the volume and a corresponding rise in prices. But even so the dairy farmer, now committed by the Milk Marketing Board to a bigger interest in the manufacture of butter and cheese, cannot feel at all happy when these products return him a price of no more then 6d. a gallon for his milk. It is not long since the value was more nearly 4d. a gallon, and to safeguard the dairy industry against such ruination in the future the Government is being urged to put a further duty on foreign butter and cheese and a small duty on Dominion supplies.

The egg position is far from satisfactory. In August imports amounted to 1,900,000 great hundreds compared with 1,770,000 great hundreds in this month in previous years. Here the Government has failed lamentably to keep imports within bounds, and it is not surprising that the home production of eggs has been declining and that the poultry industry in Britain is losing ground. It is an industry well suited to the many thousands of small farms which we have in this country, and it seems the utmost folly to let matters drift until the poultry industry sinks back again to the insignificant position which it filled in farming economy before the war.

There are many signs of a set-back in home agriculture, and if the Government means to carry out its purpose of restoring vitality and prosperity to the rural areas more determined action is needed now to retrieve the ground that has been lost and to build the foundations of future prosperity on a sound basis. R. F.



GLASSHOUSE PRODUCE HAS INCREASED GREATLY SINCE TARIFFS WERE IMPOSED ON FOREIGN VEGETABLES AND FRUIT

The ploughs put in to cultivate the soil in one of the largest Worcestershire glasshouses

FARMING NOTES

Beef Subsidy Plans

LAST month the Cattle Committee called together the National Farmers' Unions of England and Scotland and other organisations representing farmers and auctioneers to discuss the committee's proposals for revising the conditions under which the Government's subsidy on fat cattle is administered. In announcing the continuation of the subsidy, up to a limit of £5,000,000 a year, Mr. Elliot declared that in future more emphasis would be laid on quality and that an inducement would be given, in allocating the subsidy, to the production of beef of the highest quality. Quality in beef is not easily defined. The butcher is the best judge of what suits his trade, and in some parts of the country the most sought after beast is a mature bullock of three years old, weighing 11–12 cwt., and in other districts, notably in the South, the younger animal of no more than two years old and weighing 9–10 cwt. is the ideal.

Home-Bred Cattle

It is understandable, then, that the committee found a considerable divergence of opinion on the question of defining quality. It is practically impossible to lay down any hard and fast definition, and it will not be surprising if the committee, after further consideration, decides that the only equitable method of rewarding quality in beef production is by allocating the extra subsidy simply to animals bred in the United Kingdom that will make what a competent butcher would class as prime beef. It is important to encourage the breeding and rearing of more beef cattle in this country.

In the last year or two we have become increasingly dependent on Ireland for store cattle, and this is not a tendency to be perpetuated. Given an assurance that a premium will be paid on home-bred animals of good type, the hill farmers of the North and West should be ready to turn again to breeding for the beef market.

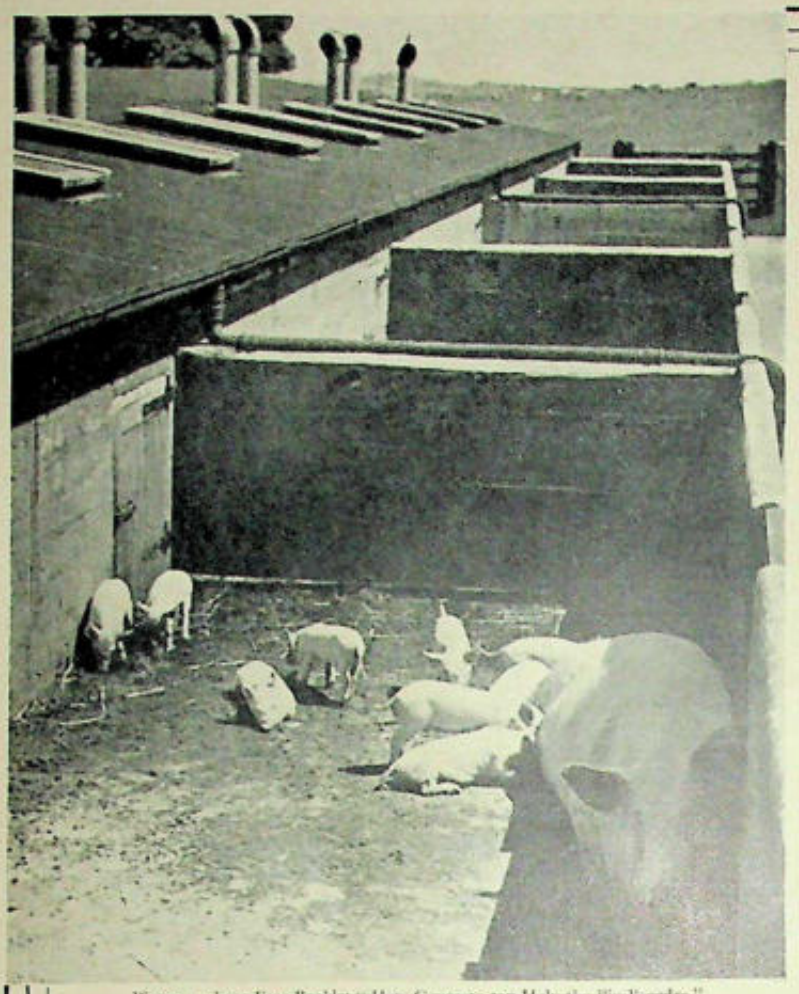
2,000 Tons of Apples

The progress which apple growing has made in England was demonstrated recently at the orchards of Copo, Ltd., at Cockhayne, Hatley, Bedfordshire. A new apple store was opened by the Duchess of Montrose. This store is designed to hold 2,000 tons of apples from 1,000,000 trees. There was a big gathering of tree-owners, who were naturally interested to see the orchards in bearing and to hear about the developments in the storing and marketing of the apples.

Care of Farm Machinery

Every farmer has a considerable part of his working capital invested in implements and machines of one kind and another. This investment is not always cared for as it should be, and the rate of depreciation is unduly high. The care needed is not much. Cleaning, oiling and adjusting sums it up. But not all farm workers or even farmers are skilled mechanics, and those who lack expert knowledge will welcome a booklet entitled *The Farmers' Handbook*, which is a complete guide to the care and maintenance of tractors and farm machinery. Copies of this useful booklet will be sent free to farmers who apply to Sternol, Ltd., Royal London House, Finsbury Square, London, E.C. 2. BROADLEAZE.

CANADIAN AYRSHIRES' RECORD.—The Canadian Ayrshire Breeders' Association reports a new Ayrshire record has been set when one family of cows—mother, daughter and granddaughter—have each produced more than 100,000lb. of milk.



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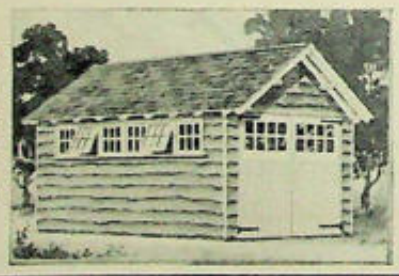

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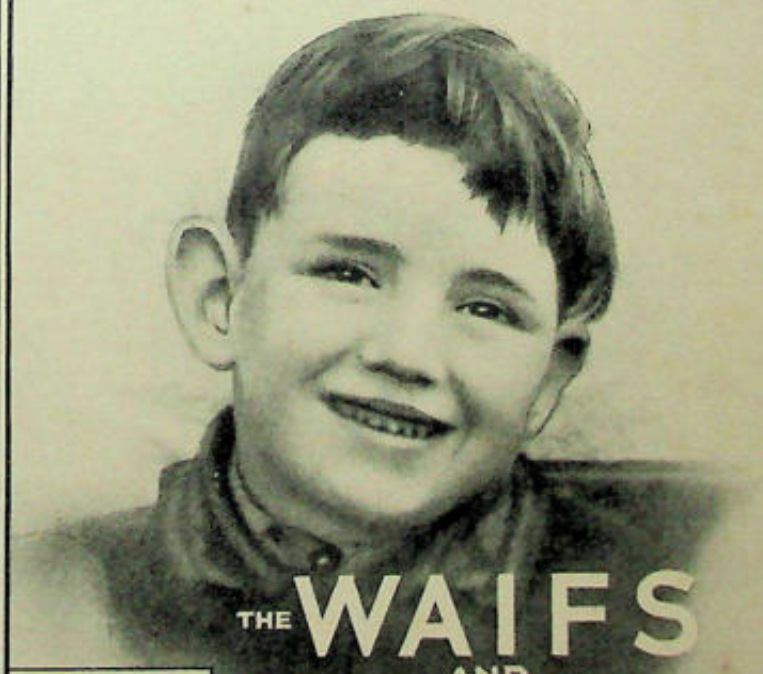
WINTER AND THE WAIFS



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TO FEED & CLOTHE

A recent addition
LESLIE, aged 8

A year ago Leslie lost his Mother, his Father (68) has been removed to a Mental Hospital with little hope of recovery. Leslie has no relations or friends who can give him a home.

Any help gratefully received by the Secretary Old Town Hall, Kennington, S.E.11.

TWO WELL-TRIED MACHINES

A new Ford "8" in front of "Lady Peace," the record-breaking plane used by Richman and Merrill on their double Trans-Atlantic flight

FORD MOTOR EXHIBITION

THE complete range of Ford passenger cars will again be shown, with a variety of other Ford products, at the Ford Motor Exhibition, to be held at the Royal Albert Hall from October 15th to 24th.

This year's show again promises to be both entertaining and informative, and many original ideas in the art of displaying cars have been evolved. For instance, the new Ford V-8 is to be featured in a "one-act playlet," with a cast of several players. During the performance the saloon coachwork of the car will appear gradually to dissolve into "thin air," leaving only the chassis, an illusion which will probably baffle most members of the audience.

From here the visitor will be able to go to the cinema, where he will be able to watch something quite new in the art of advertising—a publicity film which, at the same time, provides real entertainment.

There will be an all-day musical programme, with special concerts during the afternoon and evening, during which the Ford organisation will present what is probably the first band named after a car—the V-8 Shadow Symphony Orchestra! The orchestra has its own motoring theme song, "The Rhythm of the Road," written and composed for the Ford exhibition.

Working demonstrations, and glimpses of the features of the Ford Works, will provide many other novel attractions, and scenes from the Boys' Trade School will be reproduced, some of the boys being present, showing how they are trained in a special section of the Ford shops, where they earn wages while they learn.

An interesting fifteen-minute engine demonstration will be staged, during which two mechanics dismantle and reassemble a Ford V-8 engine, the speed of the operation showing the simplicity of the unit. This and many other features will be described by commentators, who in lecturettes lasting five minutes or so will give the visitor interesting facts about the exhibits he is watching.

The latest Ford cars and other products will not, however, be overshadowed by these features. For the visitor who desires to try the seating, lift the bonnet, and so forth, there will be literally dozens of examples of the latest models, to say nothing of commercial vehicles, tractors, motor boats, and equipment and accessories of all kinds.

Refreshments are available all day, and parking arrangements immediately outside the entrance to the Royal Albert Hall are extremely convenient. The Ford Motor Exhibition will be open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. daily, and the price of admission being 1/3, including tax.

AIR PROGRESS IN NEW ZEALAND

An Important Link in the Empire's Airways

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

IF present plans mature, New Zealand will be brought within seven-and-a-half days' journey of Great Britain by the end of next year and this naturally focuses attention on the development of commercial aviation in that Dominion.

How far is the country prepared to benefit from this immense saving of time by the organization of internal airways? To what extent are schemes for the future being worked out to ensure that the whole country, and not merely one part of it, will be efficiently served by this powerful new link of the Empire? These and many other questions come naturally to mind; and the answers to them are of considerable interest.

THE WINNER OF THE JOHANNESBURG RACE

C. W. A. Scott, who last week broke the record for the 6,000 miles flight and won the £4,000 prize presented by Mr. Schlesinger

New Zealand is not a country in which flying development has been easy. Its mountainous nature has provided a natural check to progress, largely owing to the difficulty of providing suitable landing grounds, while a liability to high winds has been another deterrent factor. But in spite of these drawbacks, progress has been considerable.

Various local routes have been operating for some time past, but the first notable step towards the creation of a network on national lines was the inauguration at the beginning of this year of a trunk route giving direct air connection between Palmerston North in the north island, and Dunedin, in the south island, with intermediate stops at Blenheim and Christchurch. The departure from Palmerston North is timed so that passengers can make the journey from Auckland by the overnight express and transfer to the aeroplane without undue waiting. The total distance involved is 495 miles, and the schedule time, including stops, is four hours seven minutes.

For the first six months' operation this route has a quite remarkable record. A total of 161,665 miles was flown, while the traffic returns were as follows: Passengers, 2,847; Freight, 2,027lb.; Mails, 8,806lb. Of the 336 trips scheduled during this period, only two were not completed, and the proportion of machines completing their journeys on time has been as high as 99.4 per cent. This service saves as much as 36 hours on the best surface journey time between Dunedin and Auckland.

Another striking instance of the time-saving that airways are effecting under very difficult conditions is provided by the Napier—Gisborne route. This lies over very mountainous country, and the best train time is six hours, as compared with less than one hour by air. Here, aircraft have a double advantage: not only is their speed much higher, but they can take a direct route of only 90 miles, while the railway is forced to make a number of detours that bring the total distance to as much as 160 miles. Plans have been prepared for the extension of this airway to Palmerston North.

The other services in operation at the moment are quite short, examples being Nelson to Wellington, 85 miles, and Nelson to Blenheim, 43 miles. The latter is, however, an overseas route traversing the Cook Strait, and it offers a very considerable saving of time over rail-and-boat connections. It is, no doubt, on this account that its traffic returns are the highest of any route. For the quarter April–June, 1936, no fewer than 3,114 passengers were carried, together with 5,639lb. of freight and 3,528lb. of mail. These figures are greater than those of any other New Zealand airway for a corresponding period, except in the item of mail.

Interesting plans for both internal extensions and external links are in progress. Thus, application has been made for a licence to operate a service between Wellington and Auckland, with stops at Palmerston North and New Plymouth. The total distance of some 350 miles will, it is expected, be completed in three hours. This service will be run in conjunction with that now operating between Palmerston North and Dunedin, so that it will be possible to make the entire journey from Auckland to Dunedin by air in seven hours, as compared with two days by the best surface connections.

The link with the main Empire airway is to be made via Australia, and will cross the Tasman Sea. Flying boats are to be used and the journey is anticipated to occupy between eight and ten hours. At present, this crossing takes from two and a-half to three days by fast passenger ship.

Another interesting external connection is that between New Zealand and America, which, according to present plans, is to be commenced this year by Pan-American Airways. The crossing will be made, it is expected, in 44 flying hours.

Control of civil aviation in the Dominion is exercised, not by an air department, but by the Transport Co-ordination Board, whose function, under the Minister of Transport, is to co-ordinate all methods of transport by land, sea and air. This body licences airways and aerodromes, and generally supervises all civil flying activities. The Government grants subsidies and also plays a part in equipping airways and airports; its latest plans are for the installation of direction-finding apparatus at all the principal aerodromes throughout the country.

Though it is not strictly relevant to a discussion of commercial aviation, it may be mentioned that private flying is making good progress, especially when the size of the population of the Dominion is borne in mind. There are as many as 22 flying clubs subsidized by the Government, and, at the end of June there were 23 privately owned machines registered. This indicates the general keenness on flying throughout the country.

New Zealand can, therefore, claim that, though she was not one of the first of the overseas Dominions to start commercial air development, she is making excellent progress, and that the steps already taken and planned are not unworthy of her future status as one of the chief junctions in the southern hemisphere of the world's airways.

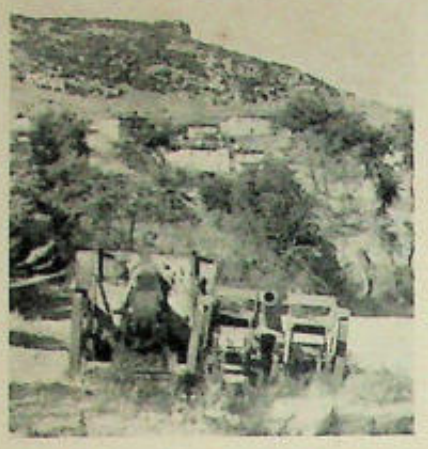
THE HOLDER OF ANOTHER RECORD—THE WORLD HIGH ALTITUDE RECORD

Squadron-Leader F. R. D. Swain, who recently reached the height of 49,967 ft. in a Bristol machine fitted with a special Pegasus engine. The illustration shows him entering his plane wearing his rubberised suit

THROUGH PRIMITIVE ALBANIA

Land of the Shqiptar—Sons of the Eagle

By GODFREY BARRASS



AUSTRIAN GUNS LEFT IN ALBANIA DURING THE 1918 RETREAT

ALBANIA, probably the most primitive country in Europe, is to-day easily accessible to the tourist. It may be entered by road from Greece or Yugoslavia, by steamer in a few hours from Greece, Yugoslavia or Italy, or by air (in an Italian plane), landing at Scutari or Tirana, the capital.

I went through Albania on foot with a pack-pony, but, since few people have the leisure to "stand and stare," I would suggest a motor trip as the most convenient means of seeing something of this rugged little country by the Adriatic, whose inhabitants claim descent from the ancient Illyrians.

The motorist who enters Albania from the north-west takes the road through Antivari (Yugoslavia), passes Mount Tarabosh, where the Turks had their guns in the Balkan war of 1912, and, crossing the frontier, runs down to the ancient stronghold of Scutari where the red flag of Albania, bearing the black double-headed eagle of Skanderbeg, flies beside the mountain-girt inland Scutari Sea.

Livy refers to Scutari as the capital of the Illyrian King Genitus, who was captured after its seige in 168 B.C. and taken to Rome. Since then the citadel has passed through many hands. The Serbs and Venetians have held it. In the fifteenth century it was a fortress of the great Albanian leader Skanderbeg, but it finally fell before the advance of the Turks. It was captured by the Montenegrins in the Balkan war of 1912, when King Nikola was prevented from occupying it by the presence of an international fleet in the Adriatic. Eventually, on September 1st, 1928, it became part of the Kingdom of Albania and Ahmed Zogu was proclaimed Zog I, King of the Albanians. To-day the old fort is a ruin. It was destroyed in a thunder storm when, too late, it was discovered that the Turkish Pasha had attached a brass spike to the powder magazine.

Scutari has at least one good hotel, and several cafés hung outside with coloured lights beneath which the inhabitants sit at night sipping their drinks. With the exception of a modern main street, the town consists chiefly of old Turkish houses with high walls, Balkan hotels and coffee-shops and a bazaar.

On a market day the bazaar is a blaze of colour. Lusty Albanians with slung rifles loiter beside stalls laden with bread, meat, fish, cheese, water melons, figs, peaches and scarlet paprikas. These stalls are usually tended by women, some of whom are veiled, for most Albanians are Moslems; but religion plays a small part in their lives and monogamy is the rule.

The men at once command attention. They have the bearing of hillmen and warriors, but the knife-hilt and silver-studded pistol butt protruding from a broad waist-band or leather belt are as much a tradition as the white skull-cap, the thick white trousers heavily braided with black stripes of a peculiar design, and the short jackets, hung loosely over the shoulders, which the Albanians dyed jet black on the death of Skanderbeg and which they have kept black ever since.

The tourist need not be alarmed at the sight of these armaments; indeed he may pass through the whole of Albania without being aware that the blood feud, which is dying rapidly, exists at all. Everywhere he will be met with kindness and consideration, for hospitality is more deeply rooted in the souls of Albanians than any other law; in fact it is largely responsible for the scarcity of inns and coffee-houses, for which there is little need since the stranger may claim food and shelter at any house.

Unlike the *karst* coastal mountains to the north, those of Albania stand well back from the Adriatic overlooking a fertile littoral plain through which runs the road south. There is no railway in the country, but beside this road are the ruins of a narrow gauge track built by the Austrians during the War. Rusty engines, overturned and overgrown with weeds, lie beside it, an occasional field gun with its wheels sunken in the ground, and, not infrequently where there is a well, an old steel helmet doing peace-time service as a bucket.

The soldiers of history have marched this way. Goths, Serbs of the seventh century, Bulgarians of the ninth, the Normans who are said to have been responsible for the name "Albania" the Crusaders of France and Italy, the armies of Michael Comenus and of the Sicilian kings, all and more have passed along this road.

South of Scutari lies Akessiol, which Albanians call Lesh. Here Skanderbeg was buried in the little church of St. Nicholas, for he turned Christian and was, in fact, on his way back from Rome, after seeking the Pope's aid against the powerful Sultan Mohammed II, when he died.

Skanderbeg's lofty stronghold is at Kroya, still further south. To-day the ruined castle is the Prefecture of Police. Plaster has fallen from the inside walls and the wooden floor-boards are full of holes, but a few wood-carvings and mural paintings have been preserved. Outside, within the crumbling battlements, small bare-foot boys play football, and donkeys with terrible galls nose hopefully amongst patches of withered grass. Not far away a narrow cobbled street separates the rock face of the mountain from the bazaar booths in which merchants and craftsmen sit cross-legged; behind them, at the back of the little dark shops is a thick stone wall, loop-holed to command the surrounding country, which falls away into the green plain below. This is the plain of Kroya. To the north are the dark peaks of Montenegro, to the west the blue Adriatic and rocky Cape Rodon, to the south the white houses of Tirana, the capital.

Tirana with its government buildings, Royal Palace, and at least two first-class (Balkan standards) hotels, is a strange contrast of the mediæval and the ultra-modern. High-wheeled bullock carts creak past the aerodrome; donkeys and pack-ponies laden with water melons scamper to the side of the road to make way for a passing motor, and shoeless boys dart in and out of a crowd of peasants, citizens in very ordinary clothes, and ladies, often veiled, despite their European dresses.

Although Tirana is a very new town its atmosphere is definitely Eastern. At dusk a long drawn cry echoes over the city: the call to prayer from some lofty minaret. But no one takes much notice. A priest in flowing black robes enters the domed mosque. A white-capped old man puts down two balanced kerosene oil tins and follows the priest, café proprietors switch on their lights, and loiterers stroll in for a chat. Night falls upon Albania, and the sentries round the cement wall that encircles the Royal Palace yawn and lean upon their rifles.

Apart from its rugged remoteness Albania contains much that is of historical interest. The Pont Veneziano di Mesi, in Scutari; the Greek theatre at Butrinto on the coast, with its Venetian castle opposite the island of Corfu. Priam's son Helenus is said to have lived here after the fall of Troy. The influence of Greek, Roman, Byzantine and Venetian civilisations is still to be seen in many parts of the country.

The motorist can visit most of the towns in a few days but, as in Yugoslavia, he needs good tyres, for the roads are not paved highways. There is comfortable accommodation at Scutari, Durazzo, Tirana, Elbasan, Berat and Koreha. The motorist from Dalmatia may return to Yugoslavia via Pogradec by the crystal-clear waters of Lake Okhrida, which existed when the central plain of Europe was still the Pannonian Sea, and the Danube had not yet worn away the Iron Gates of the Transylvanian Alps. In the depths of this lake are fish to be found nowhere else save in a fossil state.

A visa is necessary, for which application should be made to the Albanian Consul General, 119, Finsbury Pavement, E.C. 2; but should the visitor suddenly decide to go into Albania from Dalmatia (Yugoslavia) a visa may be obtained from the Albanian Consul at Dubrovnik.

Many Albanians speak English, Italian, German or French, and the British officers of the Gendarmerie are always willing to be helpful to the tourist. One should go prepared to drink endless tiny cups of Turkish coffee, since the poorest peasant in Albania will offer this. Like the cigarette, which is all he will accept in exchange, it paves the way to friendly relations and robs "interviews" of much formality. One final word of advice. The male tourist who is hopeful of being granted an audience in the Royal Palace should take a tail coat with him. Borrowed ones seldom fit and are not so easy to come by.

PREPARING THE MEAL IN AN ALBANIAN HOME

TIRANA, THE CAPITAL OF ALBANIA

Although Tirana is a very new town its atmosphere is definitely Eastern, and is a strange contrast of the mediæval and the ultra-modern. (Left) Lusty Albanians from the hills with their traditional white skull caps and jet black jackets

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(The home of the poet Wordsworth, 1797.)

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MODERATE INCLUSIVE TERMS.
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"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE

THE HOP POLE HOTEL, TEWKESBURY

IN chapter 50 of *The Pickwick Papers* we read that Mr. Pickwick undertook the responsibility of proceeding to Birmingham for the purpose of interviewing Mr. Winkle. He travelled in the company of those strange medicos, Mr. Bob Sawyer and Mr. Ben Allen, and we learn that "at the Hop Pole at Tewkesbury, they stopped to dine; upon which occasion there was more bottled ale and some more Madeira and some Port besides; and here the case bottle was replenished for the fourth time. Under the influence of these combined stimulants Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Ben Allen fell fast asleep for thirty miles, while Bob and Mr. Weller sang duets in the dickey."

Reckoned the oldest Gloucestershire coaching house extant, the Royal Hop Pole Hotel is one of the outstanding features of a town which will always look back to the fiercest recorded battle that has ever been fought on English soil. The Queen Anne red-brick centre portion of this fourteenth century inn speaks of the orderly eighteenth century, beloved of Robert Louis Stevenson, when life in an English country town was stable and dependable and not so very dull either!

The present proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. C. Halsall, while furnishing the hotel in comfortable and modern style have yet seen to it that as many as possible of its features so reminiscent of long years ago have remained unspoilt. One has to admit, however, that the scale of charges has altered for a bill for a customer in 1700 read:

A Chancellor's Visitation Dinner.
Mr. LLoyd and Mr. Vernon to Joynes and Smith. Octr. 16th 1788.

To a dinner for 10 guests	£1	1	0
To wine	0	18	0
To punch	0	4	6
To beer and ale	0	3	6
To bacco	0	1	0
	£2	8	0

Tempora mutantur—and the charges at really comfortable hotels with them! Where nowadays could ten hearty appetites be satisfied for the modest sum of a guinea? And even if the ten brought their own wine the charge for corkage would soar high above the few shillings representing beverages in the reckoning referred to. A couple of ounces of shag of a sort would exhaust the shilling charged for tobacco. Negus, it may be noted by the way, figures in many of these eighteenth century hotel bills. Colonel Negus, who first compounded this mixture of wine—hot water, nutmeg and lemon juice—died in the year 1732, but if we look, for instance, at a bill run up at the Hop Pole in October, 1791, we find 4.6 charged for "wine and negus," more than half a century after the colonel's death.

But there have been stern doings at Tewkesbury as well as social happenings. Half a mile south of the Abbey lies the "Bloody Meadow," scene of the terrible slaughter during the Wars of the Roses, and all the country round can tell of "old, unhappy, far-off things and battles long ago."

Much more pleasant is the story of the old inn. Customs have, of course, changed with the times, and steaming horses have given way to motor cars, but still the Hop Pole is the well-known halting place for travellers of the road. The same cheerful hospitality is extended to them that must have warmed the hearts of Mr. Pickwick and his boisterous companions a century ago. It is not surprising, therefore, to find someone recording his thanks in three charming verses about the inn, the last of which finishes:

"For there's warmth, and there's ease
and they all try to please,
And its spotless as any new pin;
Modern comforts enhance all the
charms of Romance
In that quaint little old-fashioned
inn."

London

¶ 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.

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

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

CHEAP HUNTING.—TWO PAYING GUESTS WANTED, comfortable bachelor's house, Co. Tipperary; five miles Ormond Kennels. Good stabling. Horses if required. Suitable two young men on leave. 4 guineas weekly.—Apply JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, 14, Curzon Street, W.1. (Gros. 1811/3.)

GENTLEMAN AND HIS FIANCEE, home from Kenya early 1937, REQUIRE ACCOMMODATION in WARM COUNTRY FARMHOUSE or COUNTRY CLUB. Terms moderate.—Apply Box 1150, FIELD Newspaper, Bream's Buildings, E.C.4.

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THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

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Charles E. Brown

COME AWAY, COUP, COUP-COUP, COUP, COUP-COUP!

Captain W. P. Brown, who is joint-Master of the Portman with Captain Gerald Portman, calling his "short" hounds during a morning's Cub-hunting on Hambledon Hill

LUCAS "SPECIAL" EQUIPMENT

Another Proved Feature of the

ROVER

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FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

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HOTEL TIPPING

MANY travellers will have read with interest the accounts of the proceedings at the annual conference of the Hotels and Restaurants Association of Great Britain, held on October 10th, at Llandudno. By an overwhelming majority the meeting pronounced itself in favour of the tipping system, as opposed to any method of adding a percentage to accounts rendered to guests. And this in spite of two examples given to the meeting of the possible consequences of leaving guests to decide for themselves what they shall offer to hotel servants. Mr. Stanley Gordon, of Llandudno, cited the instance of a woman who, after six months' stay at a hotel, during which she always had breakfast in bed, and frequently other meals, tipped the chambermaid half-a-crown. Mr. H. L. Clark, of Norwich, again, told the meeting of a couple who, after a considerable stay, left the hotel without giving any tips whatever, and to whom the hotel proprietor wrote to say that if the husband did not pay 10 per cent. of his bill for services rendered, he would not be allowed to stay at the hotel again. He paid the 10 per cent., and came back to the hotel. Mr. Gordon argued that the hotel industry eventually would be compelled to adopt the 10 per cent. system, but the meeting did not agree with him.

Why? The 10 per cent. system has been adopted on the Continent, presumably to the satisfaction of hotel proprietors and of those whom they employ. What are the reasons which lead hotel proprietors in Great Britain to conclusions different from those of their fellow proprietors abroad? Can there be any other reason than this, that the hotel staff prefer the tipping system? It is difficult to understand how the whole staff can agree upon the subject, for under the tipping system some members of the staff, such as the cooks and kitchen-maids, receive no share of the tips, while under the 10 per cent. system all would share alike.

But possibly other members of the staff, the head and other waiters, the hall porter and the chambermaids, perhaps, outvote the rest, and possibly their chances of stray additions to their income seem to them more attractive than a fixed sum paid to them at intervals. Unquestionably, the tipping system, if the guest is punctilious in trying to think of every person in the hotel who has rendered him service, is much more expensive for the guest himself. Take the case of a married couple travelling in a car with a chauffeur, and stopping for the night at hotels on the way. They arrive at the hotel before dinner, say, they are received by the hall porter, and the boots takes up their luggage. They are taken upstairs by the lift attendant. At dinner they are given a table by the head waiter, and another waiter attends to them: next morning probably they have a different waiter. The chambermaid looks after their room, and possibly brings them tea in the morning. When the husband asks in the morning for his account at the office, he finds perhaps that including the board and lodging of his chauffeur it amounts to £3. Under the 10 per cent. system he would pay £3 6s. But if he does what the staff may think is his duty, he presses money into the hand of the head waiter, other waiters, the hall porter, the lift attendant, and the boots, and his wife gives a present to the chambermaid. If each of those members of the staff receive only 1/-, that is 7/-, and it is difficult to present certain members of a hotel staff with only a shilling. It may be, then, that it is the hotel staffs in Great Britain that control the hotel proprietors.

One course still remains to the hotel guest. He can tell the proprietor that he perfers to add 10 per cent. to his bill, in lieu of tips, and the proprietor will doubtless assent. And he will then leave the hotel among wintry smiles.

THE CHANNEL TRAIN FERRY

ONCE more British railways have led the way in providing comfort in travel. On Wednesday the Southern Railway instituted its new through service of sleeping cars between London and Paris, the service having been inaugurated on Monday by the French Ambassador. It is now possible for a passenger to enter his sleeping berth at Victoria at ten o'clock, and to reach Paris the next morning at 8.55, without moving from his carriage. The train runs on to a ferry boat at Dover, and if passengers prefer not to sleep on the train, or wish to change at Dunkerque for various parts of Europe, they can go to the upper deck, where there are saloons and private cabins. There is a return service leaving Paris at 9.50 p.m. and reaching Victoria at 8.30 the next morning. The directors of the Southern Railway deserve the warm congratulations of the travelling public. Their enterprise is said to have cost the railway about a million.

OUR COLOURED COVER

A scene during the Golden Age of Fox-hunting forms the subject of our coloured cover. A fox is being holloaed away and hounds are hitting the line off where he has left the covert. The old-fashioned hound colours are interesting. The painting is by William Webb (circa 1830), *and is reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Arthur Ackermann & Son, Ltd., 157, New Bond Street, London, W. 1.*

SWALLOWS AT VENICE

Not for the first time, kindly Germans and Austrians have come to the rescue of weather-bound swallows. Correspondents of *The Times* report that some 2,500 young swallows have arrived at Venice packed in specially built crates, in aeroplanes, sent by bird-lovers from Vienna and Munich. At Venice they have been liberated to fly south along the coast of the Adriatic, and having been spared the crossing of the Tyrolean Alps, they should have no further difficulties on their way to Africa. Continental countries can still set an example to England in their treatment of birds. *The Winged Messenger*, a new 3d. quarterly published by the R.S.P.C.A., reports that between April 1st and August 1st this year the Society obtained sixty convictions in respect of birds, which are still trapped and sold in spite of the Act of 1933. *The Winged Messenger*, issued by the R.S.P.C.A. Caged Bird Poster Fund, deserves success. It can be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, Miss M. Bradish, 95, Park Road, Chiswick, W. 4.

AN ANGLING CENTENARY

Yesterday, as nearly as can be ascertained, was the 100th birthday of the Piscatorial Society, which is celebrating its centenary by a dinner on November 7th. There are few fishing clubs which can show so long and honourable a career. The three reigns which its life has covered have seen more changes in the world of angling, perhaps, than all the centuries which preceded it. At the time of its inauguration men were still using lines of horse-hair, dry-fly fishing was in its infancy, and though the Thames was hardly a salmon river the lower reaches were still reckoned profitable waters for the amateur fisherman, as its old minute book shows. It is not easy for fishing clubs, which are conservative by nature, to live through the changes which are inseparable from the development of an industrial nation; that the Piscatorial Society can still show a full roster of members and an attractive list of fishing waters is matter for congratulation to all country lovers. As long as the town-dweller will have his sport there is no serious danger of the disappearance of England's countryside.

ENGLAND'S COAST

No part of England is more than 100 miles from the coast, so that anyone anywhere can, nowadays, visit the seaside cheaply and easily. More and more people now make for the sea on fine summer days, and the building development that is going on is in many instances horrible to behold. In the sea-board lies one of our greatest assets, and not a moment too soon the Council for the Preservation of Rural England has aroused interest in the problem of the development and preservation of the English coast. A small book (obtainable from the C.P.R.E., 4, Hobart Place, London, S.W. 1, price 1/6) sets out, with some good photographs, several of the questions that urgently need attention, such as the growth of the great seaside resorts which tends to swallow up more and more of the coast in concrete promenades and amusement parks, the growth of shacks along the coastline and the closing of cliff paths. The C.P.R.E. conference at Torquay last week did useful service by stressing the urgency of measures to secure orderly development.

CANADA'S REINDEER

When it is being urged that world-wide efforts should be made to protect our disappearing fauna, the success which the Canadian Government has met with in supervising its recently acquired reindeer herd is encouraging. At the 1935 round-up it was estimated that the original herd of 2,370 animals had grown to over 3,000, and this year's total indicates an increase of nearly 1,000. Fawning, which took place in April, May and June, on a well-protected grazing area east of the Mackenzie River, resulted in the addition of 936 fawns—498 females and 438 males. The count showed that in addition there were 1,762 adult females, 608 yearling and adult bulls and 444 steers."

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a London daily newspaper: "With hunting clothes, spotted stocks look well, in yellow or in that deep mulberry maroon which is the only other colour (apart from neutrals) that seems to have become really dedicated to riding, though a few people do wear red or blue and white spotted stocks.

"String gloves are certainly best—in beige or yellow again. Leather is neither so safe nor so comfortable, especially in wet weather; and when a new switch is indicated it is well to remember about gates and see that it has a leather thong."

A CRICKET PIONEER

As the first cricketer to demonstrate the possibilities of off-break bowling with a leg-break action—the "googly" as it is now known—Mr. B. J. T. Bosanquet, who died last Monday, is never likely to be forgotten. At Eton and Oxford he was little more than a good hard-hitting batsman and fast medium bowler, but the new style of slow bowling brought lasting fame when, in 1904, at Sydney he took six Australian wickets for 51 runs, enabling England to win easily and claim the rubber. How he came to acquire the secret of googly bowling has been variously stated. Mr. A. L. Ford, for long identified with the famous Southgate Club, was of opinion that he learned the secret from his father. "The father," Mr. Ford once related to Mr. W. A. Bettesworth, "bowled exactly in the same way as the son, at whom he used to bowl from the time that he was six years old. Once when I was keeping wicket for Enfield at Stratford, Essex, I had occasion to stump three men from successive balls off the elder Bosanquet's bowling, and the last of the three batsmen, on being given out, turned round and said, 'Well I'm ——. First chap said balls came from leg; second said they came from t'other way; and I'm —— if this one didn't come straight.'" Mr. A. E. Knight, the author of *The Complete Cricketer*, emphasised the deadliness of Bosanquet's great pace from the pitch due to overspin. "It was not merely the break; the ball hit the pads or the wicket ere batsmen were prepared for their stroke." Like all googly bowlers, Bosanquet at times found command of length difficult, and it is recorded that he once bowled 37 wides in a match.

THE FARMER'S WEEK

The Dairy Show will bring to London next week several hundred dairy farmers and their wives. They come each autumn, bent on business and manage to combine a good deal of pleasure with the time they devote to the show at the Royal Agricultural Hall. The dairying industry has been going ahead fast, and to-day more farmers than ever before are concerned with milk production. The spirit of progress is moving in the industry, and almost a revolution has been effected in the technique of milk production. With a premium placed on clean milk production the farmer and his men take a keen interest in sterilisers, refrigerators, milking machines and the other equipment that is recommended to him. Whether the cow would recognise her milk by the time it has been through all the processes that modern science prescribes is doubtful. But the public should feel safe—and it is the public that matters.

OCTOBER: DUSK AND MORNING

Nothing marks the end of summer more certainly than sunset at five o'clock. Just as we feel that spring is with us when in February we can go out into the garden after tea, so when we draw the curtains instead we are coming near to winter. But dusk in October has still its uses and opportunities. October is the month for new plans in the garden, and in the dusk outlines and details disappear, and we can see the essential shape of things. And October mornings, too, bring new hope into the year. If there is an autumnal sound in the "chack-chack" of the fieldfare flying overhead, there is another voice which on any sunlit morning may proclaim the opening of the fuller chorus of the year—the first song of the thrush.

AUTUMN

Frost-rimed grass of early dawn,
Gallant notes of ringing horn
From the covert sound abroad;
Squirrels gathering up their hoard
Of nuts against the winter's cold
Tell the year is growing old:
Sweet dank smell of mouldering leaves,
Gathered stacks of harvest sheaves,
Lingering swallows not yet fled,
Gold and purple bracken, red
Berries in their brave array,
And the gradual decay
Of leaf and hedgerow; wind-blown rain
Spattering on the window-pane—
Not soft April's gentle showers,
But the dark storm-driven powers
Of a wild October gale—
Shafts of chequered sunlight pale
Glinting through bare branches, where
Ash trees scarlet berries rear
And flaunt their splendour, while indoors
The fire up the chimney roars.

I. SHIPTON.

Galloping on grass

AGRICULTURE AND THE CHASE

Changed Times and Changed Manners

MUCH has been written about the importance of maintaining good relations between hunting people and farmers. It is, indeed, an all-important matter at the present time, and unless these good relations are cultivated there is trouble ahead for hunting in this country. Nearly all the older generation of farmers, and certainly the old stagers among the farm hands, are always glad to see hounds running over the land they work. In some parts of the country the circumstances and conditions of farming have not altered so much since before the War, when the squire had his little kingdom and a paternal despotism governed the ways and ideas of the countryside, but in most parts the times have changed and there is no longer the squire's benevolent influence on behalf of the Hunt to see that all goes smoothly with them.

Many of the estates have been broken up and the tenants are now their own landlords. They have not found, and are not finding to-day, that the times are easy. Many of them bought their farms to save their homes in the period of farming optimism immediately after the War. They borrowed money to buy and the mortgages, raised at a time when land values were considerably higher than those ruling to-day, are a heavy burden for these men to carry. They have to work hard to make ends meet and pay their way, and in their lives there is little room for sentiment. Still, they are just as sound at heart about hunting and they like to see hounds on their farms. It is the atmosphere of farming that has changed and hunting people have to recognise that things are not quite what they were.

Hounds have no longer a prescriptive right to run where they will. Many of the old leases specifically reserved to the landowner the rights of shooting and hunting over the land he let to his tenants. These rights went with the sale of the farms, and now it is by the grace and favour of thousands of small farmers that hunting is carried on to-day. Even where estates remain, a new generation of tenants is springing up and the old restrictions embodied in leases are disappearing. Nowadays the tenant is very much his own master in determining the course of cropping which he will adopt, and the spirit of independence in other spheres is growing. In these circumstances hunting people do well to recognise the farmer, whether owner or tenant, as their host, and treat him with the courtesy that good manners demand.

The Master of Hounds, if he is to make a success of his job, has to be the essence of tact himself, and even this is not enough. He has to inculcate good manners among the members of his Hunt and those who follow hounds. This may seem a strange thing to say, because it might be thought that anyone who goes out hunting would know how to behave himself. But, unfortunately, you do see all too many instances of bad manners in the hunting field to-day. The trouble goes back to the fact that a good many of the people who follow hounds have no roots in the country, and that their ill-mannered behaviour is due chiefly to ignorance and carelessness. Some of these town birds are inclined to look on the country merely as a pleasant exercising ground. They fail to realise that farming is just as much of a business with just as much at stake as any office in Throgmorton Street.

The farmer allows them to hunt foxes over his land, and the hospitality he gives might be compared with the invitation which a stockbroker might give to some of his friends to come and hold a treasure hunt in his office. So long as no avoidable damage is done everyone enjoys himself and the party is a happy one, but when the guests forget their good manners it is not surprising that resentment sometimes arises. I have sometimes felt very sore when I have seen a young fool, and sometimes an older one who should know better, set his horse at a gate that he hadn't a ghost of a chance of clearing. The gate, of course, is broken, and in due course the Hunt will provide another one. But it is really quite unnecessary to cause such annoyance to anyone. Then, for all the Master's good example, there are some ignoramuses who seem incapable of distinguishing between a grass field and young wheat that is just coming through. Well, they must learn their lesson and, personally, I should like to see Masters of Hounds taking a firmer line with transgressors who break the unwritten laws of hunting either through ignorance, selfishness or carelessness. It would be very salutary in some Hunts if the Masters exercised their prerogative and sent home one or two of the most flagrant offenders. It is only by preserving a very high standard of good manners in the hunting field that the future of the sport can be assured.

It is not reasonable in these days to put the farmer to inconvenience or expense in order that hunting may continue. We have to face the fact that comparatively few farmers can afford to go out hunting. Some who could afford to do so prefer sport with a gun and their interests as shooting men are sometimes liable to clash with those of the Hunt. If a farmer himself is not personally interested in hunting—and many are not, while they are quite well disposed towards the sport—it is galling to be put to expense on this account.

Poultry are now a considerable business on many general farms, and if the foxes in the neighbourhood are not kept down to a minimum, the farmer may suffer considerable losses through their depredations. He probably gets on the telephone to the Hunt secretary early in the autumn, and tells him that there are too many cubs about for his liking and inviting hounds to come and make a clearance early in the season. If it is accepted that the purpose of fox hunting is to keep down the number of foxes, the response should be prompt and effective. If the Hunt fails to do so, it is not surprising if he takes measures to keep down the foxes in self defence. This may lead to unpleasantness with some members of the Hunt, and to friction and ill-feeling, which is unfortunate from every point of view. It is true to say that farmers generally are well disposed to foxhunting, but they do expect the Hunt to carry out its job efficiently. They are not prepared, in the sacred name of foxhunting, to have their farms overrun with vermin.

Then there is the business side of foxhunting and the benefits which come to a country district from the existence of a flourishing Hunt. If he is a wise man and values the good will of his farmers, the Master will insist that all the hay and oats required for the Hunt horses are bought direct from farmers in the country. There should be on every Hunt committee at least one man who can see to this business. This lead can be followed up by a strong recommendation to the individual members of the Hunt to buy their fodder direct from one or other of the farmers in the district. If a spirit of give and take can be developed in this way it does greatly assist the good relations between the local farmers and the Hunt.

Finally, a word about subscriptions. The farmers have their own organisation in the National Farmers' Union, and it is a graceful compliment from hunting men if they ask to be made honorary members of the local branch of the N.F.U. There is also the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution which provides small pensions for aged farmers and their dependents who are left in very poor circumstances. Every hunting man and woman who derives pleasure from the farmers' land should in honour bound subscribe at least a guinea a year to this charity.

BROADLEAZE.

FRANK FREEMAN ON MARKET HARBOROUGH NEAR CRICK, 1931

From the picture by H. F. Lucas Lucas. Reproduced by kind permission of the artist. The original is now in the possession of Major Cayzer, at one time Joint-Master of the Pytchley

FROM BADBY WOOD TO BUCKNELLS

The Story of a Classic Pytchley Run with a Fourteen Mile Point

By FRANK FREEMAN

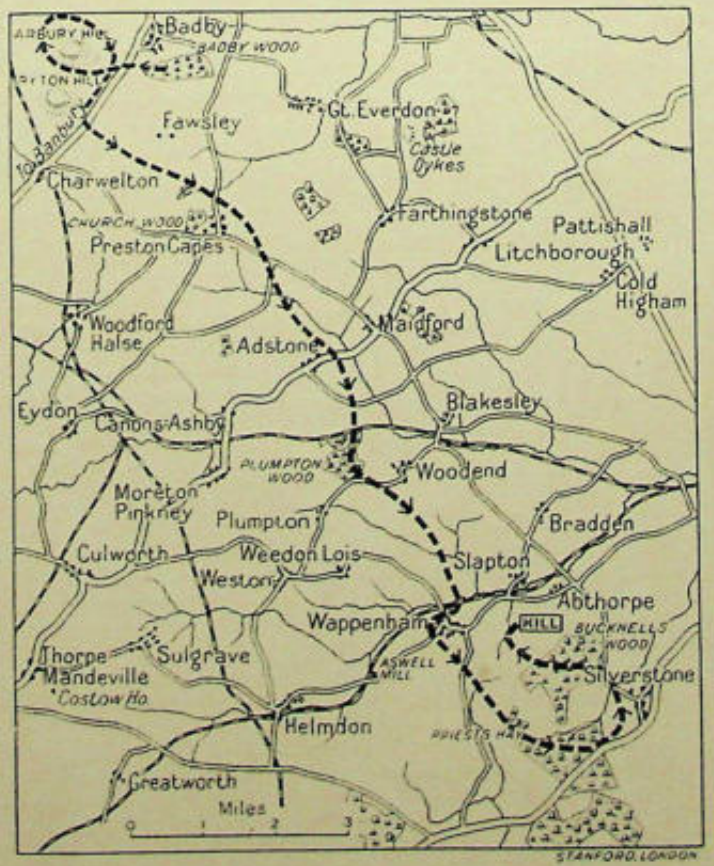
WHAT is the best run I remember having had with the Pytchley?

Well, it's hard to say. It's 30 years now since I went there from the Bedale, and I hunted hounds for 25 years.

There was that run from Dodford Holt to Stoke Bruen after the War, a twelve mile point and a kill, and one from Sulby Old Cover to Spratton Brook with a kill at Pamps Hall in 1918 during the War, eight miles out and twelve back; then there was the Badby Wood hunt in Lord Annaly's time. I was a bit younger then. I will tell you about that one. I think that was the best.

It was in 1911 in March. That was the year I killed 104 brace of foxes, a record for the Pytchley country. We'd met at Daventry. There had been a lot of rain the night before, but it was a fine but cold morning. It must have been about 12.15, just as I was beginning to fear Badby Wood was blank, that Ted Molyneux, who was my first whip then, holloaed a fox away by the lodge over the Banbury Road. He took the usual line out by Ryton Hill right-hand round Arbury Hill pointing for Staverton. Here a silly fellow holloaed in his face and he turned back for Badby Wood, but could not get through the crowd on the Banbury Road, so ran down beside the hedge towards Byfield where hounds checked. Mr. Paget, who lived at Buxworth then, was riding a new horse he could not hold, so he jumped it out of the road on the other side, where he saw Gaylass and Garnish hit off the line down one of those Fawsley doubles.

That Garnish was the best bitch I ever had. Hunt a line on the hardest dusty road, and always in front. Gaylass was her sister by Desperate; they were both almost black with white collars. Garnish never bred anything half as good as herself, but Gaylass did. It was extraordinary how they picked the line through all that crowd on the road. I saw most of the field turn and ride up the road back to Badby Wood as I clapped my hounds over the road. They started to run like hell. The Fawsley doubles are almost unjumpable, and the hand gates delayed the field, which gave the hounds a real chance of settling down, not that they could have been interfered with much that day they were running that hard.



MAP SHOWING THE LINE IN THE FAMOUS RUN DESCRIBED

They just touched Church Wood, but they never stopped for a second, and I am sure they never changed there. Beyond Preston Capes they ran over an easy country into the heart of the Grafton. They only went through a corner of Ashby Bushes. At Adstone Bottom, about a mile or so on, there were a lot of falls—even Lord Annaly had a scramble there and lost his whip—but there was no time to pick it up. Garnish and Gaylass, and a light-coloured bitch called Dimple, I could see were leading, but you could have covered the whole pack with a sheet.

Near here Mr. Pat Nickalls and Mr. Tweed saw the fox only about 400yds. ahead of hounds, going straight for the railway, which was crossed by Plumpton Wood, which would be about six miles straight from Arbury Hill. It is a great big wood, half the size of Badby, but the fox ran down the middle ride most of the way. Here I saw Postscript and Fatal turn sharp to the left. I don't think we could have changed there as they never left the line for a moment. They ran on, still going very fast by Woodend, pointing for Wappenham, to the railway straight over the brook. Lord Annaly was the only one to fly it, and I heard several fall in, and a lot of horses were too done to face it. I struck it lucky by a ford. There's a bit of a plough near Greens Park, but it did not seem to slow them down. Rarity, Garnish and Gaylass I noticed were still leading.

They left Weedon Bushes on the right and turned right-handed for Aswell Mill, and then turned left after crossing the stream, over some more plough, for what a Grafton gentleman told me was Crown Lands, a huge, great woodland. Just before we got there we ran into a little wood called Priests Hay, where hounds divided. I was a bit puzzled which lot were right, but I thought I had better trust the hounds who had been leading. Molyneux and Tom Peaker, who were both up, soon stopped the others, but two foxes had gone on and hounds

divided again near the allotments below Silverstone Village. I at first thought my fox must have turned into Bucknells Wood and asked Mr. Paget, who was close to me, to stop the lot which were running between Crown Lands and Bucknells Wood.

Mr. Garrard, of Welton, went with him, and they jumped the gate which was wired up into the allotments, but my lot threw up, so I blew my horn, the first time I had used it since recrossing the Banbury Road, to prevent those gentlemen stopping hounds. I thought all was over when, as I had hoped, the fox did not run on but turned in at the furthest corner of Bucknells Wood, a tremendous great place, bad scenting and full of foxes.

Here Lord Rosebery, Lord Dalmeny he was then, caught a glimpse of a beaten fox with a couple of hounds close behind him. He could not tell me which they were. I got the rest of the pack on to the line, and they carried it right through the wood and out on the Wappenham side. A man from the village told me the couple had hunted up to the hedge by a stream, where they had checked, and I was afraid he must have got in somewhere, which would have been a terrible disappointment to the hounds after such a hunt. I cast round to make sure and returned to the hedge, when I saw Rarity's hackles go up and she dived into the ditch and pinned him. He was a great greyhound of a fox, and had all his teeth—not at all an old fox. He went quite stiff the moment he was dead, and stood up to face the hounds. Molyneux was sure he was the same fox he viewed away from Badby Wood.

The time was two hours and five minutes from find to kill, a fourteen-mile point and about 22 miles as hounds ran. I think it was about half-an-hour after entering Bucknells that we killed, which shows how fast the pace had been. If Garnish and Gaylass were the hounds his Lordship saw in the wood they had never left the line for a second. Not a hound was missing.

I am sorry I cannot tell you much about the people. When one is hunting hounds one has no time or thought for anything else. I was luckily on one of the best horses I ever rode, called Starlight, who was quite fresh at the end, as were the two whips', which speaks well for Mr. Gibbs, the kennel studsman. Not a single second horse arrived at the kill. They had all waited at Preston Capes.

I remember his Lordship kept the mask and gave Lady Dalmeny the brush, and Mr. Tweed, Mrs. Borret, Mr. Romer Williams and Captain Elmhirst got the pads. The last two came up from Wappening Village just as we killed. I saw Captain Sowerby's little grey lying down in Bucknells Wood, but it recovered.

Lord Annaly ordered hounds home from here.

We had about 20 miles home, and his Lordship told us to go into the Pomphret Arms as we passed through Towcester; but Captain Elmhirst said we would have to stop at his place at Blisworth if we put in at 20 Pomphret Armses.

He rode on and had port and cake waiting for us in the road as we passed; as we were finished Lord Annaly passed us in a cab he had hired in Towcester. There were not many motor cars or telephones in those days.

Mr. Tweed rode all the way home with the hounds to Buxworth, where we found some champagne and sandwiches in the feeding house, sent by one of the gentlemen who lived in the village.

I think it was the best day I ever had.

Frank Freeman

THE LATE LORD ANNALY, MASTER AT THE TIME OF THE GREAT BADBY WOOD RUN, WITH FRANK FREEMAN AND WHIPPER-IN IN ALTHORPE PARK

From the painting by H. F. Lucas Lucas. Reproduced by kind permission of the artist

THE PYTCHLEY HOUNDS TO-DAY

IT is the pious hope of those in charge of the breeding of these hounds that if the ghost of that illustrious hound-breeder, Lord Henry Bentinck was to materialise in the kennel, he would exclaim, "Dear me! (or perhaps even 'Good Heavens!') I always knew my hounds had constitutions, but they have certainly lived an astounding long time."

The first noticeable features of these hounds is the anatomically correct position of their elbows, the liberty of movement in their shoulders, and their great power behind. After all, good shoulders are receivers and not givers of power; even the very best shoulders are academic if there is not enough power behind to make use of the *whole* of their faculty of absorption and distribution.

Some people might say that these hounds are flat-sided; in comparison with some other kennels they may be; but what has been taken away from one direction has been put on in another, and their depth through the heart is phenomenal. In addition, it can be argued that it is impossible to work a barrel with really clean-cut economic shoulders; there will be friction and wear and tear. Bone is another rather vexed question, and again some people might call these hounds light of bone and up in the air. But bone, like many other things, can be overdone, and if it is overdone hounds are carrying extra and useless weight. And surely, the fact that a hound is near the ground is not in itself admirable, but is rather a means than an end. To sum up: In my humble opinion, these hounds, especially the bitches, are truly remarkable for racing-like beauty and symmetry, outstanding quality, and mental and physical liveliness. Barker's kennel management must be extremely good; every hound in the kennel looked fit to run for his life. There is a great mutual affection between Barker and his hounds. Everything is done quietly and efficiently, and the whip is conspicuous by its absence.

In this space it is impossible to go into the breeding thoroughly; but the central idea is to go back to the Lord Henry Bentinck blood, through Belvoir and others. This is being done now through, chiefly, Middleton Whipcord ('30), South Dorset Dalesman ('30) and Kilkenny and Oakley doghounds. As the Middleton are bred on identical lines with the Pytchley of some years ago, the old blood is being revived largely through that pack. A *précis* of the pedigree of Middleton Freshman ('95) will show how the present lines go back through him and his father, Pytchley Freshman ('91), to the blood desired. On the top side in tail male he goes to Brocklesby Rallywood ('99) twice, and to Mr. Drake's Duster ('44) twice at least. On the top side he has two lines to Lord Henry Bentinck's Contest ('48), through Brocklesby Ambrose. Lord Henry Bentinck's Regulus appears three times on the top side. Of these two hounds, Lord Henry says that Contest "was a model in shape and work," and that Regulus "was a wonder through foil." This characteristic still comes out in his descendants. There are also many lines back to the old Warwick sorts obtained through the famous Heythrop kennel.

On the bottom side of the pedigree, Contest appears three times, and another of Lord Henry's most famous hounds, Traveller by name, once. Of Traveller Lord Henry says: "Until four years old a very hard driver, almost too quiet; but at four years noted for his sagacity in working dry

roads and ditches." Of course, there are many other lines, but Lord Henry Bentinck's blood is the chief beacon-light by which the breeding of this pack is now guided.

It is no damming of the dog hounds to say that the bitches are the star turn of this kennel. Their chief characteristic is sheer quality throughout. All the Dalesman's are particularly noticeable for this, and also for their beautifully turned necks and really perfect shoulders, which, being well joined to the power behind, give a co-ordination of movement which it is a delight to see.

Particular mention must be made of Spinach, the first prize-winning bitch of this year's entry, by Oakley Paradox ('31) ex Sprightly ('33). She was walked by Captain Macdonald Buchanan, who is joint-Master with Colonel Lowther, and she is one of the most lovely bitches I have ever seen. Another very nice bitch, and a great favourite of the huntsman's, is Parsley, one of this year's entry, by Middleton Sportsman ('33) ex Pamela ('34). Sparkle, another of this year's entry, seems to me to be a perfect compromise between the light and heavy type of hound; she is by Middleton Whipcord ('30) ex Speedwell ('33), and has typical Whipcord shoulders.

Of the entered bitches Proverb ('35), by South Dorset Dalesman ('30) ex Prosper ('28), is a really beautiful bitch, and looks as if she has tremendous speed. But it is really invidious to pick out any of them, for they are all of extremely high quality.

Among the thirteen couple of dog hounds in the kennel, Stormer and Stalwart ('33) are typical of the male type of the bitches, being high off the ground, but with great depth. They are by S. & W. Wilts Godfrey ('28) ex Steadfast ('30).

VALENTINE.

THE KING'S SUPPORT OF THE TURF

Successes in Prospect for the Royal Colours

NEXT month it is expected that the Royal colours will reappear on the Turf. It gives unbounded satisfaction to the racing world to know that His Majesty the King has decided to continue in a practical way the great interest shown in racing and bloodstock breeding by King George V. At Egerton House, Newmarket, Mr. W. R. Jarvis will continue to train horses belonging to the King and to the Earl of Harewood. In addition His Majesty will have two or three horses in training for National Hunt racing.

One of these is Marconi, who distinguished himself last winter by winning the National Hunt Juvenile Steeplechase at Cheltenham and the Saltley Steeplechase at Birmingham. This good-looking gelding is a natural jumper, and in due course will make his appearance over the Aintree fences. It is even possible that when he reaches maturity he will be a formidable competitor for the Grand National, which was won in the Royal colours by Ambush II 36 years ago.

That famous polo player and able trainer of jumpers, Major F. W. Barrett, who is responsible for the training of Marconi under National Hunt Rules, expresses satisfaction with the recent progress of the horse at Wroughton. First of all he is to have a course of hurdle racing, and it is noticeable that he has been entered for the Ford Welter Handicap under Jockey Club Ruleson November 12th. He will probably be the first horse to carry the King's colours.

The interesting announcement is made that Mr. Harry Brown will train one of the King's jumpers this winter. The horse selected to go to the Atherstone stable is the five-year-old gelding Slam, who won two races on the flat in 1934, and since then has only been out a few times. It is improbable that he will make his first effort under N.H. rules until early in the New Year.

At a time when the King took an active part in Point-to-Point and hunt racing Mr. Harry Brown, the leading amateur rider of his day, frequently rode in gallops with him, and that pleasant association is gracefully marked by the King's decision to send one of his horses to Atherstone. Mr. Brown was never fortunate enough to ride a Grand National winner, though he was both second and third on The Bore. How that horse came down with him two fences from home and how Mr. Brown, remounting with a broken collar-bone, rode him into second place behind Shaun Spadah are matters of Grand National history.

Brigadier H. A. Tomkinson—another former polo player of renown—manages the King's racehorses and breeding stud. He has the pleasure of knowing that the present season has been an excellent one for the Royal horses, who have been leased to Lord Derby. And there is reason to hope that the coming year will also be successful for Egerton House, as the batch of yearlings belonging to His Majesty which have lately been sent there are believed to be the most promising for several seasons past.

Much is naturally expected of Air Flow, a colt by Fairway out of Polish Air, his brother Fairey having been among the best three-year-olds of the current season. Polish Air, who is also the dam of The Abbot and Bonnie Dundee, is a mare by Lemberg out of Vain Air, by Ayrshire out of Vane, sister to Flying Fox. Another yearling of promise is the colt Blare by Limelight, out of Blairtoi by Santoi.

The stud paddocks at Sandringham are now being given a rest excepting those which will be used during the season for visiting mares. All the Royal mares have now been sent to the Hampton Court paddocks, where La Flèche, Sainfoin and other good horses were bred and reared in the past.

Among the Royal yearlings at Egerton House is the chesnut colt Jubilee, by Mr. Jinks out of Judith. His dam is a young mare, by Colorado out of Judea, purchased with a view to strengthening the resources of the Sandringham Stud for 3,000gs. at the December Sales two years ago. She was in foal to Mr. Jinks at the time.

A colt of interesting pedigree is Foxbrush, he being a son of that good but rather unlucky race-horse Jacopo. Since his departure for the American stud the fame of this horse's family has been enhanced by the brilliant exploits of his half-brother Foray. Captain Boyd-Rochfort has two of Jacopo's two-year-olds at Freemason Lodge, and one of them, Sansalvo, has already shown decided promise.

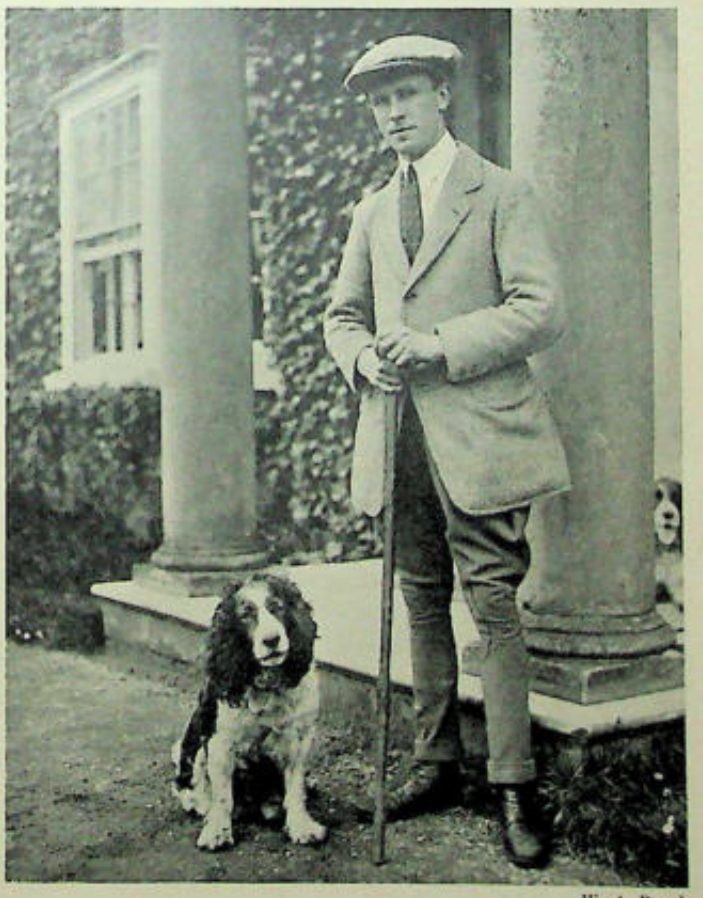
Hatton Garden is a yearling whose career will be followed with interest, as he is a son of the famous French horse Hotweed. His dam Sparkling Gem, a Buchan mare, is responsible for the winners this season, Firestone and Felstone. Arrangements have been made for Hotweed, who in his first season at the stud sired the French Derby winner Pearlweed, to stand in future in this country. Mr. E. Esmond has sent him to the Brickfield Stud, Newmarket, where he will serve at a fee of £98.

One of the King's yearlings is a son of Foxhunter, winner of the Ascot Cup. This youngster, called John Peel, is out of the Arion mare Weeds, who, a good winner herself, has been well represented on the racecourse by Dent de Lion and Good Deal.

A half-brother to Marconi called Licence gives the impression of being a likely winner. He is a son of Foxlaw, most of whose offspring win races, though as a rule they need plenty of time. Several shapely daughters of Limelight are to be found among the King's yearlings. The brown Lima is out of Palma Bay, who was by The Vizier from Palma, by Willonyx. The bay Miss Valentine is out of the Captain Cuttle mare Fairy Story. And the bay Fanlight is by Limelight out of Stained Glass, thus being half-sister to the One Thousand winner Scuttle.

Alas, there is no yearling from Scuttle, as that good mare died in 1934. Fortunately her blood will still be well represented in the Royal stud, to which her winning daughters Fairlead and Canvas are now being sent. But the best of the various fillies which are now taking up their quarters in the Hampton Court Paddocks is Feola, who, in addition to winning two races, finished in the first three both in the One Thousand and the Oaks. Is it too much to hope that the stable will produce a winner at the Ascot of Coronation Year?

W. A. Rouch



W. A. Rouch

WILL THIS BE A WINNING PARTNERSHIP FOR HIS MAJESTY?

Left, the five-year-old gelding Slam who is to run under National Hunt rules early in the New Year, and, right, Mr. Harry Brown who is to train this jumper

A NOTED ATHLETE AND AMATEUR HUNTSMAN

Lord Burghley, who started a private pack last year, drawing a field of kale; hounds are kennelled at Stamford, where the pack is, in itself, a "one day a week country"

RESPONSIBILITIES OF AN AMATEUR HUNTSMAN

He has to Manage both Strategy *and* Tactics

THERE are many amateurs carrying the horn in the United Kingdom to-day with much skill and distinction, and under conditions which become no easier with the passage of each season. It may be of some interest to compare their responsibilities with those of the paid huntsmen, and the advantages and disadvantages which are entailed by their respective positions.

The professional has many duties to perform his hours of work are endless, but he can always turn to his master for help and advice if things go wrong. In the field he is expected to ride up to his hounds, to hunt and, if possible, kill his fox, and by so doing provide the best sport that the scenting conditions of the day allow, the field being kept in control by a Master, who protects the interests of those over whose land the chase takes place. When the fox is accounted for or lost, or when the hunt looks like coming to an unsatisfactory conclusion, he is told where to draw again, or go home. When he regains the kennels, having fed and seen to the well-being of his hounds and to his material wants, he may go to bed. Before doing so his diary has to be written up and perhaps some stop cards revised, but then his duties end.

Although the amateur's day begins at a later hour, his letters must be dealt with before he takes the field. Unless he is an individual without imagination, on some mornings his post must affect his outlook on the day ahead. The M.F.H.'s mail bag often contains a rare assortment, and some letters beginning with the unpleasant word "unless." Complaints, of course, there will be of many kinds, of depredations of "the fox," gates left open, cattle mixed, fences broken, and of damaged crops. To these an answer is required at once, written or dictated with much are and thought, and if the hunt account is overdrawn or some large bill appears, strained recourses do not make for peace of mind.

The stud groom may demand an interview before the start to report some servants' horses lame, and coughing started in the stables. Perhaps this M.F.H. is chairman of the bench, a county councillor, a Lord Lieutenant even, with social duties to perform by day and night. Dinners there will be, and dances, where he is expected to appear to make a speech, to stay and talk. However careful he may be, and no doubt he is, late hours are not the best prelude to a hunting day on which, whatever the conditions, each faculty must give its best. Tactics alone concern the servant, but the amateur must deal with strategy as well. He makes a plan no doubt before his arrival at the place of meeting: about his draw and how the wind affects it on this day, with something up his sleeve and as an alternative, if scent serves well, a favourite covert to be drawn at 2 p.m.

CAPTAIN WELLESLEY WESLEY, M.F.H.

Another young amateur, who is now hunting the South Dorset Hounds with much success. He was at one time Joint-Master of the Brecon

A message delivered on the village green itself may somewhat damp the joyous greeting of the waiting pack; and this occurs at times, caused by a shoot suddenly arranged or by death or illness not far distant from the meet, and this entails hard thinking and drastic alteration of all plans.

In chase he knows, too well at times, the feelings of the farmers towards the Hunt; and in the early spring especially this may exercise his mind and so affect his casts and sometimes the sport—the reason must be kept entirely to himself. Much as he loves his hounds, the field and their enjoyment must be always in his thoughts; and on their account at times he has the hardest task of all to face. Imagine a good hunting run which delights "his" heart at least; the pack repaying him for all the hours devoted to their breeding and their care. But scent is getting worse, the winter's sun is getting near the West. Is he to stop them "now"? For if he does, there is time to find and kill another fox, but not unless; his inclination is to hunt as long as Beeswing's nose is down, as long as there is a stern in motion; but stop them he must, for his is a subscription pack, and that must count.

Only those who have hunted hounds can know the concentration that is required to hunt a fox, and how often trifling things can snap the thread by means of which the chase is kept in motion.

The huntsman knows the fox is always "getting on," and this knowledge may account for the excitement shown by those who hunt the fox themselves, mistaken sometimes for bad temper by their followers. But the amateur must catch as well as others, for well he knows that catching means the half-way house to settlement of claims, the making of his pack, the maintenance of satisfaction in his country.

When scent is only moderate, when things go wrong and frequent checks occur, only the calmest mind can keep subdued the impatience, sometimes put in words, caused by delay and faulty information. Perhaps the Master may at times forget that his dejection can affect his field, and that their pleasure really comes through his, that sport must have its ups-and-downs, that good days remain in memory, the bad are soon forgot.

The amateur, at any rate, has this supreme advantage, he hunts his hounds and sees them hunt. Their breeding, then, must be a doubled interest, for he can choose the dams and sires of those that really serve him and mate them from his closest observation. Whatever be his faults or failings, long may his love of hounds and hunting keep him where he is to bear his burdens and to rejoice when served by scent. Nothing so befits a pack as settled Mastership, and breeding carried on by continuity of purpose guided by knowledge of pedigrees and work. EMERITUS.

HUNTING THE STAG AND THE FOX—

A Set of Four Plates

Going Out in the Morning

Scene in Windsor Forest

Stag at Bay

Scene near Taplow, Bucks

AMONG the collection of old hunting prints now on exhibition at Messrs. Frank T. Sabin's Galleries, 154, New Bond Street, London, W. 1, is the very fine series by Rowlandson, here reproduced by courtesy of that firm. They form a magnificent set, illustrating the Royal Hunt and, aquatinted by Rowlandson himself, the colourings are magnificent. The etchings were published on January 1st, 1801, by R. Ackermann and bear the watermark "J. Whatman, 1794." There is quite a touch of Morland in the first picture, in which the girl at the grinding wheel is apparently giving a hand at sharpening the *couteau de chasse*. It is strange that hounds are shown hunting both stag and fox. King George III is the central figure in the cavalcade returning from the chase. In the examples of the work of James Pollard the Royal Hunt figures again, and George III is shown returning in greater state in one of two fine examples of the pair of engravings by M. Dubourg, published in 1820 by Edward Orme. On the ground floor of Messrs. Sabin's premises is what is probably the finest and rarest of all hunting sets—the eight plates of The Quorn Hunt from "The Meet" to "The Death," by Henry Alken, engraved by

—BY THE BANKS OF THE THAMES

Etched by Thomas Rowlandson

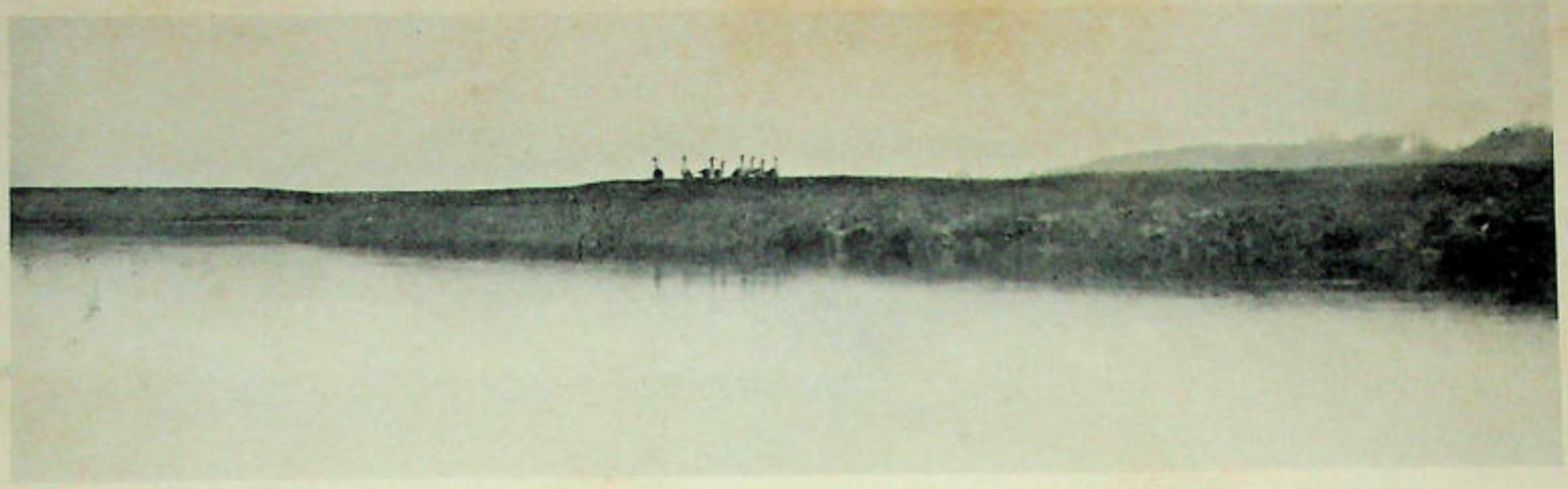
The Fox Chase

Scene near Maidenhead Thicket

Return from the Chase

Scene at Eaton

F. C. Lewis. Of engravings by Alken, the set of the Beaufort Hunt by Walter P. Hodges commands attention, and to the eight plates is added the supplementary scene "Consequences." The Leicestershire set of four engraved by Alken from the pictures by Sir John Dean Paul, Bart., were, when published by T. McLean in 1825, announced as "containing the acknowledged taste and judgment of Mr. Paul with the graphic skill of Mr. Alken," and the incidents are certainly "graphic" from the "Struggle for the Start" to the "First Ten Minutes" and "Symptoms of a Skurry in a Pewy Country." Some pleasing scenic work is contained in the Hertfordshire set by Dean Wolstenholme, jun., giving village scenery of his time (1797 1883), and a "Death" near St. Albans. William C. Baker, Henry B. Chalon, Abraham Cooper, R.A., Richard B. Davis, Thomas R. Davis, Jakob P. Hackert, Thomas Hand, Samuel Howitt, Benjamin Marshall, George Morland, Philip Reinagle, R.A., Charles Towne, F. C. Turner, James Ward, R.A. and Wolstenholme, sen., are others represented either in portraiture or hunting scenes in an exhibition which supplies a feast of the work of the famous old-time artists of the chase.



GREY LAG GEESE JUST BEFORE THE SHOT

MISTAKEN IDEAS ON WILDFOWLING

A Defence of Punt Gunners and Shore Shooters

By DAVID HAIG-THOMAS

LATELY I have seen so much written blaming the shore shooters and the fowlers who go out punt-gunning for the ever-diminishing flocks of wildfowl on our coasts. The shore shooters, in their turn, blame the owners of inland duck shoots. But as I get blamed by everyone (I do all three punting, shore shooting and flighting inland), it is only fair I should have my say.

I do not pretend for a moment that the shore shooters and punt-gunners are an inducement for wildfowl, but I am convinced that they do not do nearly so much harm as the people who own inland pools and meres. Anyone with a small pool near an estuary can kill large numbers of ducks by keeping decoys, and feeding the pond. I should think three-quarters of the ducks killed in this country are shot on private inland water.

I often go down to the Salt Marshes on the East Coast, sometimes alone, sometimes with shooting friends. We like a flight on the open flats where the mallard fly in when it is almost too dark to see, and the grey geese fly out to roost on the sandbanks. Nearly all the chances we get are very high indeed, except under exceptional weather conditions.

Usually my friends are some of the more fortunate ones, who get a day or two's shooting a week. Our idea of what is in shot, and what is not is, naturally, very different from the other wildfowlers that we meet on Saturday nights. These usually are young men who have to work in hot, stuffy offices all the week and can only dash down to the estuaries for a shot at a duck or a glimpse of the wild geese at the week-end. I always hear the same grumblings from my friends as we trudge back to the sea wall in the dark. "Those blighters from Manchester, firing at birds miles out of shot scare everything on the shore."

Now, to start with, these birds cannot be miles out of shot because every now and again those blighters from London, or wherever their home-town is, do bring one down. When it does come down how pleased they are. The thoughts of that shot are stowed away to brighten monotonous weeks in the office, where the most exciting thing they may see is a fly crawling up a window pane.

So let us be lenient to people that have motored many miles to the free marshes, and not condemn them because they fire at birds sometimes over extreme range. They may have no chance during their whole week-end to shoot at a bird that is really in shot.

I know what everybody will say: "It isn't that we mind them scaring the birds, it is the ones that go away wounded and die on the sandbanks, where no one can pick them up that we mind." I have spent many days punting on the Wash, and only once saw a wounded duck, and so I wonder if many are wounded.

The three people that scold the most are the local inhabitants who can spend every evening of the season on the marshes if they want to. The people with private inland shoots, who can always shoot at ducks that are really in shot, and the real bird-lover, who doesn't shoot at all. Now the last-mentioned has every right to grumble, but he would do more good by grumbling about the owners of private shoots, duck decoys, and flight-netters.

It cannot be said that in England decoys are a serious menace as the number of decoys are too few. I believe there are only four working decoys in England. One which I know kills about 2,000 ducks a year.

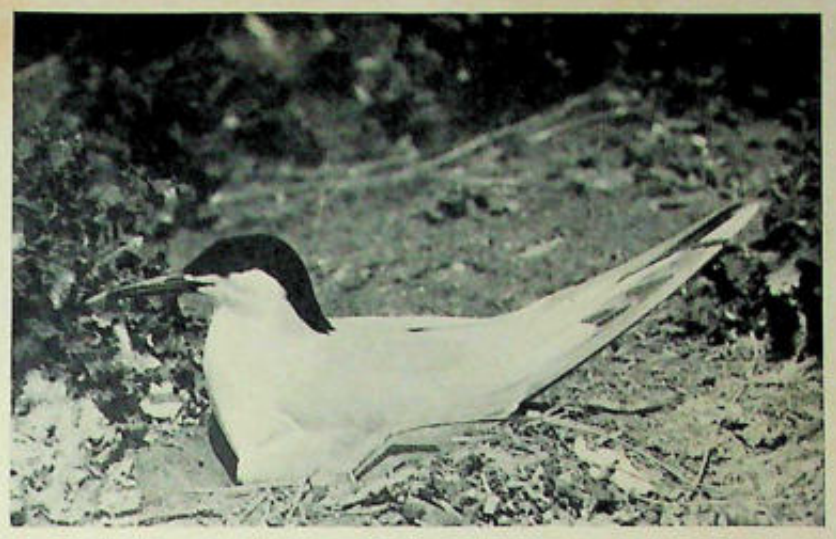
In Holland where the decoys are numerous, there is no doubt that they are a very big factor in the destruction of wildfowl. Some articles that I have read are obviously written by people who have never been punting and who think that letting off a big gun into a large flock of ducks can be compared with letting off a shot-gun (only very much larger) into a sitting covey of partridges. This idea of punt-gunning is completely wrong, and if there was any comparison whatever, I should never go punting again.

It may seem very strange that I, whose two favourite pastimes (not counting trying to harpoon a walrus from an Eskimo kyack) are photographing birds and catching a trout on a dry-fly, should put punt-gunning next on the list. I infinitely prefer punting to shooting with a shoulder gun because it is ten times as difficult. I am quite certain that fewer birds go away wounded. It seems to me that the harm punt-guns do is not the birds they kill or wound, but to the birds they frighten.

I have often lain on the saltings waiting for a flight, and have heard a punt-gun go off. Every bird on the shore gets up and flies round, and I know of a case on the Solway where a punt-gun was fired at geese on a sandbank, and the geese have not sat there since. But though this is annoying for the local gunners, the geese only moved to a different roosting ground, where they could not be punted.

ON THE LOOK OUT

ABOUT TO BROOD



SETTLED DOWN CONTENTEDLY

A VISIT TO A SANDWICH TERNERY

Quarrelsome and Noisy Birds that Insist on Overcrowding

By GUY B. FARRAR

LYING on a warm shingle beach on a hot August afternoon watching Sandwich Terns hovering like white-winged angels over the ebbing tide, one would expect them to be endowed with an equally angelic disposition; but visit a nesting colony in early June; set up a hide in the middle of the ternery, and any angelic illusions will be quickly dispelled. If you can imagine a boom on the Stock Exchange, combined with an unpopular decision at a Cup Final, superimposed on a background of Dante's Inferno, you will have some idea of the screaming, fighting and general pandemonium which seem part and parcel of the domestic life of the Sandwich Tern. Its angelic form is but a sham to cloak the voice and temper of a drunken fishwife.

Nesting colonies are few and far between, the Terns returning to the same areas year after year to the exclusion of other, apparently, equally suitable localities. Ravenglass and Walney Island in the north-west; the Northumberland coast in the north-east; and north Norfolk are about the only regular breeding haunts in England although a few scattered pairs have made intermittent and often fruitless attempts at colonisation in other places.

The domestic arrangements of Sandwich Terns differ in a marked degree from other members of the family. One would have expected such quarrelsome and noisy neighbours to insist on a home surrounded by its own grounds, so to speak, instead of which the worst form of overcrowding exists, the nests being so close together that each bird has only just sufficient room to sit—some drastic form of slum clearance is badly needed in a Sandwich ternery.

All Terns are poor home builders; or rather they will not take the trouble to construct a proper nest unless suitable materials lie close at hand. On bare ground, a slight depression holds the eggs: on the shingle, the sea wrack often forms a bed: while in marshy situations a more elaborate structure is sometimes made.

The eggs—clutches vary from one to three—are indescribably varied, but all are beautiful. The ground colour ranges from white through all shades of cream to deep buff, with sometimes a green or blue tinge. The markings may be charcoal black or a rich brown embracing all intermediate shades including a purple brown, perhaps the most beautiful of all. They are laid about the middle of May, incubation, by both parents, lasting 20 days.

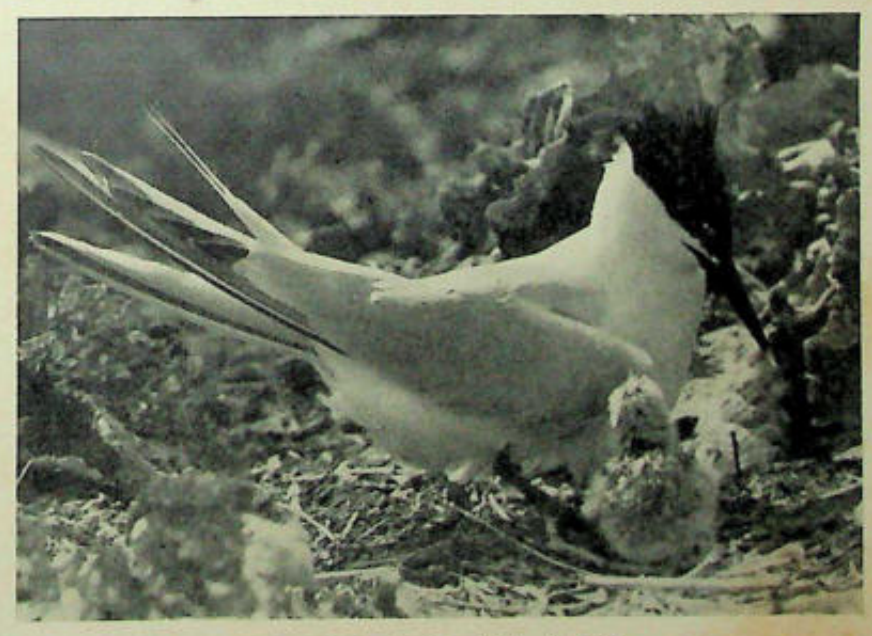
The chicks are charming little balls of grey down, a dark and a light variety being found, often (strange to say) in the same nest. They have rather a spiney appearance due to their downy hairs coalescing at the tips. Another peculiarity is the three almost bare tracts running parallel with the backbone. Although I have spent many hours in a hide watching and photographing newly-hatched chicks, I have never yet obtained a record of a baby being fed. The only time I saw adults return with fish, the sitting bird received the offering and not the youngster.

The most noticeable characteristic of Sandwich Terns is their excitability. On the slightest provocation—the arrival of a bird with fish—the change over, or any other everyday incident—the sitting Terns spring from their nests, crests are raised, beaks opened and they continue to "tell the world" all about it for some ear-splitting minutes. As these interruptions are of frequent occurrence, it is remarkable that the eggs ever incubate: only when dusk has fallen is the ceaseless quarrelling and screaming mercifully stilled until the coming of another day.

Besides being more excitable, the Sandwich Tern lacks the intelligence of its smaller relatives. Move the egg of a lesser Tern some distance from the nest, and in a few moments, that entrancing little fairy of the shore will have retrieved it to its proper place. Move a Sandwich Tern's egg and the owner stands about yelling abuse at all and sundry but making not the slightest attempt to recover her lost property.

The large annual increase or decrease of the number of nests in most terneries has been attributed to various causes, the fickle nature of the Terns, persecution, etc. I believe the true explanation lies in the amount of food available and that we must look to the increasing or decreasing supply of sand eels, whitebait, etc., as a reason why Sandwich Terns are so local in their distribution. Disturbance by encroaching civilization on their age-long breeding haunts may also cause desertion and the consequent augmenting of other colonies.

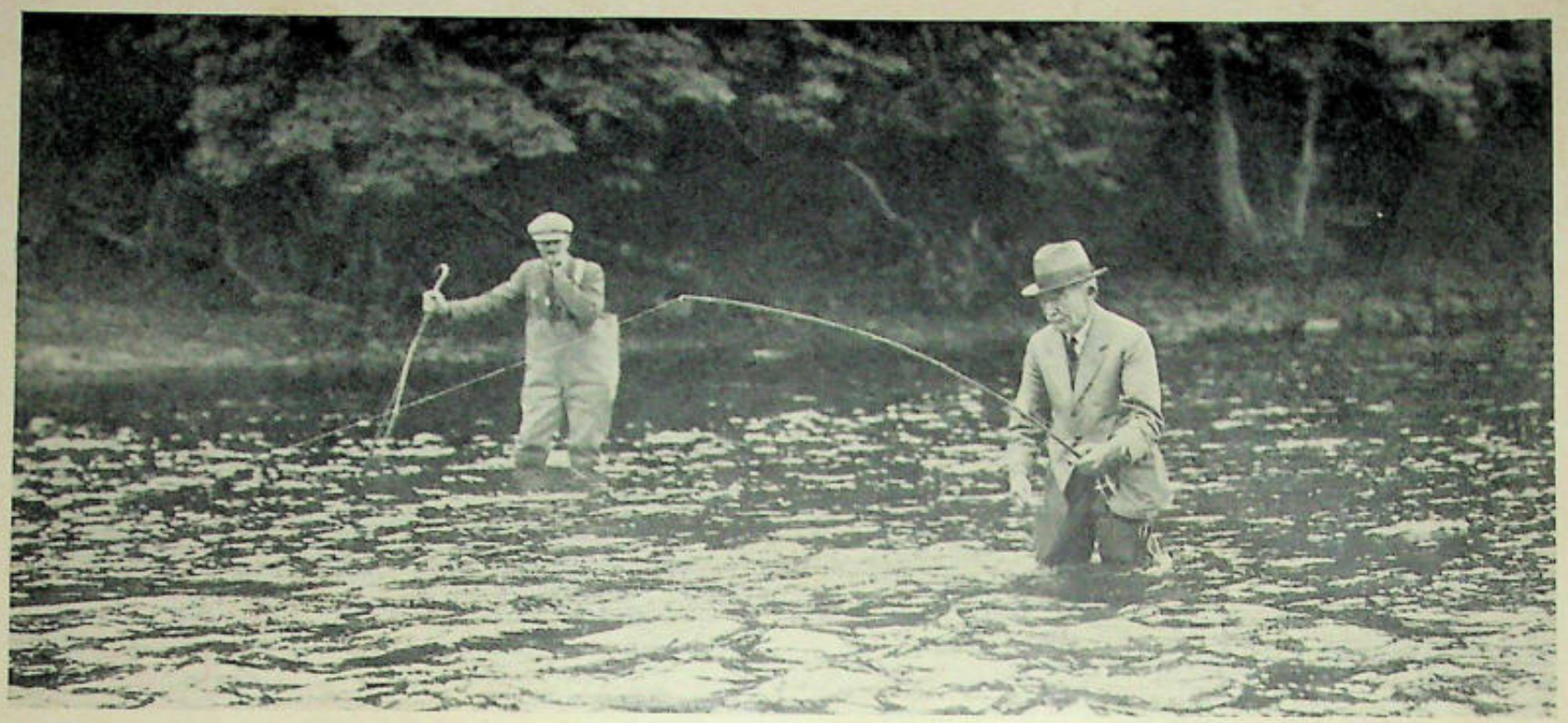
TURNING THE EGGS



THE CHICK GREETS HER MOTHER

Among breeding Terns, some will always be found with white feathers still showing in the black cap, but whether these are young birds not fully matured or adults still showing traces of their winter headdress, I have never been able to determine. The former seems the more likely explanation.

Those in search of a new ornithological experience should spend a few days in a tern colony at the height of the breeding season—they will then understand the meaning of the word bedlam. As the Cheshire cat faded slowly away all that remained was an enormous grin: and my most enduring recollections of visits to Sandwich terneries are those of a black yellow-tipped beak, often wide, screaming "Kwarr, Kwarr, Kwarr," with maddening and monotonous repetition.



SALMON FISHING NEAR BUILTH WELLS

The Wye has had a wonderful season, which has lasted into the autumn. The angler in the picture is Lieutenant-General Lord Baden-Powell

SALMON OF THE AUTUMN

Why Have the Runs Changed?

WE all know the well-worn story of Autumn Salmon. In former times the mainstay of the salmon anglers' year, they have now disappeared and with them has gone hope of reasonable sport once the grilse and summer fish have lost their pristine freshness. We have, however, one or two rivers which still retain something of their old-time glory. In the lower Tay, autumn salmon have never become as scarce as they have been, and are, in many other rivers. In the Tweed they have kept up their numbers as nowhere else. In Wye and Usk a late run of sorts still exists, but in most other rivers, clean autumn salmon are so scarce that they count as prizes just as much as did spring fish in those same rivers, 30 and 40 years ago.

It used to be thought that the autumn run provided the spawning fish which were to give rise to the stock of future years. Indeed, the close times were originally fixed with the intention of allowing a sufficient number of fish to ascend to breed without decimation by net in sea and river. Nowadays, so greatly have circumstances changed that, without the limits imposed by a close time, most netting stations would close down at or about the end of the present season. At that time the netsmen are not catching enough fish to make a profit from their efforts, and indeed, some of them close down, partially or wholly, before the termination of the legal period. "Setterday's slop," the ancient Scottish legal description of the weekly close time, was prescribed probably to ensure that all of the proprietors in a river had at least some share in the fish. Then cruives, fixed traps, set in a dam, were the most common means of capture, and without the weekly close time the lowest cruives would have the advantage of practically the whole of the fish coming upstream from the beginning to the end of the season.

The idea that part of each run should be allowed to ascend so that all the spawning grounds from source to mouth are occupied, though they may not be adequately occupied, is a modern notion, arising partly from a more accurate and detailed observation of the habits of the fish and partly for other reasons. Modern thought has suggested that the various runs of salmon—spring, summer and autumn—form different races and that, though there may be some intermingling, each is a more or less separate and self-contained population. We have, as yet, no experimental proof of this theory, but if it be correct, then the weekly close time assumes a new importance. If separate races exist it is obviously essential that a proportion of each run be allowed to ascend upstream, not merely to occupy all the spawning grounds with concomitant advantages to the fry, but for the even more critical reason of the perpetuation of each run in future years.

On these grounds autumn salmon have assumed a considerably lower status than formerly, when on them was supposed to depend the very existence of the race. To the angler, even if he be not interested in the future of his sport, the loss of the autumn stock has been rendered more than bearable by the increase in the spring fish. This increase has been such as to enable sufficient salmon to get past the nets, in many netted rivers, through the agency of the weekly close time and by sheer weight of numbers to form both a breeding and an angling stock. It would appear, indeed, that the early increase must have been far greater than the decrease in the autumn. We now have the springers in the height of the netting season, whereas from the autumn fish, coming after the close of the netting season, we had the full benefit without, even in the palmy days, a stock in the river markedly better than the present spring stock.

It was a pleasing belief, a satisfactory belief to all concerned, that the autumn run alone was sufficient to keep our salmon fisheries going, and it is a pity that such a comforting thought has been shattered. The netsmen were pleased because, with a light heart, they could set about catching every fish that came within their reach. The anglers were pleased, not merely with the number of fish which they saw but also with the very satisfactory weight of the individuals in the bag. Now the more enlightened net fishers are uneasy about a too wholesale destruction throughout the netting season and most anglers, having tasted of better things in the spring, would not be content with the mere size of the autumn fish, even if they were present as in former times.

The break-up of the autumn run is perhaps one of the most curious problems with which we have been presented by Nature. No really satisfactory explanation for it exists and, indeed, even possible suggestions of a reasonable nature seem hard to find. We cannot allege over fishing, for the greater part always ran after the nets came off, with one or two exceptions, and among these the Tweed is more noteworthy, practically all the late fish spawn in the lower parts of the river. Here, unlike those in many of the upper tributaries, the reeds are not at all liable to damage from frost or flood nor are the fish so likely to spawn in situations which will subsequently be left dry by the receding of the waters. One would also think that in these deeper, wider waters dangers from the all-too-plentiful enemies, birds, other fish and so on, would be less than in the narrow, constricted streams, where cover is less and congestion greater.

The parent fish also certainly are in better condition at spawning time than are the spring fish. One has only to compare a kelt spring fish—thin, emaciated, little better than skin and bones with an absolute minimum of muscle—with a kelt autumn fish—comparatively rotund, much muscle and even a residuum of fat—to realise the difference which arises from six months spent in either fresh or salt water. Some controversy, perhaps, exists as to the merits and vitality of the respective sets of eggs, but even if differences exist in them, this factor alone cannot account for the rapid change of population.

It has been suggested by some of those concerned with our salmon fisheries that the autumn run has become gradually later. Now, it is said, fish run in November instead of October and in December instead of November. From this is argued a progressive advancement of date until the autumn fish have become spring fish. On paper this is a nice plausible suggestion which seems to fit the facts, but a little closer examination renders its acceptance more than a little difficult. As a commencement, we have to accept as a fact the profound physiological change. The year of maturity is altered, the habits of fish which formerly spent a minimum of time fasting in fresh water are inverted so that their period of abstinence becomes the maximum possible. The age of the respective types also does not conform to the theory. The majority of autumn salmon are at the end of their third summer of sea feeding. Therefore, if they postpone their advent for a few months into the next calendar year—they would be at the end of their third sea year. In the vast majority of rivers (the Wye is probably the best known exception) this is not the case. Spring fish are predominantly of the same year of hatching as the autumn fish, but leave the sea six months earlier. To support a theory of the development of a spring run from an autumn run, one would therefore have to adumbrate not a postponement of return, but an advancement in the date of return and a curtailment of the sea-feeding period.

It is possible that the very late (November and December) fish have increased in numbers, but the evidence is by no means convincing. At that time, the accumulation of all the autumn fish is seen and, angling being out of season, observation may not be so accurate; distance may also lend enchantment to the scene. Another possibility is, of course, that the earlier part of the run has died out and that the later part is still only undergoing a similar process of attrition.

Spring fishing, however, is expensive and, in consequence, largely confined to men of means; autumn salmon give an opportunity to men whose purse is only moderately well supplied to enjoy a month or so of salmon fishing which otherwise they would have to forego. It is a consideration which must be given due weight in the practical application of any theory of salmon improvement.

A difficult subject, this decline and fall of the autumn fishing. The facts are known, theories exist, but how one fits in with the other yet remains to be proved.

PISCATOR SENIOR.

THE MOST DIFFICULT BIRD TO KILL?

A Discussion on a Vexed Question

By THE HON. HENRY DOUGLAS HOME

ONE of the questions which excites the greatest amount of controversy in shooting circles is contained in the heading to this article. It has been the theme of other writers in the "Field," but in order to obtain a series of interesting views on the subject, a number of contributors have been invited to give their opinions.

IN the attempt to reach an adequate answer to the above question, I intend to mention some of the comparative difficulties experienced in the shooting of those three gamebirds: the grouse, partridge and pheasant, which figure most numerously in the game books of most sportsmen. Many may not have had the frequent opportunity of shooting numbers of capercailzie, blackcock, woodcock, snipe and others.

This discussion could be approached from two directions—the way of those first-class shots who attend most of the big shoots from August till December, or that of the great number of "ordinary" shots who follow up a month's shooting in September by a few week-ends' covert shooting or an occasional day's partridge driving.

The difference in the game books of the "professor" and the ordinary shot at the end of the season will be immense. The former well may have been present at the killing of 4,000 brace of grouse, 3,000 brace of partridges and 10,000 pheasants, while most sportsmen will be pleased at an average of 10,000 head in a season. This fact alone makes our question difficult to answer. When a competent shot has had considerably more practice than the average sportsman, he must find that difficulties decrease and competence becomes "speciality."

So I think we will reason thus: "Given an ordinary competent gun and a grouse, partridge or pheasant within range—which species will make its escape most often?" As in mathematics, ordinary mortals ponder, amazed, at those professors who juggle with fourth dimensions and differential calculus, so in shooting the average gun must wonder at those genii whose skill is of an equal precision and mysterious mechanical accuracy. Throughout our attempt to decide on the most difficult bird to kill, we will keep one of those "professors" in the next butt or on the next shooting-stick as an example (for reference) of that efficiency to which we strive.

Let us take an "ordinary" gun who is familiar with grouse and partridge driving and covert shooting. We will suppose that he is lucky enough to be asked in October to a week's grouse-driving in Lanarkshire, followed by a week at the partridges in Suffolk. In both places the country is comparatively flat; there will be no exceptionally high birds, both species (unlike pheasants, which we will discuss later) will fly at their normal disturbed height.

Equally we will assume for convenience that the weather will be as I have seen it often in October, after the winds and rain of late September, a time when only the valley mists of a frosty evening make one wonder if to-morrow it may rain, but this fortnight will be cloudless in the heat of October's summer.

The grouse in October is a different bird from the August fledgling which will settle in sympathy at the side of a dead relation; in these later days there will be no weak wavering as a pack or covey attacks the butts, but there will be a last moment lightning swerve which may mean that the first barrel fires only at the sky. Our "ordinary" sportsman with his memories of a hot August day must realise at once the pace of the October grouse and the extra speed with which he must decide on his victims or else one barrel only will be discharged in front and he will watch with envy the "professor" taking two in front with regular and unruffled ease.

We have chosen still fine weather for this week, so we need not consider here those upwind birds which seem to hang motionless before our butt for so long, nor those high coveys that sweep over down the wind in an instant of time. The most difficult are those grouse in the last drive of an October day when the guns are facing the west. There is a bronze glint on the heather directly in front of the line, and the shadow of the hill lies across the ground beyond. Grouse appear suddenly from the shade into a light that seems to make them one with the heather.

Although he is beyond the scope of this article, we must mention the blackcock in this week of grouse-driving—and it is in a grouse drive that often he escapes death by reason of his deceptive speed. The hustling, quick-winged grouse appears to move much faster than the bulky unhurried blackcock, and often the result is both barrels a yard or so behind that derisive tail. I am inclined to think that a blackcock coming over among grouse is as frequently missed as any other game bird.

However, let us return to our sportsman. As he travels south in his sleeper, away from his last grouse drive of the season, he will relive the week behind him; he will wonder whether the "professor" was really one of those lucky individuals reputed to be born with the knack for shooting driven grouse, but I think he will decide that success in shooting grouse lies chiefly in unflustered quickness and the ability to judge distances accurately. There are no trees and no hedges on a grouse moor to give one a sense of distance, and the secret of a good grouse shot is to take one's first bird as far out as possible, leaving plenty of time for a second barrel in front.

Now he is among the stubbles of Suffolk, and the partridge drive seems strangely small compared to the large expanse of a grouse drive. There is a flanker within a few yards and it seems almost dangerous to fire in front. There will be no opportunity, if shooting over a low hedge, to deal with partridges as he dealt with the grouse. A screaming, chattering covey will burst like a bomb in all directions, and our "ordinary" shot will find that it is more difficult to make certain of two in front; towards the end of the drive it will seem difficult to fire forward, except to our "professor," who seems to pick partridges from the beaters' heads.

It is true that their habit of scattering in all directions as they top the hedge offers easy crossing shots, and their speed being less than that of the grouse, it is an easier matter to be successful with the second gun. Partridges over a belt of trees are very different, for there is no worry of beaters and the only difficulty to overcome is the same bursting of the covey as they first sight the guns. Yet I think by the end of the week in Suffolk our sportsman will have wished for the open space in front of the grouse butts and the determined flight of the grouse. He will wonder how the "professor" was able to kill those partridges low in front; he will determine that next year after his first barrel he will wait till the bomb has burst instead of trying to find a flying talkative fragment from what an instant before was an orderly covey. I think he will leave Suffolk less pleased with his efforts than he was a week ago.

We will give our "ordinary" sportsman a month to recover his confidence, and invite him to shoot pheasants on a calm November day, in coverts where birds fly at a good average height. Provided he has a good loader, and our sportsman keeps his head when a "burst" of pheasants stream over him—he will be less aware of the "professor's" superior skill on a day like this. He will notice, however, that with pheasants of average height, the first-class shot will take his birds some distance in front.

The "ordinary" sportsman's holiday is now over—let us sum up the difficulties he has experienced during his attempts to kill the grouse, the partridge and the pheasant, in ideal weather and undulating country.

"THE PARTRIDGE WILL HAVE ESCAPED THE ORDINARY SPORTSMAN MOST FREQUENTLY"

Grouse were difficult to kill by reason of their great pace and their habit of swerving suddenly. At times they were hard to see clearly against their background. It was difficult to judge distance in front accurately.

Partridges were hard because often there was very little time or space to shoot in front. Owing to proximity of the beaters it was sometimes necessary to shoot at a covey behind. Their habit of scattering on sight of the guns made it difficult to concentrate on a selected bird.

Pheasants on such a day as we witnessed should have offered few difficulties, provided they were ably flushed, unless there were a number of those birds which rise far back and plane over the guns on motionless wings, dropping slightly at the same time.

So much for the evidence. It is not easy to dictate as to the verdict, but in my opinion the partridge will have escaped the ordinary sportsman most frequently while the pheasant will have died most often. It remains to add a rider to this verdict. These birds under discussion were shot in exceptionally easy circumstances, therefore such a decision can apply only in this case.

As the country steepens, as the wind rises and the rain blows up from the west, the difficulties we have mentioned will seem small in comparison with these additional hazards laid by Nature's hand. Grouse will sweep over a precipitous corrie down wind before a barrel can be fired. Partridges will flick over a hedge while our sportsman is turning his back to a hailstorm. There are places in England and Wales where pheasants glide across valleys far above the guns.

But our "ordinary" sportsman has put away his guns for the season. It were better for his peace of mind that the "professor" be invited to these other days.

MAN'S ARCTIC FRIEND

Husky Teams in North East Land

By ANDREW CROFT

Mr. Andrew Croft was second in command of the Oxford University Arctic Expedition, 1935-36, which was led by Mr. A. R. Glen. The expedition has just returned from spending fourteen months in North East Land, where it successfully carried out a comprehensive programme of scientific research

THERE has recently been made an interesting addition to the animals at Whipsnade Zoo. This consists of seventeen West Greenland sledge dogs, often known as "huskies," given by the Oxford University Arctic Expedition, which has just returned to England after spending fourteen months in North East Land. This is an island, about the same size as Wales, situated some 600 miles from the North Pole, and belonging to the almost equally remote Norwegian Svalbard.

HUSKY TYPES
Argussuak, now at Whipsnade (above), and one of the first puppies born during the Expedition

Many people regarded the expedition's intensive scientific programme as too ambitious, especially as it included the survey of the whole of North East Land as well as the establishment and continuous occupation of two stations, situated in the heart of the inland ice, which covers a great part of the country. However, four months before leaving England the leader of the expedition, Mr. A. R. Glen, decided to increase his staff, not only by the addition of three members, making a total of ten men, but by the purchase of 23 huskies. Lack of funds, the eternal stumbling block of all expeditions, made it impossible to buy more of these dogs; however, they worked almost continuously throughout the fourteen months, and, as a result, the full expedition programme was duly completed.

THIS TEAM LED BY THE ONE-EARED PUGILIST AJO, SECOND FROM RIGHT, WAS NICKNAMED "THE BLACKS" BECAUSE OF ITS COLOUR

Three years ago I was spending the winter at Jakobshavn, in West Greenland, looking after 43 of these dogs, and learning how to drive them. This was in preparation for Mr. Martin Lindsay's Trans-Greenland Expedition, when, accompanied by the surveyor, Mr. Arthur Godfrey, who incidentally was also with me in North East Land, a map was made of 300 miles of unknown mountain ranges, running down the east coast of that country.

When Mr. Glen asked me to take charge of, and procure, the dogs for his expedition, I cabled immediately to a friend at Jakobshavn. The dogs eventually arrived at Copenhagen, and the next fortnight was spent in trying to convince shipowners and veterinary surgeons that these animals are not so dangerous as is generally believed. In appearance and size they are not unlike a cross between an Alsatian and a Chow, and, Chow-like, they hold their bushy tails curled tightly over their backs. They may be, however, of any colour—grey, brown, black, white, yellow or even red. Sometimes one meets a freak—one fellow we had, Merkuyuk by name, had an abnormally long coat, almost like that of an Old English sheepdog. Not only was he curious in his appearance, but also in his behaviour. He loved to lie alone on any high rock, where he probably experienced a feeling of superiority and could watch in peace the activities of his fellow creatures, who, when bored, often attacked him in his stronghold.

Possibly he regarded himself in the light of choir-master. Huskies have the habit of occasionally starting to howl all together, just as their wolf ancestors have done for generations past, and Merkuyuk sang more loudly and more melodiously than any of the others. Unfortunately, on one of our numerous sledging journeys during the first autumn he fell down a crevasse, stupidly bit through his harness, and fell many hundreds of feet to the bottom, being killed instantaneously. It was perhaps a merciful ending for him in some ways. Once before I had owned a dog with a long coat, and I often had to cut the wretched creature out of his icy bed, as, owing to his body heat, he often froze to the ground while asleep.

Merkuyuk made no friends and was seven years of age—too old for the strenuous expedition life in store for him. The best age of a dog is from two to four years, but huskies younger or older than this can be equally good, according to how hard they have been sledged by their former owners. As with horses, one can glean a lot of information about a husky's past history by merely examining his teeth. A good dog weighs about 70lb. to 80lb., although I knew one which tipped the scales at 110lb., and was quite capable of pulling his master's sledge single-handed.

When loose, huskies usually go about in teams or families, and each team has one dog, older, wiser and stronger than the rest—he is known as the "King Dog." He looks after his family and keeps it in order. Every dog in a team knows his own social position, and, if attacked by another stronger than himself, will lie down on his back and yell for mercy, while the aggressor stands over him, often for many minutes on end, seemingly indifferent.

Fighting between members of a family, as a British dog understands the term, is practically unknown. However, teams are always at daggers drawn with each other, and sometimes wholesale fights take place between them. Night time is always a worry, unless the weather is cold enough to make it hygienically possible to shut the dogs up in their small outhouses. One would wake up with a start, hear a terrific scrimmage outside, rush out—possibly in bare feet—and jump into the centre of a mass of dogs, who would immediately shoot off in all directions realising the fun was over. Occasionally sterner measures have to be adopted and the dogs beaten unmercifully on the snout; only by such means do they learn to know who is their master and the difference between right and wrong. Nevertheless, the master's job is an enviable one, as these animals, provided they are not frightened or ill-treated, never attack a human being and respond wonderfully to affection.

SLEDGING A KLIPPER CANOE OVER THE BAY ICE IN THE EARLY SPRING

At feeding-time the stronger ones naturally try to steal the supper of their weaker brethren, but they can easily be taught that this is not playing the game; in fact, food can even be taken out of their mouths and given to others more timid. I know by bitter experience that such a thing is not always possible with dogs commonly known as "civilised."

Many people wonder what huskies eat. The answer is anything and everything, if they are sufficiently hungry. In cold conditions during an arctic winter I give them at least 5lb. or 6lb. daily. The amount varies according to whether seal, walrus, bear meat, fish or whale meat meal is on the menu. The latter, incidentally, is both nutritious and cheap, and an excellent reserve dog food for any expedition. The fat content of the food concerned must be taken into account; for instance, if the fish is dry and possibly salty, blubber should be given to aid the digestion. When at the base, it is all-important to feed the dogs as scientifically as possible; plenty of variation and fresh food, as, on the numerous long journeys ahead of them, each one receives only 1lb. of pemmican daily, unless, of course, the party is in a position to hunt *en route*. This pemmican is a concentrated form of fresh beef, containing 28 per cent. fat and 65 per cent. protein.

The 23 expedition dogs were divided up into two main teams. One, led by the one-eared pugilist Ajo, was nicknamed "the Blacks," because of its colour, and the other "the Dupileks," after the Eskimo name of the King Dog. The blacks were the tougher proposition, and only stern discipline could keep them under any semblance of control. Each team put forth a claim for a sheltered site to windward of the Base Hut, but the Blacks, adopting terrorising tactics, soon took possession of it, proving once again that "might is right." Even so, as in human nature, they were not satisfied, but amused themselves by carrying out a series of raids into hostile territory. They succeeded in their object, and the Dupileks were absent for nearly a week—officially on a hunting expedition, but actually in terror of their lives. On their return, one glance was sufficient to see that during their travels they had killed none of the 400 or so reindeer, which, with the exception of bears, are the only inhabitants of North East Land; in fact, hunger had got the better of fear.

While away, one of their number had had a litter of puppies, and the rest had returned without her. The next day, therefore, Dupilek went off alone and fetched her back, and for some weeks after this she adopted the habit of appearing at the Base every other day for food. The puppies were eventually found on a rocky hillside, 1,500ft. above sea level, and many miles distant from the Base Hut.

There are two main methods of driving dogs—the "centre-trace" system, and the "fan" formation. The former is used in Labrador, the dogs being tethered in pairs by short cords or traces, along, and on either side of, a stronger central one. The fan formation (the name explains itself, as the dogs are attached fanwise by independent traces to a point in front of the sledge) is infinitely superior in a country where there are no trees and the snow is hard and windswept. The dogs waste little energy by pulling outwards and any inclination to slack can be dealt with if necessary. The length of the trace depends on the number of dogs and the type of country to be navigated; for instance, the usual length for a team of eight and ordinary cross-country travelling is 14ft., whereas, for larger teams sledging over an ice cap, longer traces are advisable, as they do not have to be "cleared" so often and there are no rocks en route to catch the trace.

The best way to teach puppies how to pull a sledge is to put one or two at a time into a team on shorter traces than the older dogs, and they soon learn to pull behind them. Later they are promoted to a longer trace, and are able to enjoy sledging side by side with their experienced companions. The dogs usually sort themselves out into their places. The King Dog and the next most powerful sometimes pull on either side of the bitch, and certain ones show a preference for one flank or another. These wing positions are really the key points in the team, and the driver will not start the dogs until they are all more or less in their right places, and a tendency to change about while sledging is discouraged by the whip.

A husky has great strength and endurance; a team of ten dogs can comfortably draw a sledge laden with 1,000lb. a distance of 25 miles daily, provided of course the surfaces are really good. He is not a machine, however, and, if blinding along for many weeks on end across some barren ice-cap with nothing ahead but ice and snow, he can easily become dispirited and depressed. Then it is not so much a case of loads and surfaces, but dog psychology—trying to inculcate one's personality into the soul of this devoted friend and urging him ever forward.

PRACTICE IN THE USE OF A 30FT. LONG DOG WHIP ON AN ICE FLOE ON THE WAY TO NORTH EAST LAND

USING A RIGID "ESKIMO" SLEDGE OVER ROUGH COUNTRY IN THE EARLY SUMMER WHEN THE SNOW IS DISAPPEARING FROM THE GROUND

LASHING THE SLEDGES IN THE MORNING ON THE ICE CAP

Photographs by Andrew Croft and D. B. Keith

SOME FAMOUS LINES IN HOUND BREEDING

The Absolute Necessity for a Careful Study of Pedigrees

By THE EARL BATHURST, C.M.G., M.F.H.

IT is now ten years since I published my book *The Breeding of Foxhounds*, in which I tried to solve the problem of how the best hounds of the golden age of foxhunting were bred, and what method the great Masters of those days adopted to breed the most famous foxhounds, whose names are almost as well known as the names of the Kings of England; from the days when Surtees wrote of *Lord 'Ener'y's Contest* down to the great Belvoir line of Weathergauge, Gambler, Nominal and Watchman. The question arises, do there exist in England to-day any famous lines of fox-

LORD BATHURST WITH SOME OF HIS FAMOUS PACK, THE V.W.H. (EARL BATHURST'S), AT KEMBLE IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE

hound sires to compare with these hounds, whose names will live in history, and in time be as familiar to all M.F.H. as the names of Lord Coventry's Rambler ('73), the Quorn Alfred ('72), the Warwickshire Talisman ('93) and Brocklesby Wrangler ('99), are to us now?

It would require a very good judge of great experience and knowledge of many kennels to be able to foretell whether any particular strain will live in kennel history. The Belvoir hounds have been rather under a cloud for the last few years, possibly partly on account of the new fashion, so assiduously pressed upon us, that a lighter-boned hound is so much better than what is sneered at as a Peterborough hound. The effect of this has been that a hound by a Belvoir sire has not been seen at Peterborough for a good many years, but I should like to prophesy that their day will come back, mainly through the use of Brocklesby sires, which have, before now, done such great service to that kennel, and that history will be repeated.

The Quorn have had a great revival through Safeguard ('20), by the Cheshire Denter ('14), and several sons of Safeguard, the best of whom was probably Bachelor ('24). The Cheshire have some excellent stallion hounds in Rifleman ('30), Ridley ('31), Vagabond and Valesman ('22) and many others. The Heythrop, which have been carefully bred for a hundred years. The centenary of the Heythrop foxhounds has recently been celebrated by Captain Robert Brassey, who has just published a complete hound list containing the entries of each year since the present pack of hounds was started in 1835, when the then Duke of Beaufort gave up hunting that country. This is a work of great interest and industry, and Captain Brassey shows that in 1935 there were 28 doghounds and 28 bitches in kennel, all of which in the female line trace back to the Heythrop Nimble (1883), and through her to Affable ('50). This is as far back as Captain Brassey goes, but this bitch Affable ('50) can be shown to go back also in the female line through Mr. Drake's Madrigal ('29) in five generations to the celebrated Sir Thomas Mostyn's Lady ('01), whose blood through her many sons can be found in most of the pedigrees of the best stallion hounds for the last hundred years.

Here is a kennel which should be kept in mind by all breeders who require the best English blood, for they there get the old Warwickshire and Brocklesby–Heythrop–Warwickshire crosses back again. A grandly bred kennel in which one cannot go wrong if one desires quick, active hounds of great hunting qualities.

Probably the stallion hound which has made the greatest name for himself in the last few years is the Tiverton Actor ('22), owing to the great success of his stock when used so freely by the Duke of Beaufort. Most of the sons and daughters are of the same light colour, and have given great satisfaction by their work in the field, besides which they have the knack of catching the judge's eye in the showring.

The dogs Ardent, Artist and Adrian have been used a great deal both at home and by many other kennels, so that in a few years there may be a hundred or more descendants of Sir Ian Heathcoate Amory's Actor. His name will be remembered for many years to come as one of the great sires of the early part of this century.

It might, therefore, be of interest to look into his pedigree. He was by the Tiverton Lictor ('17), who was by the Berkeley Whipcord ('12), by the Four Burrow Whipcord ('05), a dog who has a distinguished name. But why? Because he was a son of Lord Fitzhardinge's Vanguard ('99), who had a top line of sires right back to the Brocklesby Drunkard (1740). Besides this, Vanguard ('99) had a most wonderful pedigree; his sire, Nigel ('92), had 20 lines back to Lord Henry Bentinck's Contest ('48) and Craftsman ('49), while his dam, Vanity ('95) had two strains of that blood on her sire's side, and eighteen strains of the same on her dam's side. The next thing to notice is that Lord Fitzhardinge's Gossamer ('07) appears as Lictor's grandam and also as the great-grandam of his dam, Bertha ('18). This, I think, is the secret of his success, as I have always regarded Gossamer ('07) and her line as one of if not the best strains in the Berkeley Kennel, going back to Glancer ('96) and the Warwickshire Pedlar, sire of the Duke of Beaufort's Pembroke ('05), so getting two more of the Nigel ('92), Nathan ('88), Lord Waterford's Nimrod ('81) line, and making three to the Brocklesby Drunkard (1740). I do not care so much for the pedigree of Tiverton Actor's dam, particularly the line back to Lord Rothschild's Herald ('01), but that is some way back and must now be swamped by the excellent Berkeley blood.

There are so many good kennels to-day, all of whom appear to contain really good stallion hounds, that it would be impossible to recommend any particular strain of blood to which hound breeders should resort. The general excellence has certainly improved a great deal during the last ten years all over England, and this may be the reason why, on looking through the last few volumes of the F.K.S.B., there appears to me to be a sort of unrest among the M.F.H., as if they were making experiments, in sending their bitches to the less-known kennels instead of as was formerly done to five or six of the crack packs. Now, instead of seeing in many entries the names of Belvoir, Brocklesby, Milton or Warwickshire sires, one sees the names of sires from kennels which, 20 years ago, no one would have troubled to send their bitches to. It is rather as if a democratic spirit was abroad, and that stallion hounds from smaller and rougher countries were considered as good as, if not better than, the stallion hounds of the ancient hereditary kennels.

What the result will be I do not know; but it is quite contrary to the advice given to a novice M.F.H. by an old Master of Hounds, who said, "Always send your bitches to one of the great ducal or hereditary kennels; you may be sure of a good, well-bred stallion hound there, or else he would not be kept in that kennel." This is true, especially in these days, when stallion hounds with some Welsh cross and very limited pedigree may be used, and probably spoil the appearance of your kennel.

This brings me to what I read in the *Sportsman's Library*, Vol. 14, on "Foxhunting," by Mr. William Fawcett, when he writes on page 67: "In former days, when hounds did not breed true to type, while in fact there was no fixed type, keen hound men were ultra-particular about strains, nicks, and crosses and, indeed, carried line breeding almost to excess; but with the type fixed, mating need no longer be a matter of abstruse calculation and laborious poring over often inaccurate studbooks. Common sense in breeding may be summed up as mating your best dogs with your best bitches, and in seeking out-crosses from your nearest neighbours. If you send to your neighbour he will always treat you well, and you can be assured of getting the dog you want. Much of the time devoted to tracing pedigrees had better be spent among whelps and puppies."

I fancy I have seen the same pernicious practice preached by a certain noble lord, who was, I believe, for a short time a M.F.H., and who sometimes writes his views in certain papers, and who thereby only shows his ignorance of the theory of breeding, whether it be foxhounds, thoroughbreds or farm stock. When Mr. Fawcett writes about the type of foxhound having been fixed, what does he think of the introduction of Welsh blood, which is every day altering the type of foxhounds (whether for good or bad, it does not signify, but it is a fact, and has to be reckoned with).

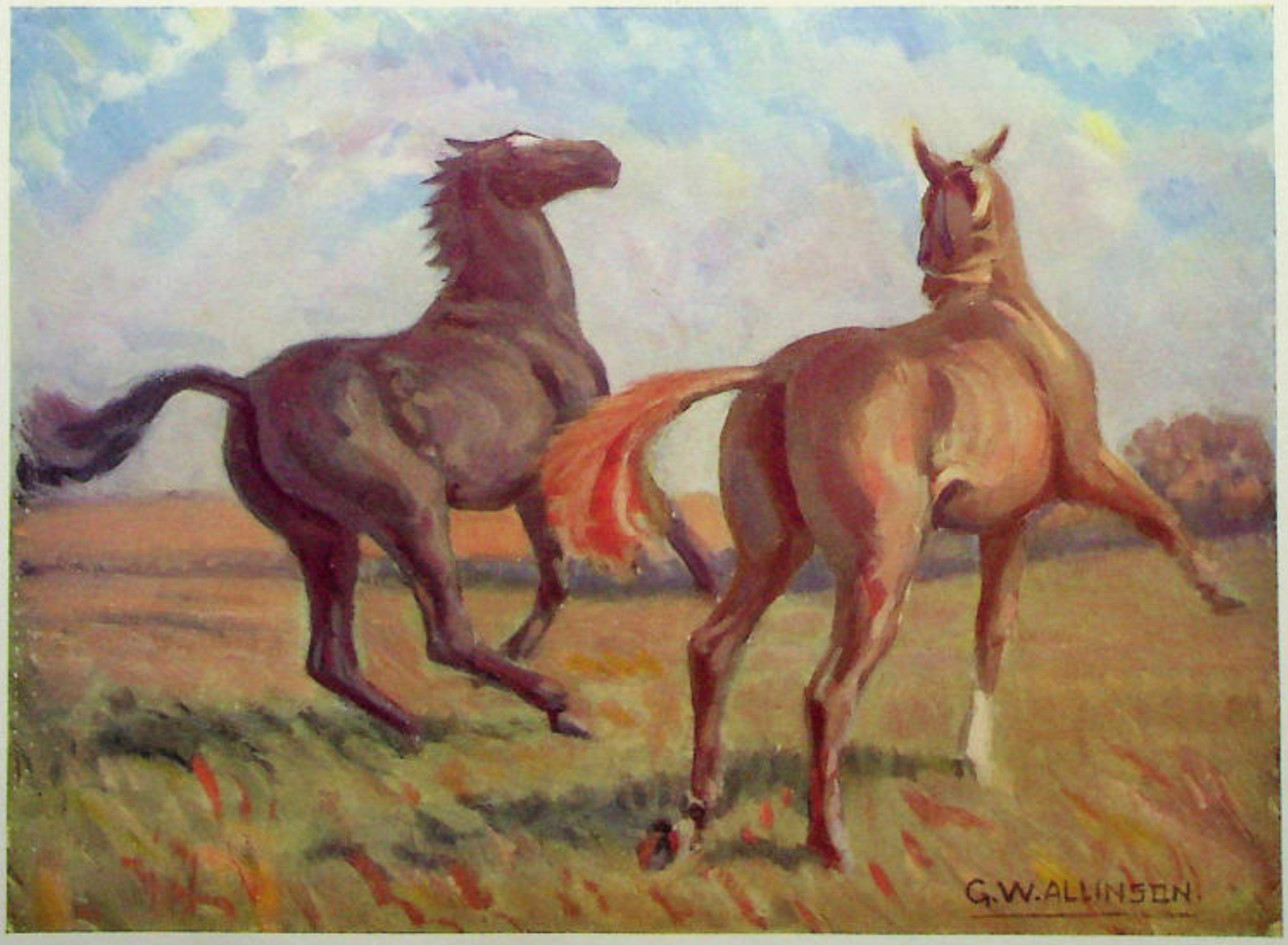
It is all the more important that Masters of the old renowned kennels should keep their blood pure, and avoid strange lines of outside blood. One or two, I regret to say, have "gone Welshie," and some day the pure-bred English foxhound will be called in to mend matters; but pedigree will never be the same, and the blood will be impure. Masters should remember that hounds should be bred on the lines of thoroughbred racehorses, that each individual bitch should be mated not only according to her pedigree, but also to the dog that suits her best in make and shape, nose and voice and hunting qualities all understood to be right.

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT WITH SOME OF HIS HOUNDS

A new portrait by the American artist, F. B. Voss, reproduced by special permission of the Duke of Beaufort. The hounds are Petrel (left foreground), dam of Pelican, Champion Doghound at Peterborough, and (from left to right), Golden, Deborah, Roguish and Parsely

HIPPOS AND RUSTICUS AT PLAY

Cattistock "Rusticus" and a Friend. From the painting by G. W. Allinson



"FLY FEVER" IN THE MEADOWS

A Study of Equine Action. From the painting by G. W. Allinson

PLEASURE IN BEAGLING

PAIN IN BEAGLING

STARTING A PACK OF BEAGLES

Maintenance Need Only be £150 a Year

By RONALD BOASE

(One time Master of the Fife Beagles)

A PACK of beagles with their own kennel, a full-time kennel-huntsman, and about twenty couple of hounds in kennel, will probably cost between £300 and £400 a year to run. This fact may be somewhat damping to the poor but ardent beagler who finds himself compelled by his work to live in a country where there is no established pack. He cannot afford either the time or the money to ride to hounds, nor can he afford to start a pack of beagles if it is to cost £300 a year. To hope to raise an appreciable proportion of this sum from subscriptions in a country where beagles are unknown would be unduly optimistic.

Of course, there are many packs which cost nothing like £300 a year. Regimental packs can get kennels, kennel-huntsman, food and bedding at much lower prices than the ordinary subscription pack. Trencher-fed packs get their subscriptions in kind, and should have few expenses in cash. The farmer, or the man or woman who lives in a fair-sized country house, may be able to convert some of their existing buildings to kennels, get their bedding and some of their food cheap, and, if they are content with a small pack, have a part-time kennel-huntsman, who spends the rest of his time as a farm labourer, a gardener, or a groom. But none of these methods is open to the office worker whose means are limited.

But if he can content himself with a small pack, which will not require the whole of a man's time to look after it, he need not give up hope. It can be done if he can find one thing—a man who keeps a dog-breeding or boarding kennel of sufficient size to allow of his taking a pack of five or six couple as permanent boarders. If such a man can be found, the problems of kennels and kennelman are solved. He will probably be prepared to "make a reduction on taking a quantity," especially if he is a sportsman, and it should be possible to board a pack of five couple for somewhere in the neighbourhood of £130 a year. Other expenses are unlikely to come to more than £20 a year, so if our hypothetical enthusiast can content himself with starting on this modest scale, he can run his pack for £150 a year. He will probably have to foot most of the bill for the first two seasons, but after that he should be able to raise a fair proportion of the sum from subscriptions.

This method has further advantages for the young Master who is "fettered to an office stool." He is relieved of all the cares of catering. He does not have to worry himself with the buying of flesh, oatmeal and coal, or the misdoings of boilers. He knows very accurately in advance what his hounds are going to cost for the season. And if the owner of the kennels knows his business, he will probably have more than a little veterinary knowledge—probably far more than any part-time kennel-huntsman.

A pack such as this will certainly not be able to afford its own hound-van, and hiring a lorry every hunting day is a costly business. But a trailer which is light enough to be towed by an Austin Seven will easily accommodate five couple of hounds, and is not expensive to buy, even though it may be necessary to have the safes made higher than in the standard model. It will, of course, be a great advantage if the owner of the kennels is a beagler, and is prepared to have a trailer-bar fitted to his car and bring hounds to the meet. But he cannot be expected to guarantee to come out every time, and it is as well, therefore, that the Master should also have a trailer-bar on his car. If one of his whips can be persuaded to do so too, there should be no difficulty about transport.

If the trailer is not always to be towed by the same car, it will be necessary to have two or three number plates for it, and to see that they are easily interchangeable. You will probably forget to change them, but it is as well that it should be possible to do so. If one of the touring cars has a six-volt lighting set and another a twelve-volt, it will be necessary to have two rear light bulbs for the trailer; and if one car has a single contact and another a double contact rear lamp, it will also be necessary to have two different plugs on the wiring of the trailer.

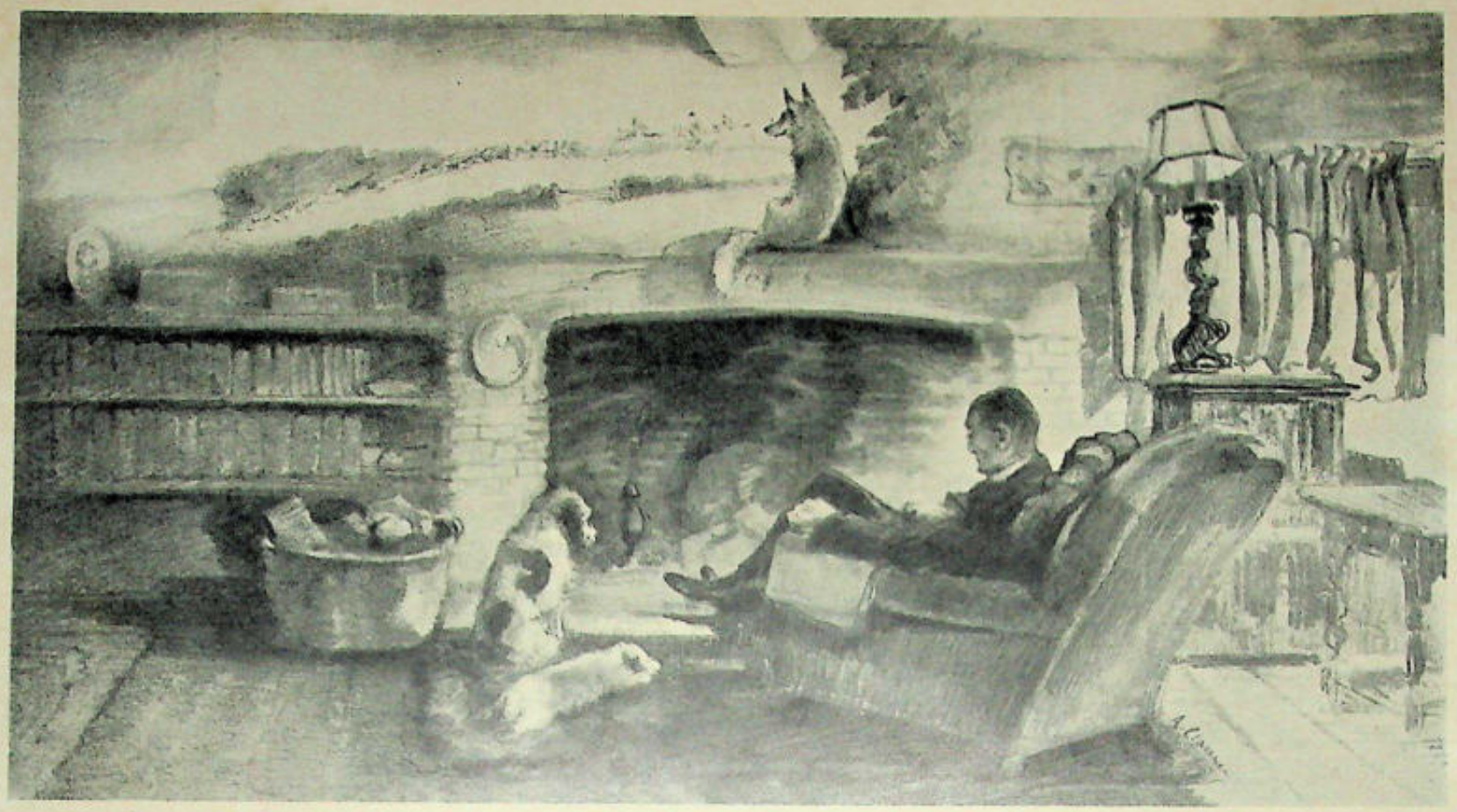
The man who can only contemplate starting a pack if expenses can be cut down to about £150 a year is not likely to be able to spend very much on buying hounds. But, if he is not too particular about appearances, it should be possible to get quite a good hunting pack fairly cheaply, and after all it is more important that they should hunt well than that they should look well. He should try to get about two couple of old hounds from a pack which he knows and whose standard of height is about an inch more than that at which he intends to aim. The Master will probably be only too pleased to get a good home for old and trusted hounds which are beginning to get too slow for him, and will probably give them away for the cost of carriage. He should buy about two couple of unentered hounds of the size he wants, preferably from a master whom he knows. If he is not too particular about looks—there are limits, of course—he should be able to get them for about a pound each. He should then spend as much as he can afford on getting two second, third or fourth season bitches, and one dog of anything from two to five seasons, all of unimpeachable hunting character and as good looks as funds will allow.

The old pensioners will give him some experienced hounds with which to make a start, but it is no use getting too many of them or he will have practically no pack left after a couple of seasons. The unentered hounds are a gamble, but a fair proportion of them should turn out good in their work. The two bitches and the one dog, on whom he has spent all he can afford and who should not be related, will give him something with which to start breeding. If there are other packs reasonably close at hand to which he can send bitches without having to pay stud fees, he may be able to do without anything in the way of a stallion hound. But if his country is isolated from other beagling countries he will probably find it more satisfactory to have his own stallion hound, even if hardly of Peterborough standard, rather than have to spend money on sending bitches away.

With so small a pack he cannot afford to have any passengers. But, if every hound is a worker, five couple can show very good sport and kill a few hares, though not so many as a pack of the conventional size. It is perhaps advisable to make up for lack of numbers by having rather bigger hounds than he would have if hunting the same country with twelve or fifteen couple. If, as we hope, the Master is successful, after a few seasons, in finding enough financial support to allow him to increase the numbers of his pack, he can then gradually reduce the standard of size.

TURNING SHORT WITH THEIR HARE

A REMEDY FOR LAMENESS. The uses of "Savoss," which has proved successful in curing capped hock, curb, enlarged ankle, high ringbone, spavin, splint, side-bone, stifle lameness and thoroughpin, are fully explained in a useful book which the distributors will send to all horse-owning inquirers. The remedy is sold under a written guarantee, and has been used with much success by prominent trainers and horse-owners.



"OUT OF THE HUNTER THERE CAN COME FORTH MEAT FOR REFLECTION, AND OUT OF THE STRONG SCENT MUCH SWEETNESS"

FOLLOWING A HUNT FROM THE FIRESIDE

The Lure of Place Names

By SIDNEY ROGERSON

I ALWAYS enjoy the hunting season, not because I am a hunting man or have ever entertained the ambition, so pithily described by an American visitor, to "wear a red coat and shout Yo-Hick!" Far from it.

I am glad because of the lists of hunting appointments for me to read and notes of runs for me to pore over with delight. But why, you may ask, if I take no proper interest in the sport of kings? I will answer that question with another. Have you ever studied those notes for themselves, for the picture they present of the English countryside, instead of as detailed technical accounts of the pursuit of a fox? If not, I can assure you you miss much. Nowhere else in current literature will you find a canvas so rich, or so full of precious information about the glorious heritage of England. Where else could you find the names not only of hamlets still undiscovered by the thrusting motorist, but names given centuries ago to parcels of land, to hillsides or to copses? A complete series of large scale ordnance maps would be the only other possible source to which you could turn, and then you would be unable to see the richness of the detail for the mass of it.

Select at random the list of meets for one week. Here is a week last March. Study the wonder of the names. The Albrighton Woodland meet at Chaddesley Corbett and Stewponey; the Bicester at Hinton in the Hedges, Purse Caundle Manor, where the Blackmore Vale assemble, has the true romantic ring, and almost as good are the Dartmoor meets at Tor Royal, Marjery Cross and Ringmoor Cot. In the north, the Durham met at Simpasture, and on the same day the Fitzwilliam at Moonshine Gap, and the Flint and Denbigh at Golden Grove—the essence of poetry, both of them. The Herefordshire list included Little Dewchurch and the Duke of Rutland's Dry Doddington. There is surely a memory of the Middle Ages in Crippleease and Starveall, meets of the Western and Duke of Beaufort's Hunts respectively. The South and West Wilts showed Upton Noble and Maiden Bradley, against which the Fernie put up Husband's Bosworth—shades of Richard III!—the Portman, Gussage All Saints, and the Croome, Rous Lench. You will find in the same list Kerry Pole, Kingston Deverell, Challock Lees and Leather Bottle—and this, mark you, is only one week's hunting.

And if you have come sufficiently under the spell to wish to follow further, turn to the notes of the day's runs. These are something more than records of a day's sport. They are cameos of travel in a forgotten England, the England of Saxon, Plantagenet, Tudor and Stuart, besides which the best that the week-end hiker's guide can do is banal and depressing. The Duke of Beaufort's, after "finding at Chalkley, ran through Bodkin Hazel to Swangrove, past Bull Park to Chilbury Hill . . . and on to the right of Hoggyhorse to Whitewells." Swangrove conjures up its own image, but what legend was responsible for Hoggyhorse? There is a breathlessness about a run of the Bramham Moor, when they "found at Harper's Rash, raced to Jackdaw Crag and marked to ground."

"Then they went back below Hamilton Hill, across the Earl's Dyke at Fraisthorpe and turned towards the sea" might be a passage from one of the Sagas instead of a note on a hunt by the Middleton. There is the same Norse association in Wymeswolde and Ella's Gorse, and the genuine Elizabethan in Bearwardcote House, but to which of the various strains in our ancestry can be traced such curiosities as Jackament's Bottom, Quobwells, Aston Subedge, Warrys, or Toughies?

"Finding on Jesse's Downs the South and West Wilts ran through Bullpits and Summerleaze to Pythouse," reads another account, and adds, "the weather was warm with a good breeze blowing." Somehow that addition seems to me redundant. It is implicit in the names, and but that I knew it was winter still, I could see the blue butterflies dancing in the sunlight on Jesse's Down and Summerleaze.

Occasionally a more sinister note is struck, as when "hounds drew Collier Hagg and Ainsty Cliff blank; then found at Engrish Hill and lost when pointing to Hell Holes"; or the Cottesmore hunted by Crow Spinney to Bloody Oaks; or when with the Atherstone "a fox was chopped in the Barnacles and another was hunted slowly by Grendon to Moor Barns!" But mostly these descriptions paint pleasant spacious pictures. The Blackmore Vale, for example, hunted "by Seven Ash Common to Chassey's . . . and on to Sweet Hills." The Holderness went "over the grasses below Sigglesthorpe, over the Wash Dyke at Catfoss, through Nunkeeling to Billings Hill," on the same day that the South Devon ran over "Corndon Tor, crossing Webburn Valley to Jordan Boll." The South Atherstone "found near Tithe Platts, hunted slowly past Wibtoft, over the Fosse and swung round by Cloudesly Bush." On the same day last season—this was a good day for me!—the Hertfordshire "ran through Greenerat and Beechwood by Barwythe into Gaddesdon" and the Meynell "from Bannister's to Knightly and on by Tatenhill Dumble to Higgs." Was there ever such a medley of queer names!

A week later the Burton found a fox from Creampoke who "ran alongside Caius Wood to the left of Goltho Hall, being lost behind Wragby"; and the Bicester could report that "an enjoyable hunt started from Rosamund's Bower" (of all places!) and that "after Gooseholme had been drawn blank, hounds found in Colereedy and ran through Rowlers." Lastly, the V.W.H. actually "went round the Fliss and killed their fox at the Sisters"! What deseeration is here!

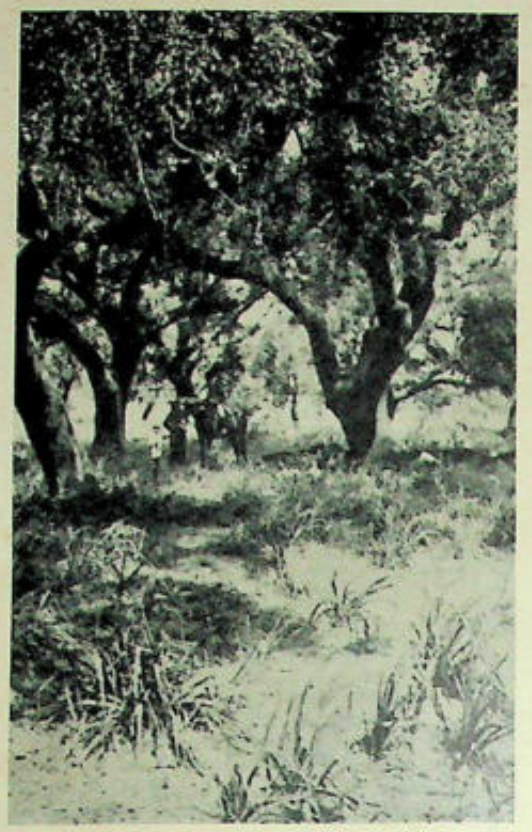
Disappointed though the field might have been, it will give you joy to read that the Heythrop have managed to draw blank such places as Hutchinson's Folly, Stupples, Yells Biers and Evenlode Main, and to follow the Essex Union on "a nice line of country by Great Malgraves, turning away from Goldsmiths, Catsmead and Mallards Gardens . . . then finding at Oakwood Belhus and running across to Brittle." There is adventure, too, in "finding at Bittlesea and going past Bradenstoke to the top of Christian Malford Wood to the Catcombe side of Avongrove"; or knowing that a fox from "Beechpen ran over the Clays to Lyegrove and Old Sodbury." That Beechpen fox must have been a wise, grey-jowled old dog-fox, I feel. There is something in the names which seems to say so.

Similarly, to read that a fox "from Coleman's Hill was hunted around Orton, Staunton and Normanton to Moss and Plums; then he went on to Long Bennington and back to Alington"—sounds as if the animal were out for a Sunday afternoon constitutional rather than being pursued for his life.

Who cannot hear a faint rustle of leaves from royal forests, long dead, in the report that the Middleton East "ran by Settrington Beacon and over the hill to Cowcliff, where there were deer on foot?" And who could resist adding the refrain "Heigho for Penny Pot Lane!" to the news that "a fox from Boarholes was hunted through Seargill and out for Penny Pot Lane?" It *asks* to be turned into song.

Lastly, no further away than Surrey, dear suburban Surrey, hounds can still race to "Caterfield Bridge, turn over Foyle and Jimcocks and mark to ground at Powderlock Shaw"—in spite of wire, of by-pass roads and bungaloid communities.

I could take you in imagination to Bozeland, Seaglethorpe, Brow, Quinters Man, Sigglesthorne, Chinham, Smokedown, Upcerne Wood, Applejacks Osiers, Minterne Seats, Howl Beck, and a hundred others. But they are all there for you to read for yourselves—while the hunting season lasts. And the briefest study will convince you of the truth that "out of the hunter there can come forth meat for reflection, and out of the strong scent much sweetness."



IN THE CORKWOODS
The Royal Calpé Foxhounds at Second "Venta," in Spain

A SPANISH FOX GOES TO GROUND
The Marques de Marzales, joint-Master, and Major Peatt, who hunts hounds, ho'd a consultation

WITH WELLINGTON'S HOUNDS AT THE ROCK

Days with the Calpé

[This article describes conditions before the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War. May we hope that the Calpé Hunt, born in war, may weather this one.]

IN a copy of the *Field* dated October 22nd, 1932, I read an interesting article on the Royal Calpé Hunt, "Gibraltar's famous garrison pack, directly descended from the Duke of Wellington's hounds, which hunted in the Peninsula," over a century ago. They were formed in 1814 from the Duke of Wellington's pack in Portugal, when the British Garrison left Cadiz. It was always an ambition of mine to hunt with the Calpé, but it wasn't until 1936 that I was able to fulfil it and enjoy several days with these famous hounds.

PART OF THE ROYAL CALPÉ FIELD
Including Rear-Admiral J. M. Pipon, on the grey

The pack consists of 32 couple of hounds, made up of drafts from many generous packs in England, brought out to Gibraltar, usually in H.M. ships, as occasion demanded. About 22 couple are turned out twice a week, and hunt on Tuesdays and Saturdays over the Spanish countryside within easy reach of Gibraltar. The season starts about the first week in November and finishes about the middle of April. The Marques de Marzales and Lady Harington, wife of His Excellency Sir Charles H. Harington, Governor of Gibraltar, act as Joint-Masters; Major E. S. W. Peatt hunts hounds, and four officers of the garrison whip in to him. Major H. G. Dewey, M.C., R.A., acts as a most efficient and tactful Field Master and Hunt Secretary, and keeps firm control over the 50 to 70 officers of the Services and civilian followers of the hunt. Meets are timed for one o'clock, after Christmas, as scenting conditions are best in the late afternoon.

Foxes are now fairly plentiful. I think there were only about two blank days last winter, but sometimes during the later part of the season, in the corkwood country, a deer provides the sport. The best points are usually in the corkwood country at such meets as Second "Venta," "Almoraima Station," Duke of Kent's Farm, or in the open country at "Guadacorte" on the Marquess of Bute's estate. These places are about eight to ten miles from Gibraltar, and may be reached by car or hack. At times, to the visitor, the trees in these woods are so small that he feels as if he were hunting in a vast apple orchard, and that he might follow Absolom's example at any moment. Careering down the side of the many small hills' through girth-high bracken or undergrowth, a hole, uneven ground, or a boggy stretch, the stranger might find disaster. He would be advised to follow a good pilot; it is so easy to get lost in the woods. But the horses: Spanish, English and Irish bred, Anglo-Spanish, Anglo-Arab, Government chargers and hirelings are very sure footed, and there are surprisingly few casualties. Alas, there is rarely a "lep" in the course of the run, except with the Beagles, which meet on Thursdays and hunt a drag under the Mastership of Lieutenant Lawrence of the Gordon Highlanders.

Hirelings at 30/- for the day may be obtained from Messrs. Pessaro, College Lane, and Messrs. Camesuli, near Moorish Castle, or sometimes less from military pony clubs. For Service visitors the cap is 5/-, and civilian visitors 10/-. After half-a-dozen days with the hunt a modest subscription is accepted. A handy type of horse, about 15.2, makes the best mount. A good run, lasting 30 minutes, is of frequent occurrence, but as it is difficult to get earths stopped properly in Spain the fox often gets to ground.

The country covers an area about 50 square miles, and the furthest meet from Gibraltar is fifteen miles at Long Stables. Selected members of the Hunt are allotted areas in which they visit all the farmers, thus engendering the goodwill which smoothes over difficulties. The Hunt is now on the best of terms with the Spanish farmers.

There are two Point-to-Points each season. One an inter-Regimental team race with about 40 or 50 starters over 4½ miles of Calpé country, the course only being disclosed on the day of the race. The other Point-to-Point is of the usual character over made-up fences, and it is at these races that over a hundred farmers are entertained to lunch. The last race is for their ponies, and is always a feature of the day. It is only about a kilometre long, and every sort of saddle and bridle are to be seen, and the cheers and excitement of the onlookers are intense.

The visitor is impressed by the general goodwill everywhere, the welcome he receives, the high level of sport shown, and the generous hospitality. Everyone helps the Hunt. Lately two distinguished admirals lent a hand in digging out a fox, and in the words of "Pecino," the Spanish whip, "they, and the terrier, worked plenty hard."

The great success attending the present Joint-Mastership augurs well for the future well-being of the Royal Calpé Hunt.

LADY HARINGTON
Wife of H.E. the Governor, Sir Charles Harington, who is joint-Master of the hunt

HIGH SCHOOL AND THE HUNTING FIELD

The Practical Use of Advanced Schooling

By CAPTAIN J. E. HANCE

I RECENTLY received a letter from the Hunting Editor of the *Field* asking me to write an article on the value of the thorough training of a hunter actually in a hunt, which, he said, a lot of people seem to regard as of no use except from the *academic* point of view (the phrase used in his letter was, "The value of really advanced training *in a hunt*").

In endeavouring to comply with his request I do not wish to infer that this idea of the Editor's concerning advanced training is entirely *new*, though I feel that when read by many "who hunt" (whatever that phrase may mean) the suggestion will not be received with wholehearted acclamation. But—and a very big "but"—I do think more people are realising the advantage of having really well-trained animals, and also understand that they are scarce.

In reality there cannot be any excuse in this country for the scarcity. After all, we have got them here or near us in all shapes and sizes, and over his limbs, and I am also going to add "and faculties" as well.

The programme of training which a well-balanced horse has undergone has not only improved the animal physically but mentally also, yet if any animal is seen during his training going sideways (no matter which way his head is "pointing") someone whispers "High School." It all seems a mystery to me, yet I suppose there is a reason for it. It may be that so few people ever have to train their own horses that they do not know what exercises an animal undergoes in order to make it into what is called "a marvellous ride."

A gentleman cadet at the "Shop" or Sandhurst, in addition to studying the various subjects (let's call 'em obstacles) which he will have to cope with during his military career, also undergoes a course of physical training. In these days this does not consist of giving him a pair of solid dumb-bells, insisting that he put them out sideways, upwards and forwards, etc., in a most uninteresting way

CIRCUMSTANCES SOMETIMES LEAD TO AN UNBALANCED JUMP
Note events on the other side of the fence

surely by now most experts agree that the *elementary* training of all horses should be based on the same principles. We have recently heard different opinions as to whether a child's pony should be judged (at the summer shows) as a hack or a hunter. But why should there be any difference between the two classes of horse, either in a show or elsewhere? Surely BALANCE is the first essential to any well-trained animal either for the show ring or *practical purposes*, be it hunter, hack or pony. I have always understood that when a horse has been balanced he then has the maximum of control and making whatever muscles he ever had "muscle-bound," nor is he necessarily going to give a display of physical training. The exercises in use vary in a hundred different ways and are used not only for the purpose of keeping the body fit, but the mind and eyes active and alert also. It is the same with the young horse and especially the young hunter. His main job is to be able to cross a country containing various sorts of obstacles (let's call 'em subjects) with safety; I would add "and with ease, and with the minimum exertion to himself and rider"

HELPING THE HORSE

From the commencement of his training the animal can or should receive regular training over various low fences varying in type, in some sort of lane or loose school. If this is carried out properly the jumping muscles will be gradually developed without unnecessary strain, and if the jumps are constantly varied and kept low, he will be familiarised with various forms of obstacles to be subsequently encountered, and negotiate them with the minimum chance of suffering too much concussion. (This we can say more or less covers the elementary studies necessary for a hunter.) Most people will probably understand that part of the show; it is the other part that is not understood.

In order to give a youngster the maximum chance of controlling his limbs and dealing with these obstacles, various exercises are used by the trainer. The horse is flexed (or bridled, if you like the term better) because once his lower jaw is flexed (or relaxed, if you like) not only is this a sign that the animal had yielded to the pressue of the rein, but all rigidity in consequence ceases *and the whole body becomes flexible*.

In order that he is the equivalent of an ambi-dexterous person, he should be taught to canter equally well and correctly with either of his front legs leading. In order to make this possible, ordinary passaging (preferably half passaging) is introduced, *not* as a spectacle in itself, but as a means to an end, *i.e.*, to teach the horse to obey either of the rider's legs and reins equally well, and also make *the body* flexible. (It also has a practical value in the hunting field when near a tail with a red ribbon in it (!!) or when opening a gate.)

Reining back (not running back out of hand) again helps to make a horse flexible, and is necessary for obvious reasons, but because this form of training is carried out as a means to an end, it must not be confused with High School or Haute Ecole, as so many people would have us believe.

There is at present, as I have said, an increased demand for really well-trained horses but *not* a liberal supply. There is all the difference in the world between "having a crack" on an animal one can pull back on its hocks and pop over a stile out of a lane, and one which lowers its head and goes at a blundering trot to get up some pace, clouts the top of this same stile, blunders on its nose, picks himself up, having given you the fright of your life, and then goes tearing on. In all probability this same horse "going on" does see you over (or through) most places, and if it is thrills the rider wants I think he will have sufficient to carry on with whilst he possesses this sort of animal. Surely the same obstacles when encountered by an animal which, carefully bridled, comes back to your hand as you wish to steady him at some rails, and when you say "Go," *does* go out of your hand with the same ease and promptness with which he came back to it, is much the more preferable of the two.

It is not necessary for a hunter to put on pace 75yds. away to get over big places. If balance and collection count for anything and he comes somewhere near right, he will still get over the same big places if acceleration of pace takes place three or four strides away only. Why? Because he has got complete control over his limbs and is not flurried; the same animal therefore has time to think, *and* act, and does so quickly. Further, it will take considerably less out of himself and less out of master or mistress, a by no means unimportant point!

The whole object of the procedure of training should be to make a hunter *physically capable of carrying out the dictates of the brain*; the inability to do this has been the cause of many good horses being injured, and in many cases injuring the rider as well.

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One of a set of four hunting scenes by James Pollard, engraved by R. Havell and published in 1817. *Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Arthur Ackermann & Son, 157, New Bond Street, London, W.1*

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A painting of a woodland hunt by William Webb. This artist lived from 1790 *to* 1856, *and this work was probably done about the year* 1830. *Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Arthur Ackermann & Son, 157, New Bond Street, London, W.1*

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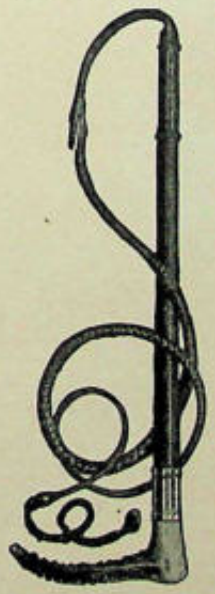

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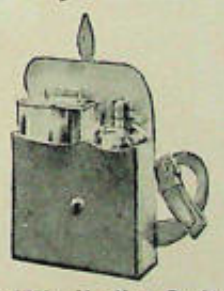

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The staff and hounds, having been carried to Middleton Cheney by the Curtis hound van and Curtis horsebox, seen in the background

HUNTING WITH HORSEBOXES

Some Advantages of Road Transport

IT looks as if the horsebox has come to stay and, indeed, if it is intended to hunt regularly with a number of horses, it is something of a saving, over a period of time. But if full value is to be obtained from a horsebox, certain conditions must be present.

First, for those who have to study economy, the box must not exceed a certain weight: if it does the tax is £50 a year, instead of £35. Certain boxes are built which, by an ingenious arrangement, carry three horses, and are yet under this weight. It may be pointed out that if it is necessary to transport six horses, two three-horse boxes of this sort are a saving over one four-horse box and one two-horse box. It is impossible to build a four-horse box under the weight specified for a £50 tax, or even more, and it is obvious that while £35 and £35 make £70, £35 and £50 make £85.

Secondly, a horsebox should be a "jack of all trades." That is to say, that all the partitions should be easily movable, so that it can be converted into a shooting van, a van for carting farm produce or stock of all sorts: all this apart from the various ways in which it can carry horses of many shapes, sizes and conditions.

Thirdly, it must be strong, reliable and simple. Gadgets have a tendency to be ingenious but more trouble than they are worth, and in this sort of transport particularly, all the fastenings must be so simple and easily worked that they can be understood by the meanest intelligence, and they must also be so strong that they are "groom-proof."

Fourthly, the "standings" must be made to fit the horse, and not the horse to fit the "standings." This is a delicate matter, and one of inches, for should the sides pinch the horse, he will throw himself down, and should he have too much liberty he will be thrown down. For this reason his "breast strap," and the partitions, should be movable over some inches, according to the proportions of the horse. This is most important, and will save endless trouble and possibly heavy expense.

The absolutely direct hunting advantages of a horsebox are very numerous, and the following are some of the more important of them. Firstly, it has been found by experience that more days can be enjoyed with three horses boxed than with four hacked on to the meet and hacked home again, or sent by train, and in addition this can be accomplished with a reduction of personnel.

Apart from the wear and tear in hacking, a horse that is boxed does not have to stay so long away from the manger, and consequently does not have to begin living on his reserves as when hacking home after a long day. Neither is he exposed to so much physical discomfort. All these things tell on a horse very markedly, and if they can be eliminated the horse can do more work, better, and more often, thus in the long run giving a bigger return for money.

There is another advantage in boxing to and from a day's hunting which perhaps on impulse outweighs all the rest. In the past, hacking to the meet was a pleasure and coming home a time of peaceful reflection on the earth and sky and the day's sport. No longer. Hacking to the meet is a feat for a brave man, and hacking home in a district which is at all crowded is positively foolhardy. Slippery roads, blazing headlights and fast cars are not conducive to a peaceful ride, and the effect on the nerves has to be experienced to be believed.

When buying a box, in addition to the properties already mentioned, the prospective purchaser will be saved a lot of trouble and worry if he makes sure that the following points have been attended to in the construction. First, if there is one ramp for on-loading and off-loading, a great deal of time is saved. Second, there should on no account be any rough, sharp edges or points which could possibly strike or cut a horse. Luxuries, which cost no more to have, and are very pleasant, are two-way switch electric lights, tables which can be let down, communicating signals between the groom and driver, and a comfortable and spacious front seat, with a sliding door by the driver's head which can be opened into the body of the box. Boxes should cost, according to size and general planning, from £415 to £1,350 (for a four-horse box). A three-horse box, with £35 tax, should cost about £540.

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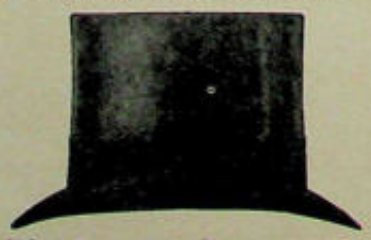

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CHIP SHOTS IN GOLF

Saving Strokes Around the Greens

By E. R. TIPPLE

LONG driving, because it is spectacular, always receives publicity. Every player desires to hit the ball out of sight and spectators like to watch him doing so. Yet the very best tee shots count for nothing if they are not followed by sound play near the greens. It is an old adage that a good short-game player is a match for anyone. This is proved every week at every club in the country. It is near the greens that strokes, often very valuable ones, can be saved.

Even the best golfers miss the greens with their second shots sometimes; for the more humble players this is an all too familiar happening. Then everything depends on the little chip. Those who are bad putters have become so because, to some extent anyway, they give themselves too much to do by being inaccurate with their approaches. If you wield your mashie or your mashie-niblick successfully you need not be a good putter because you are putting the ball close to the hole. The great Harry Vardon, even in his prime, was always counted an indifferent putter, yet he scored well and consistently because, after he had played an approach, he had the easiest task imaginable to hole out. So if you are uncertain on the greens and dislike those awkward 3-yard putts, the remedy lies in improving your approaching.

Even in the very best round the golfer has often to rely on a good pitch or an accurate running approach to save a stroke, and much has been written about the way the Americans have acquired the art of "knocking three shots into two"—for that is what good approach play means. Yet many find the advice none too easy to follow. A common fault is to make the shot more difficult than it need be. For example, if the ground between the ball and the flag is reasonably flat and there is no intervening bunker, a pitch and run should be an easy shot to play. But many elect to pitch and so increase the margin of error. The smaller the degree of loft on a club the easier it is to control for these short strokes.

When just off the cut surface of the green it is not always wise to use a putter. Just that little bit of longer grass can deflect the ball off the line or hinder its run. If you watch a professional or any first-class player you will see him take an iron and just loft the ball over the long grass, letting it run gently down to the hole. A pitch and run of this kind is merely an elongated putt, and should be treated accordingly.

Naturally, when faced with a hazard a pitch shot is essential. In this case the tendency is to jab the ball and lift the head up to see the result before the stroke has been completed. It is very helpful to remember that the loft on the club head is there to lift the ball up into the air, and the player's job is just to swing the club. As J. H. Taylor, the finest mashie player of all time, has said: "Listen for the result; don't watch for it." This sounds simple, but it isn't. Patient practice is necessary, but the improvement in saving strokes is well worth any time spent.

The shorter the stroke to be played the more firm the player has to be with his methods. Any slackness is absolutely fatal. The club needs to be held firmly, the swing curtailed, and the ball struck crisply—so rightly say all teachers.

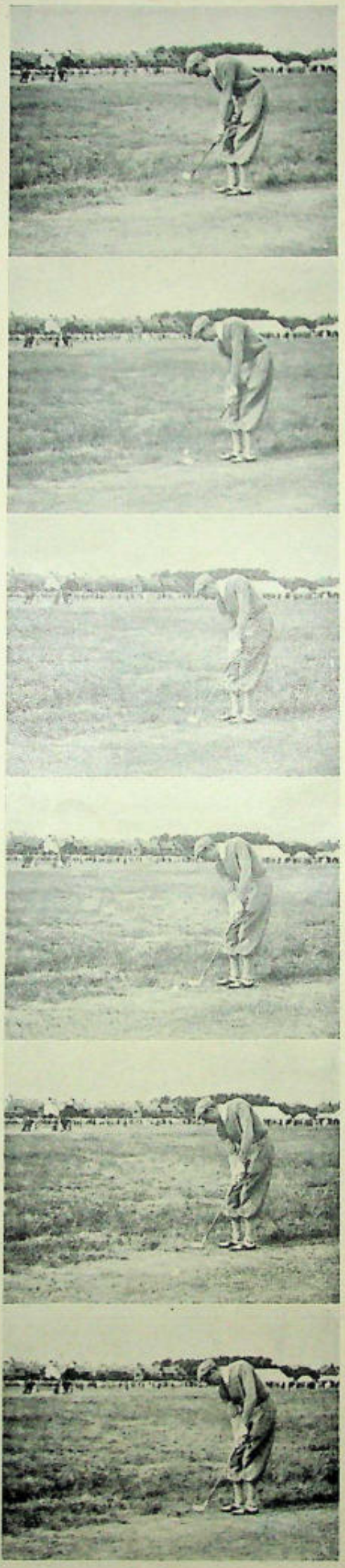
This is what Cotton has written about the short game:

> "I pick out a spot on the green to which I intend the ball to go. I visualise the flight of the ball and then with my head well down forget all about the hole and play the ball to pitch on the place selected. You must never flick the ball. Be decisive, and hit the ball firmly, even if you are playing a pitch of ten yards. . . . Do not hit and hope . . . do not try to spoon the ball up—the loft of the club will do that for you."

Those are not idle words—he has proved them for himself, and anyone else can do likewise.

LADY GOLFERS AT RANELAGH

SCRATCH golfers do not always have matters all their own way. Sometimes the handicap players come into their own. Such was the case at Ranelagh last week when the annual autumn foursomes were held. The back-markers found that they were unable to give the expected allowances to the many sturdy young ladies. The winners, Miss Gibbs and Miss Thompson, of Portheawl, played amazingly well, and accomplished one half of the course in 28 strokes net. Even for such a short course that score was remarkable. Their opponents, who had to concede several strokes, wished that they had been receiving several instead!



CRISP ACTION

Aubrey Boomer, of St. Cloud, Paris, is one of the tallest professionals and a long graceful hitter. He is also an adept at the short game, and these pictures were taken of him playing a short pitch and run with a deep-faced mashie. He stands very close to the ball, eyes almost over it, and holds the club well down the shaft. This gives absolute control.

LAWN TENNIS AT QUEEN'S CLUB

Hare's Improved Showing

By J. E. COLLETT

LAST week the International Club of Great Britain beat the International Club of France in a two-days' match on covered courts at Queen's Club by twelve events to seven. The Frenchmen had won three times running at Queen's, so the success was notable. It would have been more convincing had Jean Borotra not been suffering from gastric influenza.

He was not really in condition to go on the court when he played H. W. Austin on the second day, but he decided not to disappoint the large crowd entirely. Despite illness he had beaten C. E. Hare on the previous day, mainly by dint of experience and superior knowledge of the wooden surface. Hare was at 4/3 in the third and deciding set, but then lost his service.

Austin beat Borotra, 6/0, 6/2. It was the least informative of their several encounters on the East Court. From first to last Borotra had little eye for volleying, and lacked range and precision off the ground. Quite properly, Austin did not treat him gently, but played with beautiful ease and all his usual finesse. There were no signs of the lack of touch which had marred the early stages of his display against B. Destremeau on the previous day, when he could only win 4/6, 6/4, 6/4. Destremeau has beaten him in a three-set match in Paris, and seems definitely to be able to worry him on any occasion.

One of the most interesting of the singles matches was Hare's beating of Destremeau, 7/5, 6/2. I have not previously held a very high opinion of Hare's promise as a singles player. I am now disposed to change my mind. He was getting a great deal of speed and pace. His backhand seems to have become less vulnerable and more useful. His second service is still far from being an attacking stroke, but it was coming off the ground with a trifle of vice instead of merely sitting up and asking for a licking. Hare is as powerful as you please when putting away a volley. Destremeau was well and truly beaten; at the end his rhythm, usually graceful and engaging, became ragged.

F. H. D. Wilde, who often shows lack of interest in singles, woke up to his best form and beat C. Boussus. He is at his happiest on wood, as he proved last year in the Covered Court Championships, when he reached the semi-final of the singles and the final of the doubles in partnership with J. S. Olliff.

Hare and Wilde played two doubles and won both, though, in each case, they lost the first set to Boussus and P. Feret, and to Destremeau and and G. Glasser. They are now a capable and consistent pair, and more versatile than most in the higher ranking. A match in which they are engaged cannot fail to be interesting. Curiously they seem to have more personality as a pair than when playing separately in singles.

Lest the persistent rumours that F. J. Perry's long-threatened secession to professionalism may materialise before next year's Davis Cup challenge round, it will be well for both Hare and Wilde to make determined efforts to raise their singles to the level of their doubles form. This is by no means an impossibility for either of them.

THE MODERN ROAD TO CHAMPIONSHIP BOXING

JOE LOUIS continues his winning way in America. The quality of his opponents is not of the highest, and it seems as if he is being carefully shepherded along the broad highway to a championship fight. A glance between the lines of the reports of these victories shows that the negro's defence is far from perfect. His latest victim, Brescia—an Argentinian, who is no more than a novice—is credited with having fought a brainy fight and with having staggered his conqueror. That stagger would, no doubt, have been a knock-out had Schmeling been Louis's opponent. Louis may manage to avoid trouble sufficiently to secure a fight for the championship; but one cannot help thinking that American superiority in the heavyweight division, at least, is not so pronounced as it was.

Schmeling is the challenger in the next championship fight; and it is to be hoped that he will not be jockeyed out of the fight. And after Schmeling? Well, Gunnar Barlund is a good tip; Jimmy McLarnin, the Irishman from County Clare, who lives in Vancouver is still a force in the ring. Years ago, as a flyweight, he defeated Pancho Villa, the conqueror of Jimmy Wilde. Recently he has been winning and losing the world's welter title in fights with Barney Ross, the present champion; and now after a year's absence from the ring he has beaten Tony Canzoneri on points. It is an amazing record for a modern pugilist. BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD.

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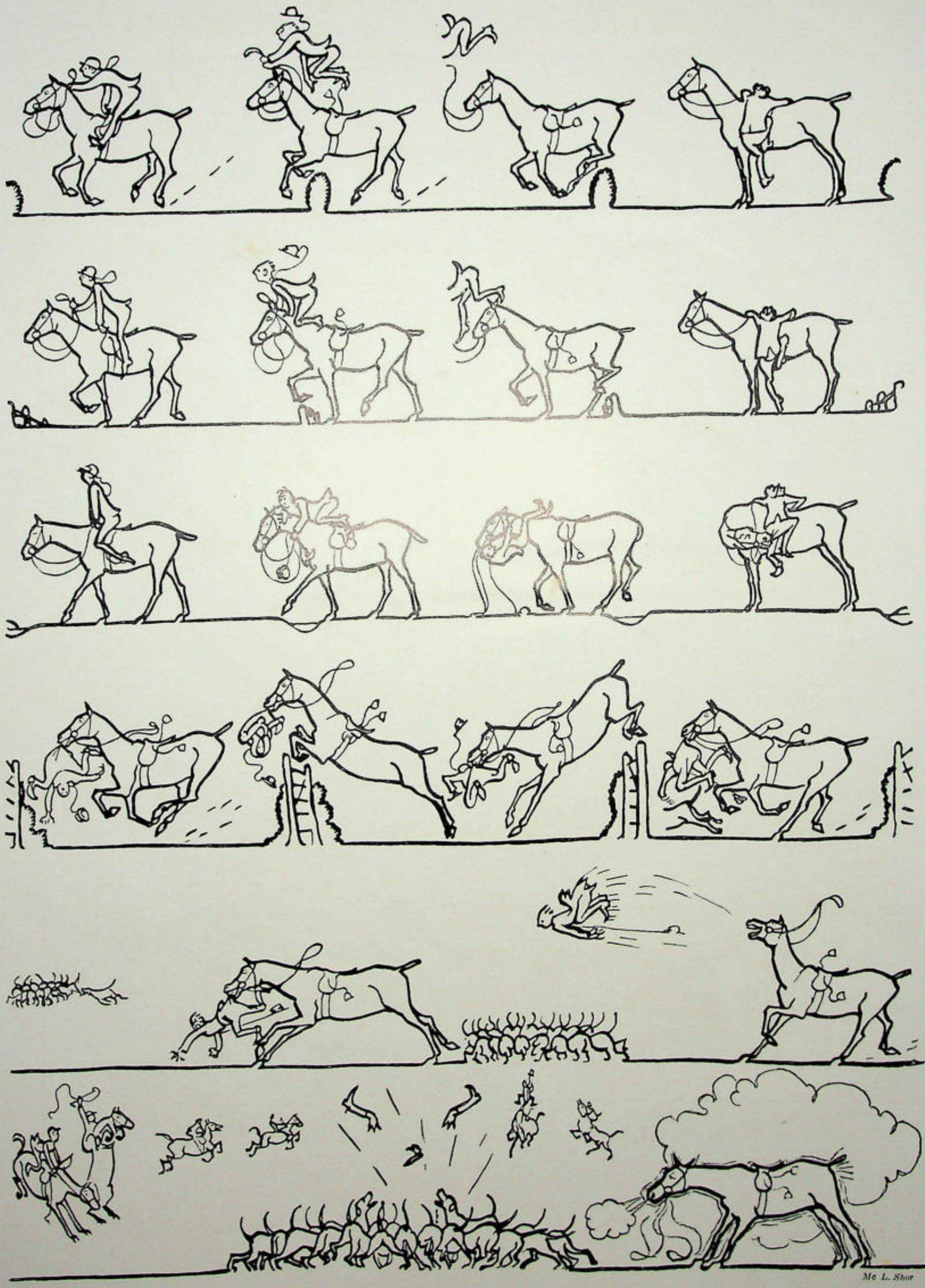
IN AT THE DEATH



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THIS YEAR'S BEST DOG IN THE SHOW
Colonel G. Woodcock's wire fox terrier bitch, Ch. Croyland Chastress

DOGS GREAT AND SMALL

An Ordinary Dog Lover at the Kennel Club Show

By AIDAN CRAWLEY

THERE is no need to go abroad to find someone who has not been inside the Crystal Palace. Most people have heard of it; many have seen it from the top of St. Paul's or one of the hills on the outskirts of London; but three people who last Wednesday were asked if they would like to see the Kennel Club dog show found themselves in an electric train at Victoria before they realised that they were moving out of the orbit which centres round Piccadilly.

Once reconciled to such exile, they were quite easily pleased. The fact that the Palace had been built in Hyde Park, high enough to go over the tops of the trees, was news to them; the endless climb from the low level station was remarkable because the passages were longer and larger than those erected 70 years later for the exhibition at Wembley; the groups of plaster statuary, particularly the sadly overloaded camel at the entrance, reminded them of the Albert Memorial; the notice in the glass gallery forbidding football or other games inspired them with a desire to play bicycle polo. They arrived, at last, to find Irish wolfhounds being judged beneath the serried ranks of the Kings of England and their patron saints, and were bewildered.

Having begun with wolfhounds, it was difficult to get beyond the big dog section. It stretched right up to the centre of the great hall, and included an annex reserved for gundogs. In spite of the popularity of spaniels, pekingese, and terriers, obvious from the entries, the number of people looking at them suggested that the big dogs were the most popular.

There were more than 100 Alsatians. It was noticeable that most of the winners had black coats (a kindly notice told us that they are German sheepdogs); fine classes of Newfoundlands, St. Bernards, and Great Danes, and Old English sheepdogs so woolly that the few children who were there went mad with joy on seeing them. Best of all, were the bloodhounds.

Bloodhounds start with one great handicap. At the Crystal Palace, where the pens were low and most of them had their heads down, their wrinkled wisdom provoked a stream of admiration. "Isn't he a darling?" (Women were in the majority among the spectators.) "So solemn and worried—like an old, old man." And so on, until one of them lifted his head and showed the deep red conjunctiva. Then, "Oh, but what horried eyes," and the admirers passed on.

But if you can forget their eyes—and you soon do—a bloodhound is one of the best dogs in the world to own. Apart from the fun of organising an occasional man hunt, they are gentle to children, good watchdogs, they have the most beautiful note, and are better to take out riding than any other. This was once proved to me rather dramatically.

I was going for a ride on the Yorkshire moors, and a friend asked me to take his dogs, a greyhound, an Irish wolfhound, and a bloodhound. Not having any experience of the first two, but knowing that they were used to rides, I went where I pleased,

A BOXER DOG FROM GERMANY
Mrs. Sneyd's Greif von Kahlgrund just out of quarantine

and eventually found myself about seven miles from home. The dogs seemed quite happy as we turned back, but after going for a little while the bloodhound suddenly came past me, turned across my track, and stopped, looking back. I turned, and he led me to the wolfhound, which had collapsed from exhaustion by the side of the road. Having carried him into a farm, I examined the others, and though the greyhound was tired, I thought he would get home, so went on.

After about a quarter of an hour the bloodhound again came cantering by, stopped, and turned round. Again he led me back, this time to the greyhound, which was dead beat, standing behind a bush. As there was nowhere within miles to take him to, we had to wait for him to rest. And when we did go on, every time the greyhound stopped, the bloodhound stopped and waited with him, though they had not lived together very long. I felt as if the bloodhound was acting as a mother to all of us. And he was going as strong as ever when we got home.

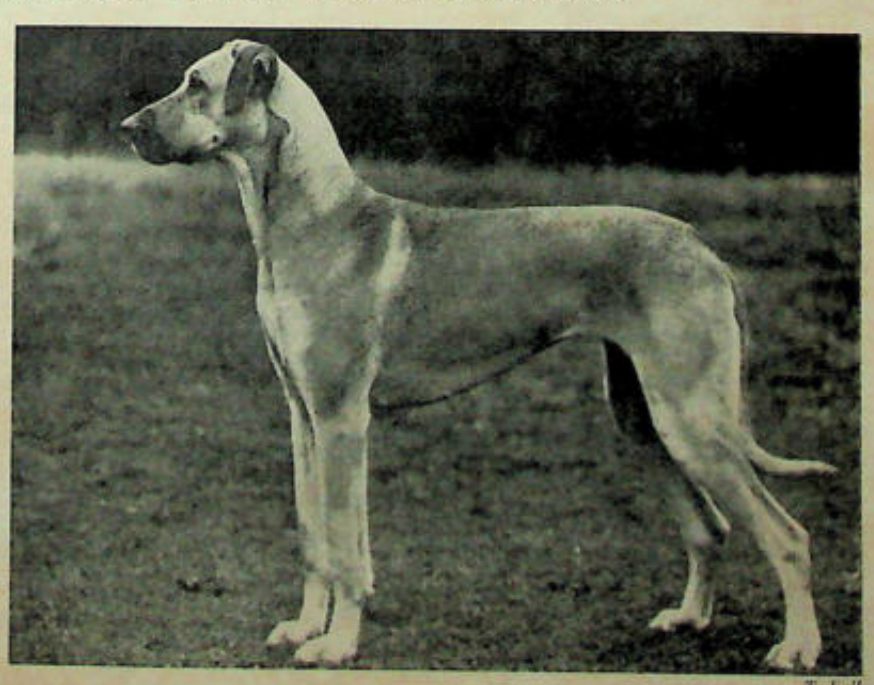
The great majority of dog owners, however, are not horse owners, and bloodhounds share the disadvantages of other big dogs. They eat a lot, and take up a lot of room. The normal diet of an Irish wolfhound or a St. Bernard is 2lb. of meat and 1lb. of biscuits a day, and as an owner said last week at the show, "They are lovely dogs, but I wouldn't recommend you to go in for them; they are too big for a car, and too big for most houses, and they cost money."

Many of the best retrievers were away shooting, but there was a fine entry of setters.

The Labradors were as popular as ever, and if there was any noticeable difference between them and the normal run of dogs one sees on the hill, it was that they were lighter, and more pointed in the jaw. A prize-winning bitch belonging to Lorna Lady Howe looked as good as an amateur could imagine. A wire-haired foxterrier was made Best in the Show, but I consider foxterriers begin to look like a cross between musical toys and fighting cocks. Isn't breeding making rather a caricature of the breed?

Besides the dogs, the Kennel Club Show is always interesting for the people it brings together. Crowds at horse shows, county, and even horticultural shows have a certain sameness. In their clothes or their faces the men and women betray some trace of, or connection with, the land. But the doggy world is wider, perhaps more truly democratic. There was a sprinkling of checks and bowlers at the Crystal Palace, but the men who whisked their foxterriers on to the mat, holding them by their tails and a noose round their necks, wore trousers and trilbys and might have come from dockside or Tyneside or a neighbouring bank; and the women who trotted round with their Pekes or Alsatians and for all their chic looked ungainly beside them, had plainly lived mostly in town.

But no omen could be better than heterogeneity. A nation which can afford as many dogs as houses cannot be bankrupt, and one might hope that a race which loves dogs may also be more inclined to love other men. That, however, might be construed a contradiction.



T. Fall

"THE BIG DOGS WERE THE MOST POPULAR"
Mr. J. V. Rank's Irish Wolfhound and Great Dane challenge certificate winners Ch. Killarney of Osborough and Ch. Reveller of Osborough

A LEGLESS GROUSE

Examinations of a Remarkable Injury

By PERCY R. LOWE

ON September 3rd, 1936, a grouse was picked up on a moor in Northumberland and found, by Sir Claud Morrison-Bell's keeper, to have no trace of legs at all. It had been shot on the 3rd, and was sent by Sir Claud Morrison-Bell to the *Field*. From there it was sent by Mr. Eric Parker to the British Museum of Natural History (South Kensington), and I was asked to make an anatomical study of it.

It had been shot in the left wing; and the mere fact that it had been able to fly without a pair of legs to give it a spring off the ground is remarkable enough, to say nothing of the extraordinary fact that it had survived the shock of having both its legs pulled off, and recovered to the extent of having gone through a complete moult when it was shot on September 3rd.

The following are some of the anatomical and other facts revealed:

(1) The bird was undoubtedly an old one, as revealed by an examination of the degree of ossification of the sternum, the bones of the skull, and the condition of the bill.

(2) It was in perfect plumage; the body feathers of the abdomen and flanks with their under-down being especially noticeable for their completely unsoiled condition. The moult had not been quite completed, but the various body feather-tracts were in a perfectly normal and healthy condition. The primary wing feathers had almost completed a perfect moult. They were absolutely unworn at the tips. It is, therefore, quite clear, as will be evident from the conditions described below, that this bird had moulted *after* the loss of both its legs.

(3) Another remarkable fact revealed was its very good general state of health, as was evident, for example, from the plump condition of its pectoral muscles. Its crop was empty, but the gizzard was crammed with a mixture of vegetable matter and small quartz fragments—well rounded.

(4) Coming to the description of its local injuries there was no trace of either leg, and not even a trace of either femur or thigh bone. The acetabular cavity, or hip socket, of either side was empty, although the articular cartilage lining both it and the post-acetabular bony process was healthy, glistening, and perfectly normal.

(5) The suggestion that this grouse was born without legs can be at once set aside for the following reasons, among others:

(*a*) the above described condition of the hip sockets;

(*b*) the fact that the muscles of the thigh had been torn right across about half way along their course from the ilium, or hip bone, to the femur (thigh bone) and tibia. The torn ends of these muscles were rough and irregular, and there had been suppuration and an attempt at healing. The sciatic artery and nerve (the principal ones of the leg in a bird of this sort) had also been torn across at the same level, and their torn ends were frayed out, indicating that they, and the muscles, had been subjected to a violent, and probably sudden, pull. Both legs had in fact been pulled clean out of the hip socket, and only the upper ends of the thigh muscles, blood vessels and nerves left *in situ*.

(6) The skin, too, had necessarily been torn across at the level of the torn muscular edges, but in each leg the edges of skin had subsequently been approximated, and had so healed, leaving only a small sinus through which pus had escaped and matted together the old under-down of the previous moult. Where the edges of the skin had joined up and healed there was left on each side a sort of overlapping pleat which projected slightly above the surrounding surface. Moreover, for some way round the site of the injury the skin was adherent to the ilium, or hip bone, and was thickened, of a dirty yellow colour, and somewhat transparent.

(7) The above account of the conditions revealed, brief as it is, clearly proves that:

(*a*) this bird lost its leg by some accident;

(*b*) it had recovered from the shock;

(*c*) it had gone through a complete, or almost complete, moult after sustaining this terrible traumatic injury.

The problems to be considered in connection with these facts are:

(1) What was the nature of the pulling force which was responsible for tearing both legs at the same moment (as we may presume with certainty) from the hip sockets?

(2) How long ago did the bird receive this injury?

(3) How did it get about to feed, and how did it raise itself from the ground in order to fly?

In seeking for answers to these questions, which I do not profess to give, it must be granted as a certainty that the injuries were not sustained on the day (September 3rd) it was shot. It is very difficult, indeed, to say, in the absence of data, how long it would take for a bird to recover from injuries of this grave nature, presuming that it survived from the shock and was going to recover, as this bird seemed to have done; but I should suggest that the *minimum* time required to bring it to the condition obtaining when it was shot on September 3rd was roughly six weeks. It was probably much longer. If so, the bird received its injuries long before the season opened on August 12th. This seems the more likely in view of the fact that its moult had been little or not at all delayed, as we may presume would have been the case had it received its injuries on the 12th or after.

Presuming this was so, is it possible for a grouse caught by both legs in a trap, or in the mouth of a fox, or dog, to use its wings with such force as to pull its legs out of the joint sockets?

MODERN RIDING SCHOOLS

Mr. Horace Smith's and his Methods

NO one would deny the fact that the desire to learn to ride correctly is gaining fresh adherents daily. Statistics reveal that upwards of 200 riding schools and training academies, together with an additional 40 or more riding clubs, have lodged details of their establishments with the National Horse Association. The majority of these are of comparatively recent inception.

More people are hunting to-day than ever before. To embark on a riding holiday or a riding tour is to be in the heighth of fashion. Neither is this enthusiasm confined to any one class. In the words of the "Absent-minded Beggar," "Duke's son, cook's son, son of a belted earl"; one and all are filling the riding schools in every part of the country.

I was therefore delighted when in London recently to have the opportunity of visiting the Cadogan Riding School, and to be able to discuss this interesting question with no less an authority than Mr. Horace Smith. In his opinion, the opening up of this large number of riding schools and academies has given a tremendous spur of encouragement to hundreds of people hitherto prevented by distance and other reasons from obtaining instruction in equitation. Furthermore, the fact that fees for instruction are within the limits of the purse of the general public has a most advantageous effect.

The Cadogan Riding School is the largest and oldest business of its kind in England. To its various branches in the country, I will refer briefly at the end of this article, confining myself more especially to the headquarters, off Sloane Street, in the heart of the West End. Considerably more than 100 pupils a day are instructed here, ranging from tiny-tots of four years old, of whom the greatest care is taken, to men and women approaching the allotted span of life. One of the most delightful features about this riding school is, I think, the arrangement whereby practical help and advice (if desired) continues long after actual tuition has ceased. By this arrangement, any novice to the hunting field has only to ask Mr. Horace Smith for a reliable pilot and, according to his own ability, will find himself well placed in a run with hounds across country. It is this continued interest which brings hundreds of old pupils back to purchase or hire the exact type of hunter they require. I do not profess to know whether a record of the names of every pupil who has passed through the Cadogan Riding School is kept or not, but were it so, the names of some of our best-known masters of hounds, cross-country riders and leading figures in the show ring would be found.

It is the opinion of Mr. Horace Smith that the value of the indoor school for instruction cannot be overestimated. It is here that, mounted on safety horses or ponies, as the case may be, the basis of the early training is begun. Confidence is more easily established indoors, while the nearness of the instructor to his pupils is an important factor in gaining that confidence. Horses are better behaved, too. They have less to look at and are, therefore, more intent on the job in hand. To illustrate my meaning, I cannot do better than to quote the words of an instructor engaged in giving a lesson to four pupils in the art of rising to the trot, reins knotted on the horses' necks, and hands placed on the hips. "Don't worry about your horses, they know their way round the school all right."

I suppose at the back of the mind of every beginner is a certain apprehension about falling off. Here again the indoor school scores with its specially prepared floor of tan, sand or sawdust. To realise that if a fall should come about the landing is going to be a soft one, has a tremendous physiological effect for the good upon the mind of the pupil who, in consequence, probably does not fall off at all.

Yet another great advantage of the indoor school is the possibility of the continuance of instruction through all the vagaries of the English climate, while the practicability of holding early morning and late evening classes is an immense boon to the city worker.

All the recent controversy on the forward versus the balanced seat, has left Mr. Horace Smith unmoved. He is a staunch advocate of the forward seat, and all the pupils are taught in that style. Exercise to encourage supple muscles form an important part in the general training and have an immense bearing on the rapidity with which the pupils progress. Not until perfect control and balance is acquired, together with the ability to sit on over a jump deprived of reins and stirrups, are pupils considered advanced enough to grace the Londoners' Riding Paradise—Rotten Row. Pupils quickly find that riding out of doors is a vastly different proposition from the shelter of the indoor school. Horses are more apt to shy, and in this connection Mr. Horace Smith holds strong views. "The horse's head should be turned away from the object which is frightening him. He should never be held to it and hit."

A lesson at the Cadogan Riding School invariably closes with a kindly word of encouragement. In other words the pupils are always sent away happy. They are constantly reminded, however, that they can never stop learning, and that tuition in the ways of a horse goes on throughout life.

While it is in Cadogan Place that the mainspring of this excellent riding school is set, there are various branches and hunting stables elsewhere. A town branch at Roehampton offers riding in Richmond Park. The largest of the country branches is at Holyport, Maidenhead. This branch is conveniently situated for local instruction, and is also not too far distant for London people who wish to enjoy country riding. There are also hunting stables at Maidenhead. Other hunting stables are situated at Wycombe and also at Windsor, open only during the winter months. Perhaps the most attractive of the hunting stables is to be found at Minehead, Somerset, where the pursuit of the red deer over Exmoor is still a cherished sport.

JOAN ROBESON.

THE "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, October 31st. 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.

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.

"BRIGHTER RUGBY"

SIR,—I hope that "Ex-Forward" was at Twickenham on the day that the article under the above heading appeared in the *Field*. I doubt if he was, or he could hardly have written so fervidly in defence of modern forward play and of the increase of touch kicking. In this match spoiling tactics by marauding forwards largely dominated the play, producing a constant succession of loose mauls, scrummages for infringements and so much kicking into touch that at length one spectator voiced his boredom in a stentorian exhortation to "Kick it over the stand!" There was not one back movement worthy of the name in the whole match.

But perhaps "Ex-Forward" would have thought this an extremely fine match. Apparently he gets his enjoyment out of the helter skelter rush and tear of present-day forward play. It means nothing to him that these forwards cannot dribble a ball as forwards used to dribble, that they cannot wheel the scrummage and break away with the ball with any cohesion, and that they are losing the art of heeling cleanly from the set scrummage, chiefly because, in their anxiety to break away, they will not keep on shoving. Let him remember this last point when he speaks of deterioration in back play. Slow, slovenly heeling is almost as great a destroyer of open back play as the raids of wing forwards.

"Ex-Forward" says that the wing forward held no terrors for Kershaw or Davies or Corbett or for the Oxford three-quarter line of 1924. Quite. The wing forward of that time was not the indiscriminate article of to-day. In fact he had only just begun properly to develop. There were a few outstanding wings such as Voyce, Blakiston and H. L. Price—and they were players who represented the difference, to which I referred in my article, between *constructive* winging and the mainly destructive winging so common to-day. Captain H. B. T. Wakeham, the old Harlequin forward, emphasised this point in his recently published book on the game in these words: "Unfortunately, with few exceptions, the wing forwards of to-day seem more inclined to concentrate upon defensive spoiling than upon positional attacking. Here, in my opinion, lies the evil."

"Ex-Forward" excuses the increase in kicking the ball out of play by the fact that the pace of the game has increased. I agree entirely with him that kicking has become an essential part of Rugby tactics, not only as a means of gaining ground but also as a means of saving the forwards' legs. That's just the trouble. It is an easy means of doing both things and will naturally increase still more. Some people may like to see the ball continually booted out of play, but if it goes on increasing how much of real Rugby is going to be left?

If the majority of spectators are satisfied with the modern game why has there been a marked decline in the last few years in the number of spectators at many club matches? No one wants Rugby football to be played merely for the benefit of spectators, but once a game begins to lose interest for onlookers it is a sure sign that the play is not as good as it should be. It is merely idealistic to say that we do not want brighter Rugby. We want forward and back play properly balanced so that the arts of both have full play—and we are not getting that now.

Yours faithfully,

Carshalton, Surrey. F. I. W.

SIR,—F. I. W. seems to have overlooked the New Zealand estimate of our forward play. This is what C. J. Oliver, their vice-captain, had to say when he got home: "The forward play of the British sides encountered by us was everywhere of a very high standard. During the first portion of the tour we were pushed in the set scrums by much lighter packs, really because they had mastered the art of packing." Does F. I. W. maintain that Mr. Oliver does not know what he is talking about? Or does he maintain that the standard of forward play has degenerated by some curious coincidence all over the world during the last twelve years?

Further, F.I.W. is in error in considering wing forward play to be of recent origin. That great Welsh player, Gwyn Nicholls, writing in 1907, says: "The days of the old wingers, such as Sammy Woods and Evershed, are gone with the rest of the old forward game. They were most useful in their day, and spoilt the schemes of the outside men in the most desirable manner, under the conditions which then prevailed."

Why not pay more attention to our incompetent back play?

Yours faithfully,

London, N.W. 3. JAMES C. HILL.

THE FIRE AT GODSHILL

SIR,—A disastrous fire at Godshill, in the New Forest, has this week destroyed, in a few hours, the arduous work of unemployed men extending over two years. The loss is partially covered by insurance, but your readers will readily appreciate the seriousness of the situation in which the little community finds itself, with the winter immediately ahead and their main, permanent building in ruins. This focal point of their life, comprising dining hall, kitchen, library and office, was known as Colston Hall, after one of the original band of six that went down to the site in March, 1932, with a fund of enthusiasm and grit, though only £10 of capital and a couple of axes by way of equipment.

They were later joined by other workless men, who also pooled their unemployment pay; together they built up their lives, drawing on latent talent that emerged as the scheme developed. In all, some 500 men have now passed through.

Although employment is now easier to obtain, the need for a centre where men of all classes can take stock of themselves and their surroundings, while living and working in contact with the simple realities of life, is more urgent than ever it was. It is greatly to be hoped that this unique and constructive contribution to the problem of the right and purposeful use of life and leisure is not going to be fatally handicapped by this sudden disaster. Some weeks or months must elapse before the insurance claim can be settled, but in the meantime the men are without the wherewithal to carry on. Practical help in cash and promises of building materials are urgently needed. Will those wishful of assisting the men to meet the winter please communicate as soon as possible with the Secretary, Grith Pioneers, 139, Camberwell Road, S.E. 5 (Telephone: Rodney 4858). The old proverb has lost none of its significance: "He gives twice, who gives quickly."

Yours faithfully,

2, Ruskin Close, N.W. 11. GUY W. KEELING.

RECORDS OF NORTH AMERICAN BIG GAME

SIR,—The first edition of *Records of North American Big Game*, with which you are no doubt familiar, was published in 1932, under the auspices of the National Museum of Heads and Horns of the New York Zoological Society. It was the first work of its kind to be published in this country.

After the publication of this book, Mr. Prentiss N. Gray, who edited it, commenced gathering material for a second edition. Unfortunately, he was killed in an untimely accident. A committee has been appointed to carry on where Mr. Gray left off and to complete the gathering of material and publish a second edition. The committee desires to receive date on specimens measuring up to or better than the standards specified on the enclosed sheet.

The committee is satisfied that there is a wealth of material still uncovered because of the fact that owners are not aware that this work is in progress. Our problem is to apprise owners that data on such specimens is desired and to request them to record this data with us. Your publication reaches and touches the hearts of so many sportsmen and others interested in this subject that we believe a word from you calling attention to this undertaking and urging co-operation will stimulate your readers to assist in forwarding this work. We would be glad to know of the whereabouts of specimens which meet the standards required and to ask the owners to communicate with us or to send us the names and addresses of other owners in order that we may communicate with them. They should communicate with us at the address below, stating the number and kind of specimens they wish to record, whereupon we will forward the required number of measurement charts giving detailed directions as to measurements to be taken and other data required.

The standards of measurement that will qualify heads for inclusion in the second edition will depend largely upon the number and size of heads registered with the committee. A suggested standard is given as a footnote to this letter.

This work is sponsored by sportsmen in the interest of sportsmen and science, and is in no sense a commercial publication. Indeed, the cost of gathering the material and publishing it, in all probability will exceed the receipts from the sale of the book.

Yours faithfully,

ALFRED ELY (Chairman).

Records of North American Big Game,
American Museum of Natural History,
Columbus Avenue and 77th Street,
New York.

Standards of measurement:—

Alaskan moose, spread 60in.; Canadian moose, spread 55in.; mule deer, length 25in.; whitetail deer, length 22in.; Columbian blacktail deer, length 16in.; Arizona whitetail deer, length 10in.; wapiti, length 50in.; barren ground caribou, length 50in.; mountain caribou, length 47in.; woodland caribou, length 30in.; bighorn sheep, length 38in.; desert sheep length, 28in.; white sheep, length 37in.; stone sheep, length 37in.; goat, length 10in.; bison, length 14in.; pronghorn antelope, length 13in.; barren ground musk ox, length 20in.; Greenland musk ox, length 20in.; brown bear, length skull, 16in.; grizzly bear, length skull, 12in.; black bear length, skull, 12in.; polar bear, length skull, 12in.; jaguar, length skull, 9in.; mt. lion, length skull, 8in.; Pacific walrus, total length tusk, 26in.; Atlantic walrus, total length tusk, 18in.

STEEL TRAPS

SIR,—The *Field* reaches us late and I have just read in your July 11th issue the letter on steel traps. Undoubtedly the steel trap is cruel, but for certain animals that we must combat by any means whatever, such as the timber wolf and coyote, the steel trap is the most effectual. But for other animals not only is the steel trap unnecessary, but the capture of these animals is undesirable. It has been stated that with the Coronation taking place next summer the price of stoat skins has already advanced considerably. Stoats are not very difficult to trap and many are taken every winter. Of recent years we farmers on the prairies have experienced some very unfavourable seasons, not least the appallingly dry summer just passed, and two of our worst pests are rabbits and ground squirrels. Among the chief enemies of these rodents are the larger hawks, which have decreased; the badger, which is almost extinct; and stoats. Efforts are made from time to time to have a close season on the latter, but with no success. And just as long as there is a demand for ermine so long will our stoat continue to be trapped. Many fur-bearing animals are now being raised in captivity, but I believe that practically all stoats are caught in the wild state with steel traps. And how often do men or women stop to consider by what method the furs they wear may have been obtained?

Yours faithfully,

Gower Ranch, Eastend, Saskatchewan. LAURENCE B. POTTER.

HOOPOE IN SCOTLAND

SIR,—Further to "R. M.'s" letter regarding a hoopoe in Sutherland, the other day I saw one on the main road near Garve in Ross-shire. Are there any records of the hoopoe breeding so far north? If not, what were they doing in these districts at this time of year? Surely there is no northern migration in the autumn.

I might add that I am familiar with the bird, having seen plenty in India.

Yours faithfully,

Tullich, Lochcarron, Ross-shire. D. N. REID.

SIR,—Mrs. A. G. Brown, of Witch Hill, when crossing Fraserburgh golf links with her son, observed a wounded bird which she recognised as a hoopoe. Taking it home she bestowed every possible care on it, but it died.

There does not appear to be any record of a visit from birds of this species to this district. It is so uncommon that it is not even placed on the Wild Birds Schedule for protection throughout the county of Aberdeenshire.

Yours faithfully,

Sandhaven, Fraserburgh. W. J. CAIRD.

"ENOUGH IS AS GOOD AS A FEAST"
(See Letter "Grazing on Aran")

A LARGE CHAMOIS

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a head of a chamois which was shot at Kellerberg, in Carinthia, Austria, on August 19th. This is a particularly fine head which, by Austro-German standards, scores 110 points (the record being about 120). Its outstanding feature is the width between the horns.

Few people know what a wonderful holiday and good sport can be obtained in this part of Austria,

ALMOST A RECORD
(See Letter "A Large Chamois")

which is very accessible, being only eight hours by road and five hours by train from Innsbruck. Schloss Kellerberg, where we stayed as paying guests, is on the River Drau and the main road from Italy to Villach. The Schloss, which belongs to Herr Max Rothauer, was built in 1492, and commands a magnificent view of the Drau Valley. Guests are made extremely comfortable and everything is done to give them an interesting and happy holiday.

We had a most exciting time before we finally got this chamois. He was an old and very wily "boek," and though seen several times, never gave us a chance of a shot. The clearing in the forest where he came to feed in the early morning or at sunset was a small valley cut out of the steep mountain side. Each time we approached, however quietly, and from whatever direction, he was always behind a knoll or a rock and heard us before we could see him, whistled and was away, only giving us a glimpse as he bounded up the steep slope into the forest. We even tried to drive him once but he was far too clever to be caught like that. He broke back through the beaters, taking no notice of their efforts to turn him. He knew quite well that they were only woodmen and could do him no harm. Then at last he made a mistake. We had started out before daybreak and after a stiff climb reached the clearing before sunrise and there standing on a crag of rock in full view was the old buck chamois. He had not expected us so early, perhaps, or he wanted to see the sunrise! In any case he was there looking like a picture instead of hiding behind crags and knolls as had been his custom. It was an easy 160yd. shot.

I had shot a chamois ten days before, but an average sized one and in a much more accessible place. I rode up the forest track to within a short distance of a clearing and only had an easy ten-minute stalk.

Besides shooting roe deer as well as chamois, there is very good trout fishing in two small lakes near the Schloss and in several rivers in the district. The famous Carinthian Lakes are also within easy reach of the Schloss by car and well repay a visit. The climate here is most satisfactory for although the sun is hot there is always a fresh breeze at Kellerberg.

Yours faithfully,
Schloss Kellerberg, E. M. ABERCROMBIE.
Weissenstein/Drau, Kaernten, Austria.

RAILS AS ROADS

SIR,—Along a stretch of railway in Wales, where no trains run between Saturday evening and Monday morning, I recently saw the tracks of two animals which had passed along the line on Sunday morning when the rails, after a heavy dew, were thickly coated with rust. The animals had travelled not by the sleepers, nor on the cinder tracks alongside, but along the metals themselves, in places one being on one rail, the other on the other, in places both on the same rail, the footprints on the damp rust being very plain. Dogs or foxes? I incline to the latter. Often as I have walked a railway line with dogs I have never seen one travel the metals. The tracks were very foxlike, and it seems possible that a vixen and cub, for one animal was larger than the other, were stalking the rabbits with which the railway banks abound, and found the metals the most silent way of approach.

Yours faithfully,
Llanybyther. L. N.

GRAZING ON ARAN

SIR,—Anyone who saw the film *Man of Aran* will remember how the peasants were shown laboriously "making" land on the bare rocks by scraping earth and green stuff out of crevices, and spreading it, mixed with seaweed, on the limestone flags. This photograph shows a horse grazing among these crevices, where the little vegetation that there is tastes sweet and succulent. On the day that this picture was taken, at Killeany, on Inishmor, the biggest island of Aran, the sea was gloriously blue and the little lighthouse shone white in the distance, while on the right was a stretch of vivid yellow-green sandhills, with the blue hills of Connemara in the distance.

The colours on Aran on a fine summer day are more vivid than I have ever seen them elsewhere, owing, I suppose, to the clear atmosphere, and one can laze away a whole day simply watching the changing clouds and sea in what is a veritable artist's paradise. Those of your readers who value peace, who desire to escape from wars and rumours of wars, from the smell of petrol and the blare of wireless, from litter, from advertisements and bungalows, should remember Aran, where everything is real, and as Nature made it.

Yours faithfully,
Dublin. K. N. P.

FOX GOING INTO TREE

SIR,—I was interested to see the report of a fox going into a tree in your paper. Some years ago, on the Lahore—Ferosepore road, I saw a jackal run across the road and jump up into a shishan tree; the tree was almost like a pollard. The Field Master of the Lahore Hunt was driving, and he said such a thing had never been, but promised to look out on hunting days. This year while driving home to Qadirpur, on January 20th (it was dusk), I saw a small desert fox run a few yards in front of the car, he then jinked left and jumped into a tree. In spite of the driver's warning of "jinns" I stopped and went back, and threw a few lumps of dried mud into the tree, and his brush showed for a minute, but the fox never budged or attempted to jump down. Having assured myself, I drove on.

Also, on July 23rd—the year is terribly hot here—I found a little hedgehog in the garden, it was about a quarter grown. I had not known before that they lived in India. I kept him four days, but had to let him go at the request of the Begum—four servants being taken suddenly ill, and she thought it was the hedgehog's fault, though the servants were in her house, not mine. Queer of her, wasn't it?

Yours faithfully,
Qadirpur, J. A. TINSON.
Kutubpur.

ODYSSEUS'S SHIP

SIR,—The Greek island of Corfu boasts that it can grow any plant that grows *anywhere in Europe*!

Certainly its vegetation is remarkably varied and of great luxuriance.

The enclosed photograph shows a typical mass of flowers growing under lemon trees, with the famous little "Mouse Island" behind. Some say that this islet is Odysseus's ship, changed to stone by angry Poseidon.

"Mouse Island" is well known as being the model for the painting of "Isle of Death," by Boecklin.

Yours faithfully,
Whirlow Court, CATHERINE HARRISON.
Sheffield.

THE WRATH OF POSEIDON
(See Letter "Odysseus's Ship")

MISS WILSON PUTTING ON THE SPA GOLF COURSE
(See Letter "A Difficult Short Hole")

A BEAR-STICK

SIR,—How often it is that just at the end of a long, hot, tiring day's shikar, comes the unexpected piece of luck. When pig-sticking, it is usually the big solitary grey boar who gives a memorable run capped by a fighting finish, but on this occasion it was a bear.

A line of Mysore hills covered with rocks and scrub had just been beaten, and the pig put up had been most accommodating. With one exception they had stuck to their rocky fastnesses, and the exception had been headed back by a villager in the fields. Right at the end of the beat when our thoughts were turning towards the drink basket, there was a sudden commotion in the line and shouts from the coolies that there was a bear in front. We scrambled up the side of the hill towards the coolies, and I, being the only one who had never shot a bear, was generously given the only rifle. I waited on a rock, and very soon caught a glimpse of the bear's back as he wormed his way behind some rocks and shrubs, where he temporarily lost himself. The screaming line, however, soon put him on the move again, and he made his way down the hill making full use of the available cover and giving no chance of a shot until he crossed a nullah at the bottom. I took a long shot here, and judging by a roar of anger had apparently hit him. It transpired later, however, that I had merely removed a neat piece of flesh from his forehead. At all events, it signally failed to stop him, and before I could get in another shot he was after a syce, fortunately on a spare horse at the bottom of the hill. The latter's horse tucked in its tail and only just made good its escape before its rider fell off.

The bear then broke across a grand piece of riding country, giving a glorious chance to be ridden and speared. We ran for our horses, seized our spears and gave chase. The bear is a slow mover, and we caught him up quite easily, but he was seeing red and chasing anything himself which came too near. My horse, however, faced him and met him as he came in at us beating with his paws and making a noise fit to raise the dead. I was lucky to have a horse that would face him. I dropped my spear point at the last moment. He ran on a few yards and then subsided dead beat into a bush, where he was finished off unexpectedly and somewhat to our disappointment by a rifle.

Yours faithfully,

Muttra, N. P., India. WHALER.

CUCKOO COURTSHIP

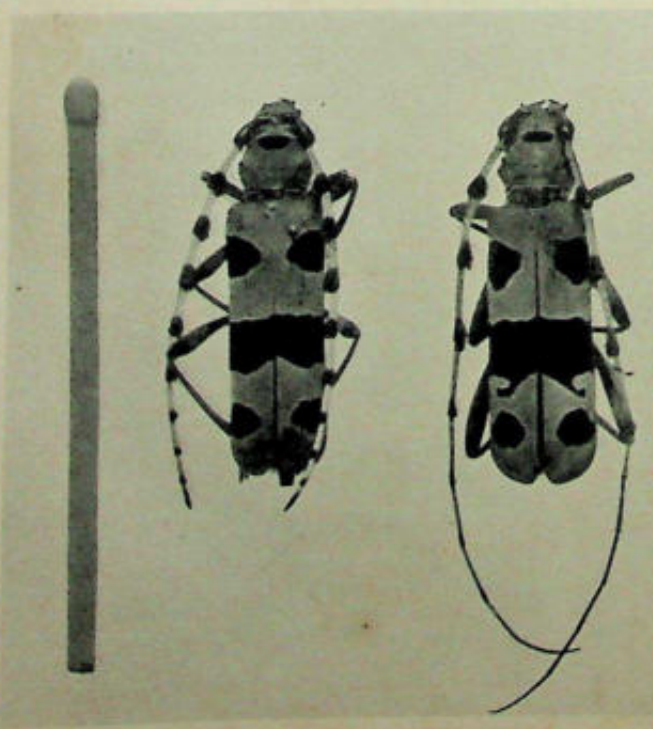
SIR,—In reply to Colonel Pennefather Evans's query in your issue of August 22nd, the female cuckoo has, as distinct from the male, a loud, rapid bubbling note. She does not, as far as I know, utter the "cuck-cu" call. The trisyllabic note of the male is probably due to excitement at the proximity of a female. Colonel Evans does not record the wheezy chuckle, an invariable prelude to the "cuck-cu" notes, and perhaps to the "bubbling" of the female.

It is of interest that he neither saw nor heard the cuckoo after the end of June, which is practically the end of its breeding season. My latest date for the male cuckoo's call is July 6th, a late year, and I am inclined to think that most of our adult cuckoos have departed south before the end of July.

Yours faithfully,

H. A. F. MAGRATH
(Lieutenant-Colonel).

Berkeley Square, W.1.



ALMOST EXTERMINATED
(See Letter "Government Protection for a Pest")

GOVERNMENT PROTECTION FOR A PEST

SIR,—*Rosalia Alpina*, the handsome bluish-grey beetle with the jet-black markings, whose ravages are very harmful to wood, has been brought to the verge of extinction in Czecho-Slovakia. Now it has been granted Government protection. The woods in the neighbourhood of Bezdez are now a State reservation, the museums and the entomological societies being anxious to preserve specimens. Czecho-Slovakia is the most northerly point in the range of this beautiful insect. The match in the photograph indicates their size.

Yours faithfully,

London, W.C. R. T.

A DIFFICULT SHORT HOLE

SIR, Referring to my article on Spa Golf Course, Belgium, published in your issue of August 22nd, I send you a photograph of the short sixth hole, one of the most difficult I have ever seen, yet one of the most interesting. The view gives some idea of the lovely country in which this magnificent course is laid. The hole measures about 150yds. from the back tee, and the green is of the double plateau type, bunkered on both sides, with a little stream running in front. During tournaments the flag is placed at the back edge of the top plateau, and the player at once wonders what to do. Ten feet from the hole lies a bunker, and 3yds. in front of it the green dips sharply down to the lower level. Consequently, a timid tee shot runs down yards away from the hole, leaving the player an almost impossible putt to get close enough to hole out for 3. If he is too bold with his mashie, his ball ends up in the bunker. If he is off the green on the left or right, he is found with a terribly difficult pitch. Cotton took a 5 and two 4's during a recent championship here, and some of the others recorded 6's. For once the "tigers"—even with the modern ball—were humbled and worried. It would be interesting to learn if any of your readers know of other examples of real teasing short holes in contrast to the all too frequent simple designs which tend to make the game dull and uninteresting.

Yours faithfully,

London, W. 1. EDWARD R. TIPPLE.

GOLDEN ORIOLE

SIR,—On the 23rd of last month a golden oriole paid an all too brief visit to my garden. I was attracted by the clear, musical whistle, unlike any bird I had ever heard, and ran out to see what it was. I saw the oriole perched in the topmost branches of an ash, uttering its three syllabled cry again and again. The black on wings and tail was clearly marked; but the yellow seemed to me paler than one would expect in a full grown cock. It was probably a young bird. I watched it for a few minutes until it flew away to some elms. And, though I heard it whistling for a short time, I never saw it again.

I should be interested to know if golden orioles are often seen as late in the year as this. I was under the impression that they were early migrants.

Yours faithfully,

Berkshire. EDITH BURGOYNE.

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A GIANT PUFF-BALL

SIR,—This photograph is of a monster puff-ball which I found growing in a stackyard amongst nettles. It weighed 4¼lb. and had a circumference of 30in.

It is said that these giant puff-balls make good eating, but I imagine most people would need to be on the verge of starvation before they could be induced to try one.

Yours faithfully,
Chelmsford. D. J. B.

DO PARTRIDGES WANDER?

SIR,—Shooting here on September 5th, an English partridge was shot bearing upon its foot a small metal ring with Middleton, Museum, Oxford, 937, printed upon it. It would be extremely interesting to find out from where this bird has wandered, as there is no knowledge of the ring in the neighbourhood. Perhaps some of your readers will be able to elucidate me on the origin of this bird.

Yours faithfully,
Theberton House, L. MEINERTZHAGEN.
Leiston, Suffolk.

SILVER FOX PENS

SIR,—As the author of the article on silver fox pens in the *Field* of September 5th, may I be permitted to answer Mr. B. A. Le Neve Foster's letter in your issue of October 3rd?

To eliminate the danger of a pen door being insecurely latched I use rubber bands twisted over the latches. These have proved very efficient.

Should, however, a fox get loose by chance or carelessness I use a device I call "the salmon trap." An escaped fox always runs round the guard fence, so I have a wire enclosure built with a hinged drop door led up to by a gradually narrowing alleyway. Thus the fox, chased round the guard fence, is bound to go under the door which is then dropped by an observer.

As for the substitution of the dog who is intended to mate a vixen for the "teaser," this has to be done anyway unless the animals are in specially-built pens which allow access to the vixen from more than one dog pen. So far, when using a polygamous dog, I have had to depend on the old method of catching him up and turfing out the "teaser."

Yours faithfully,
Friningham Lodge, C. M. STACK.
Detling, near Maidstone, Kent.

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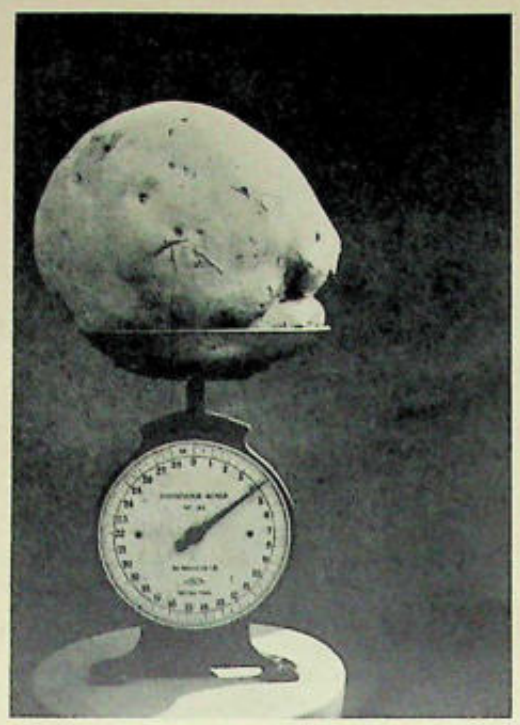

A STACKYARD CARNERA
(*See Letter "A Giant Puff-Ball"*)

GRAYLING AND THE FLY

SIR,—With reference to the article published in the *Field*, September 26th, on Grayling and the Fly, by W. Carter Platts. It has been my experience that the grayling will always take either a black quill or black midge (the latter being particularly deadly) on any of the rivers in Yorkshire.

Of course, it must be admitted that if the fish are rising freely they will obviously take any fly that is on the water. But I consider that the above flies will catch grayling at any given time or any place and on any kind of day.

Yours faithfully,
London. J. L.

COMMA BUTTERFLY IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE

SIR,—It may be of interest to record that we saw four Comma butterflies on a large bush of Michaelmas daisies this morning. One of the insects had a damaged wing but was otherwise active. They were accompanied by a great number of red admirals and small tortoiseshells. The first occasion I saw the Comma butterfly here this year was on Wednesday, July 29th, when one was observed on the flowers of an annual larkspur. Until to-day this was the only one recorded. The silver Y moth has been here in numbers. They appear to favour the dahlias. The main body has now left, leaving only stragglers.

Yours aithfully,
Acton Hall, G. MACSWINEY
Berkeley, Gloucestershire. (Major).

LEATHERCORD

Our readers may recall that last year this material was in the way of becoming a success, and we now take it upon ourselves to say that it has become so. "Good wine needs no bush," and this strong, comfortable breeches, coats and habit cloth, which looks smart and workmanlike, wears well, and resists wind and weather, is good, genuine stuff, and as such was bound to find favour in a sphere where failure in practical use is very soon discovered. Hunting people and others can obtain this material from any of the leading tailors or breeches-makers.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1, ask for 5/- weekly, an allowance to help an old brother and sister living in a West of England town. Aged 78 and 82, they have lived together for many years, and now their one dread is separation. Their income amounts to only 22/6 weekly. At one time the brother was a surveyor, but he has been past work for some years. They both suffer from sciatica and rheumatism, and need a good fire and extra comforts during the winter months. £13 is needed, and The Friends of the Poor ask for donations.

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IN THE CITY

FOR CAPITAL APPRECIATION

SOME particulars are set out below regarding two American concerns allied to the heavy industries which are only just beginning to reflect the recovery which is taking place. Their shares, therefore, while necessarily rather speculative at the present time, appear to have scope for substantial capital appreciation over a period.

Mack Trucks Incorporated is one of the leading manufacturers in the United States of motor lorries, having for some years past been well known for its heavy lorries of 3 to 10 tons capacity. In recent years it has taken an important part in developing modern motor buses, which are now taking the place of old tramcars to an increasing extent, and further to diversify its interests it arranged last year for the manufacture by the Reo Motor Car Company of a full line of smaller lorries and buses. The company's models are marketed and serviced through some 80 distributing branches, including two in Canada.

The issued capital consists only of common stock, represented by 597,335 shares of no par value. The financial position is excellent, and indeed has been so strong throughout the depression that the company was able to maintain dividend payments of at least $1 per annum despite the fact that operations were unprofitable. During the past decade results have been as under, earnings per share being based on the present number of shares in issue.

Year ended Dec. 31st.	Available Common Divs.	Common Shares. Earned.	Paid.	Common Shares High.	Low
1926	$7,715,000	12.91	6.00	159	89½
1927	4,706,000	7.88	6.00	118½	88½
1928	5,915,000	9.90	6.00	110	83
1929	6,841,000	11.45	6.00	114½	55½
1930	2,008,000	3.36	5.50	88½	33½
1931	Dr. 3,032,000	—	2.25	43½	12
1932	Dr. 1,479,000	—	1	28½	10
1933	Dr. 948,000	—	1	46½	13½
1934	17,600	—	1	41½	22
1935	Dr. 396,000	—	1	30½	18½

In recent months, however, sales have turned sharply upwards, and for the first six months of this year the company has reported a net profit of $510,000 or 86 cents. per share as compared with a loss of $320,000 in the first half of last year. Moreover, the improvement has been maintained since June 30th, unit deliveries in August being reported at the largest figure for any month since January, 1930.

At present levels around $47 the yield with dividends at the rate of $1 annually is little more than 2 per cent., but the scope for recovery in earnings and dividend distributions and therefore in the market price of the shares may be gauged by the company's record prior to the depression.

YOUNGSTOWN STEEL DOOR

The Youngstown Steel Door Company until recently was privately owned and is still privately controlled by interests affiliated with the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Co., one of the leading American steel concerns, but owing to the death of one of the largest shareholders a line of shares was sold to the public a few months ago. The company manufactures steel sides and doors for railway goods wagons so made as to be dust and moisture proof, and in addition railway companies are supplied with new steel sides and doors so that they can in their own shops put new and up-to-date bodies on old rolling stock. The company is a leading manufacturer in this field.

The necessity for the utmost economy in maintenance of equipment was especially marked in the case of the railways during the depression, but in recent months railway traffic has increased so substantially that large sums of money are again being spent on renovating equipment and buying new rolling stock. This is reflected in the profits of Youngstown Steel Door, which, it is reported, showed for the first nine months of this year earnings equivalent to $3.20 as compared with profits for the full year 1935 equal to only 82 cents. per share on the 333,000 common shares (the only capital in issue). Furthermore it is understood that the increase in business has been most marked in the last two months, earnings in August being equal to 52 cents. and in September to 75 cents. per share. For the full year 1936 it is believed that earnings will approximate $4.50 per share on which basis the shares at present levels around £46 would show an *earnings* yield of 10 per cent. It is to be noted that earnings in 1929 were over $7 per share and, owing to the very large demand for equipment postponed during the depression, together with the current resumption of normal purchases, the outlook for the company during the next year or so is considered to be particularly promising.

PACTOLUS.

New Books

THE ENGLISH SCENE

Shooting Discussed from New Angles

A PERFECTLY delightful book, both by reason of what it tells, and the manner in which it is told. English shooting is such a threadbare theme, nowadays, that it would seem rash to predict success for any new book dealing with so hackneyed a subject, notwithstanding which the *Shooting Man's England* is a masterpiece of its kind.

I find, as a rule, when reading a book on shooting, that I can almost predict what the writer is going to say. Yet I read on, not because I am gripped, but because I want to see whether I agree with his findings. Mr. Patrick Chalmers, as the author, gripped me from the moment I started to read. Certainly, knowing *Blue Days and Green Days* and *Rhymes of Flood and Field*, I expected something out of the ordinary, but, even so, was surprised and charmed by the many new angles from which the author examines and discusses my second favourite sport. He has, too, many good words for foxes and foxhunting, and that in a shooting book!

The book is quite short, 245 pages in all, and yet within this small compass, starting with the first primeval shot—a bull by a boulder on a bear at 300ft. down-hill—he leads us down the ages by laughing ways to the latest developments of modern times. The boulder, the pebble from Kelross, the arrow, the crossbow bolt, the falcon, any and all means by which man attacked from afar are touched on *en passant*.

But this is no mere text-book. You read it because you like it, and are amused by the author's whimsical presentment of every-day happenings. And suddenly you find that you have learned some new thing. For instance, I did not know the true origin of the term "riot," nor that by statute only, a landowner might keep ferrets in 1390, while the tale of the tail of Dollekin the Spaniel, was quite new to me. So we read, and learn that we do not know it all, that others beside Lord de Grey made shooting records; Lord Malmesbury, born in 1798, fired 54,987 shots from a muzzleloader, killed 38,475 head of game, and walked a mile for each head gathered during the 40 seasons of which he kept record.

Mr. Chalmers writes of all to do with shooting, the moor and the manor (he prefers the manor). Dogs, beaters, keepers, guns and stops, he makes them live as you read, taking a sly backhander at the over-steady field trial winner, commending the little cold-nosed "stop" upon whom so much depends, sketching the perfect keeper (let him be very rough on rats). How right he is in holding that rats, grey squirrels and little owls are the worst of all vermin. But is he not a little too lavish in his scale of shooting tips?

In discussing the grouse, I take issue with him on two points, when he says that the red grouse is exclusively British, and that he is a better table bird than the ptarmigan. The late Mr. John Millais told me that a red grouse, identical with the British bird, flourishes in Newfoundland, while only last season we put to the test the culinary merits of grouse and ptarmigan, and found them indistinguishable.

I delight in the verses which head each chapter, and which are scattered throughout the pages. And, above all, I delight in a book wherein commonplaces are whimsically set down and humorously explained in the light of real knowledge. D.

A Shooting Man's England. By Patrick Chalmers (English Scene Series.) (Seeley Service; 8/6).

VANISHING AMERICAN SAILING CRAFT

HAVING already made British ship-lovers green with envy by giving us an admirable *History of American Sailing Ships*, Mr. Howard I. Chappelle has now followed this up with an even more entrancing volume of plans and details of *American Sailing Craft*. It is, to say the least of it, galling in the extreme to find these really delightful researches being made into American coastal sail craft and placed on record for all time—and yet in our own waters and with our wealth of ship types so little is made available to a waiting public.

In this new volume Mr. Chappelle shows very clearly how nations develop ship types to suit their own particular needs and the researches he has made are of the utmost interest to the yachtsmen of to-day for their own craft are but the heirs of these early types. As in our own waters, the several American types of coastwise sailing boat are quite distinct. Mr. Chappelle deals with the Newhaven Sharpie which originated as an oyster-boat type and is now frequently used as a yacht model—and a very suitable model for its own waters. And on this question of suitability Mr. Chappelle says: "There is a good deal of 'bunk' talked about the necessity of seaworthiness." Then he deals with skipjacks and the Gloucester Schooner with the Nova Scotiamen, with the Bahama Sharpshooters and, in detail, with American pilot boats. For every type he discusses there is a wealth of small and attractive line drawing so arranged that the reader gets a perfect impression of the type referred to. Line drawings are supplemented by "lines" plans—and all is amplified in the text. This book is unmistakably one of the most interesting and fascinating studies of a fascinating subject. To the historical student it is a first-hand source book; for the yachtsman there is invaluable reading in it for the various types are compared in their relationship to yacht types. This is a book which must be on any sea-lover's shelf—and we hope that another volume will follow it very soon, even if as a result British ship-lovers become greener with envy than ever.

J. I.

American Sailing Craft. By Howard I. Chappelle. (Kennedy Bros., Inc., New York.)

A JOURNEY THROUGH CENTRAL ASIA

THIS account of another great journey by Sven Hedin through Central Asia is to be one of trilogy. It deals with war and politics in the remote province of Sinkiang, and relates how the fate of the great explorer's surveying expedition became entangled with that of the unscrupulous adventurer and rebel leader, General Ma Chung-Yin in his war against the misgovernment of Chin Shu-jen, Governor-General of Sinkiang till 1933. The next volume will deal with the fascinating subject of the communications of Central Asia, and the possibility of reviving the ancient Roman silk road which connected the Chinese Empire with the Mediterranean ports, where the silk used to be shipped in triremes on its journey to the capital of the world. The third and last volume will be concerned with the equally fascinating project of creating again the canal system to fertilise the desert in the region of the new Lob-nor, the wandering lake.

The picture of the devastation and misery of the four years' war in Sinkiang is appalling. Unfortunately the introductory chapter, which is historical is stiff reading, the Asiatic names are not only numerous and difficult to memorise, but the course of the war was extremely complicated. Once the narrative of the expedition has begun, however, it proceeds with a swing from one adventure to another.

Owing to the fact that explorers, nowadays, are so often obliged to use motor cars, the details of their daily travel have lost their charm, and Mr. Sven Hedin must regret the earlier days of his innumerable explorations.

Nevertheless the war experiences of the party provide plenty of interest, and one of the attractions of this story is the character-sketch of "the little commandant," General Ma Chung-yin, or "Big Horse," as Sven Hedin nicknames him. It was on the whim of this formidable potentate that the lives of the whole party so often depended. The expeditionary lorries were courteously but ruthlessly commandeered by the general after his defeat to help him to escape with his beaten army, and the account of Epraim Hill, a Swedish member of the party, describing a long journey on the driving-seat with the young tyrant is a most dramatic story. C. F. M.

Big Horse's Flight. By Sven Hedin. (Macmillan; 21/-.)

AN OMNIBUS OF NATURAL HISTORY

IMPROVED methods of observation under natural conditions of life and an ever-increasing range of knowledge due, surprisingly in this twentieth century, to discoveries of hitherto unrecorded forms of life quickly render compendiums of natural history obsolete. That is the reason for this—at first sight—redundant volume. As a matter of fact this volume, compiled by acknowledged experts under the editorship of Dr. Charles Tate Regan, the Director of the British Museum (Natural History), supersedes all its numerous predecessors and fills a gap that has only become evident on its publication. The work has been arranged systematically under the most modern method of classification. It is thus a volume eminently suited to quick reference. To read a book of this size is probably beyond the patience of the modern age: I personally have found it easy to read, for the language is lucid, the writing straightforward and wherever possible, popular names have been used in conjunction with the scientific nomenclature which is inseparable from any work in which strict accuracy is essential. A survey of the entire Animal Kingdom from the lowest unicellular organisms to the most complex forms is contained within these 880 pages: and so far from being a mere catalogue of species and sub-species, such interesting and academic subjects as the inter-relationship of families, the evolution of types to suit the conditions under which they live, distribution and economic value are discussed. The illustrations are excellent. Indeed, I have never before seen so unique a collection within the covers of a single volume. This is a book of scientific value and popular appeal. It should find a place in every library and in every school. B. V.-F.

Natural History. Edited by Charles Tate Regan, F.R.S. (Ward Lock & Co.: 25/-.)

BOOKS IN BRIEF

We have received the twenty-first edition of Tolley's *Complete Income-Tax*. This is a very complete manual dealing with every branch of the subject.

Collected Leaflets No. 5 of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries deals with those birds which are—frequently erroneously—considered to be harmful. As the subject of bird life in its relation to agriculture and horticulture is of considerable economic importance, the number of birds dealt with has been considerably, enlarged. The booklet is obtainable from His Majesty's Stationery Office or from any bookseller at the price of 1/6.

C. R. Acton needs no introduction to the lover of country life and country-lore. His new book, *Sport and Sportsmen of the New Forest* (Heath Cranton; 3/6), fully maintains the high standard he has set himself. The chase of the fox, buck and hare is dealt with at length, since hunting is inseparable from the life of the New Forest. Of the old folk-lore and superstitions—still very much alive in the Forest—the author writes charmingly. Altogether a book for every country-lover.

FIELD TRIALS

RETRIEVERS AT AUDLEY END

THE Eastern Counties' Retriever Society held their twenty-fourth working trials at Audley End, Essex, on October 8th and 9th, by kind permission of Lord Braybrooke and Mr. B. Docker. The judges were Major J. I. Benson, Mr. A. G. Davies and Major T. C. Lucas.

The weather was fine until just before the finish. Scenting conditions were bad throughout the trials. In consequence very fast, flashy dogs did not do well, and yet practically every bird was picked up.

All arrangements were admirably made by the hon. secretary, Major Wormald, and there was ample game to give all the dogs a good trial on this excellent shoot so kindly put at the society's disposal. The majority of the work was walking-up in sugar beet, but there were several drives and each dog was given a water test.

There were two very unlucky dogs—Mr. Gold's Sienna, splendidly handled by Kent, having put up an otherwise faultless display, refused—to everyone's concern—to pick a duck from the river; and the curly-coated bitch, Mrs. Breitmeyer's Saidie of Snape, after finding a running pheasant in brilliant style, refused to gather a hare.

The first prize winner, Ming, put up a consistently good performance throughout. He carried the line of a running partridge 200yds. across a stubble into a thick double thorn fence, and, after hunting with great determination, brought his bird to hand.

The second prize winner, Pettistree Dan, took time to settle down, but when he did settle proved himself to be an excellent gamefinder with brains and determination. He had no fear of nettles, and found a running cock pheasant after four other dogs had failed. He must be a very comfortable dog for an ordinary day's shooting. Third prize went to Detmore Soda who, though failing once on a running partridge, put up a good all-round performance, retrieving quickly to hand and being particularly good in nettles. The fourth, Birchanger Sally, was a sensible obedient bitch, and with more experience should improve. She faced the nettles well, and in kale found a partridge far out, and which she had not marked, in good style. Reserve, Brazier: a good honest worker who knows his job and gave one the impression of being a comfortable shooting dog. He was unlucky in not having the opportunity of doing anything very spectacular.

The awards were as follows:

ALL-AGED STAKE.—1st, The Earl of Effingham's Y. L. d. Ming; 2nd, Mr. C. H. Kennard's B. L. d. Pettistree Dan; 3rd, Mr. R. B. Riviere's B. L. b. Detmore Soda; 4th, Mr. S. C. G. Gold's B. L. b. Birchanger Sally; reserve and certificate of merit, Major D. G. Astley's B. L. d. Brazier; and certificates of merit to Mr. R. B. Riviere's B. L. d. Detmore Brandy and Mr. H. M. Peacock's B. L. d. Greatford Dancer.

T. C. L.

AT CORNHILL-ON-TWEED

THE 22nd Field Trials for Retrievers were held by the Gamekeepers' National Association, at Barelees, Cornhill-on-Tweed, on October 9th and 10th, by kind permission of the Hon. J. Arthur Joicey. The judges were: Mr. W. M. McCall, Captain J. D. Macpherson and Mr. R. Davidson. The awards were as follows:

THE CASTLE MILK STAKE.—1st, Mr. J. Dinwoodie's L. b. Lochar Nessie; 2nd, Mr. E. Dawson's Y. L. b. Raquet; 3rd, Mr. A. E. Dawson's Y. L. d. Ready Money; 4th, Mr. J. Coupland's L. b. Ingleston Nora. Reserve and Certificate of Merit, Mr. H. M'Glan's Y. L. b. Golden Eve, and Certificates of Merit to Mr. A. White's Y. L. b. Braeroy Ray; Mr. S. H. Carruther's L. d. Orchardton Donald and Mr. D. Mackay's L. d. Glensax Gale.

THE NATIONAL STAKE.—1st, The Hon. J. Arthur Joicey's L. d. Font of Flodden; 2nd, Captain R. G. Sharp's L. d. Punch of Clava; 3rd, Captain F. G. Byng Stephen's L. b. Blackhambleton Minnow; 4th, Captain E. W. Brook's L. b. Kinmount Moth. Reserve and Certificate of Merit, Mr. J. Eccles's G. R. b. Haulstone Bridget; Certificates of Merit, Captain J. F. Hodge's L. d. F.T. Ch. Glenravel Jock; Captain W. S. Medlicott's L. b. Twite; Captain J. F. Hodge's L. d. Glenravel Nimrod; Mr. D. M'Donald's L. d. Lile Birkie.

AT NANTCLWYD HALL

RETRIEVER trials of the Cheshire, North Wales and Shropshire Retriever and Spaniel Society were run at Nantclwyd Hall, Ruthin, in beautiful weather, on October 8th and 9th, by kind invitation of Sir Edward Naylor Leyland, Bart. Although partridges were very scarce there was an excellent show of wild pheasants, which enabled all the dogs to be well tried. The judges were Mr. E. Winter, Mr. B. E. Yeoward and Major C. Corbett, whose awards met with every satisfaction, even from the losers.

In the All-Aged Stake and in the Non-Winners' Stake two dogs stood out by themselves, viz.: Adderley Tigh, handled by Mr. Reginald Corbet, and Haulstone Brock, handled by C. W. Greatorex. There was very little to choose between these two dogs, who did practically all that was asked of them in the best of style. The dogs as a whole were a particularly steady lot, there not being a single case of "running in," and very little game was lost. It was nice to see seven of the old flat-coat breed competing, all of whom got certificates of merit.

The awards were as follows:

ALL-AGED STAKE.—Equal 1st, Mr. J. Eccles's Golden d. Haulstone Brock and Mr. Reginald Corbet's Lab. d. Adderley Tigh; 3rd, Sir George Cuyler's Lab. d. Togo of Clun; reserve, Miss Isabel Woodward's Yellow Lab. b. Jean of Dalnaspidal. Award of honour, Miss A. M. Evans's Lab. b. Sally O'Fon. Certificates of merit: Mr. R. E. Birch's Flat-coat d. Brynasaph Quickstep; Sir Edmund Spriggs's Yellow Lab. d. Coed Bob; Mr. R. Muir Wilson's Flat-coat b. Windle Peggie; Mr. H. R. Cooke's Flat-coat d. Quick of Riverside; and Mr. John Price's Flat-coat b. Brynasaph Daphne.

NON-WINNERS' STAKE.—1, Mr. R. Corbet's Lab. d. Adderley Tigh; equal 2nd, Mr. J. H. Hulme's Yellow Lab. d. Withington Chad and Mr. J. Eccles's Golden d. Haulstone Brock; reserve, Sir Edmund Spriggs's Yellow Lab. d. Coed Bob. Certificate of merit: Mr. J. C. Rogers-Coltman's Lab. d. Jestaphome; Mr. J. Price's Yellow Lab. b. Juddie; Mr. W. Bishop's Flat-coat d. Hellingly Sandy; Mr. R. E. Birch's Flat-coat b. Bryn Asaph Una; Mr. H. R. Cooke's Flat-coat d. Rusty of Riverside; and Miss I. M. Woodward's Yellow Lab. b. Chance of Dalnaspidal.

AT LYDHAM MANOR

THE West Ridland Field Trial Society held their tenth field trial meeting for retrievers at Lydham Manor Estate, near Bishop's Castle, Shropshire, on October 5th and 6th, by kind permission of Mr. Patrick Sykes and Major H. R. Sykes. The judges were Captain J. Steel, Mr. B. E. Yeoward and Mr. Gilbert H. Turner. The awards were as follows:

No. 1 OPEN ALL-AGED STAKE.—1st, Mr. H. Peacock's L. d. Greatford Dancer; 2nd, Mr. R. E. Birch's F. d. Brynasop Quickstep; 3rd, Miss Newton Deakin's G. b. Silence of Tone. Reserve and award of honour, Mr. R. T. Goode's L. b. Millichope Peggy; award of honour, Mrs. B. Hextall's G. b. F.T. Ch. Avishays Lulu. Certificates of merit to Miss A. M. Evans's L. b. Sally O'Fon; Miss K. L. Despencer Robertson's L. b. Painted Lady of Wilbury; Mr. C. Walker's G. d. Hazelgill; Sir G. Cuyler's L. d. Togo of Clun; and Mr. J. Eccles's G. d. Haulstone Bridget.

No. 2 NON-WINNERS' STAKE.—1st, Mr. R. Corbet's L. d. Adderley Tigh; 2nd, Mr. J. C. Rogers-Coltman's L. b. Jennaphome; 3rd, Mr. J. Eccles's G. d. Haulstone Brock; reserve and award of honour, Mr. H. G. Jones's L. b. Towyriver Mona; award of honour, Miss A. M. Bickerton's cross-bred d. Shelsley Nicky. Certificates of merit: Mr. R. T. Goode's L. b. Millichope Peggy; Mr. Oakley's L. b. Ferney Jean; Mr. J. C. Rogers-Coltman's L. d. Jestaphome.

I.G.L. RETRIEVER TRIALS.—In our account of these trials at Lockeridge, it ought to have been stated that one of the judges was W. B. Briton Riviere.

REPORTS FROM THE FORESTS AND MOORS

CUMBERLAND

WEARDALE AND ALSTON MOORS.—During five days between October 5th and 10th, 230½ brace of grouse and 12¼ brace of blackgame were bagged. Weather conditions were ideal, and there is a very good stock of birds. Guns were: Captain d'Arcy Thompson, Captain Hughes-Hallett, Mr. S. G. Stanford, Major Persse, Captain Miles, Mr. Abbas Bey, Princess Zeineb Halim and Mr. V. Brettell.

INVERNESS

DELL LODGE, WHITEBRIDGE.—Quite a good season for grouse on the low ground, and fair on the high ground, which has been almost blank the last two years. Exceptionally good lot of partridges and more blackgame than usual. Stalking has been difficult owing to changes in the wind during the day, and not as many stags as usual were killed.

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The Country House

IRIS BORDERS

Now is the Time to Divide Up Plants

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

ONE of the most attractive garden pictures that lingers in my memory is that of two colourful Iris beds outside a yew hedge, enclosing a formal garden from the field beyond. The Iris beds are actually in the field and on either side of the entrance to the formal garden and they make just the right break from the formal to the informal, for the field is crossed by a path with spring flowering bulbs planted in drifts on either side.

The right time to make an Iris border or to lift plants that need dividing up is a matter of dispute. Theoretically, Irises can be planted or divided almost any time, except when they are in flower or in severe frost. But if lifted after their flowering season, they lose the sunbaking which benefits them so much, and they cannot very well be moved in summer in a real heat wave, and this leaves early autumn as the alternative. Late autumn is not so suitable as early or mid-autumn, for the latter time gives them a reasonable chance of getting established.

Iris want little, but that little is essential, *i.e.*, full sun, sufficient lime and a very well drained soil. They revel in a very dry soil, and mortar rubble is a form of lime which is greatly to their liking. No animal manure should be added to the soil. Choice Irises are usually top-dressed in autumn with leaf mould. Iris rhizomes must never be planted under the soil, only the long stringy roots, and these have to be carefully spread and made very firm. If the rhizomes are buried, the Irises will not flower till the rhizomes have worked themselves up to the surface. Nine inches is the right distance apart to plant them.

Irises need lifting and dividing every three years, or if neglected the leaves become poor and the petals thin. Each clump when lifted should be divided with a sharp and perfectly clean knife, discarding the centres which are the old, worn-out parts. Each bit to be planted should have a shoot and a few inches of rhizome. On sandy soils Irises flourish with the minimum of attention, but growing them on heavy soil requires considerable preparation and lightening the soil with liberal quantities of sand and leaf mould and raising the bed.

Irises are amongst not only the hardiest but healthiest of border plants. Iris Leaf Spot is

IRISES IN A WILD GARDEN

serious, but fortunately not common. It is easily discernible, for pale yellow brown spots (followed by dark green spores) develop in the leaves, and in a wet season the spots spread so quickly that the whole leaf soon looks withered. This disease is frequently owing to lack of lime. All diseased parts of leaves should be cut away and burnt. Dusting with sulphur and spraying with Bordeaux mixture may help to keep the disease in control. Rhizome rot also needs prompt attention. This disease is easily detected, for the rhizomes look slimy and rotten. It is most prevalent in early summer. The leaves collapse or they come out with a slight pull. Every affected plant has to be dug up and with a clean, sharp knife all the diseased parts cut away. After every cut the knife that is used should be dipped in a disinfectant. The remaining healthy parts of the plants should then be dipped in a solution of Condy's fluid and replanted.

The modern demand is for very early flowering Irises and the following are all first-rate early flowering kinds—Moonbeam (lemon yellow and scented, 3ft.), Queen Flavia (pale yellow, 8in.), Zwanenburg (2ft.), Georgia (soft purplish rose, 2½ft.), Lustre (reddish violet, 3ft.), King Midas (beech brown, 2½ft.), Aline (pale mauve, 3ft.), and Harmony (rich purplish blue, 2½ft.).

The outstanding early flowering novelty is May Sun, raised at the Orpington Nurseries. This Iris was awarded a Silver Medal at the meeting of the Awards Committee of the Iris Society in 1934. It attains over 2ft. and is a beautiful buttercup yellow with vivid red gold beard. It is a strong grower and very free flowering.

There are unfortunately few very early flowering pink or rose-coloured Irises, apart from Georgia, mentioned above. Pink Lotus is one of the finest mid-season kinds and has a long flowering period. This comparative novelty is a hybrid of the well-known Aphrodite. It is a good grower, branched, and attains 3ft.

The oldest cultivated Iris is the very early I. Florentina, the source of the best Orris root powder. This Iris, so aptly described by its old popular name Flower de luce, Flower of Light, is one of the most exquisite of white flowers and has always been a favourite for church decoration. In mediæval times Orris root and aniseed were used for scenting linen.

The dwarf, early-flowering kinds are becoming popular for edgings to Iris beds and they are also suitable for the rock garden. The earliest to flower is Atroviolacea, which attains less than 6in. Blue Queen is a charming introduction from Holland. This little Iris is a beautiful blue and attains about 9in. Souvenir du Lieut. X de Chavagnac is a lovely reddish purple hybrid and attains less than 6in. It is slightly scented.

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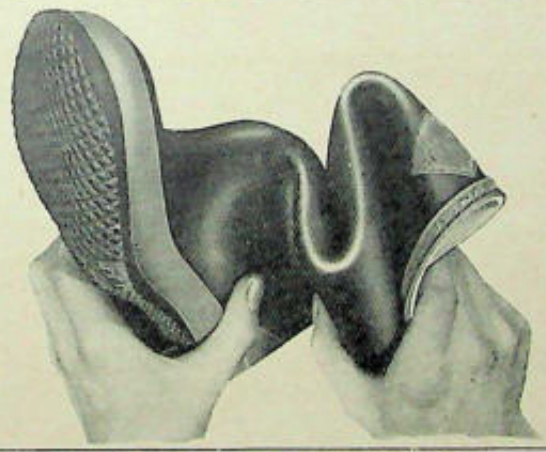

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NEXT WEEK'S DAIRY SHOW IN LONDON

How Farmers are Producing Cleaner Milk with Less Labour Employed

EVERY October the London show of the British Dairy Farmers' Association focuses attention on the developments in the dairying industry, and again at the Royal Agricultural Hall next week thousands of farmers will gather to inspect the cows and to see the innovations in equipment for cowhouse and dairy. This side of farming has made extraordinary progress in the past few years. Not only has the number of cows-in-milk in the country increased greatly, but the technique of milk production has been raised to a standard hitherto unknown.

There are, it is true, some laggard farmers who have not improved their cows or their methods much in the past decade. They are the older generation, and in farming the older men are always reluctant to change their ways. In the natural course of life they are disappearing and, moreover, they are finding it difficult to satisfy the present-day demand for a low bacterial count in milk samples and good keeping quality. They are the minority and if they will not help themselves they have only themselves to blame if they are driven out of business.

The times have not favoured the expenditure of considerable sums on the reconditioning of buildings and the cleaning-up of dairy herds. The price per gallon received for milk has been low and there has been small margin for such expenditure. When the pool prices returned by the Milk Marketing Board give the producer no more than 10¼d. a gallon net for his milk, and it is costing him 9½d. to produce it, the small man, mainly dependent on milk selling and with little other resource for income, finds the times hard enough merely for scraping a living, let alone laying out money on the reflooring of his cowshed, altering windows, and for installing an efficient milk cooler.

Those who sit on the agricultural committees of the county councils and have some say in the management of small-holdings estates know how difficult the position has been for the small men. It has been no easier for the private landlord, faced with a proper request for the reconditioning of cowhouses to bring their condition up to the standard laid down by the public health authorities. Many landowners have found it necessary to sink several years' rent in repairs and alterations to buildings, and in some districts the local builders have reaped a good harvest.

Speaking generally, the conditions laid down by the public health authorities have been no more than reasonable An impervious floor, proper ventilation and light and a clean yard, are necessary, if not essential, requirements in clean milk production. It has been shown more than once that perfectly sound milk can, with scrupulous care, be produced from poor byres, but it is hard to maintain a decent standard, week in, week out, if the condition of the buildings and the equipment is bad. No one who owns an agricultural estate to-day expects to make money by his ownership. However poor his financial returns, he cannot deny his tenants what is needed to-day to enable them to compete efficiently as milk producers.

About one-third of the milk produced now comes from herds holding an accredited licence from the Milk Board. This signifies that the buildings and the cows have passed the eye of the authorities and are judged to be satisfactory. In some instances the offer of a 1d. a gallon premium for accredited milk has resulted in a marked improvement in the methods of milk production, but there were, of course, thousands of careful producers before this scheme came into being. The big buyers of milk for the liquid market have for many years kept a close watch on their supplies, taking periodical samples from the different herds and following up any unsatisfactory results. Even to-day it is true to say that not all the good milk is coming from accredited herds.

I was looking through the analysis sheets of one of the dairy companies recently, and it surprised me to find that among the names of those consistently at the head of the list were as many non-accredited producers as accredited. The explanation is that in some counties the medical officer of health has insisted on a high standard in the buildings, and that many producers have felt that it is impossible for them to get on to the accredited list without incurring expense out of proportion to the benefit they would gain by the bonus of 1d. per gallon. Yet when application has been made it is remarkable how few producers have actually been refused licences, provided that they are willing to undertake minor alterations.

One notable development in the past year is the rapid increase in the ranks of the producers of tuberculin-tested milk. Three years ago there were no more than 470 dairy farmers holding licences to produce Grade "A" (T.T.) or Certified milk. Now they number nearly 1,400. The incentive has been the freedom from the Milk Board's regulations and levies which is granted to T.T. producers. Now there is an insistent demand from the general body of dairy farmers that these producers should be brought into the scheme, and special terms have been offered to them. But they prefer to remain outside, and, indeed, they can make out a good case for not being compelled to pay levies subsidising the manufacture of milk products when, in fact, they have taken pains to produce a superior class of milk of which there is no surplus that need be used for manufacturing purposes at a low price.

From the operation of the marketing scheme they have gained security for the retail price and the prevention of undercutting. Many of these T.T. men are producer-retailers, and the existence of the Board and its price-fixing powers have suited their book. What they have gained on this account does not, however, compensate them for the proposed payment of a levy to the Milk Board of anything between 2d. and 3d. a gallon. The sensible course would seem to be for the Milk Board to recognise that the T.T. men are in a special category, and that none of their milk should be diverted for manufacturing purposes. They are entitled to the full liquid milk price for all their milk. The producers always deserve their reward, and in this case they have done something substantial to raise the quality of the milk supply.

At the Royal Agricultural Hall next week we shall have the opportunity of seeing some of the best milking cows in the country. They are the perfection of the breeders' art, carried on for many generations in this country with unrivalled success. There are pitfalls in pursuing milk yields to extremes, and breeders of experience know that stamina is as important as milk yield in a first-class dairy cow. We want her to stand the pace as well as fill the pail. There will always be some impatient to take short cuts, and it is the function of the breed societies, through the judges they appoint for the Dairy Show and other shows, to keep a watchful eye on the type and stamina of the cattle exhibited as well as milk yields.

A good deal is expected of the modern dairy cow, and the wear and tear is considerable. When we remember that in Nature the cow has one calf a year, and devotes herself to suckling that calf, accommodating her milk yield to its limited needs, it is not surprising that the commercial cow of to-day does not always wear well when she is forced by high feeding to give abnormal yields, and only the heaviest milking strains are selected as the parents of the dairy stock of the future. We expect much of our cows, and if they are not to disappoint us they need to be bred with discernment and given every care.

The intensification of milk production and the adoption of dairying in many new districts have resulted in an acute labour problem in some parts of the country. Looking through the advertisement columns of a local paper at Michaelmas, I counted no fewer than 23 advertisements for cowmen and only four cowmen advertising for jobs. The cowman's job is not a light one. More often than not it is a seven-day a week job. The cows must be milked on Saturdays and Sundays as well as other days, and unless it is a fair-sized farm it may be difficult to arrange relief and half-days. The full-time cowman does not earn a bad wage, about 45s. a week is probably a fair average, and there are head cowmen who take home £3 and more on Friday nights. But the hours are long.

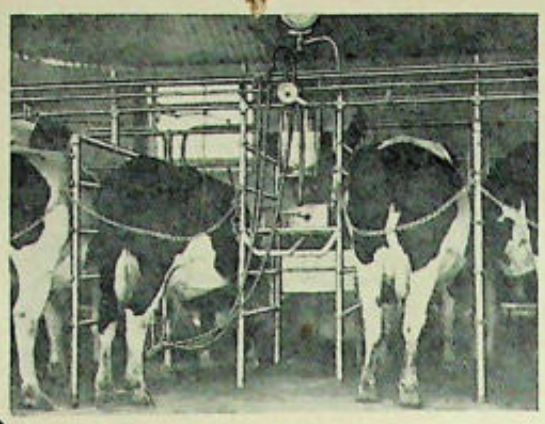
Where the labour problem has become acute, farmers have, in some instances, installed milking machines, which does lighten the work in the cowshed, and does allow two men to do the work of three at the week-ends, so that each in turn can take time off. Any thinking man in farming must realise that the labour question will grow more difficult and not easier as time goes on. Families in the villages are smaller, and there are not the men coming forward for work on farms, even at to-day's increased wages. The conditions of work and the standard of pay will have to be improved further. Those who study the trade stands at the Dairy Show will be able to see for themselves how economies in labour can be effected by employing modern devices in cowhouse and dairy. The cowman of to-morrow will be a specialist worker who expects proper equipment.

R. F.

ON THE WAY FROM MILKING

A Hampshire herd of Shorthorns at Ecchinswell, near Kingsclere

ALFA-LAVAL MILKING MACHINES



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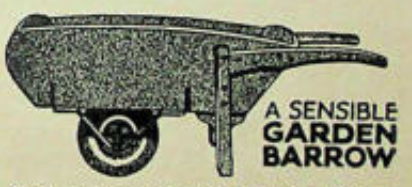

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EQUIPPING THE COWSHED AND DAIRY

Modern Methods of Refrigeration

EVERY farmer who goes to the Dairy Show should make up his mind to spend at least an hour going round the trade stands. He will be able to see there the various kinds of equipment for the cowhouse and the dairy which are proving most successful in practice. Many of us in the course of the last year or two have had to spend a certain amount of money on reconditioning and bringing up-to-date our cowhouses. The requirements of the accredited scheme and the offer of a 1d. bonus for accredited milk, have made many farmers and landlords revise their ideas of what is essential equipment in milk production. The cost involved has not been as heavy as some of us anticipated, and if the farmer took trouble to look round well before making a final decision and sought the advice and experience of other progressive farmers in his district, it is found that the alterations made are already paying for themselves.

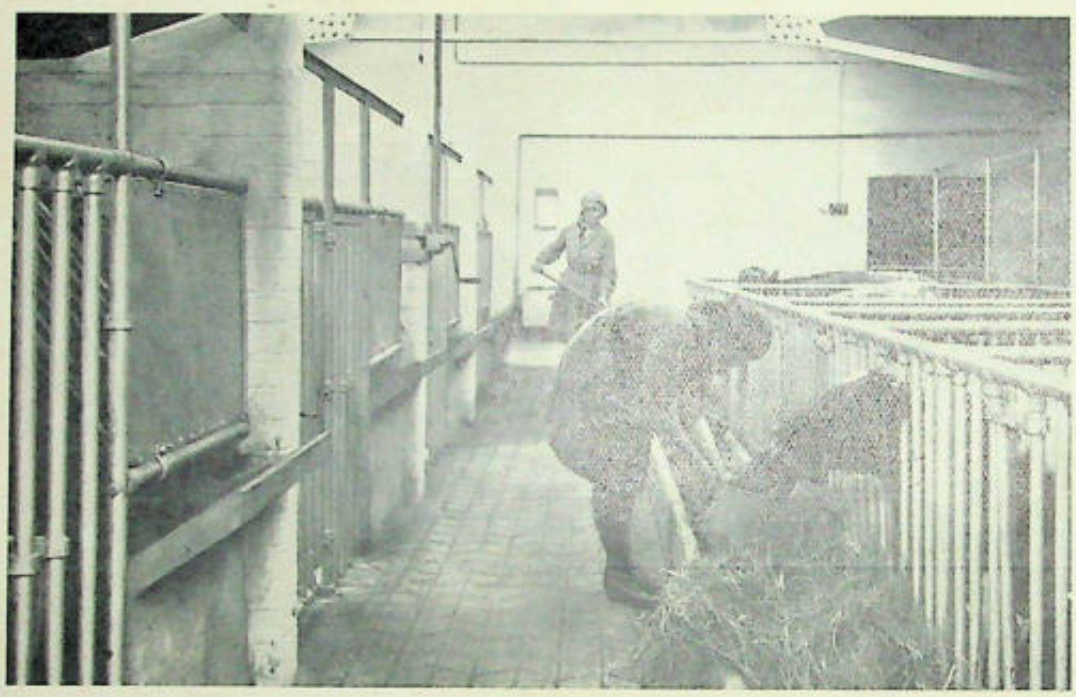
It is quite possible to produce clean milk in poor buildings, as the National Institute for Research in Dairying and other people have shown, but it is not an easy job. In these days when men are reluctant to take on cowmen's work and the wages paid are rising, it is a good investment to have in the cowshed equipment which simplifies the business of clean milk production. Impervious floors are a case in point. Rammed earth or chalk may be cheap and warm for the cows to lie on, but it is liable to be dusty, and the dust contaminates the milk. Once a decent floor is put in and the surface can be swilled down each day, there is no risk of contamination from this cause. Some farmers don't like a deep gutter behind the cow-standings, but there is no question that the provision of this does facilitate keeping the cowshed sweet and clean as it should be. Some cowsheds lacked proper ventilation, and the new windows that are being put in not only give the extra light that was wanted but ensure that the cows breathe tolerably fresh air during the long winter nights when they are tied up in the cowhouse.

Many of the older milking sheds had wooden partitions, dividing off the cows. These can be kept clean and free from vermin if they are constantly treated, but farmers are finding that it really pays them to have these old partitions out and replace them with tubular fittings. Then there is the question of drinking bowls. Although milk is only seven-eights water, a high-yielding cow needs at least 3 gallons of water for every gallon of milk she gives. This means that possibly up to 20 or 30 gallons of water a day is needed for full production. It is obvious that this quantity can only be consumed by drinking frequently and at will. Cows whether high yielding or not, should have continuous access to water. Fitting drinking bowls in the cowhouse—one bowl for each cow—ensures that water, the cheapest constituent of milk, is not a limiting factor in yield. These are all practical points which the dairy farmer of to-day has to carry in mind, and if he is not satisfied that his present equipment serves him as well as it might, he can profitably spend an hour looking round the equipment stands at the Dairy Show.

The question of providing better cooling arrangements than can be effected by the ordinary water-tube surface milk cooler is now of importance to many producers. In the case of producer-retailers and small dairymen, it has been realised that the whole of a patiently built-up round can be jeopardised in a hot summer by a few instances of milk failing to keep. Better cooling arrangements, or what is often more important, cold storage, is to-day an essential factor in first-class milk retailing. One of the booklets lately issued by the Institute for Research in Agricultural Engineering at Oxford, deals with refrigeration for the farm and dairy. The price of this booklet is 1s. 6d., and it can be obtained from the Oxford University Press.

It is important for the farmer who sells his milk wholesale, as well as the producer-retailer, to have facilities for cooling his milk properly. His difficulty may be simply that for the critical months of the year, the only water available is of too high a temperature, or he may not have a big enough supply of water available. A main water supply does not always solve the problem, since in late summer it is no uncommon thing to have tap water running at temperatures of well over 60 deg. Fahr. To get really effective cooling, the temperature of the water should not be more than 40 deg. Fahr., and it is unusual to get water at such a low temperature. Water is at best a makeshift method of cooling.

Where large quantities of ice are available, it may be used in various ways to assist cooling or to provide cold storage. In some countries with intense and prolonged winters, enough natural ice can be harvested from the rivers and lakes and put into store to last through the summer. It is stated in the Oxford booklet that the annual harvest of natural ice in the United States is about 15,000,000 tons. Here, in this country, we must have resort to artificial methods of producing cold, either by making ice in the first place, or by direct application of mechanical cooling. Enough experience is now available in this country to guide farmers in the installation of milk cooling plants, so that their money is not wasted on equipment that may not prove wholly satisfactory for this purpose.



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ROTHAMSTED EXPERIMENTS

£6,000,000 Spent on Fertilizers

MANY devices are now adopted to ensure that the British farmer shall have a fair share of the home market. Some are proving more successful than others. In any case, Government assistance puts upon the farmer the responsibility of maintaining a high standard of efficiency. To this end it is imperative that he should have at his disposal reliable information about the materials and methods he can use and that he should know of alternatives that he can adopt whenever he sees sound reason for making a change. A method advantageous for one farmer may be quite unsuited for his neighbour, but all alike benefit from the knowledge yielded by properly conducted experiments. The purpose of Rothamsted is to obtain this knowledge and to put it into such form that it can be utilised by all who are interested. The annual report obtainable from the Secretary of Rothamsted Experimental Station, Harpenden, Herts, price 2s. 6d., reviews the more important work that has been undertaken there in 1935. Lawes himself declared, on the occasion of the opening of the Testimonial Laboratory in 1855, that "the object of these investigations is not exactly to put money into my pocket, but to give you the knowledge by which you may be able to put money into yours."

Agricultural experiments are necessarily slow, each one usually taking several seasons to complete, while economic changes march quickly. But sound, trustworthy knowledge about soils, crops and fertilisers has permanent value, and can be used for most diverse purposes. The knowledge that is available is turned to good account, judging

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by the fact that only about 10 per cent. of our population is concerned in agriculture, yet this small body of people produces about 40 per cent. of the food of the entire nation, omitting such things as tea, oranges and the like, which cannot be grown here. No other body of farmers has a better record than this.

During the past few years many experiments have been made to investigate the response of the more important crops to fertilisers. The results have been disseminated among farmers, fertiliser merchants and others, and have influenced fertiliser recipes and practice, enabling farmers to obtain better crops at little, if any, more cost, and often at less. This report from Rothamsted recalls that some £6,000,000 is spent on fertilisers by farmers each year, and notes that a saving of a few per cent. in the efficiency of utilisation amounts to a very respectable total.

The experiments show, however, that on our present methods the farmer recovers only a part of the fertiliser used, and of the nitrogen applied, even in the most efficient fertilisers, not more than 40–60 per cent. is recovered, and the lower is more usual than the higher. Recovery of phosphate is smaller and rarely exceeds 25 per cent., even on grassland and after residual effects have been taken into consideration. Numerous experiments are now being made to explore the possibility of a better utilisation of the fertiliser, and in the recent experiments on sugar beet and potatoes the fertiliser tests are usually combined with cultivation tests such as the time of sowing, width of spacing, method of placing manure, and so on. If Rothamsted can now show farmers how to obtain even greater advantage than they do to-day from fertilisers, the world's pioneer research station will add further to the debt that modern agriculture owes to science.

FARMING NOTES

Wheat Sowing

EVERY available horse has been pressed into service this month to get on with the work of autumn cultivations and wheat-sowing. Good progress has been made, and a big acreage of wheat has already been planted. Farmers have not forgotten the wet spell which came last November and stopped all work on the land until the spring. They are pressing on this month while the going is good. The soil has been rather dry for wheat planting, and many would say that it has been more like the Marsh dust that suits spring oats than the October mud that suits wheat. But we have to take the dispensations of Providence as they come.

World Crops

Wheat prices have risen sharply since the early summer, and it is now evident that the period of world surplus and low prices has passed. Stocks have been much reduced already, and with light crops in America the importing countries will have to pay more for the wheat they want. Assuming that the crops in Australia and Argentina are normal, there will be no abnormal shortage; but if the Southern Hemisphere fails the importing countries' prices will soar. The result of the firmer tendency now established in the wheat market will no doubt be to encourage the planting of a bigger acreage of wheat.

Milk Contracts

The milk contracts, negotiated by the Milk Marketing Board for the next twelve months, caused a good deal of grumbling among dairy farmers, who were naturally enough disappointed at the prospect of having to accept for another year pool prices that proved barely remunerative this year. It is the farmer's prerogative to grumble. On this occasion he had some reason for discontent, because the hay made this summer is poor and the cost of cattle cakes has risen sharply. On paper, then, it was as if the Milk Board had made a poor deal for its constituents.

There is, however, this more cheerful point. World prices of butter and cheese have risen to a rather better level, and this improvement in realisation values will be reflected in the pool prices. Furthermore, a hard winter, which the daily papers now promise us, together with indifferent hay and dear cake, will mean that the total quantity of milk produced is less and a big proportion of the supply will find a market as liquid milk at the pool price. There is, then, a good prospect of pool prices being rather higher this winter than they were last.

Sir John Russell

The duties of the Director of Rothamsted Experimental Station seem to be widespread nowadays. On Thursday of this week Sir John Russell sailed for India to advise the Government of India on the lines of policy to be adopted in improving the lot of the Indian peasant. Sir John has made a close study of the problems of peasant proprietorship in Poland and elsewhere, and the first-hand knowledge he can bring to the problem should prove of great value to Lord Linlithgow in the pursuit of a forward policy in Indian agriculture.

Rothamsted Lectures

During the winter it will be possible for Mr. H. V. Garner, of Rothamsted Experimental Station, and other members of the staff, to give a few lectures to chambers of agriculture and horticulture, farmers' clubs, farm workers' associations and agricultural societies on the Rothamsted experiments.

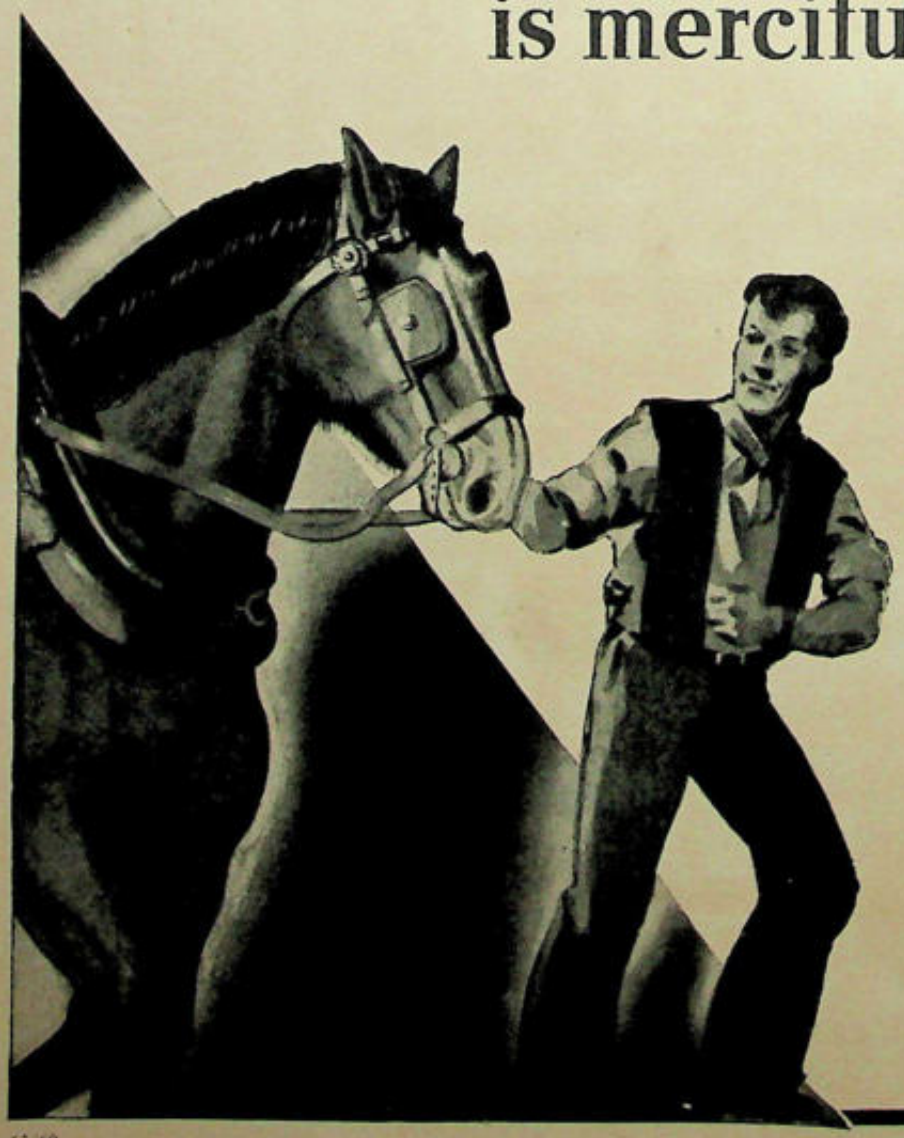
No fee will be charged for the lecturers' services, but any association engaging them would be expected to defray their hotel expenses. Communications regarding lectures should be addressed to the secretary, Rothamsted Experimental Station, Harpenden, Herts.

Rotation of Crops

One of the major changes that have come over British farming in the past decade is the general discarding of set rotations in the cropping of arable land. The old rotations are so wonderfully well adapted to the conditions of climate and soil in different parts of the country that, whatever changes may be necessary because of altered economic conditions, one cannot help feeling that sooner or later there will be a tendency to return to something nearer the old systems. This is the view taken in a bulletin (No. 85, price 9d.) issued by the Ministry of Agriculture.

In the past the crop rotation was sometimes regarded as fixed and unalterable, so that useful developments in farming practice were hindered. Old leases and agreements often contained conditions which in effect prescribed the rotation that a tenant had to follow on an estate. Legislation now gives the tenant fairly full freedom of cropping and advantage of it is taken freely—perhaps too freely in some instances. It is well for the ultimate well-being of British agriculture that the Ministry has published this reminder of the rotation cropping which past generations of farmers adopted as the basis of soil fertility. BROADLEAZE.

It is not only that the merciful man is merciful to his horse.....



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UP AMONG THE CLOUDS. A REMARKABLE SILHOUETTE PHOTOGRAPH OF A GLIDER TAKEN IN GERMANY

TYRES, ROAD SURFACES AND SKIDDING

"The Motorist Demands Excessive Mileage . . . he is not Consulting his own Interests"

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

IN the early days of motoring, and indeed up to the present time, both motor car and tyre manufacturers have concentrated their attention on combating the dangers of skidding. In more recent years road engineers have also joined in the struggle and have assisted in no small degree by producing non-skid road surfaces.

If we cast our minds back some 30 years or more ago we will remember that the danger of skidding was a very real one indeed. This was due to a number of reasons, but principally to the fact that the cars of those days were very unstable, since their centre of gravity was unduly high. The only type of non-skid tyres available at that period were fitted with hardened steel studs—rubber studs and different kinds of treads had been tried out but proved useless for the conditions ruling at that time.

As the roads were for the most part constructed of macadam, these steel-studded non-skid tyres functioned well when the surface became wet or slippery. On the other hand, as most of the roads leading into big towns or cities were usually paved with stone sets, when this type of tyre was used it presented an equally grave danger whether the surface was dry or wet. The motorist was therefore faced with a difficult situation; either his car would be safe to drive on the open roads and dangerous to handle in towns, or *vice versa*, so usually he compromised by fitting a steel-studded tyre to one of the front wheels and one to the back!

In those early days dust presented an enormous problem, and it was not until the roads were sprayed with tar that this annoyance was overcome. As the years passed by, motor car and tyre manufacturers carried out all kinds of tests and spent large sums of money on research work and eventually cars became very much safer to handle, being far less prone to skid than was the case formerly.

Although the tarring of the roads certainly put an end to the problem of the dust, it did not in any way make the surface any safer, and such matters as the construction of a safe road to suit the new and improved vehicles had not even been considered. Indeed it is only during recent years that the road engineer has given adequate attention to this question. For many years in the past his one aim has been concentrated upon making his roads as durable as possible and at the same time dust-proof. In achieving these qualities he succeeded admirably, but at the expense of giving us surfaces that were definitely dangerous. This subject, however, has been receiving considerable attention of late, and in consequence the skid proof road is an accomplished fact, even though this particular surface is now laid on only a relatively few of our roads to-day.

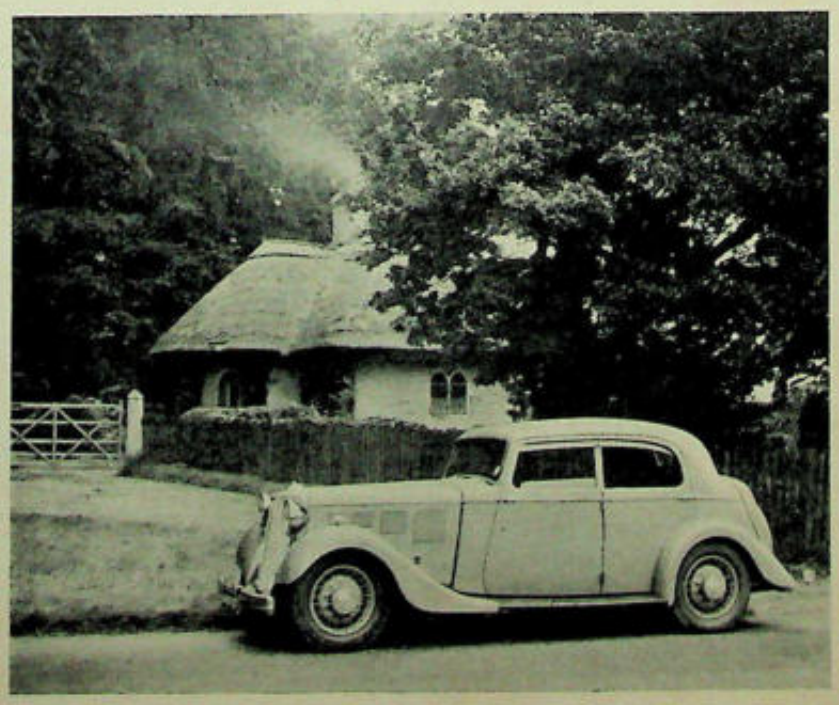
From the very early days the tyre manufacturer has been doing all he can to counter the skidding bogey. At the same time he has to produce a really durable tyre that will give good service and in addition be reasonably puncture proof. That he has succeeded in his efforts none of us will gainsay, since to-day we think nothing of covering at least 20,000 miles on a set of tyres, whereas before the War two to three thousand miles was the maximum for which we could ever hope.

It is a simple matter to produce a tyre that will possess very high-wearing qualities by the addition of a substance known as carbon black to the rubber, which will produce a tyre tread giving practically any degree of hardness or abrasion resistance. Pneumatic tyres, for instance, can be made practically as hard and unyielding as the old solid tyre, although of course the air will withstand the major shocks encountered on the road.

Although a tyre of this type would give a very great mileage, it would do so only at the expense of safety and comfort. Obviously the harder the material of which the tyre is made, the more bumpy it must be in use, consequently it will entail considerable wear and tear on the chassis mechanism, due to transmitted road vibration and what is even more important, an increased tendency to skid, especially when braking. It is of little account if a few pounds are saved on tyres if the net result is to more than balance itself by largely increased repair bills.

To-day the motorist demands excessive mileage from his tyres, and if he did but know it, he is not consulting his own interests by so doing. We are all agitating for more non-slippery road surfaces, and as obviously these must be rough, they will at the same time cause greater tyre wear. Let us hope, therefore, that if our tyres do not give us in consequence such a high mileage as they have done in the past that the motoring public will not complain and thereby force manufacturers to produce a harder tyre in order to withstand the abrasion effect which these new road surfaces will obviously set up.

For my own part I would far prefer to have a perfect non-skid and resilient tyre, even if these essential qualities were obtained at a slight sacrifice of extra mileage, since safety and comfort are surely of greatest importance.



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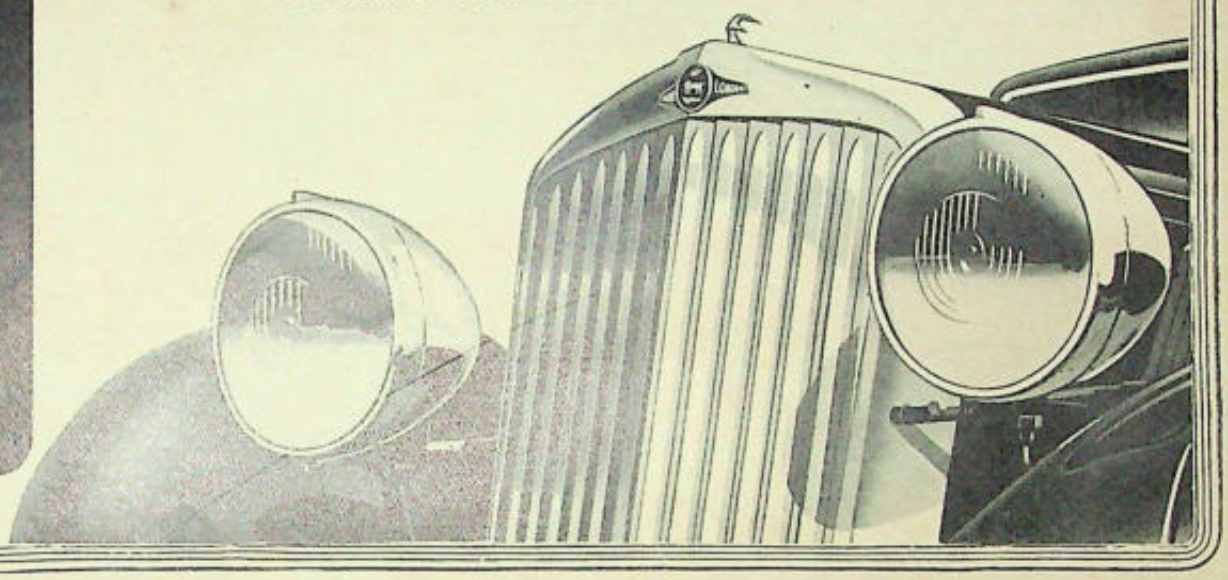

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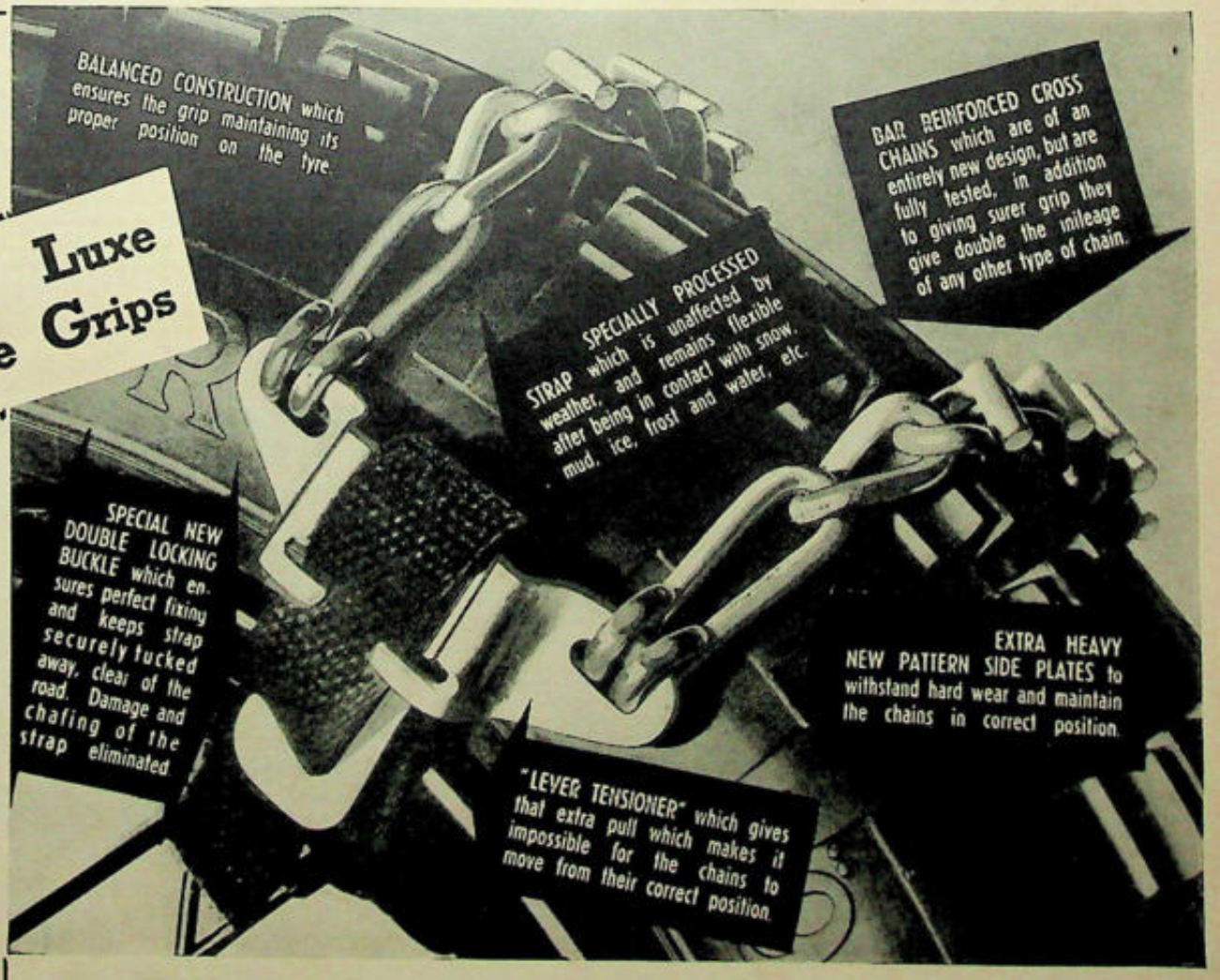

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CARS IN THE REALM OF SPORT

Important Events, Past, Present and Future

By H. E. SYMONS

"DAYS OF RAIN MAKE OF EVERY TEST HILL A QUAGMIRE"

ALTHOUGH the sporting season, in England at any rate, ends with to-day's Mountain Championship at Brooklands, racing drivers and those who keep their cars in order will have little rest during the winter months. Their mounts have to be completely stripped down and examined in every detail; they may perhaps be modified in order to provide more speed with which to beat the handicappers next season.

The meeting to-day should provide those who have come to London for the Motor Show with plenty of thrills. There are a number of events, including the short and long handicaps on the outer circuit.

The Mountain Championship is a 10-lap scratch race with the famous right-angle turn off the banking and the hairpin at the fork to be negotiated on each lap. The championship trophy is at present held by R. O. Shuttleworth. A good deal of excitement should be set up by the scratch race for drivers of E.R.As. competing for the Siam Trophy presented by Prince Chula; while there is a 2½-lap handicap for Bentley drivers on the outer circuit. One of the mountain races will be an Oxford and Cambridge one.

For the trials enthusiast, as distinct from the racing man, the sporting season never ends. Indeed, some of the most exciting events take place in the winter months, when fallen leaves and days and days of rain make of every test hill a quagmire, and increase the difficulties of climbing them enormously.

The greatest long-distance trial, the Monte Carlo Rally, is being held as usual next January under new rules, designed to give everyone a chance of winning, and the more serious competitors are already getting their cars ready for this ordeal.

The Donington Grand Prix, held recently, proved that there is nothing to compare in interest with racing on a real road circuit. In the grounds of Donington Hall, in Derbyshire, the lovely old mansion which was used as a German officers' prison during the war, there is a real road circuit with sharp corners, gradual curves, ascents and descents. For interest and thrills this is far superior to any ordinary motor track.

Hans Reusch, the Swiss champion, and R. J. B. Seaman, unquestionably the finest British driver to-day, shared the wheel of a 3.8-litre Alfa-Romeo, and won brilliantly at a record speed of 69.23 m.p.h. for 306 miles. Indeed, they shattered record after record as the race went on, for every ten laps when the leaders' times were given, it was seen that the Alfa-Romeo was far ahead of all existing records for these distances.

Instead of deciding the starting order on the basis of speeds attained in practice, a ballot was held, and Cholmondeley-Tapper, on a very fast Maserati, was lucky enough to get a beautiful position in the front row, while Reusch on the Alfa-Romeo was back in the third row. As the starter's flag dropped Tapper got away first, but Reusch made a magnificent getaway, streaking through the mass of the field, even before the first sharp turn to the left was reached, only a short distance from the start.

For three laps Tapper fled round the course with Reusch a length behind, but on the fourth lap, having by then got better acquainted with the circuit, the Swiss champion seized his chance and ran into the lead and stayed there. This Alfa-Romeo of Reusch's is a remarkable car. The engine is said to develop very nearly 400 horse-power and the car has independent springing back and front. The acceleration was so good that the drivers only changed out of top gear twice per lap.

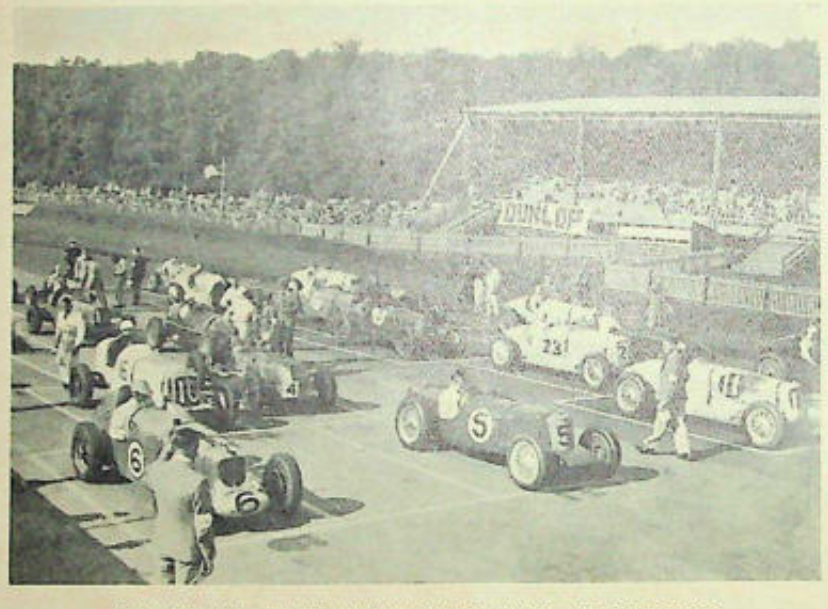
Great things had been expected of "Bira," the Siamese driver of the Maserati, previously owned by Whitney Straight, but the engine had still failed to start by the time the remainder of the field had completed their first lap.

So the race went on with the Reusch-Seaman combination always in the lead and Charles Martin on an Alfa-Romeo and P. N. Whitehead on a 1½-litre E.R.A. fighting it out just behind.

The race was not lacking in thrills for those who like sensation, for Dennis Evans got out of control and slid broadside on to the grass, while Austin Dobson went backwards into the trees in Holly Wood. Ruesch's Alfa was actually struck in the tail by another car, but both drivers kept control, while Parnell sliding wide on Starkey's Corner was only able to save his car by driving round over the grass. A third of the way through the race Cholmondeley-Tapper ran off the road and damaged his steering, which put him out of the race.

Kaye Don, incidentally, returned to racing in this event at the wheel of a Delahaye, taking over halfway from Tommy Wisdom. Transmission trouble developed, however, and although his car was still running at the end of the race, it had only covered 100 out of the 120 laps. Charles Martin finished second at 68.43 m.p.h., while P. N. Whitehead and P. Walker, taking turns in driving a 1½-litre E.R.A., were third at 67.64 m.p.h., a wonderful performance for so small a car.

AT THE MOTOR SHOW.—A selection of motoring and loose cushions, boating cushions, etc., are being exhibited at the show by David Mosely & Sons, together with specimens of interiors and made-up seats for car upholstery. The arrangement of internal tubing in Float-on-Air car cushions provides a separate tube for each passenger, which folds upon itself a number of times, and when lightly inflated bears the whole weight of the passenger. This inner tube is surrounded by a separately inflated tube of a higher pressure, which stiffens the edges of the cushion and provides support for the legs above the knees.

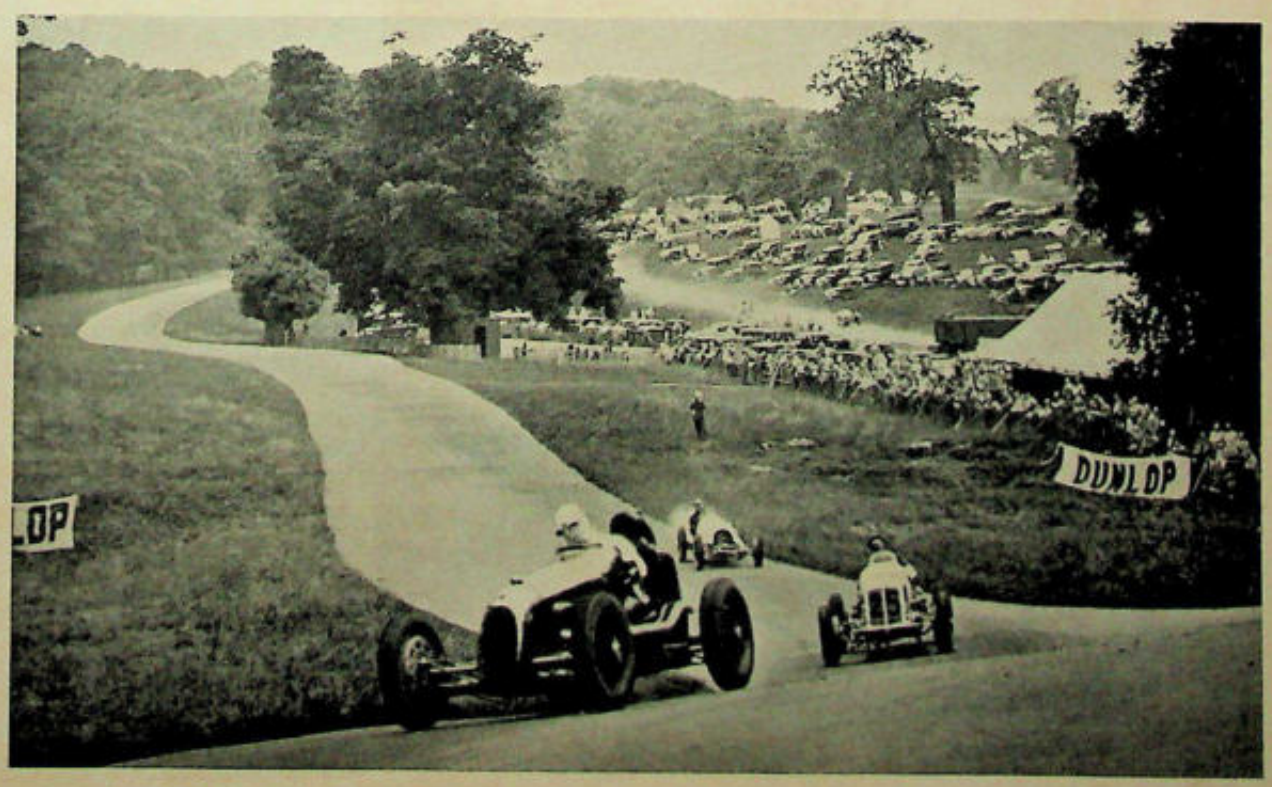


THE MASSED START OF THE GRAND PRIX AT DONINGTON

Reusch and Seaman shared the wheel of a 3·8 litre Alfa-Romeo and won brilliantly at a record speed of 69·23 m.p.h. for the 306 miles

THE WINNERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL GRAND PRIX—R. J. B. SEAMAN (LEFT) AND HANS REUSCH

AN ALFA-ROMEO HIGH UP THE BANKING AT BROOKLANDS



"IN THE GROUNDS OF DONINGTON HALL THERE IS A REAL ROAD CIRCUIT WITH SHARP CORNERS, GRADUAL CURVES, ASCENTS AND DESCENTS"

THE AIR AMBULANCE

Aviation's Part in the Service of Healing

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

STUDYING THE MAP BEFORE TAKING OFF

THERE is no branch of humane service in which speed is of higher importance than in medicine and healing, where a saving of half an hour, or less, may make all the difference to the preservation of a life.

It is not surprising, therefore, that all over the world increasing use is being made of the aeroplane as an indispensable ally of medical service. In undeveloped countries, the doctor can reach the spot in the minimum time, and experience everywhere—particularly Australia—has shown how much the aeroplane means in such circumstances.

But it has to be remembered that, in modern medicine, the doctor by himself is not always in a position to save a life or to provide relief. Often special appliances are required—oxygen apparatus, and the like; and it is essential that these should be available for emergency service. That is why very special interest attaches to a new air ambulance recently put into service in this country. This, the *Florence Nightingale*, was claimed on its introduction to be the first aircraft in Great Britain to have been specially designed, built and equipped for medical service; and it is now believed to be the first of its kind in the world. There have, of course, been aerial ambulances before; they have been in use for several years; but this machine is a pioneer in that it is not a converted passenger type, but one planned in every detail for its purpose.

The designers of this machine—the builders of the Monospar aeroplanes—have had several vital requirements in mind. On the performance side, the need for absolute reliability and ability to land and take-off in the small space emergency landing grounds may provide, has been recognised. The machine has two 95 h.p. Pobjoy *Niagara III* engines, and is capable of maintaining height with either out of action. In still air, the take-off run is 195yds. while th landing run can be reduced to 120yds by judicious use of the wheel brakes. These figures compare well with those for any aircraft of equivalent size. The sea-level cruising speed at 77 per cent. full power is 123 m.p.h., at which speed the range is 468 miles, while at 70 per cent. maximum power, the cruising speed is 118 m.p.h. and the range 496 miles.

Practical points studied and interpreted in the design of the machine are ease of access to the cabin, so that stretcher cases can be quickly loaded without discomfort to the patient, silence in the cabin, and the provision of temperature control for the ventilation. It is claimed that a stretcher can be loaded into the machine in 27 seconds, and that the ambulance can be ready to take off in less than one minute.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of this machine, however, is the completeness of the medical equipment. The aeroplane is, in fact, a flying emergency hospital in miniature. In addition to a complete range of medical stores and nursing equipment, there is an oxygen tent, which makes the administration of oxygen simple and comfortable to the patient, and it has the special advantage, from the aircraft designer's viewpoint, of being very compact.

Just about a year ago the British Red Cross Society gave a demonstration of the work of its air ambulance detachment, and it is understood that this machine's design incorporates the experience of that body. It is, as a matter of fact, now in use by the B.R.C.S. for training air-escort nurses.

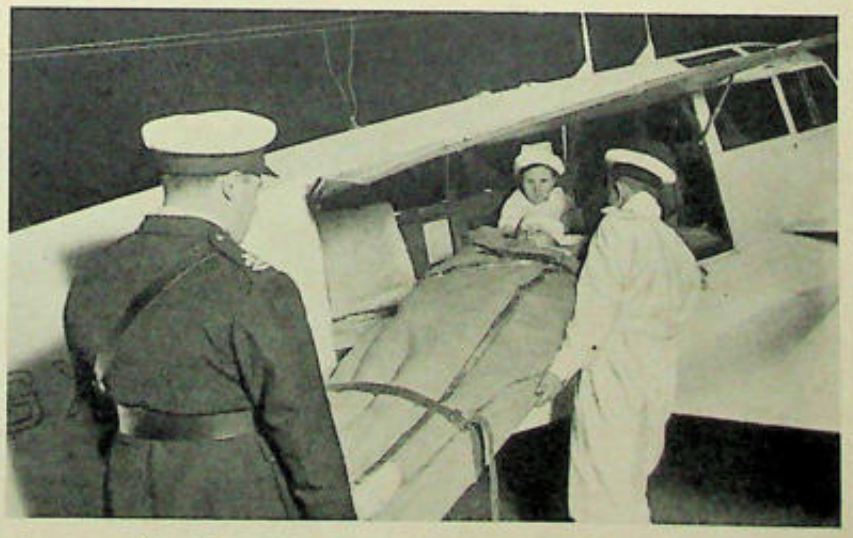
FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE BEING WHEELED FROM HER HANGAR

There is little need to point out the usefulness of an air ambulance of this kind. In the Empire the need for an organised medical service from the air has long been recognised, and is actually in being, in embryo form, in certain dominions and colonies. One of the handicaps has been the cost of equipping a suitable machine, but as this design is on a production basis, the difficulty is now eased, for the total purchase price is remarkably moderate, while the running costs are, it is stated, less than those of a motor ambulance over an equivalent distance.

The very fact that such a machine as this has been put into production is an indication of the importance now attaching to aviation as an asset to the cause of modern healing. Notwithstanding its achievements in bringing the world closer together, the aeroplane is often denounced as an evil thing the primary aim of which is destruction; the introduction and wider use of ambulances such as this may go far to show that aviation can make at least some positive contribution towards the preservation of life.

It is beyond doubt that air ambulances will play an ever-increasing part in medical work during the coming years; that being so, it is much to the credit of this country that it is playing a pioneer part in development and progress.

ADMINISTERING FIRST AID AT THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT
The fire on the right was lit as a guide for the pilot of the Florence Nightingale



"A STRETCHER CAN BE LOADED INTO THE MACHINE IN 27 SECONDS"

GIVING THE PATIENT REFRESHMENT DURING THE FLIGHT
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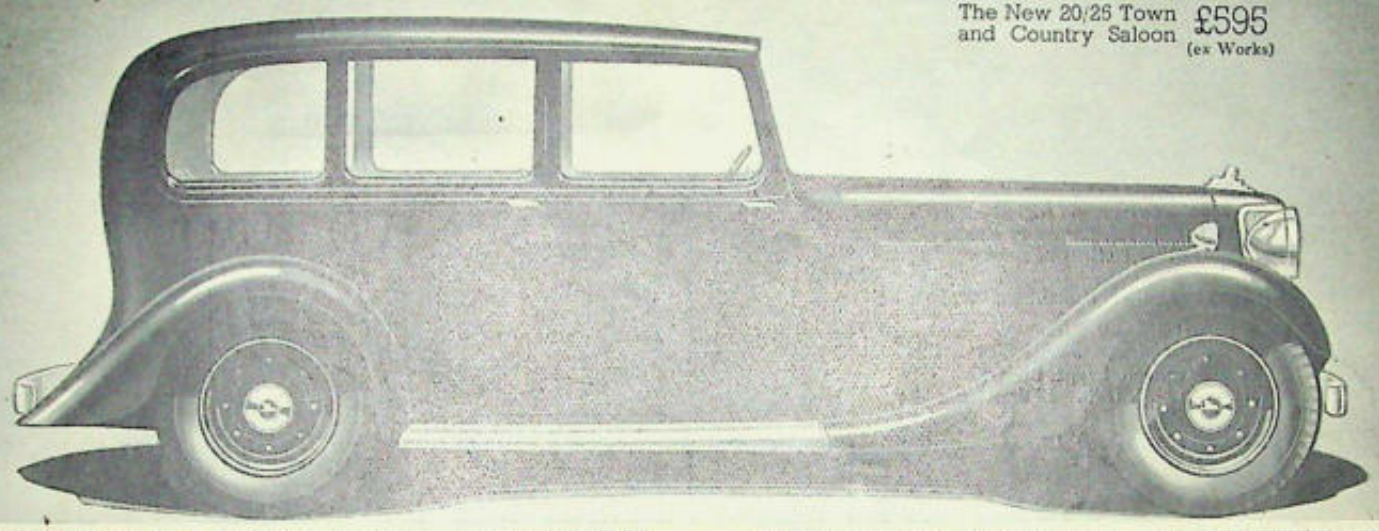

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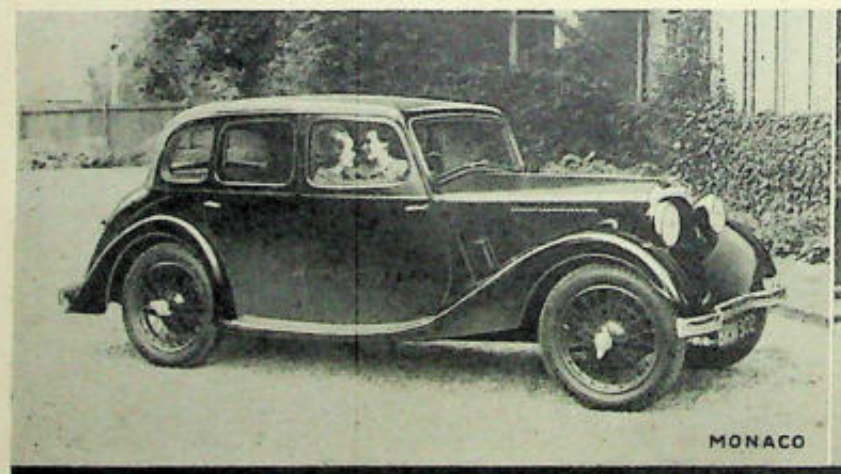

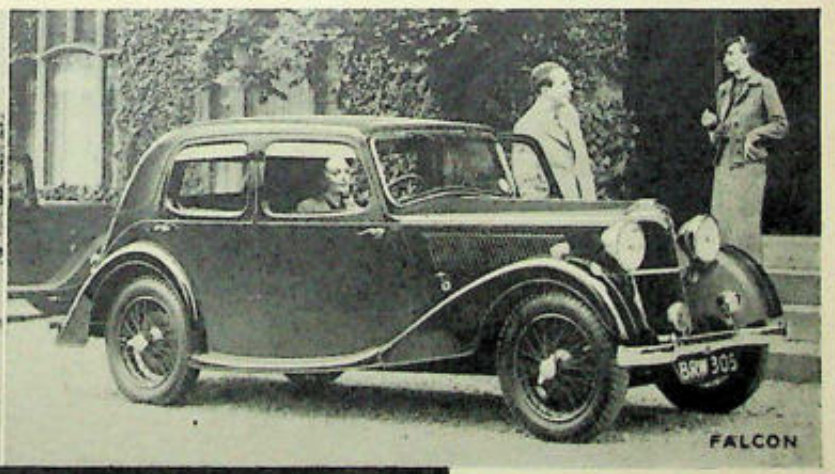

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If we're not careful there's going to be a lot of heart burning among Riley owners this year. The Monaco-ist will say, ''Wish I'd sprung the extra seventeen quid and had a Falcon, and a bit more of everything.'' The Falconer will say ''That Monaco would have done all I wanted for a bit less.''

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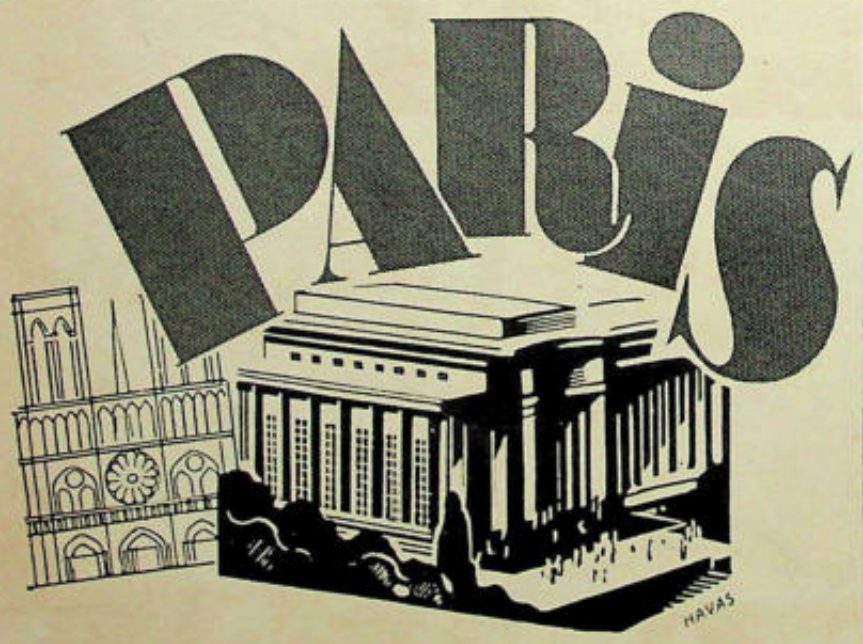

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NUMEROUS ARTISTIC, SCIENTIFIC, LITERARY AND SPORTING EVENTS

MAY TO NOVEMBER 1937

MOHAMMED ALI SQUARE, THE CENTRE OF MODERN ALEXANDRIA
To-day Alexandria is an ugly town redeemed by its fine squares and gardens

ALEXANDRIA OLD AND NEW

A Perfect Climate and a Magnificent Seafront

By TRUDA HOPE

DESPITE her geographical position, Alexandria has never been an Egyptian city; her character in modern times may be described as "Mediterranean." Formerly she was pure Greek.

Her founder, Alexander the Great, was a Macedonian, but from his admiration of all things Greek, he adopted Greece as his foster-land. For the glory of Greece he fought and conquered Persia and Syria, and, hating Persia, Egypt fell willingly into his hands. The presence of a splendid natural harbour, within easy reach of the Nile and accessible to Macedonia, dictated his choice of a site for the new capital of Egypt. Alexander gave orders to his architect, Dinocrates, to plan and build an ideal city, perpetuating all that was best in Greek art. Having given these orders, Alexander went to Siwa, an important oasis in the Western Desert, where he adopted the worship of Ammon, and, becoming orientalised, lost all interest in Hellenistic culture. He never saw the city he had founded, returning to it only in a gold and glass coffin to be buried there.

THE OLD AND THE NEW
A mosque in Alexandria surrounded by modern architecture

The ancient city was laid out in square blocks with streets crossing one another at right angles. We are told that to modify the glare of the sun on the lovely white marble buildings, green silk awnings were stretched across the roadways. Through the reigns of the Ptolomies, and after, Alexandria was a centre of art and learning. Here was founded the Mouseion, the greatest library of the ancients. Here stood the Pharos, one of the seven wonders of the world.

This great lighthouse, a triumph of both art and science, was worshipped as no other secular building has been worshipped before or since. It stood on the end of the peninsula where

ONE OF THE FINE BATHING BEACHES

now the ruins of Fort Kait Bey may be seen. Earthquakes and Arab invasions have removed all traces of the Pharos, but from records and legend, we learn of its many wonders. It is thought that a kind of telescope was invented and placed in the top of the building. When the lantern fell, this and many other treasures were

"HERE GREAT TRIANGULAR-SAILED BARGES FLOAT UP AND DOWN"
A scene on the Mahmoudieh canal which forms a boundary to the new garden city of Smouha which is still in process of construction

smashed and the secret of the lens was lost.

Cleopatra's Needles, one of which is now on the Embankment in London and the other in New York, were originally placed as obelisks before a great temple in Alexandria, called the Cæsareum. Though Cleopatra founded the temple in 20 B.C., in honour of Antony, the obelisks were put up only after her death and named in her memory.

Of this beautiful temple and all the other wonders of ancient Alexandria, hardly a stone remains to-day. Instead, we have an ugly, modern town, redeemed by its fine squares and gardens, a perfect climate and a magnificent sea-front. The new Corniche Road runs along the shore

A VIEW OF THE NEW CORNICHE ROAD WHICH FOLLOWS THE COAST FOR ABOUT 15 MILES

for some fifteen miles. On the sea side are bathing beaches and on the other, large villas with charming gardens. The suburb of Ramleh is a vast residential area of broad streets and the prettiest gardens in Egypt.

Behind this lies the new garden city of Smouha, still in process of construction, bounded by the picturesque Mahmoudieh canal. Here, great

triangular-sailed barges float slowly up and down. On the other side of the canal are a fascinating medley of Arab houses, gaily dressed native children, black-veiled women, lounging men and the usual collection of donkeys, goats, camels and water-buffaloes that form the *entourage* of such villages. Beyond again stretches the flat green cultivated land reclaimed by the draining of part of the salt lake, Mariout.

Near the canal are the lovely gardens of Nouzha, gay with flowers, set off by rolling lawns. In early summer they are particularly lovely, with the gold-mahr trees above, covered with great bunches of scarlet flowers and the tall pillar-box red canna lilies below. In this park is the charming little Zoo, where an elephant accepts, with dignity, lumps of sugar between which a tiny coin is placed. This he extracts somehow in the vast cavern of his mouth, and hands back to his keeper. In another corner of Nouzha Park is the lovely rose garden of Antoniades.

The population of Alexandria is extraordinarily cosmopolitan. The majority of its inhabitants speak French, Arabic, Greek, Italian and English. Newspapers in all these languages, and in three scripts, are sold everywhere. Socially and commercially, however, French and English will see one through. Small wonder that, to the ethnologist, Alexandria is one of the most interesting cities in the world.

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RHODES, FORTRESS OF THE CRUSADERS

An Island Rich in Antiquities

By RICHARD OAKLEY

WHEN planning a Mediterranean cruise, on no account should one omit the island and city of Rhodes from the itinerary.

The history of Rhodes is bound up with the dawn of civilisation around the Mediterranean basin. Cretan, Phœnician, Greek and Roman have all left their influence upon the Rhodian people, and many relics and ruined temples are to be seen in the island; but it is the chivalrous period of the Middle Ages which makes Rhodes unique.

The city of Rhodes is, indeed, one of the most fascinating places in the world. White mosques and minarets rise, surrounded by medieval fortifications built by the Crusaders at the beginning of the fourteenth century. The fortress of St. Nicholas guards the entrances to the dual harbour, the "Harbour of the Windmills," where towers overlook the mole, which once were windmills for grinding corn to feed the garrison, and the "Harbour of the Galleys." It was here that the Colossus stood astride the harbour, 2,500 years ago. It was considered one of the Seven Wonders of the World; a gigantic bronze statue, raised in thanksgiving by the people of Rhodes to Helios, the Sun God, for their delivery from the tyrant, Demetrius, the "Destroyer of Cities."

SHIPPING IN THE HARBOUR AT RHODES

IN THE TURKISH QUARTER

Its life as a monument was short-lived; for an earthquake shook it from its mighty foundations in 224 B.C. only 56 years after its erection. For centuries its huge fragments lay at the bottom of the sea, an object of wonder and a menace to shipping; until the Saracen corsairs captured Rhodes and demolished it.

They carried it in pieces to Tyre, where it was sold to the merchants of Edissa, who took it away on 900 camels.

The sovereignty of the island once more belongs to Italy and appropriately on either side the "Harbour of the Galleys" stand two columns—one surmounted by the She-Wolf, suckling Romulus and Remus; the other by a fallow buck, the emblem which the Crusaders gave to the city; as the rose is the emblem of the island.

During the crusades, the Order of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem was founded, with the object of succouring pilgrims to the Holy Land. It was a purely military organisation, as befitted knighthood, comprised of some of the noblest blood of Europe. After the fall of Jerusalem the Order moved to Acre, and finally to Cyprus. Here they soon tired of being subservient to the King of Cyprus and so established their own sovereignty over Rhodes. They created such a fortress

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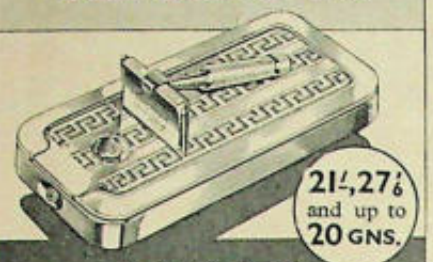

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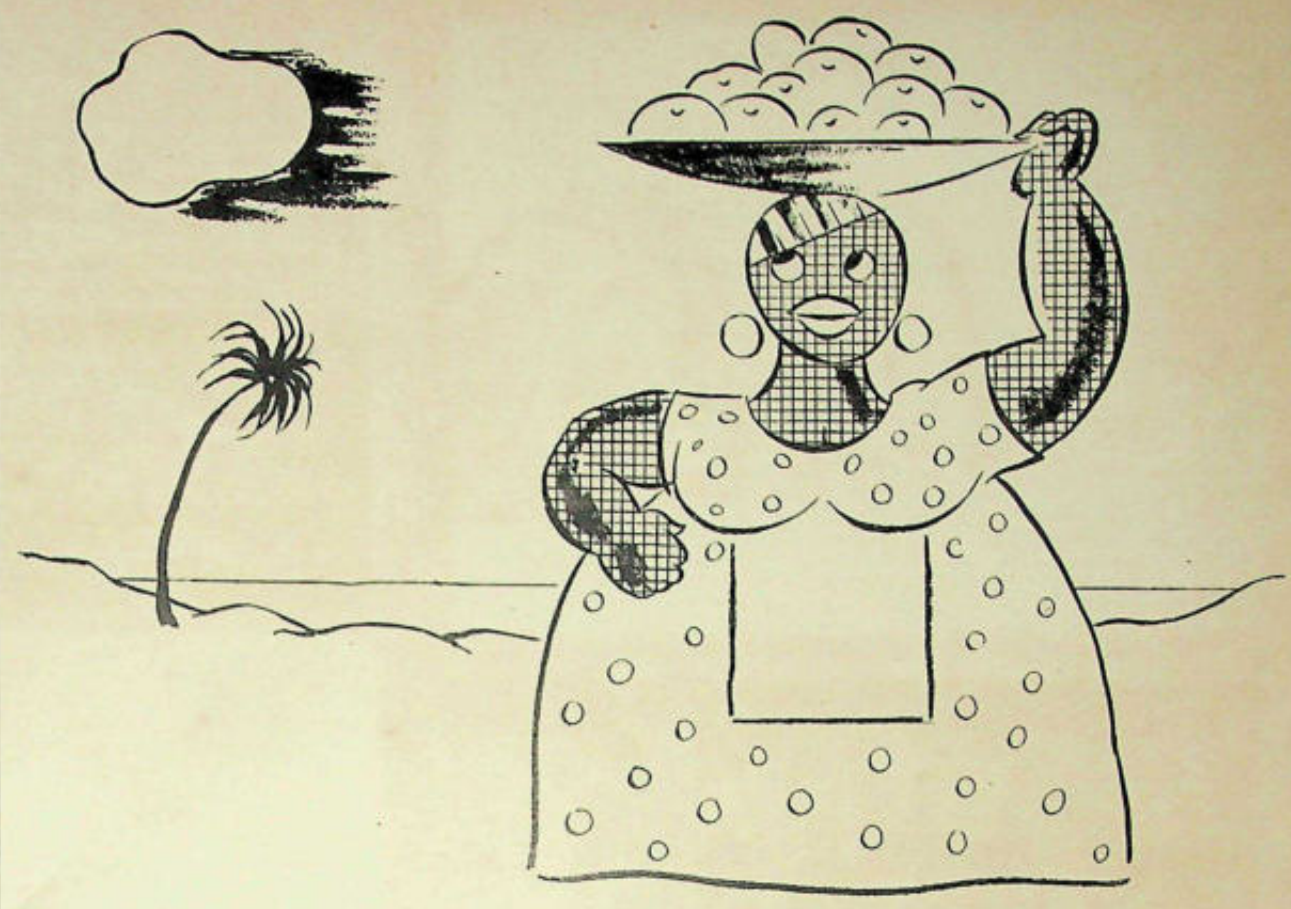

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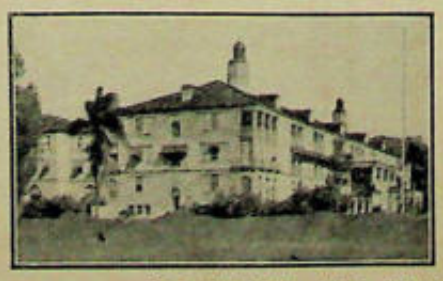

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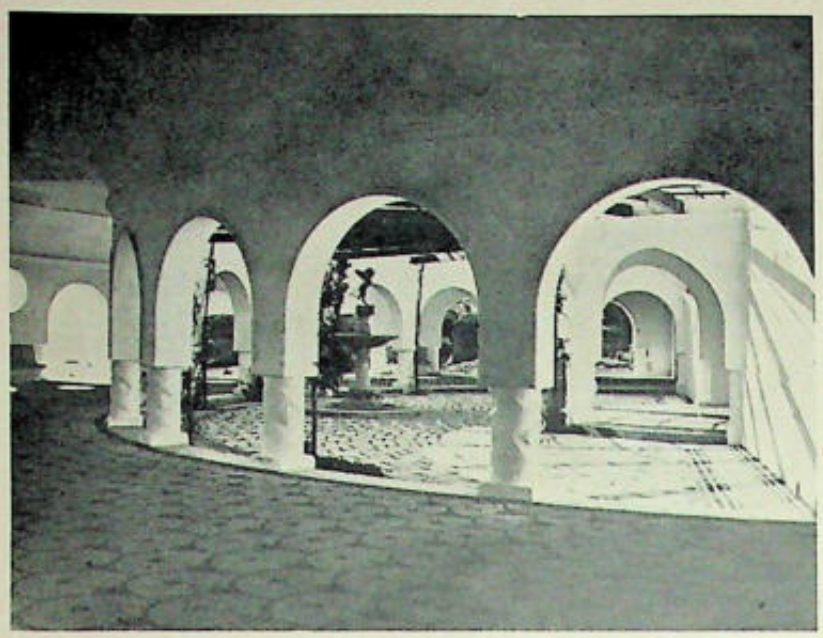


THE GRACEFUL PORTICO OF CALITREAS' BATHS

of the island that for two centuries, 1308–1522, it was the stronghold of Christianity against the Turk in the Mediterranean, and even to-day the ramparts of the city are almost intact.

It was not until 1522 that the Knights succumbed to the repeated attacks of the Turks. In this year Suliman the Magnificent, who had carried the crescent to the very walls of Vienna, attacked Rhodes with 100,000 men. The Knights numbered only a few hundreds; yet with some 6,000 soldiers and citizens, they withstood his attacks for five months. At the end of this time, receiving no succour from the Christian kings of Europe, through want of supplies, they were obliged to surrender.

Suliman so admired their heroic defence that he allowed them to march out with all honours of war, and their last grand master, Philippe Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, led them to Malta, which they fortified in turn in the same manner as at Rhodes.

The walls of Rhodes enclose the whole of the ancient city, forming a double rampart, some 60ft. high, with a deep moat between. The whole is embattled and bastions command the gateways; while connecting bridges, no doubt draw-bridges in olden days, span the moat at each great gate and postern.

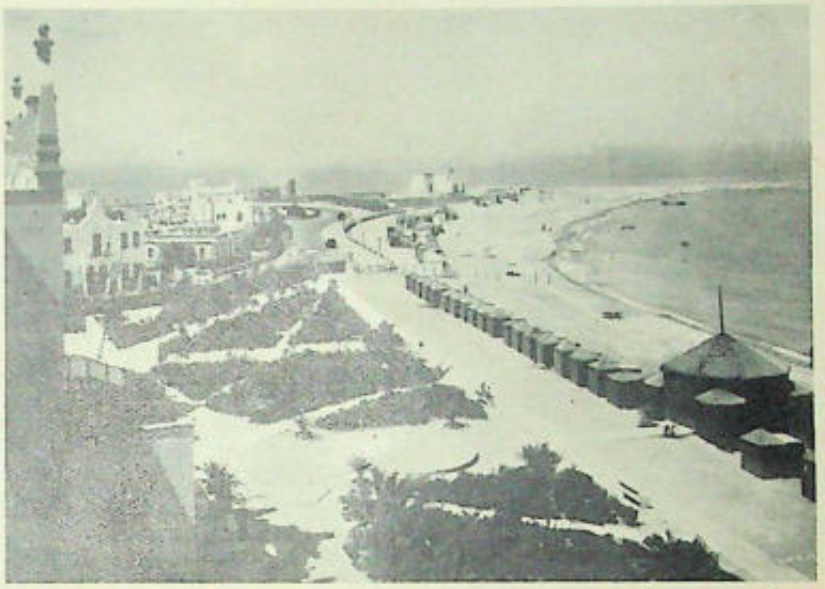
Over the principal gates are the arms of the Order, together with those of some Grand Master responsible for its building or restoration. Sections of the walls were defended by the different nationalities comprising the Order, and these became known by the names of their language, such as "The Wall of the Tongue of Italy" or "The Wall of the Tongue of England." In the same way the palaces or council chambers of each nation were named as "The Palace of the Tongue of France" or "The Palace of the Tongue of Spain."

These palaces are still to be seen in the Via dei Cavalieri, "The Street of the Knights," many with the arms of noble families carved upon their walls.

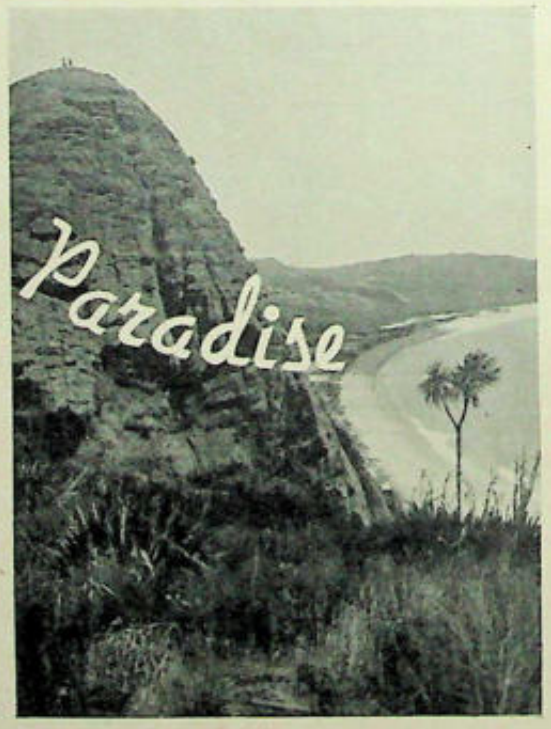
In the Hospital of the Knights is the Great Hall, where the pilgrims were entertained, the Knights waiting upon them in person; while the Friars attended to their spiritual needs. On either side of the hall are cells, where they rested their weary bodies.

During the Turkish occupation of Rhodes the place was allowed to fall into decay. Many exiled nobles of the Ottoman Empire were banished here and given the former palaces of the Knights for their abode.

There is still an extensive Turkish quarter, very picturesque, with its winding cobbled alleyways, overhanging windows, and arches which bridge the streets. Native costume is worn and many happy glimpses one gets of patriarchal figures sitting gossiping, before some heavily moulded door. Solemn-faced swarthy children, women veiled in black, pack donkeys, or some be-fezzed swashbuckler in Mohammedan robe, baggy trousers and leather riding boots, pass along the street, stepping into doorways as a modern automobile swings round a corner, or together may be seen issuing from the Crusaders' gateways.



THE ROSE PROMENADE ON THE SEA FRONT AT RHODES



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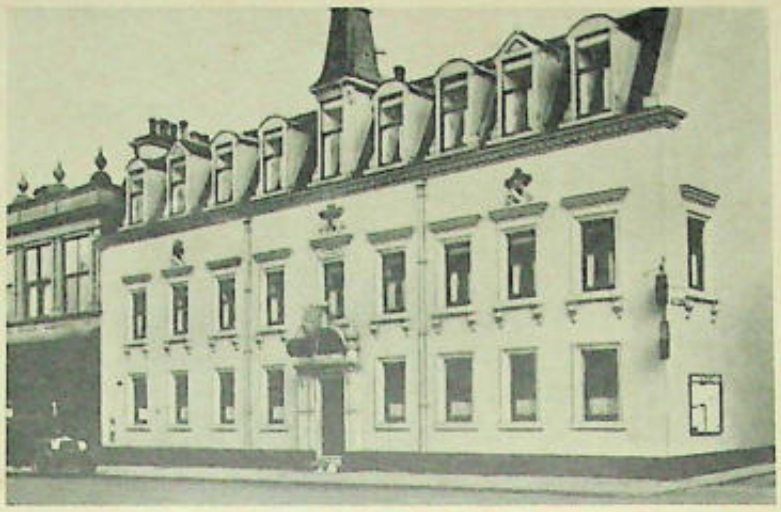

THE GEORGE HOTEL AT STRANRAER

ONE imagines that there must be many interesting stories and incidents connected with The George Hotel at Stranraer, and it is, therefore, to be regretted that no careful record has been kept of its history. We do know, however, that as an hotel it was opened in 1801 when the town residence of the then Earl of Stair and adjoining licensed premises were united to form the present George Hotel. The building as we see it to-day is not as it was in 1801, for a reconstruction scheme was effected in 1876, but it has still the atmosphere and peacefulness of an old coaching inn.

One of the most interesting signatures on the hotel register is that of the Duke of Cambridge, dated September 18th, 1891. Chiefly the interest is centred round the object of his visit, which was to pay homage at the grave of Dr. Robert Wilson, M.D. The story of Dr. Wilson's gallantry at the Battle of Inkermann is quickest told by a quotation from the gravestone which stands in the local churchyard:

> ". . . . also of his eldest son Dr. Robert Wilson, who died 6th August 1860, aged 35 years. His gallantry at the Battle of Inkermann earned for him the thanks of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, whom he was instrumental in rescuing when surrounded by the enemy. . . . For which he was specially commended by Lord Raglan in the dispatches which recorded the memorable events of that day."

But everyone who visits Stranraer will not have the same urgent cause for this visit and ordinary travellers may, therefore, be glad to know that The George is centrally situated, that all the front bedrooms command pleasant views of Loch Ryan, and that the lounge, drawing room and dining room are at once spacious and cosy, and that in this pleasant establishment "the longing for confirmed tranquillity" attains something like fruition.

Long before The George was thought of an Englishman recorded in 1655 that he had gone "as farre as Stranraer, otherwise called Chappell, being a small mercat towne this side of the lough, which would prove a pretty harbour for shelter for vessels in time of storme to putt in there, which is certainly very seldom and rare in respect there is not, nor ever was, any trade to be heard of there."

About a century later an Irishman, Bishop Pocock of Meath, wrote that "Stranraer is a small, neat town with an old castle in it. The inhabitants live chiefly by the herring fishing and use boats built of deal, which last five or six years. They manufacture flannel blankets and frieze for their own use." By 1835 we read that at Stranraer there was "no incorporated trades, no local taxation, no water supply, no street lighting, and the town council had exhausted its credit. Its yearly revenue was about £150, its expenditure £200; its debt was £4,685." In a sense this debt can be regarded as "an achievement," for it was incurred principally in connection with the building of the harbour. Having completed the scheme the council proceeded to levy additional dues on shipping in order to meet their liability and pay back those who had put up the money. Unfortunately for the council, an enterprising trader successfully challenged the right of these dues in open court, and how or when, if ever, the harbour debt was paid off records do not say.

At the time it was incurred, the citizens did not greatly worry over it, for the Victorian era was proving quite a prosperous period for many. "Temporary embarrassments" were not allowed to spoil this first flush of wealth, and so the town went forward in hope and confidence. Grasping their opportunity, the proprietors of The George laid the foundations for the hospitality and the comfort for which the hotel is well known to-day.

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W. A. Rouch

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

A BETTER AINTREE

OUR readers may remember that last spring an article appeared in these columns by Mr. Paul D. Brown, the well-known American sporting artist, suggesting that the Aintree fences be made bigger and of a different shape to those now standing. His reason for this suggestion was that, in his opinion, an undue number of adventitious falls took place—falls which brought down the just as well as the unjust, and so turned the race into more of a gamble than was desirable. He suggested that the shape of the fences was largely to blame for this, and that Mr. Du Pont had solved the difficulty on his experimental steeplechase course. Many of these fences are bigger than the biggest at Aintree, but they are sloped up to their full height, and have what may be called a "solid guard-rail" of the fence material which grows into the fence itself. This, it is claimed, makes the horse "stand back" and "jump big." It also helps a horse in judging his "take off" when going at top speed over such large obstacles, and prevents swerving across the fences, and jumping crooked, both of which dangerous happenings are often caused by a horse or jockey misjudging pace and distance and getting too close under their fences for the speed at which they are going.

This contention from America seemed to have a good deal of sense in it, and to be worth, at any rate, enquiry, if not a trial of some sort. As far as we know, no one took any interest in the matter. Conservatism is a very fine quality, and quite essential in the conduct of the affairs of the Turf; but true conservatism is, by its name, flexible, or it would soon have nothing to conserve, and, with due respect, we say that it is a pity that nothing has been done about a potentially good idea. At this time, the Grand National is much criticised by humanitarian bodies on the grounds of cruelty; some of this criticism may be ignorant and uninformed, but it is true that the run up to the first fence has been lengthened in answer to such criticism, and this alteration has certainly been an improvement; it has enabled the pace-makers and the body of the field to attain by their differing speeds a wider margin of safety in jumping the first obstacle, and has done away with that dangerous moment of jostling, when the field was like a great head of water rushing through a gorge too narrow to take it. Surely it would be wise to look into this American criticism of the "National" fences, and see if there is not, after all, something in it. Two short extracts, one from a letter from Mr. Paul Brown, and one from the American press, will perhaps show the American "view-point."

"Again, last Saturday, a good field of eleven horses went up and down hill, popping over the huge fences that cross the course [Mr. Du Pont's. . . . The race was won by a head, in a very dramatic finish. In all, eight finished. Of the three missing, one had run out, and was pulled up; the other two fell, one having broken down. It became evident that these huge jumps are the answer, if one is looking for a long race over obstacles that really make a horse jump big."

The *Blood Horse* says: "Since, and including 1900, there have been 959 starters in the Aintree Grand Nationals. Of that total 281, or 29.3 per cent., have been able to finish the course. In 1911 there were 26 starters, one finisher. In 1921 one out of 35 finished, in 1928 two out of 42. In 1932, when the race had become so much of a lottery that anyone was willing to take a try at it, the conditions were changed so as to exclude all but horses whose jumping records had indicated their worthiness. But the changed conditions have had little effect. With the horses presumably better, the number of starters from 1932 through 1935 was 121, the number of those which finished was 43, or 35.5 per cent."

There must be something out of proportion somewhere, for if the smaller fields, consisting of picked horses, cannot show a much greater percentage of finishers, either the picked horses are comparatively little better than the unpicked, or there is a very much larger element of luck in this race than in any other steeplechase, caused—by what?

WELL BEGUN

THOUGH it would be folly to attach too much importance to the victory of the English cricket team over Western Australia in its first match in the Commonwealth, it can at least be said that few touring teams have made a more impressive beginning. Actually the form shown was, on paper, better all round than that of the last touring side in the corresponding match. Particularly encouraging was the play of the new men in the side; and the success of Wyatt and Barnett as an opening pair of batsmen indicates one possible solution of a problem that faced G. O. Allen as captain. Hammond, in his innings of 141, showed that he will again probably be England's reply to Bradman. Hardstaff and Worthington also played innings that augur well, and probably Allen's only regret was that, with a score of 469 for four wickets, he could not decently give more of the side some batting practice. For a slow bowler with brief experience of Australian conditions gained on the M.C.C. visit last year, Sims did remarkably well to take seven wickets for 59, and Farnes's fast bowling evidently made an impression. Two mishaps so early in the tour are sheer bad luck, particularly as they affect the great little Lancashire wicket-keeper, Duckworth, who has not so far been very fortunate in Australia, and one of the team's most versatile all-rounders, R. W. V. Robins, whose reported injury to his bowling hand sounds serious.

CAMBRIDGE RUGBY TALENT

It is difficult to recall when new players in a University Rugby team showed such consistently promising form as did those in the Cambridge side which beat the Harlequins at Twickenham last Saturday. The Cambridge captain, C. D. Laborde, has this year almost an entirely new team to build, only five old Blues remaining available. Yet, with only three of these old Blues in the side, we saw the Harlequins outplayed at nearly all points. The Cambridge forwards ought to train on into an exceptionally fine pack; their work against the Harlequins approached something near the modern ideal of speed in the open, good hard scrummaging and a facility for heeling the ball back from loose mauls, at which they were particularly successful. Then behind them were a real *pair* of half-backs, with a new stand-off half in T. A. Kemp, who not only took every pass within reach, but got his three-quarters moving well. To complete the picture there were two centres who ran, passed and tackled as class centres should. Even Cliff Jones and W. Wooller hardly looked more promising than these mid-field backs when they first appeared in the Cambridge team. It will be a disappointment if the side does not prove capable of extending the best that Oxford can produce, in spite of the number of seasoned players left at Oxford.

ROUND THE GALLERIES

With October and November the sporting art season comes round again. At least, the season of the exhibitions when our leading artists of the moor, the fen, the stubble and the covert turn a visit to the galleries of the West End of London into a tour of the countryside from north to south and east to west. At the Embleton and Sporting Galleries, in Jermyn Street, Mr. Alasdair Anderson, until the end of this month, takes us for days in Perthshire with grouse by Loch Oss, with golden-eye on a Highland ochan, and with capercailzie, duck, swan and wigeon. His excellent show forms one of a trio, for "Snaffles," in his inimitable vein, gives scenes of India and Somaliland, including two striking pictures of "Mr. Stripes," and of chital; while Mr. Edward Seago supplies clever pencil drawings of circus and Romany life. At Messrs. Vicars, 12, Old Bond Street, Mr. J. C. Harrison's annual show of game bird and wildfowl paintings will be welcomed next month, and this week Lord Desborough opened Mr. Roland Green's exhibition at Messrs. Ackermann's galleries, 157, New Bond Street, to focus the attention of sportsmen and naturalists not only on his faithful settings and realistic action pictures of flight but also on detailed observations of plumage and colour. Two of his works are reproduced in this issue.

IN THE WAR ZONE

It is a far cry from the sporting field to the battlefield, but many who fought in the War will renew acquaintance with familiar scenes in Mr. Stanley Wilson's paintings at the Ackermann Galleries, especially if they spent any time in the Salient. How familiar the old names ring out—and what a store of memories they revive!—Polygon Wood, Sanctuary Wood, Inverness Copse, and Verbrandenmolen, which fulfils its old title to the letter. These scenes are actual impressions made in the line, and some show dramatic incidents with stern realism. An oil painting reproduces the great explosion on Hill 60 in vivid colour effect, and recalls the story of one artistic member of the British forces who, when asked what his impressions were when following a barrage replied: "The gorgeous colour effects and wonderful contrasts of the explosions." His observations were interrupted by a month in hospital suffering from concussion. Mr. Wilson shows his versatility in adding to his battle scenes a list of subjects in dry-point engraving and mulberry impressions varying from barges on the Isis and drifters off Cape Wrath to blackcock and Canada geese.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From an Indian paper under the title: "A Bad Jumper—The Horse!" "Horses are not naturally good jumpers. This revelation seems strange to those who are accustomed to seeing splendid animals jumping over hurdles, sometimes as high as 10ft., but you ought to see the wild horses of Australia which often die of thirst simply owing to their inability of surmounting quite small obstacles, which bar the way to a creek or water-course."

LANGUAGE IN THE HUNTING FIELD

Although there are times when the giving of a good round, or a short ugly, oath is the only way in which the sanity of a Master of Hounds is preserved intact (on the principle of the steam whistle), we doubt whether much good is done by swearing at people out hunting. Something said in the heat of the moment, and soon forgotten by the sayer, is sometimes remembered in the wrong way by the "sayee" for many moons. This may be silly of him, but it happens, and if the phrase is left unsaid, this risk is never taken. It is all on a par with the Eton boy who maintained the convention with his division master that if, when asked if he had done his extra work, alleged to have been lost, he said, "Yes," he meant "No." But if he said, "I swear I did, sir!" he meant "Yes." The convention that "damn" daunts "dear me," and that you must use foul language before anyone really believes that you mean what you say is a fallacy fostered by long usage, and a confession of weakness.

CHRISTMAS MAIL

During his period of office the Postmaster-General has earned the thanks of the community for many innovations and improvements, and it is now announced that the Christmas post will be even more efficiently handled than before. On an ordinary week day in London some 6,500,000 letters are posted. Last year, on December 23rd, 15,000,000 were posted, and between December 13th and January 2nd over 138,000,000. It is expected that next December 23rd there will be 17,000,000 posted, and to meet the extra demand the staff will be temporarily increased by 70,000 men. There may be readers of the *Field* who will be inclined to ask whether some of this increase might not be permanent. There are many country districts which have a worse postal service than they had before the War. Could there be an easier way of decreasing unemployment than by an increase in the number of postmen?

A GRAYLING MONTH

October this year has shed benevolence on the grayling fisher. Dawn's aftermath has seen the sun glow redly through an evanescent mist, whose lifting has left meadow grass bespangled with a shining dew and every spider's web aglitter like a fairy house of jewels; and gravel runs replete with cloud-like forms seeming only to await a well-poised fly to fill the creel to overflowing. At night the creel is not so full, perhaps, but what it might contain a brace, or two, or even more without a pressure on the lid to keep it close, for ever your most perfect day has borrowed from the fisherman deceit to fence his wiles. But after all do full creels matter? A brace of grayling on a day stolen from summer (not last summer, though) is surely worth a shoal in dripping autumn storms.

OCTOBER DROUGHT

One of the results of a cool and rainy summer is that the leaves stay long on the trees, and that they turn slowly to their best autumn colouring, instead of drying brown on the branches as in years of drought. Seldom have the beeches glowed with a brighter copper than this year, or the elms with patches of a more brilliant yellow. But the drought of September and October which followed the wet summer has had curious consequences in the garden. In the fields farmers have been able to get up their potato crops in pleasantly dry and sunny weather. But on sandy soils gardens have come to wear an odd appearance. Rhododendrons have drooped as if they were suffering from the heats of a dry July. It is not often that a gardener begins to think of dragging out his longest chain of hoses in October.

AUTUMN BONFIRE

I smell the autumn bonfire smouldering
Throughout the mild October day and night.
A burning pyre that sends to unknown height
Grey sacrificial smoke of little things,
Brown leaves, old stalk and weed. They burn and sing
A whisp'ring song of half protests that die
They must, since summer days away do fly
And all migratory birds have taken wing.
From dwindling dump a miracle is wrought
In shape of wholesome food for plant and tree
That sleep in stillness through the winter long.
When they awake in spring a blush is brought
To petals pale of rose, and then I see
Mauve lilac sweet inspire the thrush's song.

FRANCES D. WATSON.

CLASSICAL OR CIRCUS HIGH SCHOOL TRAINING

Is Haute Ecole Needed in England?

By MAJOR H. SANDFORD, T.D.

IN recent years there has been considerable interest shown in the training and dressage of hacks. Hacks if intended to compete in the shows next summer will have to be taken in hand now and their training systematically undertaken. With this intention and remembering the various high school displays given at Olympia during this and the previous two years, those engaged in this form of horsemanship appear desirous to train their horses on high school lines. With this intent, exponents of the cult are visiting this country from the Continent endeavouring to expound their methods. I am forced to the conclusion that some of the teaching is unsuitable to the requirements of hack training.

The Army here, I suggest, does require a high school education, and as most forms of riding filter through it, the general public has difficulty in adopting high school ideas. Not so on the Continent. The Army there trains its instructors to the highest form of equestrian art, and through them it circulates to the general public, as witnessed in the complicated dressage test held at the recent Olympic Games, when twelve countries sent representatives to take part in this event alone. High school riding is an art of considerable antiquity. As far as England is concerned, it dates from the reign of Charles II, when a former Duke of Newcastle (who appears to have suffered exile with that monarch and doubtless obtained his knowledge of the subject when on the Continent) wrote a treatise on this form of equitation. The evolutions and paces of the horse when in a state of nature were studied by these ancients, and it was discovered that they could all be obtained and artificialised under a rider and "airs" obtained, both on the ground as well as off it.

Names were given to these "airs" both in Italian and French, which in both languages are still so described. The value of this training to the horseman was recognised and an interest developed into an art, when it was understood that to master a subject physically stronger, but mentally not on the same level, brought out in the training characteristics in the men which helped them to succeed in other spheres. Such, indeed, was the respect attached to this form of riding that there were few Courts in Europe which did not have a high school ménage attached to them, where the princes and nobles were trained to this art. From there it continued to be practised, often no doubt with the idea of catching the ladies' eyes at the jousts, tilts and tourneys, later to descend to the circus, which became practically the only place where it could attract the attention of the masses.

It was then that decay set in, for the general public failed to recognise the value of the classical side where the horse was trained entirely through his balance. Resource had to be had to obtaining the "airs" without the lengthy training of primarily working him into his weight. To hasten the result much of the work was accomplished through the medium of ropes, whips and spurs. A further decline occurred when, to cover a quickly and badly trained horse, it became the fashion in the circus to costume in fantastic raiment its ring riders. Into all this came Francois Baucher (1796–1873), who was unquestionably a master of his art. The training of the classical school, as pointed out, was on the balance of the horse, that is, the animal was trained from or to his centre of gravity, which was his back. Baucher altered this by flexing the head and forehand to a low degree relying on his consummate skill to develop the quarters later on. James Fillis, the son of a London barrister, studied under Baucher. Though recognising the talent of his master, he considered his method of developing the forehand to be wrong, and trained his horses with a high-head flexion, thus endangering a stiff back, which the classical school always endeavoured to avoid, together with the trailing away of the quarters. Fillis still further departed from the classical school by training his horses to unnatural "airs," such as Spanish walk, canter on three legs, etc. Most of the circus trainers in order to obtain a speedy termination, followed one or other of these two masters, with the result that the majority of their horses gave a brilliant display of the forehand with a poor degree of balance. All are behind the bit, which would not be countenanced in the classical school, and are consequently quite useless for any purpose outside the ring.

That is where the difference lies. The classical school as represented by the Vienna Imperial School, the last of the great riding schools attached to a Court, produces its horses through a long course of training. Each animal is developed to a high degree according to its particular capabilities, both mental as well as physical. The primary training is invariably the same: the animal is worked into its weight and its paces are developed with immense impulsion; to mention briefly only one: the trot, where there are four degrees, the horse taking each phase, quick or slow and *vice versa*, with the same degree of calmness, impulsion, rhythm and tempo. Here, as will be understood, lies the basis for our own training of hacks, or indeed for any horse, for what he is required. The artificial "airs" are only an outcome of the supreme balanced movements in the walk, trot and canter as practised by the classical schools; and there can be no value at all if the "airs" are taken up separately without the prior training, which goes by the name of dressage.

With what respect the Vienna school was regarded was shown when, after the War and the abolition of the Court, from whom for a couple of centuries it had derived its support, the Government decided to abolish it. Artists from all sources came to its rescue and maintained it till such a time as the Government saw reason and again took it under its wing. To conclude. The subject is vast and requires infinite study, and it cannot be learnt entirely from books. Great masters of chisel, score and canvas have in the main but themselves to consider in expressing their art. These horsemen know their own dispositions as well as those of their horses, and those of us who seek enlightenment in the training of our own horses, would do well to study their methods and not be deceived by the elaborate "airs" of the circus.

A PRESSURE RIDGE ON THE SEA ICE
"Ridge upon ridge of pressure ice was the only view in each direction: blocks were piled upon blocks to heights of 30ft. or more"

ARCTIC JOURNEYINGS AND ADVENTURES

Exciting Experiences of Travel in North-East Land

By A. DUNLOP MACKENZIE and A. R. GLEN
(Members of the Oxford University Arctic Expedition, 1935–6)

BESIDES a comprehensive programme of intensive scientific research, the Oxford University Arctic Expedition also planned to survey the unknown coasts of North-East Land. In order to carry this out it was necessary to travel continuously throughout the year despite the four months of winter darkness, journeys during that period having as their object the establishment of food depots at various strategic points, which would be visited by the survey parties during the following spring.

North-East Land is situated on the edge of the Polar Ocean, its most northerly point being rather less than 570 miles from the Pole itself. The greater part of the interior is covered by ice cap with areas of bare rock around the coasts, forming long promontories between the many bays that cut into its shores. Besides the difficulties inherent in the long period of darkness, travel is further complicated by climatic considerations, for the weather is probably worse than in any other Arctic country. Although the temperature does not fall as low as in the centre of the Greenland ice cap, this is made up for by the continual strength of the winds, which may maintain an average force of 40 or 50 miles per hour for weeks on end. Fog and low clouds predominate and between April and July a party working on the north coast saw the sun on not more than half-a-dozen occasions.

The first part of the autumn was taken up in sledging up some 20 tons of stores and equipment to the two stations which were to be maintained at different points near the centre of the ice cap over the winter. This completed, Croft and Wright set off late in October to travel the 300 miles to Cape Leigh Smith and back, in order to lay a depot to be picked up by Wright's survey party in the following year. By this time there was barely two hours' daylight around midday, and even this brief period was rendered almost useless by the drifting snow of the blizzards. The route from the sledging base to the central ice cap station was marked every quarter of a mile by a 9ft. bamboo with a flag. Even this was inadequate in conditions under which visibility may be less than 10ft. or 15ft., and the party could not find the station for five days, eventually discovering that during this time they had been camped within half a mile of it.

Cape Leigh Smith was reached a week later. Around it there extends a maze of crevasses into which they blundered in the darkness, and beyond which they could hear the distant thunder of the sea washing the feet of the ice cliffs which continue for nearly 160 miles down the east and south coasts. Progress under such conditions was clearly suicidal, but even finding a way out by returning was not without its dangers. Finally, however, some land to the west of the Cape was reached and the depot dug into a deep snowdrift beside a prominent moraine.

While this was being done a bear emerged from the gloom but hastily disappeared; a few minutes later a second was seen steadily approaching the

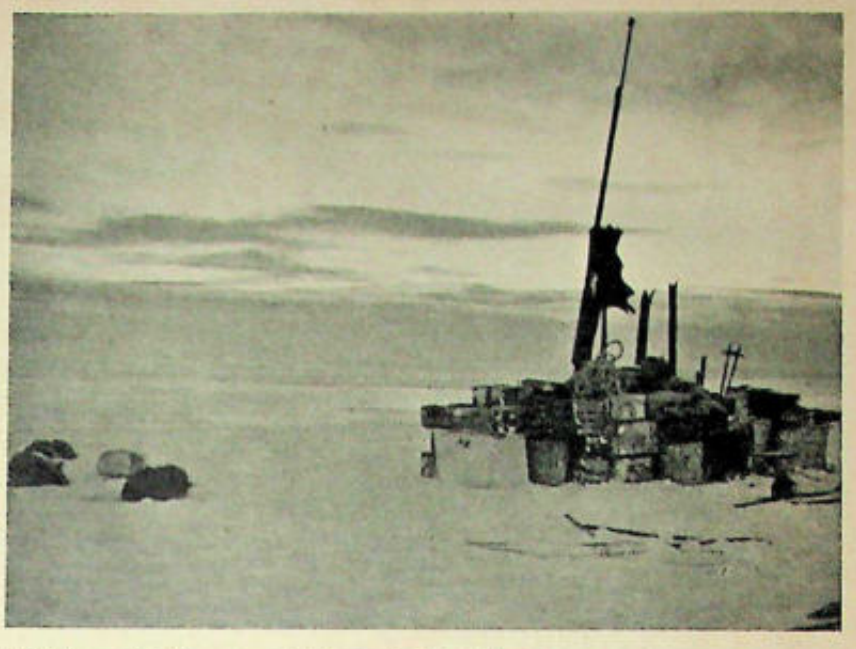
A TEMPORARY CAMP MADE BY MACKENZIE IN RIJPS BAY WHILE WRIGHT PICKED UP THE CAPE LEIGH SMITH DEPOT

sledge at a fast trot. No rifle had been taken, so while Croft stood guard over the dogs in order to prevent an outbreak of general hostilities, Wright, armed with an ice axe, and fortifying himself by giving vent to frequent foxhunting noises, took up a defensive position between the sledge and the bear. The bear came right up to him, and, standing on his hind legs, made several feints at Wright with his front paws. Then he suddenly dropped on to all four legs, hesitated a moment and made off, still continuing to keep the party under observation for about an hour. Wright and Croft put a good fifteen miles between them and the scene of the encounter before they again halted. On the way back they lost their way, finally arriving at the northern ice cap station instead of the central—a difference of fifteen miles on the final 30 miles point from Rijps Bay.

The fierce winds are continually driving the sea ice into and out from the North-East Land shores, and chaotic ice conditions are thereby produced. Especially characteristic is the state of the ice off the North coast on to which the whole force of the Polar pack can drive. During the early spring it had been hoped that Glen and Croft would travel northwards over the sea ice in order to take soundings in the Polar ocean, but bad weather and loss of dogs during the winter constantly delayed the start of the journey. An accident sustained by Glen brought the journey to an early termination, but, depressingly early as this was, it was not before the fantastic chaos of the ice had smashed the sledges and exhausted the dogs. Ridge upon ridge of pressure ice was the only view in each direction; blocks were piled upon blocks to heights of 30ft. or more. Only the polar bear gave variety to the scene, travelling in his never-ceasing quest of hunting grounds. The true polar pack is probably more travel-able than the drift ice zone, as everything is on a larger scale and a way can often be found around and between the ridges. In the drift ice zone, on the other hand, all has been crushed except for the few newly frozen leads of water.

The sea ice begins to melt in early June and is becoming dangerous by the end of the month. Therefore for parties travelling in the summer it was necessary to devise a technique by which travel on land or sea would be equally possible.

1. THE ADVANCE SLEDGING BASE FROM WHICH MOST JOURNEYS STARTED
The ice cap lies at the back in the first photograph, and is reached up the glacier behind.



2. A DEPOT ON THE ICE CAP
In the second picture is some of the 20 tons of equipment sledged to the ice cap stations

ICE CLIFFS SOUTH OF CAPE LEIGH SMITH

Carrying a kayak or canoe on a sledge may be all right when crossing level ice cap, but over rough country the danger of damage to the boat becomes a certainty, while its weight is always an embarrassment even at the best of times. The solution lay in the adaptation of the sledge into a boat by the lashing around it of a canvas cover made watertight by treatment with linseed oil and tallow. Ski sticks tied across ration boxes formed an extra framework for the boat, while the baskets of the ski sticks were used as rowlocks, skis proving to be magnificent oars. A boat of this kind properly made is surprisingly seaworthy and can carry safely an equally surprising load.

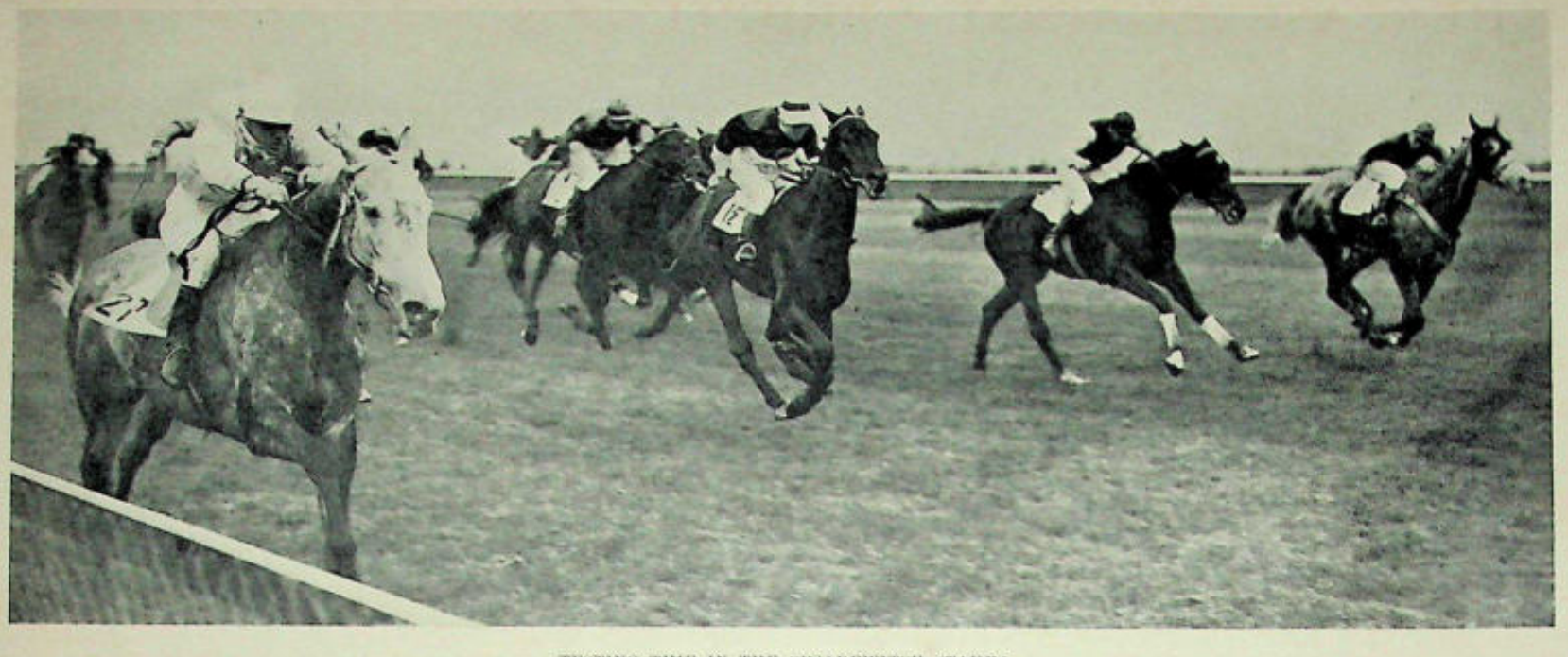
Mackenzie and Wright, returning from their survey journey, in the middle of July, were crossing Rijps Bay when they found that the western part of the bay was open water. A stiff breeze was blowing up the bay, and it seemed unnecessarily dangerous to attempt the crossing in the sledge boat with a heavy load, so the tent was pitched and camp made for the night. The breeze, however, strengthened into a gale and the ice edge began rapidly to break up, but by keeping alternate watches the night was passed safely. The continuation of the wind next day with the increasingly dangerous state of the ice made it necessary to risk the crossing. Wright successfully got across with the greater part of the equipment, but only returned after the greatest difficulty to Mackenzie, who had remained with the six dogs.

It was necessary to re-rig the boat for the final crossing, and while this was being done the ice suddenly broke up, leaving the dogs on one floe and Mackenzie and Wright on another. After a hectic minute the boat was completed and launched, Mackenzie rowing while Wright lay on the bottom. But by this time the sea was high and water began to pour in over the sides. The only hope was to drift and for both men to lie on the bottom, baling and hoping that this ballast would be enough to enable the boat to retain its equilibrium. The dogs were sitting huddled together on their tiny floe, but any attempt at rescue would bring disaster to both. After a long time they were all carried to the head of the bay and the dogs safely rescued from their ice floe.

Summer travel inland has few compensations, for the snow is waterlogged and morasses, crevasses and thaw rivers constantly delay progress. The last are probably the worst, for if they are wide enough they may necessitate a detour of half-a-dozen miles or more. They are also distinctly unpleasant to fall into, as the strength of the stream along its well-polished ice bed makes it virtually impossible to get out ; there is always, too, the embarrassing certainty that sooner or later the stream will plunge down a boiling pot into the heart of the glacier. Wright one day went into a stream with his sledge, and after performing a glorified Cresta Run, was pulled out by Mackenzie a short distance above the boiling pot itself.

Travel is at its best during the cold, clear weather of spring, when surfaces are at their best and the low altitude of the sun produces colour effects of surpassing beauty. The appearance of sunset continues throughout the day with shadows and tones which are unbelievable, and which leave the finest memory of Arctic travel—a memory which can never fade.

ON THE POLAR ICE TO THE NORTH OF NORTH-EAST LAND
" Fierce winds are continually driving the sea ice into and out from the North-East Land shores and chaotic ice conditions are thereby produced "



TESTING TIME IN THE CESAREWITCH STAKES

A furlong from the finish. On the extreme left is Fet (the winner), in company with Solar Bear (No. 12), Hoplite (2nd from right) and Greynam (right)

THE HANDICAPPING OF FOREIGN HORSES

Proposed Legislation by the Jockey Club

AMONG racing people general approval is felt with the proposal to bring in a general rule for the handicapping of horses imported from abroad. At the suggestion of Lord Rosebery the Stewards of the Jockey Club at their meeting next week will introduce a resolution which, if incorporated in the Rules of Racing, will prevent any horse from running in a handicap who has not already run in three weight-for-age races or selling races in this country.

So many horses have lately been brought over from France that it becomes increasingly urgent that they should not enjoy any advantage over horses bred and trained in this country. Only last month a £1,000 handicap was won by a French four-year-old who had previously run only twice in England. The compiler of the weights surely took a chance when handicapping him no less than 17lb. below the top weight.

Quite properly that procedure will become impossible if the proposed change is effected. Lord Rosebery has said that he would not wish the rule to be applied to handicaps of £1,000 to the winner, as he thinks it undesirable that well-known French horses should be prevented from running in the Hunt Cup, Cesarewitch or Cambridgeshire. There will be some differences of opinion on that point. In any case, it is clear that even in the biggest handicaps of the year there must be no favoured treatment of horses trained abroad.

A well-backed horse having won the first half of the autumn double, large monetary interests are involved in the result of the Cambridgeshire, which will be run on Wednesday. Mr. Sidney Freeman, having taken the Cesarewitch with Fet, it would be a coincidence if the second half of the double were to go to his business partner Mr. M. H. Benson, whose four-year-old Laureat II will be ridden by S. Middleton, as able an apprentice as can be found at Newmarket.

A winner of the last four races in which he has run, Laureat II looks to be suitably handicapped, and it will be surprising if he is not prominently concerned in the finish. Many people prefer to take a good class three-year-old when looking for the Cambridgeshire winner, and it has to be granted that this system has worked out well in the past. True, the five-year-old Commander III upset calculations twelve months ago, but previously there had been an unbroken sequence of seven successful three-year-olds.

At this period of the season horses of that age should be at the zenith of their powers, and they are often equal to upsetting calculations based on the weight-for-age scale. A likely colt of this age for the Cambridgeshire is Dan Bulger, who seems to have reached his best form at the right time for this handicap. Owned by Sir Abe Bailey and trained by Mr. Harry Cottrill, he appears to come of the stuff of which Cambridgeshire winners are made. At 7st. 13lb. he receives weight from others of his age in Harina, Esquemeling and Nobel King, each of whom has come in for some support.

It is impossible to say much of the present form of Harina, as the only appearance she has made in public this season was as far back as the Goodwood meeting, where she gave a most creditable account of herself. This daughter of Blandford—Athasi shares the faculty of winning good races which belonged to other members of her remarkable family, and no astonishment will be caused if she carries off the honours next week.

But for a definite choice we take Dan Bulger, with Laureat II as a likely each-way selection.

Naturally the racing world is interested in the changes at the Egerton House stable. Following the late Mr. Richard Marsh at the Royal stable, Mr. Willie Jarvis has served as private trainer to the King and Lord Harewood. Next season a number of young horses belonging to the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth and M. E. de St. Alary will also be trained at Egerton House. This brings about an economic change in the position of the famous stable, and we hope that it will contribute to its continued success.

In last week's issue we gave the breeding and referred to the promise of most of the yearlings lately sent to Egerton House from the Royal Stud. Lord Harewood, also, has several which should make their mark, including the Bosworth colt Derby Round and the Alcester colt Birdingbury. Mr. Harmsworth's yearlings comprise the bay colt Felt Slipper, by Felstead out of Carpet Slipper, a chesnut filly, by Fairway out of Bachelora (dam of Silver Birch), and a bay filly, by Bosworth out of Legende Dorée. The same owner is sending the two-year-old Fairway filly Parmys to Egerton House.

The four yearlings which come from M. de St. Alary were bred in France, where this owner has been one of the most successful breeders for 30 years or more. It was in his colours that Comrade, a 25gs. yearling, won the Grand Prix and other big races. Before the War M. de St. Alary also won the Grand Prix with Brûleur, who has become famous as the sire of stayers, and with Kizil Kourgan, who was by Omnium II, another big winner for the same owner. One of the most agreeable surprises ever enjoyed by M. de St. Alary in his long racing experience was when his filly Kandy won the One Thousand after having been sent from France as a forlorn hope for the race.

Most of the leading two-year-olds have finished their activities for the season, though Captain Boyd-Rochfort is not likely to be satisfied with Perifox's performance last week, and may give him the opportunity of making amends next week. This colt's bad swerve at the start of the Middle Park Stakes had the effect of marring that race. We had expected a keen struggle between the Gallant Fox colt and Fair Copy, but as the American gave away several lengths at the rising of the tapes, it was left to Goya II to fight out the issue with Fair Copy.

It was by less than a length that Lord Derby's colt proved successful, but his French-bred rival has probably come on appreciably since his victory in the Gimcrack Stakes. In any case, it was pleasant to see Fair Copy in action after rather a long absence from the racecourse, for which heel troubles were responsible. This son of Fairway—Composure has made satisfactory physical development, and will undoubtedly be one of the most striking colts of 1937.

Alas, we shall not see him in the Derby owing to the unhappy oversight which caused him to be omitted from the entry. The programme mapped out for him includes the Two Thousand and the Newmarket Stakes. In the first of those races Fair Copy will probably have Foray as his most formidable rival.

TO OUR "BROOKSBYS," "NIMRODS" AND "DRUIDS," WE HOPE

NOW that the regular season is coming on apace, and the ladies and gentlemen whom we have the honour to call our hunting correspondents are, we hope, sharpening their wits and their pencils, a few words to them may not be out of place. "I'm a very 'umble man" as Uriah Heep was so fond of reiterating, and this advice is offered in the full realisation that a correspondent's task is not as "easy as falling off a log," and that it is easier to criticise than to accomplish.

Nevertheless, it seems to us that there are several points in writing hunting accounts which need special notice. The first and most important is that the account should be accurate; inaccurate accounts are worthless. The second point is that the account, without the use of cheap tricks of writing, should be living and not dead. If you read Frank Freeman's account of the Badby Wood run in last week's "Hunting Number," you will see that it is almost perfect in this way, though written in very simple language; of course, he had exceptional opportunities for observation, but the idea remains good.

The third point is that the account should not be overloaded with place-names; what are your feelings when hounds are running hard by Hinton-under-Bush? Not, surely, that "hounds are now passing Hinton-under-Bush on their left"; a more accurate diagnosis would be that you are in an ecstatic state of joy, if well placed, and in the last depths of despair if badly left. If you are the huntsman you will be noticing how hounds are swinging and driving on the scent, and what hounds are running at head; if you are the Field Master, you are praying that hounds will run so fast that no one can live near them; if you are the fox, you will be wondering how to be rid of the hullabaloo behind you.

It seems to us that the whole object of hunting accounts is that the writers should take all their readers out with them for a day's hunting with whatever pack they may write about, and give them all the glories of a racing 40 minutes or the interest of a patient hound hunt, and all from their seat on a thoroughbred armchair. VALENTINE.

THE CASE AGAINST "BRIGHTER RUGBY"

This subject has aroused considerable controversy in our columns and produced the following explanation of the modern game

AN article appeared in the *Field* of October 3rd appealing for "Brighter Rugby." It asserted that modern Rugby football is not bright, or at least is less bright than that played by our predecessors, simply because the modern player has introduced practices which violate the old principles of the game. There is, of course, no need to defend the modern game. But it is evident from "F. I. W.'s" article that some explanation of the game is required.

Firstly, I admit frankly that Rugby football to day is a very different game from what it was 20 or 25 years ago, so is tennis, so is golf, so are all games. But the broad principle of the game remains the same, although the practice of that principle has changed.

What is the broad principle that governs Rugby football, apart from the actual rules? Surely it is to obtain possession of the ball and place it behind the goal line. In my early youth I was always taught that there were, apart from the written rules, only two unwritten rules:

1. Get the ball. 2. Back up.

For a long time it was thought that the best method of doing this was to have a certain number of large, strong, heavy men called forwards who might obtain by fierce scrummaging a dominating influence over their opponents and provide a few nippy backs with the ball; then the backs were supposed to do the running and scoring. It was, however, soon found that there was no earthly reason why, by choosing intelligent men who were both heavy, fast and neat as forwards, they should not only obtain the ball, but also assist the backs in running about with it. This was demonstrated very forcibly by the All Black touring sides. As a result the game, however strongly our elders may deny the fact, has undoubtedly been speeded up considerably, and with this I am sure the less conservative and bigoted players, particularly forwards, of older generations will agree. I am in fact convinced that many of the forwards of former days would be completely outpaced in modern football. The game, moreover, has been speeded up positively and not merely negatively, as the author of last week's article asserted. This acceleration, far from breaking up constructive play, has increased it beyond all measure and made the game far more open and spectacular than ever it was. Gone, however much our fathers may regret it, is the day of the slow, heavy forward; the modern forward must be both heavy and fast. He must not only be able to use his feet but must also be as neat with his hands as any three-quarter; he must in fact know all about three-quarter play as well as the intricacies of his own art.

Unfortunately it is seldom that a side demonstrates this modern theory of Rugby football to perfection, and Rugby football, whether modern or old, if played badly, was never a good game to watch. Which brings me to the salient feature of most criticisms of the game, namely that the critics forget that Rugby football is essentially a game for the player and not for the spectator. More unfortunately still, this essential fact has not only been disregarded by critics, but lately has come to be ignored even by the players. There is continuous anxiety about gate-money—although far more people watch Rugby football now than ever before—with the result that in certain parts of England, where certain clubs, in order to preserve their gates, *have* to win by hook or by crook—and I mean that literally—something very akin to professionalism has crept into the game.

In actual fact, modern Rugby football is a better spectacle than its predecessor, and, if played fairly and correctly, is a much better game for the player. Why? Because the forward has the job of the forward of 25 years ago to do—and more. The three-quarter has his predecessor's job—and more. Not only are quicker bodies required, but quicker brains.

The average spectator cannot be expected to grasp the intricacies of forward play both in and out of the scrum, and yet to the player it is one of the joys of the game. May Rugby football never be sacrificed to the non-playing spectator's desire for spectacle; once that sacrifice is made, the game as an amateur's game will be finished.

The writer of last week's article prays in one breath for more spectacular Rugby and condemns the modern game; yet the modern theory, if *practised* correctly, provides a much more spectacular and open game than the old.

It is a pity that more sides cannot apparently be trained to give a better exhibition of this theory. I have already mentioned the All Black sides as having succeeded in doing this, and I am going to mention another side that also succeeded recently in demonstrating modern Rugby football well, if not brilliantly, although since I was a member I am the last person who ought to do so. I refer to the Cambridge University side of 1934. Up to the University match, after which all players who are leaving Cambridge the following term cease to play, this side had played fourteen matches, won ten and had scored 305 points. That is an average of almost 22 points a match.

This showed that the side possessed scoring ability, but Oxford was reputed to have one of the best packs in the country, and it was obvious that the Cambridge forwards would have to do their job well, if their backs were to have scoring chances.

I think even the most unbending Oxonian will admit that when they scored 29 points against Oxford's 4, Cambridge played as attractive and constructive football as any side could play; and anyone who saw the match will doubtless give credit to the part which the Cambridge pack played in that victory. Yet Cambridge played essentially the modern game. The forwards played according to a scheme of backing-up both in defence and attack, which was based upon the play of the All Blacks, and depended upon quick-breaking from the scrummage. Throughout the game Oxford always managed to remain their equals in obtaining the ball from the scrum, but the Cambridge forwards, who always appeared to be a yard faster per man, in the words of *The Times*, "made up on the break-away what they might have lost irretrievably in the scrimmage." By heavy tackling and hard footwork they smashed up every Oxford attack before it could get going. Yet Cambridge gave as fine an exhibition of constructive and spectacular football as any spectator could wish to see. Not only was it constructive and spectacular, it was supremely orthodox.

Five of the six Cambridge tries were scored by three-quarters, four of them by wing three-quarters after orthodox passing down the line. What more could a spectator want?

The wretched wing forward has come in for a considerable amount of harsh criticism in recent years. Few spectators or critics realise that a *good* wing forward does *not* give up shoving until the ball is either out of his back row or has at least reached the back row of the opposing pack. If a wing forward neglects this part of his duty, either he is a bad player or the captain and/or leader of the forwards is to blame for not keeping him to his job.

Nor do spectators seem to realise that a three-quarter should never kick to touch in attack. If he does, he is a bad player. Kicking to touch in attack is not a part of modern Rugby football. What is a kick of modern football is the short punt ahead in attack, but this is very difficult to perform, and unless done well is disastrous.

Another accusation that has been levelled at the modern game is that defence too often triumphs over attack. But if the attack is properly executed no defence can hold out against it indefinitely, and surely no one wishes one of the most satisfying glories of the game, the Rugby tackle, to be allowed to disappear in favour of more "constructive"—

THE WING-FORWARD COMING ROUND THE SCRUM: THE WHITE'S WINGER HAS BROKEN—A LITTLE WIDE

over their opponents and provide a few nippy backs with the ball; then the backs were supposed to do the running and scoring. It was, however, soon found that there was no earthly reason why, by choosing intelligent men who were both heavy, fast and neat as forwards, they should not only obtain the ball, but also assist the backs in running about with it. This was demonstrated very forcibly by the All Black touring sides. As a result the game, however strongly our elders may deny the fact, has undoubtedly been speeded up considerably, and with this I am sure the less conservative and bigoted players, particularly forwards, of older generations will agree. I am in fact convinced that many of the forwards of former days would be completely outpaced in modern football. The game, moreover, has been speeded up positively and not merely negatively, as the author of last week's article asserted. This acceleration, far from breaking up constructive play, has increased it beyond all measure and made the game far more open and spectacular than ever it was. Gone, however much our fathers may regret it, is the day of the slow, heavy forward; the modern forward must be both heavy and fast. He must not only be able to use his feet but must also be as neat with his hands as any three-quarter; he must in fact know all about three-quarter play as well as the intricacies of his own art.

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In conclusion, the trouble is, as I have said before, that so few sides seem to be able to play the modern game as it should be played. For this reason, the essence of the game is rapidly being overlooked by both player, critic and spectator alike, namely, that Rugby football is a game for the players and not the spectator's pleasure. This has led to the spectator's whim being satisfied, which, in its turn, has caused the game to become over-popularised. The game gaining favour in the eyes of the masses has induced players to take it up late in life. Players have crept into the clubs, both first-class and others, who were not taught the game from their early youth upwards, but have scraped acquaintance with it after two years in an "A" side. Far be it from me to discourage such people, or grudge them their Saturday's exercise, but such players are inclined to perform the most unaccountable touches in a game—touches which no one of experience would do. So much, in fact, did this new element spoil the game in which I played for a London club that I have long since ceased to play, for there is, however Philistine Rugby footballers may appear, an æsthetic pleasure to be derived from playing the game well with people who do not ruin it with elementary mistakes.

It is said that it takes at least twelve years to become first-class at any game, even if one is naturally proficient at it, and this can be no less true of Rugby football. For it is obvious that no man can be first-class without knowledge of the game, and it is certain that even a life-time is not long enough to master all the intricacies of Rugby football

CAMBRIDGE BLUE.

A MEET OF THE STAGHOUNDS AT HAWKCOMBE HEAD

TWO GOOD DAYS WITH THE DEVON AND SOMERSET

Although our regular hunting accounts have not yet started, we think it may be of interest to the many readers who have hunted with this famous pack, to read of two exceptionally good days lately enjoyed

ON Thursday, October 8th, from the meet at Cuzzicombe Post, the dog hounds more than atoned for the ill-luck of the bitches at Hawkridge on the previous day. Lang had harboured a two atop stag close to the meet under Cuzzicombe Common, but he also had a bigger one in King's Wood, so the Master decided to try for the latter.

Kennelling at Money Hore, Molland, Ernest took the tufters down to King's Wood, where he was almost immediately successful in moving the big stag, and the pack was brought forward and laid on in the road between King's Wood and Pulworthy Wood. Running through the latter covert, hounds turned right-handed as if for the Yeo, and then turned back sharp up the combe. Hounds ran on fast up the combe past Stone Farm, and on through the plantation at the bottom of Poult House Combe. Turning up over Molland Common, hounds ran very fast across Redford Bottom and on along the side of Moorhouse Ridge. Racing down through the Lyshwell fields and Lyshwell Plantation, they came down to water by Lyshwell Ford, where the stag turned upstream a short distance before running up through the plantation again, only to turn back down beside the Danesbrook, with hounds close behind.

From this point hounds ran at a tremendous pace along the south side of the Danesbrook, past Slade Bridge, and on to Drucombe Gate, where they crossed the stream and ran over Brewer's Castle to the Barle. Continuing to race up the valley at the same pace, they brought their stag to water just above Tarr Steps, where he was killed, after a very fast hunt of about 50 minutes.

As it was early and a stag had been seen to go through the fields above Webber's Plantation only a short time before the kill, the Master decided to try to make up for the previous day's failure, so the pack was kennelled at Hollowcombe Farm, Hawkridge, and the tufters taken to the spot where the stag had been seen. Hounds were just able to own the line, which they only hunted a short distance before the stag jumped up in front of them. The halloas which greeted his appearance sounded as if the whole of Hawkridge was rejoicing that yesterday's blot on its reputation was washed out and its honour vindicated.

The tufters soon had their stag away over the racecourse and on along the south side of Anstey Common, to cross the fence just below Molland Moor Gate. Here Ernest, who had already sent back word for the pack to come on, stopped the tufters. The Master having brought on the pack via Zeal Ford, they were laid on about a quarter of an hour behind, and ran nicely beside the road to the head of Poult House Combe, where the stag had waited for them. Hounds ran on past Cuzzicombe Post and over Cuzzicombe Common, into Blindwell Bottom where the stag had again dallied. Coming up to him here, they ran on through the Luckesses fields, and down the valley under Gatcombe.

Hounds hunted beautifully through the fern on the western side of the combe, where the stag had evidently had difficulty in finding a place to jump the wire fence. Driving through the fields above Redlands, they came down into covert with a crash of music. Halfway down the covert the stag had turned out towards the lane leading from Bickingcott to Molland Station, but he was headed and had to turn back into covert again before crossing into the fields above Yeo Farm. From here hounds ran him past Veraby and Reach Farms to the railway line under Mormcott Farm (Mr. T. Dymond), where he was taken, after a capital run with a point of seven miles. Both were good stags, the first having all his rights and two atop on one side and brow, trey and two atop on the other, and the second brow, trey and two atop on both sides. Looking through the records, I cannot find any case of two stags, duly tufted for, and given fair law before the pack was laid on, as these were, having been killed on the same day after runs in any way comparable with these. If the bitches, which are said to be faster than the dogs, improve on the pace set by the latter in the first hunt, followers will have to gallop a bit to keep with them on Saturday.

On Saturday, October 10th, hounds met at Shallowford in almost perfect weather. On this occasion Lang had three strings to his bow, a good three and two atop stag having been harboured in Woolhanger Plantation, the one-horned stag which eluded us last year being in Butter Hill Plantation, and a good two atop stag at the top of Ruccombe. Woolhanger having been drawn blank, the tufters were taken to Butter Hill Plantation, where a good two atop stag accompanied by two hinds and a calf broke out of covert. Swinging left-handed, the stag had passed Chapman's Barrows before sinking down Swincombe.

Reaching Swincombe Rocks Plantation, hounds fresh-found their deer and raced him back almost to Woodbarrows, before turning right-handed across the Challacombe—Simonsbath Road, and running on through the plantation at the top of Acland's Allotment. At this point hounds turned left-handed as if for the Barle; but this was only to deceive, for they shortly turned right-handed again, and crossed the road on to Whitefield Down. Hunting on down Sherracombe, they got into difficulties in Beara Wood, where the stag had turned upstream. Fresh-finding him, hounds drove him out of covert, and across the road just above the Poltimore Arms, Yarde Down, into Lyddicombe Bottom. Turning down the combe, they ran him down past Fyldon Cross to Long Wood, where they unexpectedly turned upwards and ran out of the head of the covert and on up the combe under Shortacombe, where they again fresh-found him, and he turned back into Long Wood with hounds close behind him. In covert most of the pack got mixed up with fresh deer, but three or four couples led by Actress drove their stag down over the Tabor Hill fields and on down the Mole, where the first whipper-in brought on the remainder of the pack, and hounds quickly overtook their deer just above North Molton, where he was taken, after a splendid hunt of 2 hours 25 minutes.

He was a good forest stag, with a fair body and brow, trey and two atop on both sides, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Pugsley and his neighbours will breed many more like him. Just over two years ago, on the occasion of Colonel Wiggin's birthday, a stag found in the same place was killed close to North Molton, after a very fine hunt over a different line of country.

PINKWORTHY POND.

MODERN RIDING SCHOOLS

The Newbury Residential Riding School

IF the Winchester Road is followed a short distance out of Newbury, the casual passer-by can hardly fail to have his attention arrested by a large signboard indicating the Newbury Residential Riding School. This establishment is presided over by the very well-known and successful ex-amateur rider, Major H. Misa.

In common with many others of its kind, this riding school had a small beginning. It was in 1931 that the nucleus of the present establishment was formed. The original intention was to confine the activities to the teaching of children, but the persistent demand for the inclusion of grown-up pupils led to the expansion of the business. A further deciding factor was the comparatively few schools situated in the Newbury district, with the consequent difficulty of keeping the ball rolling during term-time.

At Westmead there is accommodation for residential pupils, whose welfare is personally supervised by Mrs. Misa. Each pupil is provided with a separate bedroom, while a delightfully furnished sitting-room is placed at their general disposal.

The many excellent hotels in Newbury offer further accommodation for pupils who are desirous of taking a residential course. The number of pupils receiving instruction at one time is purposely kept low, individual attention, the hall-mark of success, thus being made possible.

Instruction is carried out by the Principal, who is a Fellow and Instructor of the Institute of the Horse, and by two other certified instructresses. The methods employed are based on Weedon principles, carried out on modified lines.

The large covered riding school at Westmead has proved an invaluable asset. The very comfortable visitors' gallery is gaily adorned with show-winning rosettes, some interesting photographs, and last but by no means least, a copy of the "Horse's Prayer," hung in a prominent position.

The stable work is entirely undertaken by the staff of grooms; the pupils are thus able to concentrate absolutely on the art of learning to ride proficiently. This arrangement by no means excludes their presence from the stable-yard; rather, they are encouraged to watch and take an intelligent interest in the stable routine.

While Major Misa makes no claim that every pupil leaves his riding school a perfect rider, he does succeed in his object in producing better riding, and in instilling some knowledge whereby they may be better able to improve their own horses. The reason for everything is carefully explained, while special weekly courses are held continually throughout the year in elementary or advanced riding; and jumping in both saddles. It is impressed on the pupils that a firm seat on the flat is the first step towards sitting on a horse over a fence.

The jumping paddock contains every variety of obstacle, all of which are fixed. Major Misa believes the fixed jump to be the surest way of making a horse or pony rise properly at his fence. Horses and ponies of all ages are taken to train and re-train, and manner. The free jumping lane and the one-man manège both play an important part in the making of the finished hunter.

For riding out, the spacious expanses of Greenham Common, with its abundance of natural obstacles, which can be traversed at all paces, is an excellent instruction ground for those pupils whose riding is so far advanced.

In addition, the Craven, Vine, Vale of White Horse (Cricklade) Foxhounds, to mention only three packs, are all within easy reach.

So successful are the methods employed that over 60 per cent. of the candidates presented from this riding school for the Institute of the Horse Examination, have been awarded their certificate, and many of them have been recommended to attend the Special Diploma Course.

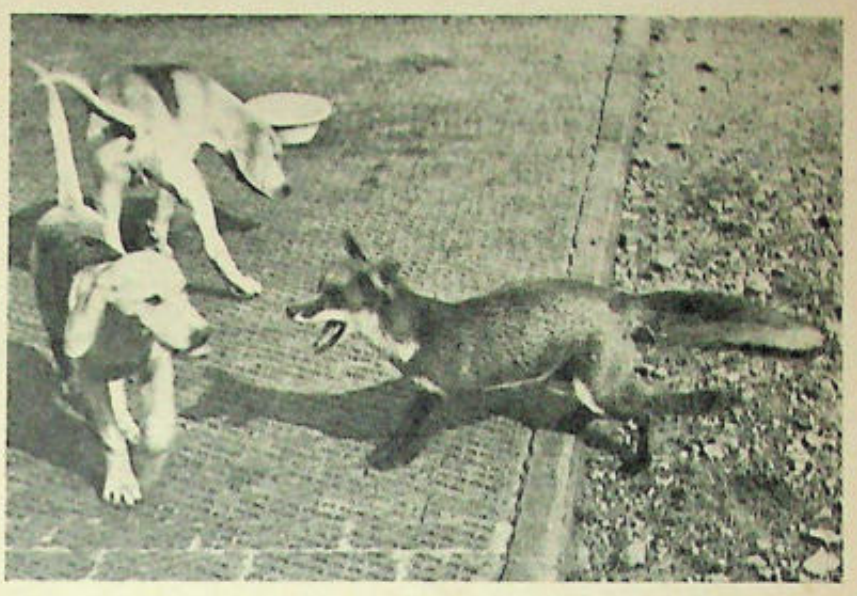
Generally speaking, there are ten horses and six ponies on the equine staff. Mother Smoke, "mother" by virtue of being the oldest inhabitant, a blue roan Welsh pony, is of especial interest. Mother Smoke is well known with the Craven, and has earned for her youthful riders four masks, three brushes and two pads! Dandy, now retired on his laurels won in the show ring, is always available for the smaller children to practise on.

Major Misa's interest in the show ring requires no introduction, and it is not surprising to find drill for show-ring etiquette included in the syllabus.

JOAN ROBESON.

CHARLIE: A MASTER OF FOXHOUNDS

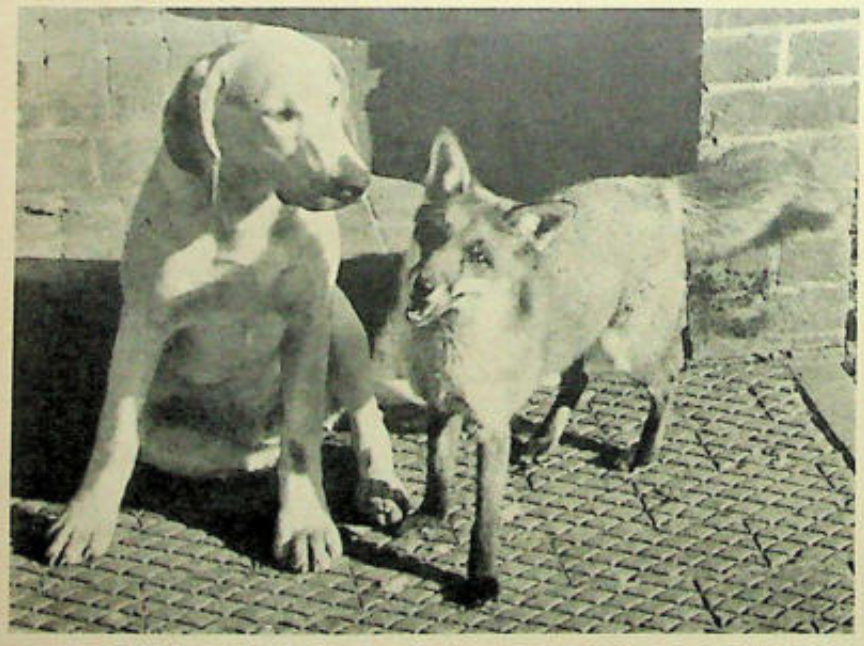
"COME ALONG, DON'T SLEEP ALL DAY!"



"SHOW A LEG, YOU LAZY BEGGAR!"

"NO, I'M NOT GOING TO LEAVE YOU ALONE!"

"I CAN BEAT YOU BOTH AT A TUG OF WAR!"



"CALL YOURSELF A FOXHOUND?"

"WHAT ABOUT MAKING A FUSS OF ME?"

THE extraordinary pictures above were taken by Mr. Anthony Peacock in a court at Mr. George Marriott's farm near Edmund Thorpe, in the Cottesmore country. Hall Farm lies within half a mile of Woodwell Head, probably one of the best known coverts in the world, and here it was that Mr. Marriott found the cub here seen last Easter, in very cold weather with snow lying on the ground. The tiny cub was crawling about among the slush in the last stages of exhaustion; but, being rescued and carried home, recovered and was brought up on the bottle.

Mr. Marriott, a very keen supporter of foxhunting, and a tenant of Mr. V. R. Pochin, of Barkby Hall, Leicester, had also under his care two of Mr. Hilton Green's foxhound puppies, Benbow and Beatrice by name. When the hounds and the cub met they immediately became fast friends and exercised and played together, though, as can be seen, the hounds have not quite the same quicksilver temperament as Charlie (for such is their companion's name), and occasionally require a little cajoling. Sometimes it does not stop there, for Charlie becomes so annoyed when his friends appear dull that he will nip them and snarl at them in his attempts to break down their indifference. But whatever happens, Charlie is the master, and the two hounds always bow down to his wishes.

Not only is Charlie completely unabashed by the hounds, but is most friendly with all human beings. Mr. Marriott can do anything with him and take no risk of a sudden snap, as with most of the cubs he has reared. Charlie is an extraordinary exception and seems to have no fear of anybody. If a stranger comes into his court with flannel trousers on he has to look out, for they are Charlie's favourite form of "worry," and he will dance round until he can dash in from behind and catch hold of a good mouthful. When his court is thoroughly cleaned out once a week Charlie is allowed to run free in the garden. Only once has he departed, and then at night he was heard scratching to be let in.

Interesting speculations arise from this very rare and charming situation, and it is to be hoped sincerely that Charlie does not go love making during cleketting time and become involved in some contretemps with which his sheltered existence has not fitted him to cope.

SOME RESULTS OF TROUT HATCHING
Specimens of the rainbow trout caught from the Tongariro river in New Zealand

HOW TROUT ARE HATCHED

As Shown by Pictures from New Zealand

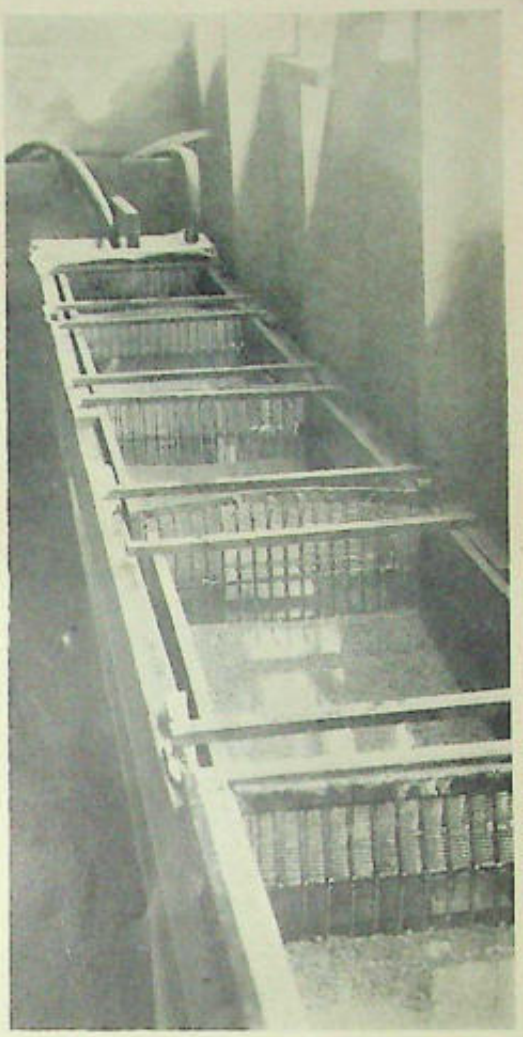
By EDWARD SAMUEL

THE story of the establishment of trout in New Zealand, although well known in this country, has a perennial interest, for trout fishing to-day is a great draw card for the tourist. The same remarks apply to Tasmania, and in New South Wales the fishing is so good as to be practically on a par with the sister Dominion and the island State.

The Auckland Acclimatisation Society has had much to do with the establishment of trout, and one of their earliest activities was the introduction of salmon and trout ova, in the endeavour to provide fishing similar to that enjoyed by many of the early colonists who had come from England and Tasmania. Tasmania was the pioneer of trout fishing in the Southern Hemisphere.

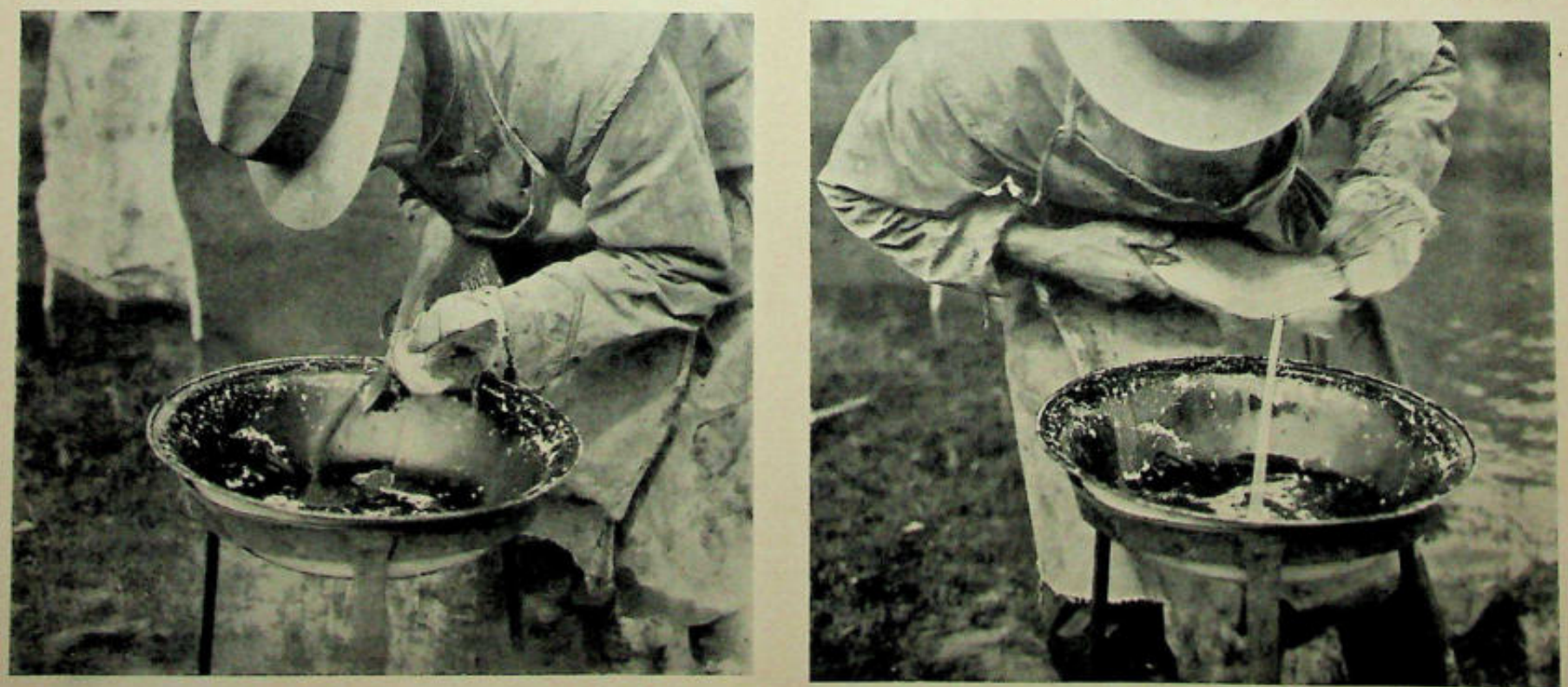
In 1870 the first consignment of brown trout ova arrived in New Zealand from Tasmania, and was hatched in a house in the Auckland domain. Seven years later further importations arrived from San Francisco and Tasmania, and in 1877 the first consignment of rainbow trout arrived from San Francisco. Grave difficulties were encountered for many years, but after ten years struggling real progress was made and gradually all the streams and lakes in New Zealand were stocked, and in 1922 the Government of New Zealand established up-to-date hatcheries at Rotorua and elsewhere.

From this hatchery and the one at Tokaanu, near Taupo, ova is distributed all over New Zealand, and to the Waimakariri hatchery must be credited the successful establishment of rainbow trout not only throughout New Zealand, but also in New South Wales. Recently trial shipments have been sent to India. All waters are restocked from the hatcheries both by the planting of eyed ova and the liberation of fry.



EGGS IN THE HATCHERY
A stream of water flows over them

Two years ago the Auckland Society started the pond system in a number of centres, and eyed ova were obtained from Rotorua and placed in gravel in these ponds and allowed to hatch, and when fit were moved and liberated in the main streams. Last year the Auckland Society decided to build



RIPE TROUT TRAPPED IN THE RIVER ARE BEING ARTIFICIALLY SPAWNED—LEFT, FEMALE; RIGHT, MALE
This is known as the dry process. The eggs are first extruded by the hand being passed gently over the belly; then the milt for fertilizing is pressed out over them

AFTER THE EGGS HAVE BEEN FERTILIZED WATER IS ADDED WHICH CAUSES THEM TO SWELL AND THE SURPLUS MILT IS THEN WASHED OFF IN THE STREAM

their own hatchery, which began operations at Putaruru in September.

A million ova were procured from the Government and were all hatched in the new building: half a million have now been liberated. Another quarter of a million are in ponds all over the district, and the remaining quarter are held in the hatchery in fourteen concrete ponds built to retain the fish until they are a year old.

This year this society will strip all their requirements from fish in their own district.

A few years ago trout were so numerous in the lakes in the Thermal district that it was necessary for some years to net fish, smoke and sell them. Four main methods of fishing are permitted—fly fishing (wet or dry), harling (a species of trailing a wet fly from a boat), trailing (or trolling as it is often called) and spinning.

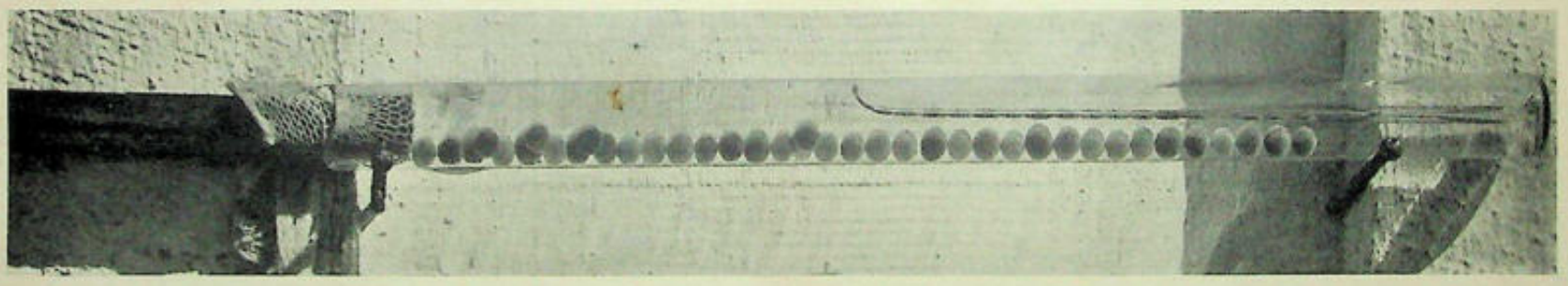
Naturally fly fishing is the most popular sport, and special provision is made to give anglers the full facilities for it by setting aside definite large areas where the other forms of fishing are prohibited.

The Government has in the North Island hatcheries at Rotorua, Tuai (Waikaremoana) and Tokaanu (near Lake Taupo). The latter is the one here illustrated, and the various operations are shown in the accompanying pictures.

The rapid progress of the sport has been remarkable. Lake Taupo, perhaps the finest fishing ground for rainbow trout in the world, was only stocked in 1899, although brown trout had been liberated there some years previously and had become fully established. The ova, fry and yearlings of the brown trout provided an extra food supply for the rainbows.

A scientific investigation by the Cawthron Institute concerning the reported deterioration of trout in some districts resulted in the discovery that owing to rapid increase of the trout stock, natural trout food had, to a large extent, been eaten out. It is now proposed to introduce the mayfly from the Motherland in order to augment the food supply.

However, careful stocking and other precautions have already worked wonders, and during the last two seasons fish of great size and wonderful condition have again been caught.



WHAT TROUT EGGS LOOK LIKE—AN EGG IS FROM 4 TO 5 MILLIMETRES IN DIAMETER

JUST HATCHED—AN ALEVIN OUT OF ITS EGGSHELL—NOTE THE LARGE YOLK SAC ON WHICH IT EXISTS FOR A FEW WEEKS

RAINBOW TROUT FRY JUST GROWING OUT OF THE ALEVIN STAGE. WHEN THE YOLK SAC IS ABSORBED THEY BEGIN TO FEED AND FEND FOR THEMSELVES

A FLEET OF NEW OFF-SHORE RACERS

Keen Competition for the Fastnet Year

By COMMANDER JOHN IRVING

NEXT year, 1937, is to be a Fastnet year, for, as is generally known, this event is a bi-annual affair, and the last one was held in 1935. Presumably, this still-distant event is the stimulus which is already providing so many new ocean racers and the rumours of so many more. Usually one is content to deal with this off-shore racing season as it comes along and move along with it to Heligoland, the Clyde, Benodet, or wherever it leads. But a sudden spate of building orders is so unusual as to require attention being given the craft before they actually appear.

First, let us look at the Bloodhound cult. To begin with, there was Foxhound, then there was Bloodhound—both of them beautiful models, both of them successful off-shore racers. Mr. Nicholson was at his best in their " lines " and sail plan, and these ships naturally attracted a great deal of deserved attention. Then came Fife's Latifa—another beautiful model, another successful yacht. These ships, together with the Olin Stephens designed Trencheiner, make up an excellent British " big class " of modern off-shore racers. This class the season's results have also shown to be more or less invincible when in competition with older ships not especially built with one eye on the rule.

It is being said now that Nicholson is building yet another Bloodhound—and on " spec "—or, at least, that is how the story runs. No doubt he is wise to do this, for the excellence of the prototype is such that the new one will not remain unowned for very long. The only thing that can be said about it is that this proceeding suggests rather a tendency to produce a one-design class of ocean racer.

They have one in America, it is true, and only some weeks ago a well-known deep-sea sailorman was warmly advocating the formation of just such a class in our own home sphere of the game. Will such one-design development (that is to say, of course, if it does develop) tend, however, to improve the sport? Thus far off-shore racing over here has got along very well indeed on the old-established hard-and-fast lines of competitive designing. No one can deny, surely, that each successive new ocean racer has been a step forward towards an ocean-racing ideal. One must, perhaps, stress that this ideal is ocean racing, and it might perhaps be added that in this quest lies a world of difference to the older days when bigger and better fast cruisers succeeded each other year by year.

In those days the fast deep-sea cruiser could take her place in the round-the-coast handicap classes with some certainty of average performance. In these days when the goal has become rather the successful off-shore course racer it seems, if last year's handicap races round the coast are to be taken as a criterion, that the deep-sea products are relatively slow for such work and are, therefore, limited in their activities solely to the purpose for which they are lined in—the ocean course.

So there is one Nicholson Bloodhound-type going to be ready and waiting for the next year's prize list. And then, moving down the size scale, comes the news that another Nicholson ship is being designed and built for Mr. Gage. Presumably she will have some resemblance to the Bloodhound family, but her LWL is, it is said, to be about 39ft. This seems to beg the question of size, for this ship will be of smaller calibre than the present off-shore " big class," and almost all the other projected new cruisers are to be even smaller still.

Alfred Loomis in his new book has quite a lot to say about the reduced sizes of ocean racers to-day. He rather attributes the waning popularity of the big ship to the professional manning problem, but there may be other factors, more mathematical, which make the smaller ship even more suitable to our own conditions than the big ones.

We arrive, thus, at the smaller ocean racer, and rumour is busy with a new one for Mr. Luard. Certainty is also at work with new ones for a joint-partnership between Lieutenant-Commander Illingworth (ex-Blue Bird) and Mr. Jones (ex-Sylvia), and with a new one for Colonel King (ex-Rose). The two latter are now definitely stated to be of some 35-ft. waterline length and therefore, by the amended conditions for the race, now eligible for the Fastnet, and to race everywhere with the " big class."

Ships with such water-line can undoubtedly, with careful interior cabin-planning, be adjusted to carry in comfort the essential two watches and a cook: Colonel King's new ship is indeed being designed to bed down eight on her 35ft. waterline. The Illingworth-Jones's combine has gone to Laurent Giles for their design, and with recollections of this designer's past work in mind, we can be sure that the result will be interesting indeed. Colonel King (who, by the way, has handed his good ship Rose over to the Royal Artillery Yacht Club) has gone to a new designer, Mr. Robert Clark. At least, the word new is here used in its relative sense, for Mr. Clark's Mystery, which he produced recently, took him at a bound into the front rank of contemporary designers.

Beken, Cowes

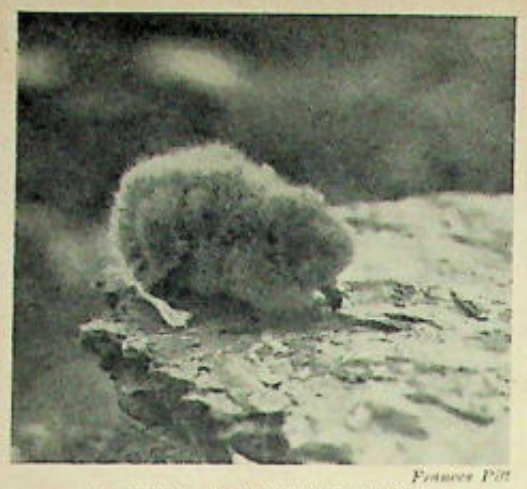
TWO OF THE BIG CLASS OF MODERN OFF-SHORE RACERS

Mr. Isaac Bell's Nicholson designed Bloodhound and (on right) Mr. Michael H. Mason's Fife designed Latifa

It seems possible that Colonel King's new ship will have Mystery characteristics, in which case, judging by the accounts of that ship's amazing sea-kindly performance, he is going to get a very interesting ship indeed. And if more prospective new owners come along they might do well to let Oswald Watts turn out for them a new edition of his delightful Carmela—and then we should have a real bevy of interest.

These new 35-footers will, of course, have two older ones of about the same calibre to deal with when they join the fleet. There is Isis of about this size, and also Mr. Joass's McNab. And if Mr. Baker brings out his Thalassa there will be three of the older vintage, and two, if not three with Mr. Luard's reported commission, of the new.

These new craft, large and small, together with the old, who assuredly will be out again with their racing flags aloft, should make a most interesting off-shore fleet for 1937. And if Mr. Hammond's Landfall, which he has loaned to the Royal Naval Sailing Association, should be able to get home from Malta in time for the Fastnet, there will indeed be, almost for the first time, a very excellent and representative fleet of British ocean racers. Perhaps Dorade and Stormy Weather and their sisters had at last better stand from under.



Frances Pitt

A YOUNG STORM-PETREL CHICK

A DIFFICULT BIRD TO WATCH

The Courtship of the Storm-Petrel

By R. M. LOCKLEY

THEY were the last to come. Yet, though we watched every evening as we fished the Wild Goose Race at mid-April, we failed to see their coming. Myriads of shearwaters came up out of the grey south-east and vanished into the crimson sunset. But there were no storm-petrels.

Since then I have found it useless to wait for their arrival. In five years I have only once seen a storm-petrel at sea by daylight, and on that occasion the sun had already set. Out night-fishing in June we heard the beating of their tiny wings about our boat, but yet could not see their dancing forms against the dark pool of the sea. Their approach to land is strictly nocturnal.

They come to us very faithfully in the last days of April, announcing their presence by their delightful crooning notes, which are uttered towards evening from the depths of their nesting recesses in cliff, rock, and stone-hedge. From then until the end of June their strange courtship may be watched. But under considerable difficulties and strain, since they are at their best only on the darker nights.

We go out an hour after sunset and lie down in the bracken beside one of the stone-faced earth hedges which still mark the boundaries of the fields of the old farm which once existed on the island. Already, in a dozen crevices within our hearing, the crooning has begun.

"Purr-r-r-eeka. Purr-r-r-eeka." This is the characteristic note, but there is another variation, a good deal shorter. "Urr-chik. Urr-chik." Both are uttered much in the same way, beginning with a harsh purring note and ending abruptly, as if the purring had been stopped by a violent hiccough.

It has been suggested to me that these notes are uttered by the male and the female respectively. There might have been something in this theory, because often a pair seemed to be answering each other in this fashion as they sat together in their burrow. But I have since found that the two distinct notes can be uttered by a single individual.

These are the burrow notes; they are very rarely, if ever, uttered on the wing. In nine cases out of ten they are uttered in the form of a rough duet by a mated pair of petrels which is sitting in the chosen burrow. The excitement of the honeymoon is still upon them. They will croon together night after night until the solitary white egg is laid at the end of May, or any time up to the beginning of July. After that crooning gradually ceases, though in the early stages of incubation the sitting bird will begin the evening with a subdued purring, until its mate returns. There is then a happy reunion in the burrow, and a variety of indescribable squeaks and chuckles is exchanged before the change over is accomplished, and the bird which has sat for the previous 24 hours flies away.

As will have been gathered the birds already seem to be paired on arrival in April. Almost every nest we explore then contains a pair or none, rarely a single bird. Nevertheless these mated pairs are by no means averse to continuing on shore a courtship which appears to have been already successful earlier upon the ocean. This early appearance of mated pairs is strong presumption that the storm-petrel pairs for life. The same attachment is noticeable among other sea-birds, notably the manx shearwater and the puffin.

R. M. Lockley

THE NEST UNCOVERED TO SHOW ADULT AND EGG

The indescribable noises which follow the reunion of a pair in a burrow may be heard. I should have added, even before the egg is laid, and I think are then produced in the excitement of acts of courtship, including that of union. Both birds, after flying swiftly to and fro over the nesting hole on arrival from the sea, will enter it together and indulge in these noises, which are accompanied by sounds of scuffling.

Something of the courtship, however, is visible outside. The "circle ritual," as I have called it, is a rite which must definitely be associated with the storm-petrel's courtship, though some form of it is adopted to display anger and intimidation as well.

Even on the finest nights it would be difficult to watch the swift bat-like flight of the storm-petrel, and unless we can get the bird silhouetted against the pale night sky we shall see absolutely nothing. We must lie on our backs in the bracken and gaze upward at the cloudswept stars.

Over the top of the low hedge wall several petrels appear at intervals, silent, for all the world indistinguishable from large bats, save that they fly much faster, so fast we see nothing but a black blur.

For a while nothing happens. The petrels appear to be hawking for moths. Actually it is a procession of petrels coming from and going to different nests all along the wall. Then suddenly we hear one of them "give tongue."

"Quicker. Quicker. Quicker."

Soft, very soft and low, this new sound strikes pleasantly, mysteriously upon the straining ear. It goes on ceaselessly thereafter. By the direction and continuity of it we are quickly able to recognise that the performer is circling over one spot on the wall. The sound ebbs and flows upon us, at its height the petrel passes over our heads, and we see the incurving black arc of its passage. It is performing the circle ritual.

Watching thus with a friend one summer night I got from him the most perfect definition of this strange note of the petrel that I have yet heard. To him it sounded like the beating of wings of a distant flock of plover, just as regular only a good deal faster. I think this conveys the impression of the sound much better than any phonetic effort I could make.

But now another bird has joined the circle, and the wheel goes faster. Both birds are murmuring, so that two high tides of sound flow down upon us for every circle they complete. They still keep to the sharply defined area whose diameter is less than 6yds.

With the appearance of a third bird, the whirlpool increases in violence. We are seeing the ritual at its best and rarest. One bird alone is crying now, the other two flush after him almost faster than we can see them against the sky.

Until more is understood about the storm-petrel no useful purpose can be served by hazarding guesses as to the significance of this courtship rite. I merely give the details. In the future I hope to try and correlate them more fully. This murmuring note and circling is continued, as long as the birds associate with land.

R. M. Lockley

THE HERRINGBONE STONE WALLS OF SKOKHOLM ISLAND IN WHICH PETRELS BOARD IN GREAT NUMBERS

Frances Pitt

THE STORM-PETREL, WHICH HAS A WONDERFUL MASTERY OF THE AIR, IS ILL AT EASE ON LAND

MISS WETHERED'S EIGHTH WIN IN THE WORPLESDON FOURSOMES
She is seen with her partner, the Hon. T. Coke, receiving the cup from the Duke of Sutherland. They beat Miss D. Wilkins and C. J. Anderson in the final

SAVING A MATCH ON THE LAST GREEN

Miss Wethered's Fine Play at Worplesdon

By E. R. TIPPLE

LAST year Worplesdon was not quite the Worplesdon of old because Miss Wethered was absent. When she is away the stage lacks a principal figure who can never have an understudy. Last week all was well. Miss Wethered had entered with another new partner, the Hon. T. Coke, of the Scots Guards, and she once again won through in her own inimitable manner. Eight victories with seven different partners is a record of wonderful foursome golf. She is rightly considered one of the finest golfers of all time, but, whereas many brilliant players lose some of their sparkle when combining with others, she always seems to retain hers. Although the best partner anyone could wish for, being her ally carries with it great responsibilities, and the poor man who knows only too well that he is required merely to follow Robson's motto and "keep the ball in play," often plays destructive shots and leaves the great lady to wander into the jungle of heather and gorse.

It is seldom that the winners of match-play events have an easy journey to the final. In some round, earlier or later, they have a narrow squeak, as if fate would test their courage and their fighting qualities. Last week Miss Wethered had an easy passage to the final in all but one of her matches, and that one game eclipsed all the others of the week. Miss Dorothy Pearson and Captain C. G. B. Stevens were the couple who made Miss Wethered go the full length of the course. The game which was to be so dramatic began with Miss Wethered and her partner taking an early lead, and it seemed as if they would score another comfortable victory.

Then the fortunes changed quickly and the opposition seized their chances and became two up with seven to play. For once Miss Wethered played some poor strokes and her partner two very destructive ones. The situation for them was dangerous. The twelfth green, beloved by lazy spectators and an ideal 'vantage point, is guarded by one diagonal bunker and a bank with another hazard on its other side. The entrance is very narrow and faces the left-hand side of the fairway. Coke placed his drive in the right place and Miss Wethered did the rest. Her spoon shot flew straight at the flag, and that was one hole recovered. Her length had come in useful, for most of the other couples could not get anywhere near this green in two, and were even content to be safely on in three.

Two hard halves followed and with his side still one hole behind, Coke completely missed his brassie to the fifteenth and the ball finished a few yards further along in tough rough. The average lady golfer, in such circumstances, could only chip out, but Miss Wethered, taking an iron—she has returned to hickory shafts by the way—hit the ball quietly and very easily on to the green quite 150yds. away. That was the first of two really classic strokes of the round, and enabled Miss Wethered and her partner to snatch a desperate and badly-needed half. It was now the opposition's turn to make mistakes, which they did in the popular manner of three putting. Three putts on the next two greens meant a loss and a half which offered a certain win, as Miss Wethered's side were in dire trouble all the way. All square and one to play.

If at such a crucial moment opponents are given breathing space trouble can be expected, and Stevens and Miss Pearson got it. Again Coke played his part and put the drive in the right place. Played down wind the Worplesdon home hole is terribly difficult to find in two. You have to evade the diagonal bunker which seems to come out so far as to leave you little or no room to pitch short of the green and you cannot pitch on and stay there. Taking a No. 4 iron, Miss Wethered hit the ball straight to the flag, just missing the trap, pitching a few yards short of the green, and finishing 3yds. from the hole. Although Stevens had recovered brilliantly after a mistake by his partner, Coke holed the putt, and the tension was ended.

In the final Miss Wethered showed that she is like any other mortal and can make mistakes. But she also showed that she is among the very few who can produce a superlative stroke in a crisis. This ability puts her head and shoulders above even the present-day leading lady players. It is to be hoped that after her marriage, which is to take place in London on January 6th, she will continue to play at Worplesdon—her appearances are all too few as it is.

The runners-up, Miss Wilkins and C. J. Anderson, played wonderfully steady golf all the week. The latter in particular was in good form and was one of the few men who did not give his partner too much to do. Several of the long-suffering ladies made frequent excursions into the trees and heather, for Worplesdon is a narrow course and permits no liberties such as many long-hitting males require. The downfall of several teams was due to the man, and not to his partner. Even some of the strongest alliances failed to harmonise, and lesser-known couples triumphed in the early rounds simply because they played as teams and not as two individuals. The early defeat of Francis and the "double champion," Miss Pam Barton, was perhaps the biggest surprise. But they both played poorly and the latter, as can be expected, was tired after her strenuous time in America. If the general golf was not so good as previous years, the meeting produced one of the finest matches on record.

THE FIGURE SKATING SEASON

Vacancies for New Champions

THE season that is now beginning, if one can say that such a thing as a "season" for figure skating exists, should prove to be particularly interesting.

The world's championships for both ladies and pairs will be held in London, and the National Skating Association have also decided to inaugurate a junior championship for men, ladies and pairs, and thus fall into line with most of the principal skating countries of the Continent.

The fact that Sonja Henie has now turned professional will make the ladies' event a far more open affair than it has been for many years past, for, accepting the fact that our own British champion, Cecelia Colledge, has been hard upon the heels of the redoutable Miss Henie for some time, there are quite a number of challengers for the envied position of ladies' world's champion.

Jack Dunn, who made such a name for himself as the most brilliant male free skater Great Britain has ever produced, in fact as one of the most brilliant in the world, has also joined the ranks of the professionals, and is at present making a film in Hollywood in which he has not only to skate, but to dance and act as well. We should, therefore, see in the British men's championship, an interesting fight between Graham Sharpe, the holder, and his nearest rival, Freddie Tomlins, who made such remarkable progress last year.

The N.S.A., acting on the recommendation of the Ice Dance Committee, have made a very important alteration in their ruling concerning dance tests in that, this season, candidates for these dance tests may, if they so desire, employ a professional partner to skate with them while they are attempting to pass these tests. The judges may, if they consider that a candidate is relying too much upon this professional partner, require the candidate to dance one or more of the dances with one of themselves, which will certainly prevent candidates, patently not up to the standard of the test with an amateur partner, being pushed through by the skill and experience of their professional.

There was a considerable amount of opposition to this ruling, but the Dance Committee maintain that in the newer rinks, it is extremely difficult for those wishing to pass the tests, to find partners sufficiently experienced, and it is only the interest in dancing, inspired and encouraged by the prospect of passing these tests and subsequently taking part in competition, thereby gaining a certain amount of kudos and publicity, that will keep skating alive in this country.

This is possibly true, for it is a fact that for the one person who will take the trouble or can afford the time to pass tests or enter competitions in figure skating, there are hundreds who are perfectly capable of doing so in ice dancing, for it needs neither the same amount of time, patience nor even physique to become a good dancer, as it does to become even a moderate figure skater.

Ice dancing is a delightful spare-time amusement, while figure skating is, for the ambitious, a whole-time job. It is well, therefore, to find some form of skating that will appeal to the public, stimulate their interests, and not take too long of achievement, otherwise those who care for figure skating, who enjoy tackling the subtle difficulties of the school figures or advanced free skating, might find themselves without ice upon which to exercise their art.

The Ice Speed Committee, not to be outdone, have also made an innovation this season by the introduction of speed tests for ladies, with a fifteen-second-in-the-mile time allowance compared to the men's tests. Speed skating for ladies is already very popular on the Continent and should prove equally so here.

The Ice Club, Westminster, the first of the post-War rinks in England, has ceased to be a private club and will in future be known as the Westminster Ice Rink.

This club has held a unique position in the rinks of the world and its influence on figure skating in Great Britain and abroad has been immense, a fact that in itself must be of some recompense to those who bore the very heavy financial burden for so long, and many will regret a decision that was inevitable. It still remains under the same management, retains its influence, its atmosphere of quiet dignity, and the majority of its most excellent staff. It was the building of the Ice Club and the consequent encouragement given to skating that was the direct cause of the construction of the numerous rinks that are now to be found throughout the country.

T. D. RICHARDSON.

This England . . .

Near Petworth, Sussex

CONSIDERED RIGHTLY, there is no sadness in the tawny patchwork of our English Autumn. Truly the loves and languors of summer are past, but now is a time of work, of securing all for winter, of eager preparation for the birth of another year. Remember, leaves do not fall of their own accord—'tis a gentle swelling, like a whispered promise of a Spring to come, that pushes them from their hold. So, if an Autumn sadness steals upon you, obey the well-rooted instinct for a "fine October ale." But make it a beer of the olden style—one such as Worthington—to hearten and sustain you; to give you certainty that if Winter comes, Spring is not "far behind."

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"AN ENGLISH MARSH ON A WINTER'S MORNING"

From the painting by J. C. Harrison, reproduced by courtesy of the artist and Messrs. Vicars Bros., at whose galleries at 12, Old Bond Street, London, W.1, an exhibition of Mr. Harrison's work opens on November 2nd

THE MOST DIFFICULT BIRD?

A Comparison of Targets

By LORD DORCHESTER

[Last week The Hon. Henry Douglas Home gave his views on this debatable subject. Lord Dorchester's opinions will be followed by those of Commander Douglas Lang.]

THE heading to this article is a hardy annual over which discussion rages in the smoking room or over the port at the end of many a shooting day; the old and wily, the young and eager each advocating an opinion.

Strictly speaking, snipe and woodcock do not fall within the category of game birds, but I give them brevet rank for the moment in order to widen the scope of our comparisons.

The truth of the matter is that most men incline towards an individual inferiority complex where a certain bird is concerned—one is doubtful about tall pheasants, another dreads the driven grouse, and a third prefers anything to a walked-up partridge going straight away from him; while perhaps the best shot of them all will, from lack of experience, feel shy about backing himself against the snipe and his slightly less elusive cousin the woodcock.

Some years ago the *Field* propounded this very query, and received and published the opinions of some of the leading shots of the day; and although I forget what, if any, conclusion was arrived at or what was the consensus of opinion, I do recollect that the late Mr. Robert Hargreaves was very decided on one point. He held that by far the most difficult shot was that presented by the teal when you had missed him with your first barrel. An opinion which leads one nowhere, and is merely begging the question when it comes to placing game birds in their order of relative difficulty, because the example cited, if not out of the normal, does not fall within the average events of a day's shooting, except, perhaps, if we be wildfowlers pure and simple.

Even so, I cannot quite agree with him, brilliant shot as he was, for I remember many evenings flighting on the Vardar and Struma marshes, when I always reckoned the pintail to be by far the most difficult duck to kill with the second barrel.

Almost any second chance at any bird may be extremely difficult although the bird is still well within reach. In trying to arrive at a conclusion, we must stick to the normal first barrel chance furnished by the average bird during an average day's shooting disregarding, if possible, the personal factor.

Pheasants may flutter up like barndoor fowl or, where the lie of the ground is allied to artistic showing, can be sent over so as to be out of, or practically, out of shot; they can, moreover, swoop down on outspread pinions in such a deceptive curl that even Lord de Grey has had to admit defeat until he could solve the mystery of their floating descent, but such are not the average pheasants.

Partridges, too, can attain to the almost impossible, offering targets that beat the quickest and most practised of shots.

There is a certain beech avenue at Stratton, in Hampshire, over which it was the particular pleasure of the late Lord Northbrook to drive his birds, a pleasure that was accentuated a hundredfold if a south-westerly gale chanced to be blowing, and when this happened, as it very frequently does in that part of the world, I can assure the reader that the tally of kills to cartridges was something to be proud of if approximating to one in six. Such partridges as those cannot be counted as falling within the average.

The grouse in their turn present to us an infinite variety, and all within the compass of four weeks and dependent upon the moors on which they are driven.

On a still, hot Twelfth of August it seems almost a crime when one fails to secure a right and left out of each covey flapping confidingly up to the butts. Wait, however, but three short weeks! Then let the survivors of those confiding broods meet us again at the head of the glen in a down-wind drive, and see what a different tale there is to tell; yet both these presentments may be classed as average experiences in grouse driving, and even quite early on one or more screamers may be expected in every drive.

Now, to analyse the snipe, we will go down to an English marsh on a winter's morning. The rushes brittle with frost, and every puddle a-crackle with sheet ice; the snipe are in, but wild as hawks, and rising in whisps e'er ever you get within 50yds. of them. No Indian paddy-field birds these, and as different as chalk from cheese to the snipe flushed in milder, moister climes.

Two friends of mine, shooters of great experience, have no hesitation in awarding first prize for difficulty to the driven snipe. I have never taken part in a regular snipe drive, so cannot agree or disagree with them; but I have shot a good many single birds coming over while grouse driving, and unless they were out of shot, I personally have not found them excessively difficult, nor do they carry much shot: the question is whether such individual birds give a fair picture of driven snipe when numbers are in the air at once, and darting about in all directions, crossing and recrossing each other.

I can well imagine the latter conditions calling for the greatest quickness and accuracy on the part of the gunner, but even so can we say that the bulk of the snipe shot in the British Isles are obtained by driving rather than walking up? If the answer is in the negative, then the driven snipe is the exceptional and not the average bird.

Finally, I come to the woodcock, and speaking generally he would appear to be the easiest target of the lot, announcing his presence as he does with an unmistakable flapping of wings when rising out of the bracken, seeming almost too idle to lift above the questing spaniels; deceived by his leisurely movements I poke and follow and miss him clean. What about the second barrel? Up he goes, silhouetted against the sky and once more I count him as dead, only to find that he has dropped 10ft. just as I got on to him, as I thought, and there is now a hazel stem between me and my objective.

Then, too, when roused and thoroughly scared by beaters, he will fly as high as any pheasant, or vary the performance by a sudden descent to twist and dart along a few feet from the ground, following its every undulation, and keeping to the blind side of every bush and tree in a manner most disconcerting, in addition to which his comparative scarcity exercises a great moral effect in his favour, as witnessed by the electrifying effects of the shout "Mark woodcock!" I have tried to set down as nearly as possible the mental pictures which the pheasant, partridge, grouse, snipe and woodcock respectively present to myself, and possibly only to myself, for few of us see really eye to eye in shooting.

So speaking only for myself, I place the English snipe first in order of difficulty, with the driven partridge a good second.

But the personal factor will always obtrude itself, and as "A little thing may harm a wounded man," so many very little things are calculated to put off the shooter (I will back a hurried breakfast or a mislaid pipe to spoil my morning's shooting), even at this favourite bird, and so for a time dispel the confidence acquired by a long sequence of successes.

Which being the case it is safe to say that controversy will continue to rage over the port and in the smoking room whenever this question is raised.

OVER THE SALTINGS AND OVER THE MOORS

THE PINK FEET MOVING OUT TO SEA

From the painting by Roland Green in his exhibition of Wildfowl and Game Bird pictures which was opened last Wednesday by Lord Desborough at Messrs. Arthur Ackermann & Son's Galleries, 137, New Bond Street, London, W. 1. Mr. Roland Green's work will be on view until November 21st.

GROUSE OVER THE GLEN: A MEMORY OF AUGUST

From the painting by Roland Green

LOADERS AS THE SPORTSMAN SEES THEM

Some Aspects of a Shooting Complex

By AIDAN CRAWLEY

LOADERS are a state of mind. There are bad loaders, good loaders, and great loaders, but to the majority of men who shoot a loader is not so much a man who saves him trouble and assists him to shoot the maximum number of birds, as a friend who loyally guards his reputation, or an enemy with unlimited power of blackmail. As I say, it depends on the shooter's state of mind. And the shooter's state of mind (the word shooter is as unsatisfactory as "fielder" or "fieldsman"; but "gun" is inadequate, and Mr. Herbert has not prescribed an alternative) depends upon a long and complex education, usually beginning at the age of ten.

At that age, having been to school and learned to do what he is told, a boy is considered useful by his elder brother, and is enough of a hero-worshipper to consider that use a privilege. He learns, therefore, not yet how to use a gun, but to load one. The process is gradual and begins by being allowed to carry a cartridge bag which is far too heavy over distances which are far too long. Mothers trust the big brother not to "overdo" his faithful disciple; the big brother trusts his younger not to "squeal"; and the budding loader is far too occupied in keeping just two feet behind, and to the left of, his brother's left heel and shouting "mark" to all birds which get up within 100yds., to notice anything except the weight of the cartridge bag and the near horizon. If he opens the cartridge bag quickly when his brother's pockets are running low, keeps it dry and does not drop a noticeable amount of ammunition into the turnips or the heather, he may be allowed to go on the "really long day round the march" at the end of the week. He will then be perfectly happy.

Having proved that he can walk and that the number of birds his brother shoots is the first interest in his life, the young loader is ready for promotion. The brother has been allowed the use of an outside butt. To have someone to talk to during the long wait, to mark the birds he does shoot and to ignore those which merely pass by, and to arrange the cartridges in pairs round the butt so that he will have a chance to get his one gun off nearly as quickly as his neighbour does his two, is all that he needs to complete his status. Casually he fulfils his junior's dreams and tells him that if he would like to come along and stand beside him he might be able to find something for him to do.

So the budding loader is one step nearer his goal. His new responsibilities are not all "jam." A magnanimous experiment on the brother's part to allow him actually to drop the cartridges into the gun ends in pinched fingers, birds unshot at, and tears. A dreadful day when it rains and a cartridge, slightly wet, sticks in the barrel and puts the gun out of action for the best part of the best drive, while its owner wholly loses his temper, retards the pupil's progress for the space of a whole week. But humility and unswerving loyalty win through, and junior's presence as a necessary second in the butt is assured.

It is fun balancing the neat little pairs of cartridges on likely pieces of heather. It is thrilling when a towered bird, well marked, is picked, and the brother remembers that it was his "loader" who marked it. Sub-consciously, too, it is interesting to note that when the brother is most impatient he is also slow and most inaccurate. With rules of safety becoming embedded in his brain the period of initiation is pretty well complete. The "loader" is ready to load.

Then, paradoxically, because he is not really going to be a loader but only a "gun," the loader's education is suddenly interrupted. He may, and surely ought to go, through a short phase when he handles his brother's newly inherited second gun. If he does he will know, though the knowledge is no guarantee of remembrance, that it is impossible for even the keenest pair of fingers to fill a gun with cartridges as fast as a trigger will empty it; that no man can mark birds and fit cartridges *well* at the same time; and yet if birds go by unsaluted or fall and remain unfound, the loader is the man most obviously responsible. But on the obvious assumption that when a boy is capable of handling a gun he is equally capable of letting one off, a good many sportsmen omit this stage of their education and from handling cartridges go straight to the shooting of a gun.

The result is that from the very first moment they become "loader conscious." Not having learned the job thoroughly, they never remember that loading is an art every bit as difficult as shooting, and that a loader has done his job when he has thrown the gun far up into their hands and almost on the line of the bird, and that what happens afterwards is of only passing interest.

If the "loadee" shoots well the loader will be pleased in that he will have a pleasant companion. If he shoots badly, he will be sorry if it should spoil his day, and technically interested if he discovers, in the course of his loading, why the gun is not aimed straight. But loading is a full-time job and, like all artisans, the loader is an egotist. If he bungles, if the day is cold and he has left his mittens behind, he will be concerned that though his "gun" may not notice it he will be loading badly. If the "gun" does notice it (which will only happen if he is a good "gun" and shooting well) he will be concerned in case he should pass on his opinion of his loading. But all the time it is the loading and not the shooting which occupies him.

Of none of this is the normal "gun" aware. Cut off before their prime of loading, never able to get inside the loader's skin, they go through life under the delusion that because they make use of the loader's art they are the loader's interest. (As if Lord Nuffield shuddered when one ground a Morris's gears.) The result is the shooter's burden, known as "loader's tyranny."

It begins, by an inverted process, when a sister who has devotedly held cartridges throughout the day, instead of being thanked for her pains, is made miserable at the end by the brother's despondency. Her devotion has made his inaccuracy all the more unbearable.

It is at its worst in the age of acquisition, when besides brushes with initials, watch and chain, signet ring and top boots, a man becomes possessed of a pair of guns. Then, being to all appearances a complete "shot," exposed to the full view of six or more expert critics in a line, he is truly at the mercy of his loader. Believing, falsely, that his loader honestly cares how he shoots, that in some way his disgrace will be his loader's disgrace, he makes him a friend, a dependent, and a master in turn. Never sure that if he begins shooting well he will continue, never satisfied that he is shooting as well as he ought, he takes his loader obliquely into his confidence.

Beginning with the small amount of practice he has had that year, mentioning the fact that he went to bed very late the night before, and admitting that there are certain positions in which he finds birds very difficult, he lays the foundation of excuses for possible failure. Then, switching from master to slave in a desperate effort to regain confidence, he tries a little flattery, asks the loader if he knows the shoot well, how the birds fly, which of the guns are good shots, and finally perhaps adds a request that if the loader can see where he aims wrong will he tell him. When the drives begin and he misses, he is at once "right out of form," and every bird which flicks a feather at the passing shot has to be carefully marked as "probably dead" or a runner. It is a sickening period of abject self-exposure. No one escapes it, and as a result all "guns" are landed in all loaders' debt for life because of that tolerance, loyalty and forbearance. At best the rest of a shooter's sporting days are an attempt to regain his own self-confidence and his loader's respect.

It is done usually in one of three ways. When they settle down to a career sportsmen have been known suddenly to become aware that whereas they have spent the greater part of their days in finding excuses for not having killed something, the rest of the world is engaged in almost exactly the reverse process; and the incongruity of the thought has provided them with a final excuse for never handling a gun again. That, however, is a cowardly way out.

A second method, restricted unfortunately to those who have money, leisure and the right sort of friends, is to become a professional "shot" and be so accurate that a loader is reduced to a robot whom, though you never tire of trying to astonish him, you have a right to criticise. In the end, perhaps, you are about quits.

The most common method, however, is a compromise. In spite of the degradation involved, most working men who have shot, like to take the chance of a good shoot when offered. They know perfectly well that once lined up at the first stand all the elaborate shell with which they protect themselves in ordinary life will drop away and they will be as exposed to their loader as ever. But the fact that they do it only a dozen, or half a dozen, times in a year makes a difference. They have learned to bluff and to sidetrack.

Instead, therefore, of getting out of the shooting brake and nodding shyly to the man holding their guns in the hope that he will not detect the amateur in their eye, they force themselves into an objective detachment. They look the loader over and determine his type. If he is obviously a keeper (probably from Lord Rocketer, who is renowned for pulling down pheasants out of the sky), they make up their minds that at the first sign of patronage they will ask the man if he is unemployed, or how it is that he finds time for such casual labour. If, on the other hand, the loader looks as if he really might have been recently unemployed, or is the third footman, or is just nondescript but holds the guns awkwardly and at odd angles, they ask him casually how he is employed, and then give a demonstration of how they like him to discharge

"A RECORD GAS BAG," OR "A SPIRITED LOADING PERFORMANCE"
From the drawing by J. Mac L. Short

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AUSTIN REED

OF REGENT STREET

London and Principal Cities

this particular duty. At any rate, in some way they establish themselves as men before the game begins. Sooner or later, of course, this detachment breaks down, and the "guns," if they are shooting better than they expected, are forced into praising themselves and soliciting the praise of their loaders, or, if shooting badly, into baleful excuses and a large and apologetic tip at the end. But the agony passes. Perhaps the only real blessing of regular work is that it limits the period when a man knows that his real worth is decided by the number of birds he manages to kill in a single day. As he lies in his bath, going over each stand and each shot of each stand, knowing perfectly well why he missed those birds to his right, and knowing also that his neighbour was not deceived when he told him they were twice as far out as they were, the shell reassembles.

He realises, with a smile, that he will not see that particular loader again for a year. He hopes, with visions of his gunmaker's school, that in that year he will have improved as a shot, that next time he will strike a lucky day, or (more slenderly) that the loader will have forgotten him. Finally, as he wraps himself in a towel and stretches out his legs before his bedroom fire for a nice read before dinner, he knows that by the time the week-end is over money, his job, even perhaps a parliamentary Bill or a thousand-word article, will once more seem important to him: and he will have forgotten his loader.

BOROTRA'S VICTOR

Karl Schroeder the New Covered Courts Champion

By J. E. COLLETT

THIS year the National Covered Court Championships at Queen's Club were memorable for their alternating results and the triumphant progress of Karl Schroeder, the Swede.

At the beginning of the year Schroeder, on his covered court form, which included a defeat of Baron G. von Cramm, was heralded as a new star. He dwindled, however, in the open, and in Sweden's Davis Cup encounter with Ireland was beaten both by G. L. Rogers and T. G. McVeagh. For one reason or another he did not emerge from this obscurity. He began the week at Queen's like a man short of practice and not as the giant who, in the end, won the title.

His list of match results illustrate not only his progress to form but his quality when below it. He beat D. L. Coutts, 6/1, 6/2, 6/1; D. J. Cook, 8/6, 6/1, 6/1; D. W. Butler, 7/5, 6/3, 7/5; F. H. D. Wilde, 6/3, 2/6, 2/6, 6/1, 6/3; H. W. Austin, 6/2, 6/1, 6/1; and J. Borotra, the holder, and a winner in eight previous years (1926, 1928-33, 1935), by 8/6, 6/1, 9/7. It is true that Borotra had begun the week with the remnants of influenza hanging about him, but it was not the performance of an incapacitated man to account for D. Powell, E. C. Peters, C. E. Hare and M. Ellmer. He passed Powell by default, for when Borotra was at 3/6, 6/3, 5/4 and 30 love, Powell fell, put his knee out, and had to be carried off the court. It cannot be said that Powell had looked a likely winner.

The last time Schroeder and Borotra met the latter won in five sets. Of the three sets on Saturday (8/6, 6/1, 9/7) the middle one may be granted as a breather for Borotra. Everything Borotra had went into the third, but it was not enough. Giving fifteen years in age to such an unusual combination of physical bulk and mental and muscular swiftness as Schroeder was beyond Borotra's power on that day, and would have been on most days.

After a great volleying duel of five sets in the third round with Wilde, which served to sharpen and key up the best of his powers, Schroeder removed Austin in the semi-final with the loss of only four games. It was a similar tornado to that which Austin met when he faced H. E. Vines in the 1932 final at Wimbledon.

When Schroeder met Borotra, personality, pluck and power clashed. It was a contest between heavy-weights conducted at light-weight speed. There was *finesse* behind big bangs, and brains behind the bravado of net rushing.

In preparation for attack Schroeder had an advantage on the backhand. He has developed that wing as an attacking force and bases his ground plan on it more in the manner of a left than a right-hander. He is singularly free and light on his feet for a man carrying such exceptional shoulder weight. The covered court with a wood playing surface is his home, and he has been brought up on it. He has yet to prove himself a master on other surfaces and in other conditions.

F. H. D. Wilde has been given the character, not undeservedly, of an unreliable and rather temperamental player in a single. I do not know how much of that character he still deserves. I am inclined to think and hope much less. After C. M. Jones had beaten G. L. Rogers very convincingly, he got beaten in the next round by Wilde, 6/1, 6/2, 6/0, more convincingly. In the next round Wilde stood up to Schroeder as though he were himself a man also in the heavy-weight class. If he really wished to be Wilde could by next year step into the place of our No. 1 player on covered courts. He can fill the bill in all departments. Who else can?

At her first attempt Senorita A. Lizana won the Ladies' Covered Court Championship. It took her roughly one set (her first) to get used to the surface and surroundings. She lost that to Miss V. K. King, an improved player, who was not quite able to press home her advantage in the other two sets. The Chilean girl had to go very warily to get through. This initiation over, she was not afterwards seriously in danger. She finished with a 6/3, 6/0 victory over Miss R. M. Hardwick for the title, winning with the touch and control of an assured champion.

KARL SCHROEDER

The 22-year-old Covered Court Champion. During the year he has beaten Von Cramm, Borotra and Boussus, and has won the United States Covered Courts Men's Doubles and Mixed Doubles

The doubles events were noteworthy for the registration by championship of the consolidation of our new "international purposes" pair, C. E. Hare and F. H. D. Wilde. After all, they only just missed the Wimbledon Championship. Miss A. M. Yorke and Miss M. Whitmarsh won the Ladies' Doubles, Miss Whitmarsh winning her first national title. J. S. Olliff and Miss F. James won the mixed.

CHAMPIONSHIP NIGHT AT THE NEW N.S.C.

A Packed House and Good Boxing

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE revived N.S.C. held their first promotion on Monday night at the Empress Stadium. Wisely no attempt was made to capture anything of the old Covent Garden atmosphere. The result was an absolutely first-class promotion. And the fact that the huge hall was to all intents and purposes filled at the first attempt is a happy augury for future occasions.

The main bout of the evening was for the light-weight championship of Great Britain, and one of Lord Lonsdale's Belts—how pleasant it is to find that the belt still adds honour to the purse—between Jimmy Walsh, the holder, and Harry Mizler, a former champion. Walsh is an extraordinary boxer. His eyes are very small, and seem at times to be non-existent; his head is pear-shaped, and his chin is anything but the chin of a fighter. He has no graces. He looks small and insignificant. But he strips big. He has finely muscled shoulders and the legs of a sprinter. Mizler is an old print come to life—but he failed to show any life on this occasion until the eleventh round, and he was then so far behind on points that nothing but a knock-out punch could save him. I think that he had some difficulty in making the weight. He looked tired, and his legs had no spring.

Walsh won all but two or three rounds. He is astonishingly quick, and attacks without ceasing from the first bell to the last. Perhaps he is the best light-weight in this country—a matter of opinion—but he is certainly nowhere near world championship class, and the little note about Lou Ambers in the programme was optimistic in the extreme. But he is young—and, if he can learn to ally a right-hand punch to a very fine one-two, he will one day earn the highest honours.

Dave McCleave, for a short while British welter-weight champion, lost on points to Ernie Roderick. This was the best fight of the evening, full of action and tip-top boxing skill. The decision met with a very mixed reception. Personally I made Roderick a clear if close winner. He made McCleave miss a great deal more often than those not near the ring-side realised, and he was clearly the master at close quarters. He would, I think, give Kilrain a good fight and a match between these two should fill any hall in England.

In common with many other critics I have seen promise in Jack London. Now he has shown us clearly that he is just "another of those heavy-weights." His fight with Larry Gains was declared "no contest," and it was not the negro's fault. And to me the best thing of the whole evening was the referee's decision in this fiasco. Almost anywhere else that "fight" would have dragged its weary length, and someone would have given a "decision." We need more measures like this. And this alone made Monday night memorable.

SCOTTISH FALCONERS' CLUB.—We extend a hearty welcome to the Scottish Falconers' Club, newly formed under the presidency of Sir John Buchanan-Jardine, Bart., of Castlemilk, Dumfriesshire. The subscription for flying members is only £1 per annum and that for non-flying members a mere 10/-. Field meetings are to be held at regular intervals. The hon. sec. is Mr. B. O. G. Dixon, Ernshennie, near Dalbeattie, Kircudbrightshire.

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Letters to the Editor

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

METHODS OF FIELD TRIALS

SIR,—Having had nine months' rest from field trials, and having been a spectator at the first of the season's big stakes, I take my courage in both hands to write the following appeal to supporters and promotors of field trials.

Is it not time that some improvement should be made in the order of running trials, for retrievers, at any rate?

We have had many years of experience, and all must agree that the standard of training retrievers has arrived at a high pitch of excellence; but we do not hold trials primarily to see and appraise (much as we like it) clever handling and clever training, but to improve the standard of work from the dogs. I contend that we have now arrived at a certain, and quite high, standard in this respect, provided that the handlers know within a few yards where the game lies for which they are hunting. But, and this is where I feel sure thoughtful observers of the work done in high-class trials must blame us, do the majority of the competing dogs show the initiative and the brains in finding the game themselves which is required from a dog whose use *should* be to find game when his handler does not know where to look for it?

I grant that conditions at the trial I was watching were quite the worst possible, a keen north wind, dry ground and scent which was, to say the least of it, poor.

I saw several cases of dogs hunting for game they had not marked, being worked on and on by their handlers, and in the end, winding nothing, and finding deep roots rather boring, with no scent to cheer them on, standing to look at their handlers, just saying: "*Now* where am I to go?"

Surely this is all wrong. Do we not want our dogs under such conditions to use their natural hunting instinct, sink the wind, cast *themselves*, and not be looking up time and time again for directions? It is so easy to get a dog's head up, and how hard to get it down again. Would it not now be possible to try some other method? Why not walk a root field, as it is walked at an ordinary shoot, *right out*, and have each gun given a man with a bundle of small sticks with a bit of rag or paper fixed in the top, which would be stuck into the ground where the bird was marked when the fall was reached.

Then, when the field or part of it was walked out, the guns would have had much more to shoot at, the dogs would have more to pick up, and the birds would not have been driven off the ground, as they unavoidably are by a questing dog, no matter how little ground he disturbs. The judges could then observe how many dogs lacked the keenness they show when hunting for a bird they have marked, and also how many showed good memories as to what birds they had left behind them. Less game also would be required than is the case now, and fewer complaints heard as to dogs having too few retrieves to enable them to be properly tested.

One more change I would urge with all the weight I possess, and that is that all handlers should carry an *empty* gun, which should be pointed at all game shot at by their official gun. Then we should see the steady and the unsteady shooting dogs. I own two wonderful game finders, and, as long as I do not shoot, I can handle them easily, and they do not run in. But if I shoot, they mean having my bird before any other dog has a chance. I know I am raising a terrific question, but trials, like other things, must advance, and if the many comments I have heard on the handling of dogs on to game, and the lack of initiative shown by many dogs, are any guide as to the general opinions of shooting men, then this advance is demanded, and demanded urgently.

Yours faithfully,
W. M. CHARLESWORTH.

DEGENERATE TERRIERS

SIR,—Please observe the Scottish terriers at the Crystal Palace show as depicted in the papers. They are appalling examples of the degeneracy which has been forced upon breeders and exhibitors by the preposterous, unduly elongated fore-faces and jaws—owing to the egregious penchants of certain so-called "judges" for distortions, which are altogether contrary to the standard of points drawn up by the societies respectively interested in the breeds so transmogrified.

The evil arose in the wire-haired foxterrier section, but now seems to have spread to the "Scotties." A glance at the illustrated papers will reveal creations with fore-faces and jaws two-thirds the length of the whole skull and only one-third left for the "brain pan," whereby the wretched dogs must be not only rendered unsightly and ridiculous to the eye, but surely lacking in intelligence.

In addition to this distortion, "Scotties" are now being awarded the highest honours—such as show a general type, which is of "square brick" formation, legs so short that the chest brushes the ground, whilst the body is entirely lacking in that balance and symmetry which erstwhile fitted the breed for the work to which it was originally devoted..

Something must be done to stem these "fads and fancies" which are rendering nugatory the accepted type of certain breeds as so carefully compiled by real judges and breeders.

Will not some enthusiast arise and found a society devoted to the "debunking" of these false and exaggerated types, which are fast rendering dog shows a scandal and reproach?

Yours faithfully,
The Garrick Club, W.C. 2. HARDING COX (Major).

THE DEATH OVEN

SIR,—I have read with a great of deal sympathy the letter over the signature of Lieutenant-Colonel Rainey, which appeared in your issue of October 10th. It is understood that many people may have thought that the report of the Euthanasia Committee of the National Veterinary Medical Association might have made its appearance long before this, and but for two circumstances this would have been the case.

The committee is composed, with the single exception of the chairman, entirely of teachers in the five Veterinary Schools of England, Scotland and Ireland, and it will be unnecessary to point out that they are very busy men, whose duties claim their whole-time attention. Apart from that, it will not be difficult to understand that the collection of men from such widely separate centres at a time and place convenient to them all, is by no means an easy matter.

Finally, the committee were not merely asked to express an opinion on the method of animal destruction singled out by Lieutenant-Colonel Rainey in his excellent article. The remit was much wider than this, for it had long been realised that the whole subject of small animal euthanasia was one which would bear investigation.

The subject generally and the actions of the committee have received my closest attention, and it is hoped that the report of the committee will be available in the near future. I am concerned, not that the report has not yet made its appearance, but that its contents should, as I know will be the case, prove of benefit to animals whose death is desirable, as well as a guide to those whose duty it is to carry out this necessary, and at the same time unpleasant, task.

Yours faithfully,
R. SIMPSON, F.R.C.V.S., D.V.S.M. (President, National Veterinary Medical Association).
2, Verulam Buildings, Gray's Inn, London, W.C.1.

LAND SETTLEMENT IN SOUTH AFRICA

SIR,—In your paper dated May 30th, which has just reached me, Mr. McCann asks for information about settling in South Africa. I have been a settler in the Northern Transvaal under the Lands Department of the Union of South Africa since 1906. I have always found the Department very reasonable and very helpful. Application to Mr. te Water at South Africa House, London, will bring all the details one can require.

I think a new hand would find a six months' practical dairying course very useful, as you never know the day the boy will get drunk and you have to do your own milking. An intensive course of six months in pigs and poultry would help before leaving Britain.

Sheep farming is a very specialised job, and would require at least two years' practical work out here before commencing. Most sheep farming is with the Merino, and is only successful in certain areas.

Personally, I have lived a very happy and healthy life. My wife and I have raised nine sons and one daughter, and they are all away earning their own living. But there is one difficulty to English-speaking farmers: in order to get an English education for your children, you have to send them to the big towns. (There is no English education in the outside districts.) This is very expensive, and has kept us very poor all our lives. Many English-speaking farmers give up and allow their children to be educated through the Afrikaans, medium, which rather handicaps a child.

But that is the only fly in the ointment. Farming out here is a seven-day-a-week job; there is no opportunity for much pleasure.

For kindness and hospitality and help the Boer section, which forms the majority of the farming population, are the very finest in the world, so long as you do not "swank" or show any insular superiority. If you come out here prepared to be a decent sporting mixer, you can live a fine life; but there are no fortunes. At the same time, plain living is cheap. Spend only what you actually make: not what you hope to make next year. Start with a small farm, about 1,000 acres, and go slow till you find your feet. The Lands Department will buy you any farm which you select, provided they are satisfied as to its value. You pay one-tenth cash down, and the balance over 40 years. To sum it up—the country is a fair farming country, and will probably improve when more reliable data for each area is available.

When a fellow and his girl come amongst us to live, he must make up his mind he is a South African, and that our country is his country, and make the best of it. Talking about "Home" will get him nowhere. Home is here. I can only advise anyone wishing to farm out here in the Union to get in touch with our Lands Department, and he will get all the help any reasonable man can expect, and more.

I am sorry this letter is so late, but a friend only sent this *Field* on to me a short time back.

Yours faithfully,
Lonsdale Farm, P.O. Lonsdale, N. Transvaal. FRANK SEAGRAVE SUTTON.

STOAT AND FERRET CROSS

SIR,—I was interested in the account of a hand-reared stoat by Mr. G. Holmes, in your issue of October 3rd. I would like to point out that this is a splendid opportunity to try to get the much disputed stoat and ferret cross; more especially if Mr. Holmes's stoat is a buck. The most authentic case of the above cross was obtained in this way with a stoat from Scotland, caught young and hand-reared.

I have had several of this cross from the second down to the sixth generation, and they have all been first-class at work, perfectly quiet and handy. I have also had the polecat cross, but they did not turn out so well as the stoat cross.

Yours faithfully,
Moseley Road, Birmingham. R. BATES.

NIGHT BLINDNESS IN HORSES

SIR,—Your correspondent K. D. Barbour may be interested to know that it is recorded that a similar malady affected a herd of Shorthorn cattle in Oklahoma (Craft, 1927), and that the condition was apparently recessive since the herd had descended through in-breeding through a common ancestor.

Night blindness is comparatively common among humans, particularly as an accompaniment of deep myopia. The causation can be classified (Stewart Duke-Elder, 1932).

(1) As an incidental result of disease of the eye.
(2) As a congenital hereditary condition.
(3) As a symptom in conditions of malnutrition associated with a deficiency of Vitamin A.
(4) Pathological changes in the liver.
(5) The factor of over-exposure to light.
(6) Associated with neurasthenic and functional symptoms typified in shell-shocked soldiers during the War (as your correspondent mentions).

One of the largest pedigrees known for human maladies was compiled in this connection by Cunier (1838), who traced this affliction through seven generations, and Nettleship (1907) carried on through ten generations comprising over 2,000 individuals. In this the definite symptoms of night blindness can be shown with recurring, but diminishing frequency.

As the "point focus" of this tree was one Jean Nougaret (1637 to 1719) one infers that diet deficiency might give a pre-disposition. Your correspondent's reasoning that contraction of the pupil in horses due to bright light during the day, would cause this difficulty, is faulty.

Yours faithfully,
Hillmede, Abbots' Way, Newcastle, Staffs. E. G. HANWELL.

BEFORE THE CITY OF SIEGES
[*See Letter "The Attack on Irun in May, 1837."*]

THE ATTACK ON IRUN IN MAY, 1837

SIR,—The recent fall of Irun recalls a similar happening of over a hundred years ago, when the town was taken by an Englishman. He was Charles Chichester, the second son of Charles Joseph Chichester, of Calverleigh Court, Tiverton (of the Arlington branch of Chichesters), and he took a very active and distinguished part in the civil war between Isabella, daughter of Ferdinand VII, and Don Carlos.

A quadruple alliance of Spain, France, Portugal and England was entered into against Don Carlos to support the claim of Isabella. In 1835, Charles Chichester was appointed Brigadier-General of the British Auxiliary Legion in Spain, commanded by General de Lacy Evans.

In August, 1835, he was wounded in the action near Ernani, and was present at the relief of Bilbao the same year. He commanded his brigade at Mendigar and at Azua on January 18th, 1836, at the battle on the heights above San Sebastian on the 5th, and the passage of Urnea on May 28th following, and received a medal. He commanded at Alza when that place was attacked by the Carlists in June, 1836, and the Legion behaved with distinguished gallantry. Chichester was also engaged at Ametza in October the same year, and in the operations of March, 1837, where his horse was killed under him, and in the general action of March 16th, when he had two horses killed, and was himself wounded.

In the absence of General Evans, through illness, he commanded the whole Legion, then reduced to a division of two brigades, in the attack and capture of Irun on May 16th–17th, upon which occasion he received the Carlists' commandant's sword, and the keys of the town, which are now in possession of his family.

Owing to the expiration of its engagements, the original Legion was disbanded in 1838, and Chichester, whose services to the Queen of Spain were recognised with the Grand Cross of San Fernando, and the third and first class decorations of Isabella the Catholic, and Charles III, returned home.

But he was not idle. In October, 1839, he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the 81st Foot, and was knighted at St. James's Palace in 1840.

He commanded the 81st for several years in the West Indies, and America, during which time he acted as Lieutenant-Governor of Trinidad from August 8th, 1842, to May 3rd, 1843.

He then commanded the Home District in Canada until he died at Toronto in 1847, aged 52 years, and was buried in the crypt of St. Michael's Cathedral there, and his brother officers put up a tablet to him.

He was a fine soldier in every sense, a genial large-hearted man, ever ready and unselfish in encouraging merit. He had the reputation that there was never a desertion from his regiment "even in that hotbed of desertion, the Canadian frontier."

The following is an extract of Sir Charles Chichester's diary, written the day after he took Irun:—

"What a sight it was. Some of the dashing rascals of the Legion getting in at the windows, the uproar at the gate, the scene when it was broken down, and we poured in, the poor wretches of Carlists, shot by their friends, between the two barriers darting about like hares among greyhounds, and shot down in all directions and that poor man of the First stone dead, sitting against the second gate. What a picture of placidity was his countenance! How well Couran behaved working the gun upon the open road.

"And then when I, the second (a Rifleman the first) got along the wall into the Town Hall and the Governor, their Officers in front, called upon me to save their lives.

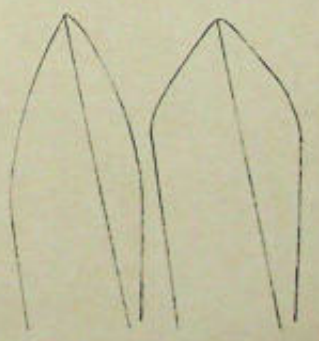
"'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life one more such glorious day!"

Yours faithfully,

4, Thurloe Court, Chelsea, London, S.W.3. C. CHICHESTER.

CLUMSY GARDEN SHEARS

SIR,—Among my treasured possessions is a pair of garden shears purchased before the war, which are gradually tapered to a point. When cutting grass borders they trim closely to the edge and work into all nooks and crannies along a stone path. Modern shears are made with points set at an awkward angle and are clumsy, heavy and ill-balanced in use. I once wrote to the makers of a pair purchased a few years ago and they very



kindly offered to grind them to the required shape free of charge, but they did not answer my question as to why the shape of shears had changed or what was the supposed advantage of the crude point. Who introduced the change and why? The handles of modern shears also suffer in comparison. They have squared off ends instead of the comfortable rounded ends which fit into the palms of the hand.

Yours faithfully,

London, S.W. 18. R. N. ROSE.

Why do 'single' whiskies leave home?

"'Single' whiskies leave home to be married, of course," said Johnnie Walker, "and also to better themselves, the whole point of blending being to make good whisky better. For Johnnie Walker only the best and fully-matured 'single' whiskies are chosen and there are blended harmoniously together, each 'single' whisky contributing its own fine quality to the blend without overshadowing any of the others.

"As you sip Johnnie Walker you will agree that happy marriages *are* made—at Kilmarnock, and so you will always remember *to ask for Johnnie Walker by name.*"

JOHNNIE WALKER

Born 1820—still going strong

A THREE-EYED TERN ?

SIR,—The enclosed photograph of a Little Tern has aroused considerable interest among my friends owing to the appearance of two eyes on the one side of the bird's head, and I feel that some of your readers may be able to throw some light upon this, as I have not heard of freaks taking this form, or at any rate surviving. The bird does not seem to have moved during exposure (the enclosed print is enlarged seven or eight diameters), and a Compur shutter was used, not a focal plane.

I have two other photographs of the same bird (or its mate) one of which does not show its eyes, and the other is of the other side of the bird's head, which appears to be quite normal.

I should be extremely obliged to anyone who can throw any light upon this, for I feel sure it would be unique for a wild bird to live a normal life in this condition.

Yours faithfully,
London, S.W. 2. T. E. D'AETH.

HOW THE PEREGRINE KILLS

SIR,—I had thought my reply to Mr. Luckham's last letter covered all that could be said on the subject.

I will not waste your columns on a pointless defence of the many accusations made in that letter. His reference to a peregrine's "frail and slender legs and talons" can arouse nothing but derision from those who have had the misfortune to test them on a bare fist.

But let me make this one final statement of proof. When a peregrine stoops, it draws its feet forward slightly so that they are definitely visible at close quarters. I have noticed that a wild peregrine makes its feet more visible than a trained one. No one can defend this by saying that it is to help take the shock on the breastbone. I have had a tame pigeon killed within 5yds. of my head by a wild peregrine, which had an eyrie about 100ft. above my head.

Yours faithfully,
Ballykinler Camp, Downpatrick, Co. Down. ROBERT BARBER.

PUNCTUAL CHIFFCHAFFS

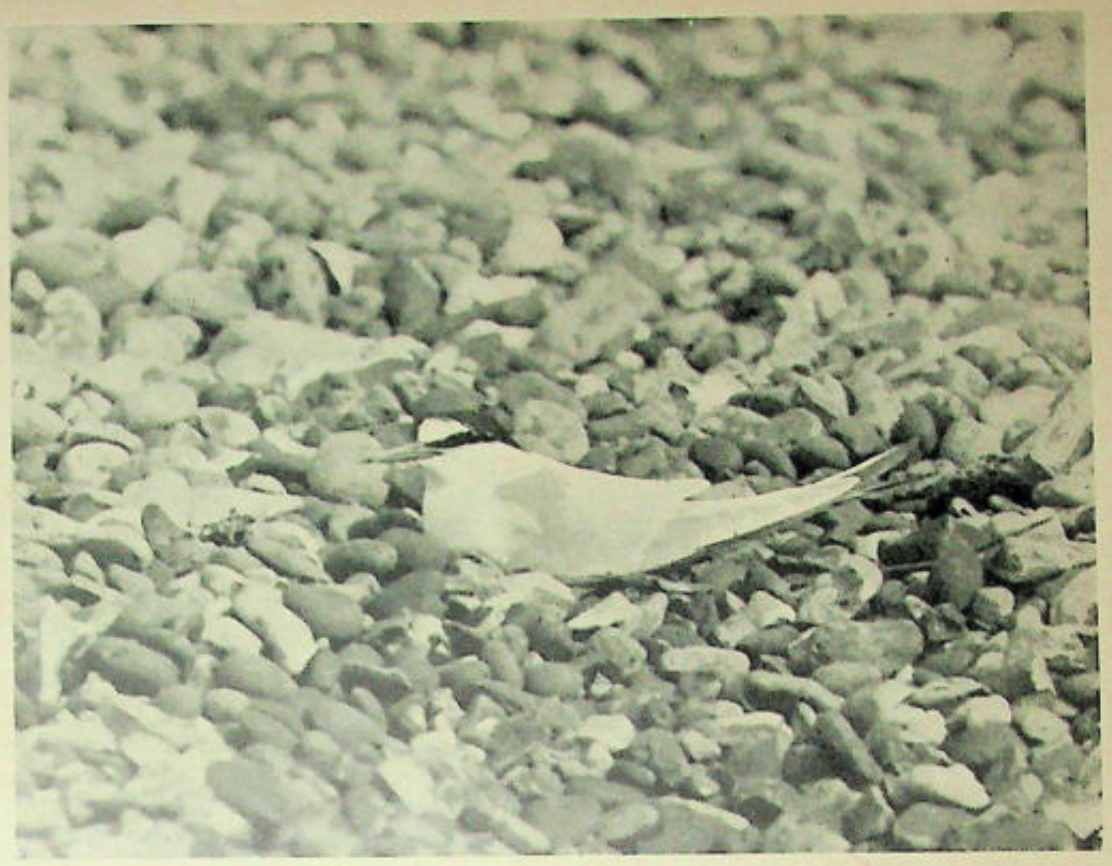
SIR,—The following incident may be of interest to your readers.

On the second Sunday in August, 1934, while sitting at breakfast, we were startled to hear the call of the chiffchaff. As my home is in a typical West Kensington street and with very little to tempt such a bird, we took the greatest interest and watched a pair of them systematically cleaning the only tree in our front garden of its green caterpillars. The tree is an acacia, quite small, and standing within 10ft. of the house.

In spite of careful watching we never saw them again that year, but as the time approached in August, 1935, we kept a sharp look out. To our astonishment, on the morning of the second Sunday in August, our visitors arrived once more and stayed most of the morning similarly occupied. They then vanished for another year to appear yet again on the second Sunday in August this year at exactly the same time and place, but on this occasion there was only one of them.

A very careful watch has been maintained for many days, but apparently the second Sunday in August is the only day favoured for his visit. It would almost appear that this bird carries a calendar!

Yours faithfully,
1, Sinclair Road, Kensington, W. 14. F. G. LLOYD.

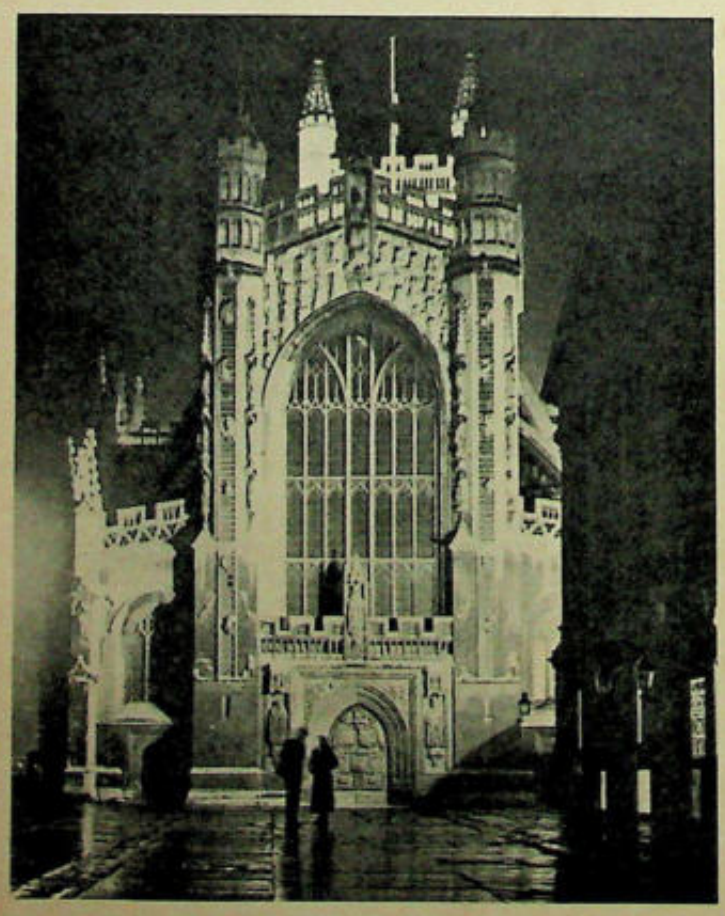


"ALL THE BETTER TO SEE YOU WITH"
(See Letter "A Three-Eyed Tern")

AN UNUSUAL TABLE

SIR,—In answer to the letter "An Unusual Table" in the *Field* of September 19th, we have such a table always known as the "wine table," being used round the fire for dessert in the winter. The table has a brass rail (key pattern), which fits into the brass-lined holes mentioned in the letter, and at each end of the semi-circle there is a brass support which holds a rod along which runs a green silk curtain about 8in. deep, for the purpose of keeping the fire off one's face. The centre of the table can be completely removed, leaving a coarse net for holding chestnuts. The two flaps of the table can be used up or down, according to the number of people seated. Eight can sit comfortably.

Yours faithfully,
E. STAVELEY-HILL.
Oulton House, Norbury, Stafford.



THE SCULPTOR'S INGENUITY
(See Letter "Jacob's Ladder")

JACOB'S LADDER

SIR,—There is an interesting little feature of Bath Abbey which might interest your readers as it is missed by all but the most observant. On either side of the window shown in the photograph is the representation of Jacob's Ladder, on which were seen, of course, angels descending and ascending. The ladder can be seen quite plainly and also the figures of the angels, but on closer inspection one is surprised to see that whilst some of the figures are quite normal, a few of the angels are upside down! The solution to this puzzle is quite simple and very human.

It is quite impossible to distinguish between a person climbing up and one climbing down, as the attitudes are identical in both cases. And so the only possible thing was done, and that was to invert some of the figures to represent the descending angels.

Yours faithfully,
ERIC H. COLES.
9, Ladbroke Gardens, London, W.11.

THE "BENEVOLENT" BULL ELEPHANT

SIR,—With reference to Capt. Salmon's article on the above, it seems probable that the captain's second shot did save him, and that the elephant was wounded in some intricate way—such as the temporary injury or paralysis of some nerve or muscle—which prevented him from taking his very well-deserved revenge. The whining to which he refers was probably a cry of pain.

Yours faithfully,
Bloxholm, Lincoln. H. C. WHITE.

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* * *

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

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AN EXPOSED OWL'S NEST

SIR,—The enclosed photograph is of an owl's nest taken at Monar Lodge, Ross-shire, on June 28th last.

The trees under which the nest was made were on a piece of sloping ground within 100yds. of the stables, and consequently was easy to "take," in more senses than one.

With children, dogs and cats close round, this choice of nesting-place was surely exceptionally brave on the part of the mother owl?

Yours faithfully,
Easdale, Little Sutton, Cheshire. DOROTHY V. BUSHBY.

HERON AND WASPS

SIR,—An incident, unique in my experience, has just been reported to me by Mr. David Longhurst, the National Trust Keeper of Bookham Common.

On Friday week, about 100yds. from a pond on the common, he saw a heron standing on the ground with its head down a hole. On reaching the spot he found that the heron had dug out a wasps' nest with its beak, had pulled out and broken up the comb, and had been eating the grubs. On being disturbed the heron flew up into a near-by tree, but returned shortly after to finish its meal, quite regardless of the swarms of wasps around it. I did not know that a heron would take a wasps' nest in this way—nor did I know that wasp grubs formed part of its diet.

I should be interested to know whether any of your readers have witnessed a similar incident.

Yours faithfully,
Sheepbell Farm, Stoke D'Abernon, Cobham, Surrey. ALFRED C. SAVILL (Major).

STING OF SCORPIONS

SIR,—In a footnote to the interesting letter of Mr. E. E. Williams on the subject of scorpions in your issue of August 1st, you state that "Scorpions are immune from their own sting."

In view of this, the following may be of interest.

I have seen some of "the brutal and licentious soldiery," having caught a scorpion (of the black variety), light matches close to it. The scorpion at first tried to escape, but being prevented from doing so by the enthralled onlookers, it plunged its sting into its own back. It was dead within a minute. There was a large discharge of yellowish fluid, which I took to be poison.

I take it to be possible for the scorpion to have died from the effects of the sting entering its body, not from those of the poison. At the time, however, I received the impression that the venom was the cause of death.

I am sorry to say that the above described sport is fairly common at a certain hill station in the Murree Hills, where scorpions are unpleasantly prolific.

Yours faithfully,
R.A. Mess, Rawalpindi. D. B. EGERTON (2nd-Lieut. R.A.).

[The following quotation is taken from W. P. Pycraft's *Standard Natural History*: "... a scorpion is quite immune from its own poison. This is of interest, since it disposes of the legend that scorpions in danger from fire commit suicide." We shall be glad to hear from any other eye-witnesses of similar incidents to that described above.—ED.]

"YOU LOOK SURPRISED, HAWKINS!"

"Well, Sir, if I may mention it, Sir — I heard you come in — after four it must have been, Sir —"

"So you've come to view the body — what? Well let me tell you Hawkins, I never felt better in my life. All comes of sticking to Gin and Lime — remember that, Hawkins!"

"An excellent drink, Sir. The Lime Juice, I understand, neutralises certain — er — unpleasant consequences — such as —"

"Enough, Hawkins. Why rake up the past? Today begins a new era. This Lime Juice, I suppose, is easily obtainable? I didn't just *dream* about it?"

"Certainly not, Sir. I will order a case."

"Better get it in time for luncheon. We may have to cope with a largish party, Hawkins."

"Case of Rose's Lime Juice for lunch, Sir. Very good, Sir."

A PREFERENCE FOR TERRA FIRMA
(See Letter "An Exposed Owl's Nest")

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W.1, plead for £10 to make life easier for a household of four women who live in a Suffolk village. The old mother, aged 82, is an invalid with diabetes; she is looked after by one of her daughters, a trained nurse, who has given up her work for the purpose. The elder daughter of 63 is deaf and dumb, and so is unable to earn, and the whole family is dependent on the salary of the youngest member, who is herself 60 and works in the village shop. Their total income is £1 15s. weekly, *i.e.*, the mother's Old Age Pension, an allowance for the deaf and dumb sister, and the daughter's salary. Their rent comes to 12/- weekly. The Friends of the Poor ask for donations.

REPORTS FROM THE FORESTS AND MOORS

SCOTLAND

Aberdeenshire

GLENKINDIE.—On October 15th, seven guns killed 70½ brace, bringing the bag for the season up to 1,081½ brace of grouse. Birds all in excellent condition, no signs of disease or beetle. Four stags were killed, including a Royal and one of 11 points.

Ross and Cromarty

KINLOCH EWE.—The bag for season up to October 14th was: 330 brace of grouse, 8½ brace of blackgame, 91 red deer and 187 lb. trout. In addition to the above, 30 brace of cock grouse will be killed before December 10th, 1936. No disease among grouse, which were very well grown. All grouse shot over dogs.

ENGLAND

WEARDALE AND ALSTON.—From the Bracken Bank Hotel, shooting eleven days during the fortnight ending October 10th, 464 brace of grouse and 16½ brace of blackgame were bagged. Weather conditions were good, with the exception of one or two days. Guns were, September 27th to October 4th: Captain d'Arcy Thompson, Captain Miles, Mr. V. Brettell, Major Persse, Major Cary-Gray, Dr. Cowan, Captain Hughes-Hallett, Captain Lynes. From October 4th to 11th: Mr. J. K. Stanford, Captain Hughes-Hallett, Captain d'Arcy Thompson, Major Persse, Mr. Abbas Bey, Princess Zineb Halim, Captain Miles and Mr. V. Brettell. Shooting on October 2nd and 3rd, the following guns killed 97½ brace of grouse: Mr. S. Haworth, Mr. C. Haworth, Captain Aldred, Mr. N. E. Kendall, Mr. C. Illingworth, Mr. A. G. Martin, Mr. R. H. Bristowe, Mr P. Clayton.

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IN THE CITY

MEUX'S BREWERY

MANY investors seem to be wondering which companies are likely to be favourably affected by the coronation celebrations, and the large volume of trade anticipated from visitors from the Dominions, America and elsewhere. The shares of the leading stores—Harrods, John Barker, Debenhams, etc.—and of the leading hotels—Savoy, Grosvenor House, etc.—are among the first to come to mind in this connection. Less obvious perhaps, but among companies which should certainly derive some benefit from the "coronation trade" are the leading London breweries, such, for instance, as Meux's. Incidentally, the ordinary shares of this concern, which can be bought around 50 - to yield 4¾ per cent., with dividends at the rate of 11 per cent., yield more than the shares of any of the other large brewery companies, and unlike them have not risen in price to any appreciable extent during recent months. This latter factor would seem to be due merely to the fact that a substantial number of shares have had to be sold owing to the death, a short time ago, of a large shareholder, and the fact that there has been a considerable supply of shares in the market has held the price down.

Meux's Brewery Co., Ltd., was registered nearly 50 years ago, and now owns over 300 licensed houses, most of which are in London, though it also owns the Victoria Brewery, Windsor, with some 50 licensed houses in that district. The outstanding capital consists of £924,000 in debenture stock, £540,000 in 5 per cent. cumulative preference stock, and £1,038,000 in ordinary stock. Results of operations in recent years have been as under:

Year to Dec. 31st	Trading Profit.*	Balance for Ordinary divs.	Ordinary shares, (per cent.) Earned.	Paid.
1928 ..	£269,765 ..	£173,041 ..	20.8 ..	15
1929 ..	287,674 ..	176,586 ..	21.3 ..	15
1930 ..	291,255 ..	180,887 ..	22.5 ..	15
1931 ..	234,641 ..	132,735 ..	17.1 ..	11
1932 ..	175,002 ..	72,881 ..	9.4 ..	7.5
1933 ..	189,815 ..	92,886 ..	11.9 ..	9
1934 ..	221,671 ..	122,498 ..	15.2 ..	11
1935 ..	221,781 ..	124,443 ..	15.5 ..	11

*After payment of duties.

At the annual meeting last March the chairman said that following the reduction in the beer duty in April, 1933, there had been a gradual but marked improvement in turnover. He added that during 1935 the company had not benefited from any lower prices of brewing materials, but that there was reason to believe materials used during 1936 would show some small reduction in cost as compared with 1935 figures. In view of this and of the continued increase in employment and general trade it seems reasonable to anticipate a further moderate improvement in earnings and perhaps in the rate of dividend distributions in respect of the current year, while the outlook for 1937 remains favourable with the probability of an added volume of sales next May. The ordinary shares of Meux's Brewery may be regarded as a sound industrial equity offering scope for gradual enhancement of capital and income over a period.

DOLLAR BONDS

Residents abroad, and for that matter residents in England, seeking a yield above the average might well give consideration to the dollar obligations of some foreign municipalities, etc. Details regarding several such issues were given last May, and particulars of two others are set out below: interest is, of course, payable free of British income tax to residents abroad.

City of Antwerp, Belgium, 5 per cent. dollar bonds, 1938–58.—Price about 97 to yield approximately 5⅛ per cent. Interest is payable on the first of June and December. The bonds are due to be redeemed through the operation of a cumulative sinking fund beginning in 1939 calculated to retire the whole issue by 1958 through drawings for repayment at 100, at which price the city reserves the right to repay the entire issue on or after December 1st, 1938. Antwerp, with a population of 280,000, is the second largest city in Belgium, and one of the three largest seaports of Continental Europe. Service charges have always been regularly met.

City of Copenhagen, Denmark, 5 per cent dollar bonds, 1937–52.—Price about 98½ to yield slightly over 5 per cent. Interest is payable on June 1st and December. There is no sinking fund, but the city has the right of repaying the issue at 100 on June 1st, 1937, or any interest date thereafter. Copenhagen, which has a population of 655,000, is the capital and largest city in Denmark, and it has always met promptly the interest on its bonded debt.

The prices quoted for both the bonds mentioned just above are New York terms and plus accrued interest from June 1st. At the current rate of exchange it would, therefore, cost approximately £1,030 to purchase $5,000 Copenhagen 5 per cent. bonds, allowing for accrued interest and all expenses of purchase.

PACTOLUS.

New Books

VIGNETTES OF GARDENS

An Aspect of England's Green and Pleasant Land

EVERY book-lover knows the way in which certain volumes almost sort themselves into a separate group—the favourite books kept within easy reach. Unlike reference books, one reads them not for instruction but for sheer pleasure until they have become well-tried friends. In this category Mr. Eric Parker's new book will, I fancy, speedily find itself, and not only in garden-lovers' libraries, for the book is wider in scope than the title implies. It is not merely a delightful description of the garden he has made, but he presents to us that garden as seen through the eyes of a poet, a bird and animal lover, and a practical gardener.

The book is one of a new series—The English Scene. The angler, the hunting man, the cricketer, the farmer, the country parson, the gardener, all have their separate visions of England, and it is only from a series of pictures as seen from their widely different viewpoints that we can see the English countryside in its manifold aspects and interests.

If there is one type of book that all true gardeners enjoy reading more than another it is one about a garden made by the writer. Books of reference abound, but what may be described as personal books are all too few. Before treating of his own garden we have delightful vignettes of gardens which linger in the writer's memory—the gardens of his childhood, his schooldays (old Etonians will be especially grateful to Mr. Parker for collecting all the available history concerning the making of the late Mr. H. E. Luxmoore's unique and lovable garden, a garden which no one who has had the privilege of seeing it could ever forget), and Oxford gardens.

Then we come to the garden he made himself and its manifold interests. A chapter that interested me particularly was that on Views. There are countless gardens in these islands that are celebrated for their views, yet there must be thousands where there could be entrancing views which remain hidden. This chapter makes one realise that the interesting views are those the gardener owner makes himself—if he has the seeing eye.

The book covers a wide range of interests—Daffodils, the Rock Garden, the Bog Garden, the Heather Garden, Herbaceous Borders, Creepers and Climbing Plants, Flowering Shrubs, Trees, Topiary Work, the Kitchen Garden and Orchard, Water, Lawns, Children's Gardens (a charming chapter which will doubtless recall memories to many a garden lover), Birds and Animals. Every one of these is full of the notes and comments of a keen observer. How few folk, for instance, appreciate the beauty and the scents of a Kitchen Garden. I think this chapter will be a revelation to many otherwise keen gardeners. There is space to quote only part of the last paragraph:

"And if celery provides the most characteristic sight of the winter kitchen garden, it certainly sends out the most characteristic smell, the scent of celery and the tang of a bonfire in the wind brings winter to the mind of the countryman as surely as the scent of bluebells brings the sounds and the warmth of May. There are few strong scents in any winter garden, and celery stands out certainly first. . . . The other scents are slight and must be sought. . . . The smell comes down wind unsought and belongs for me to the reek of bonfires and the sounds of a December afternoon—the trill of the robin from the espalier, the chack-chack of fieldfares overhead, the huntsman calling to his hounds from the wood on the hill."

E. S. R.

The Gardener's England. By Eric Parker. (Published by Seeley Service; 8/6.)

HOW TO MANAGE A FISHING STREAM

IN their latest fishing volume the publishers of the Lonsdale Library tackle that most difficult of all problems connected with fishing—the management of the water. "River management" is the phrase usually employed, and incidentally the title of the volume, but "river farming" or "river cultivation" would really be a more descriptive term. The number of anglers, particularly those who want trout fishing, is continually on the increase, available waters grow less rather than more, bigger fish, and more of them, is the constant demand, and unless we are to see streams slowly deteriorating, some form of artificial culture of the river itself is very urgently needed.

Briefly, the problem is how to provide more natural food and better living conditions for fish in the river. Food consists largely of water-bred insects which, in turn, feed on the weed (mainly on the algal growths which cover it); weed is controlled largely by the current and the silt it deposits in suitable, or unsuitable, places. The fisherman's needs must be considered, too, for no matter how prolific a stream artificial cultivation may produce it will be useless unless it is also so designed that anglers can fish it.

Here, then, is a problem of the first water, and one about which very little is at present known. The authors of the volume do not, very wisely, attempt to add very materially to that knowledge by way of new theories, but have contented themselves with collecting most of what has been found out or devised for the control or improvement of feed and other conditions in flowing water, and have made a presentable and interesting volume for the library bookshelf.

There is no indication as to which of the three authors is responsible for the different sections of this complicated subject, but no doubt the admirable chapters devoted to river weed is the work of Dr. Butcher, since he has already dealt with it on rather similar lines in his booklet *Fishermen's Weed*. This section is just what is wanted for the fishery owner to recognise the species of weed in his water and to know what is likely to succeed in the varying flow of the current in different parts of it. But it may be suggested that the new type of sloping rack for catching weed as used in parts of the Test and Itchen (described in the *Field*) might have come in for mention. It holds the cut weed on the top of the water, and it may be assumed that deleterious gases (the objection to rotting weed) will escape into the air, while the food which the weed contains will be saved for the river.

Methods of stocking are discussed in a broad-minded spirit; the use of hurdles for moving mud and silt emphasised; the part played by minute forms of animal and vegetable life—plankton and algæ—in the economy of a river explained; and a dozen other parts of the fishery owner's problems touched upon in one part or another of this comprehensive volume.

Here and there, perhaps, the author's information does not seem quite up to date, and whoever is responsible for the chapter on rainbow trout, for example, has a good deal to say about *shasta* rainbows, which have no more existence in fact than the old *Salmo levenensis*. He also brings up again that exploded fallacy of the disappearance of rainbow trout being due to steelheads (sea-running rainbows) having been introduced to this country by mistake for the freshwater strain (*irideus*). But sea trout do not go to sea when they arrive at spawning age as do (or rather as did) the rainbows over here. Surely the late F. G. Richmond's explanation is the true one? Rainbows are a quick-growing race, and if their growth outstrips the food supply they will drop down-stream. Brown trout, under like circumstances, do just the same. As Richmond pointed out, this was what, apparently, happened in Ceylon. The quick-growing fish ran down-stream; the slow grower remained, and eventually built up a stock suitable to the water. Rainbows in the Derbyshire Wye (which came originally, we believe, from Blagdon) do not grow appreciably quicker than brown trout, and having suitable spawning grounds have established themselves.

This volume contains a deal of valuable information in a handy form for reference, and makes a very welcome addition to the fishing library.

H. D. T.

River Management. By H. L. Towner Coston, F. G. K. Pentelow, M.A., F.Z.S., and R. W. Butcher, Ph.D., F.L.S. 90 illustrations. (Seeley, Service. "The Lonsdale Library, Vol. XXIV."; 15/- net.)

A BIRD SONG SOUND BOOK

TO their series of Bird Lovers' Manuals Messrs. H. F. & G. Witherby have added *Songs of Wild Birds*, by E. M. Nicholson and Ludwig Koch. This book is published in a somewhat unusual form. It is packed in a square box, which also contains two gramophone records to illustrate the subject of the book. The price is 15/- nett, and the box travels securely by post.

Mr. Julian Huxley contributes an introduction, and Mr. Koch describes his method of collecting records. He is to be greatly congratulated on his success in obtaining so remarkable a series of bird songs, which the excellence of the records enables one to distinguish even at a considerable distance, just as if one were listening out of doors. Among the songs recorded on the records are those of the nightingale, the cuckoo, the song-thrush, chaffinch, willow-wren and blackbird, and of these perhaps the nightingale is the best, but the chaffinch, willow-wren and blackbird are also wonderfully clear and good. The call of the cuckoo takes the listener back to a morning in May.

Mr. Nicholson in his text examines various questions. "What is bird song?" is the title of one chapter and "Why do birds sing?" is that of another. The book makes a very complete study of the subject and beginners will learn much from it; in particular there is a very valuable timed programme of the records to which those who are ignorant of the notes of different birds will be able to listen, identifying each song in turn. Not all Mr. Nicholson's readers, however, will agree with some of his classifications of song, or his descriptions of sounds. For instance, he observes without qualification that the drumming of the greater spotted woodpecker, or the pied woodpecker as he prefers to call the bird, is non-vocal and is made by the bird delivering "a rain of rapid blows with the tip of the bill." He does not attempt to answer the question, often asked but never yet receiving a reply, of how it is possible with so small an instrument as a pied woodpecker's beak to make mechanically a noise that can be heard at half a mile, or why the sound of a woodpecker hammering a Barcelona nut should differ from the sound it makes when drumming on a branch. Nor does he mention the fact that keen observers have watched the woodpecker "drumming" while its beak is not in contact with the structure of the tree. It is a curious fact that record 1B, which gives the drumming, makes the sound resemble extraordinarily closely the loud croaking of a frog. The comparison suggests an interesting speculation as to the evolution of the song of birds and the vocal sounds made by their reptilian relations. E. P.

Songs of Birds. By E. M. Nicholson and Ludwig Koch. (H. F. and G. Witherby; 15/-.)

Thacker, Spink & Co., of Bombay, have issued *Birds of an Indian Garden*, at Rs. 12-8, a book which will always be well worth the money. This is the second edition. The entire production, including the 33 colour plates, has been undertaken in India and the publishers are to be congratulated on a great achievement. The London agents are W. Thacker & Co., 8 & 9, Ludgate Square, E.C. 4.

NEW BOOKS

ON BOTH SIDES OF THE POND

IT would be almost impossible to find two books on the same subject which are so different as these, and yet they remain good, each after its own sort.

Mr. Peters, a very prominent American foxhunter, has written a book which contains much food for thought as well as entertainment. He has *very* nearly captured the spirit of English fox hunting, but not quite; even an Englishman cannot do that, in the same way that you can never see your own face as it really is; if an ordinary Englishman did happen to "chop" that spirit unawares, he would only mumble something about "bad luck," and so none would be the wiser.

But that an Englishman should have come as near to catching the spirit of American fox hunting is extraordinary; yet that it was done by "Brooksby," most famous of *Field* hunting correspondents, Mr. Peter's handsomely admits. This chapter on an English fox hunting visit, is perhaps the most generally interesting in the book. There are many others which have a more specialised interest to those who are really interested in hunting, and the author makes some very wise remarks and suggestions which, it is to be feared, will fall on deaf ears.

Out of this book comes primarily the conclusion that English fox hunting has two main advantages over American fox hunting. Firstly, usage and tradition has made the local hunt an institution which is inherited by all classes in the countryside, and so has the enormous advantage of a friendly local public opinion.

Secondly, that in England there are a number of followers, not executives, who look upon fox hunting as a science as well as an opportunity for "thrills and spills."

But, if American "drive" can be canalised in the right direction, great things may come to pass for fox hunting in that country. This is a shrewd and knowledgeable book.

In *The Sweet Cry of Hounds*, Miss E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross are seen at their fairest; and their fair is very good. But the penalty of greatness is that one has to accept a very high standard of criticism, and I am sure the authors will not be offended when I say that this is definitely one of their minor works; but it is tarred with the same brush, or should one say penned with the same ink as *The Experiences of an Irish R.M.*, and so it is a delight to read, and will, no doubt, be in great demand as a Christmas present. VALENTINE.

Just Hunting. By H. J. Peters. (Scribners; 21/-.)

The Sweet Cry of Hounds. By Miss E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross. (Methuen & Co.; 7/6.)

POLISH ADVENTURES

TRAVEL books can be of two types. They can either become a collection of ordinary—though, let it be admitted, important—facts about a country or they can become a spirited yarn combining these essential facts with a vivid description of the author's adventures during the compilation of his book. The first type rarely becomes more than a useful reference book sitting on an owner's bookshelf until he or she has cause to refer to its contents either to check some fact or other or to plan a holiday in the country about which it is written. But the pages of the second class have far less chance of harbouring dust or of turning yellow with age without seeing the light of day.

Any author who has become the happier for life from having once made an agreeable tour and is able to portray his enjoyment as successfully on paper as does Henry Baerlein in *No Longer Poles Apart*, does a good turn not only to his readers, but also to the country he has visited. In an introduction to this book, the Polish Ambassador has told us that Mr. Baerlein "has seen much of Poland, and those who take him for their guide may be assured that they will be shown things that are really worth seeing"; but, while this is very true, it is his chance meeting with Teofil, the love-sick soda-water manufacturer that brings to his book so much light-heartedness and cheerful philosophy.

We start our journey from Wilno, where we are introduced to Teofil, and by the time we reach Troki, once the capital of Lithuania, he has ceased to be a mere character in the book, but has become, so to speak, our friend as well as Mr. Baerlein's. Having visited Teofil's relatives at Troki we return to Wilno, and so trek into Polesia, visiting Nowogródek, the Castle of Niéswiez and Mankiewreze, on the edge of the Pripet Marshes. From here our travellers take us by train to Lwów and Cracow, and though this latter town is well known to many English visitors to Poland, his description of the place never grows wearisome. There are always little incidents which lighten historical details during the conversations which follow his meeting with a professor at the Turkish baths, where Teofil is heard to say that he "would like to stay in Cracow all his life."

But while Teofil's main objective during the trip was to find a wife, Mr. Baerlein was only out to gain a knowledge of Poland and the Poles. That he successfully did this while his companion failed to find a suitable mate is probably due to the fact that he tackled his subject with more resolution. There have been many books on Poland, but few of them, if any, can be as good as *No Longer Poles Apart*. Careful and carefree, the author fits his subject mentally and temperamentally.

W. G. L.

No Longer Poles Apart. By Henry Baerlein. (Longmans, Green & Co.; 15/-.)

A SCIENTIST ON GOLF

ON that debatable subject golf, books are written which cater for all classes of players from beginners to the "stars." Now one has been published for the benefit of the "goats," for the author believes golfers should be divided, not into two classes but into three—"tigers," "goats" and "rabbits"—the latter being those who regularly take over 90 per round.

The Earl of Berkeley, F.R.S., has set out to help all those who wish to improve their play, but whose time for practice is strictly limited. I understand he is a scientist of repute; in any case, he treats the game from a scientific angle. He shows how "to co-ordinate different muscular movements (for different kinds of shots) into a sub-conscious state." This he does, sparing no detail; but many who read *Sound Golf* will become bewildered. Although not written in technical language, the book is definitely very technical, and must be studied to be understood. Lord Berkeley makes several novel suggestions which will be open to discussion.

The player, having found a suitable mid-iron, is advised to "select the other clubs, taking care that all have the same length of shaft." The reason being that he will then "have the same swing and stance for a great number of shots." Now this is quite contrary to the generally accepted practice. Since the beginning of the game the length of shaft has varied with the type of club. He condemns holding the club with a shortened grip because you have "to alter the position of the body by leaning forward more than usual." Surely, though, a player would stand closer to the ball in such circumstances?

The author renews the old attack on the handicapping system, and also repeats the criticism of British courses. He seems to be a stern critic of many tried and established practices relative to the game, so, in turn, he will find stern criticism directed at his own theories. Nevertheless, for the discerning reader there is much of interest in his book, which proves once again that there is no easy road to *Sound Golf*. E. R. T.

Sound Golf. By the Earl of Berkeley, F.R.S. (Seeley, Service & Co., Ltd.; 5/-.)

Books on the country and the countryside are becoming more and more popular. An excellent example of the travel with observation type, which has no savour of the guide book, is *Hebridean Holiday*, by Owen Hamilton (Williams & Norgate; 7/6). Mr. Hamilton writes travel books in a delightful style—all his own. *Caldey*, by G. C. Hoare (Witherby; 7/6) deals with just one island, and that one that is little known. Mr. Hoare has an eye for everything and more than a passing knowledge of nature, and his illustrations are good.

FIELD TRIALS

RETRIEVERS AT HATFIELD

THE Herts, Beds, Bucks and Berks trials were held on most excellent ground at Hatfield, thanks to Lord Cranborne. There was any amount of stuff, almost too much on the first day, with a superb water test. We had lovely weather but only very moderate scent. Judging was by no means easy, as nothing bar the winner of the Non-Winners' Stake stood out in either stake. Mr. H. S. Loebl's Hesloe Sheila won quite easily; she goes a great pace, but not too fast for her nose, and is full of drive, with lovely style. She did all that she was asked very well, and her return and delivery was excellent. With luck this young lady may well go to the top. Mr. V. Routledge's Jungle Fowl, second, did much good work, one bit through a thick fence in his first round was excellent, and he well earned his position. Mr. G. Hallett's Oakwood Jock was very close up, third. He did a really good water test. Certificates of merit went to Mr. S. A. Allen's Deanland Dinah, Mr. R. G. Heaton's Cheverell's Graceful and Mrs. Hill Wood's Hiwood Cora, the youngest in the stake, with a lot of promise in her, but she missed it once or twice, which put her back.

The Nomination Stake was very interesting, as four or five were all of a heap until the last trial of all. Mr. S. G. Gold's Sienna and Mr. R. G. Heaton's Cheverell's Bustle were placed equal first. Sienna did some good work with a lot of perseverance. Bustle was the more stylish, and was lucky in having rather easy trials under all three judges. Miss Hyde Harrison's Pavenham Virginia worked her way into third place by doing one particularly good bit of work in very thick cover, and by three other competitors rather disgracing themselves in the final round. Mrs. Hill Wood's Hiwood Jane was reserve, and but for her last failure would have been easily third; while certificates were given to Mr. H. S. Loebl's Gay's Chance, Mrs. Lawson Johnston's Geofroied, Mr. G. Hallett's Larchwood Nigger and Mrs. Nairn's Golden Jerkin.

HUBERT WILSON.

AT SPRINGKELL

AT Springkell, Dumfriesshire, the Scottish Field Trials Association's Retriever Trials were held on October 13th and 14th, by kind permission of Sir Edward Johnson-Ferguson, whose land probably affords as severe a test for retrievers as any in the kingdom. The judges were Lieutenant-Colonel J. R. H. Hutchison, Mr. R. E. Birch and Mr. J. Rogers-Coltman.

After what was obviously a very close struggle, Mr. Allan Campbell's Roxana was given the premier award in the Open Stake over the Earl of Effingham's Ming, an award, in my opinion well merited, for she was the superior in working and quartering the ground and in placing herself so as to gain full advantage of the little wind there was.

Mr. J. Eccles's Golden Retriever Haulstone Brock was the outstanding dog on the second day and unquestionably won the Non-Winners' Stake easily. A beautiful dog in appearance and well endowed with all the qualities required of a good worker. He marked well, went out at a gallop to the fall and ranged the ground at a fast pace with his nose well to the ground. At no time was he headstrong or out of control, and was always attentive to the call of his handler and his subsequent orders by gesture or word of mouth. Balmuto Bandmaster, owned by Mr. D. Black, did excellent work in the roots in the afternoon, which brought him into prominence.

Captain Hodges's Glenravel Nimrod gave a consistently excellent performance whenever he was under my observation. He was beautifully handled and responded to his master's directions instantly, even when ranging at a great pace. A young dog of great promise.

The Earl of Effingham's bitch, Jet of Airlour, did some very good work during the forenoon, but tailed off later.

The awards were as follows:

OPEN STAKE.—1st, Mr. A. Campbell's L. b. Roxana; 2nd, the Earl of Effingham's Y. L. d. Ming; 3rd, Captain R. G. Sharp's L. d. Punch of Clava. Reserve and Certificate of Merit, Mrs. Hartman's L. d. Gluecrack Stain, and Certificate of Merit to Captain J. Steel's L. d. Rotchell Jaunt.

NON-WINNERS' STAKE.—1st, Mr. J. Eccles's G. R. d. Haulstone Brock; 2nd, Mr. D. Black's L. d. Balmuto Bandmaster; 3rd, Captain I. F. Hodges's L. d. Glenravel Nimrod; 4th, the Earl of Effingham's L. d. Jet of Airlour. Reserve and Certificate of Merit, Mr. C. Walker's G. R. d. Hazelgill. Certificate of Merit, Captain Medlicott's L. b. Treat.

D. L.

AT CASTLE MILK, LOCKERBIE

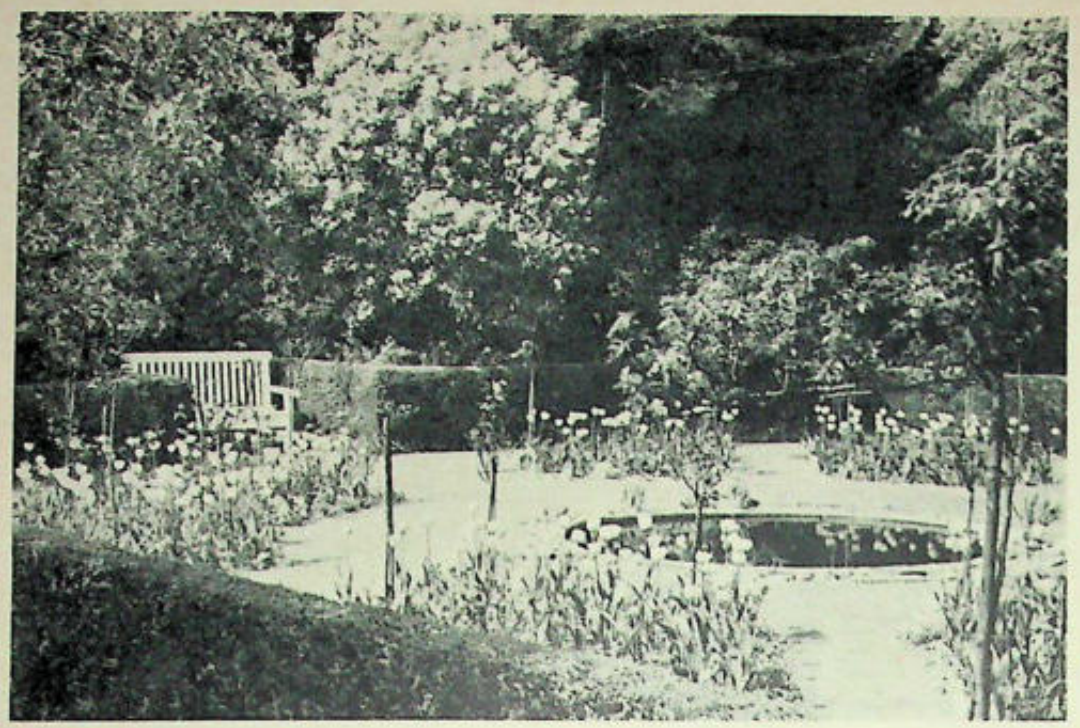
THE Flatcoated Retriever Association held their thirteenth Field Trial meeting at Castle Milk, Lockerbie, Dumfriesshire, on October 15th, by kind permission of Sir John Buchanan-Jardine, Bart. The judges were Mr. J. C. Rogers-Coltman, Mr. Walter Marchant and Captain J. Steel. The awards were as follows:

ALL-AGED STAKE.—1st, Mr. R. Muir Wilson's b. Windle Peggy; equal 2nd, Mr. H. R. Cooke's d. Quick of Riverside and Mr. R. E. Birch's d. Brynasaph Quickstep. Reserve and Certificate of Merit, Mrs. E. G. Oliver's d. Hellingly John.

GOLDEN RETRIEVERS AT FELTWELL

IT was a lovely day, Norfolk at its best, the autumn county predestined for shooting. The trial was for puppies, and most of them were hanging on to the gambolling age and knew little of the serious business of retrieving. The winner, Darter of Yelme, palpably knew most about the business, and the second, Gaygirl of Aldgrove, had glimmerings and retrieved in a workmanlike manner. The third, Rakelands Copper, had some idea of the purport of hunting and how it should be done. Of the rest some showed promise and departed through excess of zeal, and others because they had not learnt that life is earnest. It was a day on which the old could take joy in the irresponsibilities of youth. W. L. M.

LABRADOR RETRIEVER CLUB.—The Meet of the Non-Winner and Puppy Stake Labrador Club Trials will be at Offoxey Farm, Tony Norton, at 9.30 a.m. on the first day (October 27th), and on the second day at 9.30 a.m. at Waters Farm, Havannah Road, near Tony Norton.



TULIPS IN THE FORMAL GARDEN BEFORE THE ROSES BLOOM

The Country House

PLANNING FOR SPRING

Mixed Beds in the Formal Garden

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

PLANNING for spring and early summer effect in the formal garden has ceased to be a stereotyped matter, for instead of the serried ranks of flowers all of one kind and colour, with an equally dull arrangement of edging, the modern tendency is for mixed beds of flowers. Certainly, beds that suggest big posies of mixed flowers are the most attractive, for they afford continual varied interest. On the other hand they require thought in planning out and more trouble in the actual planting. But the results are well worth the trouble.

ALTHOUGH NOT OF A FORMAL GARDEN THE ABOVE ILLUSTRATION GIVES A VIVID IDEA OF THE VALUE OF MASSED VIOLAS IN SECTIONS OF DIFFERENT COLOURS

Flowers that remain a long time in bloom, such as Wallflowers, Forget-me-nots, Polyanthus, Double Daisies, and Tulips, are naturally prime favourites and indeed essential, for it is almost impossible to get a really colourful effect without them. And I think that thick edgings are equally essential, for they give character, and the beds look like baskets of flowers. Certain flowers have attained marked popularity for their value in spring bedding effects. For instance, the graceful, early single Tulip, Proserpine, with its cherry pink globular flowers on 15in. stems, is far easier to associate with other flowers than such difficult colours as those of the old and one-time popular Keiserskroon and Vermilion Brilliant. These Tulips are almost impossible to associate with any other flowers, except those with very pale tones. The lovely Proserpine, however, looks delightful mixed with various pink and purplish Wallflowers, just a few primrose yellow to give the required touches of yellow, Pheasant's Eye Narcissi, and a thick edging of Forget-me-nots or Polyanthus.

WHITE MURILLO TULIPS ASSOCIATED WITH AUBRIETIAS, BACKED BY AZALEAS

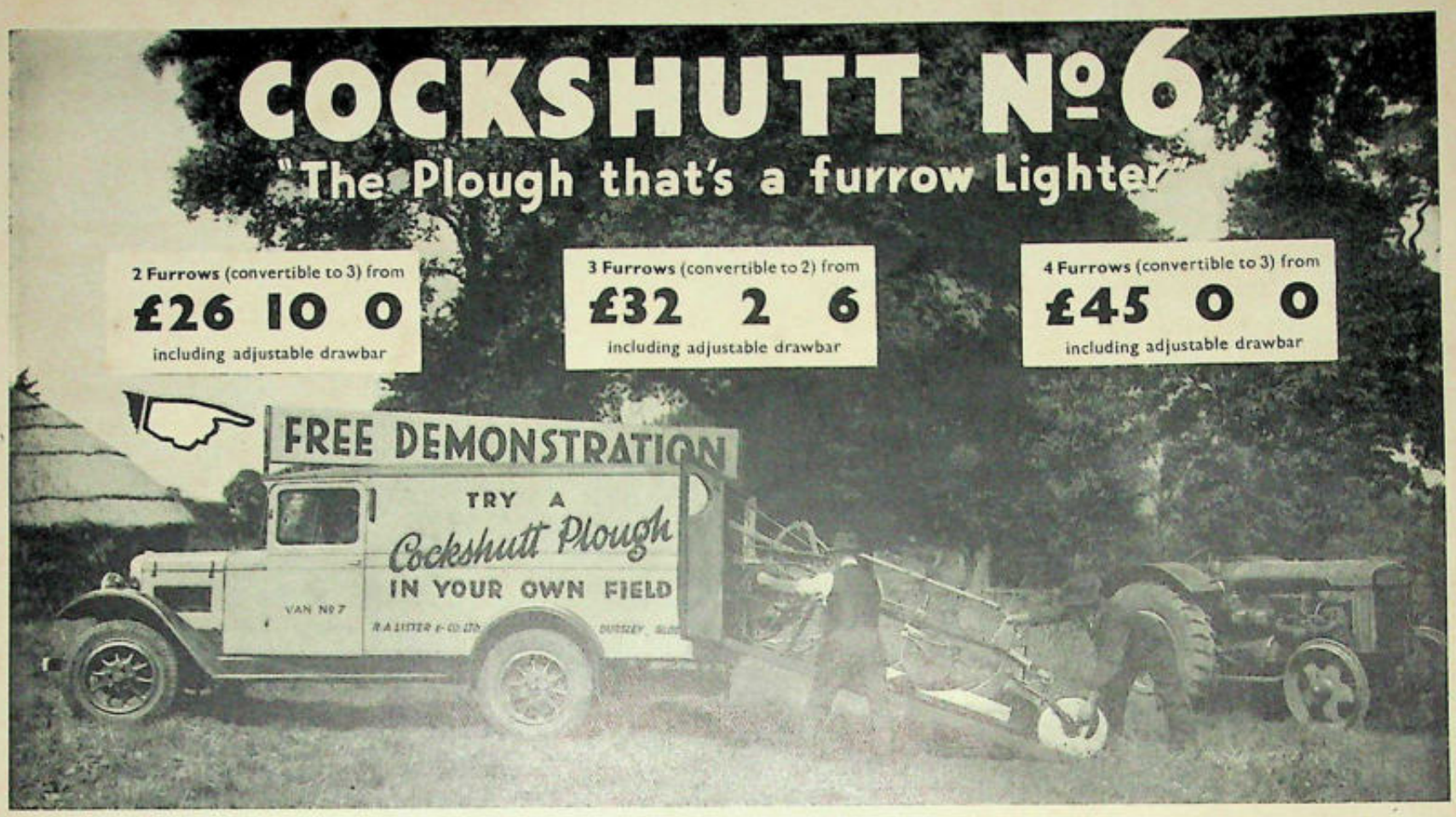
Again, amongst Wallflowers, we are becoming more appreciative of the value of a really rich ruby such as Ellen Willmott, the pale claret of the so-called pink Wallflowers and apricot-coloured Wallflowers, such as Sutton's Eastern Queen. Forget-me-nots have been greatly improved and bear little resemblance to the old, rather weedy *Myosotis dissitiflora*. Royal Blue is somewhat tall for edging, but excellent to associate with Wallflowers and Peasant's Eye Narcissi, whilst the dwarf Royal Blue (about 6in.) is better for edging. There are several late flowering Hyacinths which are valuable for mixing with Wallflowers, notably King of the Blues, Chestnut-Bloom (the semi-double flowers are suggestive of the colours of horse-chestnut flowers), King of the Belgians, Queen of the Blues (I think this may be described as the best of the azure-blue kinds) and Marchioness of Lorne (a fawn-yellow).

We are becoming more and more appreciative of the Winter-flowering Pansies, which in mild parts and sheltered parts flower throughout winter and in most parts, anyhow of the south, are admirable for planting in mass to secure colour during the bleakest weeks of spring. In mixed colours—dark and pale blue, yellow and white—they are particularly attractive.

Formerly Polyanthus and Forget-me-nots were almost universally used for edgings. But I notice that *Dicentra formosa*, the charming and comparatively dwarf Bleeding Heart, is being more used. Not surprisingly, for its abundant feathery foliage and graceful, heart-shaped, pink flowers on slender stems are indeed charming. Although like *Dicentra spectabilis* this smaller Dicentra is a shade-lover, it is very accommodating. It flourishes in full sun on a sandy soil. Double Daisies too are being more used. The Giant and frilled kinds are too modern for my taste, but they are indisputably striking. It is as well to buy the colours separately, as in mixed packets white is apt to predominate. In a bed where wine and ruby-coloured Wallflowers predominate I think a contrasting edging such as Polyanthus or Forget-me-not, is better, or if it is considered desirable to use Double Daisies, they look better if separated from the Wallflowers by a line of Forget-me-nots.

Maintaining a succession in formal beds is always a problem. Violas sparsely interplanted with Daffodils and Tulips is a simple and effective solution, especially as the Violas continue flowering all through the summer and autumn. Pickering Blue is, I think, one of the most effective of all Violas for bedding purposes. It is a beautiful blue and in mass invariably attracts attention even from the least observant. It contrasts well with pink or cherry-coloured Tulips. Rose Luisante, a later flowerer than Proserpine, associates well with Viola Pickering Blue. Rose Luisante has vivid rose-coloured flowers and as it does not attain more than a foot it is not too tall for the Violas. Large beds of Violas look well edged with Double Daisies, but not the giant kinds, as they are too tall.

Dwarf shrubs, notably the dwarf heaths, are now being more used for the planting of formal beds. In one garden I know the windows of the principal rooms look out on a large lawn with long rectangular beds at the further end dividing the lawn from the sunk rose garden and lily pool beyond. These long beds are planted with *Erica carnea*, King George, and afford a good touch of colour during the coldest weeks of early spring, and when the flowers are over the evergreen foliage affords a restful contrast to the colours of the roses beyond.



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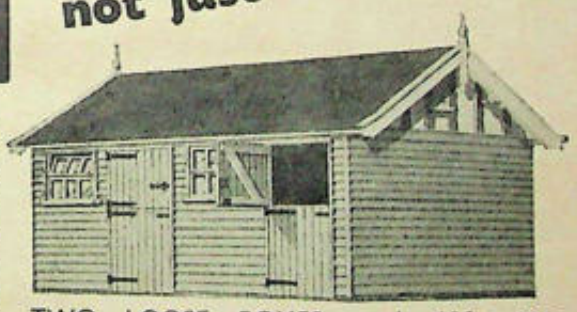

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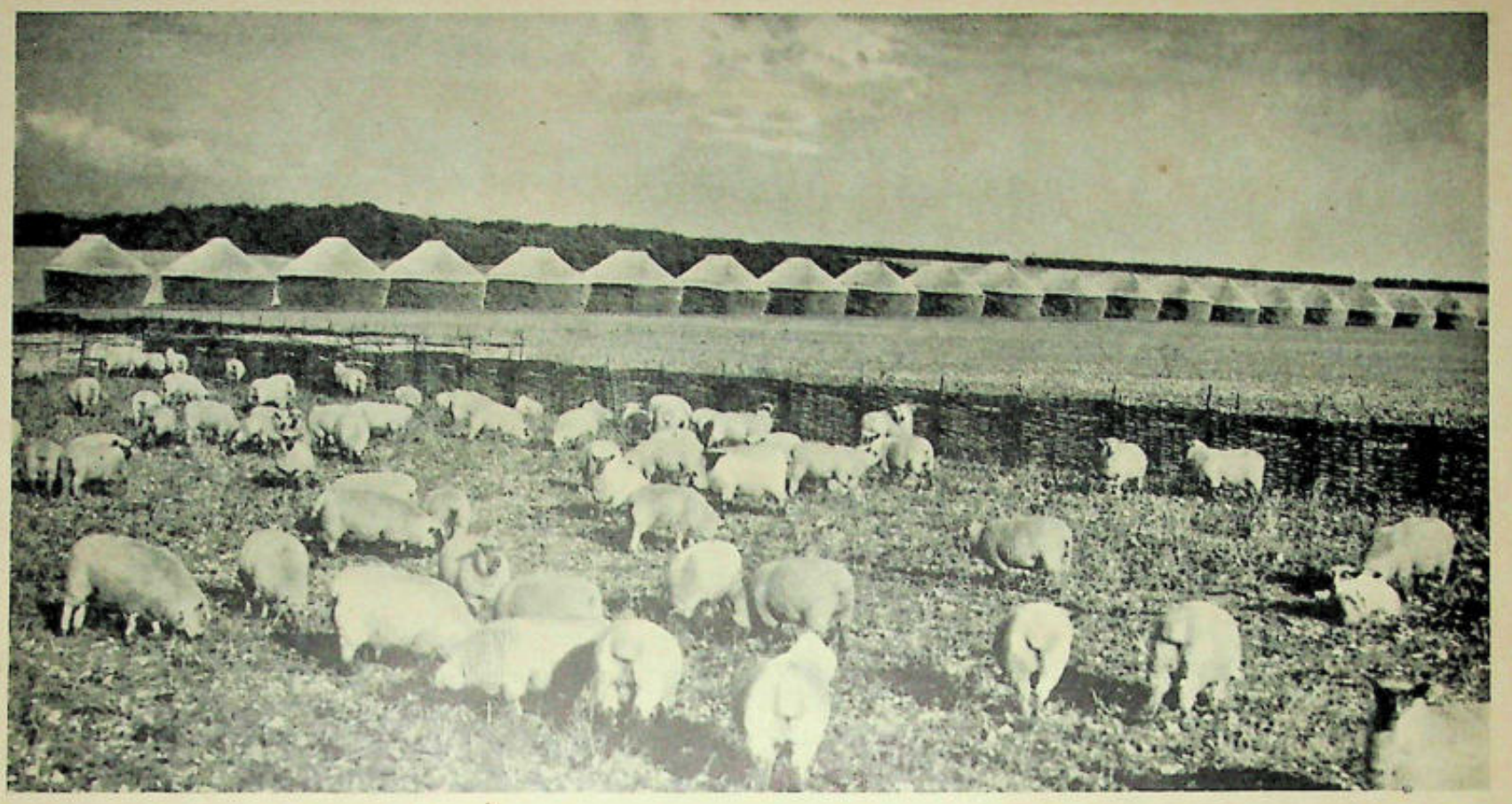

THE SHEEP FOLD ON COL. BAILEY'S ESTATE AT LAKE, IN WILTSHIRE
Twenty well-made stacks of corn in the background make a picture of neat farming

SHEEP FLOCKS IN THE AUTUMN

Foot Rot Is Now Troublesome

THERE has been no trouble about finding a paying market for lambs and other sheep this year. The fleckmaster has done well. At the present time late lambs are fetching very satisfactory prices, and those in good order are making fully 1s. a lb. in the markets. It is the general opinion that with fewer sheep and a tendency to reduce the size of the flocks a bigger proportion of lambs reach the killing stage earlier in the season and that this year more lambs were marketed in fat condition during June and July, leaving fewer for the autumn markets. The abundance of grass keep has no doubt also induced farmers to hold on to the lambs they have. They are growing all the time and putting on weight.

The general confidence in the future of the sheep market is reflected in the sustained prices for breeding sheep. Young ewes have been making every penny of their value at the big sales in Scotland and England. There is, moreover, reason to believe that mutton prices will be quite satisfactory through this winter, and that those who have sheep folded on roots or kale will find a ready market for fat tegs when they come to sell. A keen demand for mutton sheep always means some reduction of the number of ewe tegs that might otherwise be kept for breeding in the following season, and it seems probable that the values of breeding stock will keep fully as high as they have been this year.

It is the general experience that the lambs have done well this year, but there are all too many lame sheep about at the present time. Some good advice about the treatment of foot-rot comes from Messrs. Cooper, McDougall & Robertson, Ltd., of Berkhamsted, a firm which has had experience of sheep disease in all parts of the world. A wet September usually means a bad foot-rot winter. The disease is most prevalent on low-lying pastures that lie wet, but moisture alone is not the actual cause of it.

Ever present in the soil are micro-organisms ready to enter abrasions and set up disease. Abrasions are usually caused by the skin of the feet first being softened by constant moisture and the sheep then walking over stubble or a stony pasture. The inter-digital gland may also become blocked with heavy clay, and the hoof is deprived of its natural lubricant and sore places are rubbed between the claws, into which the micro-organisms of the soil can enter. If the wall of the foot becomes over-grown, allowing an accumulation of soil between the over-grown wall and the sole, the wall of the hoof may crack and give entry to infection.

Much has been written on the subject of contagious and non-contagious foot-rot, but the evidence points to the fact that the disease is not contagious in the sense that, for example, foot and mouth disease is contagious. Messrs. Cooper, McDougall & Robertson, Ltd., who have their own laboratories and experimental station, say that foot-rot cannot be artificially introduced into healthy sheep by administration through the mouth of infective material obtained from diseased feet nor by the inoculation of such infective material with other parts of the body. Moreover, healthy sheep can be penned up with sheep suffering from foot-rot and still fail to contract the disease.

If, however, the hoof of a healthy sheep can be punctured or abraded and infective material taken from a diseased foot, rubbed on the injured surface, infection will occur. Sudden and extensive outbreaks in a flock may be explained by the fact that infective micro-organisms are already present in the soil and that conditions prevail which are liable to cause mechanical injury to the skin or horn of the feet, thus affording an opportunity for the infection of the tissues. It is obvious that the degree of soil infection is likely to be greatest where cases of foot-rot have previously been running over the ground.

Foot-rot is a disease that is more easily prevented than cured, and it is most advisable that the feet of every sheep should be examined regularly by the shepherd. Overgrown claws should be pared down and every incipient foot trouble be given special attention. Walking the flock regularly over a stretch of hard road is an excellent way of keeping the horny growth in check. On farms where foot-rot has occurred in previous seasons, the flock should be walked every fortnight through a foot-bath filled with an arsenical preparation.

Foot-rot baths are quickly and easily installed. A shallow trench into which the bath is sunk and a few hurdles are all that is required, though a check gate at one end of the bath is an advantage. It is well worth while purchasing a bath that is specially designed for treating foot-rot, and various sizes are obtainable at a low cost. These baths have corrugated bottoms which are designed to spread the claws of the hoof and enable the remedy to penetrate thoroughly. It is an excellent plan to instal two if possible, using one for plain water and the other for the foot-rot remedy. The sheep can then be walked through the water before they enter the second bath, and this keeps the second free from mud and dirt, besides cleaning the hoof so that it gets full benefit from the treatment. For the best results the sheep should be allowed to stand on hard ground or concrete on emerging from the bath. Long wet grass should be avoided, as the moisture dilutes the remedy remaining on the feet and the grass itself tends to wipe it off.

R. F.

TURKEYS FOR CHRISTMAS

Grading Under the National Mark

GOOD prices for turkeys were made at the annual Attleborough sale in Norfolk, and there is every prospect of a fair market for English turkeys. More birds were reared this season, and, although the losses from disease have been heavy again, the numbers of birds available for the Christmas trade will be larger than in previous years. Some farmers have been rearing their turkeys intensively, keeping them in a brooder house and letting them out only into a wire-floored sun parlour attached. The birds never go out on grass, and the risk of disease is much reduced. But this intensive method means higher costs of production, because the turkeys find none of their own food by foraging. It has, however, the merit of keeping disease losses at a minimum.

The public prefers to buy home-grown turkeys whenever possible. During the past three seasons arrangements have been made for the grading and marking of turkeys with the National Mark. The general scheme lays down that the National Mark can be applied only on the authorised premises of a registered packer, but in order to facilitate the marking of turkeys for the Christmas season arrangements are once more being made for turkeys to be graded and marked on the premises of producers who have not registered under the scheme.

The Ministry invites all existing authorised packers of National Mark dressed poultry to undertake to handle and kill turkeys in their premises and to market them for producers on a service charge basis. The service charge is 1s. 6d. per bird for killing, grading, marking, packing in cases and consigning, or 1s. 2d. per bird where packing in cases is not desired. Collection from the farmer will be charged extra. Authorised packers will also be invited to grade and mark turkeys on the producer's premises. Full particulars of these arrangements may be obtained from the Ministry of Agriculture, 10, Whitehall Place, London, S.W. 1.

A GOOD YEAR FOR POTATO GROWERS

Appreciation of the Marketing Board's Work

NEXT Thursday the Potato Marketing Board holds its annual meeting of registered producers. This is not likely to be such a lively affair as the annual meetings of the Milk Board and the Pigs Board, and probably few producers will take the trouble to come to London for the meeting. Captain Mollett, the chairman, and other members of the Board, have won the confidence of potato growers in the country, and there is not much criticism forthcoming about the operation of this marketing scheme. Furthermore, the Potato Board believes in letting the registered producers, who are its constituents, know all the details of the working of the scheme, its successes and weaknesses. The annual report, which will be presented at next week's meeting, is an admirably clear document that might serve as a model for the reports of the other Boards. All these marketing schemes depend largely for their success on the confidence and goodwill of the producers concerned. It is possible to hold down a noisy minority of objectors and to placate an apathetic majority, which the Milk Board has to do, but this atmosphere does not make for the running of a marketing scheme to full advantage.

Potato growers naturally enough judge their Board by the market prices they have obtained during the year, and the profits that they have made. The Board can claim that a generally satisfactory level of prices was maintained throughout last season. No attempt is made to attribute a successful year to any specific operation of the Board, for it is characteristic of the potato marketing scheme that its efficacy is largely dependent on a number of factors, all exercising their influence in a proper way at the appropriate time, and in varying degrees according to the peculiarities of the season.

Among these factors, for which the Marketing Board can take credit, is the steadying effect on the national acreage created by the levy of £5 per acre excess levy, the prescription of special minimum riddles calculated to cope with a national, local or temporary, surplus, the stabilisation of wholesaler-retailer prices, and the circulation of up-to-date and reliable information to growers. All these factors have played their part in maintaining a steady market for home-grown potatoes.

We have just been through the most difficult period of the year—that is, from August to October. At this time crops are being lifted, and there is always a tendency to overload the market and cash potatoes without the trouble and expense of storing in clamps. No one quite knows what the yield over the whole country will be, and in a season like this when blight has seriously affected the keeping qualities of many crops, there is bound to be a rush to sell in the early autumn. The Board can do something to check this by fixing a higher minimum riddle for a few weeks, which serves to keep the smaller potatoes off the market, and encourages growers to hold their hand.

This autumn the market position was particularly bad in Scotland, where, in fact, there were better crops than in England generally, and potatoes were almost being given away. Scottish growers had not realised that England would be a bigger buyer than usual, and that all their sound potatoes would pay for keeping. The Board gave this advice and reinforced it by announcing that it would buy potatoes at 50s. a ton and then 60s. a ton for forward delivery in the autumn. The cash was offered, but none of it was taken up. The offer had the desired effect immediately and wholesale prices were raised by 20s. to 30s. a ton within two or three weeks.

PITTING POTATOES AT ABBEY WOOD, IN KENT

Where the crops escaped blight infection the tubers should keep well and make a good price

If there had been no Board potato growers would have been entirely in the hands of the merchants. The lower level of prices set in September would no doubt have continued through the autumn and winter, and then, when home supplies were exhausted, the merchants would have turned to Holland and other Continental countries to fill their requirements.

The Board has consistently advanced the opinion—with a considerable measure of success—that no imports of main crop potatoes are warranted in any season before December 31st. Whatever foreign imports may be necessary after that date, there are invariably ample supplies of the home-grown product to meet all requirements until the end of the calendar year. In fact, imports of foreign potatoes are now strictly limited and firmly controlled in relation to the home supply situation. It is common knowledge that the compulsory quantitative control of foreign imports of potatoes was made possible because producers of potatoes in Great Britain agreed, through the potato marketing scheme, to submit to a measure of discipline and self-sacrifice in order to achieve orderly marketing of the home crop. The Board of Trade is now vested with power to fix quotas of potatoes from time to time in accordance with what is considered to be the requirement of the markets.

It is interesting to see that, comparing years when the home production of potatoes was similar, imports in 1927–8 amounted to 443,700 tons in 1930–1 to 475,300 tons, and in 1935–6 to 229,600 tons. By spreading more regularly the marketing of the home crop, and checking seasonal gluts in the market, and then shortages, the Board has been able to improve the selling position of the home-grower without injuring the interests of the consumer. The Consumers' Committee appointed under the Marketing Act to watch the interests of consumers as they may be affected by marketing schemes, reviewed the potato scheme last year. The committee did not find any evidence that the interests of consumers have been prejudiced.

There is one point on which there has been considerable criticism of the Potato Marketing Board. It is argued that it is bad business to restrict in any way the acreage of potatoes grown in this country if it means that the market will be short of home-grown potatoes towards the end of the season, and that for every acre of potatoes which is not grown in this country we shall have to import the produce of an acre of potatoes grown on the Continent. As potato growers know, when the marketing scheme began, they were each allotted a basic acreage, and if they wanted to exceed this acreage they have had to pay a levy of £5 an acre. This sounds a lot of money, but it is not in relation to the income from an acre of potatoes. Once the payment of £5 an acre has been made the increased basic acreage stands for future years, and taking a period of ten years it works out, of course, at only 10s. an acre. This is not a big item in relation to the total costs incurred in potato growing, which may, for the sake of illustration, be put at £20 an acre. But the fact that a levy is charged for excess acreage does tend to maintain a level production year after year, and to prevent fluctuations in acreage which in the past have made the potato crop one of the most speculative in British farming.

It may be taken that the total of the basic acreage now allotted to growers will provide in a good year ample supplies of main crop potatoes for the market demand. In a dry year like 1935, when in many districts the tubers were small, the home crop may not be sufficient for all requirements. Actually, although imports were invited in the spring of 1936 by the removal of the tariff and by throwing open the quotas, the total imports amounted to less than 230,000 tons in 1935–6.

In a bumper year the existing basic acreage is likely to produce a surplus of potatoes. The Board has already been faced with this problem, and ways are being investigated for the economical disposal of surplus potatoes. A factory was started at Wisbech last year and equipped for the conversion of potatoes into cattle food. This is a useful product, and in a year of heavy crops growers in South Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire might well be glad of this outlet for surplus potatoes at about £1 a ton. The best use for surplus potatoes is in stock feeding on the farm. Cooked potatoes make a good food for fattening pigs and can be used in the rations of fattening bullocks, but not all the farmers in the potato-growing districts of the Fens carry a big head of stock, and it is undoubtedly a sound policy on the Board's part to encourage the opening-up of other outlets when the market for potatoes for human consumption is liable to be overdone. The success of the marketing schemes depends mainly on balancing market supplies with the demand.

A. H.

FARMING NOTES

Corn Yields

WHEAT threshing is now being done on many farms and the yields are no better than farmers had anticipated. Six sacks to the acre is not at all unusual on land that in a good season can be counted on to produce ten-twelve sacks. According to the Ministry's estimates the average yield in England and Wales is 15.7cwt. per acre, which is seven sacks to the acre. But the Ministry's estimates often err on the optimistic side.

Much of the late barley is discoloured, but the yield usually is fair. Winter oats generally are quite good, but there were some poor crops of spring oats which will yield lightly when threshed. The root crops have grown on well this autumn, and there will be no lack of turnips and kale to make the hay more attractive to stock. Sugar beet is not yielding so well as last year. On the average the crop is probably one ton lighter per acre.

Mechanised Farming Conference

Another conference on mechanised farming will be held at Oxford in January. The dates are January 5th–8th, and the arrangements are being made by the Institute for Research in Agricultural Engineering. The first day will be devoted to the discussion of tractor problems, the second to modern problems of cultivation, the third to grass drying, and the final day to combine harvesting. Members of the conference will also have the opportunity of seeing various demonstrations.

For Stock-Feeders

Much of the hay made this year is poor stuff and it will not be relished by dairy cows and other stock. They will eat it more readily, and it will do them better, if some supplementary and attractive feed is given as well. There are some useful and timely hints to be found in a booklet called *The Stock-feeders Manual*, issued by the Molassine Co., Ltd. Copies of this booklet will be sent free of charge to readers of the *Field* who apply to the Molassine Co., Ltd. (Dept. 130), Greenwich, London, S.E. 10.

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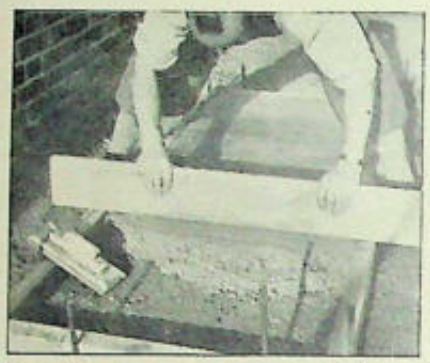

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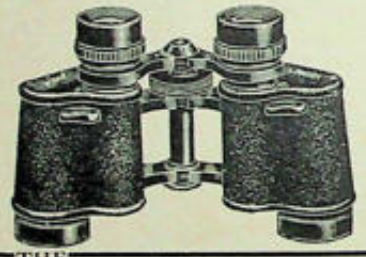

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THE LIGHTING OF MAIN ROADS

Purley Way—An Example of What Can be Done

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

WHEN the Minister of Transport introduces his Bill, taking powers to constitute a central highways control, I trust he will equally seek powers to provide the 4,000 miles of main roads which will come under his administration with proper and adequate lighting.

I should not be inclined to stress this side of the highways question if I thought that highway illumination remained still in an experimental stage. I quite agree that much still remains to be done, and that there are probably many new discoveries and inventions still to come, but there is no doubt whatever that a stage of development has been reached which fully justifies our highway authorities in embarking upon a widespread policy of better lighting not only of our towns and cities but of a large proportion of our main arterial roads.

The principal angle which concerns most—indeed, all—of us is that of public safety. It is obvious that a properly illuminated road, in which visibility approximates to that obtaining during daylight, must, of necessity, be infinitely safer for all traffic than one which is badly lighted or even not lit at all. I make this qualification because a road which has no lighting at all is far safer than one which is lighted in what we have come to regard as the orthodox manner, with alternate pools of bright light and utter darkness. The one is reasonably safe—the other is very definitely dangerous.

Now, the question obviously arises: is there such a thing as a perfect system of highway lighting—one which will give full and clear visibility by night, throwing no shadows and which is devoid of dazzle? I am not going to say that there is a *perfect* system. Nothing is perfect in the full sense of the term, but I do say that there is one system which complies with the conditions I have outlined, giving full visibility without glare or shadows, and fulfilling the requirements of road safety.

It is just four years since I attended the inauguration of the first installation of sodium vapour lamps on Purley Way, undertaken by the Croydon Corporation. I was very greatly impressed by its efficiency, even in what were then the initial stages of its developments. It seemed to me to embody the essential principles of the proper application of light. By that I mean adequate lighting of the road surface without glare and with the concentration of light at the points required.

The one criticism I had to make then was that the lamps were placed at the sides of the road, which seemed to waste a full quarter of the available illumination on the grass verges inside the footpaths. I recommended that experiments should be made with centrally suspended lamps, urging that not only would this ensure more even illumination of the road surface but would be of great advantage in fog, forming a guiding line for the traffic.

During the intervening period a great deal of technical improvement has been made in the matter of the lamps themselves, and, recently, I attended the formal inauguration of an improved system of sodium vapour lighting on this same road, Purley Way. I had, naturally, expected improvement, but I confess I was not prepared for such an advance as was demonstrated. Again I would not venture to say that perfection has been reached, but I am very definitely of opinion that a stage has been reached when it would be safe to embark upon a considered scheme of road lighting, to cover a long term of years.

PURLEY WAY—A LONG GOLDEN AVENUE
The lamps, centrally suspended over the whole 4½ miles of the road, provide a soft golden light giving perfect visibility

The lamps, much better in illuminating power than the older type, are now, in accordance with my recommendation, centrally suspended over the whole 4½ miles of the road. The result is a soft golden light which seems to have all the attributes of perfect visibility without the sense of artificial light as we are usually accustomed to. The sensation of driving along this road is very difficult to define. One's first impression is of insufficient brightness of the light—the result of being used to other systems. Then one finds that there is perfect visibility. Every vehicle on the road, every pedestrian, and even every dog on the side walks stands out clearly defined, and one takes on a sense of what I would call restful confidence in the lighting. Best of all, there is not the slightest eyestrain—less, indeed, than there is when driving in reasonably bright daylight.

After driving twice along the whole length of the road, I was taken up in an aeroplane to see the effect from the air. This was an even more remarkable experience than driving along the road itself. Viewed from above, Purley Way stood out as a long golden avenue on which every vehicle could be discerned as plainly as in daylight, the while the country bordering the road was shrouded in the deepest darkness. Not only was it an altogether remarkable demonstration of the efficiency of the lighting, but it was a really beautiful sight to see apparently golden cars running through a far-stretching arc of subdued golden light.

Then, looking down on roads illuminated by other lighting systems, one got an impression of acute contrast. There was nothing to be seen but a continuous line of light points. Nowhere could one actually see the road or the traffic on it. Turning the gaze again to Purley Way, everything stood almost as clear-cut as on an ordinary afternoon. I have never seen anything so remarkable of its kind.

So far I have seen nothing that gives results equal to this improved sodium vapour scheme of lighting and I advise motorists and any others interested in safe road lighting to go and see the new installation. And meanwhile I offer my very hearty congratulations to the Croydon Corporation on their far-sighted enterprise.

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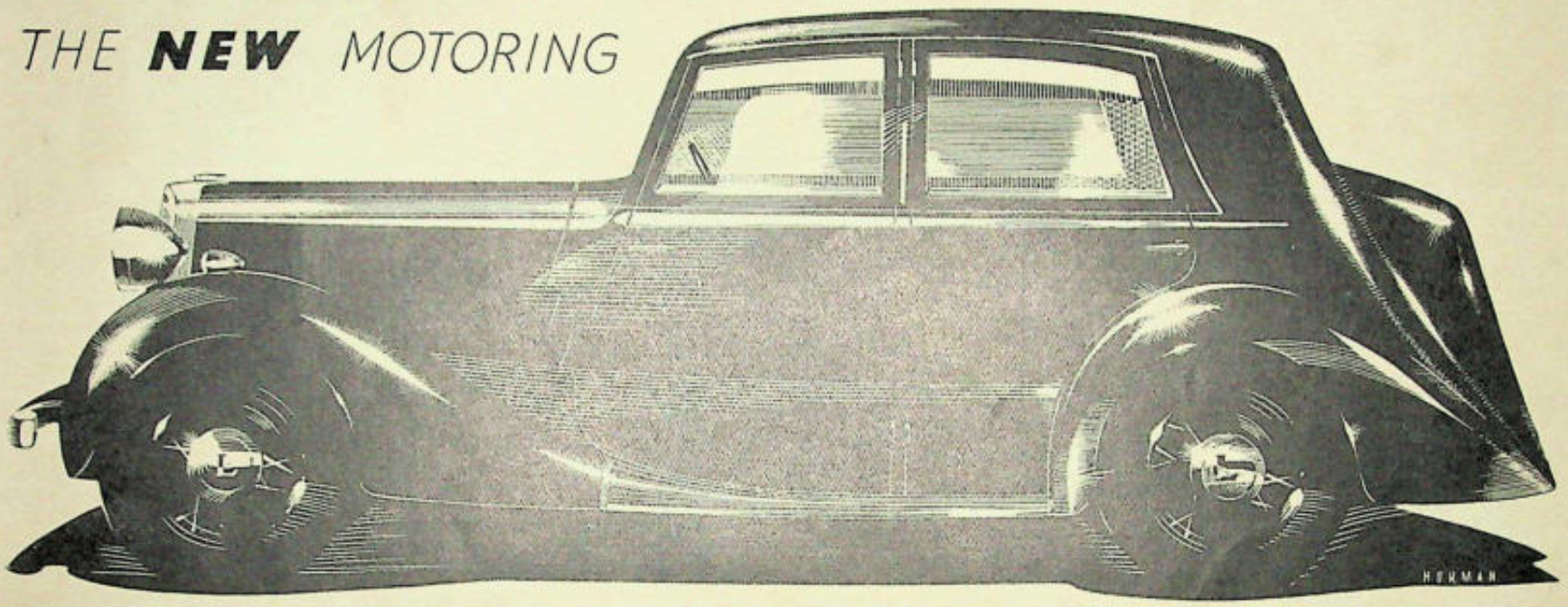

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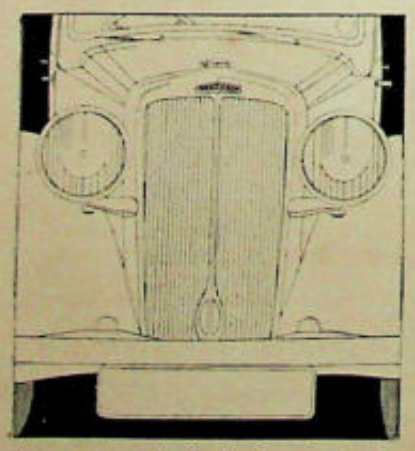

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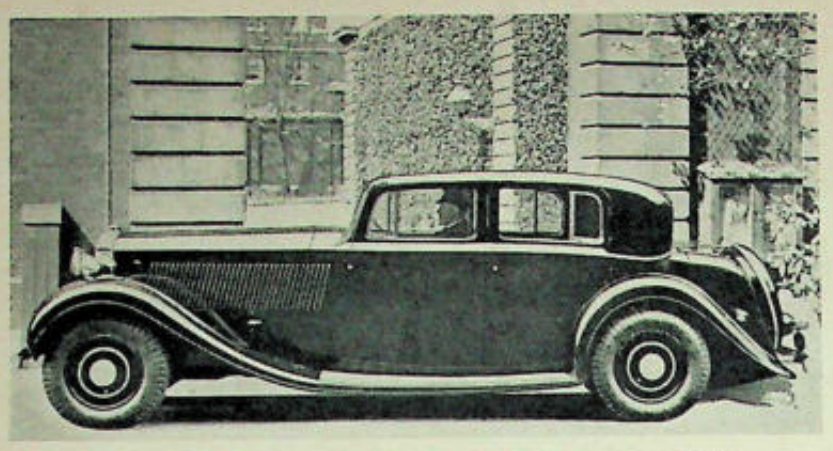

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BRITAIN REGAINS A WORLD RECORD

The New Altitude Figure and its Significance

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

THE importance of the world's flying records has often been stressed in these articles, and the creation of the new altitude figure of 49,967ft. by Squadron-Leader F. R. D. Swain on September 28th is, therefore, specially welcome. This is the first world's record Britain has held for some years, and it comes at a time when the need for re-establishing British prestige was never greater. Foreign competitors could not be blamed if they made the most of this country's unfortunate chapter of accidents in the South African Air Race; the new world figures for height will go far to offset any bad impression created.

Actually this is only the second time that Great Britain has held this particular record, the previous occasion being in September, 1932, when Captain Uwins climbed to a height

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MISS JEAN BATTEN
who is to be congratulated on her magnificent flight to New Zealand in less than 11 days

of 43,977ft.; but in 1919, a Napier-engined D.H.9 machine established an unofficial record of 30,500ft., which was, however, never confirmed by the F.A.I. on account of the disorganisation that followed the war period.

Squadron-Leader Swain's new record improved on the previous figure of 48,698ft., established by the Frenchman, G. Detré, on August 14th, 1936, by no less than 1,269ft., and is thus well in excess of the 984ft. (300 metres), the minimum addition recognised by the international body, the Federation Æronautique Internationale, for the establishment of a new record. It is an achievement on which all concerned—pilot, aircraft builder, engine manufacturer and accessory makers—deserve the greatest congratulation.

This new record is the outcome of a decision made by the Air Ministry in 1934 to have built a machine for high-altitude research flying round about 50,000ft. Although from the first the idea of setting up a new world's record was in mind, the main object of building the machine was to investigate flying conditions within the stratosphere; and now that the first goal has been achieved, the aeroplane will be passed into ordinary experimental service. It was designed and built by the Bristol Company, and its details, while specially modified for its intended purpose, reveal nothing freakish or unorthodox. The engine, a special Pegasus P.E. VI S, was also built by the Bristol Company for high-altitude work. At ground level its output is 370 h.p., its maximum being developed round about 40,000ft., at which height its estimated output is 457 h.p.

It is interesting to note how the altitude registered for record purposes has increased since practical flying began. At the beginning of 1909, the official homologation of records was commenced, and the first height record was established in August of that year, when Latham attained 509ft. By January, 1910, he had increased that figure to 3,281ft., and by December of the same year the 10,000ft. mark had been passed, Legagneux having put up a record of 10,171ft. A height of 20,000ft. was reached in 1913, also by Legagneux, who climbed to 20,079ft. There the figure stood until 1920, when official observation was resumed, and the record crossed the Atlantic, the American pilot, Major Schroeder, attaining 33,114ft. Germany was the first to register a flight in excess of 40,000ft., for in 1929, Neuenhoffen returned 41,795ft. Then followed Flight-Lieutenant Uwins's record, which was subsequently broken by the Italian, Dorati, at 47,353ft. in 1934, and by Detré, of France, as recently as August of this year. Thus, in 27 years, the aeroplane has increased its high-flying capacity by nearly 100 times.

There is, however, a much greater significance attaching to Squadron-Leader Swain's flight than the mere establishment of a new record. The prestige aspect need not be laboured, the value of world records as advertisements being now universally recognised. What may be stressed is that this flight was carried out by one of the R.A.F. experimental pilots as part of normal routine, without any highly elaborate preparation. The record is rather incidental to research than the ultimate aim of it.

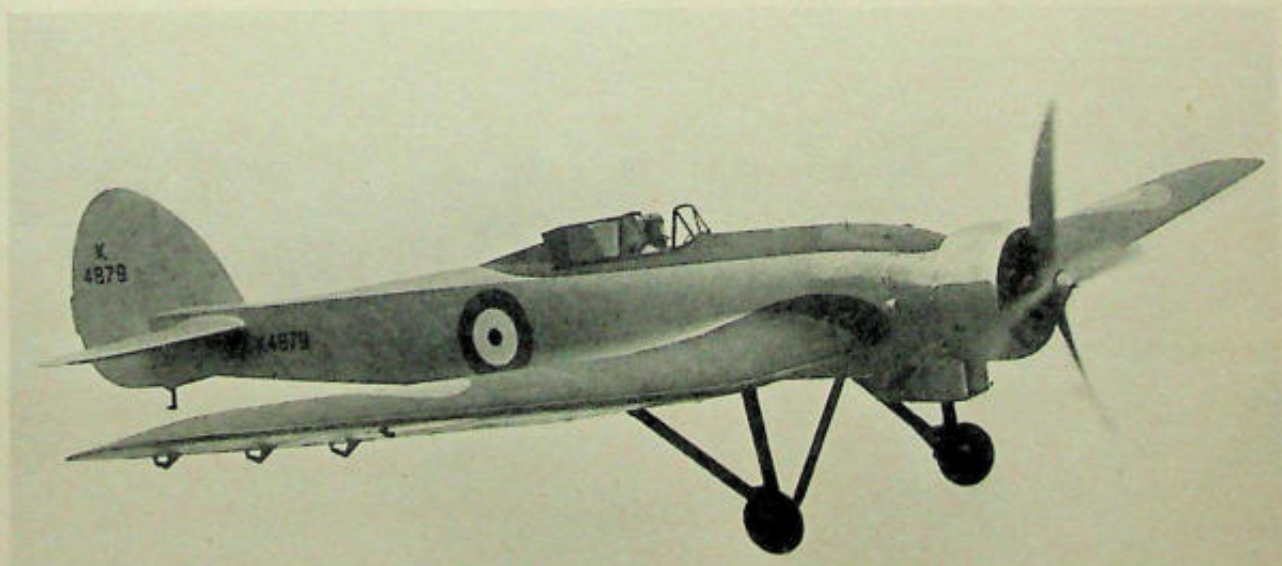
With a machine capable of flying at heights such as this, many valuable data may be collected. The problem of flight in the stratosphere may have important bearings on future operation; what it involves can be learnt only by practical experience, which it is the purpose of this machine to supply. On present knowledge, there seem to be some advantages in flying at great heights, but not till actual experience has been gained can any real conclusion be reached.

It is natural that, with the making of a new world record, the question should be asked whether it would not be possible for Great Britain to make attempts on the two other main records—speed, and distance in a straight line; for too long these have not stood to the credit of this country. It might be argued that, as this height record was incidental to normal research, the other two might be attained in similar circumstances.

So far as the straight-line distance is concerned, this viewpoint might well be tenable. There exist to-day machines that, with little modification, might make an attack on the distance record with high hopes of success. If the distance record could be brought to this country's credit within a comparatively short period of the height record, the prestige effect would be very great, and the effort would be well worth while. About the time that orders were given for the Bristol altitude machine, it was stated that the Air Ministry was making plans for a distance attempt as well, but little has since been heard of the scheme. The expansion programme may have been responsible for the shelving of the project, but it would seem that it might be carried out without any undue interference with the normal routine of the R.A.F.

Speed presents, perhaps, a more complicated problem. Our Service High-Speed Flight was abandoned after the last Schneider contest, and the training of personnel is important for very high-speed flying. But our new "fighters" indicate how great an advance has been made in speed performance, and there is reason to believe that a new figure could be established with comparatively little effort. Certain it is that to have all three of the main flying records again held by this country would be a very definite advantage to British aviation as a whole.

THE PILOT IN HIS RUBBERISED SUIT AND HELMET



SQUADRON-LEADER SWAIN FLYING THE BRISTOL HIGH ALTITUDE 'PLANE
He reached the height of 49,967 feet, beating the previous record held by the Frenchman, G. Detré, by 1,269 feet

IN AND ABOUT ADEN

Pastimes which Range from Polo to Fishing

SOMEWHERE Robert Louis Stevenson has pointed out that there are but few beauty spots in the world where we can hope to spend more than half an hour with pleasure, and yet, that there is almost nowhere man cannot contrive to live happily most of his life.

Aden is an excellent case in point for, though scarcely a beauty spot, it is certainly a remarkable place. Those who have trotted round the globe and have seen here and there the various volcanic ash heaps on the way, even such people contrive to find in Aden that "something the others haven't got"—for sheer "igneous brutality" it is unrivalled. And so, on arrival, as one has been looking at nothing but the sea for so many days, perhaps even Aden is worth a glance from the deck of the passing steamer. A glance, and maybe an involuntary shudder, "for after all people have got to live there, you know!"

But once ashore people are to be found living comparatively normal, full and happy lives, though naturally many arrive confidently expecting the worst. The name has been enough in itself.

Though sticky in May and September, the weather is undeniably fine. In fact, so seldom does it rain that one almost goes to the window to watch a shower. Yet compared to the positively grilling time one is led to expect by the more vociferous grousers, there are those who at the end of the year will tell you that they have spent the entire summer waiting for it to get hot. Nevertheless, as one is sitting by one of the hard courts, waiting for a game of tennis, it is pleasant enough even in April to hear from home of snow.

"Lawn" tennis in many ways is the game best suited to the place, but golf is equally popular, if a little less accessible. Football, cricket and even hockey can be played almost the whole year round. In fact, I have often seen the three games in progress simultaneously. Polo is also available.

There are those who have been heard to say that there is almost no way of taking exercise in Aden. Apart from tennis, golf, hockey, cricket, football, swimming and polo, all the year round; with sailing, deep-sea fishing, rough shooting, and rock climbing in season, I am afraid that this is true.

The deep-sea fishing is excellent; from October to May, in the blue water, which begins about a mile and a half out, there are many different kinds of fish that will take a spinning bait.

A hand line of about a tenth of an inch in diameter is generally used, a bit fatter than the lead in one's pencil in fact. This costs 3/-, and is about 30 fathoms long. Twenty fathoms are paid out behind the sailing boat to where, at the end of the line, is a three fathom trace of fine, twisted, brass wire (which costs threepence) and a hook.

Of course, there is nothing to stop one from using fancy rods and lines from home, but hand rods are usually tiring for trolling for any length of time and unsuitable from many points of view from a sailing boat.

It is easy to rig cheap 15ft. to 20ft. bamboo rods (which cost 1/6 each) to each side of the mast and so work up to four hand lines at a time. This greatly increases one's catch, as it is by no means uncommon to have a sudden onslaught when two, three or even four of one's spinners may be taken simultaneously. Spoon spinners do not seem at all popular, and there is generally an abundance of real bait in the form of fish the size of an ordinary herring, into which the hook is inserted in such a way that it spins when pulled through the water.

The prey are well worth catching. They are heavy and most of them good eating. This particularly applies to darraq, Aden "salmon," which average from 15lb. to 20lb. This is a beautiful fish, deep blue on the back, dappled light blue and mother-of-pearl on the flanks, silver below and almost perfectly streamlined. It is quite pathetic in its powers of retardation if you can keep its head to the boat, but once let it turn and accelerate, it will take all your line and say good-bye.

A much rarer fish is the garrum, which is also perfectly delicious and may be taken up to 60lb.; it is quite different in shape. Very deep, with powerful, abrupt head and jaws, a regular bull-dog profile, followed by a demure and almost ridiculously elegant tail. It is a good fighting fish, but without the "salmon's" enormous speed.

There are no fewer than three members of the great tunny-mackerel tribe. The bonito is the best known, and is annoyingly insistent in its attentions when one is hoping for better fish. But it runs up to 40lb. and is powerful and perfectly streamlined, and so is good fun though not good eating. The familiar barracouta, a sort of sea pike, with its fierce teeth, is also frequently caught, and then there is a strange creature called an anfelluse. It is a remarkable sight in the water and varies this by leaping into the air and fighting vigorously. It is about a yard long by 8in. deep, but only a couple of inches in the beam; a deep but narrow fish with a small mouth and a dorsal fin which begins in the place where some people's eyebrows meet, just over the root of the nose, and runs the entire length of its back. Its back is a deep laurel green on which are set a row of sapphire blue spots. The green of its back merges rapidly into the magnificent pure gold which covers the rest of its body. The colour it produces in the water when fighting below a roughened surface would not be equalled were one to throw a bucket of gleaming sovereigns overboard. As to food, it is as useless as it is beautiful, though when salted, I gather, it is not despised by the camel.

STILL ON THE HOOK

A 27lb. darraq. These fish, otherwise known as Aden za'mon, are good fighters

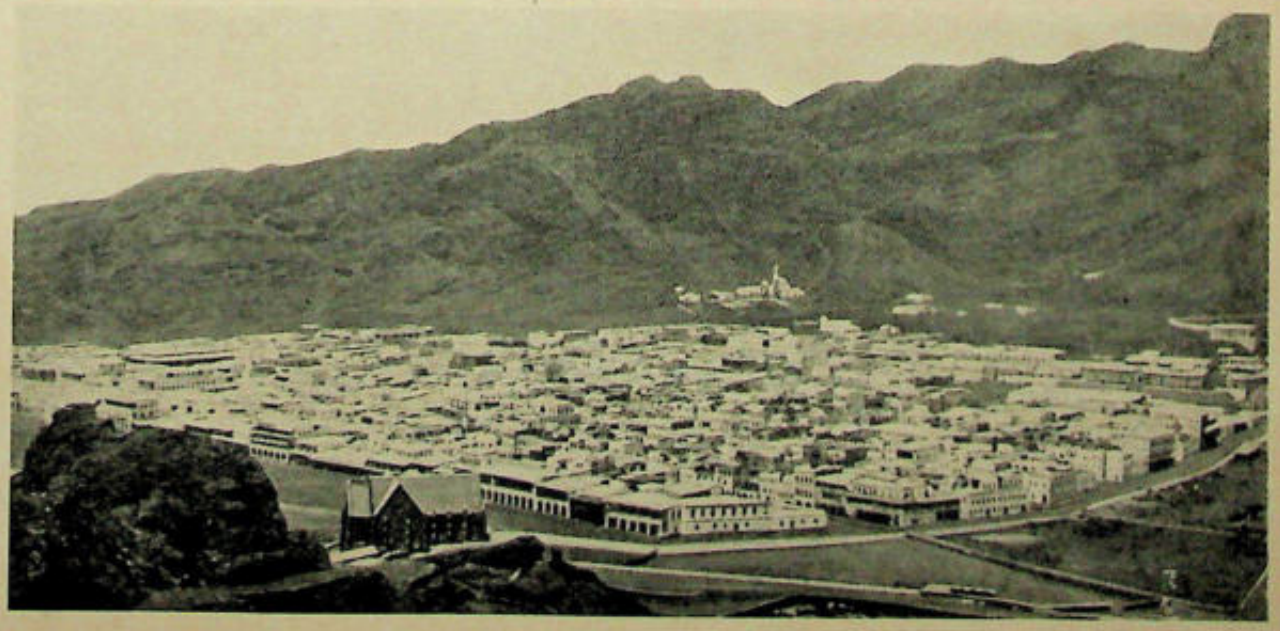
"ADEN, FOR SHEER 'IGNEOUS BRUTALITY' IS UNRIVALLED"

A view from the sea showing the oil tanks

These are only some of the amazing profusion of fish to be caught in the sea close to Aden. I have said nothing about sharks, of which cartloads are landed in Aden every morning at the appointed place. They are then cut up and salted, thence to be exported to the Red Sea. Their fins and tails only go to China to make soup.

The sea inshore, in the turbid water, is infested with sharks, but as they are almost perfectly colour protected they are difficult to see, except in certain conditions of light and calm surface. Like many other almost brainless creatures, they are quite fearless and will return again and again, even after a taste of the gaff, to the same mangled bait. I have only seen two species (*Sphyrna zygaena* and *Charcharinus macrurus*), varying in length from an inch to about 6ft. the "whaler" and the fierce "hammerhead." As elsewhere, the fisherman's slogan applies: "There is only one way in which you can be absolutely certain of not catching a fish, and that is—by not fishing."

FITZ.



A PANORAMA OF ADEN

The town lies in the crater of an extinct volcano

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"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE

YE OLDE OSTRICH INN, COLNBROOK

AS you pass through the little Buckinghamshire village of Colnbrook—some have called it "sleepy," but this, it would seem, is a misleading term in these days of the motor-car—you cannot fail to notice the old black and white building of Ye Olde Ostrich Inn.

This picturesque timber-and-brick hostel has stood there for many centuries and, like a much married lady, has frequently changed its name. The present building is the successor of a much more ancient building and there have been, in fact, several inns on this site. According to old records, the first appears to have been a guest house or hospice, founded by one, Milo Crispen, in trust to the Abbey of Abingdon "for the good of travellers in this world and the salvation of their souls in the next." In those early days the inn was known as the "Ospridge" and, if we may believe old chroniclers' statements, it became in after years a place of resort for guests going to and from Windsor Castle. It is interesting to recall that here ambassadors robed themselves before being conducted the few miles to the Castle. Froissart chronicles four ambassadors to King Edward III as having "dyned in the Kynge's Chamber, and after they departed lay the same night at Colnbrook."

This inn, when known as the Crane, was a favourite resort of Dick Turpin and one night while staying here he only just managed to get away from the Bow Street runners by jumping from his bedroom window into the courtyard, mounting his horse and clearing the hedge at the end of the inn's garden and so away into the friendly darkness of the night. To-day you can still see one of the highwayman's pistols hanging on the wall. But people of far greater distinction than Turpin have enjoyed the hospitality of the inn for, according to tradition, King John stopped there for refreshment when on his way to Runnymede to sign the Magna Carta, and Queen Elizabeth, who slept in so many inns, numbered the Crane among them.

Here, too, after the removal of Charles I from Windsor to London for his trial at Westminster Hall, John Dowcett and Captain Fanshawe were kidnapped when awaiting a messenger from London who would tell them how best the King's cause could be assisted. The messenger, Lord Richmond, arrived to find the inn occupied by a body of men of doubtful character and when he enquired after the whereabouts of Dowcett and Fanshawe, he was informed by the landlord that they had not been seen. Lord Richmond disbelieved him and threatened to raze the inn to the ground if they were not produced. There then followed a shot and fierce fracas, after which the two messengers were rescued.

How the inn managed to keep its customers after the dreadful murders traditionally said to have been committed in it during the reign of Henry I is inexplicable. In those days the innkeeper and his wife engaged in what may be termed the "systematic removal" of wealthy guests. When a likely victim arrived the landlord would say: "Wife, there is now a fat pig to be had if you want one." Whereupon she would answer: "I pray you put him in the hogstie until to-morrow." The guest was accordingly allotted the Blue Room in which the bedstead was placed on a hinged trap-door above the brewhouse's boiling vat. The rest of the episode may be imagined.

There are many other such legends connected with Ye Olde Ostrich, but it is only right to state that no questionable practice is now carried on at the inn—unless that of killing with hospitality can be so termed—and a visit is well worth while. You will admire the wide, old-fashioned staircase (upon the walls of which hang many curios) giving access to the first floor, on which is situated a very fine dining room. And outside is a pleasant little cobble-stoned courtyard from which one can obtain views of steep roofs, dormer windows, and white-washed walls with grape-vines.

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THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

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

RAT WEEK

THERE is an obligation on everyone not to harbour rats on their premises. It is a legal obligation, but in this respect the law is not always put into effect as it should be. To remind householders, farmers and others of the damage which rats do, and the obligations of the citizen to his neighbours, the Ministry of Agriculture organises a Rat Week every autumn. It starts on November 2nd, and presents an occasion for tackling the rats which fatten and multiply at our expense. The losses that rats cause by damaging food and material are estimated for this country alone at £15,000,000 a year. The reproductive powers of the rat are so great that vigilance can never be relaxed. Indeed, every week should be a rat week. A female rat has a gestation period of 21 to 25 days, and she has 6 to 7 litters a year with 6 to 9 young to the litter. As the natural life of a rat is 2½ to 3 years, a pair of rats and their progeny may average 862 per year. Nature has armed the rat with excellent means of defence, great intelligence and enormous fecundity, making it a formidable enemy.

These brief facts outline the rat problem. To them should be added the established fact that rats are active carriers of tuberculosis and other diseases from one farm to another. On every count the rat is an undesirable guest. Nothing can be said in its favour. How, then, are the good intentions of Rat Week to be carried out and an effective campaign waged?

The point of first importance, although it is often overlooked, is to make premises rat-proof so far as possible. The practical steps that can be taken in houses and ships were outlined in a useful paper read by Mr. J. D. Hamer at a meeting of the University of London Animal Welfare Society. His advice has now been printed in pamphlet form and copies may be obtained from the Society Offices, at 42, Torrington Square, W.C. 1. So far as farm buildings are concerned, it is a sound plan, wherever practicable, to raise the food store well above the ground level on the old-fashioned straddle stones, piles or some other support that does not allow the rats to climb up and get at the food. A good family of farm cats make useful allies in the war against rats.

The methods that man now uses for rat destruction are trapping and poisons in the form of baits, gassing and the introduction of bacterial infection among the rats. Traps and bait poisons are at their best, only partially efficient. Arsenic, strychnine, phosphorus and other preparations are extremely dangerous to use on a large scale on account of the difficulty of controlling the access of other animals to the unpoisoned baits. Mr. Hamer recommends red squill powder as an ideal and specific raticide. It is established that female rats are killed by doses of red squill powder only half as great as those needed to kill male rats. Domestic animals will not readily eat it, and if it does contaminate the food of poultry a comparatively heavy dose is required to prove dangerous. On domestic animals red squill acts as an emetic, while rats which do not vomit quickly die after a lethal dose.

Several bacterial preparations have proved more or less effective in destroying rats. There is, however, always the danger of food becoming contaminated by their droppings and the intestinal disorder being spread. Then there is gassing. Where this can be carried out effectively and the rats asphyxiated, the method has much to recommend it. The process needs careful handling, as the gas is poisonous to human beings as well as rats. But the difficulties of dealing with rats, considerable as they are, must not be allowed as an excuse for doing nothing. Now is the time to launch the attack.

THE KING'S FARMS

FARMING is a business, and King Edward has naturally enough been concerned to see that his farms at Sandringham and Windsor are being run on business lines. Following the retirement of Mr. Beck, the Sandringham agent on whose advice King George relied, various changes have been contemplated. The spacious days of farming have passed, and it is not surprising to hear that the farming system at Sandringham is being overhauled and that the King has decided to sell some of the outlying land. Game preservation will not now be a governing factor in the farming. At Windsor, where most of the farm land is under grass, there is little scope for reorganisation. Indeed, it is only a few years since a new agent was appointed, and he has introduced farming methods, especially in the breeding and rearing of beef cattle, that are already giving good results. Some of the Windsor stock will be seen at this year's Smithfield Show. The Duchy of Cornwall Home Farm at Stoke Climsland, near Plymouth, is in capable hands, and the farming system, based on the pedigree herd of Devons, evidently suits local conditions.

BOXING'S "MONDAY-NIGHTERS"

The new National Sporting Club's first "Monday night" did not attract anything like a full house; but the huge curtains induced a cosy atmosphere, and the boxing was full of interest. Ernie Roderick, who, only a week previously, had beaten Dave McCleave, an ex-champion, came in as a substitute for Jake Kilrain, the reigning champion, and defeated George Daly with plenty to spare. There are few English boxers of class who will consider fighting once a week. Roderick, with a championship fight in view, might well have followed precedent and rested on his laurels. In meeting Daly he certainly took a risk. But he has enhanced his reputation a hundredfold, and not only as a fighter. He showed in this fight that his boxing ability is very considerable, and that he is almost as much at home at a distance as he is master at close quarters. Is it too much to hope that the new National Sporting Club will ultimately re-instil into the British boxer that pride in his profession which is essential to success? Jimmy Walsh did a great deal for British boxing at the new club's opening night. Roderick, on this first "Monday night," set an example to all his fellow professionals.

ROUGH RUGBY

Rugby football in Wales has never been a kid glove game, but incidents in last Saturday's match between Swansea and Llanelly seem to warrant some sterner measures than a mutual agreement to cancel all future fixtures between the two clubs. A week or two previously, Richmond found cause to protest very strongly against the play of some of the Swansea team—not so much on account of roughness but because of what, to Richmond, seemed flagrant transgression of the rules of the game. The trouble in this case was put down to mistaken refereeing, and the relations between the two clubs were happily preserved by Swansea's ready agreement to nominate referees for Richmond's approval in future. But this state of affairs ought not to be allowed to continue. Rough Rugby is as much within the control of the referee as illegal Rugby, and half the trouble that arises now and then is due to lack of uniformity in the interpretation of the laws by referees in different parts of the country. The *Field* has urged before, and urges again, that the national Unions should no longer leave refereeing to fend for itself. It has become an important part of the game and should come under some measure of official control that will ensure uniformity of interpretation in all the home countries.

THE SALMON SEASON

Except for the Tweed and one or two minor streams to-day sees the close of the salmon season for 1936; an interesting season for theorists who believe, or refuse to believe, in the nine-year cycle, for this is the ninth season since the bumper year of 1927 and should have shown a "peak" in salmon runs of some magnitude. Whether it has done so or not, who can say? The official figures will not appear until its joys and sorrows have faded into the mist of recollections and men are busy blessing or cursing the fortune of 1937. But the back end will surely be remembered, if not for its fish, at least for its weather. River banks, with their reds and golds and browns, have seldom been more lovely, and St. Luke with his little summer has put to shame the official period of the calendar.

RAIN AT LAST

Though the autumn drought has enabled farmers to get well on with their work on the land, it has been a bugbear to hunting. During the last few weeks in many countries, huntsmen have prayed for a bad scenting day (such is the comparative ambition of man), for on many occasions there has been no scent at all, this being a literal description and not a *façon de parler* for a bad scent. Now at last the rain has come, and we hope that it is merely a first instalment; much more is wanted before scent can become really good. Would that Jupiter Pluvius were a Master of Hounds! Such a nice handling of the farming and hunting interests is a shining example. But, perhaps after all he would be a little high-handed for the position.

WITHOUT COMMENT

When a motoring weekly takes to natural history: "Similarly the study of hawks may be commended, for their evolutions are a delight to behold, and very rapidly carried out. The acrobatic feats go so far, in one of the rarer species, as feeding his lady in the air, who catches the prey at a lower level, and passes it on to the babes. The kestrel ('windhover') can very often be seen hovering and falling to earth, but the rarer sparrowhawk and merlin, smallest of all the hawks, have life and death chases with other birds as exciting as Brooklands. These are the three common ones. The evolutions of the majestic peregrine, the fierce Gyr falcon and goshawk, bustards and other rarities, to say nothing of the golden eagle, are not for most people. But the mountain motorist should always be on the look-out, even for a kite, the biggest of the lot, and very uncommon.

"The flight alone of birds is a most engaging subject, and in quick travelling it may easily be the only means of identification. A Vee formation at once proclaims duck or geese."

YACHTING IN 1937

Looked at from all angles, yachting prospects for Coronation year appear to be of the brightest. His Majesty has become a patron of the Yacht Racing Association, and preliminary discussions are in progress for the holding of a ten-day Coronation Regatta, starting about June 26th, in the delightful surroundings of Tor Bay. The suggestion for the holding of such a regatta was made some time ago in the *Field*, and one proposal was that foreign yachtsmen should be invited to compete. It is good to see that this figures among the proposals and a really enjoyable meeting should result. In addition, next year is a Fastnet year, and, as was pointed out in last week's *Field*, the ocean racers are going to be quite busy. There is already great activity in the yards building cruisers, motor yachts and racers. The America's Cup comes up again for discussion, and we learn that agreement has been reached regarding the strengthening of the weak masts of the competitors so that they can stand up to a blow. All that is needed to complete the picture is a quick decision on the new British "Big Class" to replace the attenuated J's.

"ANOTHER BRADMAN"

Cabled reports on English cricket tours in Australia seldom err on the side of moderation, and it is early yet to accept a definition of C. L. Badcock as "another Bradman." Eulogies on his Bradmanesque style in making 167 for the oddly described Combined West Australian team against the M.C.C. side are tempered by reports that he was missed at 13 and again at 36. None the less, it was sufficiently disturbing that the English bowlers failed to separate him and W. Horrocks until they had put on 306 runs. Faulty fielding may have been partly responsible, and lack of recognised slip fieldsmen is undoubtedly a handicap that will need much attention. It is perhaps significant that while Copson, the young Derbyshire pace bowler, made no impression on the critics when he was first put on, he was praised when he began taking wickets, and we can only hope that success begets the confidence so essential to a player on his first tour. Meanwhile the tale of M.C.C. casualties leaves nothing to the imagination. Probably the most serious effect is that they interrupt practice and team building at a stage when the side needs to be settling down to real business.

THE YOUNG ENTRY

By now, many huntsmen know the present characteristics of their young entry. Some have entered at once, some have shown a little hesitation, and then overcome it; some, through timidity, aversion, or absolute indifference to hunting, are still living on charity; that is to say, they are not pulling their weight of the economic cart of the Hunt. Nevertheless, these are the young hounds that are worth persevering with for a long time, for they are named by their own conduct, eccentric, and out of the rut, and should this eccentricity be caused by strong character and not by mental or physical disabilities, they may develop into foxhounds of very high quality. On the other hand, the convention that hounds who enter absolutely from the first are unhealthy, precocious, and not likely to be good in their second season, is hardly supported by facts. When this does happen, it is usually that a hound gets to know too much about the business of catching foxes and tries to do it in a way which is too intelligent to give his huntsman satisfaction; that is to say, by saving himself, skirting and going mute. In fact, he becomes a "rogue," and most rogues have a certain kind of intelligence very highly developed.

BRACKEN

Upon the fells the russet ferns
Are harvested, when autumn turns—
Dry bedding, in default of straw,
For calves and pigs on how and haugh.

The rusty lanes in Bablock-hythe
Fall swift before the glittering scythe,
Like the red swathes of Homer's war
That bronze-sheath'd Ares toppled o'er.

On northern moors the rope-drawn sled
Brings bracken to the mountain's head:
And the light carts go swinging home
By swirling beck and whin-flower chrome.

The orange and the lemon leaves
Beflag the hedges, where the sheaves
Have left the stubble, and the Dutch
Barns now are stain'd with brackeny smutch.

EDMUND CASSON.

After the avalanche

ALPINE ACCIDENTS OF THE PAST SEASON

Disasters Due to Bad Luck and Bad Management

By C. F. MEADE

Of this year's Alpine accidents only two of the instances mentioned here seem to have been due to bad luck rather than to mismanagement. Owing to sheer bad luck a Swiss party was overtaken by an avalanche on the magnificent Guggi ice-route on the Interlaken face of the Jungfrau, when the famous guide Fritz Steuri was seriously injured in the rescue work that ensued; again on the Dent Blanche bad luck may have played a part when Mr. Geoffrey C. Gregson with the guide, Raymond Cottier, and porter, Theytaz, perished by falling through the cornice. In this case, however, some may question the prudence of taking the Viereselsgrat route in such a snowy year, when the elaborate cornices on this ridge are fairly certain to be in their most dangerous condition.

Such a season as occurred this summer was bound to be bad for the Matterhorn, of course. Many novices who are keen to ascend this classical peak have no idea that the standard of climbing on it may vary between extremes of easiness and difficulty according to the character of the season, and that when the mountain is at its easiest the risk of falling stones is at its greatest, for the rocks are then less firmly cemented together with ice and snow. In any case stones dislodged by inexperienced climbers are at all times a danger to be reckoned with. Consequently it is better to be the first party up and the last to come down.

This summer two climbers who had omitted to take their ice-axes with them disappeared during the descent at about a quarter of an hour's distance below the summit. A slip must have occurred, for the two bodies were afterwards seen lying 4,000ft. below on the Furggen Glacier.

While a search party was out looking for them a young English lady was killed on the same mountain by a falling stone which swept her down the precipice and severed the rope that united her with her companions. The rope was said to be defective. On the Allalinhorn two inexperienced climbers were killed in consequence of a slip by the leader.

Another disaster occurred on the Macugnaga face of Monte Rosa, once ascended by the present Pope. This route has always had a great reputation for danger, and the notorious Marinelli couloir has to be crossed, followed by a snow and ice climb lasting for about ten hours as far as the top of the Dufourspitze, which is the highest peak in the massif. The dangers can certainly be minimised by choosing the right moment in the right season, and a season following a period of abnormally abundant snow is likely to be favourable. However, the two victims of this accident loaded the dice against themselves. When the weather turned bad, and a solitary climber who had accompanied them from the Marinelli hut wisely decided to retreat, they refused to do likewise, and deliberately bivouacked in a crevasse.

The next day, having reached a great height, they failed to find their way on to the rocks of the Dufourspitze, and attempted to make a short cut into Switzerland by crossing the Colle Zumstein. Only 150ft. below the watershed a slip must have happened, probably owing to fresh snow on the ice, and they fell. One was killed, and the survivor spent a second night out, without his axe, and with the body of his companion suspended on the rope below him. After three whole days without food—for only one meal had been carried—he was reached by a gallant party of guides from Macugnaga.

Unfortunately, however, while the guides were lowering the injured man down the funnel of the Marinelli couloir, an avalanche came down and swept him, together with the corpse, to the bottom of the couloir. Still alive, he was seen by a guide in the Marinelli hut and dragged to safety, only to die a few days later in hospital.

In connection with this accident it is worth noting that even in a favourably snowy year, when avalanches fall infrequently in the couloir, and the normal sources appear to be quiescent, avalanches are always liable to be started by the unpredictable breaking off of the cornices on the summit ridge of the Nordend, an origin that is too far up the mountain to be adequately observed from below.

Finally we come to Grindelwald, overshadowed by the ghastly tragedy on the north face of the Eiger. Even before the attack on the mountain itself had begun, disaster had occurred to two of the young men who had aspired to this expedition. On a training climb on the exacting Guggi route of the Jungfrau two of them had fallen, one of them being killed and the other gravely injured.

It must not be supposed that the attempts to climb the north face of the Eiger are a novelty. In 1932 a comparatively safe route up the north face was successfully accomplished by a Swiss party of four, amateurs and professionals, one of the strongest parties ever got together. The route that was attempted this year with such fatal results, and which caused the death of two young men last year, is merely a variation upon that of 1932 with the supposed merit of being more obviously in the centre of the face. In the attempt that was made this summer the four assailants were stimulated by the ambition to win the Olympic medal awarded to the desperate pioneers of the new route on the Matterhorn in 1932. All four perished in spite of the most strenuous attempts to save them made by self-sacrificing guides.

Now as the ascent of the north face might conceivably be successful if there were four or five days of continuous fine weather, and as such a spell of fine weather could never be relied on, least of all during last July, it is scarcely surprising that the Swiss Federal Council has adopted the rather forlorn expedient of prohibiting all further attempts. It is hoped that the edict may at least do something to discredit the enterprise, and that even the most infatuated climbers will hesitate before running the grave risk of involving with themselves in common destruction the gallant professionals who can always be counted on to hasten to the rescue. I hope to give a fuller account of the heroic rescue operations in a subsequent issue.

AN EVER-PRESENT MENACE TO HOUND AND BEAST IN COUNTRY DISTRICTS

'WARE THE DEATH RAIL!

Present and Impending Perils Which Hunting Has to Face

IT is the fashion, nowadays, to look down on the Victorian era, which is said to have been stuffy and dull. The present generation laughs at that age, not always with very kindly laughter; but it does not hate it. Let us, with that flexibility of outlook, so wide and so modern, step through the door of the present and, walking down the corridor of futurity, regard ourselves and our age from a disembodied distance.

Should we hate ourselves? Speaking as from the present, it is difficult to say; but I believe if several modern tendencies are allowed to prevail, we should feel the hopeless fury, which is always the legacy left to their descendants by thoughtless vandals.

The tendency which we are contemplating is the growth of widespread electrification of railways. If electrification is examined from its birth it will be seen that its expansion is only limited by the sea, and that its expansion is likely to be rapid. It is due to:

(1) A great increase in suburban traffic, caused by ribbon development, which was caused by increased speed and facility of transport, or *vice versa*.

(2) The need of some method of transport which could carry practically limitless burdens; stop, start and accelerate rapidly; and which largely should dispense with shunting and entirely with smoke.

This tendency is in itself inevitable, and so, probably, excellent; it is the dangerous method in which electrification is carried out with which we quarrel. A bare live rail, carrying a killing current, running through the countryside, and protected only by a plain fence, through which men, children, dogs, cats, and all English wild animals can enter the railway, is rather a disturbing prospect. Electrification may bring much comfort and cleanliness, but the live-rail on the ground exercises a sphere of influence and anxiety in proportion to the natural cruising radius of all human beings and animals within that radius. It thus destroys the amenity of the countryside. Wild creatures will be confined within a barrier which it is death to cross, and which is made more dangerous to them by their very ignorance of its character or even existence. Hunting, which gives pleasure and profit to quite a respectable number of people, would either have to cease at once in any country through which the unprotected electrified railway runs, or be carried on under such a chronic state of anxiety that most of the pleasure would be lost. Hounds have perished on the electric line and it has taken its toll of badgers and otters.

But there is also a much more serious matter to be considered, the danger to human life, especially where children are concerned. Only last week the death of a young boy was reported in the Press. He had strayed on to the line near Morden Halt, and the verdict was that he had met his death through shock following the passage of an electric current through his body. It may be said by some people that the sporting aspect of the case is an insignificant one, but can this kind of thing be ignored? An official of the company is reported to have said that whereas plain wire failed as a protection, barbed wire might prove more of a deterrent!

There is a very simple remedy for this penance at present hanging over countrymen and their pursuits. In both Sweden and America electrification is

THE BRIGHTON FOOT BEAGLES HAVE BEEN AMONG THE SUFFERERS FROM THE LIVE RAIL, HAVING LOST 11 COUPLE LAST SEASON

CUB-HUNTING ON THE SUSSEX DOWNS

The Southdown is one of those Hunts which already has experience of the electrification of railways, and considerable tracts of the country are affected

carried out by overhead wires, or wires laid in such a way that contact cannot be made by anything but the train itself.

In Sweden, it is true, necessity in the shape of snow dictates overhead wires; but the result is the same, namely, safety for everyone and everything. It is said that safe electrification would cost a good deal more than unsafe electrification; but surely safety is worth paying for. In America there are a few lines with bare live rails; but the overwhelming majority are either overhead or guarded by a wooden over-rail, under which a shoe curls to make the contact.

One thing is certain; if anything is to be done to make modern methods of electrification safe, it must be done soon. Already a great deal of money has been sunk in the present method, and the more money spent that is involved, the greater will be the difficulty in changing over to a new method. Electrification is to be extended from Dorking to the coast via Horsham, and also from Guildford to Alton, in Hampshire. Winchester is obviously the next terminus from Alton, and once Winchester is reached Portsmouth will almost certainly come under the extension scheme, and possibly Salisbury. The last-named place might well be the gateway to the West Country. Further east, we hear that the following routes are to be electrified, by 1939: Virginia Water to Reading via Ascot; Ascot to Ash Vale; Frimley Junction to Pirbright Junction; Aldershot North Junction to Guildford. Stations on these various lines (to give an idea of how the system runs) are: Sunningdale, Ascot, Bracknell, Wokingham, Winnersh Halt, Earley, Reading, Bagshot, Frimley, Camberley, Ash Vale, Ash, Wanborough, Guildford, Aldershot, Brookwood and Woking are already included in the scheme for electrification of the main line.

Is it yet too late to make any protest about these schemes, even if the money has been allotted and the proposals passed?

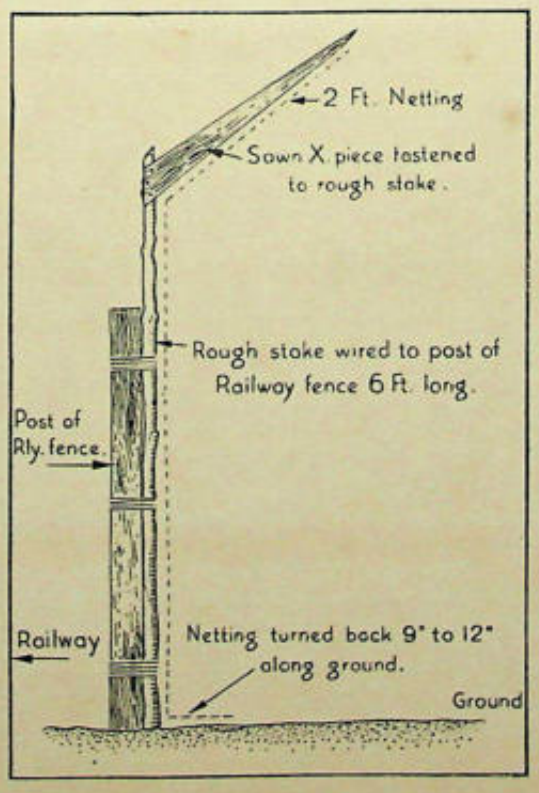
From the purely hunting point of view the following notes, coming from those most concerned, should be of interest.

In the Eridge country no electrification has taken place so far, but the Southern Railway announced a few weeks ago that during the next five years they would be electrifying the line from Tunbridge Wells to Hastings, part of which runs through this country. In the Southdown country the main London–Brighton line and the main London–Eastbourne line are electrified, and they pass through a very considerable part of the country.

In the Crawley and Horsham country it is thought inadvisable to hunt the large woodlands east of Staplefield, for fear of hounds running to the cutting at Balcombe, where there are fox-earths on the railway bank.

In the Old Surrey and Burstow country, steps have been taken to deal with the electrified line by the following methods. To a stretch of sheet netting already standing by the line, a further strip of netting 2ft. wide and bending outwards has been added on top, and it is hoped that this will prove a complete stopper to both fox and hounds.

It has been said that the only known method of protection would cost £400 a mile. How true this is will be seen from the following costs from the Old Surrey and Burstow country, for putting up the protective fence described above. About 4,000 yds. of such fencing cost £350. The person responsible employed his own labour, and used stakes cut from the nearest wood. All costs are included in the figures given except for stakes. The price of the top supports for the overhanging netting, however, have been included and came to £15 12s. 6d.



ONE PLAN TO AVOID DISASTER

A section of the fencing which has been put up by the Old Surrey and Burstow. Posts as above are attached at intervals of 4ft. to the railway fencing

Casualties to hounds so far recorded are as follows: Last year the Old Surrey and Burstow crossed the main London to Brighton line twice. On the first occasion one hound was killed instantly as he touched the live rail and the ground simultaneously; several more were badly shocked, but recovered. On the second occasion seven couple got away by themselves, and apparently suffered no harm when they ran full cry across the line (possibly because they jumped the rail); but when coming back three were killed. Two-and-a-half couple crossed the branch line between Ardingly Station and Horsted Keynes, but went straight across and were not injured. It is believed that a number of private residents have lost their dogs on this line.

The Brighton Foot Beagles lost 1½ couple last season, and the Southdown lost some hounds, as did the East Sussex. The Rother Valley Harriers ran on to the line but suffered no loss, though several hounds were badly shocked. The West Surrey and Horsell Beagles also lost some hounds.

It will be noticed that the Southern Railway is, so far, the only company which has electrified its railways to any considerable extent. This company has also taken a census of casualties caused by its electrified lines, but the result, as far as we know, has not been made public. It is difficult to understand why such a census should not be given full publicity. Either the result is of so little importance that it is not considered worth publishing, or the tale of casualties so large and diverse that public opinion would be alienated by its publication.

One thing is certain; if country dwellers and sportsmen wish to preserve their sports and their amenities, they must protest loudly and at great length and repeatedly if this dangerous invasion is to be mitigated. Their protests, in addition, must come quickly. Every day, every minute lost is of the greatest importance.

It seems to us that this matter is one which the British Field Sports Society should take up with all the strength of their excellent organisation. Their object is to protect the interests of Field Sports and no peril approaching this has ever threatened hunting yet; it is so dangerous because it is sensible, well balanced, and evolutionary in every aspect except one; that aspect is the inadequate protection from danger of all dwellers in the country. Many people will say that to protest is hopeless: the thing is too big and already too far advanced. But, surely, when so much is at stake, it is worth having a try.

It would be of service if people concerned in any way would publish their views and their opinions, for there may be a solution of the difficulty somewhere and, in fact, a partial solution has been indicated here. A. H. V. L.

PULLING UP AT DUSK UNDER A WINTRY SKY

An unusual picture of the field after the Chesterton Stakes, the last race on the last day of the Newmarket Second October meeting

THE CHAMPION STALLION OF THE YEAR

Fairway and His Brilliant Stud Record

THIS has been a wonderful year for Fairway, whose stock, up to the beginning of the Houghton meeting at Newmarket, had won close on £58,000 in stakes. Thus he has exceeded the figure which stood to the credit of Blandford last year, though he falls well short of that horse's astonishing total of £75,707 in 1934. It was in the same season that Blandford's stock won 1,363,337 francs in France. Not even Stockwell or St. Simon ever had a more remarkable season, and Fairway has a long way to go before he approaches the record set up by the son of Swynford—Blanche.

One of the curious features of the season has been the failure of Blandford, who died in the spring of last year, to maintain his eminence among the winning sires. Good winners got by him having been few and far between, he has fallen strangely low in the list.

Partially the situation has been saved for the family by the success in the Derby of Mahmoud, who is by Blandford's son Blenheim. The last named has found a new home in the U.S.A. during the year, but there are many good horses, notably Bahram in this country and Brantome in France, to carry on the Blandford line. The following is a list of champion stallions for ten seasons past :

1927	Buchan—£45,918.
1928	Phalaris—£46,393.
1929	Tetratema—£53,025.
1930	Son-in-Law—£44,588.
1931	Pharos—£43,922.
1932	Gainsborough—£34,789.
1933	Gainsborough—£38,138.
1934	Blandford—£75,707.
1935	Blandford—£57,538.
1936	*Fairway—£57,885.

*Up to October 26th.

An analysis of this table shows that the male line descendants of Bend Or and Hampton can each claim three championships within the decade, the Bend Or's being Fairway, Pharos and their sire Phalaris. The Hamptons are Gainsborough and Son-in-Law, two grand old horses still doing service at the stud. Son-in-Law is now 26 years old, yet his stock has done so well this year that he is fifth on the winning list. Gainsborough, four years his junior, is among the leading ten.

Fairway went to the stud in 1931, and after finishing second last year, he has not taken long to gain a predominating position. All this makes it of interest to recall that Lord Derby came near to losing Scapa Flow, the dam of Fairway, Pharos and Highlander, in the course of her racing career. She ran second when three years old for the Norton Selling Handicap at Stockton—winner to be sold for £50.

It was only by getting the owner of the third in the race to put in a friendly claim for her that Scapa Flow was saved from going into a Scottish racing stable. The history of racing and bloodstock breeding in the past fourteen years might have been quite different had the filly passed out of the Stanley House stable. Later in the same season Scapa Flow improved so much that she won three races.

Mr. Frank Butters, who trained Fairway, predicted that the horse would make a great sire, and his judgment has been completely vindicated. One of the stallion's latest winners is His Majesty's filly Fairlead, who handsomely took the important Hwfa Williams Memorial Handicap at Sandown last week. This daughter of Fairway—Scuttle is an uncommonly good stayer and bids fair to do excellent service in the Royal colours next season.

An attribute of the best of Fairway's stock is that they have speed as well as stamina. Although one of the greatest racers of his generation, Fairway marred his career to some extent by two remarkable lapses. One was in the Derby, which he should have won on his previous and subsequent form. On that occasion Fairway appeared to suffer from the mobbing of the crowd when he came on to the course. Sweat poured off him throughout the parade. He looked as though he had been dragged through a pond, and was a beaten horse before the start.

Fairway's other lapse was in the following season in the Eclipse Stakes, which he had won by eight lengths from Royal Minstrel as a three-year-old. The second time they met at Sandown Royal Minstrel upset the odds betted on Lord Derby's colt by four lengths. Two of the season's classic prizes have fallen to Fairway's offspring, Pay Up and Tide-way having scored for him at Newmarket, and he was second in the Derby with Taj Akbar. The best of his two-year-olds appear to be Fair Copy and Full Sail.

Taj Akbar is to take up stud duties in the coming season, and is among the many notable young horses whose services will be available for the first time. He is to stand at the Longholes Stud, Newmarket, at the reasonable fee of £148, and as a companion he will have another new arrival in Theft, who is to serve at £98. This bay horse has convincingly proved himself one of the best of the stock of Tetratema.

Breeders will be interested to observe that The Satrap has been brought back from the U.S.A., and will stand at the Ladbroke Stud, near Rugby, at a fee of £48. It is claimed for him that he is probably the best son of The Tetrarch in England. He had the distinction of being placed at the head of the Free Handicap of his year. The Satrap has been the sire of a number of winners in America, and the fact that he is brother to Tetratema should ensure him some measure of support in this country. Among the most noteworthy of the newcomers to the stud is this year's Derby winner, who goes to join Bahram at the Egerton Stud, an establishment leased from Lord Harewood by the Aga Khan. The virtue of consistency can be claimed for Mahmoud seeing that besides winning the Derby he was second in the Two Thousand and third in the St. Leger. At a fee of 300gs. his list for 1937 is already full.

One young stallion whose career will be followed with great interest is Sir Victor Sassoon's recent purchase Mieuxcé, who is to stand at the Rushford Stud in Norfolk at 300gs. As a rule foreign horses are not assured of an enthusiastic welcome in this country, but apparently breeders appreciate the exceptional qualities of Mieuxcé, as his subscription filled for two seasons ahead within a few weeks of the announcement of his services.

At one time it appeared likely that this colt would be a formidable competitor for next year's Ascot Gold Cup, but a breakdown late in the summer brought his racing activities to an abrupt termination, and Sir Victor Sassoon was quick to step in to secure him for the stud. By winning the French Derby and the Grand Prix he completed a double which has been rarely accomplished.

He introduces the St. Simon male line from a channel which has hitherto been almost unrepresented in England, and he is also well off for the valuable Dollar blood. His sire Massine was a winner of the Ascot Gold Cup, and s[illegible] was Maximum, who also comes prominently into Mieuxcé's pedigree. The chances are, therefore, that Sir V. Sassoon's young horse will impart good stamina to his progeny, and his owner is entitled to the thanks of bloodstock breeders for bringing him here.

Other stallions serving for the first time next season include Bellacose, who can fairly be described as the champion sprinter of his day. He serves at £98 and the same fee is attached to Hairan, who is by Fairway out of the dam of Royal Minstrel. The Aga Khan's good stayer Sind, a son of Solario, has finished with racing and goes to the stud in France. Robin Goodfellow, Montrose, and Wychwood Abbot are also stud newcomers of note.

WELCOME OR UNWELCOME GUEST ?

A New Addition to the British Fauna

A LIFE-SIZE DRAWING OF THE SQUIRREL-TAILED DORMOUSE (*GLIS GLIS*)

An inhabitant of Hertfordshire and Buckinghamshire, now causing some concern on account of its increase in these counties

SOME 40 years ago Lord Rothschild released a few examples of the squirrel-tailed dormouse, *Myoxurus glis* as it was then known, in Hertfordshire. These multiplied and did a great deal of damage to farmhouses, barns, greenhouses, thatched roofs and outbuildings generally. During the summer they raided cornfields and crops generally. But towards winter—some time during the months of September and October—they entered buildings, even dwelling-houses, to breed and hibernate.

So much damage did they do that a campaign was started against them shortly after their release. And as a result of this campaign it was believed that they had been more or less exterminated. Certainly their numbers did not appear to increase to any extent until quite recently and it seems probable that the grey squirrel helped to discourage and destroy them.

Major F. S. Flower, O.B.E., F.Z.S., exhibited the skin and skull of a female fat dormouse, *Glis glis*, which is the correct specific name, before the Zoological Society of London on November 5th, 1929. This dormouse was found by Mr. Frank McIver Riching in a building at Hastoe, near Tring, Hertfordshire, on October 13th, 1929. It died the next day, and Mr. Edwin Hollis, F.Z.S., Curator of the Buckinghamshire County Museum at Aylesbury, prepared the specimen. Major Flower said that from time to time during the last 20 years he has heard that this species, under the names Chinchilla and Spanish Rat, had occurred in the parishes of Aldbury, Tring and Wigginton in Hertfordshire, and Drayton Beauchamp and Aston Clinton in Buckinghamshire. But the specimen which he exhibited was the first he himself had seen.

From the above it would not appear that *Glis glis* is common. And there have hitherto been but few reports of damage done by this animal. But during three weeks in September and October of this year there were caught in a country house in the neighbourhood of Tring no fewer than 75, and three nests were taken in the roof.

It has also been reported from Berkhamsted, but trapping in that district has not been so successful. Those dormice trapped at Tring were taken to baits of fruit, nuts and bread crusts. Their habits appear to be nocturnal. They make a great deal of noise scrambling and rattling over the rafters and empty spaces of the roof. In this particular country house they have been trapped only indoors, and they have not been seen in the vegetable gardens or orchards, nor have they been trapped by day. One trapped in this house was sent to the *Field*, and it is a sketch of this specimen which appears on this page, the first illustration, we believe, of this new member of the English fauna to appear in any English newspaper.

Glis glis is a European species which occurs throughout the South of Europe and into Germany, but is not known in Scandinavia. According to Lydekker its food is composed for the main part of fruit with occasional additions in the form of young birds. That does not appear to be very damaging, and, from the country house in Hertfordshire, it would appear that they are so easy to trap that their control is not a matter of doubt.

If this were so one would welcome unreservedly a very beautiful addition—the fur is soft and thick like a pile velvet and of a beautiful shade of grey—to our fauna. But is that really the case ?

The grey squirrel, a North American species, was released in small numbers. Its spread to begin with was gradual. But as it became acclimatised—and in its case acclimatisation was an amazingly quick process—so it multiplied and to-day no one would describe it as anything but a pest, albeit a beautiful pest.

During the last three months over 1,000 grey squirrels have been trapped in Windsor Great Park alone. That is a very large number, but there will be no noticeable diminution in the numbers of grey squirrels in the park next year. And the grey squirrel has to all intents and purposes driven out the British red squirrel, which in comparison with his larger and more voracious relative, was harmless. Both animals required the same diet, and the weaker has naturally fallen in the battle for existence.

At the moment *Glis glis* cannot be fairly compared to the grey squirrel. There does not appear to be any large body of evidence that they are destructive. And they are so easy to trap that the owners of the property near Tring believe that they have got rid of them. But their main diet is fruit—and so they are liable to become a nuisance. And did they not become such shortly after their introduction ? And again shortly after their introduction was it not believed that they had been more or less exterminated ?

The process of acclimatisation may be fast or slow. But once an animal has succeeded in establishing itself—and this is, of course, the more true of those animals of great fertility—it is very hard to remove. They have no niche in their new country. They must carve themselves that niche. And when they have done so they occupy a position that was never intended in nature. There is no animal to keep their numbers in check ; there is no natural condition to act as a check. The only enemy is man. And man, being largely a lazy creature without that food urge which is nature's greatest weapon, proves but a poor enemy. We have the grey squirrel as a living proof in town and countryside to-day.

The grey squirrel is not now, so far as this country is concerned, a hibernator. Very cold weather may drive him into temporary retreat, but no more. An animal that hibernates is more likely to prove difficult to keep in subjection than one that does not. And once an animal has attached itself to man and become parasitic on man's dwellings then that animal has found a niche from which it is almost impossible to drive him.

Our most common British mammals are excellent examples of this statement. The house mouse, *Mus musculus*, may be found everywhere even in the loneliest crofter's cottage. The brown rat, *Rattus norvegicus*, is ubiquitous. The black rat, *Rattus Rattus*, was considered not so very many years ago to be nearing extinction in this country. That was certainly an exaggeration, but there can be no doubt that the numbers of *R. Rattus* have increased enormously of recent years. We have assisted no doubt by bringing the polecat and the pine-marten to the verge of extinction, and by harrying the stoat incessantly. But it is their association with our dwellings, barns and warehouses that has enabled them to increase so prolifically.

Glis glis in his short career as a resident in these islands has survived a campaign of extermination and has accustomed himself to our climate. It is quite possible that he has carved himself a niche at the expense of a native animal, as has the grey squirrel at the expense of the native red. It has been noticeable for the last year or two that the British dormouse, *Muscardinus avellanarius*, has been harder to find in its accustomed haunts than was formerly the case. He is, moreover, a hibernator and he has learnt that human dwelling-houses and outbuildings provide him not only with shelter but with security.

The Natural History Museum authorities, it would appear, regard *Glis glis* to-day as a member of the British fauna. Obviously it is prolific, and as it seems to have assimilated the cardinal rules of successful colonisation, it seems probable that it may follow the general rule as regards species introduced from abroad, and prove itself a most unwelcome guest.

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD.

"FORRARD! FORRARD! FORRARD!" THE HOUNDS IN FRONT HIT IT OFF

THE ART OF HARE HUNTING

Lessons From a Day With the West Surrey and Horsell Beagles

WITCHERY has been laid to the account of the hare, and with good reason, for her character has something of magic about it; she is one of the two fastest wild animals in England, and her trickery, when hunted, is sometimes past belief. But her own particular brand of subtlety has one disadvantage, for she is not "a toddling animal," as the famous huntsman Goosey, called the fox, and this inability to "toddle" is her undoing.

She will run her foil and jump, double, thread hedges, run roads, swim considerable rivers and sheets of water, roll in manure, and squat even when hounds tread on her. If she gets a long way in front of hounds on a bad scenting day, she will never go on and so run them out of scent altogether, but will sometimes set a series of these puzzles and then wait.

It is obvious that to hunt an animal of this sort, the practice of leaving hounds alone is perhaps even more important than in foxhunting. A hare can beat a pack of hounds all in ten yards square, and unless they rely upon themselves and hunt very close, they are beaten more often than not. In addition, half the pleasure of a hunt is lost if hounds are interfered with or lifted, or if there is a great deal of unnecessary noise.

This lifting and holloaing first of all gives the impression of taking advantage of the hare, an impression which is more imaginary than real; and, further, the whole point of a hare hunt is to see hounds working with a good cry, for it is unusual to cover a large tract of country, and though beagles can race on occasions, and make long points, if they are constantly lifted to holloas with a circling hare, the whole business becomes a farce, and nothing more than an inartistic and generally unsuccessful "chivvy."

Mr. John Stevenson, who is Master and huntsman of the West Surrey and Horsell beagles, has shown what can be done by standing still when his hounds check, and never assisting them until they are quite at a loss. The result is astonishing; these hounds cast themselves most beautifully, and I am sure that the generality of beaglers would be astonished at the amount of ground they make good entirely without help. It may seem, on the face of it, that by leaving hounds alone for perhaps ten minutes or a quarter of an hour at fault, one must lose time. On the contrary, taking into consideration the increased confidence and concentration which hounds get through constantly putting *themselves* right through a hunt it will be found by the watch that from the time when they check to twenty minutes or so after they have been running on again, that time has been saved. This saving, it is obvious, increases by compound, not simple interest. So that leaving hounds alone is a material advantage, as well as being the only artistic way of hunting any animal and more particularly the hare.

These hounds are 15in. Stud Book beagles, and hunt the country round Woking, Chobham, Byfleet and Windlesham. When I went out with them, near Pyrford, on Lord Iveagh's estate, last week, it seemed to me that, apart from having hunting qualities of *the very highest class*, they were a level-looking pack. Of the dog hounds out, Mustard was perhaps the best looking, and he is particularly good behind, with great length to the hock, and very good second thighs. He is a "nailer" in his work, and I noticed him several times during the day, which, though a very poor scenting one, gave many opportunities of seeing how well these hounds work under adverse conditions. Marplot, winner of this year's puppy show, is a dark black and tan dog, with a very good back indeed. Mistress and Rebel, first and second-prize bitches in this year's puppy show, combine strength and quality. Rebel has already brought up a good, though accidental, litter of puppies already, and so has known the cares of motherhood early in her life. Last year's prize bitches, Starlight and Stylish, are of the same sort.

Of the old hounds, Speedy, a wise-looking old bitch, is the star in her work, and many times during the day did that high note proclaim the way of it. Guardsman, perhaps the best of the dog hounds, was not out, though his understudy, Bruiser, was, and showed to great advantage, particularly in the first check of the day on one of the drives.

The expedition of these hounds to Caragh Lake, in Co. Kerry, for several days' hunting in the countries of the Killorgin and Waterville beagles, is so unusual, and was such a success, that the following account from an Irish correspondent may be of interest: The value of friendly contacts in the hunting field made during such an expedition as this must be very high, and great events have sprung from matters of less importance. The reception received by the members of the hunt was of the friendliest possible description, and everything was done to help them. The impression that the Irishmen made on one Englishman is worth recording. He said they were all "very nice, great sportsmen and great gentlemen." What more need be said?

Here is the account of the best hunts:

THESE 14 couple of 15in. *Stud Book* beagles (8 couple of old hounds and 6 couple of puppies) gave a great display of their hunting qualities and stamina, and as to their "tongue," ". . . I never heard so musical a discord, such sweet thunder." The country hunted over was rather rough for such small hounds, and it was marvellous to see how they overcame that difficulty.

A few of the hunts were: Venue, the Glencar side of Caragh Lake. The first hare was found in very rough ground on the edge of a small lake and she gave a good, but slow ringing, hunt of 45 minutes before "rocking" near where first put up. They soon found again in more favourable ground, and hounds ran very fast in nice open country. After a good ring she faced for the mountain and was killed near the top after a hunt of exactly three-quarters of an hour. All the hounds were up at the end.

At the invitation of the Waterville Beagle Club, Mr. Stevenson kindly brought the pack by motor van to hunt in the Waterville country on October 8th, and a "red letter" day's hunt it proved. There was an enormous crowd present, including many cross-channel visitors. The venue selected by the local huntsmen was Cappinagrown and, after some minutes' search, and hounds "speaking" on her cold trail, the first hare was away. She faced for the mountain, but before reaching the top she turned for Dughill, and came to the low-lands by the shore of Derriana Lake. Forced again to the mountain the first check occurred and, whilst hounds were "puzzling" it out, a fresh hare got away, and hounds were immediately laid on after their first fast run of 45 minutes.

Facing for the steepest part of mountain she crossed into the Cloonaghlin side but, after an absence of about 20 minutes, pack were heard returning. (This was the only time all day hounds were out of view of spectators.) Returning to where she had first been put up, the hare went now on to the lowlands where, after intricate hunting, she was again forced to the mountain. But this time she returned before reaching the top and came on again to the lowlands, where the first check occurred.

Mr. Stevenson, who hunted pack himself, soon had them right, and the hunt went again towards the mountain top. Returning again to the valley she "squatted." But the game little hounds had her soon away in full view; on again to the moun-tain, where some fine hunting was seen, as the hare was redoubling on her tracks. But hounds were not to be denied and a well-deserved kill after a faultless hunt of two-and-a-half hours put a fitting climax to a great day's sport. Only a few checks occurred during this splendid hunt, and the little assistance given by Mr. Stevenson proved him to be a sportsman who knows the game from A to Z. The Master and Hunt members hospitably enter-tained the members of the local club at the Butler Arms Hotel, Waterville, after the meet, and all said they were delighted with the sport had in South Kerry, and were also much pleased with the great welcome they had been given.

Hounds travelled in their van by Fishguard to Rosslare, and so on by land for the rest of the 500 miles; there was no quarantine, and all the form-alities were dealt with by the A.A. The actual cost of shipping hounds, van and everything to do with the voyage cost not more than £20.

VALENTINE.

AN OPENING DAY WITH THE ROCKWOOD HARRIERS

MISS LUMB, it will be remembered, founded a private pack of foxhounds with which she hunted part of the Badsworth country, showing great sport. This season, owing to the increase of days hunted by the Badsworth, she has given up her foxhounds and hunts the Rockwood Harriers only, being joint-Master with Major Wright

TWO OF THE YOUNG FOLLOWERS

Above: Lady Barbara Stuart-Wortley, Lord Wharncliffe's fifteen-year-old daughter, who evidently shares her mother's love of hunting. Lady Wharncliffe is Master of the Ecclesfield Beagles which, well known in the North, have their kennels near the industrial centre of Sheffield. Left: The Hon. Ela Beaumont Lord Allendale's eleven-year-old daughter, who also comes of a family with long association with the North, and her father has this season joined Captain George Barker in the Mastership of the Badsworth

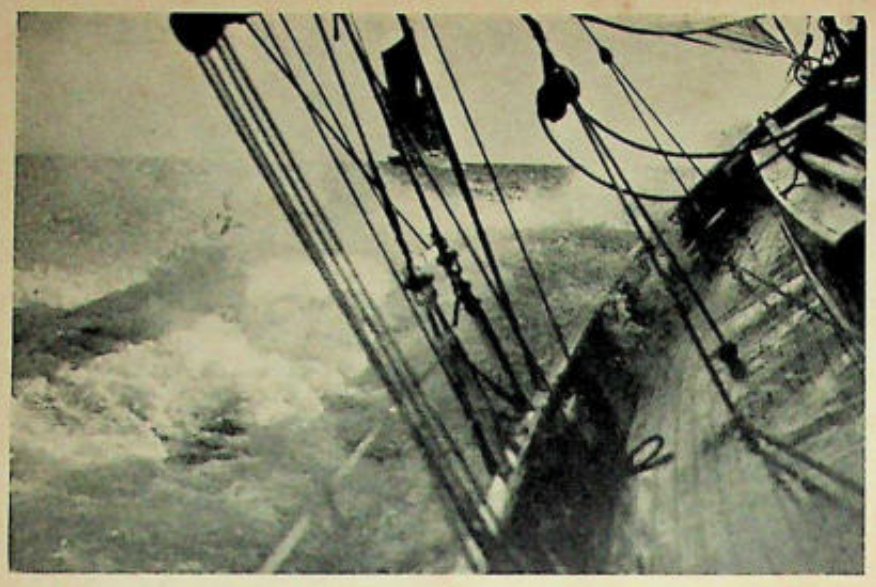
WAITING FOR HOUNDS TO MOVE OFF

Two well-known followers of the Hunt, Mr. Robert Hanson with his daughter, Miss Muriel Hanson

Photos: Charles E. Brown

A KEEN WIND BLOWING AND SOME OF THE FIELD BEFORE WARMING UP

Leading are, left to right, Mr. David Brown, Major G. Taylor and Mr. Henry Martin. Among those following are Colonel Norton, Mr. J. Massarella, Miss Mary Norton and Mr. Arnold Greenwood with his young daughter, Miss "Jackie" Greenwood



A FRESH BREEZE OFF START POINT

From the photograph by J. K. Neale taken on Mr. H. K. Neale's 19-tonner Armorel

RUNNING COSTS OF A TEN-TONNER

Yachting at a Pound a Week

By W. H. JOHNSON

IT is a pretty venerable tradition that yachting is the rich man's amusement; people tend to think of it as the marine counterpart to horse racing, and to infer that what costs money ashore must cost money afloat. And, of course, it is true that yacht racing can be a very costly business. But there is racing and racing. In international class racing there is practically no limit to what you may have to pay for quality—quality in design, construction, sail-cutting and crew; whereas in one-design racing such a limit does in practice exist. And besides racing there is cruising.

What I want to argue is that yachting *can* be quite a cheap form of sport. A great many items go to make up the year's bill, and perhaps it will be a good plan to stick in the main to what I know—the figures relating to my own boat. She is a 10-ton auxiliary cutter with room for four. For the money spent on her she will give me as many week-ends afloat as I want during the season, plus a holiday. The latter will cost me 2/- a day for rations and no more (except some fuel for the engine): compared with any other holiday that means a notable saving, which ought to be set off against expenses.

The cost of running the boat may be divided under three heads: amortisation, expenses incidental to keeping the vessel, and current upkeep.

Amortisation is a heading which the yachtsman can regard with particular complacency, for it is here that he scores most heavily over such landsmen as motorists. The objects to which amortisation applies are hull and spars, engine (if any) and sails, chain and standing rigging.

My own figures are these: hull and spars, £150; engine, £45; and sails, chain and standing rigging, £35. Amortisation of hull and spars I put at 4 per cent, or £6 per annum; of the engine at 10 per cent., or £4 10s.; and of the sails, etc., at 7½ per cent., or, say, £3; total, £13 10s. The first figure I admit to be rather a lucky one for me. Again, as regards the engine, I also admit that the figure is on the low side; but I have in mind what is strictly an auxiliary: an engine meant to push me home in a flat calm, and which is not meant to work for a great number of hours a year nor in very exacting conditions. Such an engine can be had for £45, though it is easy to spend more, and with decent care and light work it should have a life of ten years or so if properly looked after. The upkeep, of course, does not fall under the heading of amortisation, and is dealt with below.

For the sails I assume flax, which with care will last 20 years: for safety I am assuming about thirteen. The chain will have to be turned end for end every three or four years, and each time a fathom or so will have to be discarded at the end nearest the anchor, where the galvanising tends to chafe off and rust to set in; but a well-found vessel should start with enough chain to be able to afford this.

The standing rigging is of iron (not steel); it is amply strong enough and resists rust far better than steel. To last the time, rigging must be treated yearly with one of the rust-resisting paints, or with a home-made mixture, namely, a solution of paraffin wax and linseed oil.

My next heading consists of insurance, moorings and laying up and club subscription.

The first item is again one where the yachtsman scores heavily over the motorist. There are, of course, various types of insurance and various companies: personally I insure with the East Coast Mutual and the premium is £2 18s. Mooring fees I regard as a necessary item. Of course, you can make your own mooring or trust to your riding gear; but in practice you are not likely to be at the same station week after week throughout the season, and if you lie-to your anchor you will be well advised to get some local man to keep an eye on your vessel, who will cost you as much as a mooring would.

Taking one thing with another, you can probably count on spending 5/- a week for 26 weeks a year, *i.e.*, £6 10s. For the remaining 26 weeks you will probably be laid up on legs or in a mud-berth, for which, say, 30/- might be allowed.

I do not know whether it will be agreed that a club subscription is a necessary item under the heading of upkeep. Personally I think it is. If you belong to a club you have a standing in most home and some foreign ports: local clubs will tend to look after you; you will have the services of their watermen; the police will less readily suspect you of being after the local oysters; and generally you will probably save the amount of a subscription, which may be put at a minimum of £2 2s.

The final heading is current upkeep. The main items are paint and varnish for the parts which are out of the water, anti-fouling (and scrubbing) for the underwater body, rope, and attention to the engine, as well as fuel, a very uncertain item. As regards paint and varnish, you must start from a good foundation; if you have that it will suffice if paint is well rubbed down with pumice brick, and finished with waterproof-glass paper, after which two really thin coats will suffice. I find that my bill for varnish averages 16/- and for paint 25/- a year.

The painting and varnishing I do myself. Anti-fouling and scrubbing cost me £5 in one year; then I discovered Kobe green which, together with the special priming, cost me £3 11s. and made scrubbing unnecessary for the rest of the season, so that I have stuck to it since. The average bill for rope comes to 22/6; I use big stuff of commercial quality and replace each rope as it begins to show signs of wear; it is a mere fad to replace the lot at fixed intervals.

Maintenance of the engine varies. The year when I was having trouble with the pump it cost me £12 9s. 1d. exactly; the next year it amounted to £3 0s. 6d. These bills may appear big, but year after year something turns up that has to be seen to, if it is only decarbonising. The average for maintenance may be put at £5. Fuel, oil, etc., I take to cost for my 8-10 h.p. Amanco 1/6 per hour run, which means, perhaps, another £5 a year.

There remains a budget of oddments. It embraces all sorts of things: marline, turps, paraffin wax, pumice brick, shackles, lengths of wire, dishcloths, mops, paint brushes, scrapers, screws, firewood, coal, paraffin, methylated spirit, sheet copper (for that spot on the mast where the gaff jaws were chafing), ash wood (to make spare cleats), and sugar of soap. The amount varies from year to year and averages about 30/-.

Thus the cost of a reasonable 10-tonner—a boat which will take me wherever I have time to go to on an average holiday—works out at about £40 to £50 a year. Such a ship is best handled by two: by having a partner you can halve the bill. A paid hand will cost 50/- to 60/- per week, and if fitting-out is left to a yard there will be a labour bill (material has already been allowed for) of perhaps £7 or £8.

Cost will, of course, vary roughly as the tonnage, but not as the initial cost of the boat, because a more expensive and therefore presumably better built boat will have a lower amortisation rate. For racing boats—even one-designs—the bill will be relatively rather bigger; greater attention will have to be paid to anti-fouling and sails will be more numerous, of more costly material and less lasting. On the other hand there will be no engine to drain away your money and your energies.

CONTRASTING SAIL PLANS AT THE CLOSE OF THE SEASON'S RACING AT PIN MILL ON THE ORWELL.

More and more owners of small yachts are making this popular spot their week-end centre and here red-sailed gaff-rigged yawls and cutters with white jibs make a striking picture. In the lead is Mr. J. Basil Blagden's 11-tonner Alanna

THE MOST DIFFICULT BIRD?

Problems of Flight

By COMMANDER DOUGLAS LANG

In previous issues the Hon. Henry Douglas Home and Lord Dorchester have expressed their views on this subject

IT appeared to me to be most unfortunate that the Editor's request that I should express my views on the subject of which was the most difficult game bird to shoot should reach me in the heart of the Norwegian mountains; for at the moment, due to their extreme shyness and the perfect manner in which they match their surroundings, I can think of nothing more difficult to hit than the wild reindeer which still roam these districts.

However, as these animals can by no stretch of imagination be classified as game birds, I suppose I cannot possibly place them at the head of my list, but must re-orientate my mind to my native country and endeavour to consider which of the many birds I endeavour to kill during a normal season really present the greatest difficulties.

I find it unsatisfactory to generalise and give as my opinion that any one game bird is more difficult to shoot than another, for the different types of shot that any one particular species may present to the gun vary so enormously under different circumstances; some are very easy while others are extremely difficult. Rather would the problem appear to me to suggest which is the most difficult shot that is presented to the sportsman of the many that he encounters during a full season, and not whether any one particular *species* is more difficult to kill than another.

I must frankly confess that my chief difficulty in tackling the subject is that I find so *many* types of shot so difficult that it is by no means easy to select the one which is pre-eminently more so than the others. Possibly, therefore, my best plan will be to mention a few of those that bother me most.

I will allow myself but one generalisation, and despite the volume of opinion that I well know will disagree with me, I would unhesitatingly state that the grouse is the easiest game bird of all those at which the sportsman is asked to shoot! The argument as to whether the driven grouse or the driven partridge is the more difficult holds pride of place at most shooting luncheons and opinions on the subject would appear to be fairly equally divided.

Personally, to me the larger bird is much the easier for he flies quite straight and very rarely emulates that most disconcerting "jink" with which the bonny brown bird so ably confuses and startles the gun as he tops the fence and whirls (generally in my case, unscathed) overhead. The grouse may or may not fly faster than the partridge. Whether he does or not I do not pretend to know, but I feel convinced that at the ordinary range of driven game, the additional three or five miles an hour can make no difference one way or the other when compared with the speed at which the shot travels over such distances.

There is one shot on the difficulty of which all gunners would appear to be in agreement, if one can judge by the unanimity of opinion expressed by the majority of writers on shooting matters. I refer to the second shot of a right and left at teal. But even here it is not safe to generalise, for this shot is only really difficult when the birds are high and at considerable range, for if they are comparatively close, there is generally ample time to allow for the sudden and spectacular rise in altitude that these birds immediately make on being fired at.

The snipe, beloved of sporting Anglo-Indians and old China hands, is another bird of the marshes that on occasions inflicts great humiliation upon me, but here again one cannot dogmatise, for it is only when walked up that I find him so difficult to bring to bag. Usually when driven over my head I find I can compete with the eccentricities of his flight quite creditably, whereas if he gets up literally at my feet and zig-zags away towards a murky horizon, he is usually quite safe and my powder is burnt in vain.

Probably of all the game with which Great Britain is blessed, the wild duck is the most popular and is even more prized than the woodcock. Duck are popularly supposed to offer very difficult shots, which is probably the reason for the glow of satisfaction that is experienced when one is cleanly killed. These birds are, however, in my opinion, comparatively easy to kill, even when quite high, for their flight is quite straight and uniform and they never curl or plane as does the pheasant. Moreover, as some ready wit once remarked, they carry their tails in front instead of behind them, which fact assists the gunner in no small measure. I am also of the opinion that their flight is considerably slower than that of the pheasant, but that is a matter of small moment.

I cannot leave the subject of wildfowl without mentioning the wild goose, at which, alas, one gets so few opportunities of shooting in these islands. In many cases he presents a shot which offers great difficulty, the reason for which, however, is not due to the range or his protective covering of feathers, but is to be found in the fact that, like the teal, he climbs rapidly on a shot being discharged. His rise, in fact, is so rapid that he appears to climb *vertically* and for this reason he is frequently missed, for his advance in the horizontal plane, although actually considerable, is often not noticeable and consequently is not allowed for.

The pigeon, though, strictly speaking, not a game bird, is such a favourite quarry that he undoubtedly deserves mention in such a discussion as this, for he assuredly has the reputation of carrying more shot than any other bird of anything like his size. I have always been very sceptical as to the actual truth of this very general belief and prefer to hazard the opinion that he is no more proof against a well-directed charge of shot than is any other bird. I fancy the truth of the matter is that owing to the fact that the bird "jinks" the moment a gun is presented or fired at him, he is rarely struck with the centre of the charge, but probably with only the outside at most.

Of all the game, however, at which one is called upon to shoot, I would, without a moment's hesitation, choose the high and well shown pheasant as the one bird amongst all others to which I would give my vote for presenting the most difficult shot. I repeat the high and well shown pheasant, and by "high" I mean one that is at least 35yds. up in the air. Even when flying perfectly straight, such a bird is, in my opinion, difficult even to touch with a single pellet.

The straight forward, high-flying, rocketing pheasant will, however, probably be the simplest type of shot that will be encountered on an estate where the owner prides himself on the quality of his birds. Such a man will consider that mere height is not enough to test sufficiently the ability of his guests and he will very likely add to their difficulties by making his birds curl as they pass over the guns. And the high curling pheasant is probably the most difficult bird of all to kill cleanly and surely. Few there are who acquire sufficient skill to place the few necessary pellets in the head or neck of such a tricky target.

Another high test for the gunner is the pheasant which, after having been flushed from a high covert on the hill top, spreads his wings like a sail and planes down from the heights over one's head to his home in the valley without any apparent physical effort. Such birds are very rarely wounded; usually they are either killed clean or, in the vast majority of cases, missed by many feet. They baffle and enrage a sportsman, I think, more than any other, for they look so easy, but are in fact so difficult.

Well, those are my views, and having stated them I can sally out again with a clear conscience after that large reindeer buck which I missed so disgracefully to-day; which was neither curling nor planing, but just quietly ambling past me at a range of 200yds.! Alas, there is little chance of seeing him again, however, for he and his flock will probably be twenty miles or more away by then. I can only hope that another will be following in their tracks. **May I not fail the second time!**

OVER THE RIDE

From the painting by J. C. Harrison, whose exhibition of game bird and wildfowl pictures opens at Messrs. Vicars Brothers Galleries at 12, Old Bond Street, on Monday next

THE PISCATORIAL SOCIETY

London's Oldest Fishing Club's Centenary

By H. D. TURING

NEXT Friday the oldest and one might legitimately say the most famous of London's Fishing clubs celebrates its centenary. There has always been some little controversy over which was really the oldest London fishing club. The true Waltonians, which dissolved some years ago, whose members used to exchange visits with the Piscatorial Society, was one of the competitors for the honour, and another less-known club, the "Good Intent," would have celebrated its 100th birthday three years ago if it had been able to keep its identity intact. It still remains, I believe, in the form of an incorporation with another club at Cambridge Heath; but the only London fishing club which has as yet weathered the storms of a complete century is the Piscatorial Society.

There is a pleasing rotundity about this figure of 100 which stirs the imagination. Like the "cult of the complete dozen" which appears to afflict alike housewives in their china cupboards and fishermen in their fly boxes, it seems so much more desirable than anything which can be expressed in two figures. One's mind turns inevitably to "a hundred years ago," and compares then and now with a feeling of complacency for the better tackle and transport we enjoy, or with a feeling of regret for the pleasant rivers which the intervening years have put out of commission.

At the birth of the society in 1836, March had only recently published his *Jolly Angler*, in which he reports that at Battersea Bridge "there are many roach and dace but very few barbel"; and "there are many roach and dace to be caught at Vauxhall, Westminster and the other bridges." Dry-fly fishing, later to become so important a part of the trout-fisher's programme, was still in its extreme youth, though evidently being practised by the advance guard of the great body of fishermen who now specialise on chalk-stream fishing. Lines were in the transition stage between horsehair and silk, waterproofing was unknown, and the use of split-cane rods, though some of three or four strips were being made, was still a *terra incognita* to the majority of anglers. Not that such matters are likely to have exercised the minds of early members of the society; in days when transport was still largely by stage coach the London angler looked to his own river for his sport, and salmon had finally disappeared from the Thames some quarter of a century before the society came into being.

The centenary is to be celebrated by a dinner—what would any celebration be without a feast?—but is also being marked by the publication of a book of the club's chronicles; and here the society has been particularly fortunate, for not only have the compilers made admirable use of the entertaining material which its old minute book provides, but have also been able to procure three hitherto unpublished papers of the late H. T. Sheringham which he read before his fellow members in the years immediately preceding the War. They are couched in his most lively vein and are sure to give the book a public extending much beyond the bounds of the society.

Sheringham was the most famous of the great fishermen among its members, though he himself would doubtless have given that distinction to "old Horace Brown," as he was affectionately called, the "beloved figure on Kennetside," whose unfailing geniality must cause many a pleasant reminiscent smile to all who knew him. His *bons mots* at club meetings or dinners were proverbial; his apt description of tobacco (in giving permission to smoke) as "the solace alike of fish and fishermen—the weed" will be remembered. The weekly club meetings—now abandoned when so many men live out of town—were still in full swing 30 years ago, and were always better attended if Brown was likely to be in the chair.

It is perhaps regrettable that the meetings which were carried on for over 80 years should have gone, though acceptance of changing conditions is a sign of life in any club. The book will bring back many memories to old members of the room in the Holborn Restaurant with its walls lined with trophies till it looked like the fish gallery at the Natural History Museum and a group of a dozen members sitting round the table with pipes and drinks (Sheringham with a large pot of tea), and old Horace Brown with his imitation cigarette, holding a tar-like preparation (he was, he asserted, trying to give up smoking), presiding. Bywaters would be there—in his youth he used to ride a tall bicycle to Newbury for an evening with the mayfly and return by the same means in time to get to his office the next morning—Frank Ward, perhaps, who used to drive down four-in-hand; Martin Mosely, with some specimens of *Ephemeridæ*; Essex Wynter, with news of the Uxbridge water; Fletcher, the great roach fisherman; Rolt, of grayling fame; and half a dozen more, not forgetting A. C. Poole, Brown's life-long friend.

Brown must have been one of the earliest nymph fishers, and Poole was the driest of dry-fly fishermen of the old school. A meeting would seldom pass off without a genial passage at arms between them. We did not call it "nymph fishing" in those days, though; it was called fishing "semi-submerged." "Now that the chairman has recounted his poaching affray," Poole would begin after Brown had been telling us of a nymphing Kennet trout which he had caught with one of his own flies. "Sir," Brown would reply with mock dignity, "I fish according to my conscience." "I hope, Mr. President," mildly interpolates a member, "you do not mean to imply that your conscience is semi-submerged"—and the meeting is well started.

But Sheringham was the Society's great chronicler, albeit unofficially. Its waters and its members inspired him with some of his happiest papers: "A Suburban Fishery," describing the Colne water at Uxbridge with its known and named trout; "The Festival of the Green Drake," in the "Three Fields" at Newbury, to which also we owe "A February Pike"; a skit on a club meeting, which appeared in *Fishing*, its cause, treatment and cure; and perhaps "The Secret of the Canal," about a reach of the Kennet and Avon Canal parallel to the "three fields," all owe their being to the Society; and Sheringham's writing is the kind which lives.

"OLD HORACE BROWN"—1910

Those who have never been members will be more interested, probably, in the section devoted to the old minute book (of which some account was given in the *Field* in 1910) that began to be kept in 1837. There are several echoes here of piscatorial politics. One of the earliest was in 1839 when an entry suggests that "as many of the Society as can do attend the hearing before the Lord Mayor on Thursday next respecting angling in the Thames of the Sunday." The minutes do not give any further information, but the case was reported in the *Times*, from which it appears that two professional fishermen were summoned for having anglers in their boats on Sunday; the case was really to decide whether the law which forbade fishermen exercising their trade on a Sunday applied equally to the amateur fishing for sport—hence its interest for the Society.

The case went against the amateurs, but what interested me particularly in reading it, I remember, was the Lord Mayor's comment on the number of anglers he had seen by Bow and Bromley, and the reference to "tormentors" which it was alleged the anglers used. Have we here, by any chance, an early use of the "teasers," which play their part in big-game fishing in America? and is this another example, like the multiplying reel, of an English invention dropped over here but subsequently developed overseas?

Major P. M. Hammond is responsible for the historical section, an anonymous member for the chapter on "Worthies," and the present honorary secretary, Mr. C. Stratton Gerrish, for the account of the Society's stocking experiments. All are to be heartily congratulated on having produced so attractive a volume in honour of the club's centenary.

SOME PISCATORIAL SOCIETY MEMBERS, 1905

Tom Dolf, W. D. Coggershall, C. H. Bywaters, W. G. Fletcher, and R. C. Blundal

The book referred to in the article is named *The Book of the Piscatorial Society*. It is published by the Society (limited edition). Copies at £1 1s. in morocco and 15/6 in cloth, can be obtained from the Honorary Secretary at 26, College Street, E.C. 4.

AN ACADEMY OF INN SIGNS

Next Week's Interesting Exhibition in London

THERE is little doubt that the exhibition of 250 inn signs, to be opened by Sir William Llewellyn, President of the Royal Academy, at the Building Centre, New Bond Street, on Monday next, will arouse more than ordinary interest among the many road travellers who have acquired a habit of examining these old signs. They serve to remind us of England's history, of its customs, its sports, and of many of its notabilities.

Many signs were selected in olden days out of

compliment to the Lord of the Manor, either because he was the great man of the neighbourhood or because the innkeeper was a former servant who had been assisted in his business. Other names were adopted in order to honour some national hero or commemorate a great battle; as witness the numberless Lord Nelsons, Duke of Wellingtons, Trafalgars and Waterloos.

That these signs were thought of highly many years ago is shown by Harrison in his *Description of England* (1583), where in a discourse on old taverns he speaks of "the gorgeousness of their verie signes at their doores, wherein some doo consume thirtie or fortie pounds . . . not onlie to give some outward token of the inne keepers welth, but also to the frequenting of their houses in hope there to be well used."

In ancient times innkeepers were compelled to display a sign, as Acts of Parliament from the days of Richard II to those of Henry VI well prove. The withdrawal of a licence entailed the taking away of the sign. Although the Fire of London destroyed many of these early London signs the French writer, Moritz, writing in 1782, speaks of "the amazing large signs hanging suspended over the street from great beams: they have the appearance of gateways, but the whole apparatus is intended for nothing more than to tell the inquisitive traveller that there is an inn." Indeed, in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries the production of signs was a recognised industry, one of the chief centres of which was at Harp Alley, Shoe Lane, where it was possible to obtain all sorts of designs from grapes to carved lions.

It is only possible to illustrate on this page five of the many interesting signs to be exhibited next week, and for three subsequent weeks, at the Building Centre. The sign of The Royal Oak at East Wittering looks back, of course, to Charles II's adventure in the oak tree when making his famous escape from Worcester.

The Mytton and Mermaid at Atcham, near Shrewsbury, received its name

THE ROYAL SARACEN'S HEAD, BEACONSFIELD

because it was one of the inns to which that celebrated sportsman, John Mytton, often went during his short but hectic lifetime, and because the Mermaid is the badge of Portmeirion, of which the inn is the link with London. The Mytton and Mermaid is often referred to as "the halfway house to Portmeirion," and the sign, painted by Mr. Ralph Ellis, son of a Sussex naturalist and sign painter, was invented by the present proprietor.

Over the origin of the St. Peter's Finger at Lytchett Minster, Dorset, local controversy has raged for some time. One theory is that the name was derived from the "Feast of St. Peter's Chains" (August 1st), which in Latin reads *St. Peter ad Vincula*. Up to the end of the sixteenth century England acknowledged the Pope as the head of the Church and observed all the feasts and fast days in the Roman calendar. Hence, when the Lord of the Manor of Lytchett Minster desired to let some of his land and to receive the rent on August 1st he had inserted an agreement that rent should be paid on the feast of *St. Peter ad Vincula*. However, with the coming of the Reformation religion entered less into everyday life, and when, in addition, we remember that Latin also ceased to be used in the Church services, it is easy to understand that the real meaning of those plots of land at Lytchett which had previously been known amongst the locals as the *St. Peter ad Vincula* lands, ceased to be generally understood. In this way the name gradually became corrupted to St. Peter's Finger, and it

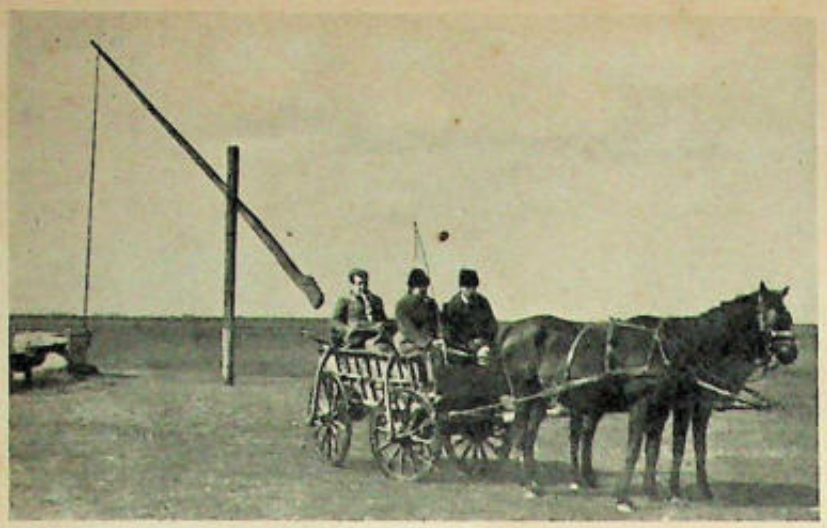
is probable that the land on which the inn stands was at one time part of a plot for which rent had to be paid on the feast of *St. Peter ad Vincula*.

The sign of the Royal Saracen's Head at Beaconsfield, in Buckinghamshire, explains itself, for a "saracen" was the term applied to any Moslem during the days of the Crusades, and the inn was visited by Richard Coeur de Lion.

And the Shepherd and Dog at Bury St. Edmunds is, of course, a natural term for an inn sign in a county famous for its sheep farming.

Sir Guy Dawber, R.A., has been largely responsible for the pleasant revival of our inn signs. As opposed to the crude advertisements of ales which are so often the only sign outside an inn to-day, they create an atmosphere of invitation for the traveller to partake of good cheer within and to expect that entertainment which such a body as the True Temperance Association is endeavouring to encourage and foster in our hostelries. May the movement for artistic inn signs prosper and not only beautify our countryside, but bring us back the atmosphere of coaching days which we celebrate on our Christmas cards: that of comfort by the roadside and a genial host to greet the voyager.

W. G. L.



EN ROUTE FOR THE CSARDA AFTER MORNING FLIGHT

OFF TO THE HUNGARIAN PLAINS

Accommodation and Shooting Costs

By PETER SCOTT

Previous articles by Mr. Peter Scott on the Hortobagy appeared in the "Field" on September 19th and October 3rd

"What should the Sportsman know about the Shooting in the Hortobagy" (Hungarian Pamphlet).

TWO letters describing my adventures amongst wild geese on the Hungarian plains have already appeared in the *Field*. But no descriptions of mine can do justice to the magnificence of the dawn flight on the Hortobagy.

So for anyone who may, so to speak, have caught a "whiff" of the thrill of seeing 20,000 geese in the air at once, and may want to see it all at first hand, here are some of the details.

The Hortobagy plain is in the eastern part of Hungary, about 40 kilometres west of Debrecen, and the csarda at Nagy Hortobagy is right in the middle of the plain where the geese live. The csarda is an inn with exceptionally comfortable accommodation for about fifteen wildfowlers. The proprietor, Nemeth Nandor (or as we should translate it Alexander Nemeth), is also proprietor of a big hotel, the Queen of England Hotel, in Debrecen, so the standards of comfort at the csarda are practically those of a luxury hotel. There is also a gypsy orchestra which plays in the dining room during the meal, which is always ready when one returns from the morning flight. What fowler could ask for more than this!

The gypsies are delighted with a present of wild geese, and after a good bag has been distributed they play for hours the most ravishing traditional airs, all from memory: most of them have never been written down, and, anyway, many of the finest gypsy players cannot read a note of music.

Herr Nemeth is the most admirable host, and leaves no stone upturned in making his guests comfortable. He speaks quite a lot of English and excellent German, and there is also an interpreter in the person of the Professor, who looks after the post office.

The Hortobagy plain itself is very large and grass covered, and, the soil being clay, there are, in spring, lots of pools and puddles left by the melting snows.

The geese mostly roost on the larger pools, and fly out to feed all over the surrounding puzsta. That is in the spring, but I understand that in the autumn the puzsta is quite dry and the only available water is in the two large reservoirs (one of which is quite new), and that, therefore, the flight times are much more definite and the shooting better.

In autumn the geese remain on the Hortobagy much longer than they do in spring. They come south in October, reaching their peak numbers in November, and only go on further south when the puzsta becomes snow covered, which is sometimes not until December, and last year was only in February. In March the return migration starts, and the peak numbers are to be found at about the end of that month. By mid-April they have all gone north, and their place is taken on the puzsta by hordes of horses and cows and sheep and goats and pigs, each with their appropriate herdsmen.

In a short time I hope I shall know all about the autumn migration on the Hortobagy; at present I know only about the spring.

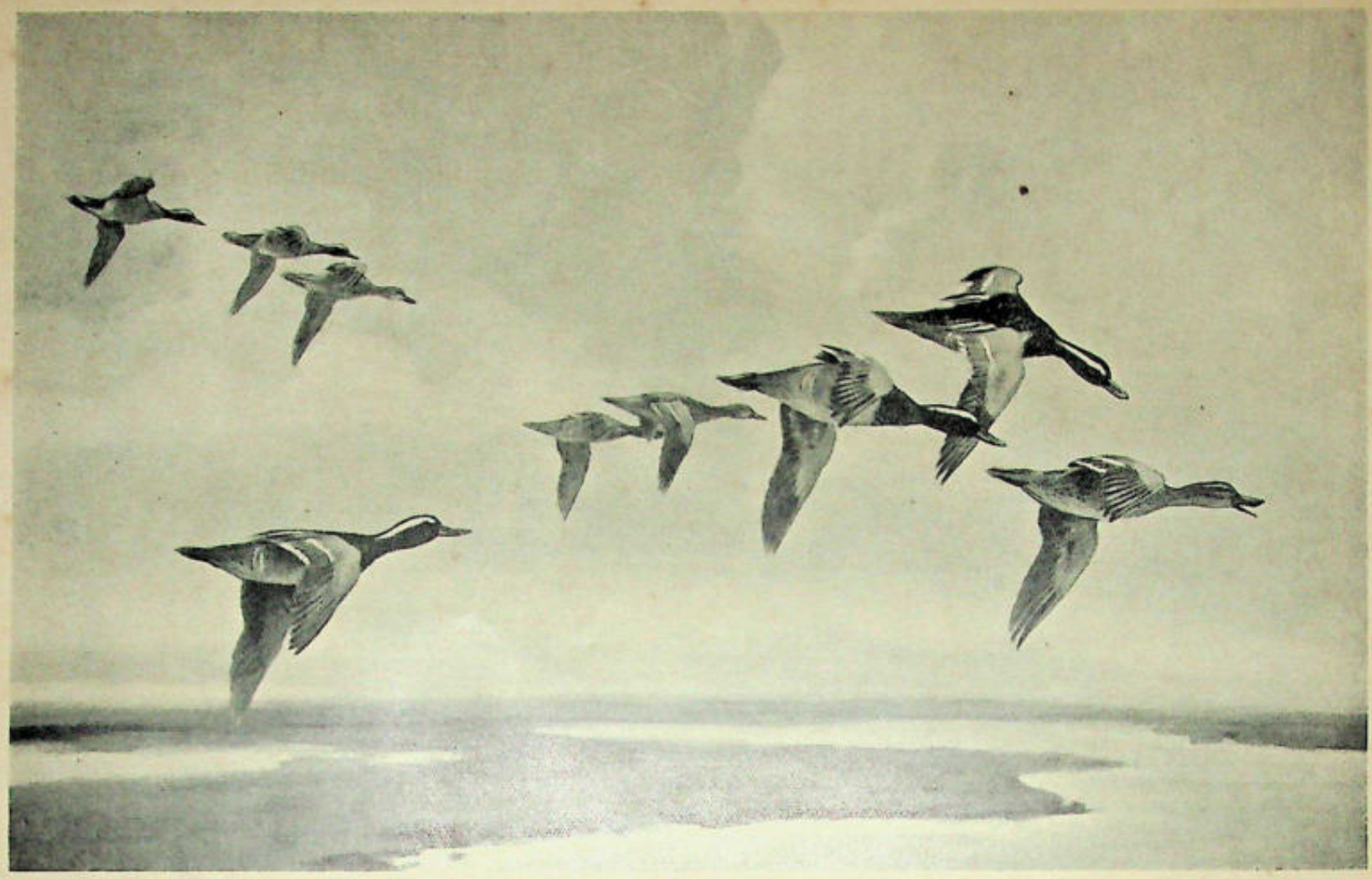
The shooting is all done at morning flight, which starts at streak of dawn and goes on until about midday (there being a second good flight about 10.30, when the geese get thirsty). The evening flight, unless there is a wind (and there was not when I was there), is mostly too high and all over in 20 minutes. It is, none the less, a very thrilling and beautiful sight, because the geese rise together in masses of several thousand and fill the sky.

SIXTEEN GEESE RISING FROM A NEARBY POOL
From the painting by Peter Scott

For the morning flight pits are dug by the guides. They are beautifully made, near a pool of water into which the excavated clay is thrown, and unless there is rain they remain quite dry. They are about 3½ft. by 2½ft. at the top, but slightly bigger below ground, and they are about 4ft. deep with a convenient little seat, so that one can just see out when sitting "in position."

The exact placing of these pits is most important, and therein lies the skill of the guides. Since the roosting and feeding places of the geese are constantly changing the best pits are those which have been dug the day before they are used, because the movements of the geese cannot be accurately foretold for more than 24 hours ahead.

Sometimes some of the best parts of the puzsta for flighting are seven or eight miles away (although



GARGANEYS ARE COMMON ON THE HORTOBAGY IN SPRING
From the painting by Peter Scott

others are within a mile), and if one is bound for a distant pit it means an early start, perhaps at 2.30 a.m. or 3 a.m.

The journey is made in a cart, not, it seemed to me, perfectly adapted for the job, as the wheels are too thin and sink far into the marshy patches. This means that two horses are needed; and on the box sits the driver and the guide, both, if the morning is cold, wrapped in the most enormous sheep skin cloaks.

Cartridges can be bought in Hungary. They do not make a 3-in. case, but I fired 2¾-in. cases from a 3-in. 12 bore with unexpectedly good results. The best size of shot is the Hungarian size 8, which is our No. 2. They also stock size 6, which is our BB; but from a 2¾-in. or 2½-in. case I think, having tried both, that 8 is the best.

One is permitted to take 200 cartridges from England, but since one may shoot 300 off in one morning this is not a very generous allowance. A goose for every three cartridges should be a reasonable average. The shooting, however, is not particularly easy, as the geese are likely to come from all directions (unlike a regular flight in this country from the shore inland or *vice versa*), and they are seldom really low. For this reason they almost always see the pit which makes the shots even more difficult.

A licence to shoot on the Hortobagy is arranged on arrival, and requires a passport photograph. The only other arrangement which has to be made is to procure, from the Hungarian Legation, a permit to import one's gun into Hungary. This can be done in a few hours when the number and make of the gun have been given.

The best way to get to the Hortobagy is to fly to Budapest, which can be done in a day, and it is only about four hours in the train by way of a place called Fuzes Abony to Nagyhortobagy (from the station of which the csarda is only 300yds.). It costs £30 return by air, but one can take no cartridges. The price is about the same on the Orient Express with a 2nd class sleeper. Cartridges are a fairly expensive item, as one should have about 1,000 for a week's shooting. £10 a week covers everything at the csarda, including guides and cart.

In the spring the weather is summer-hot by day with sharp frost at night, but in the autumn it is said to be much colder. Lots of warm clothes and rubber thigh boots are needed, and a good big cartridge bag to hold 300. I took 250 one morning and ran out when within a very little of the record, so after that I took 400 each morning!

There are five different kinds of geese which come regularly to the Hortobagy—White-fronted, Lesser White-fronted, Bean, Greylag and Red-breasted, besides which there is always a chance of the rare Sushkin's goose, which is like a Bean goose but with pink bill and legs. Most of the European records of it have been from the Hortobagy. There are wigeon and pintail and garganey and teal, and a few mallards and shovellers. There are great bustards and white storks and common cranes. There are white-tailed eagles and rough-legged buzzards and marsh harriers and peregrines and red-footed falcons. There are quantities of ruffs and spotted redshanks and marmots. But most of all there are geese and geese and geese.

And here are two telegrams:

Handed in at Sutton Bridge, 10.35 a.m., October 15th. To Nemeth, Csarda, Nagyhortobagy, Debreeen, Hungary. "Are there many geese yet.—Peter Scott."

Handed in at Nagyhortobagy, 17.30, October 15th. To Peter Scott, Eastlight, Sutton Bridge. "If good we send telegram.—Nemeth."

REDBREASTS AND LESSER WHITEFRONTS ON THE HUNGARIAN PLAINS
From the painting by Peter Scott

FIELD TRIALS

RETRIEVERS AT IDSWORTH

At the kind invitation of the President, Lorna Countess Howe, the Southern Counties' Gun Dog League held their Retriever Trials on October 23rd and 24th. The judges were Mr. W. L. McCandlish, Mr. C. Campbell and Mr. G. T. Woodger.

In the Open Stake, Major J. Despencer-Robertson's Quest was an easy winner, and some good work was done by Mr. J. A. Rank's Nith and Mrs. Jervoise's Mercy. In the Non-Winners' Stake, Lady Howe's Brent wiped the eye of several other runners and impressed everyone by his pace and style in delivery. Once more competitors and spectators were entertained by Lady Howe with the traditional hospitality of Idsworth. The awards were as follows :

STAKE 1.—1st, Major J. Despencer-Robertson's L. b. F.T. Ch. Quest of Wilbury ; 2nd, Mr. J. A. Rank's L. d. Withington Nith ; 3rd, Mrs. B. Jervoise's L. b. Herriard Mercy ; 3rd special, Major F. E. Davies's R. d. Hill of Flame. Reserve, Mrs. H. G. Gregson's L. b. Muntham Quaint. Award of Honour, Mr. H. Venables Kyrke's G. R. d. Anningsley Stingo. Certificates of Merit : the Hon. Mrs. F. Baring's L. b. Northington Clematis ; Colonel U. Thynne's L. d. Muntham Hoodie Crow ; Mr. S. J. Ling's L. d. Beeding Daniel.

STAKE 2.—1st, Lorna Countess Howe's L. d. Banchory Brent ; 2nd, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Malcolm Murray's L. d. Banchory Chancellor ; 3rd, Mrs. H. G. Gregson's L. b. Muntham Quaint. Reserve, the Hon. Lady Ward's L. d. Peter of Chiltonfoliat. Certificates of Merit : Major F. E. Davies's G. R. d. Rakelands Copper ; Mr. A. B. Simpson's L. d. Tracey Pan.

Mrs. H. G. Gregson, competing for the first time in field trials, was doubly successful in obtaining the reserve award in Stake No. 1, and the third prize in the Non-Winners' Stake, both with her Labrador bitch Muntham Quaint.

AT YESTER, GIFFORD, MIDLOTHIAN

By kind invitation of the Marquess of Tweeddale and the shooting tenant, the Golden Retriever Club held their All-Aged Stake on October 20th and 21st. The judges were Mrs. Butter, Mr. W. H. Alington and Captain A. Fraser, and the awards were as follows :

ALL-AGED STAKE.—1st, Mrs. Hextall's b. F.T. Ch. Avishays Lulu ; 2nd, Mr. C. Walker's d. Hazelgilt ; 3rd, the Marchioness of Tweeddale's d. Yester Beam. Reserve and Certificate of Merit, Miss Newton-Deakin's b. Silence of Tone. Certificate of Merit : Mrs. Charlesworth's b. Normanby Justice ; Lieutenant-Colonel C. Black's b. Janet of Ham.

AT BARDOLF MANOR, DORCHESTER

THE Dorset Retriever Field Trial Society held their trials at Bardolf Manor, Dorchester, and Fonthill, Tisbury, on October 21st and 22nd, by kind permission of Mr. G. C. Wood Homer and Mr. John Morrison, M.F.H. The judges were Mrs. Hastings, Mr. G. H. Turner and Lieutenant-Colonel E. Godman. The awards were as follows :

NON-WINNERS' STAKE.—1st, Colonel G. J. Brownlow's L. d. Coy Jester ; 2nd, Mr. G. Wood Homer's L. d. Ben Hallam ; 3rd, Mr. H. Venables Kyrke's G. R. d. Anningley Stray. Reserve, Mr. G. Wood Homer's L. d. Black Buster ; and Certificate of Merit to Mr. R. V. Garton's L. d. Cariboo of Langbourne.

ALL-AGED STAKE.—1st, Mr. G. Wood Homer's L. b. Black Druce ; 2nd, Mr. H. Venables Kyrke's G. R. d. Anningsley Stingo ; 3rd, Colonel G. J. Brownlow's L. d. Coy Jester. Reserve, Mrs. Hextall's G. R. d. Avishays Brush. Certificates of Merit : Colonel Allan's L. b. Jill of Swallowcliffe ; Mrs. Radclyffe's Y. L. b. Zelstone Jill.

AT LINTHRATHEN

THE Scottish Gun Dog Association held their ninth field trials at Linthrathen Shootings, Airlie, on October 16th and 17th, by kind permission of Mr. J. Eccles and Major Houstoun. The judges were Mr. Greatorex, Mr. M. L. Colahan and Mr. James Gaunt. The awards were as follows :

STAKE No. 1 (OPEN).—1st, the Earl of Effingham's Y. L. d. Ming ; 2nd, Mrs. J. J. Johnston's L. d. Balgray Toodie ; 3rd, Mr. D. M'Donald's L. d. Lile Birkie. Reserve and Certificate of Merit, Mrs. M. K. Macpherson's Y. L. b. Braeroy Ruddy. Certificates of Merit, Mr. W. Gilchrist Macbeth's L. b. Lochar Polly ; Mrs. M'Gilroy's Y. L. b. Zielstone Flash ; Mr. J. Eccles's G. R. b. Haulstone Bridget ; Miss Newton Deaken's L. b. Silence of Tone.

STAKE No. 2 (NON-WINNERS).—1st, Captain Sharp's Punch of Clovee ; 2nd, Mr. J. Eccles's G. R. d. Haulstone Larry ; 3rd, Mrs. Gilroy's Y. L. d. Gilstair Sandy. Reserve, the Earl of Effingham's L. b. Jet of Airlour and Certificates of Merit to Captain J. F. Hodges's L. d. Glenravel Nimrod ; Mr. C. Walker's G. R. d. Hazelgilt ; Mr. J. Annan's L. b. Glenhead Nan ; Captain W. S. Medlicott's L. b. Tryat ; Mrs. W. M. Charlesworth's L. b. Normanby Justice ; Mrs. M. K. Macpherson's Y. L. b. Braeroy Lark ; Mr. D. Black's L. d. Balmuto Bandmaster ; Mr. D. M'Donald's L. d. Lile Cracker Jack.

On the 20th and 21st they held their ninth Spaniel trials at Carwinshoch, near Ayr, by kind permission of Colonel T. C. Dunlop, Sauchrie. The judges were Mr. A. H. Brook and Mr. J. B. Shade. The awards were as follows :

STAKE No. 1.—1st, Mr. G. Clark's d. Rex of Blair ; 2nd, Mr. J. Elphinstone's b. Robin Hood Bustle ; 3rd, Mr. J. Girdwood's b. Glenmuir Nancy. Reserve and Certificate of Merit, Captain E. W. Brook's d. Kinmount Paddy. Certificates of Merit, Mr. S. C. Jones's b. Squib o' Vara ; Mr. A. Byrne's d. Tedwyns Trews ; Mr. S. C. Jones's d Speck O' Vara and Mr. C. A. Phillips's d. Rivington Grit.

STAKE No. 2.—1st, Mr. G. Clark's d. Cruiser of Blair ; 2nd, Mr. S. C. Jones's b. Squib O' Vara ; 3rd, Mr. S. C. Jones's d. Speck O' Vara. Reserve and Certificate of Merit, Mr. G. Henriques's b. Chunnal Wendy. Certificates of Merit, Mr. C. A. Phillips's d. Rivington Grit ; Mr. A. L. Trotter's d. Dalshangan Tractor ; Captain R. Joynson's d. Joburg of Chris Hall ; Mr. G. Clark's b. Tot of Blair ; Mr. A. Byrne's d. Tedwyns Trews ; Mr. A. Byrne's b. Tedwyns Tonic ; Captain E. W. Brook's b. Kinmount Trixie ; Mr. G. Girdwood's b. Weespie ; Mr. A. Cameron's b. Noremac Pep.

STAKE No. 3.—1st, Mr. C. A. Phillips's b. Rivington Spin ; 2nd, Lady Hollins's d. Geordy Boy ; 3rd, Mr. G. Girdwood's b. Blonde Lady. Reserve, Miss I. M. Macrae's b. Druidaig Bunty. Certificate of Merit, Major G. S. Nelson Scott's b. Browster Bride.

STAKE No. 4.—1st, Miss I. M. Macrae's d. Druidaig Prince ; 2nd, Dr. Dawson's b. F.T. Ch. Jig Time of Fews ; 3rd, Miss D. Hardy's b. Curramore Avril. Certificates of Merit to Dr. Dawson's b. Grey Dawn of Fews ; Major G. S. Nelson Scott's b. Browster Basher ; Lady Hollins's d. Geordy Boy.

SPANIELS AT RIDDLESWORTH

By kind invitation of Mr. W. N. Champion, the Eastern Counties Spaniel Society held their retrieving trials on October 23rd and 24th at Riddlesworth. The weather on the 23rd was ideal for shooting but scent was indifferent. The 24th was a day of brilliant sunshine. The full card of 36 dogs to be judged in two days gave the judges a difficult task, especially in the Open Stakes, in which they were a very level lot. There was a gratifying absence of whining during the drives ; no dogs showed signs of hard mouth and only one dog ran in.

Maurag, the winner of both the Novice and Members' Stake, was outstanding, being handled by her owner, an amateur, with quiet efficiency and without any noise, too much in evidence in some cases.

The judges were Captain H. F. H. Hardy and Sir Hugh Ripley, with Mr. W. F. Perrie as referee. The awards were as under :

No. 1.—OPEN STAKE.—1st, Mr. K. J. Malcolm's E. S. b. Flash of Glenmorag ; 2nd, Major C. J. Reary's E. S. d. Wing ; 3rd, Lieutenant-Colonel C. D. Horsley's E. S. b. Holefield Sally ; 4th, Mrs. V. Berdoe Wilkinson's C. d. Spider of Silverlands. Reserve, Lieutenant-Colonel C. D. Horsley's E. S. b. Belt. Certificates of Merit to H.H. the Maharaja Dhiraj of Patiala's E. S. d. Baeykul of Ware ; Mr. C. T. Dalgety's E. S. b. Pine Hawk ; Mrs. J. G. Calvert's E. S. b. Ercmtew Juliana ; Mr. C. McNeill's E. S. b. F.T. Ch. Donna Susie ; Mr. H. C. Cowles's C. d. Burnt Sugar ; Mr. J. Goddard's C. b. Nip of the Links ; Mr. J. G. Calvert's E. S. d. Bobble.

No. 2.—NOVICE STAKE.—Colonel P. K. Wise's C. b. Maurag ; 2nd, Major J. T. North's C. d. Flush of Silverlands ; 3rd, Lieutenant-Colonel C. D. Horsley's E. S. b. Belt ; 4th, Mr. J. Smart's E. S. d. Brookville Benedic. Reserve, Miss D. Morland Hooper's E. S. b. Bostre of Ramscombe. Certificates of Merit : Mr. K. J. Malcolm's E. S. b. Flash of Glenmorag ; Mr. C. T. Dalgety's E. S. b. Pine Hawk ; Lieutenant-Colonel C. D. Horsley's E. S. b. Holefield Sally ; H.H. the Maharaja Dhiraj of Patiala's C. d. Skinner of Ware.

No. 3.—MEMBERS' STAKE.—1st, Colonel P. K. Wise's C. b. Maurag ; 2nd, Mr. C. McNeill's E. S. d. Barnet's Sting ; 3rd, Mr. C. McNeill's C. b. Wrinkle Crinkle ; 4th, Miss D. Morland Hooper's L. S. b. Bostre of Ramscombe. Reserve, Mr. J. Smart's E. S. d. Brookville Benedic. Certificates of Merit : Mr. H. C. Cowles's C. d. Burnt Sugar ; Lieutenant-Colonel Horsley's E. S. b. Belt.

AT CLENT

THE Clumber Spaniel Club held their second field trial meeting at Clent on October 20th, by kind permission of Mr. J. Amphlett. The judges were Captain F. Holford and Mr. J. T. Flowers. The awards were as follows :—

STAKE No. 1.—CLUMBER SPANIEL (NOVICE).—1st, Mr. J. Amphlett's b. Priceless ; 2nd, Mr. J. Amphlett's b. Active.

STAKE No. 2.—CLUMBER SPANIEL (OPEN).—1st, Mr. J. Amphlett's Priceless ; 2nd, Mr. J. Amphlett's Active.

STAKE No. 3.—A.V. SPANIEL (NOVICE).—1st, Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's E. S. b. Sue O'Vara ; 2nd, Mr. M. Moreton's L.-B. S. b. Solsenhall Snap ; 3rd, Miss M. P. Reed's d. Ch. Rummy of Oakerland.

STAKE No. 4.—A.V. SPANIEL (OPEN).—1st, Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's E. S. b. F.T. Ch. Style O'Vara ; 2nd, Mr. S. C. Jones's E. S. b. Sue O'Vara ; 3rd, Mr. E. Brace's C. d. Western Electric. Reserve, Mr. W. Edwards's E. S. d. Hillhampton Spark.

DAYS WITH THE DEVON AND SOMERSET

Two Splendid Gallops

ON Saturday, October 17th, from the meet at Winsford Hill, the bitches brought off perhaps the best of the many good hunts this season. Kennelling at Folly Cot, Ernest, whom we were all delighted to see back in the saddle after his recent accident, drew the Allotments, where Lang had harboured two warrantable stags. Of these, one went away over Drayton Knap towards Ashway Side, where the tufters were stopped and the pack brought on from Folly Cot. Turning left-handed, hounds ran through the Slade fields to the Barle, down which they ran for some distance before turning up over Hawkridge Ridge and crossing over to the Danesbrook.

Coming to water under Drucombe Gate, they were at fault, and Ernest cast up to Slade Bridge without success. Returning down the water, they hit off the line above Castle Bridge, and ran round the back of Mounsey Castle into Ashwick Wood, where they appeared to fresh-find their stag, which turned back to Castle Bridge, and running back up the Danesbrook before crossing Brewer's Castle to the Barle again. Hounds then ran fast up the Barle Valley nearly to Tarr Steps and then turned up Ashway side and past Old Ashway into Contest Plantation. Running on over Bradley Bog, they turned into the Barle again under Great Bradley, but in Oxenham's Brake the stag shifted them on to a fresh one, which they ran down to Hindspit and up the West Water on to Parsonage Brake before being stopped and brought back to a halloa under Well, our stag having gone on up the Barle Valley. Running on up the valley, they turned out below King's, and ran up past Holmbush before swinging back left-handed into Pennycombe Water, up which they hunted beautifully nearly to Chibbet Ford, where another left-handed turn brought them up through the fields on to the Bradymoor Bog.

At this point the stag was nearly half an hour ahead of hounds, and there was some splendid hound work along the northern edge of Bradymoor and through the fields above Ashott. Crossing Gypsy Lane, hounds ran on through the fields under Honeymead, and across the White Water, where they turned right-handed up the little combe under Winstitchen Farm, before sinking down to the Barle by Flexbarrow Plantation. Running prettily up the combe on the south side of the valley, they ran up on to Horsen Bog and swung right-handed across the Simonsbath—Blue Gate Road to the Barle again below Cornham Ford.

Turning upstream they came up with their stag just below Driver Cot, where he was taken after a splendid hunting run of about four hours with a point of twelve miles, hounds having covered not less than 30.

He was a five-year-old stag with brow, trey and three atop on one side and all his rights and an upright on the other.

There is one point which needs emphasising regarding followers in cars. It would greatly assist if they would refrain from using the road from Hawkridge Ridge to Castle Bridge. This is most unsuitable for motor traffic, and the use of it by cars is likely to impede the hunt-sman and mounted followers very badly.

Followers enjoyed another splendid gallop on Monday, October 19th, from Hawkcombe Head, in a gale of wind. Kennelling at Culbone Stables, hounds drew the little plantation on the left of the Silecombe Road, where they at once roused a good two atop stag, which ran down into Pitt Combe before turning up over Pitt Hill and crossing the road into the Three-Cornered Plantation. Breaking for the open below Oare Post, he ran on into Weir Wood, short of which the tufters were stopped and the pack signalled for.

When laid on the pack ran fast up the eastern side of Weir Water to the Black Barrow fence, where they crossed the stream and ran up beside the fence on to Mill Hill. Crossing Chalk Water by the Stowford Crossing, they ran up Stowford Bottom, at the head of which Lenthall held up the leading hounds to get the pack together. Let go again, hounds ran on, still in the teeth of the gale into Clannacombe, where they made a sharp right-handed turn into No-Name Combe, where Bert Lang held up the leading hound, which had got on ahead coming out of Clannacombe. Collected again, hounds ran through Woodcock Combe into Land Combe, and turning down this crossed Badgeworthy Water and ran up Yealscombe Wood on to Malmsmead Hill. Still bearing westward, they dipped into Tippacott fields before coming out on to Tippacott Ridge, pointing for Dry Bridges.

Hounds had run for 40 minutes over some of the best of the country, and were still heading in the right direction, so it was disappointing to find that they had changed on to a hind, having left their stag in Land Combe. Casting back to the spot where they had changed, hounds fresh-found their stag almost immediately, and raced him across the Deer Park and across Clannacombe on to Manor Allotment. Turning right-handed here they crossed Badgeworthy and ran up Buscombe on to West Pinford, where they out-distanced horses over the wet going, and running on to the Exe under Raven's Nest, turned down it past the Warren, thus enabling Bawdon to get in touch with them again. Running on down the water they came up with their stag under Warren Cleeve, where he was taken, after a very fast hunt.

PINKWORTHY POND.

REPORTS FROM THE FORESTS AND MOORS

SCOTLAND

Aberdeenshire

GLENTANAR.—In drives on August 24th, 25th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 729½ brace of grouse, and on September 7th, 8th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 589½ brace of grouse were killed by eight guns of Lord Glentanar's party.

Perthshire

RIEMORE.—This has been about an average season distinctly below the level of the last two years. We have killed about 550 brace, as compared with 800 in our record year. I have never seen grouse in better condition and there was no sign of disease.

Ross-shire

INVERINATE AND DORNSEUAN.—22 grouse, 17 ptarmigan, 3 snipe, 2 ducks, for the season. 40 stags were killed. No outstanding heads. Average slightly over 15st. The three best stags weighed 1st. 6lb. (8-pointer), 17st. 13lb. (8-pointer) and 17st. 13lb. (7-pointer). Weather was hot and fine from September 12th to October 10th, stalking finished October 9th. Stags were in good condition, with one or two exceptions and were very early. Wind was often shifty and very treacherous. The best stalking weather for the last month I have ever seen here.

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 BLUE-WINGED OLIVE DUN

SIR,—The letters which continue to appear in the *Field* as to the age-long difficulty of finding a perfect imitation of the blue-winged olive dun are of great interest. (The spinners, of course, are another question.) As regards the pattern, and the fishing thereof, there are two points which I would like to put forward in all humility: (1) Silhouette, (2) need for accurate casting.

As regards (1), I have found that four patterns have done sufficiently well to win my confidence: and that is the acid test.

They are: (*a*) Orange quill; Skues's pattern (Roger Woolley); wing dark starling.

(*b*) A fly with *red* quill body, dark red cock hackle and coot wing.

(*c*) Rough-bodied olive; gold ribbed heron body; Hardy's pattern; dark starling wing.

(*d*) Dunn's B.W.O. All the above: size 0 or 1.

In all these flies the colour of the body and hackle is different, but they have one mutual resemblance: When viewed against the light, the shape of the rather stout bodies resembles in outline that of the B.W.O. dun, and the opacity and size of the wing (in a 1 or 0 fly) helps out the illusion. Of the four flies I have most faith in (*b*) and (*c*). We all know that trout take the dun best at sundown. It seems to me that at such a time very little light will be reflected from the bottom of the river, but the fly should stand out clearly against the still luminous sky, especially against the sunset, hence my suggestion that "silhouette" may to some degree affect this vexed question.

Secondly, as regards accurate casting, I have found that, when taking the dun during the evening rise, the larger fish will often venture out into mid-stream, content for once in a way to quit the shelter of the bank. The reason of this is that the wind has usually dropped and flies no longer hug the bee bank.

A fish in midstream is a much more difficult problem than one under the bank. It moves about more as it feeds, and is much harder to range on accurately. The tactics that I have found the most profitable are:

To select the most likely rise, and not allow oneself to be "rattled" by the number of fish that are rising, but to concentrate on that one fish. To give it fly after fly, being careful not to cast beyond and "line" it. Each fly to be as carefully and accurately delivered as possible, resting the fish awhile, if desirable. It will probably take the "natural" time after time—in fact, anything but one's own; but eventually the artificial will fall just right, and the fish will have taken it before it has had time to think!

Is it probable that some such solution as I have put forward may be one of the answers to this vexed question? Who knows?

Yours faithfully,

Watergate House, H. E. CAREY.
Bulford, Wilts.

GARDEN CLUB FOR THE BLIND

SIR,—When the Garden Club for the Blind was started in November, 1932, I made an appeal to your readers for plants, seeds, bulbs, etc., for our garden at Greenwich, and we had a wonderful response from all over the country. In fact an officer in the Camel Corps in Egypt who saw our appeal sent us a cheque for two guineas with which we opened our banking account.

I am sure all our kind friends who helped us in the early days will be glad to hear that our flower garden at Greenwich has proved a great success and we won 1st prize for tulips and 2nd prize for herbaceous plants at the Royal Horticultural Society's Flower Show at Chelsea last May, and we followed up this success by taking 3rd prizes for roses, sweet peas and hardy flowers at the National Rose Show in July.

We also have a vegetable garden at Eltham, which is cultivated by a blind man who lost his sight while serving in the Royal Navy when engaged in diving operations. We hope that next year we shall be able to show vegetables as well as flowers and win more prizes.

After supplying the needs of our own gardens we distribute plants, bulbs, seeds, etc., to blind people who have gardens of their own, and these gardens have brought much happiness and given healthy outdoor occupation to many lonely blind people.

If any of your readers have any surplus plants, etc., they can spare us, they will be most welcome, and all parcels should be addressed to the Garden Club for the Blind, Tressillian Lodge, St. John's, London, S.E.4. Again thanking you for your sympathetic interest in our Club and your generous help.

Yours faithfully,

Tressillian Lodge, GERALD HEWITT
St. John's, S.E.4. (Chairman).

BEEF FROM THE TROPICS

SIR,—Colonel Wakefield Rainey's article in your issue of October 10th would seem to call for some corrections. Firstly, the north of Australia does not belong to Queensland, but to the Commonwealth of Australia; only the north-west is in the State of Queensland. Secondly, Colonel Rainey must be unaware of the fact that about two-thirds of the beef consumed in and exported from Australia is grown in the State of Queensland, a considerable quantity in the northern part of the state. I do not know why he should mention in particular Gippsland in Victoria, as this small district is not a beef-growing one at all. Thirdly, what Colonel Rainey describes as the tropical north is the one part of Queensland which does not suffer from drought. As to the commercial possibilities, they are more than problematical and, in fact, are not likely to succeed, having been tried before and for various reasons not having been a success. It does seem to me to be a mistake to write upon any subject, having no knowledge of local conditions, and, in particular in this case, having no knowledge of Australia at all, which I take it is Colonel Rainey's position.

Yours faithfully,

Predannack Cottage, HUMPHREY WIENHOLT
Mullion, Cornwall. (Lieutenant-Colonel).

AUTUMN SALMON AND THE SPEY

SIR,—I was much interested in "Piscator Senior's" article about autumn salmon fishing. Having fished the Spey for many years, I have had great opportunities of watching the disappearance of fresh fish. I believe that the peaty water is the cause. Draining of the moors began soon after the War, with the result that even after a very small rise of water the river comes black and remains like ink for four or five days, rendering fishing impossible; fresh fish are generally seen at the mouth, but will not take the river.

The blackness begins in July, about the time of the peat cutting. For the last few years there has been a high and black water during the back end, with the result that there have been no fish of any sort. It is my belief that the red fish get so sick that they go back to the sea. Practically no fresh fish have been seen after the end of August for many years. This last season has been exceptional; except for a small rise early in September, the river has been at summer level and clean, with the result that there have been a lot of red fish about.

I had hopes that some fresh fish would have come up, but heavy autumn fish do not like a very low river. The Tweed, I understand, does not suffer from the peat, but I imagine that most Scottish rivers are troubled with it more or less.

Yours faithfully,

Alresford Place, PERCY LAMING.
Alresford, Hants.

CANINE HYSTERIA

SIR,—References to the above-mentioned disease appearing from time to time in the columns of the *Field* prompt me to submit my views in respect to what well may be regarded as being one of the most serious menaces that the dog-loving public has ever been called upon to combat.

Notwithstanding that few kennels to-day can claim to be immune from this cursed malady, yet it would appear that little or nothing has been undertaken in the nature of research work for the purpose of endeavouring to find the cause. Is it not logical to presume that until the cause is determined it is highly improbable that we shall ever discover the cure? Confronted as we are by the candid admissions of the most eminent veterinary surgeons on earth to the effect that they know not of the cause, surely the time is opportune for a serious effort to be undertaken with a view to doing something practical instead of theorising and "biting" at every so-called sure cure.

Possibly ear mites, worm infestation, teething, wrong diet, etc., may in some cases be regarded as contributing factors, yet the fact remains that the system of the dog successfully resisted said attacks for many centuries prior to the first attack of hysteria being recorded, which would lead me to suggest that until the root of the evil is unearthed this disease will remain a mystery and a menace.

Canine hysteria would appear to be particularly prevalent in Ireland to-day, and we can scarcely attend a dog show or field trial without witnessing some of the competitors "going off the deep end."

Yours faithfully,

Woodhill, P. W. B. GALWEY-FOLEY.
Ardara, Co. Donegal.

SIR,—I was interested to see, in your issue of September 26th, suggestions for treating canine hysteria with bromides. This would no doubt be useful in quieting a dog who has just had an attack, but it takes no account of the future. Hysteria may only recur at considerable intervals, and one could not reasonably keep a dog continuously dosed with bromide with the idea of preventing further attacks.

I have first-hand knowledge of two spaniels who suffered repeatedly from hysteria while they were being fed purely on biscuit and mash made from houndmeal. When this diet was supplemented by a daily ration of about 4oz. of raw meat, containing a reasonable quantity of fat, the attacks ceased and have never recurred.

I have discussed the problem with a number of people, including experienced dog breeders and trainers. The majority had no definite views, but a minority were convinced that hysteria only occurred in dogs fed exclusively on biscuit or houndmeal, and that a daily ration of raw meat was a certain preventive.

If a dietary deficieney was the cause of hysteria it might well explain the apparent epidemics which sometimes occur in kennels, for it is probable that every dog would be getting the same sort of diet. It is well known that human infants are much more prone to convulsions if they are suffering from rickets, and this is a disease which is due to a deficieney of Vitamin D. It appears to me that hysteria in dogs might be an analagous condition.

I should be most interested to hear if any of your readers can record instances of hysteria occurring in a dog regularly fed on a daily ration of raw meat containing a proportion of fat. In spite of numerous enquiries I have never come across such a case.

Yours faithfully,

7, The Crescent, W. G. LISTER.
Plymouth.

A STRAY SILVER PHEASANT

SIR, We have recently (October 15th) captured a silver or hybrid cock pheasant in the plantation around the lodge at this address, which is the only plantation within 15 to 20 miles. This bird appears to have escaped from some aviary as he has a ring on his left leg.

If one of your readers has lost this bird and will identify his property by sending me the letters and number on the ring I shall be delighted to return the bird to his owner.

Yours faithfully,

Altnaharra Lodge, LAWRENCE KIMBALL.
Lairg, Sutherland, N.B.

BEGINNER'S LUCK

SIR,—I wonder if any record exists that approaches the following example of what can happen to a novice on his first and two subsequent days stalking on a deer forest.

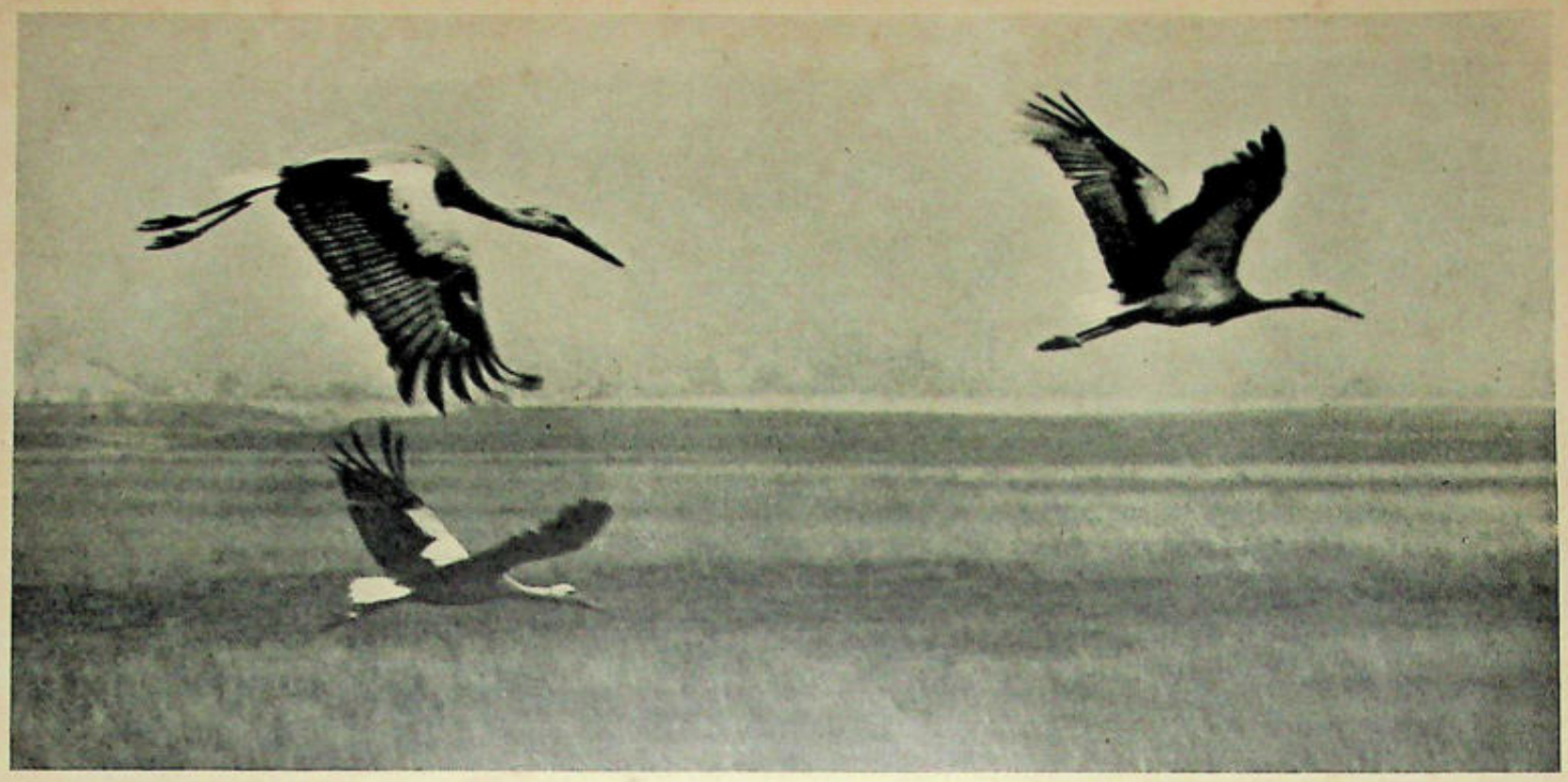
On his first day, his first stalk, he missed a royal; his second stalk on the same day was another royal, which he got. His second day he had an exactly similar experience. His third day, his host having mildly expostulated with his stalker, reminding him that royals were not rabbits, his first stalk was to a bad head and stag, which he (the rifle) missed. Later in the day the stalker, remembering the words of admonition of the morning, took the rifle in to what the stalker was convinced was a ten-pointer. The stag was shot, and was found to have twelve points.

In the three days' stalking the rifle stalked and shot at five royals. Not one of these royals was stalked twice, and the rifle stalked three separate beats.

And, to heap up the measure, it may be added that no other rifle during the season ever had the chance of stalking any one of the five royals in question.

Yours faithfully,

HIS HOST.



EXPLORING THEIR NEW HOME
(See Letter "Storks in Flight")

STORKS IN FLIGHT

SIR,—This photograph of the storks, about whom so much has been written, was taken on the marsh land about a mile to the east of Hythe, Kent, on September 24th. There were, on that day, six of the birds on the marsh. They have since dispersed, but I have not yet heard that they have started on their long journey to the south.

Yours faithfully,

The Mill House, Loose, Maidstone. RONALD B. HAYNES.

Why do 'single' whiskies leave home?

"'Single' whiskies leave home to be married, of course," said Johnnie Walker, "and also to better themselves, the whole point of blending being to make good whisky better. For Johnnie Walker only the best and fully-matured 'single' whiskies are chosen and there are blended harmoniously together, each 'single' whisky contributing its own fine quality to the blend without overshadowing any of the others.

"As you sip Johnnie Walker you will agree that happy marriages *are* made—at Kilmarnock, and so you will always remember *to ask for Johnnie Walker by name.*"

JOHNNIE WALKER

Born 1820—still going strong

THE SILVER Y MOTH

SIR,—During the latter part of last August, I observed literally thousands of this moth, *Plusia gamma*, in different localities in Somerset, from the tops of the Mendips to the seashore. At Weston-super-Mare they infested mostly the beds of geraniums, and at Barrow and Brean the flowers of sea-pea (*Lathyrus japonicus*) growing along the roadside were particularly favoured. Hundreds flew out over the tide and were observed by myself and friends to alight in the sea with no cessation of their rapidly vibrating wings; from the water they easily took off again on the wing. Having seen this, I am wondering whether insects receive aid by this means when crossing the seas.

Yours faithfully,

Cheddar, Somerset. STANLEY LEWIS.

FIGHTING CAPACITY OF THE GREY LANGUR

SIR,—Years ago in Ganjam District on the Coromandel Coast, a big male grey langur, one of a big party of monkeys raiding the crops, was seen being attacked by pariah dogs. Because he saw that he could not escape, he threw up the sponge, burying his face in his paws on the ground—not a nice sight. This was *Pithecus entellus*, the common or Hanuman langur; and since that day I have rated his merits accordingly. (Yet *Pithecus schistaceous*, the Hanuman of Jakko Hill, is a warrior, is he not?) I do not know the usual weight of "Entellus." Leaving the long tail out of account, big ones are 30in. in length, and more. *Pithecus Johnii*, the black langur of the South India, weighs up to about 30lb. Entellus seems to be much bigger; anyhow, not much lighter than a bull terrier. All this is meant to lead up to a story reminiscent of "Jock of the Bushveld" and his adversary, the baboon.

One of the "Peter Dawsons" is a notable naturalist in South India. I will call him "Peter"; but he is Mr. E. S. Dawson, our forest engineer, and he is the happy owner of a fine bull terrier. This "Tambi"—"Little Brother"—is a gentleman, and exercises great restraint towards "gentleman's dogs," often in the face of provocation.

Peter was at a forest rest-shed, near a village in Kollegal Taluk. (This is not far from Attikan, where Mr. Randolph Morris lives.) Over this little village, a male grey langur that had once been tame, was tyrannising. He took just what he wanted out of the huts, was a terror to the pariah dogs, and probably no small danger to children. The Hindoo does not ordinarily like to slay a monkey himself; but when a monkey is a nuisance he may get someone else to deal with it.

On a certain evening the langur visited the rest-shed and proceeded to take fruit off a dining table. Peter was at work in another room. He concludes that Tambi arose to deal with the situation.

The first sign of trouble was shrieks from Tambi. Hastening to the rescue, Peter found the monkey had got the dog by the two fore-legs and was wrenching them apart. (Try it on your dog very gently, and you will understand.)

Peter's entry made a diversion in which the monkey let go and retreated across the room, while his master caught Tambi up in his arms. Next instant the monkey had returned furiously to the charge. He ran up Peter and attacked Tambi, whom Peter released. Tambi did not let himself get caught a second time in the jui-jitsu hold, and a battle began and went on for several minutes. Tables and chairs were overturned, and the fight raged over and under the camp-cot, which soon presented a most bloody appearance. Finally the langur lay dead, and Tambi sat down and licked his wounds. They required 22 stitches.

Thus a grey Entellus langur can be formidable. Once in a *sal* forest I measured the jump from tree to tree that a langur party had been taking. There was a drop of about 40ft.; and the horizontal distance was 30ft. A certain amount of strength as well as agility must be needed for such acrobatics, so one can sympathise with poor Tambi when the monkey got his trick "hold" on him and wrenched his forelegs apart.

Yours faithfully,

Ooty Club, South India. ALYSON MINCHIN. (Conservator of Forests).

SCARCITY OF BUTTERFLIES

SIR,—I have noticed letters in your paper regretting the scarcity of butterflies in England this summer, and thought that it might be of interest to your correspondents to know that we have had a bumper year here.

I am not a collector, but usually take note of the different species and their numbers from year to year.

After the cold spell in May, Green Hairstreaks were to be found in coveys on all the forget-me-nots in the garden, and all over the moor. They were followed by more Dark Green Fritilliaries than I have ever seen previously, and Small Pearl-bordered, too, were in great quantities, but they did not come to the garden as much as the bigger ones. The Wood Argus followed and was, I think, more numerous than usual, but the Scots Argus must have had a bad season, as it was not nearly so plentiful as in the last two years.

And now they are nearly all gone for another season; but we still have two beauties in the garden. Perfect specimens of the Red Admiral and Peacock—the latter I have never seen here previously.

Another attractive creature spent more than a month with us in mid-summer, a Humming Bird Hawk Moth. Again a first occurrence, as far as my experience goes.

Yours faithfully,

Linndhu, Tobermory, Island of Mull. JOHN DUNCAN.

"TOWERING" BIRDS

SIR,—In your issue of September 12th are two letters on "towering" birds, in which the statement is made that birds "tower" from either of two causes—head wounds or lung wounds. I have seen a great many of X-ray photographs of "towered" birds taken by a doctor who has been shooting with us in Hertfordshire. Any "towered" bird of the day was kept by him, and in a great many cases it was found that there was only one pellet in the stomach and nowhere near the lungs.

Yours faithfully,

South Lodge, Baldock, Herts. E. EDEN.

TRAPPING RABBITS

SIR,—A better method of catching rabbits in a wire netting enclosure, described by your correspondent in last week's *Field*, is with *smooses*.

A smoose is merely a short box tunnel with a rabbit gate fitted in the centre, which will swing open both ways. The day before catching rabbits these gates are set so that they will allow entrance only: this is done by inserting a pin through the sides of the box.

An old keeper, who has caught as many as 207 and 245 rabbits in a night in this way in a 3-acre enclosure, sent me a full description of his methods, which I have had printed and will gladly send to any readers.

Yours faithfully,
C. VAN DER BYL
(The Humane Trapping Campaign).

Wappenham,
Towcester, Northants.

"BRUSHER" MILLS

SIR,—The letter by John H. Vickers on Harry Mills, or "Brusher," of the New Forest, might have gone further.

"Brusher's" parents died when he was very young. He was not a bright boy, and had no one to care much about him. Having a love for nature in the wild, he went to stay with the charcoal burners in the forest, where he received sympathy, and helped them with work about their conical hut made of turf; in return he had his food and shelter. Whenever the charcoal camp was moved "Brusher" went with it, storing up a knowledge of animal and insect life as he found it.

Charcoal burning ceased to be carried on, "Brusher" had grown up, and lived in the hut left by the burners, he never repaired it or did any work, and had to shift more for himself; usually he walked into Lyndhurst, to get a breakfast at the cottage where his relatives lived.

"Brusher's" greatest delight was to discover someone disturbing a large stack of straw manure during the summer months. Snakes would enjoy the warmth of the straw and breed there; they would come rushing out when disturbed, from pretty little babies to those of great size. "Brusher" would have an exciting time picking the snakes up with his hands and transferring them to a bag, afterwards selling them. Adders were caught with

A GRAND OLD MAN
(See Letter "'Brusher' Mills")

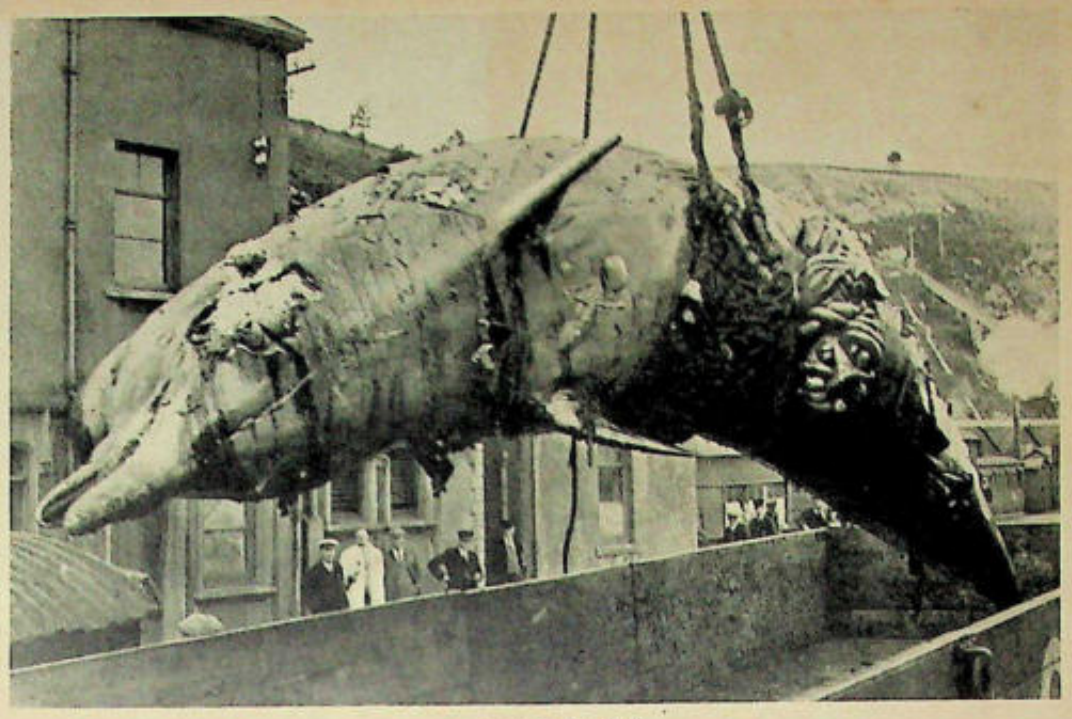
a forked stick, gathered up by a pair of long-handled pliers, and put in a tin; these he boiled, and sold the fat to kennel men, who used it to rub on hounds that had been bitten by adders.

The writer read a letter received by "Brusher" from R. F. Tegetmeier offering him £5 for an adder that had swallowed its young, and had them inside. "Brusher" stated he had often seen an adder swallow her young in times of danger, but never caught one that had done so, and never obtained the reward.

"Brusher" was a character known to everyone in the district, he always turned up at a meet of the hounds. Strangers he did not like, unless there was something to bring him out, usually a coin, but a drop of rum from an entomologist's bottle worked wonders.

Yours faithfully,
S. W. GADGE.

26, Broomfield Road,
Surbiton.



A STRANGE VISITOR
(See Letter "Bottle-Nosed Whale")

BOTTLE-NOSED WHALE

SIR,—This is a photograph of a bottle-nosed whale, 23ft. in length, which was stranded, alive, on Fishguard beach during the early part of month.

The photograph shows the whale having been towed off the beach and being slung onto a truck in transit for London, where it is to be displayed to the public at the British Museum.

Yours faithfully,
M.V., Haddington. J. D. MARCH.

THE WOOD WASP IN ABERDEENSHIRE

SIR,—A score of years ago the giant wood wasp (*Sirex gigas*) was practically unknown along the north-east coast of Aberdeenshire, and now it is frequently encountered.

There are no conifer trees within a few miles of the coast, so that the wasps must be on passage when found buzzing round and disturbing the coastal population.

The loud noise caused by their wing beats during flight and the ferocious looking weapon which is regarded as a sting, have caused *Sirex gigas* to be regarded with due respect. Few know how harmless it is to man. It is this fear, instilled into the minds of the people, that causes it to be destroyed at every opportunity, and from time to time one learns of its capture here and there.

Prior to 1908 it was definitely scarce in the county; to-day it may be called quite common.

So far as my experience goes the front of advance extends over a straight line of about eight miles in length, and it is only when southerly winds, particularly between south-south-east and south, blow that these wasps are noted.

It would seem, therefore, that they are helped along from the southward, and if a reverse wind should blow the insects far afield from the infected area, it is evident that soon all Scotland will be as badly infected with them as Central Europe is to-day.

Quite recently, after a southerly wind, a capture of one of the tribe was reported from the Island of Birsay, in the Orkneys, where trees are absent. It is thought to be the first recorded there.

Yours faithfully,
W. J. CAIRD.

Sandhaven,
Fraserburgh.

COPENHAGEN

SIR,—I recently came across the following in connection with the expedition to Copenhagen in August, 1807: "Among the chargers brought over, by General Grosvenor was a mare, which proved to be in foal, and, after her safe return to England, produced a colt, which was named 'Copenhagen.'

"This horse, being afterwards sold to Major-General Sir Charles Stewart, was taken by him to the Peninsula, and when that officer quitted the army in 1813 on the death of his first wife, it was sold and became the property of the Duke. At Vittoria and other battles his grace used no other charger, and it became a great favourite with him. That horse also carried the Duke of Wellington throughout the glorious day of Waterloo, when it is said he bore him for eighteen hours on his back, and when at last released at its close, gave no sign of fatigue.

"He was of a full rich chestnut colour, with a strong dash of the Arab in his appearance, and showed at all times an endurance of work that was very remarkable. He died in 1835 at the age of 27, and was buried at Strathfieldsaye with military honours.

"His mane and tail furnished a great many rings, brooches and bracelets, which were presented by the great commander to enthusiastic ladies, so that this celebrated charger obtained a renown which will long continue. Copenhagen was modelled for the horse of the Wellington statue upon the Arch in London."

Yours faithfully,
V. R. WILTON
(Major, R.I.A.S.C.).

Narbudda Club,
Jubbulpore,
C.P., India.

Winter Amenities

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I.O.1

JERSEY MILK IS BEST

SIR,—The little pig in the enclosed photograph finds Jersey milk the best.

It was odd that none of his brothers and sisters ever followed his example, with the result that he weighed almost double any of the others.

Yours faithfully,

Lower Barford Farm, Bramshaw, Lyndhurst. T. S. PATERSON (Lieutenant-Colonel).

A GRATEFUL DIVER

SIR,—The following incident may be of interest to your readers. I was standing on a rock, fishing from the bank of a lovely Arbrideau loch, in the stillness and silence of a lovely June evening. Suddenly there was a rushing sound above and behind me. It rose rapidly to an alarming crescendo, and I instinctively ducked without having time to look. At the same moment something passed just over my head, and crashing violently on the glassy surface of the loch five yards in front of me, rebounded a yard or two amid the spray, then dived.

Swinging up just in time to avoid the huge splash went the peregrine, circled once or twice, and then made off to the cliffs where easier prey in the shape of rock doves lived. While the rude disturbance to the water was spreading wide across the loch, the terrified head of a black-throated diver appeared 40yds. off and at once submerged again. At a hundred yards he came to the surface and had a look round. Seeing the coast clear, he gave vent to a most heartrending wail—relief from breathlessness, from the terror of imminent death and the shock and pain from his crash on the loch were all expressed in that wail. After a few more dives and much shaking out of feathers, and generally pulling himself together, he was far out in the loch and seemed himself again.

I went on with my fishing. After some time I heard the diver rising and saw him flying straight to me. He turned quite close above my head and then made off for the far end of the loch away on my right, where he settled and started to fish. I am convinced he came over me, quite out of his way, to thank me for having been there to save his bacon. My young companion who had been some way off joined me after this, and we were sitting on the bank of the loch admiring the results of our day's fishing, and I telling him the details of the above happenings, when again the diver was seen flying towards us. He came over our heads quite low, and was seen to be carrying a half-pound trout across his bill. Close over our heads he turned, as he had done before, and then departed in the direction from which he had originally appeared—no doubt to feed his young by some outlying tarn. So I believe he twice deliberately came out of his way to show his thankfulness for my presence in helping him save his life, and incidentally that of his young who depended on him—or was it her? At any rate, he must have recognised in me a sympathetic brother angler, to come and show me his trout!

Yours faithfully,

Sunningdale, Berks. P. M. CAMPBELL.

HELPING HOTSPUR

SIR,—I was particularly interested in Mr. J. R. C. Christopher's letter in your issue of September 26th. Some years ago we had a dachshund, Romulus, who was suddenly seized with identically the same complaint. The vet. could do nothing for him; but, since the dog was quite content to remain quiet, we found it only necessary to give him short runs from time to time by raising his hind legs and propelling him in the approved "wheel-barrow" style. Finally he began to recover and, though he was never quite the same again, he was able to run about at a surprising speed with both his hind legs working together.

Perhaps your correspondent might find it advisable to unharness Hotspur now and then from his ingenious carriage to enable him to regain control of the muscles which have become powerless.

Yours faithfully,

Snitterfield Park, Near Stratford-on-Avon. J. W. C. HAWKESWORTH.

GANNET INLAND

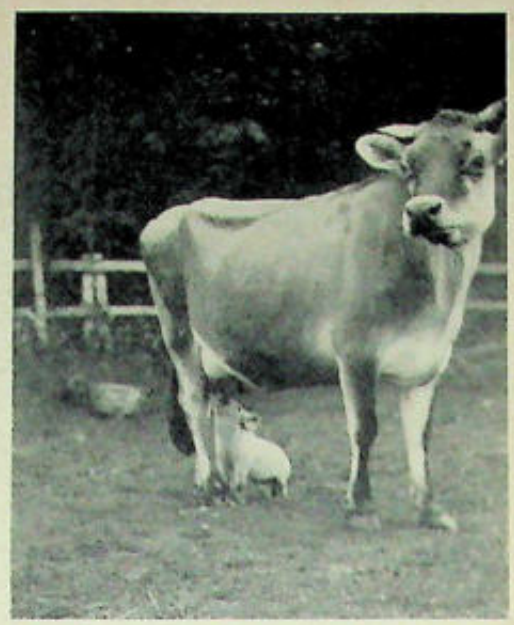
SIR,—One of the local shepherds brought me in a bird which he had found on the River Vyrnwy close to the hotel. On examination I found it to be an immature gannet in its speckled plumage but otherwise apparently full grown. The bird appeared unable to fly but bore no signs of injury, and seemed well fed and healthy.

We endeavoured to feed it on fresh trout, but failed to induce it to feed, and it died some hours after it had been handed to me. Lake Vyrnwy is at least 45 miles from the coast. Surely it is unusual to find a gannet so far inland? I have never seen these birds here before.

Yours faithfully,

A. N. GRAHAM MARTIN.

Lake Vyrnwy Hotel, North Wales.



FREE MILK FOR TODDLERS
(See Letter "Jersey Milk is Best")

COMMA BUTTERFLIES

SIR,—It may be of interest to you to know that this butterfly appears to be increasing in numbers in this part of Kent.

This morning I have been watching a pair, male and female, on a bed of asters, in company with some small tortoiseshells. About a fortnight ago I also saw three separate ones in an apple orchard about eight miles from here. Later I saw four Commas at the same time on the same bed of asters.

Yours faithfully,

Sholden Paddock, near Deal. O. S. CUMMING.

SIR,—There have been several Comma butterflies in my garden during the past week and I have to-day seen two together feeding on an aster "Barrs' pink," which seems to have a great attraction for all insects.

It is several years since I have seen the Comma in Suffolk.

Yours faithfully,

Icklingham Hall, Bury St. Edmund's. J. F. E. BOWRING.

SIR,—Some weeks ago you reported in the *Field* a Comma butterfly from Kelvedon, seven miles from here. There has evidently been a hatching of them in this district for one was in this garden for several weeks in September and another was noticed at Terling, three miles from here.

Yours faithfully,

Crix, Hatfield Peverel, Chelmsford, Essex. T. Y. HOPE.

SIR,—On September 30th I caught a Comma butterfly, which was feeding on a rotten pear in the garden. Two days later I found another one on the same pear. On October 4th I saw two more in another part of the garden on a border of Michaelmas daisies.

Yours faithfully,

Honiton, Devon. DENISE WELDON.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Arrival of Winter Visitors.—I saw bramblings here on October 5th.—M. BARCLAY, Hanworth, Norfolk.

Ringed Grouse on Weardale Moors.—On the 9th inst., while shooting on Wellhope Moor, a ringed grouse was shot. The ring is inscribed: "Aberdeen University 18490." It would be interesting to know when and where this bird was ringed, and I shall be pleased to forward the ring to anyone claiming it.—R. N. BURTON, Lazonby, Cumberland.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, urgently need £15 for an elderly lady of good family quite without resources. For over 40 years she has been a governess on the Continent, and latterly she earned her living as a teacher of languages in Rome. On account of increasing age and the recent political situation she was obliged to return to England, where her only relative is a delicate sister living on a tiny income. Great efforts are being made to get a charitable pension for her, but meanwhile she is penniless. The Friends of the Poor ask for donations.

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IN THE CITY

THE WOOLWORTH COMPANIES

THE extraordinarily satisfactory progress made in recent years by F. W. Woolworth & Co., Ltd., which now operates some 637 stores, is well known, and no doubt readers have noted that in recent weeks the 5/- ordinary shares of this company have been a very strong market, having risen to record levels around 155/- and more. It seems that the rise is predicated on a belief that a very substantial bonus will be soon forthcoming (as it may well be, since the carry forward at the end of last year at £6,542,000 was widely in excess of the ordinary share capital of £3,750,000), and that it may take the form of one new share being distributed free in respect of each ordinary share now in issue. Such a bonus would be apt to enhance the market value of the shares owing to a general belief that the "splitting" of heavy shares puts them within reach of the small investor, and so increases the demand. Whether such a bonus will be declared remains to be seen, but it should be realised that it would in no way affect earning power or the intrinsic merits of the shares. At present levels around 7¾ the 5/- shares of Woolworth Ltd. yield only 3¼ per cent. on last years dividend of 100 per cent. and on last years earnings of 135 per cent. the yield is but 4⅜ per cent.

It may be of interest to point out that the common shares of the American F. W. Woolworth Company have also risen about $8 during recent weeks to around $62, but at this price the yield with dividends at the rate of $2.40 annually is still 3⅞ per cent. gross, and on last year's earnings of $3.20 the yield is 5⅛ per cent. Earnings and dividends on the shares of each company in recent years compare as under:

Year ended Dec. 31st.	English Company. (per cent.) Earned.	Paid.	American Company. Earned.	Paid.
1927/29 average	Not available		$3.63	$2.15
1932	117.2	70	2.27	2.40
1933	112.8	80	2.94	2.40
1934	122.5	80	3.30	2.40
1935	135.3	100	3.20	2.40

The American company is understood to own about 7,900,000 ordinary shares (slightly over half of the total number in issue) in the English company, or approximately four-fifths of an English share in respect of each of its own shares in issue. The shares of the English company (which are carried on the books at the very low figure of about $4 or 16/- per share) at present levels of 7¾, have a market value of $38 per share, that is to say, the investment in the English company is worth approximately $30 per share on the American company's shares. It will be seen therefore that the present price of $62 for the American shares places a value of only $32 on the American company's own business (including the subsidiary Canadian, German and French companies).

A COMPARISON

The accounts of the American company for 1935 included $6,311,000 in respect of "income from securities" and $4,939,000 for "surplus equity in foreign companies"—a total of $11,250,000, or the equivalent of $1.15 per American company's share. Exactly how much of this sum is attributable to the English company cannot definitely be ascertained, but it was probably almost entirely so attributable. Anyway, on this assumption it will be noted that the American company exclusive of the English company earned last year approximately $2.05 per share ($3.20 less $1.15) so that at present levels around $32 *ex* the English investment, the shares of the American company show an earnings yield of 6¾ per cent.—substantially higher than that shown by the shares of Woolworth's Ltd.

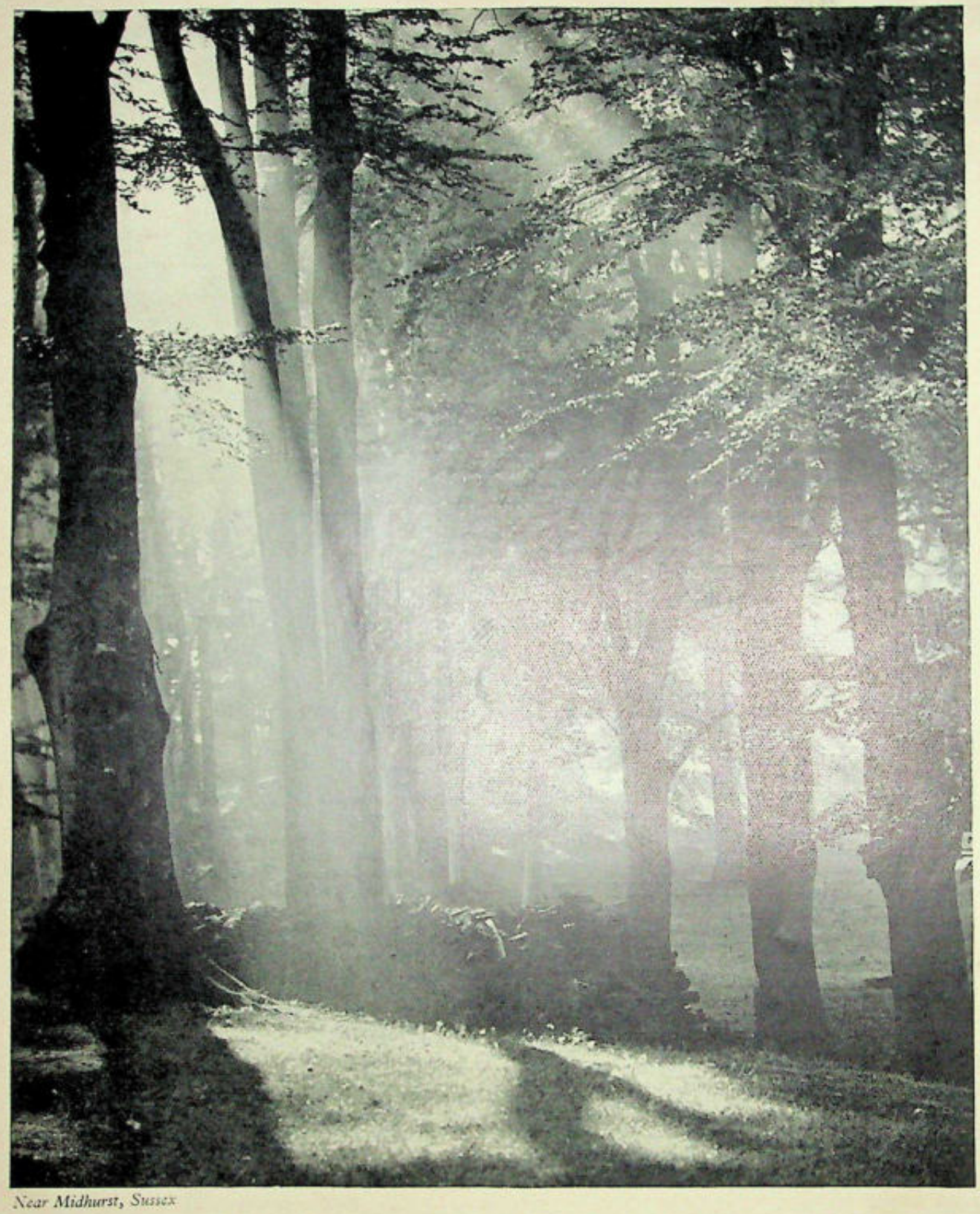
Furthermore, the sales of the American company for the first nine months of this year were 6.5 per cent in excess of those for the corresponding period of last year, and the accounts for the full year should make a satisfactory showing. The same comment may also be made of the English concern, but it is thought that the American company has greater recovery possibilities still in store since the real improvement in business started there so much later than in this country.

It will be appreciated from the above that the American company would benefit from any bonus which may be declared by the English company. Moreover, owing to the levy on undistributed earnings, it is expected that the dividend on the American shares will be increased to $2.80 or perhaps $3 per share.

Although the shares of the English company may perhaps still prove the more profitable holding during the near future, the shares of the American company appear to offer better value for the long term investor concerned with more or less permanent holdings.

PACTOLUS.

This England . . .



Near Midhurst, Sussex

FORGOTTEN is Summer's riot of colour: greys and sad browns—'gainst which the scented wood-smoke seems so brightly blue—alone are left us for a wistful pleasure. And yet . . . and yet, in coppice and hedgerow, deep in the strong warm earth are stored the flames and glories of summers past and summers yet to come. Just so is stored for you the rich golden food that is barley, the tonic health that is the flower of the hop, in the glowing Worthington that lightens "the winter of our discontent."

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New Books

A TIME THAT WAS

Sir Max Pemberton's Memories of Fleet Street and Bohemia

SELF-PITY is, we are often told, one of the most noticeable vices of the post-War generation. Whether or not this be true, I must confess that I am tempted to sit down by the Thames and weep whenever I am reminded of what I missed by being born in the twentieth century. Sir Max Pemberton's reminiscences of the first 30 years of his life (he was born in 1863) have left me convinced that those really were the days. His contemporaries have never doubted this, I am sure.

"Born into a hard riding, in some cases hard drinking, but far from literary generation," young Pemberton found himself surrounded by "characters" of a kind that seems to have been liquidated by this monstrously regimented age. There was his grandfather, Tom Fisher, who helped to keep the bailiffs from Jack Mytton's door. There was his Uncle Fred, who "rode his horse up the staircase of a famous Birmingham hotel to join a hunting party." There was his father, who learnt in a curious way that Hermit would win. (What an achievement, after all these years, to be able to add something new to this hoary tale!) And there were many others.

Various preparatory schools, Merchant Taylors' and Caius eventually threw him upon the world without a definite aim and with no profession to follow. He had achieved some success as a wet-bob, and had been one of the first to join in the bicycling craze. To his surprise, he had also received a degree in law. Refusing to enter the Church, he naturally found himself in Fleet Street and, as the saying goes, "never looked back," though his early years were hard enough. His first real success was with his story *The Iron Pirate*. In the early 'nineties he became one of the small but rapidly-growing band of eccentrics who played a game nobody had ever heard of, called golf. In 1895 he visited Panhard's works at Issy and saw the first motor cars. They had a sentimental attraction for him, for it was the sight of a gas engine at work that gave him the modern "twist" which made *The Iron Pirate* so successful. (The ship was driven by a gas engine, and so was able to defy the navies of the world.) Also in the early 'nineties he made an extremely interesting trip to Bosnia and Herzegovina with the famous de Blowitz of *The Times* and Blow of the *Figaro*.

His book is packed with good stories about the famous Bohemians of the day. One of the most interesting of his personal revelations concerns his novel *Kronstadt*. It was based on the actual plans of the fortress, for which the secret services of the world would have given anything. A priest who was a great friend of his said he thought he could get the plans if the author promised to use them only in a novel. Six months later a mysterious foreigner delivered them at his house, and departed without a word of explanation. When the book appeared Whitehall began to make embarrassing inquiries, and the author consulted Lord Roberts as to what he should do with the plans. "Burn them," he said, "you can do nothing else."

This is a most enjoyable book, and the reader will put it down with the hope that its sequel will not long be delayed. A. R. L.-M.

Sixty Years Ago and After. By Sir Max Pemberton. (Hutchinson; 18/- net.)

A-ROVING, A-ROVING

"A SHIP," said Dr. Johnson, "is worse than a gaol. There is in a gaol better air, better company, better conveniences"—but then, this sophisticated man of letters was in his most dogmatic mood. One has but to read Eric Devine's *Midget Magellans* to see the flaw in the argument. Granted the crowded space—but there the similarity ends. There was nothing gaol-like about the surroundings of Captain Joshua Slocum or the Tambs family or Cap'en Drake. They built up about them a sea home, carrying all that they wanted with them and discarding those extra trifles which are so very needless, to encompass the happy outlook of the sea gypsy—and away they went a-roving.

Mr. Devine has gathered in this book the condensed story of the greater small-ship navigators of the past 50 years and the way the story is told does perhaps for the first time permit the reader to glimpse the motives behind these voyagings. Not all of them sailed alone like Gerbault or Slocum, not all of them put to sea in traditionally seaworthy types of ships like O'Brien. Voss made his circumnavigations in an old Indian dug-out canoe which had a keel and a cabin added to it. One can read of Slocum who contemplated a voyage of world compass so that he could "gain more knowledge of our planet and of the peoples I would meet." He voyaged with an alarm clock for a chronometer, passing on from the Atlantic into the Pacific Ocean by the path which Drake and Magellan took through the Straits. Only one other of these small-ship voyagers took a southern route in his voyage and that was Conor O'Brien, who rounded the Horn—the others chose the Panama Canal. Venturesome Voss, in his Indian dug-out, sailed 40,000 sea miles, and only blew out one sail—the only damage his ship suffered was on land while they were slinging her. Captain Drake, the "lone sea rover," with a cabin full of curios, makes a habit of long voyages. Misfortune befalls him and his ship, so he builds another and goes a-rovin' again. Gerbault was a wartime French air ace and a post-war tennis ace—but the sea fever sent him single-handed in Firecrest across the Atlantic in 101 days. In *Midget Magellans* the reader will find them all, will be able to glean something of the motives which actuated them, whether honeymoons like the Tambs family or because, like O'Brien, there was "an invitation from friends in New Zealand," or whether it was just a desire for peace and the "watery places."

This is a book which has been long needed, a means of comparing side by side the objectives and achievements of these great small-ship ventures, and Mr. Devine has done his work very well indeed. In addition to some very charming photographic illustrations there is also a coloured map upon which is traced the track of each of these Magellans and one can turn to this and marvel at the men themselves and then turn back greedily to read more of what the author says so pithily about them all. J. I.

Midget Magellans. By Eric Devine. (The Bodley Head; 8/6.)

"THREE DESERTS"

THE recommendations given to this book by the Book Society and Lord Lloyd are well deserved. The story begins when, as the author explains, the campaign to hold back the Senussi Arabs in the western desert collapsed owing to the non-appearance of the enemy. Afterwards, Mr. Jarvis was with Prince Kemal el Din, whose expedition discovered a water-dump that must have belonged to the ill-fated 40,000 men of Cambyses's army when they disappeared in the desert in the fourth century B.C.

After work in the southern oases, west of the Nile, in the hottest region of Egypt, the author was appointed to a post in Sinai. In the details of housekeeping and gardening, here and elsewhere—in fact, in every subject that he touches—he is always able to interest the reader. He is a dog-lover, and the most fascinating chapter in the book is devoted to the biography of his Aberdeen terrier and Saluki. On the Arab question his views are discriminating, free from sentiment and based on experience. The book has not a dull page in it. C. F. M.

Three Deserts. By C. L. Jarvis. (John Murray; 10/6.)

AN ANTHOLOGY OF ESCAPES

AS its title suggests, *Big Game Encounters* is mainly concerned with the awkward moments and hairbreadth escapes which are popularly supposed to be of every-day occurrence in big game shooting; it is a companion volume to those books of collected ghost stories.

Provided that it is realised that the editor had this wide public in mind it is possible to settle down comfortably and enjoy this book: the contributors' list includes names well known to readers of the *Field*, and the stories are authentic and interesting. Colonel Kennion's exploit in spearing a panther, Colonel Glasfurd's encounter with a sloth-bear on the edge of a precipice, and Captain Pitman's account of being hunted by a herd of cow elephant in Uganda are, perhaps, the three outstanding stories in the collection.

There are striking divergences of opinion as to the risk of shooting dangerous "game." Major Maydon records only one instance of an unprovoked attack by a wild animal in all his experience, and the majority incline to the view that most dangerous moments are due to ignorance or carelessness. One big game shot, when approached for a contribution, refused on the grounds that to do so would be almost certainly to admit error. But the value of most big game books lies in these accounts of error, for it is nearly always easier to learn from other people's mistakes with their consequent analysis, than from their successes. For this reason the two stories by Lieutenant-Colonel Stockley and Mr. Millet have the greatest value.

The editor is one of those who are more highly conscious of the element of danger. "Were there no personal peril in the pursuit of dangerous game, few of the contributors to this series would have spent their hours in the jungle. It is safe to say that most of them tire sooner or later of the pursuit of those big horned trophies of non-dangerous game, however arduous the trial. But most big game men return with unquenchable zest to the pursuit of that wily animal the tiger, or the rogue elephant."

These words would sound like blasphemy to the ears of an enthusiastic stalker of mountain sheep. The editor has, however, some interesting passages on "How Wild Animals Attack."

The majority of these incidents are from India, and thirteen of the twenty-six chapters are devoted to tiger, a disproportion which robs the book of the claim that it might otherwise have had of being a complete anthology of escapes. But it is worth reading for all that. G. V. H.

Big Game Encounters. By Stanley Jepson. (Witherby; 8/6.)

SKILL IN SPORT

IT is always pleasant to read a book on sport by an author to whom big bags mean less than the methods of their making. If Sir C. T. Giles has nothing strikingly original to say, of some things it is well to be reminded, and there is a great deal in *Skill with Rod and Gun* on which the opinions of a veteran sportsman are of definite value.

Half the book is devoted to fishing, half to shooting, and the author takes us on many voyages of discovery in Norway as well as in the British Isles. No one will read *A Heavy Fish on a Light Tackle* without agreeing with Sir Charles that this is as much the cream of sport as is the *Walking up of Rough Country*, with its glorious uncertainty of what one may encounter next.

There are two pleasant chapters on grouse and viper shooting, and the novice will do well to digest those on sportsmanship and safety. It is very true that "many who take to the gun late in life have never been taught its dangerous possibilities."

Like most people who prefer by-days to great occasions, Sir Charles is evidently a naturalist at heart, and writes convincingly of his observations of creatures of the wild. He likes to go out to find his game rather than to wait for aides to bring it to him. Therein lies the pleasure of this book, which, as coming from a sportsman of 60 years' experience, gives us what we are often tempted to forget in this restless age—a reminder that record catches and outsize bags are not the criterion by which we should measure sport in its truest sense. J. B. D.

Skill with Rod and Gun. By Sir Charles Tyrrell Giles, K.C. (*Country Life*: 7/6.)

WEST INDIAN MEMORIES

SIR REGINALD ST. JOHNSTON is already well known as the author of a number of books. This is, to be exact, his thirteenth, but he has no reason to fear that he will be unlucky with it. His recollections of the strange places he has visited and the strange peoples he has met make interesting and often amusing reading. He has made no attempt to describe his life in chronological order, and though discursiveness has its charms, I think that in this case a rather more orderly treatment would have been an advantage. To say the truth, his book is one of those which one is more inclined to "dip into" than to read straight through.

Opening it at random, one is almost sure to come across something interesting or amusing. For instance, on page 98 I learn that an umpire in a village cricket match once said of Frank Lockwood, Q.C. (a huge man): "If you 'its 'im on the stomach it's l.b.w.; if you 'its 'im on the stern it's a wide." On page 194 I find a description of an unfortunate incident during the celebration of Armistice Day in Nevis in 1927. The author, in full uniform, was accompanied by all his senior officials, including the judge in his long robe and wig. To his dismay he heard a short-sighted old negro lady proclaim audibly in the middle of his oration: "Yes, dat's our Gubnor, an' dat's his good lady wid de long hair standing by him. . . ."

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Besides these amusing stories there is a wealth of interesting matter about the West Indies, for which the author has laboured so long and so well. Though, as I have said, the reader may not be disposed to begin at the beginning, he will find the book difficult to put down once he opens it. And one cannot say fairer than that. A. R. L.-M.

Strange Places and Strange Peoples. By Sir Reginald St. Johnston. (Hutchinson; 12/6 net.)

MOOR AND MANOR

THERE are many books about shooting, books, as a rule, of two sorts—the book which aims at instruction and the book which lays itself out to amuse. There is a third sort which attempts both marks—a sort of right-and-left book.

Major Pollard's new book is certainly a book of instruction, yet it succeeds in amusing also owing to the occasional pinches of humour with which the author flavours dry academy as well as by a generous supply of items of outside information, to me, new and original. As an example of each in the one context I may remember that Major Pollard tells how the early churchmen held the partridge to be a favourite assumption of the devil. He adds, of his own experience, that he has found the partridge akin to temptation only when roast and in the joint company of a perfect bottle and a delightful but imperfect companion.

Apart from such illuminative knowledges and intimate reflections the book is as excellent a guide to the preservation, and subsequent pulling down, of game birds as I know. And not only is it a *vade-mecum* to the manor proper, but to duck-shooting, ground-game, and the *varia*. There is also a delightful chapter on vermin, which for its humour and humanity I should like to have the space to quote from. Moreover, there is a merry chapter on the cookery of game which, at its worst, can spoil the lordliest pheasant and, at its apogee, can elevate the humble rabbit, the water-hen even, to a high level of excellence.

At this moment of closing an able book I am inclined to say that did I happen to know a young landowner, inexperienced in saltpetre but with ambition and *ideals*, I should buy *Game Birds* and give it to him. My own copy of the book goes into my own shelves of reference.

Major Pollard is illustrated in colour by Mr. Rickman, and in photography by some excellently lively plates. And Mr. Guy Pollock has written for the reader a pleasant introduction to the author. P. R. C.

Game Birds and Game Bird Shooting. By H. B. Pollard. (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 16/-.)

A PIONEER IN RHODESIA

THOSE who remember *Rhodesian Rancher*, by the same author, will have no cause to regret the acquisition of this chatty volume of reminiscencies. It is in no sense a story of big-game hunting, although casual, if exciting encounters with buffalo, lion, elephant and leopard are recorded therein.

But these are incidental to a journey down the Zambesi River, in native canoes, from the Chewori to Feira, on the Portuguese border. A subsequent march on foot to Salisbury and, thereafter, a trip by a flood-afflicted railway to Beira, were accomplished under conditions which might well obtain to-day.

There is a quality of adventure in the tale of a lone white man going forth into the wilderness, with a definite purpose, dependent solely upon himself and a few wayward and unreliable natives for the success of his undertaking which has an appeal no scientifically organised safari can provide. Thus, the author's description of his voyage and the contingent happenings should interest even those who have never visited Rhodesia.

"Everywhere there was colour, the vivid tints of blue and purple, green and gold; and everywhere there was life. Along the water's edge lay crocodiles innumerable, asleep, with the hot sun warming their backs, yet alert enough to vanish into the protective depths as we approached. Heads of inquisitive hippo broke the surface of every deep reach—and the pilots gave them a wide berth, for a disgruntled hippo can upset a canoe as easily as a boy kicking a stone. Water birds of every kind dotted the shores; and vast flocks of geese of the two common species—spurwing and Egyptian—covered the sandbanks like speckled carpets." What memories the vignette conjures up for those who know the country.

Shooting M'pata Gorge, the 30-mile rift below the Xafue junction, is an experience which has been enjoyed by few, and, "enjoy" I think, is the word.

Old hands will welcome this book; others should. For myself, I find it well worthy of book-shelf room. H. N.

Zambesi Days. By Wilfred Robertson. Illustrated. (Blackie; 5/-.)

SAILORS' KNOTS

THESE are strange and progressive days, O my Masters! To-day at sea your full-fledged A.B. is all too often more at home with a spanner and seizing wire than with the marlinspike and twine of days gone by. So much of the standing and running rigging of a ship to-day is of wire, even of rod, and if it is of wire often enough its eyes are "turned in" with bolted clips rather than splices. In a competitive sea world perhaps there was little enough time for the art of bends and hitches and almost their principal surviving home is aboard the sailing yacht. Yachtsmen will welcome Mr. Cyrus Day's *Sailors' Knots*, for he sets out and succeeds in putting on paper many of the more useful bends and hitches before they are forgotten altogether. There have been several excellent books on knots published in this country, none of them, however, has launched out into the wealth of illustration that Mr. Day provides. Every movement in every knot has a photograph. The Tomfool knot—beloved of conjurers but equally useful for the production of extempore handcuffs—has four photographs showing the salient stages of production.

The bowline knot has six illustrations, as also has the short splice. The usual difficulty if indistinctness which so often mars photographs of knots has, moreover, been overcome entirely with the result that with the text and the pictures anyone should be able to master any of the knots and splices shown at one sitting. Splices, whippings, seizings, slings, plaits, sennets, mats, and what not—ornamental knots and useful knots, all find their place. There is an interesting description of an American method of splicing a hemp-tail into a wire halyard, there are notes on cordage and the strength of ropes and, extremely valuable, a very comprehensive bibliography of the whole subject of knots. Seldom, indeed, has this sailors' problem been dealt with so thoroughly, and never so effectively as it has been by Mr. Day. And, as if with his knots and illustrations he had not given us all that was needed, he then details the results of a series of carefully planned laboratory tests made upon various knots in common use.

The result of these tests must surely come as a surprise to many. In the pages dealing with these tests the author tells us that a reef knot—so long idealised—not only weakens the strength of the rope by over half, but also is liable to jam under strain. Altogether this is a most valuable contribution to any sea library. Mr. Day is to be congratulated upon his thoroughness—and the yachtsman who is wise enough to acquire a copy of this book is to be congratulated also for he will have secured a treasure.—J. I.

Sailors' Knots. By Cyrus Lawrence Day. (Sidgwick and Jackson, Ltd.: 12/6.)

AN ESSEX CHRONICLE

MAYCHESTER is in Essex; but more than this, Maychester is a village in the Marshes, and all those not of the Marshes are furriners, and rightly so. And in rich and loamy dialect, furriners (same as Londoners, often as not) will be told exactly where they get off. One such said that if the redoubtable Mr. Scrapper could not sell him some essential land, that he must leave the district. "Goo an' welcome! Nobody ain't never ast ye down here what I've heerd on!" was the crushing retort.

Bolshevits and water they dislike also. They believe that the first bring the second. As Mr. Barrow, with the white whiskers, said on a great occasion: "That's the Bolshevits. Nobody heerd o' stan'pipes afore there was Bolshevits about. They come to me an' they sez: 'Mr. Barrow, you gotter p'y so much a week for water.' 'I don't want your water,' I sez."

Enough has been said, perhaps, to show Mr. Bensusan's unusual ability to record dialect. Add to this a shrewd and kindly judgment of character, and a rare ingenuity in the construction of plots, and you have as delightful a collection of Essex tales as can possibly be wished for.

Characteristic drawings are provided by Betty Aylmer, and the late R. B. Cunninghame Graham says "Floreat Maychester" in an amusing Preface.

Annals of Maychester. By S. L. Bensusan. (Routledge; 12/6).

Two excellent travel books are *High Up in Mexico*, by O. A. Merritt-Hawkes (Ivor Nicholson & Watson; 15/-), and *More Travels and Adventures in Mongolia*, by Henning Haslund (Kegan Paul; 6/-). The former combined plenty of adventure with sociological study, and Mexico presents as many problems for the sociologist as any country in the world. The latter is written for young people, and may be recommended as a most exciting and wholesome narrative.

GOLF BIZARRE

A New Idea in Foursome Play

By E. R. TIPPLE

EACH week it is becoming increasingly obvious that no time must be wasted in the afternoons if a complete round of golf is to be played. Inland courses are rapidly taking on their winter appearance; greens are being cut only once a week, usually on a Saturday morning, for the benefit of those who have merely the week-end free; lies are getting "close" and the ball difficult to raise.

The links are little better. True, because of the sandy soil, the lies are more generous and comforting, but then the air is more bleak and the golfer, thinking of the comforts of the waiting club-house, wastes no time on his rounds. Still, a great deal of fun can be obtained, and there is no necessity to put away our clubs, for experiments are well worth while, and can prove amusing.

An illustration of this came to me when I heard of an afternoon round played the other day over a famous course not 30 miles from London. The participants were two ladies and two men. Three of them had recently played a great deal of competitive golf and were more than a little tired of it. They were tired of being on show, and for once determined to enjoy themselves. Names cannot be disclosed (I have been warned!), but one of the ladies was a truly Great Person and the other a bright star in her own country across the Channel. One of the men is a rising personality in the game; the other a tiger of yesterday, who is now very much tamed.

Time was limited as luncheon had been taken late, so a foursome it had to be. This being the month of foursome golf, the four players felt they had had enough of that kind of game, yet none wanted to play a four-ball, and all were far too well mannered as to suggest two singles. Then one of the men suggested a Greensome—but with a difference. The usual Greensome is, of course, an ordinary two-ball foursome in which all the players drive off each tee and then the best shots are selected by the respective partners. His idea was to play it the other way round. All should drive off, and the opposing side should declare which drive should be selected. This had great possibilities, so was accepted without argument.

The first hole was played without incident. All hit good drives down the fairway and a half in the par five was recorded. Then the fun began. The Continental "star" found a bunker off her second tee shot and the Great Lady for once hooked into the heather. The men, being ungallant, hit down the middle to no purpose. Each side demanded that the bad drives should count, so the caddies picked up the other balls and one of the men walked off to the rough and the other to the deep bunker. The latter cleverly put his partner in another sandy waste, but the inventor of this game recovered so well as to leave the others imagining he is used to being in deep heather.

The third is a short hole, but all safely missed the green. The various lies and subsequent shots were inspected and the worst chosen. The rising young player again rose to the occasion, and his partner holed the putt for a two holes lead. Then came a tragedy. Three had driven off and the erstwhile "tiger" was left. He went up quickly as the others were talking, copied George Duncan exactly and had hit the ball before the others had time to realise it. It was not a success. His partner recovered from a dreadful place and turned to watch the others. They had their troubles, too, and a complete and utter "top" enabled the tiger to halve in five.

So the game went on hole after hole, tactics becoming more complicated, and even the caddies were amused.

As the evening dusk began to envelope the course and the party was still far from the clubhouse a second experiment was tried. The players proceeded to map out their own course, going from one tee to the green of another hole. No one knew the distances, and the people with the honour on the tees suffered a disadvantage. One short hole was discovered over a huge waste piece of ground to a plateau green facing across the line instead of being a continuation of it. This was so good that the Great Lady said she would tell Mr. Simpson about it. The tiger liked it, too, but then he for once played a brilliant stroke, although afterwards he had to play his partner's ball because of the total lack of sympathy on the part of the opposing side. At times all found themselves faced with shots they had never experienced before, so it was fair that the game should end as a draw. No doubt the Continental "star" will go back to her own land and tell her golfing friends about another phase of English madness. Anyhow, all four players for once enjoyed themselves.

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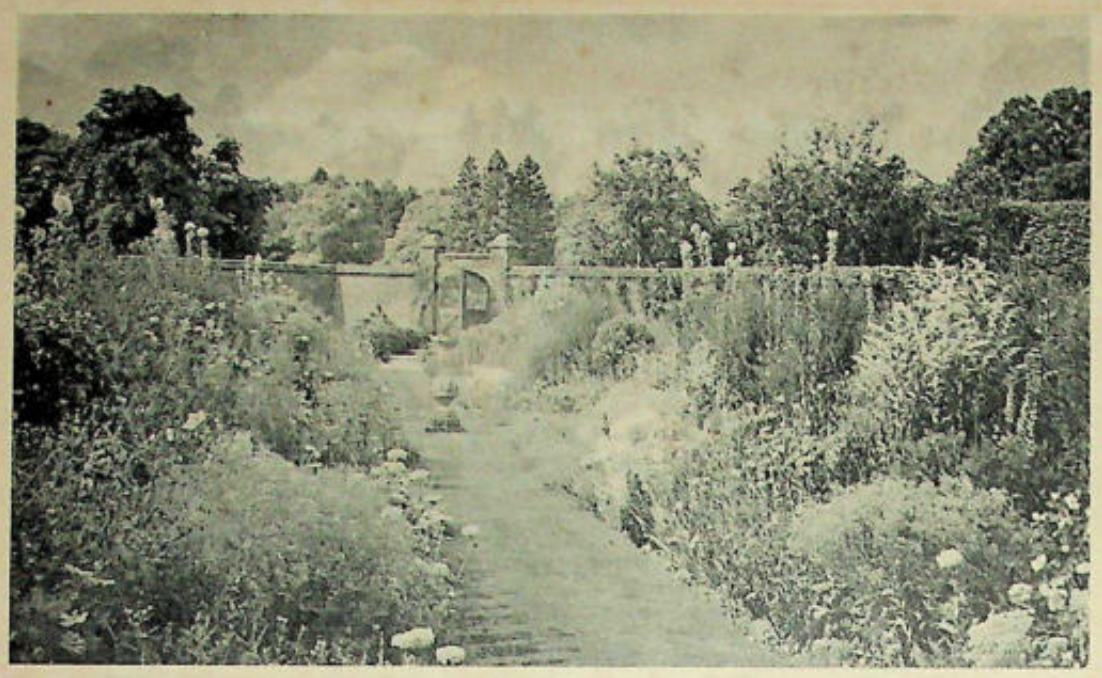

SOLIDAGO, GYPSOPHILA AND HELENIUMS IN TWIN HERBACEOUS BORDERS

The Country House

AUTUMN WORK IN THE HERBACEOUS BORDER

Plants which can be Safely Lifted and Divided Now

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

WITH certain exceptions most herbaceous subjects can be moved in autumn, especially in the south. Delphiniums and Pyrethrums are two of the commonly grown outstanding exceptions.

Even on sandy soil, Delphiniums which have not yet been moved will have to wait until spring. I know one case where twelve dozen Delphiniums were planted in exceptionally sandy soil in autumn after the young growths had died down. Only 30-odd survived. It is a golden rule that Delphiniums should never be moved when they are dormant. Whether they should be moved in early autumn or spring depends on the locality. If planted in spring they may not flower their first season, but this is better than losing the plants. Whether planted in spring or autumn the crowns should never be buried, but only just covered with soil which has to be firm round the roots.

Pyrethrums, even on a sandy soil, can be moved from August to September or April. April is decidedly the best on cold, heavy soils. Pyrethrums make large, solid, ball-like roots, and the only way of dividing them is to cut them with a clean sharp knife. They should not be planted in a dry spell, for watering them for a week or so after planting is very apt to make them rot in the centre.

No one moves Peonies unnecessarily, but October is generally regarded as the best time for planting them. They like a loamy soil. The ground needs trenching 3ft. deep and cow manure, if possible, should be incorporated in the lowest spit. It is a mistake to plant the crowns too deeply, for if more than 1in. or so below the surface, the crowns in summer cannot get the sun roasting they enjoy and which makes for fine blooms the following season. They abhor wind-swept positions and exposure to early morning sun, *i.e.*, facing east is bad for the blooms in spring. We frequently get late frosts then, and the sun shining on the frozen, semi-opened buds ruins them.

The Chinese Balloon Flower, *Platycodon grandiflorum*, also dislikes being moved unnecessarily. I wonder this plant is not more commonly grown in herbaceous borders, for the big, campanula-like flowers are a beautiful, true, rich blue, and in late July and August blue flowers are by no means plentiful. The plants attain about 15in. and are very floriferous. They do best in full sun and in any good soil. I have seen them flower profusely in quite poor, sandy soils. The popular name, Balloon Flower, is very descriptive of the buds just before they open, for they are exactly like balloons and rather suggestive of parachutes.

Heucheras, Gypsophilas, Eryngiums, Galegas, Tree Mallows, Acanthus and Kniphofias are also amongst the plants that should not be disturbed unnecessarily. Sidalceas can be divided up, but the larger the clumps they make, the more effective these flowers are.

Amongst the plants that can be safely lifted and divided now are Phloxes, *Echinops ritro*, Achilleas, *Bocconia cordata*, Erigerons, Geums, Nepetas, and Tradescantia Virginica. Michaelmas Daisies, Heleniums, Rudbeckias, Golden Rods, are usually divided later in autumn. Even if they are not to be lifted, Phloxes should be cut down in autumn to within 2in. of the soil. If old ashes are placed round the roots, it protects the surface roots, and anyway helps to keep away the slugs, which eat the young shoots in spring. As with all plants the slugs have a keen taste for the best kinds. Old clumps of Phlox, after lifting, can easily be divided up by pulling apart and only the outer parts should be kept. The centres are old and worn out. The smaller the clumps, the better, *i.e.*, if largish bits are replanted the flowers will be comparatively small, but they will be large if small bits are planted out. Those who are keen on having very large trusses, grow annually from cuttings taken during summer from flowerless shoots. Each stem then bears one truss of large blooms. Groups of these in the border are effective, but most people prefer to let the plants make big clumps and divide them every three years or so.

Echinops ritro splits up easily, and to increase the stock of them roots cut into bits 3in. or 4in. long and put in boxes of sandy soil this month will make roots by spring. All the Echinops flourish in most garden soils. Every rooted bit of Achilleas will make a plant, and they are certainly amongst the quickest spreading plants. *Bocconia cordata* can be divided up, but usually this plant sows itself and the seedlings around can be used instead of interfering with the main clump. Even seedlings of this plant do not take kindly to being moved in dry spells. Erigerons, Geums, Nepetas and *Tradescantia virginica* can be split up very easily. *Nepeta grandiflora* rarely does well its first season, but after that shows itself for what it is—one of the finest border plants.

Amongst the plants that are moved later, Michaelmas Daisies are perhaps the most important, and it is usually necessary to divide up annually. Asters of the Amellus section, however, should never be moved unnecessarily. Except in very mild parts Kniphofias are best left till spring. In most parts they need protection through the winter. This is done with bracken or straw. The leaves, when the plants have finished flowering, are tied loosely together and then enclosed with the protecting bracken, also tied round.

WILDE'S LAWN TENNIS PROGRESS

A Hat Trick at Dulwich

FOR two years in succession P. H. D. Wilde has won three events in the Surrey Covered Court Championships at Dulwich. In the finals last year he beat R. J. Ritchie, 6/3, 6/2; with D. W. Butler he beat H. Billington and R. J. Ritchie, 6/4, 5/7, 6/2; and with Miss M. Whitmarsh he beat Ritchie and Miss A. M. Yorke, 6/2, 6/2.

This year's results were v. M. Ellmer, 6/4, 6/4; with C. M. Jones v. D. J. Cook and E. J. Filby, 6/4, 8/6; and with Miss Whitmarsh v. H. W. Austin and Miss J. Saunders, 3/6, 6/1, 6/4. Wilde has thus gone a step further to corroborate the opinion I expressed of him in the *Field* last week.

Ellmer is a Swiss whose ability has been little known in this country, though he has had many able successes abroad against famous players. He is excessively neat in appearance and method, his shots off the ground are made with restrained power, and he can pass the best volleyer. His footwork is light and sure and it is no easy task to beat him at any time.

Wilde was 1/3 down in the first set before getting correct touch and service control. He then took the match in hand, attacking his steady opponent so fiercely that he always had the greater percentage of points on his net work. Wilde is a fine server and volleyer. He seems now to have acquired the sanguine temperament which is indispensable to progress.

In the doubles department, Wilde has been recognised for some time as being one of our most fully equipped players. C. M. Jones, whose regular partner is R. A. Shayes, is no mean performer. It was, therefore, creditable for Cook and Filby to put up such a stout fight against them in the final. The tendency to be better in doubles than in singles is rather noticeable among our lesser lights. Is the reason perhaps that they play too many tournament singles, by no means all of a testing type? In any case they approach doubles with more freedom of outlook and stroke.

Fräulein I. Post, Germany's No. 1 lady player, made a valiant attempt to capture the singles title, but never quite accustomed herself to the wooden floor. Miss T. James beat her in the final, 6/4, 6/3, employing greater variety and enterprise.

Miss James does not tire so readily as she used to in a single. Few women can match her for courteraft, and I should not be surprised if she upset some established reputations next year.

D. J. Cook, who entered into prominence by winning the *Field* Cup in the Junior Covered Court Tournament at Dulwich in 1934, continues to improve. He reached the semi-final of the singles, only to be mopped up by Wilde, 6/2, 6/0. He will not be discouraged by this; he is a player with the first intention and does not base his tactics on borrowed brains.

RACKETS WORLD TITLE

Open Champions of England and the United States to Meet

IT is some considerable time since a world's title match at rackets was played, so the contest between D. S. Milford, the Open and Amateur Champion of England, and Norbert Setzler, Professional and Open Champion of the United States and Canada, should arouse more than usual interest. Charlie Williams, the holder of the championship, died last year, but he had not played a title match for some years.

Milford goes to America in January to play Setzler at New York, and Setzler comes to Queen's Club in April. Milford we know to be a wonderfully good player, unlikely to be upset by strange conditions. His victory over the professional, A. G. Cooper, lives in the memory, and it is difficult for us to imagine that he can be beaten by a man who, until this year, has been unknown to us. Setzler, nevertheless, is described by a prominent member of the Racket and Tennis Club, New York, as very good indeed, and certainly his record proves him to be a class above his chief opponent, Kenneth Chantler, of Montreal.

In the final of the Open Championship last season Setzler beat Chantler by four games to one. Setzler is not a particularly young man, as he was born in 1904, and went to the Racket and Tennis Club under Eddie Rogers as long ago as 1922. He has, however, made great strides in his game during the last few years.

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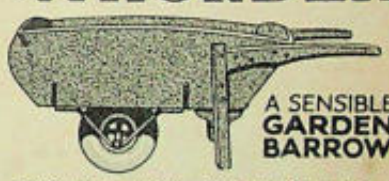

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CHAMPIONS AT THE DAIRY SHOW

A Lincolnshire Red Shorthorn's Performance

WITH a record attendance of farmers at the Dairy Show last week, the British Dairy Farmers' Association can feel that its efforts are fully appreciated nowadays. Probably the majority came not so much to appraise the cows as to see the dairying equipment and judge which type of steriliser, which type of milk cooler, and so on, would best suit their circumstances and their purses. From the business done at the trade stands it may be judged that there is every prospect of further developments in the technique of milk production.

There seems to be a renewed interest in milking machines, due, no doubt, to the difficulty in some districts of getting good milkers, and the higher rates of wages that have to be paid. The modern milking machines are great improvements on the machines that held the field ten years ago, and we shall no doubt see a development in the adoption of machine milking.

This year, for the seventh time, the Ayrshire breed won the Bledisloe trophy awarded for the best exhibit of six good all-round dairy cows. In this competition milking trial points as well as the appearance of the breed teams are taken into account. The Ayrshires did not receive as many points in the milking trials as did the British Friesians, but they scored the full 500 marks awarded for appearance as a team. They were, indeed, a wonderfully pretty lot of cows and took everyone's fancy. The Dairy Shorthorns came third.

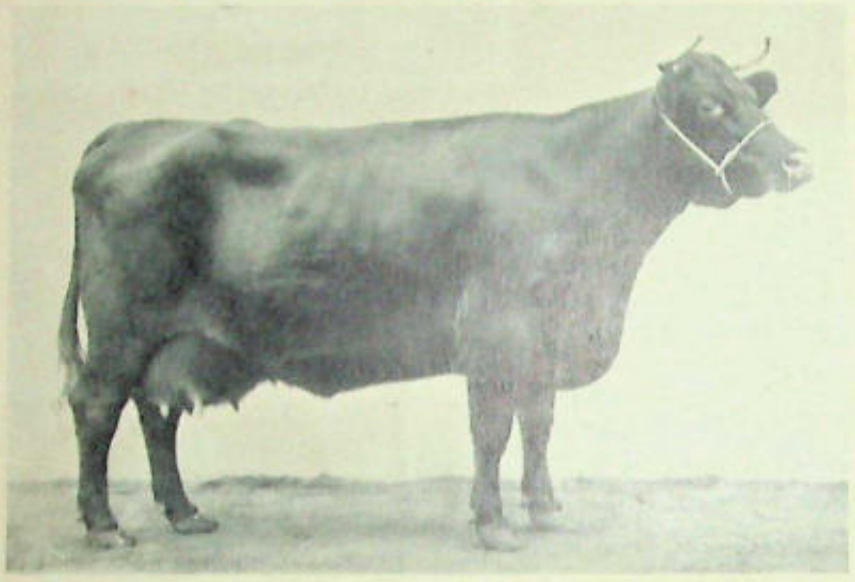
The parade for the Bledisloe trophy is a great sight, comparable, on a smaller scale, to the parade in the grand ring at the Royal Show, and it is a pity that better arrangements are not made to stage the spectacle more effectively so that all can see the proceedings. The Agricultural Hall was unpleasantly crowded all the week, and, during the judging of the Bledisloe competition, the press was most uncomfortable. It should not be impracticable to erect a stand in the Gilbey Hall from which hundreds of people could watch the judging of this and other classes in comfort. No doubt this year the staging of a "Milkmaid Charm" competition, arranged jointly by the Milk Marketing Board and the *Farmer and Stockbreeder*, added to the crowds. The choice of the judges, which included Mrs. Walter Elliot, fell on the entrant from Wales. As someone in the crowd said, "It would be more fun if they each had to milk a cow and show their practical skill as well as their good looks."

To the Lincolnshire Red Shorthorn breed fell the honour of providing the individual champion of the show. This was Histon Acacia 5th, from the herd of Messrs. Chivers & Sons, Histon, Cambridge. She is a fine cow, well proportioned, and carrying a capacious udder which, strangely in these days, was unclipped. The performance which put her at the top was a yield of 4lb. 9oz. of butter from 75lb. of milk in the butter test. This has been beaten once, by a South Devon which gave 4lb. 10oz., but it is a notable achievement. The Lincolnshire Red Shorthorns have only lately joined forces again with the parent body of the breed, the Shorthorn Society, and the success will make them the more welcome in the family circle. Messrs. Chivers & Sons have developed a useful herd of Lincolnshire Red Shorthorns of sound type, and many winners from Histon have been seen at Royal Shows. Milking qualities have not been developed at the expense of constitution. The sire of Histon Acacia 5th was a Bendish bull, Bendish Dairy King, from the Hertfordshire herd now owned by Mr. Russell Wood.

The runner-up for the individual championship was Lord Rayleigh's Terling Contented 26th, an eight-year-old British Friesian from the Terling herd in Essex. This is another fine cow, good to look at, and an excellent performer at the pail.

There was a good show of farmhouse cheese as well as factory cheese. The special terms which the Milk Marketing Board offers to farmhouse cheese-makers has certainly led to a revival in cheese-making, and the exhibits of Cheddar and Cheshire cheese at the Dairy Show were testimony to the skill that is still practised. There is surely a big potential market for really first-class farmhouse cheese. So often to-day the public is presented with a soapy material which bears no resemblance to the genuine article.

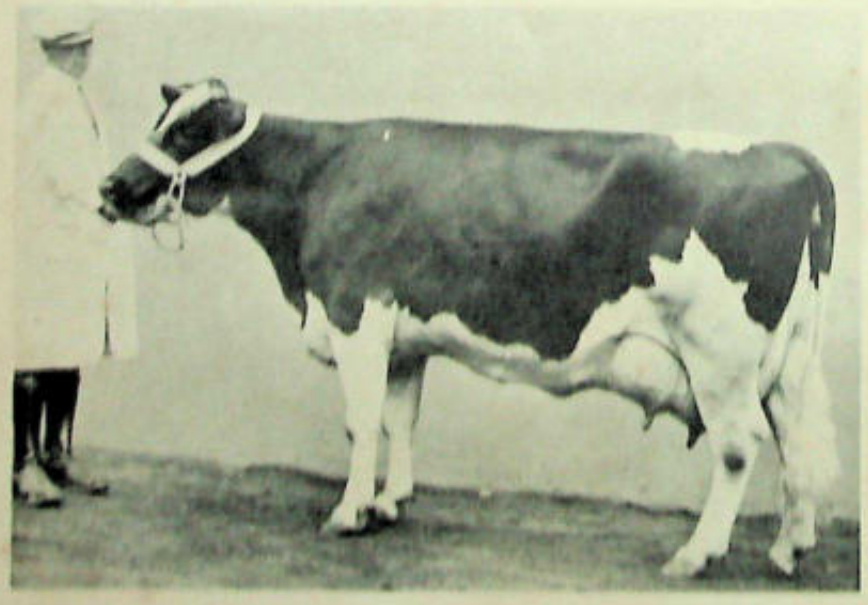
The bacon section of the show again brought out the supremacy of the Large White in the breeding of good pigs for the bacon trade. The Harris Cup and the Beale Cup, which is awarded for pure-bred entries, both went to the Earl of Radnor for Large Whites. In the cross-bred competition Viscount Lymington won with Large White cross Wessex Saddleback, a cross that is deservedly popular in the southern and south-western counties. The Whitley Cup, awarded for four sides of bacon, was won by Messrs. Chivers & Sons with Large White entries.



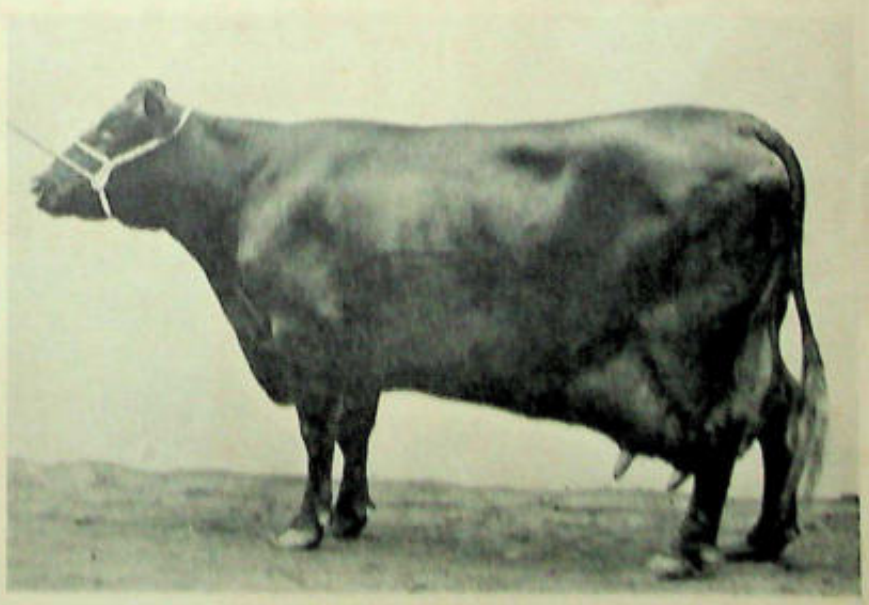
The supreme honours went to Histon Acacia 5th, a Lincolnshire Red Shorthorn

Runner-up was a British Friesian, Terling Contented 26th, from Lord Rayleigh's herd

THE CHAMPION COW AND RESERVE CHAMPION AT LAST WEEK'S SHOW



Lord Rayleigh's British Friesian Terling Breeze 34th



Colonel H. E. Hambro's Red Poll Moreton Gael 14th

TWO MORE OUTSTANDING DAIRY SHOW WINNERS

BACON PIG CONTRACTS

Those who are heavily committed to pig production are awaiting anxiously the outcome of the dispute between the Pigs and Bacon Marketing Boards over the contract terms for bacon pigs in 1937. The two boards, failing to agree, have asked the Minister of Agriculture to appoint an arbitrator. He, in turn, has appointed two assessors, and in due course we may expect an award. Much will depend on its terms, for many farmers who have loyally supported the marketing scheme are not anxious to contract to supply the bacon factories for another year unless the contracts promise better returns than they have had this year.

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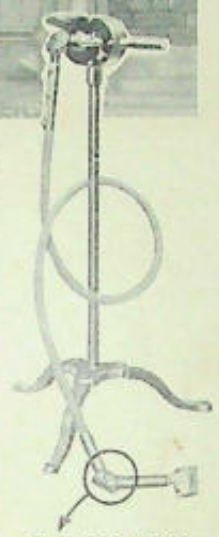

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THE SCIENCE OF MUSHROOM CULTIVATION

Making a Crop More Certain

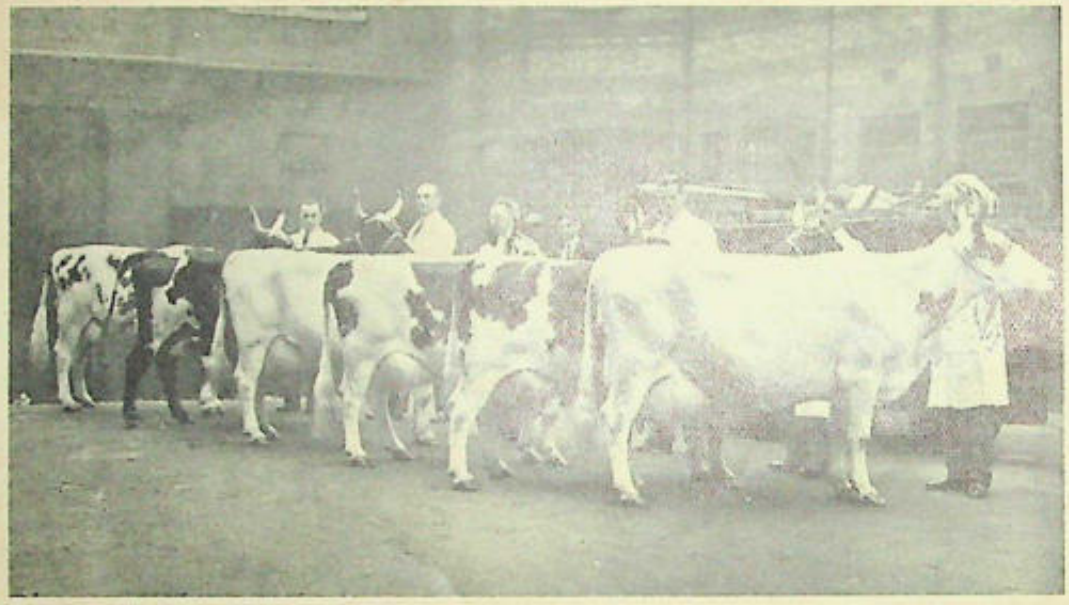
MUSHROOM growing as practised in this country and America is becoming more and more of a science and less and less of a "hit and miss" scheme. In the olden days the gardener got some stable manure, he prepared it by turning it, and then he inserted portions of brick spawn and hoped for a crop. Sometimes the crop arrived and sometimes it did not. If he was able to gather a large number of mushrooms over a long period, he claimed to be a good mushroom grower and was congratulated by all his admirers. If, on the other hand, no mushrooms came, then nothing was said about it—because mushrooms were very difficult, anyway.

The first point to be tackled concerns the preparation of the spawn. The spawn, it should be explained, is the material that is used for infecting the beds. There are three kinds of spawn—virgin spawn, brick spawn and pure culture or sterilised spawn.

mushrooms are taken under perfect germ-free conditions. These spores are placed on horse manure which has been first of all placed and firmed in bottles resembling large milk bottles and then has been sterilised by heat. The specially selected "seeds" act, of course, in the same way as ordinary spores and cause mycelium to run into the sterilised compost almost immediately. This sterilised compost may be used for impregnating further sterilised bottles, and after the inoculated compost is dry it is spread and either sold in a dry or moist form.

The great advantage of the pure-culture or sterilised form is that (*a*) a definite type of mushroom can be produced; (*b*) the spawn used can be guaranteed to be free from pests and diseases, as the manure was sterilised before being inoculated; (*c*) it starts into growth more rapidly than the brick spawn.

Mushrooms in the past have always been grown in horse manure, and even at the present day the



THE AYRSHIRES WHICH WON THE BLEDISLOE TROPHY AT THE DAIRY SHOW
They made a remarkably level team

The cycle life of the mushroom consists of, first of all, the spores and then the mycelium, sometimes called the spawn, and, thirdly, the mushrooms themselves. The spores may be said to be the seeds of the mushroom, and if the "cap" of a large mushroom is laid on a piece of clean white paper gills downwards in a room where the air is still for a day, brown powder will be found to have fallen on the paper. This brown powder is, of course, a mass of spores. When this happens outside the spores get blown about in the wind and fall on to blades of grass. These, in their turn, get eaten perhaps by horses, and after three or four days pass through the animal's body and come out in the manure. It has always been said that mushroom spores cannot develop unless they pass through the alimentary canal of a herbivorous animal, but this is not quite true. But it is true to say that direct germination of the spores either in the soil itself or on the manure takes place far more easily after they have passed through such an animal.

The virgin spawn, as it is called, consists of a mass of white mycelium (this, it will be remembered, is called the spawn) which has grown in the manure as the result of the germination of the spores. Such virgin spawn is often found in farmyards, in stables and in meadows. When spawn is collected from mycelium that has already borne mushrooms this cannot be called virgin spawn, and, in fact, it will not bear mushrooms again. It is this virgin spawn that is used for inoculating the prepared bricks.

The bricks consist of a mixture of horse manure, cow manure and loam, with, of course, the necessary litter. The bricks are usually 9in. by 6in. by 1½in. The virgin spawn is then placed in each brick, and if numbers of them are stacked in a temperature of about 60 deg. Fahr. they soon become permeated with the mycelium. When this happens the bricks are slowly dried and then they are sold.

It is the sterilised spawn which has made all the difference in successful mushroom growing, because only the tissue of spores from specially selected

heaviest crops only result when they are grown under such conditions. The experiments carried out in America seem to show that an abundant supply of nitrogen is required, and that a larger supply of nitrogen than is ordinarily found in straw is needed. It is said that carbo-hydrates provide the energy for, and stimulate the growth of the nitrogen feeding organisms. It does seem, though, that the yield recorded from the "artificial manure" beds was nowhere near the yield that can be obtained from the usual horse manure. It seems that the tests made with cotton seed meal gave fair yields, but that the experiments made with soya bean compost were not satisfactory. In this country the Rothamsted Experimental Station state that good mushrooms can be grown without the intervention of the horse, but, as far as I know, no comparative yield figures are available. The French experimenters also claim that they have shown that "the horse does not play any necessary part in the development of the mushroom," and those that are interested in this work may care to read the Versailles Research Station report of 1935.

There is certainly a difference in the manure obtained from horses, as the chemical composition of the droppings is more or less dependent on the feeding and digestion. The excreta should be rich in phosphoric acid, and this in combination with the hippuric and the uric acid should produce the right reaction during composting. The feeding of lucerne or clover does essentiate the necessary chemicals being present, but the use of corn foods or fodder gives a watery excreta which is not suitable.

Even the question of digestion, as has already been stated, comes into it, for horses that are worked hard and draw largely on their food give manure of good quality, while racehorses who do not simulate their food in the same way and whose litter perhaps is changed more frequently do not give manure of as great value to the mushroom grower.

Those who are interested in this point will be glad to know that the railway companies' horses are fed from 28lb. to 34lb. of a mixture of hay, oats, beans, maize and bran per horse per day, while the Army horses receive rations in the following proportions:

Type of Horse.	Oats.	Hay.	Straw.
Light draught horses	10 ..	10 ..	8
Officers' chargers.....	10 ..	10 ..	8
Riding horses	9 ..	10 ..	8
Household cavalry	12 ..	10 ..	8
Heavy draught horses ..	15 ..	16 ..	8

Latterly experiments have been done in the improvement of mushroom compost, and the use of gypsum has been found to give good results. It is said that the value in its use is that it brings about the removal of the ammonia by assisting in its conversion immediately into nitrate. Gypsum, as it says, too, may supply plant foods to the mushroom which the edible fungi need. Gypsum is dusted into the beds as these are being made, as a rule, at the rate of 1lb. per 2 sq. ft. of bed, and the outstanding results may be the early appearance of the mushrooms in clusters rather than individuals. The scientists who have experimented with gypsum point out that gypsum will not insure a crop, but it will insure that the yield produced is as much as the compost can give.

It will be seen that there is much research work still to be done in connection with the growing of this popular crop. Substitutes for the horse manure composts will have to be found in the near future, because this substance is getting more and more difficult to obtain as the result of the mechanisation which is taking place not only of the Army, but all over the British Isles.

W. E. Shewell-Cooper.

FARMING NOTES

National Defence

THERE should be a good attendance at the meeting of the Farmers' Club next Monday when Lord Lymington is to read a paper on "Agriculture and Home Defence." Lord Lymington is always outspoken in his ideas, and so is Major Dorman Smith, M.P., the President of the National Farmers' Union, who is to open the discussion. There is need at the present time for clear thinking on this question. Sir Thomas Inskip, the Minister for the Co-ordination of Defence, and the Cabinet do not seem to have made up their minds what part, if any, they expect British agriculture to take in the general scheme of national defence. Yet home food supplies are just as important as the Air Force, the Navy and the Army in maintaining the security of this industrial island.

Horses in Demand

Scottish farmers, through the National Farmers' Union, have confirmed their opinion that a tariff should be placed on horses imported from Belgium, Poland and other countries. Prices at the present time are high, but breeders want to feel secure against a slump in values such as they experienced after the War.

The Suffolk Horse Society states that there is now a remarkably strong trade from overseas. Recently 23 Suffolk horses went to the United States and now eighteen have been bought to go to Canada, the United States, South Africa, Chile and the Irish Free State.

Agricultural Unemployment

On November 5th unemployment benefit becomes available to farm-workers, who have made their weekly contributions since the scheme started in May. There will not be many men out of work this side of Christmas, and, indeed, it is certain that in the livestock districts there will be very little, if any, unemployment this winter. It has been difficult to get extra men for such work as haymaking and potato lifting, because all the casual labour has been taken up by public authorities for road work, aerodrome construction and for housing.

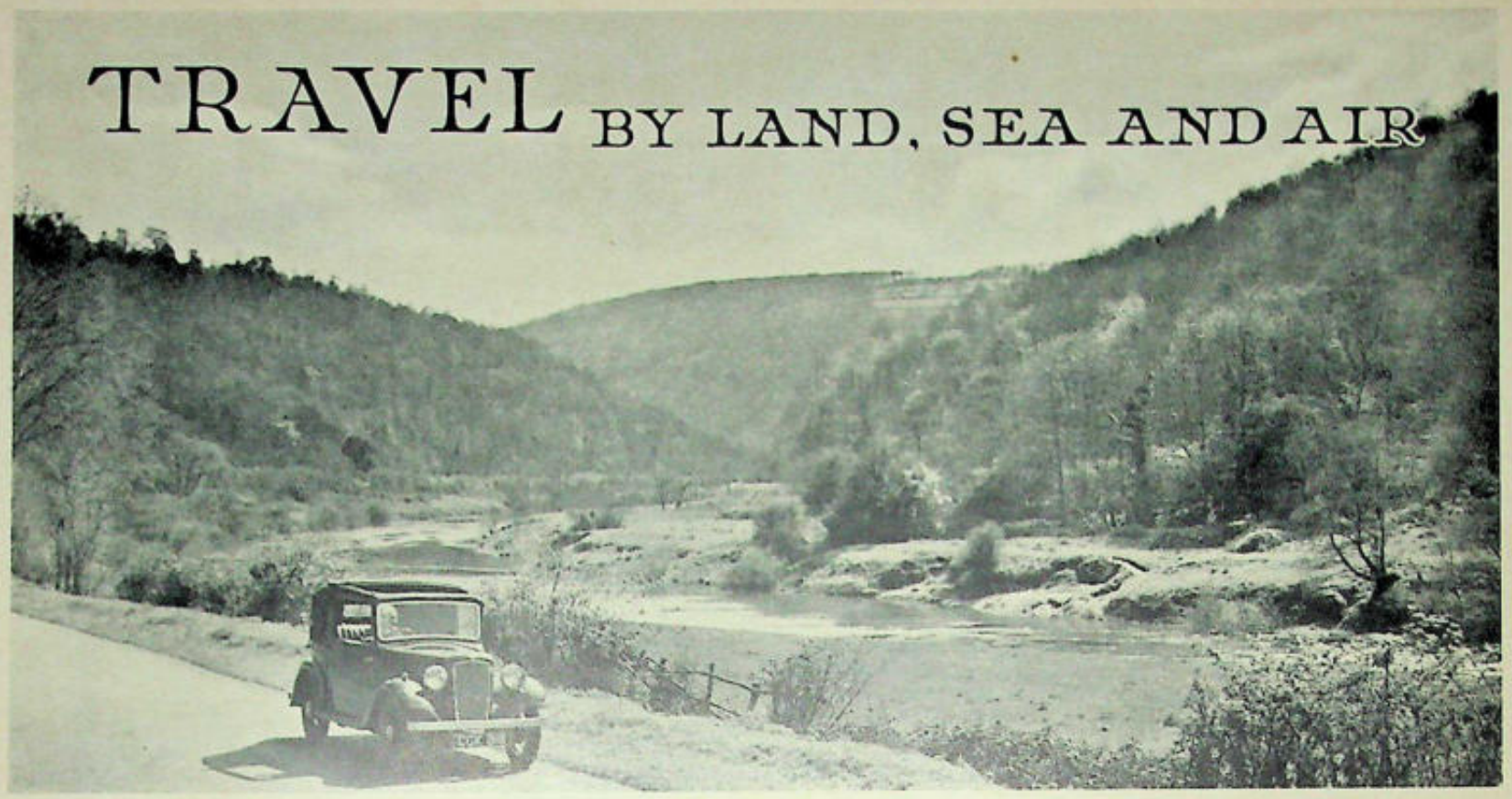
Foot and Mouth Disease

Nearly every autumn brings an invasion of foot and mouth disease. The recent occurrence of three new centres in Sussex, Oxfordshire and Flintshire, after the country had been free for seven months, is a reminder that it is just now that farmers need to be particularly careful in warding against trouble.

The policy of slaughter, which has given this country extraordinary freedom from the disease, is most effective when cases are reported to the police immediately any suspicions are aroused, and the infection can be stamped out before there is time for it to spread through the neighbourhood. Foot and mouth disease can be spread in many ways—by birds and fodder and human beings as well as by the direct contact of animals. Farmers cannot be too careful in safeguarding their interests.

Broadleaze.

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR



"NOW AUTUMN'S FIRE BURNS SLOWLY ALONG THE WOODS, AND DAY BY DAY THE DEAD LEAVES FALL AND MELT"
An Austin 10 h.p. Cabriolet in the Wye Valley, near Monmouth

THE VALUE OF PEDESTRIAN CROSSINGS

A Good System, the Use of Which Should Be Enforced

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

ALTHOUGH the adoption of Pedestrian Crossings was a wise course I sometimes regard them as a mixed blessing. In some districts these crossings are placed far too near to one another, and in many instances, owing to the background, it is difficult to see the orange globes which mark their position.

These crossings are absolutely necessary, and I have often wondered why they were not adopted before, more especially since a system of this kind has been in operation on the Continent and in the United States for a long while.

On the other hand, their use should be made compulsory. As the law stands at present, the pedestrian is not bound to use these crossings at all, in fact, he is entitled to cross the road anywhere he pleases. The motorist, however, is forced to give way to anyone at these points. Even if a person leaves the pavement when the amber light is showing, the oncoming traffic must allow him to complete the crossing before proceeding.

Although it may not be generally known, a pedestrian may report a motorist to the police for failing to give way to him at a crossing, and provided other evidence is forthcoming he is certain to secure a conviction against him. On the other hand, a pedestrian cannot be prosecuted for disregarding traffic lights or signals: he can cross the road just as he pleases, but if he does happen to get injured through disobeying the lights he is not entitled to bring a claim on the motorist concerned.

I have on many occasions pulled up to allow pedestrians to cross at these points, and have had to come to a practical standstill again 10 or 15yds. further on, owing to other people walking across the street; all this is very irritating and totally unnecessary and could be avoided if everyone made use of these crossings. Then, again, often I have seen people standing on the pavement apparently wishing to cross the road, and I have pulled up to enable them to do so, but they remain where they are. I consider that the law should state emphatically that if a pedestrian wishes to cross the street at the Belisha crossings he should hold up his hand, signifying his intention to do so, and if motorists do not stop they should certainly be prosecuted. As things are at present, one really does not know whether a crossing is contemplated or not, unless a signal is given.

There is another grave danger attaching to these crossings, since an omnibus or other large vehicle may pull up to allow a pedestrian to cross the street and a motorist coming up from behind can neither see the orange globe (because it is obscured by the vehicle) nor the pedestrian who is about to step in front of the stationary vehicle. I nearly witnessed an accident of this nature recently. I had pulled up for the purpose of letting a pedestrian cross and, although I held my hand up, another driver took no notice of my signal and came tearing past me, all but running down the pedestrian, who by this time was in front of my car. I was so incensed at this conduct that I raced after the offender, intending to report the matter to the police. When I stopped the driver, he apologised and said he did not realise that it was a crossing, since he could not see the sign, and when I pointed out that I had held up my hand he said he thought that I was merely signalling my intention of stopping.

These crossings, to be effective, should be made more conspicuous, and should certainly be illuminated at night. I was shown a very ingenious invention not long ago, which consisted of reflectors which not only illuminated the orange bowls but threw a reflected light right over the crossing. I sent the inventor up to the Ministry but, as far as I could gather, nothing resulted from the idea, which was undoubtedly very good.

At present, it is only the motorist

A POTENTIAL DEATH-TRAP
To reach the tram it has been necessary for the pedestrian to pass in front of the slowly moving horse vehicle at the risk of being knocked down by an unseen car coming up on the off-side of the cart

AN AWKWARD CROSSING OPPOSITE THE LAW COURTS

Vehicles swinging round the bend formed by the island in the centre of the road are apt to make the nervous pedestrian either stop, or, worse still, step back into the main stream of traffic

who has obligations to perform, whereas the pedestrian may walk to the public danger and cannot be prosecuted for doing so. The only offence he can commit on a crossing is that of loitering, but I should imagine it would be very difficult to establish a case of this kind against him.

In the United States of America the public never make any attempt to cross the streets when the lights are not in their favour; they all wait, and when the lights turn they all go over in an orderly mass together. In Germany the law is very strict, and if a pedestrian endeavours to cross the road, either against the lights or a police signal, the arm of the law descends on him at once, and he is fined for his offence on the spot. It is surely high time that our own law was altered in this respect, more especially since the Ministry of Transport's Report on Fatal Road Accidents during the year 1935 has recently been published, and it shows more clearly than ever the urgent need for all classes and types of road users to be controlled with an equally firm hand.

R.A.C. Veteran Car Run.—Nearly 50 entries have been received for the anniversary run of veteran cars from London to Brighton on Sunday, November 15th. The oldest so far received is a Cannstatt Daimler, manufactured in 1894. It is driven by four leather belts. Another entry is an 1896 Benz "Velociped," which for many years lay rotting on a Leicestershire farm.

WINTER ON THE AIRWAYS

Progress Revealed by the New Time-tables

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

In past years, the coming of winter has inevitably led to a severe cutting down of air services; many routes have suspended operations completely, while others have continued to run on skeleton schedules. This tendency has grown considerably less during the past two or three seasons, and this year it is almost completely arrested.

The new winter time-tables recently introduced show, indeed, no more restriction than what might be expected from purely seasonal causes. Just as the railways have to handle less traffic during the winter months and, therefore, take off certain trains, so the airways are reducing services; but there is none of that wholesale cutting down which indicated hitherto that the public did not regard the aeroplane as an all-the-year-round vehicle.

So far as the British airways are concerned, there will be, of course, no alteration in the Empire services, which may, indeed, actually be improved before the current winter is ended. Internal services are to be continued in many instances, though some of those with an appeal purely to the summer holiday-maker will, of course, be withdrawn. But the mail services, particularly in northern Scotland, will run as far as possible throughout the winter, and should be doubly valuable at a time when surface transport becomes even more difficult than usual.

The foreign companies are doing no more than taking off one or two services here and there, usually in the early morning or late at night. Thus, there are now only three K.L.M. services operating from Croydon, the departure at 7 a.m. and the arrival at 10 p.m. having been cancelled. Air France is running three services daily to Paris, as compared with four during the summer, and only two during the winter 1935–36. A noteworthy feature of this company's winter operations is the continuation of the route to Copenhagen throughout the winter. Swissair's Zurich route will not be flown on Sundays for the time being, though the Sunday schedule will be restored during the height of the winter sports season. The modifications to the German time-tables are relatively unimportant.

It is already clear that the public, as a whole, makes no more distinction between summer and winter travel by air than it does on any other method of transport. Indeed, since the slightly reduced services were brought into operation at the beginning of October, it has been necessary on many occasions to duplicate many departures from Croydon. Time alone will show whether this unusually heavy demand will continue when real winter conditions arrive; but on the face of it, there seems every indication that the travelling public now accepts aviation as equally comfortable and safe at all seasons of the year.

One of the most interesting developments in connection with winter air travel is being introduced by Irish Sea Airways which, not long ago, commenced a service between Dublin and London. Not only is this route to be continued throughout the winter, but special inducements are to be offered to attract traffic. Thus, cheap four-day return tickets are to be introduced and every effort is to be made to popularise the service during what is normally a slack period. This experiment is one that will be watched with great interest by airway operators, for it translates into flying a practice that has proved highly successful on the railways and in road transport.

There can be no doubt that this acceptance of winter air travel as normal marks a very big advance. It is beyond question that many unfamiliar with commercial flying still look upon it as more or less fair-weather transport. Nothing can do more to destroy that belief than regular operation to schedule at times when conditions on the whole are far from favourable. That those used to flying make no distinction between summer and winter is no less true; but the future growth of air transport depends upon attracting that part of the travelling public which still looks on aviation as something outside the normal run.

Another fact revealed by these winter schedules is that airport facilities have steadily improved recently. Hitherto, services have been cancelled not so much for lack of bookings, as because specific journeys could not be completed throughout in daylight. To-day, that practice is no longer necessary. All the principal aerodromes are properly lighted; radio control is becoming more and more efficient; and the mere interposition of darkness on a given run makes little or no difference.

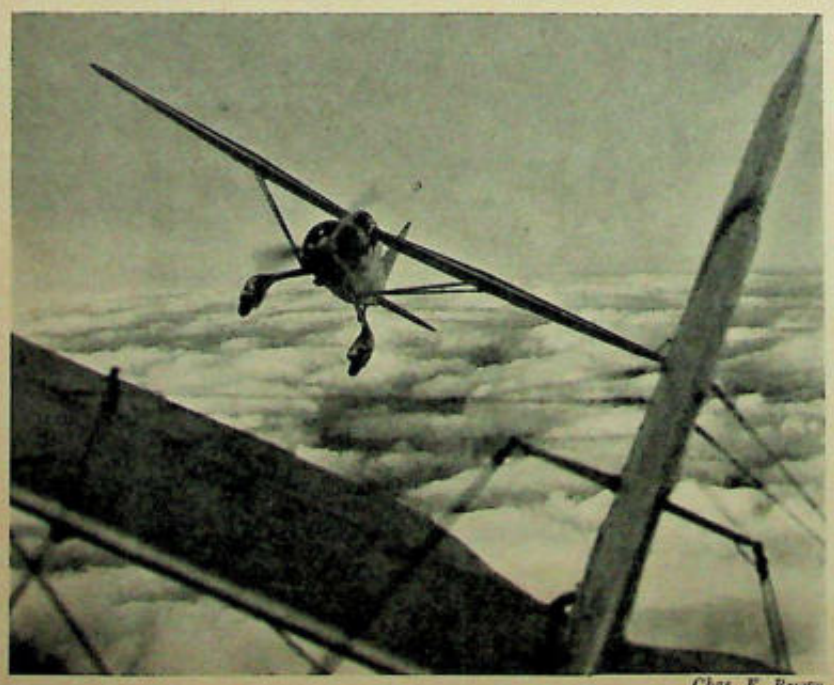
We have, of course, some way to go before our airways are operated on a 24-hours basis; night flying is still the exception rather than the rule. But the practice of commencing flights in daylight and ending them after dark is progress in the right direction. It will do much to familiarise air travellers with night flying and promote confidence. Under proper conditions of control and with adequate ground equipment, there is no reason why night flying should not become general.

In America, overnight services have been operated for some time, and quite recently a new sleeper airways between New York and Los Angeles was inaugurated. On long routes, such night services are specially valuable; their introduction on the Empire airways is somewhat overdue.

This winter, then, marks further progress in the stabilisation of flying as part of our national and international communications. Slowly and steadily aviation is establishing itself as essential to modern conditions, and it is clear that the demand is rapidly approaching the point at which the public will expect from the airways service as continuous as that given by rail and boat. That augurs well for the plans of Empire air route expansion that are now nearing realisation.

A SWISSAIR LINER NEARING THE FOOT OF THE ALPS

In conjunction with Imperial Airways this line has inaugurated an all-the-winter service which enables passengers to leave Croydon at 9.20 a.m., lunch at Zurich, and later catch a train for any resort in the Bernese Oberland in time for dinner at eight or nine at night



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This high-winged monoplane fitted with a Bristol "Mercury" engine is to be the fastest Army plane in the R.A.F. It has two interesting features—lights in the wheel spats and unusually birdlike wings

ROE STALKING IN POLAND

An Inexpensive Expedition Providing Good Sport

By HENRY TEGNER

THE AUTHOR WITH A BUCK SHOT AT POSADOWO

HAVING heard so much about the exceptional roe heads to be had in certain parts of Central Europe, I decided this year to extend my experience of roe stalking on the Continent by making a short trip to Poland, where I had an introduction to Count Korzbok Lacki, of Posadowo, near Posen.

Count Korzbok Lacki offered me five bucks and full accommodation on the Continental basis of 70 zlotys (about £2 10s.) per buck for a period of ten days. Apart from fares from London to Posen, the total living and shooting expenses during this time amounted to just over £15—not an expensive expedition. I cannot speak highly enough of the Count's hospitality. Whilst we were with him, we lived in the lap of luxury.

Stalking in this part of Poland always necessitates the use of a special carriage—the most modern types are equipped with pneumatic tyres so that the vehicle can easily go over any country in any weather. Broadly speaking, there are two methods used to get your buck.

Firstly, you use the carriage as a stalking conveyance and, once having spotted a buck feeding out in the fields and satisfied yourself by means of your glasses that he is shootable, you manœuvre the carriage, by instructions to the coachman, as near as possible to the quarry. When within range, the rifle descends from the carriage on the opposite side to the roe. The vehicle then proceeds and the rifle is left to stand up in the open and fire at the buck—ranges are very rarely under 100yds. To shoot from the carriage is considered unsportsmanlike. It can be seen that this method entails good marksmanship rather than any skill in the actual stalk, although there undoubtedly is an art in getting the carriage edged up to the roe, especially when you are after an old buck who has been shot at before and consequently knows what the carriage means.

The second method is to drive up to a field of sugar beet or potatoes in the middle of the day and walk the roots, either with one other beater or by yourself. At this time of day the roe are usually lying down. If a buck is sprung, theoretically he is supposed to stand for a second and allow the rifle to shoot—actually I found this did not often happen.

I preferred the latter method although, of course, in this case one was unable to examine the head through binoculars, but with experience one could easily judge whether a buck was shootable or not. In a quarter of an hour's stroll through a 40-acre field of beet, I put up five coveys of partridges, numerous hares, one or two pheasants, about 30 bustard and seven or eight roe. Over 500 brace of partridges are shot in a day at Posadowo.

COUNT LACKI AND THE AUTHOR WITH A STALKING CARRIAGE

The conveyance is driven as close to the roe as possible, and then proceeds, leaving the rifle in the open to stand and fire at the buck at about 100 yards range

The country is very intensively cultivated—the soil is sandy and ideal for partridges. I think the country most nearly approaches certain parts of Norfolk in appearance, only with the hedges left out—in West Poland there are no hedges at all. Shallow irrigation ditches mark the boundary between one field and another.

The roe seem to live in the fields, except where there are woods near, and then they follow their usual habit of feeding out in the open early in the mornings and late in the evenings, retiring to the woods during the heat of the day.

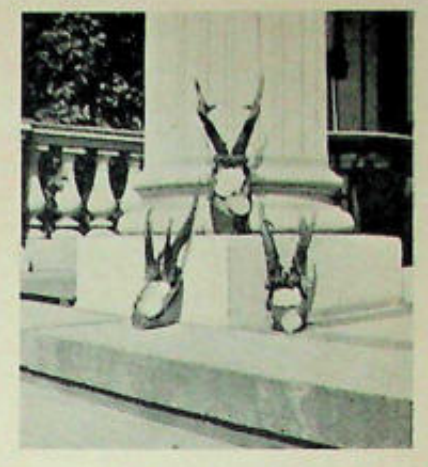
The roe are very strictly protected by the game laws—stalking is not permitted from July 15th to August 15th during the period of the rut and, of course, during the winter, when the horns are dropped. Count Lacki never allows the does to be shot on his estate. It is nothing unusual to see 20 to 30 roe during a two-hours' stalk.

I asked whether the roe were considered to do much damage and was told that compared with hares and rabbits very little—admittedly a few trees suffered from rubbing earlier in the year whilst the horns were cleaning of velvet. This is interesting, as it gives the opinion of an educated Polish gentleman who, apart from being a sportsman, is a very close observer of natural history. He also farms a very large acreage himself.

The heads I got were disappointing, but the Count had a number of good heads in his collection, which numbered over 500.

The measurements of his best were as follows: Length, 10in.—10½in.; beam, 4½in.—4½in.; 9¾in. round coronet. He had several more over 10in., but none of them as heavy or so symmetrical as the head shown in the snap.

Whilst on the subject of Continental roe heads, I should just like to make one or two observations. I had always been told that foreign heads were so much better than our own British heads. My own experience does not prove this to be the case. I have now seen about 20 collections of roe heads, in Austria, Germany and Poland. In every collection I have seen one or two good heads, but never a head which would completely outclass some of the best heads in the best British collections. I think that perhaps the reason why the Continent gets the credit for better specimens is because the roebuck abroad has a very definite sporting value.



COUNT LACKI'S THREE BEST HEADS. THE BOTTOM TWO ARE MALFORMS

A good roe head is something of which the stalker is proud. Nearly every town of any size in Europe has its exhibition of sporting trophies, and consequently any head out of the ordinary is brought to the notice of the public. In other words, they get a publicity value which they never get here in this country. There are without doubt some very fine roe heads tucked away in odd corners in this country, but as they are not appreciated or studied as they are on the Continent, they will lie in their corners until eventually relegated to the dust bin.

I am quite sure that the ten best British heads would stand very favourable comparison with the ten best heads from any individual European country, with the possible exception of Hungary, where I am told the roe grow enormous heads—but I was told that about Poland!

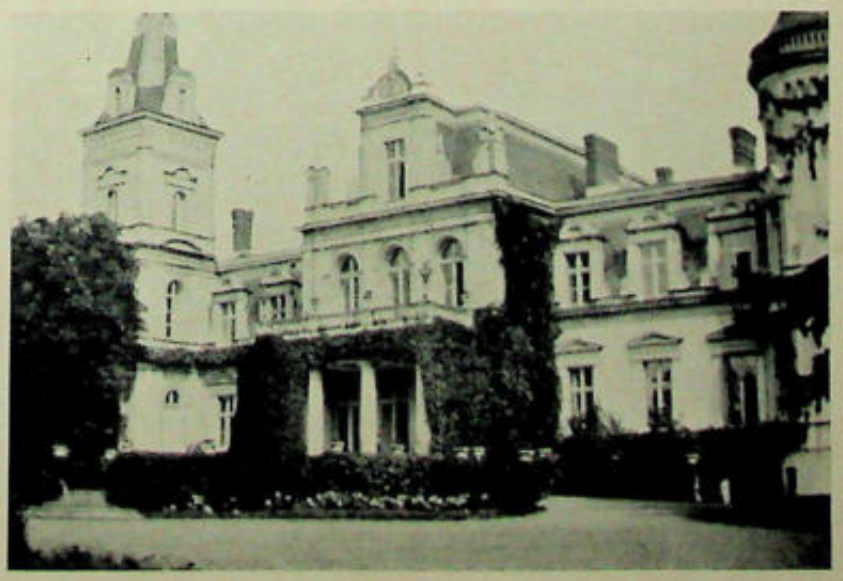
We had little difficulty in getting our bag of five because at Posadowo the roe were so plentiful, but I must admit I was not pleased with my own shooting. However, to stand in the middle of an open field and blaze at roe at over 100yds., without any sort of a rest, needed a better shot than I am.

The journey to Poland is very simple. We left Croydon Airport at seven, and arrived in Posen at 4 o'clock. A car met us there and took us 50 kilometres to the Count's house. Fares on these European air routes now only cost a pound or so more than second class railway fare, and the comfort and speed cannot be compared.

I can heartily recommend a trip of this sort to Poland, and I have no doubt that Count Lacki will be delighted to answer any questions from this country if anyone is sufficiently interested to consider going over there to shoot roe, stag, boar or partridges.

A HOUSE WITH A BEAUTIFUL GARDEN

Count Lacki's house at Posadowo (right), and (above) part of the gardens adjoining the house. These were laid out by André Le Nôtre, who planned those of Versailles



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"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE

THE CROMWELL HOTEL, STEVENAGE

IT was at Stevenage that the Bedford Parcel Mail, which travelled the Great North Road every night, turned off for Hitchin, Henlow and Bedford. Dispatched from the Parcels Depot at Mount Pleasant, Clerkenwell, at 9.45 p.m., it arrived at Stevenage at 1.49 a.m., departing two minutes later. It was a three-horse coach between London and Hitchin, and reduced to two horses for the remainder of the journey. But the romance of coaching days and coaching ways had ended long before the advent of the motor car, and Stevenage, though remaining radically the same in character had yet seen many traffic changes before, with the coming of the modern stage coach, the Cromwell Hotel was opened to cater for the increasing number of people passing by road through this old Hertfordshire town.

During the days of the old-time coaches—The York Highflier, The York Express, The Hertford Mail, The Stamford Regent and The Rockingham, are names which come readily to mind—the central portion of the Cromwell Hotel was a solid looking farmhouse. While being, in a sense, a 20th-century inn, it has yet the hospitality and peacefulness which are so often found in an eighteenth-century establishment. One is naturally curious to know how the hotel obtained its name. The story goes that during Cromwell's fight for power, his secretary, the celebrated John Thurloe, purchased the farm and house and named it Cromwell Lodge. Thurloe was one of the few with whom Cromwell would sometimes be cheerful and "lay aside his greatness," and doubtless "Mr. Secretary Thurloe," when tired of his chambers in Old Buildings, Lincoln's Inn, often retired to his country house at Stevenage. Without any shadow of doubt, the Lord Protector must have visited or stayed in the old house when on his way between London and his own place at Huntingdon, but the house was not named because of his visit or visits.

You will find the Cromwell Hotel furnished and appointed in a manner which includes every modern comfort. The public rooms are spacious and include an oak-panelled dining room, a music and dancing room and a luxurious lounge. Even now, however, extensive alterations are being made and additional suites are being added. In the grounds, two acres in extent, are delightful old-world gardens, charmingly laid-out with rockery and lily pool, lawns and ornamental pond. It has to be admitted that early November is not a good time to judge an hotel on its gardens, and it is, therefore, good to note—especially at this damp, unpleasant time of the year—that that most tolerable third party, a fire, is to be seen giving guests a laughing welcome in every room.

The Cromwell stands only 100yds. from the derelict Old Castle Inn, in whose stable the eccentric Henry Trigg was deposited, in a coffin amid the rafters of his barn which he had offered to the parish as a workhouse. His offer was rejected, and though his house was converted into the Old Castle Inn upon his death, the coffin was left in the rafters for long afterwards. Another curious point about this inn was that the mail coach change-horses had to be led from the yard, through the house and out of the front door into the road, as the proper entrance to the stables was a long way round.

> "Alas! Alas! where has it gone? That coach with the four bright bays.
> Alas! Alas! where has it gone? That spicey team of greys.
> The mail, the horn, the coachman, the guard are nowhere to be found,
> For the coachman, guard and four bright bays lie four feet underground."

But if these somewhat grim lines make us sigh for things of other days, we must acknowledge our debts to the train and motor car which take us down to Stevenage so quickly. One can hunt from there with the Hertfordshire and Puckeridge packs, or explore the surrounding neighbourhood by car. At the close of day, when the hamlet is still and the sunbeams soften to shadows, silvery, pale and dim, the trek home to the Cromwell is made all the more pleasant by the knowledge that the hotel

> "Breathes rest and comfort, and the many chambers
> Seem full of welcomes."

London

¶ 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.

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LEDBURY HUNT.—THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING will be held, at the Feathers Hotel, on Tuesday, November 3rd, at 3.30 p.m.

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THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

VOL. CLXVIII. No. 4376. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1936 REGISTERED. PRICE 1s. POSTAGE INLAND 1½D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D.; FOREIGN 3D.

Charles E. Brown

TAKING HOUNDS TO A HOLLOA UP WIND

A silhouette of Miss Lillo Lumb hunting the Rockwood Harriers, of which she is Joint-Master

INTER-AXLE SEATING

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FIELD
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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

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

A GREAT BOXING SEASON

THE revival of the National Sporting Club has given a fillip to a season destined in any case to be the biggest for many years. The advent in London of three big promoters—for the N.S.C. must certainly be placed in this class—and the realisation by American champions that there is at least as much—and in most weights considerably more—money to be made on this side of the Atlantic than in the smaller cities of their own country, have combined to make London the, at least temporary, centre of the pugilistic world. And to some extent this fortunate combination of circumstances has coincided with a slight but definite improvement in our own standard, and the promoters are thus able to arrange bouts that, on paper at least, do not appear too one-sided.

For the first time for many years, indeed since Mickey Walker defeated Tommy Milligan, we have an American champion of the world defending his title in London. Others may follow the example of John Henry Lewis. The N.S.C. are trying to persuade Lou Ambers to meet Jimmy Walsh. It is to be hoped that this will not be an over-weight match, for such fights do no one any good and the challenger—in this case, Walsh—a great deal of harm. Other world champions who would be open to offers are Barney Ross and Small Montana, and though the latter's claims are not widely recognised a match between him and Benny Lynch would clear up a tangled situation. Such a galaxy of talent should do British boxing an immense amount of good.

There is, too, Ben Foord to be built up into a dangerous contender. Should he defeat Neusel he will be matched with Max Baer in February (a fight that should draw all England), and victory then opens up possibilities greater by far than those vouchsafed any previous English champion.

All this is good for British boxing. But for the real improvement of the sport in Britain we need to pay attention to the foundations. We are eager to criticise American referees. But the competent referees in this country can be counted comfortably on the fingers of one hand. There must be better referees in the country than many of those we see so frequently. Bad refereeing makes for bad fighting. It is surely possible to improve the standard in this branch of the sport? And then there is the question of control. If America suffers from excessive control of boxing, that control is at least efficient. Our own is not. There is nothing about our present controlling body to instil respect, and such control as we have at the moment is but little better than no control at all, and is breeding discontent. Perhaps the N.S.C. will alter this by example in time. If we are really to improve British boxing, and our position among boxing nations, we must first put our house in order.

The arrangement of long series of eliminating contests in order to find a challenger for a champion; the imposition of a six months' time limit, at the end of which a champion must defend his title; the levy on big fight receipts; these things no more than touch the surface. They are not methods of control. The eliminating contests are as nearly useless as they can be; the six months' limit is infrequently observed. Control must go deeper than that. It is not control of boxers that is needed, but of the small managers and promoters, and also of the hundred-and-one hangers-on who make a passable living out of boxing. That, we know, is difficult: we do not think it impossible. And, above all, we need consistency. Len Harvey, who is not Champion of England, has been granted recognition of his fight with Lewis as for the world championship. Jackie Brown, who is not champion of England, cannot have a fight with Escobar recognised as for the world's championship *because* he is not champion. On the face of it that seems unfair. Such inconsistency does not breed respect. Without respect proper control is impossible.

THE OPENING MEET

THERE have now been many opening meets and the season has really started. An opening meet is enough to make all enemies of hunting weep with sheer vexation, for the whole countryside, deaf to all chiding (which generally comes from the town), flock to their great autumnal entertainment. They do so because they want to see all their friends, to drink beer, to see the hounds which belong to them by ancient right, to see the Master and the huntsman, and because (oh! daring people) they want to enjoy themselves, and they know that this is the way to do it.

Of the others concerned, the Master will heave a sigh of relief and satisfaction when all is over; the huntsman offers up a short prayer for sport (the touchstone of success in his profession, merited or unmerited), the field are hoping they will not be put on their backs before the multitude, and the fox is as yet unaware of his fate for good or ill.

Sport is likely to be satisfactory throughout the country, now that a good rain has fallen. Throughout cub-hunting, scent in the south has been very bad, especially in covert. In the north, on the other hand, scenting conditions have been very good indeed in spite of the drought. May we conclude by wishing all Masters, secretaries and huntsmen a good season and difficulties that melt away like the morning dew.

MINISTERS OF AGRICULTURE

Everyone was taken by surprise at the translation of Mr. Walter Elliot from the Ministry of Agriculture to the Scottish Office. He was regarded as a fixture, at any rate until the marketing schemes which he sponsored had run into smoother waters. Whatever criticisms may be levelled at the policy he adopted, there is no lack of appreciation for the energy that he devoted to a difficult task. No Minister of Agriculture has been more active or has held more firmly the confidence of the farming community. His successor, Mr. W. S. Morrison, comes to the Ministry with a soaring reputation. He is said to be one of the coming men in politics, and now he has his opportunity. On his side he has an acute mind and farming in the blood, qualities that should serve him well.

LONGER TEST MATCHES

When, in 1926, the M.C.C. departed from long-established principle and agreed to Test matches against Australia in England being extended from three to four days, it required no particular clairvoyance to see that the Australians, used to longer matches in their own country, would probably "ask for more" in due course. The request for five-day Test matches is, it is understood, being made in connection with the next visit of an Australian team in 1938. The idea is, of course, that the longer the match, the better chance is there of a definite result, for although football matches may be drawn and none complain, drawn matches in cricket seem to be regarded by many as a waste of time. Actually, in cricket, longer matches usually mean slower play, whatever the result, and it is not to the advantage of English cricketers, used as they are to three-day county matches, that the Test should be extended to five days. The Australians, on the other hand, would benefit from conditions more akin to those of their own protracted matches in Australia. Why should we handicap English players in this way?

SIR EDGAR BRITTEN

Another great seafaring man has steered his ship into the port from which there is no weighing anchor. As the Queen Mary, which he had commanded since she was first launched, steamed across the Channel to Cherbourg with Captain Peel at the wheel, Sir Edgar Britten, lying unconscious in a Southampton nursing home, heard another ship calling him.

His untimely death draws attention to the great strain imposed on the captain of big liners. A captain's responsibilities do not end with the safety of his passengers. They include, especially in the case of Sir Edgar Britten, the charge of property valued at millions of pounds. Sir Edgar owed his rise to the top of his maritime profession to conscientiousness and devotion to duty. Although he had continually asserted that there was no such thing as an Atlantic speed race, few will forget his pride when the Queen Mary won back the Blue Riband on her record round voyage last August. His cheerful personality will be missed on the bridge and on his ship for many long days.

"CALEDONIAN" WARES

According to recent report the Caledonian Market, threatened with a town-planning scheme, has been reprieved. Many visitors to London who find a great joy in turning over other folks' unwanted possessions, would sadly miss it. For many a yachtsman the market is a spare gear depot, and its miscellanea always includes discarded appliances of sports and games varying from badminton and lawn tennis rackets to golf clubs and even stalkers' telescopes. A telescope seen last week bore the information that it was presented in the '40's as "part of the Breadalbane prizes." Such an inscription sets one thinking, but not so furiously as did the wording on a massive piece of Sheffield plate which told that it formed the base of the Ascot Vase of 1839, "The Gift of Her Majesty, won by Mendizabel." One wonders what has been the fate of the vase for this the second year of the race. The price asked for the relic on stall M 19 was 15s., but what does one do with the base of an Ascot Vase? Every Friday the market attracts its treasure hunters, and its greatest danger, perhaps, comes from within. Publicity has resulted in the hardening of prices until in some cases it is doubtful whether the wares displayed could not be better purchased at first hand.

WITHOUT COMMENT

Under the heading "Nudists Scaring Stags" in a Sunday paper:

"Stags, roaming their native deer forests in the heart of the Highlands, are being scared by—nudists.

"During the bright days of the past fortnight nudists have been seen in lonely glens and sportsmen have sometimes found a day's stalking completely spoiled by the presence of a colony."

PIONEERS OF THE AIR

Jules Verne's conception of the world encompassed in 80 days, a thing deemed next to impossible by our fathers, becomes a more insignificant feat with every day that passes. Even in recent times to have suggested that the Atlantic could be crossed under ten hours would have been greeted with incredulity. Yet this is the achievement of Mr. James Mollison, who has flown the 2,300 miles from Harbour Grace to Croydon in thirteen hours seventeen minutes. Such records are not the mere outcome of a lust for speed but the pioneer work of those, who, taking their life in their hands, lay the foundation stone for rapid and safe transit in the future. The toll of life has been paid. In flights from west to east across the North Atlantic, of which twenty-two have been successful, seventeen aviators have lost their lives, and on the difficult east to west route, in which ten successful passages have been achieved, seven deaths have occurred.

TONIC CRICKET

Everybody has been sympathising with the English cricket team in Australia over the extraordinary epidemic of injuries and illness that has assailed it. Why worry when we have Hammond in such grand form with the bat as he has shown in scoring four consecutive hundreds in first-class matches—a feat equalled in Australia only by Bradman? What matter if we have only half a team able to bat as long as one of them is Hammond? Did he not himself score more than half the runs made against South Australia, in each innings going in to retrieve the failure of Fagg and Barnett as an opening pair? Thus does genius bloom in a crisis. Hammond has always shown better form in Australia than in England, and these early successes should be one of the best of tonics for the invalids and a mighty relief to G. O. Allen, the captain.

THE AMERICA'S CUP DEFENDER

When it began to look as though a suitable defender for the America's Cup would not be found owing to the failure of the New York Yacht Club's members to form a syndicate to furnish a reply to Endeavour II, the announcement came from across the Atlantic that Mr. Harold S. Vanderbilt would shoulder the whole burden of building a new vessel. We have had Sir Thomas Lipton with his five Shamrocks, followed by Mr. Sopwith with his Endeavours pitted against the syndicalists, but one has to go back to General Charles Paine and his Volunteer in 1887 to find their counterpart in the States. It has now been stated that the defender will be almost a replica of Endeavour II, and as her owner has all the ripe experience of having sailed Rainbow and Enterprise to victory, Mr. Sopwith's task will again be no light one.

BLAGDON'S SEASON

Lovers of the beautiful Somersetshire lake with which the Bristol Waterworks Company has enchanted two generations of anglers, will read the summary of this season's fishing with some satisfaction. For the last four or five years the size of its trout had been steadily declining, till it had fallen to 2lb. apiece; an enviable enough figure, no doubt, for some waters, but a sad falling off from the almost incredible average of 3lb. which was maintained for some years. This year the average has jumped to 2lb. 7oz. It has been accompanied by a drop in numbers, but this is due simply to the vagaries of the rainbows. For some unexplained reason they have hardly shown up at all (200 less than last year). It can hardly be the old-time "disappearing act" which rainbow trout used to exhibit with disagreeable regularity, for the Blagdon strain has maintained itself for upwards of ten generations. Perhaps the spawning season will throw some light on the mystery.

NOVEMBER

The wraith of summer rises from the ground
In curling mists, that hang o'er field and plain,
And make a silver margin down the lane
On erstwhile verdant hedge. A muffled sound
Of straying cattle driven to the pound
Through mud and briar comes stealing to my ears;
A welcome note allaying farmers' fears.
Then sharp and clear I hear the bay of hound.
The hunt is out. The huntsman blows his horn
And shadows leap around his mount. Oaths rough
I hear that mingle with impatient neigh
Of horse, who stands alert this misty morn.
These ghostly sights and cries are proof enough
That now indeed November's on its way.

FRANCES D. WATSON.

YACHTSMEN AND THE ROYAL NAVY

National Service in Time of War

By COMMANDER JOHN IRVING

WHEN on Thursday last they read that a Royal Naval Supplementary Volunteer Reserve was being formed, the majority of British yachtsmen must have said to themselves: "At last we are going to be permitted to serve the country in the way in which we can be of use!"

Those who remember other days know full well how this country has somehow or other always produced and improvised the personnel of its defence. They can also remember how often in the past the manning of our ramparts has been left until even later than the eleventh hour, with the result that all too frequently the volunteers who helped in all their gallantry were square pegs in round holes and round pegs in square ones! The purpose of the new Supplementary Volunteer Reserve is to overcome these errors of the past.

The idea behind this new reserve is by no means novel. It developed from the original Motor Boat Reserve of the early Great War days. It was put forward again in the Mediterranean during the Chanak crisis in 1921. After the General Strike had shown the uses to which a yachtsman could be put the idea was again advanced. Of late, and with the European horizon inclined to be cloudy, defence has become, of necessity, a national preoccupation and more and more schemes have emerged. The original post-General Strike scheme has been modified and presented again. Sir Henry Martin has developed a scheme, Mr. Augustine Courtauld has developed another—and so on. And from this general mass of suggestion the R.N.S.V.R. which has now officially come into being.

Basically the present scheme is designed to enable the Admiralty, during the piping times of peace, to maintain a list of yachtsmen and others who, unable through age, place of residence or lack of time to join the R.N.V.R., would wish to serve the country to the best of their sea abilities should the occasion ever arise. The sole peace-time demand upon them which this reserve will make will be an undertaking in writing to report for duty, immediately upon mobilisation, to the R.N.V.R. Division to which they have been affiliated. When called up—and provided that he is then medically fit—the member of this new reserve will be granted a temporary probationary commission as a sub-lieutenant R.N.V.R. (or as a midshipman if under the age of 21). He will then undergo an intensive course in such things as signalling, fire control, and so on, which will enable him to be drafted quickly to active service. In its peace-time establishment, therefore, the reserve is merely a register of skilled sea volunteers and, as such, of course, there will be no pay or retainer of any kind, nor, as at present contemplated, will a member undergo any training.

On being called up, and after being duly commissioned, members of the R.N.S.V.R. will receive the pay and allowances applicable to their rank in the regular R.N.V.R. and also an allowance for the purchase of the necessary uniform of their rank. In peace time, members of the new reserve will hold no rank nor, of course, will they be entitled to wear any uniform. As soon as they are called up and commissioned, however, they will be eligible for promotion under the same regulations as are applicable to the officers of the regular R.N.V.R.

So much for what happens in the R.N.S.V.R. itself; and now how to get into it. Its membership has been limited by regulation to those "gentlemen who are interested in yachting and similar pursuits, whose age lies between 18 and 39 inclusive." Candidates must be British subjects in the usually accepted sense of the term—the sons of natural-born or naturalised British subjects. They must not, for obvious reasons, be members of any other reserve of the Royal Navy, Army or Air Force. On entry they must be up to the physical standard required for executive R.N.V.R. officers except only for concessions in the matter of eyesight.

The would-be volunteer who satisfies these fundamental conditions should then apply to the nearest R.N.V.R. Division for an enrolment form and an interview. Yachtsmen and others in the Midland and East Anglia should apply to H.M.S. President, London; in the southern counties to 5, Victoria Terrace, Hove; in the Channel Isles, south-western counties and South Wales, to H.M.S. Flying Fox at Bristol; in North Wales, Anglesey; Isle of Man, Cheshire, Lancashire and Derbyshire, to H.M.S. Eaglet, Liverpool; in the northern counties to H.M.S. Calliope, Newcastle; in Northern Ireland to H.M.S. Caroline at Belfast; in the West of Scotland to the Clyde Division, R.N.V.R., Whitefield Road, Govan; and in the East of Scotland to H.M.S. Claverhouse at Leith. If it is more convenient, arrangements can be made for candidates in the provinces to be interviewed provisionally in London by applying to the Admiral Commanding Coastguards and Reserves, Queen Anne's Chambers, S.W. 1.

On the basis of the enrolment form, in the long run, grading and drafting will be facilitated. With the form filled in and despatched, the candidate will next be interviewed. The interview will in no sense be an examination for technical knowledge, but to ascertain the candidate's suitability for executive rank in the R.N.V.R. This interview will, it is understood, be with an officer of Commander's or Lieutenant-Commander's rank, Royal Navy, in the presence of the commanding officer of the particular R.N.V.R. division to which the candidate has applied. If it is satisfactory the candidate will be asked to undergo a suitable medical examination and, if he passes this, enrolment will follow. It should be noted that the expenses of travelling in connection with interviews or with a medical examination cannot be repaid—Heaven preserve a watchful Treasury!

And that is all that there is to it. The more who join the R.N.S.V.R. the easier it will be to grade and draft them so that the best possible use can be made of their sea knowledge in time of national emergency. The motor-boat owner, moreover, stands in the reserve in exactly the same light as his "sticks and string" colleague. The whole of the administration of the scheme is being handled by Admiralty through the Admiral Commanding Coastguards and Reserves, and no one yacht club or association has any particular finger in the pie.

Actually the organisation is very complete, and all that now is wanted is co-operation and enrolment. Such statements as that made by one yacht club flag officer the other day to the effect that "yachtsmen have an infinitely better knowledge of the coast and approaches to harbours than even the Navy" is therefore neither useful nor helpful.

This reserve is, at last, a chance for yachtsmen to do what for so many years they have wanted to do. Nor need they fear, as some enthusiasts have already suggested, that the present scheme does not go nearly far enough. There is, after all, such a thing as walking before learning to run.

ONLY ONE OF THE SETS OF PEOPLE THAT A MASTER HAS TO PLEASE—THE FIELD

NO REST FOR THE MASTER OF HOUNDS!

Work Behind the Scenes which is Often Unappreciated

By R. ANSELL WELLS

"OF all sitivations under the sun, none is more enviable or more 'onerable than that of a master of fox'ounds! Talk of a M.P.! vot's an M.P. compared to an M.F.H.?"

Many people will echo these sentiments of Jorrocks, and there are no worthier objects of admiration than those hard-working, public-spirited and very sporting men and women, who to-day can put M.F.H. after their name. They give up the quiet hunting routine of ordinary life to take up a position which requires all the virtues of the human race to an appalling extent. I believe that if the Archangel Gabriel took a pack of hounds there would still be criticism, probably that he blew his horn too much!

What is the reason then that so many people are ready and pleased to burden their hunting with so many cares and anxieties, so that others can enjoy their sport and be sure of it's continuance? It must, I think, be due to an inborn love of the country and its life, with which a Master is, of necessity, in very close contact. There is a tremendous fascination and interest in all that goes to produce a great hunt. How many people who read in their morning paper that the So-and-So Hounds had a six-mile point give a thought to the work and preparation that made that hunt possible? Every great hunt, indeed every day's hunting, is the outcome of years of preparation.

Foxhunting as such is claimed to have started in the year 1666, when the then Viscount Lowther brought a pack of hounds from Westmorland to Leicestershire, whose principal quarry is believed to have been the fox. Ever since then hounds have been bred for the sole purpose of hunting foxes, the breed being steadily improved from year to year, and, at the same time, being adapted to the varying conditions of different parts of the country and different ages.

The last 150 years have seen hunting change from the slow line-hunting hounds of our ancestors to the present-day establishments. The former, hunted by gentlemen on unfit, woolly horses, used to meet at dawn, weather permitting, drag up to their fox and then literally hunt him to death. A slow proceeding, but thoroughly enjoyed by the followers who all took a great interest in hound work, and had their favourites in the pack. The moderns meet at 11 o'clock, fair weather or foul, find their fox and then gallop him clean off his legs, in spite of wire, railways, tarmac roads and artificial manure.

At the end of March the season's hunting is over for the subscriber, but for the Master next season is just commencing. The summer, when there is no hunting, affords time to get round the country to see the people and to attend to those drains which were needing all the varied forms of attention which drains do need before the end of last season. Breeding earths have to be visited, albeit somewhat tactfully, to prevent disturbing the inhabitants, and a watch has to be kept on the cubs to ensure their presence when cub-hunting begins.

ANOTHER HARD WORKER

The terrier man who is an important cog in the machinery of the hunt

This reminds me of the time when a certain Master, who had just taken over one of the very smart packs, was rather too solicitous for the welfare of the cubs in a certain wood. The covert owner, a very keen fox preserver, was, not unnaturally, rather annoyed and evolved a very ingenious method of retaliation. One morning when the Master was paying one of his too frequent visits he was asked how the cubs in his own spinney were doing. He replied that he thought they were doing very well. "Oh well, I should just make sure if I were you, as I did hear that they had gone." . . . And they had!

There is another point which sometimes escapes notice, but will well repay the small amount of trouble involved, and that is the gate posts. A gate, provided that it is kept off the ground and given a clear swing, will last almost indefinitely; but even a new gate, if every time that it is opened has to be lifted and dragged over the ruts, will soon succumb, and is also likely to be left open! Well, the summer is the time, when the earth is dry, to see that the gate posts are in good order. It is cheaper to give a farmer a new post then, than to have to provide a new gate six months later.

It is too late now to do very much to the coverts themselves, but much helpful advice can be given to the owners—in the form of suggestions—as to what to do in the future to ensure the continuance of good lying and the other factors which contribute to the constitution of a good, holding covert.

In May hound exercise will start again, and progress through the stages of walking and the bicycles until it gets to the ponies. The weather will be getting hot, and one does well to remember that a kennel yard can, very easily, become a blazing inferno in the sun. A huntsman friend of mine, who, as a really good huntsman ought, has

the welfare of his hounds always uppermost in his mind, spends hours in the summer afternoons, just sitting in the park smoking his pipe, with the hounds all around him, under the trees, away from those hot flags.

So at last the third week of August comes round once more, and the time has somehow gone more quickly than we thought it would. If we would go hunting it must be early starts on these summer mornings, but the effort when made is well worth those extra hours in bed.

There are two methods of cub-hunting, which, for some unaccountable reason, seem to be equally in favour with Masters and huntsmen throughout the country. To my mind, given that the number of cubs in a covert is known, which it most certainly ought to be, there seems to be no doubt that it is best to put hounds in, and then let the vixen, and those cubs which you do not want to kill, go away; when this is done hold up the covert and kill the rest. The advantages of this system are that it ensures that those cubs which are boldest and strongest, *i.e.*, those which will probably show sport later on, get away; there are fewer cubs left in covert and the ground does not get so foiled. This allows the business to be completed in as short a time as possible. The drawback is that to work the system properly every fox that goes away must be holloaed, which is liable to make the puppies a bit wild, but this can be obviated by employing whistles.

The alternative method is that of holding up the covert from the start, killing as many as you want and then going away; a system which, I am convinced, does a great deal of mischief. Puppies are working all the time on very foiled ground, on which they are inclined to lose heart and to become riotous. All the cubs are being hunted all the time, with the result that by the end of the morning they have all done a lot of work, probably too much, and I should not like to say how many cubs I have known to have died afterwards from the strain. The survivors are also very likely to become frightened and upset, a frame of mind in which it is not unlikely that they will desert the covert, especially if one of their number should die in the earth. After all, the main object of cub-hunting is to lay the foundations for the coming season, and, besides instruction, it should ensure, as far as possible, an even distribution of foxes.

The next landmark in the hunting year will be the opening meet, and from then until Christmas the field will be becoming weekly larger and more and more in need of control, as its members get settled down, its horses get fitter and the foxes stronger.

The control of a large field is, perhaps, one of the Master's most difficult tasks. In a country where the enclosures are small the field gets broken up and out of sight. In countries where the enclosures are large it may be easier, but there is the danger of the field doing what it always seems to do in Leicestershire, that is, to spread out crescent-wise. Where, under these conditions should the Master be? If he is in the middle, the flanks cannot hear him, if he is on one flank nobody can hear him. I once saw the horns of one of these crescents meet, on the far side of hounds, who were then completely surrounded!—like the spinneys in a certain famous country, which are defined as "small clumps of trees entirely surrounded by people!"

Some Masters of Hounds would do well to remember that they are not terriers, and the field a lot of rats. If anyone transgresses, mention it politely; if he does it again, blast him and be done with it; do not come back and worry him later. A raised hand and a quiet "Hold hard, ladies and gentlemen, please!" from the front will do more than the most purple language from two fields behind. I remember once being very struck by a certain well-known Master of Hounds. A young man had just galloped straight through hounds, despite such a "Hold hard"; he was returning very shamefaced and the Master was riding up to him. Everybody's ears were twitching, but this is what we heard: "You heard me say, 'Hold hard,' and you went on." "Yes, sir." "Well, please don't do it again." He did not, nor would anybody else.

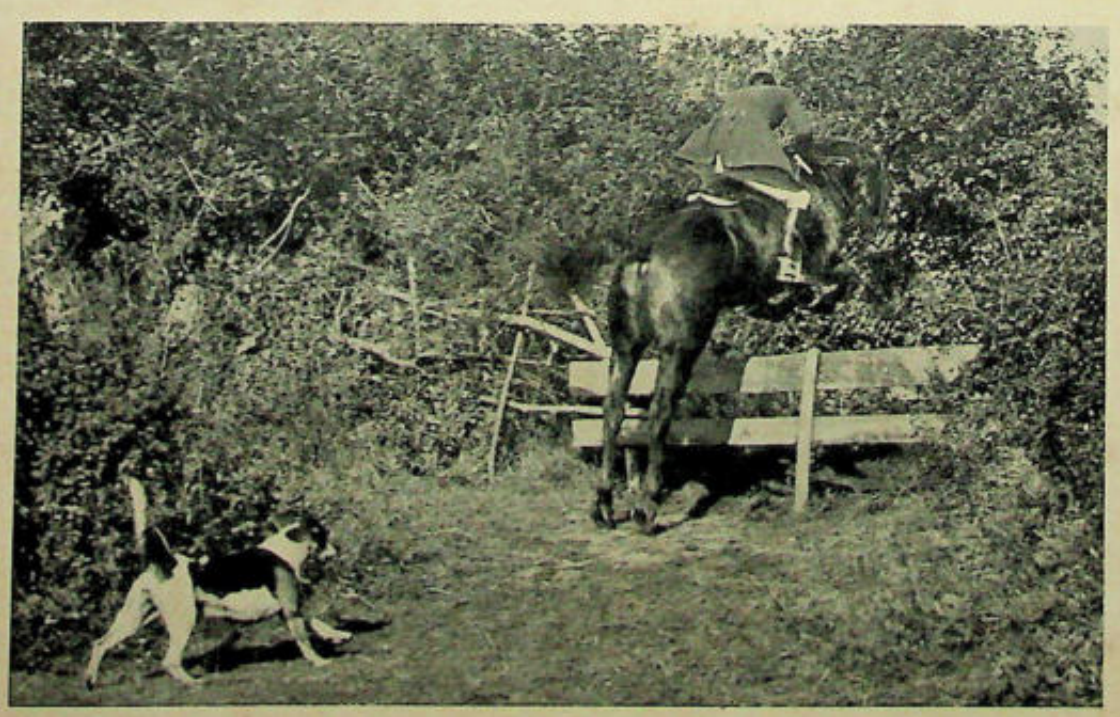
In these days of heavy expenses one cannot blame the young Master who hunts his hounds himself, but there is another side of the question which should come in for consideration. The Master and the huntsman each have a whole time job—what, then, if they are the same man? In countries which I have visited where the Master carries the horn, there are wide differences. In some of them, the small ones hunting two days a week or so, the arrangement, backed by the superhuman efforts of the gentleman in question, works smoothly, but in the larger ones it does not, and, in my opinion, it never can be satisfactory.

If the Master hunts hounds on the days on which he does so, he is isolated, not to speak or to be spoken to; unlike the Master who puts himself in control of his field, and can attend to a dozen other matters while he is out hunting. Well, now, if he hunts hounds on four days of the week, how is he to crowd his work as Master into the other three, one of which is a Sunday? He cannot do it, and his country is bound to suffer in consequence, unless there is a joint-Master, or the gap is filled, and well filled, by one or two members of the committee.

Chairmen of hunt committees will do well to remember this and to bear in mind at the same time that, whereas a pack of hounds has admittedly to "deliver the goods" to its subscribers, it must, if the sport is to continue, be run for the country and by the country. The outsider, however keen, can never understand the needs and the failings of the local people, and they are the hosts. They have made, and are preserving the finest of all sports true to its glorious traditions.

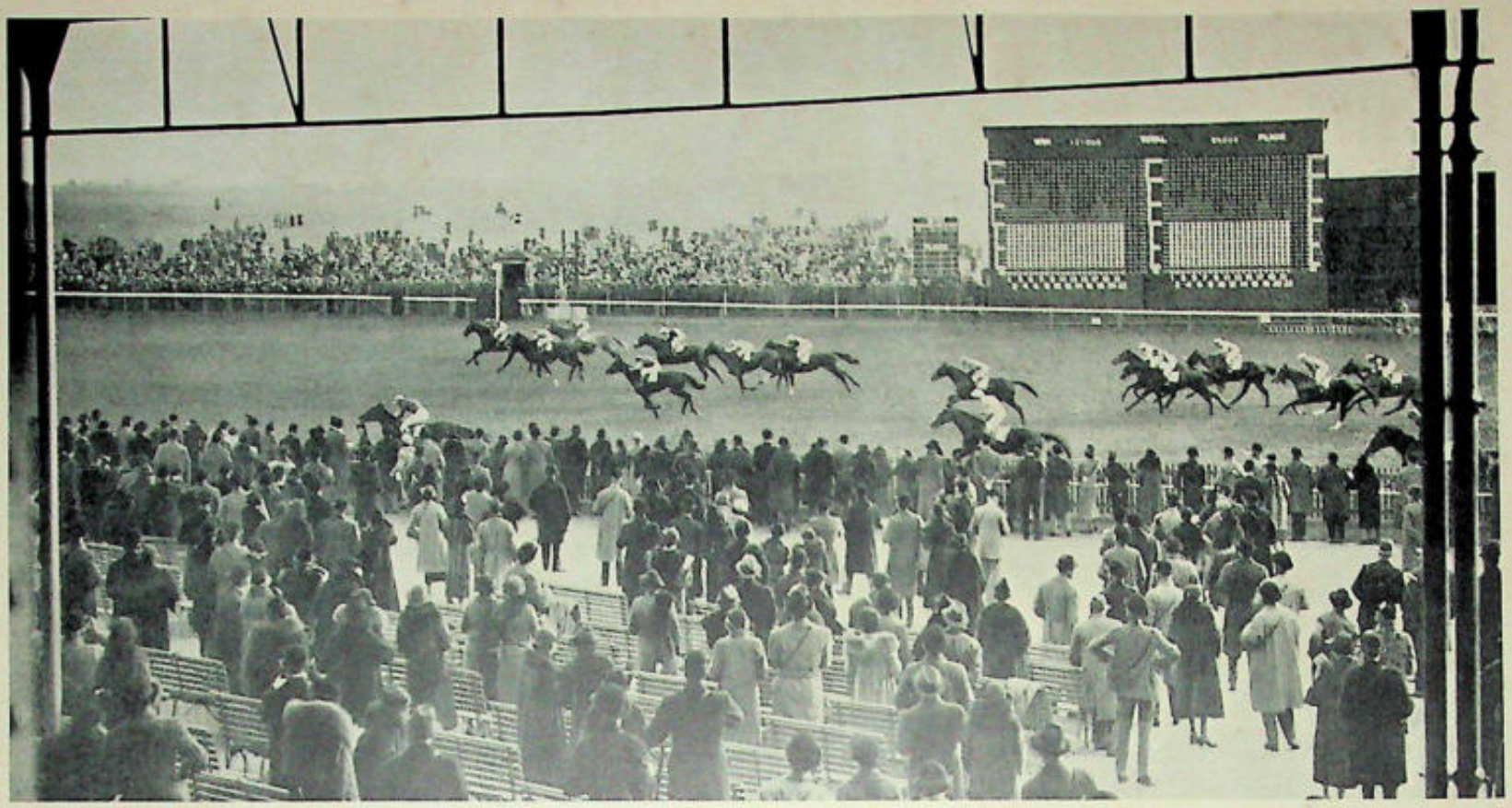
THE DAY WHICH SET THE SEASON GOING

The opening meet of the Pentyrch (of which the Marchioness of Bute is Master) at Castel-Cock, near Cardiff



THE MAN WHO MUST!

The huntsman has to be with his hounds, take everything in the day's work under all circumstances, endeavour to show sport and be criticised by the "groundlings"



AS SEEN FROM THE STANDS

Sir Abe Bailey's Dan Bulger winning the Cambridgeshire from Daytona and Laureat II. Our Racing Correspondent selected Dan Bulger to win this race

SIR ABE BAILEY'S GOOD RACING LUCK

How He Bought this Year's Oaks and Cambridgeshire Winners

SIR ABE BAILEY, who has raced on an important scale for a great many years, has never had the satisfaction of heading the list of winning owners in England. At the same time, a goodly share of the fortunes of the Turf has come his way, and on looking back over his long racing career he can have few regrets.

Among the happiest bargains he has made was the purchase of several two-year-olds in Mr. Harry Cottrill's stable early in 1935. They consisted of Henry the Fifth, who won twice last season and was second in the Coventry Stakes at Ascot and other good races; Lovely Rosa, who won the Oaks; and Dan Bulger, who gained a most popular victory in the Cambridgeshire last week.

Incidentally it was written in the *Field* on October 24th in summing up the prospects of that race: "For a definite choice we take Dan Bulger, with Laureat II as a likely each way selection." They finished first and third respectively, and it was not bad picking in view of the fact that when they were chosen both horses were at appreciably longer odds than those at which they started.

How Dan Bulger and the others came to pass their racing careers in the colours of Sir Abe Bailey is a story well worth telling. The narrative takes us back to the Dublin Horse Show sales of 1934. Mr. Cottrill decided to visit Ballsbridge that year and pick up some moderately cheap yearlings. Apparently he had in view the possibility of making a profit on them later in the year, as seven of the nine yearlings he acquired at Dublin came up for sale again at Newmarket early in October. The other two—Kyles of Minard and Bright Prospect—he sold privately and both won races.

Three of the yearlings offered at Newmarket were purchased by Lieutenant-Colonel F. R. Macdonald, and it was arranged that they should remain in Cottrill's hands. Henry the Fifth, who had made 360gs. at Dublin, now made 620gs. Lovely Rosa, for whom Cottrill had given 370gs., fetched 670gs. Dan Bulger had cost 340gs. at Dublin and improved only a little on that price when sold at Newmarket for 430gs.

These youngsters were entered for a number of races by Colonel Macdonald and by a happy foresight Lovely Rosa was given classic engagements. It was not long afterwards that Sir Abe Bailey came into the story. Complications, into which there is no reason for us to enter, arose in the Seven Barrows stable in connection with the yearlings bought by Colonel Macdonald. They were offered to Sir Abe Bailey, and he did not hesitate to accept Cottrill's advice to become their owner. As all the racing world knows, it was a most happily inspired purchase.

It is not surprising that Bulger should have sired a Cambridgeshire winner, as he was himself a good horse over this distance. As a fact he was second in the Cambridgeshire to Insight II, giving the winner two years and a little weight. Bulger stands at the Knockany Stud in Ireland, famous for having reared those great horses Ard Patrick and Galtee More. He has sired many winners and has been well supported at his fee of £49.

A son of the Cyllene horse Bridge of Earn, Bulger is related on the other side of his pedigree to that grand two-year-old Foray, his dam being Black Gem (sister to Black Ray), by Black Jester out of Lady Brilliant, by Sundridge. Mr. J. T. Clanchy bred Dan Bulger from The Ram's Wife, who had not previously thrown anything of note. She is by Galloper out of Spirit of Bay, by Bayardo, and there were visitors to Newmarket last week who commented on the resemblance which the Cambridgeshire winner bears to Bayardo.

In any case there was not a better-looking colt in the field or one which did so much credit to his trainer. Curiously enough, both the racing correspondents of the *Times* and the *Morning Post* described Dan Bulger on the morning after the race as a notable example of the trainer's art.

Credit also belongs to Mr. Jack Jarvis for having brought Daytona back to form after this colt had appeared in the summer to be going the wrong way. Sir George Bullough's colt does not look robust and has obviously needed a good deal of patience. Now that he has turned the corner one hopes to see him win some good races next season. In these pages last week some comment was made on the introduction of the French horse Mieuxcé to the English Stud, and it was suggested that the importation of this high-class representative of the St. Simon male line (through his sire Massine) would be of advantage to the breeders of this country. It is an interesting coincidence that while this was in the Press additional evidence of the value of the Massine blood was given in the Dewhurst Plate, which was won by Prince Aly Khan's Sultan Mahomed.

On the following day the Houghton Stakes, run over the severe Rowley Mile, was won by the Aga Khan's Mubarak. Both these colts are sons of Massine, and their successes formed a striking tribute to the stamina which comes from this source. Each colt had failed rather dismally over five furlong courses, but when they came to longer journeys their good staying powers were clearly indicated.

The breeding of the Dewhurst winner is of special interest in that he is out of a mare by Filibert de Savoie. Thus Sultan Mahomed combines the blood of the two horses who came from France to outstay their English rivals and fight out a thrilling finish for the Ascot Gold Cup of 1924. Sultan Mahomed gets his grey colour from his maternal grandsire. The colt's elder sister, Royalebuchy, has been a good performer in France, where in addition to various successes she was third in the French Oaks. It will be recalled that she took part in the Oaks at Epsom, where the going was too firm for her liking.

Racing people on the Continent will remember Rollybuchy, the dam of the Dewhurst winner, as herself the winner of a number of good prizes. Among the purchases made by Prince Aly Khan at the Deauville Sales of 1935 were Sultan Mahomed at 100,000 francs and Mordkin at 120,000 francs. Both colts were sent to Mr. Frank Butters. The first recovered the greater part of his purchase price last week. Mordkin has yet to win. He will be recalled as the only colt which turned out in opposition to Early School at York last month.

The brilliant Manton colt made a great example of him on the Knavesmire, yet it is reasonable to expect Mordkin to pay his way in due course, for he is by Massine out of May Queen, being thus own brother to Strip the Willow, the Grand Prix winner of a few years ago. Murabak, bred by the Aga Khan, was one of the yearlings which returned from the Deauville Sales without reaching the reserves placed on them.

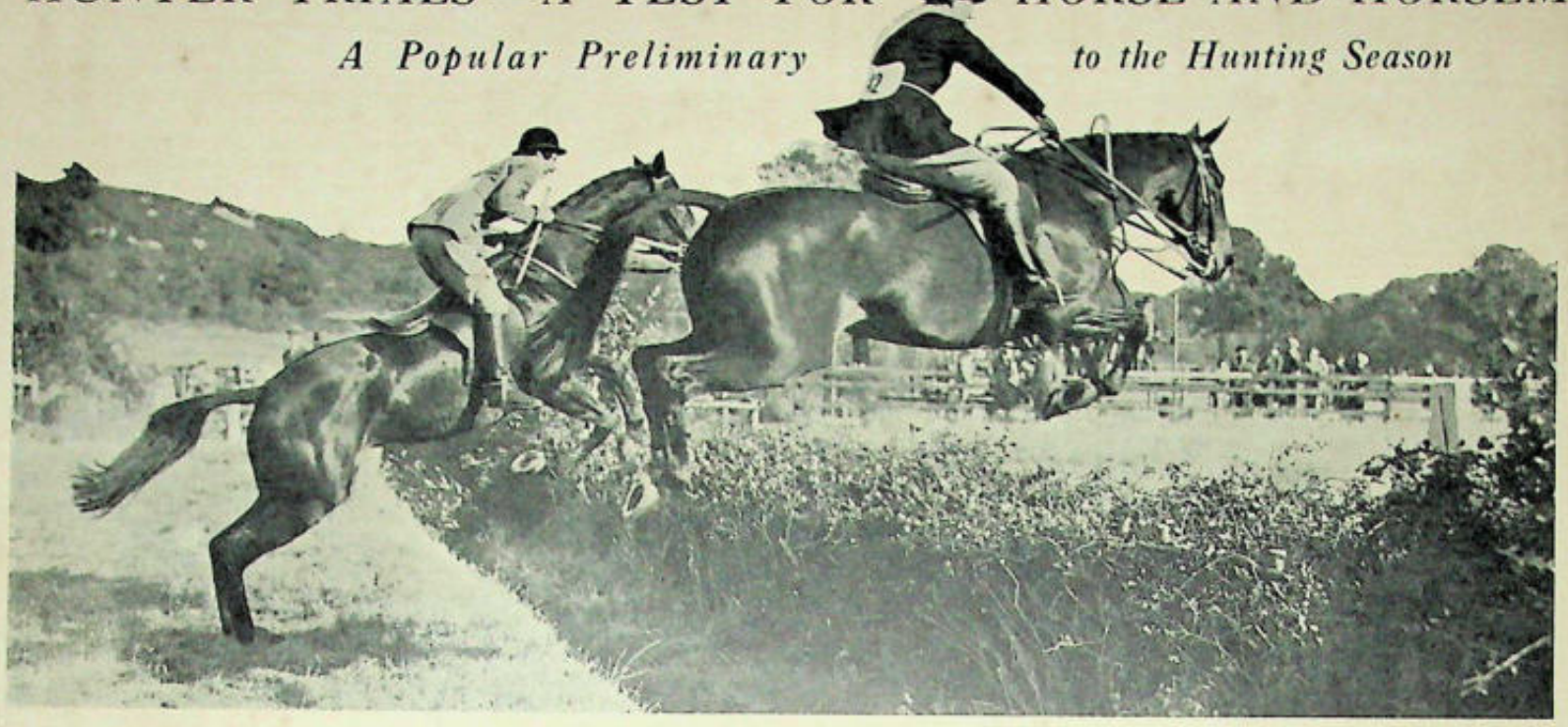
One was perfectly safe in assuming that the winner of the Houghton Stakes would be well bred on the dam's side, as the Aga Khan has never kept a mare who did not trace to a good family. Sure enough, we find that this son of Massine is out of the Arch-Gift mare Badam, who was from Jean's Folly, by Ayrshire out of the noted Black Cherry. And Jean's Folly was the dam among other valuable stock of Night Hawk, who won the St. Leger at long odds for the late Lord Wavertree. She was one of the original mares of the National Stud.

The Hurst Park executive must be sympathised with in that its meeting last week-end was drenched with never-ceasing rain. To some extent this had the effect of spoiling the Two-Year-Old Stakes, always a race of exceptional interest. This time there were only four runners, but they were all good winners and opinions were fairly evenly divided between them. It was unfortunate, therefore, that both Perifox and Terror lost a lot of ground at the start through the swerving of the latter. Perifox ran on gamely, only to fail by a length and a half to reach Diplomat.

Young Mr. Malcolm McAlpine received Diplomat as a gift from his father, Sir Malcolm McAlpine, who bought the colt at Doncaster from Mr. J. W. A. Harris's stud for 2,400gs. The son of Stratford—Honour Bright has now won six races value £4,821. Fine as this record is, Diplomat has fallen short of the two-year-old earnings of his own brother, Jim Thomas, who won eight races value £7013 in his first season in training.

HUNTER TRIALS—A TEST FOR HORSE AND HORSEMAN

A Popular Preliminary to the Hunting Season



AT THE BORDON HUNTER TRIALS

Major Dudgeon's Sunshine, ridden by Miss Ward, and Miss B. Berwick's The Berwick, at the Open Ditch in the Ladies' Open Event

A VETERAN TAKES IT EASY

Mr. J. H. Nicholson on Glangesia during the Adjacent Hunts event at the Cambridge University Drag Hunter Trials, near Long Stanton. Glangesia completed the Grand National course in 1922

HUNTER TRIALS are to the horse what Field Trials are to the gundog; an attempt to judge actual performance with some reference to the conformation which generally governs that performance. Hunter Trials have become very much more popular and widespread than they were a few years ago, and without doubt this is an excellent thing. The scarcity of good, clever, staying horses up to 14st. 7lb. or 15st., is rather alarming; indeed in the last few years they seem to have become almost extinct. If Hunter Trials encourage the breeding of this sort, they will be doing a sterling service. It is an excellent thing, also, that these trials are so entirely divorced from the racing side of hunter breeding: Point-to-Points and Hunt races are necessary and enjoyable events, but there has been a tendency of late years to breed horses solely for this purpose, and trials will no doubt help considerably to maintain a balance in the breeding of hunters, by selecting for honours those horses that give the best account of themselves under conditions which are as natural as the ingenuity of man can make them.

"WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE," DURING THE COTSWOLD TRIALS

Two companions in misfortune

"A FIG FOR THE WHISSENDINE!"

Mrs. P. A. Ormrod's Danny Boy, and Mr. J. E. Swetenham's Double Bass jumping the water during the Ladies' Open Event at the Pytchley Hunter Trials

The Gun Month by Month

THE ACCOMMODATING PHEASANT

Homage to a Much Maligned Bird

By W. G. M. DOBIE

THE pheasant has had the misfortune to get mixed up in party politics, and so has suffered in his character and reputation. Tub-thumpers cherish him as a symbol of the blood sports of the wealthy. He is a rapacious bird, subsisting entirely upon crops grown by tenant farmers. When urged so to do by an army of beaters, he flies submissively and at a low altitude over bloodthirsty members of the effete aristocracy.

Even among a public unaffected by such orations, the pheasant has not been universally popular. He is of foreign extraction, which is admittedly to his discredit; though the fact that he has been established in this country since the time of the Roman occupation should satisfy the most conservative. Still, he retains many foreign characteristics, such as polygamy, a swashbuckler manner and a weakness for gaudy attire. The numerous but dowdy ladies of his harem are not distinguished—so the tradition runs—for those housewifely and maternal virtues which are an accepted, if uninteresting, compensation for dowdiness. In all these respects he falls far short of our indigenous partridge, that compendium of all the qualities which, we like to think, are characteristically British.

Yet pheasants rather than partridges are the essentials for sport on many a rough shoot. In their accommodating way they have no objection to the multiplication of the species by mass production methods; but, left to themselves, they are by no means "big painted clucking fools," as Parnesius described them. On the contrary, they can manage their domestic affairs very well indeed. They start with this initial advantage over partridges, their normal nesting time being a month earlier, the chicks are sufficiently grown to survive those thunder-rains which in July cause such havoc among young partridges. Further, although they flourish exceedingly, as do partridges, among the stubbles and fields of roots in the fat lowlands, their range is wider, and they provide sport in districts where partridges are as scarce as are capercailzies.

A tenant who had taken the shooting over a thousand steep and uncultivated acres, where black-face sheep eked out an existence of sorts, found that the stock of grouse was insufficient to justify even the very moderate rent which he paid. On the other hand, pheasants were there in quite unexpected numbers: among the rushes by the burn-side, among the bracken (of which there was too much), among the heather (of which there was too little)—the dogs, in August, put them up everywhere. The shepherd (there was no keeper) informed the tenant that these pheasants would, before October, betake themselves to the cultivated lands far down the valley. This threatened exodus and the means whereby it might be prevented caused the tenant some serious thought.

The area of his shoot contained several woodlands, originally planted as windbreaks and as shelters for stock during the fierce blizzards which sweep over that high region. The woods had not been cared for and most of them were too thick and had insufficient undergrowth to attract pheasants; but fortunately one or two of them were almost ideal pheasant coverts, containing well-grown timber, adequate undergrowth, open spaces and little hillocks and dells which gave shelter from any wind. Had there been no such attractive coverts, the case would have been a hopeless one. It was apparent, however, that lack of food, not lack of shelter, drove the birds down to the arable land before winter.

So, early in September, feeding-boxes were installed in the four most suitable plantations. These boxes were of a type which demands from the birds no acrobatics and no power of reasoning. In accordance with the law of gravitation, grain trickled down into a shallow trough. The shepherd, supplied with several sacks of maize, undertook to fill up the boxes as often as might be necessary. Some sheaves of corn were scattered between the edges of the coverts and the boxes as an introductory advertisement; and grit was provided.

No doubt it would have been preferable to have the grain scattered daily so that the birds would have required to scrape and search for it. But the tenant lived 20 miles away and could visit the shoot only at week-ends: the shepherd's days were well occupied, particularly the short days of November and December, and so this additional work could not be undertaken.

The pheasants, unaccustomed to such luxury, appeared to occupy the whole hours of daylight in gorging themselves at the feeding-boxes; and the tenant's expenditure on grain was relatively heavy. But there was no migration to the valleys that winter. Possibly in their powers of flight and as table delicacies the birds suffered from their sedentary and gluttonous mode of life. They were primarily designed, however, to provide Christmas holiday sport for three or four schoolboys. They flew at a sufficient height over the four-tens and 20-bores; while the way their heavy and overfed carcasses struck the earth behind their elated slayers left nothing to be desired.

Rough weather provided the best results, for then the birds congregated in the coverts. On bright, warm days they were inclined—having satisfied the pangs of hunger—to scatter widely among the brown bracken on the hillside and the rushy grass in the glens. Such days provided much pedestrian exercise for boys, spaniels and pheasants alike.

From February onwards the boxes were filled with wheat, to bring the hens into better condition for laying. During the first and second winters of a three-years lease, only cocks were shot; during the last winter hens were killed in moderate numbers. The stock which was left at the end of the lease was much greater than at its beginning. How much of this improvement was due to feeding, how much to the sparing of hens, and how much to vermin-killing (which had previously been entirely neglected), it is impossible to say. But, thanks to the much maligned pheasant, the lease of this shoot, which would otherwise have been a painful memory, became a distinct success.

Those of us who have never participated and are never likely to participate in four-figure days may reflect, without envy, that such occasions must necessarily be more serious and formal and cannot conceivably be more enjoyable than the "small days" (but the term is a relative one—some of them are "big days" for us) to which we are accustomed. For the pheasant, among his many undeniable claims to our gratitude, provides to some an opportunity for offering, to others for accepting, a very delightful form of hospitality; a shoot which, year after year, is held on or about the same date—an annual event, at which the guests are always the same, the same coverts are driven in exactly the same way and seem to hold approximately the same number of birds. Nothing ever changes, except the weather. The beaters, too, are old friends; only occasionally, as years go on, one notices a new young face or misses a known one.

This is the ideal environment for a guest who feels little confidence in his own skill. He is aware that, in issuing the invitation, his host was under no misapprehension as to his ability as a shot; so he settles down to enjoy himself and to do his utmost in the comfortable knowledge that the other guests, the keeper and the beaters, all of whom have so often witnessed his best and his worst performances, will rejoice with him if he exceeds his average form and will uncritically sorrow with him if he fails to reach it.

Nothing changes, because perfection has been attained and attempts to improve on perfection are folly. The day, let us hope, is one of steel-blue skies and champagne air, after a night of frost. A few birds have been reared, to supplement the wild stock; and hens are spared unless they give exceptionally sporting chances. Good staff work, founded on years of experience, ensures that a covert in close proximity to the house is finished just before lunch. Then out again, till the short winter afternoon is over, and, as the sun sets in a purple mist, comfortably tired and very contented men tramp back across the frost-bound fields. Just over a hundred birds, ninety of them cocks; a small day, no doubt, but of its sort nothing could be better.

"ONLY COCKS WERE SHOT"
From the etching by A. Clarence

REPORTS FROM THE FORESTS AND MOORS

Perthshire

INNERWICK AND ROGO.—Birds healthy and plentiful; no sign of disease; good stock left. River Lyon from August to October 16th, with the exception of two or three days, practically too low to fish. Deer inclined to be later "in velvet" but in good condition and up to average weight. Game bag (Captain R. A. Oldham and party): 700 brace of grouse, 105 brace of ptarmigan, 35 blackgame, 16 stags. No salmon. Heaviest beast killed 17st. 10lb. "clean." One Royal was killed, but a medium head only and with one tine broken off near its base, probably due to fighting. Heather good, no beetle noticed, but bracken increasing since last year.

SHELD-DUCK COMING IN

From the painting by Philip Rickman, whose annual exhibition of wildfowl and game bird pictures opens on Monday next at Messrs. James Connell & Sons' Galleries, 56, Conduit Street, London, W. 1. This is the first time an exhibition of sporting pictures of this nature has been held at Messrs. Connells' Galleries

THE MOST DIFFICULT BIRD?

First the Woodpigeon then the High Curling Pheasant

By CAPTAIN KEITH CALDWELL

(Previous articles on this subject have been contributed by the Hon. Henry Douglas Home, Lord Dorchester, and Commander Douglas Lang)

TO this fruitful subject for discussion, the best answer was given me by an old keeper, "Weel, I'm no' sure, for it a' depends." He is right. It does. Almost every game bird can give one the easiest, as well as the most difficult of shots.

Take the grouse on a calm hot day in the middle of August. Walked up he is almost certain to be easy; if driven, he is not much more difficult, and if brought slightly uphill to the butts he is even easier. Try again six weeks later, when the birds are fully feathered up. The weather is probably bad; if not raining it will be blowing. Walking up means much hard work, and a few most difficult shots at birds rising 30yds. to 40yds. out and flicking off.

The driven birds may still be reasonably easy when coming true or swinging close round the hillside, but grouse may be trusted to supply any amount of variety in their movements. There is the bird that slants over the crest in front, with a strong wind behind him and dives like a plummet straight down the hill. You need a deep drop below you to get him at his best. He is then something quite out of the way and difficult.

At this time of year even slow birds are easy to miss. What about the pack struggling up against a strong wind, the individual members of which seem to remain almost stationary and floating up and down? There is no great glory in killing these birds, and missing them is most annoying. Missed, however, they are, and very regularly missed, even by good shots. Curiously enough, unlike almost all other driven grouse, they are much easier to kill if taken behind the butt.

Much of what I have written about the grouse also applies to the partridge. As a September bird walked or driven, he is fairly easy, but as he gets stronger and feathers up he is harder to deal with. Personally, I think the difficulty of the driven partridge is largely caused by the circumstances under which you shoot him. If shot under the same conditions as one shoots driven grouse, I prophesy that most people would find them much easier than the bigger bird. After all, they fly more slowly and they take less shot to bring them down. I agree that the way a covey often "explodes" when topping a fence is most disconcerting and this, I think, is why the driven partridge gets credit for being a much more difficult bird than he really is. After all, a single bird cannot "explode," and quite a large proportion of a day's bag is made up of single birds. By single birds I do not necessarily mean old birds. I mean birds that come forward singly out of thick cover or break away from coveys.

Most of the difficulty in partridge driving comes, firstly, from the fact that you have a short skyline—to wit the hedge—and secondly, when you can see your birds coming you very often cannot take them in front on account of the beaters. Who does not know the low partridge that gets up near the end of the drive and comes downwind straight at one's head? Who has not waited until the last moment, hoping he would rise or swerve a bit to a flank, and who, in the end, has not spun round and missed him handsomely behind?

Driven partridges coming over a belt on a windy day have a reputation for difficulty, but will anyone argue that they are harder to kill than high grouse? There are no better birds in the world to shoot than these high partridges, but the very fact that one has no time to poke at them helps one to make better practice. No; personally I cannot see how the partridge can win this competition.

Following the order of the headings in my game book I will take the pheasant next. No other sporting bird presents himself in such a Jekyll and Hyde way. He goes to the widest of extremes and, under certain circumstances, can beat all but the very best. Normally a pheasant is not difficult. The low-fluffing variety is not worth shooting, and the average pheasant is killed far more often than not.

Incidentally will someone tell me why a much higher standard of shooting is generally seen at pheasants than at driven grouse or partridges? Is it because the average pheasant is easier or because people get more practice at him? But I am digressing from what I want to write of, I mean the pheasant when he is at his best. I have in mind the bird which is flushed from a covert back on the hill out of sight and is making across the valley where the guns are standing. Just before he is over them he starts to plane down and, owing to some configuration of the ground, or to the wind, combines his plane with a gentle curl.

To me this sort of pheasant is far more difficult than any grouse or partridge that ever flew. I suppose it is the curl added to the height that defeats one so abjectly. Few men can kill pheasants like these consistently, and few shoots have the ground, plus the necessary skill, to enable them to be shown.

What about wildfowl? A down-wind beat always needs treating with respect, but duck, generally speaking, unless so high as to be almost out of range are not unduly difficult. Snipe differ from other game birds in that they are far harder to hit walked up than driven. Not many people in the British Isles get regular practice at walking up snipe, but I have noticed that those who do seem to make a pretty good job of killing their birds. Given cartridges loaded with small shot, and also walking that is not too bad to let one stand comfortably, the difficulties of snipe are not, I think, so great as they are painted.

Woodcock, being scarce attendants at the average covert shoot, usually cause considerable excitement when they do appear, but even the guns who miss them rather wonder why they do so and feel that, if they had the shot over again, they would have made no mistake.

Our list of game birds is almost, but not quite, exhausted, for blackgame, capercailzie and such like oddments are outside the scope of this competition, but I wish I could include one competitor. What bird is it that we all waste more cartridges at than at anything else; that pays least attention to our well-meant efforts to slay him? I think the woodpigeon. Perhaps it is because, when waiting for pheasants to come over, we do not concentrate enough, or perhaps because he so often flies almost out of shot. Be the reason what it may the pigeon usually gets away with it. The secret of his success lies in the fact that he hardly ever gives an easy shot.

To the woodpigeon I would, if allowed, give the prize as a general practitioner, reserving for the really high curling pheasant the special award. One question I would ask: Why do we miss jays?

B. Alfieri

THE USK AT SENNYBRIDGE
A good reach for the man "whose fishing is practically confined to hotel and ticket waters"

WAS THE TROUT SEASON A FAILURE?

Some Lessons from This Year's Fishing

ON the closing day I waded out of the cold water, reeled up, and trudged across to the local inn. The air was wintry, fly had been as scarce as all through the summer, and the trout as dour. Tea over the fire was a more attractive prospect than waiting into the dusk for an unlikely rise. In the comfortable lounge was another angler, who had arrived at the same conclusion even earlier than I had. "A bad season well ended," said he. I agreed. "My forty-second and my worst," said I. And I fancy that all trout fishers will concur with the former verdict.

And yet after reading through my fishing diary for 1936 I must admit that in my own case the verdict is unjust. True, there is no ideal day that will stand out in retrospect as such; no knocking off for lunch in the shade of the beech tree, with three brace of fat trout laid out on the dry grass, with the scent of the May in one's nostrils, the cry of the cuckoo in one's ears, and satisfaction in one's heart. No day finds record on which the duns floated hour by hour down the slow current—no day on which one could be sure of finding a good fish steadily breaking the surface of the water under the alders. I doubt whether I have once seen a score of that most hope-inspiring of all flies, the iron blue.

But though I cannot remember walking home with a hand under the basket to ease the strain of the webbing on my shoulder, there are more heavy trout recorded in the diary—heavy, that is, for the water fished—than in any previous season. I am one of the great host of "humble anglers" whose fishing is practically confined to hotel and ticket waters, and most of my energy has been devoted to moorland streams, or streams of moorland origin, in the West Country. A week on the Kennet is excluded from the statistics that follow: an unkindly fortnight on Irish rivers, four days on the Otter (ticket water), and a day on the Coln (hotel water) are included. Eleven streams and their tributaries have been fished, all but those mentioned being peaty waters where a half-pounder is a good fish.

Adopting a size limit 2 inches longer than the authorised standard, and using the dry fly only (not out of disrespect for other methods, but because they give me personally very much less pleasure than the dry fly), I have killed during the season 242 trout. The number is less than half what I should expect in an average season. But I have just added up the weights, and the total is within an ounce or two of 124lb. This gives a much better average (I repeat that I am a humble angler) than I have ever achieved before in England. And an analysis of the individual fish killed makes a better showing than for any season covered by my diary, which I have kept since 1908. This is the analysis:

2lb. and over	..	2 (best 2lb. 14oz.)
1½lb. and over	..	6
1lb. and over	..	14
¾lb. and over		24

I have also lost at least four fish in classes I and II; notably a freak trout of about 3lb. in the Tamar, which broke my 4X point by a violent double leap at the extreme limit of my line.

It is difficult to account for these results in a season throughout which fly has invariably been either non-existent or extremely sparse, and trout seem to have abandoned early the hope of finding food on the surface and to have looked for it almost exclusively below. But I think I can explain them, and the explanation points a moral.

It has been so difficult to find a good fish rising steadily that one has stuck to it when found far more resolutely than in a season when one has felt that if the trout under attack is unresponsive it is only necessary to move on a little in order to find another. Two days which, though by no means of the red-letter variety, were thoroughly enjoyable and will remain in memory, illustrate this point. The first was on the Otter in June. Rain and a cold wind seemed to depress the fish as much as the fisherman, and up to mid-day not a dimple was to be seen. Soon after twelve a few—very few—dark olives appeared on the water, and an occasional fish began to rise, but desultorily and without enthusiasm. Two which looked as if they might be sizeable were attacked, and one was caught but returned. And then the time and the shelter of a red cliff that rose abruptly from the far side of the river suggested lunch.

I was inviting a family of jackdaws to relieve me of my last sandwich when something appeared to move under the cliff opposite. Careful watching revealed a tiny dimple, repeated every 30 seconds or so—obviously made by a good fish. What it was taking I could not see; the meagre hatch of olives that had begun about an hour before was now over. Anyhow, here was something worth settling down to, and in the course of the afternoon I showed the trout a sample of almost everything I had in my box. It bumped its snout against one or two, but none would it take between its lips. Now and then I wandered off to look for a more accommodating quarry; but finding none returned to the diner under the cliff.

About five I went up to the inn to have a meal; by seven I was facing the cliff again. Still I could get no response, and at half past seven I walked upstream feeling sure that now I could find something more promising to attack. But it was not to be. And at eight I was sitting opposite my enemy of the cliff again, and wondering what to do next. It was still rising, though not a fly was to be seen. Suddenly I saw a cloud of spinners dancing under an overhanging oak. Spinners it must surely be taking, and I knotted on a Lunn's Particular. The cast was not an easy one. It was long, and there seemed to be a back draught off the face of the cliff, which prevented the fly from dropping off it into the water. However, at the third attempt I put it nicely over the fish, which took it confidently, and a few minutes later was on the bank.

Now the point of this story seems to me to be this: The trout was a fish of 1¾lb., in perfect condition, and the best I have seen taken from this water. And I should not have caught it if conditions had been more favourable, and I should have abandoned it long before I did and have passed on to some other but certainly inferior trout.

The second day that stands out in memory was on the Coln in mid-July. Most fishermen of the older generation know the Fairford water. Here again it was long before I could find a good rising fish; eventually I settled down to one in "Shy Hole," a small deep pool with a nice run under the willows on the far side. The willows dip into the stream and are fringed by a long strip of watercress. Off the tail of this strip my fish was feeding steadily. The trout in Shy Hole know all about artificial flies. This trout was taking all the naturals that came over it—a miscellaneous and much-interrupted series. My artificials were looked at occasionally, but invariably rejected. At last, just before four o'clock (and after I had made several fruitless voyages to look for an alternative enterprise) a few iron blues began to float down. If any fly besides the mayfly encourages a trout to relax its vigilance it is the iron blue. My trout at last lost its head. It weighed 1¼lb.

The moral I have drawn from the season now over will perhaps bear repetition (though I claim no novelty for it). If you find a really good fish feeding steadily, do not leave it; or at any rate, if you do, look it up again later. And if next season proves to be normal or better than normal, I wonder whether I shall act upon it. DISTOFFER.

This England . . .

Derwentwater, Lakeland

"THE water is held in its arms. And the sky is held in the water." Who knows not those lovely lake-side mornings as the mists wreathe off the hills and the full-bosomed clouds sail across the blue mirror of the water. This, too, is England, rivalling in lovely miniature the famed beauties of the world. Naturally there is bred in her children a love of her soil, of the good things that spring therefrom and an aptitude for turning them to rich uses. It is more than mere refreshment that makes you choose Worthington — it is an unconscious care for the fair fruits of the earth, brought slowly to maturity for your good.

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BIRDS ON A DUTCH MERE

English Visitors which could become Colonists

By PHYLLIS M. BOND

UNDER the wide span of the sky that the Dutch painters knew so well, the boat slid down an aisle between the rushes. Here and there on the banks lay bundles of cut reeds, stacked high, waiting to be carried in barges down the waterways of Holland for the thatching of farm and windmill. A curious convention, this windmill-thatching, giving the mill at first sight the appearance of being clothed in fur, and rather shoddy fur at that, despite the trim green and white painted sails, for the whole column of the mill, its main body, is covered with thatch.

As the boat nosed its way between the reeds, suddenly a report sounded on the left—another on the right, and then on all sides in quick succession, resounded the clap of great wings close at hand, as scores of purple herons rose in the air where but a moment ago was the silence of water and reeds. For this was their nesting ground: shy and wary, they circled round on leaden-coloured wings, dark shapes against the sky. The head and neck drawn back with the familiar S curve of the heron family showed no gleam of white as does the grey heron in flight, but as they dropped to earth their dark wings raised a moment before folding, disclosed rich rust on neck and back.

Parting the rushes we gazed straight into a heron's nest, a great pile of rushes built up on the swamp, and in it one pale green egg (for it was early yet), slightly smaller than our heron's egg. How much more suitable a nest than the grey heron's ridiculous tree-top idea! Here is a bird that knows its place. Those long legs and huge feet were never meant to perch precariously on a twig, nor that great body to balance, stick in bill, on a swaying bough—besides there is something inappropriate in serving fish in a tree. Surely the ground was the ancestral nesting place. What awful disaster or new-fangled notion started the present fashion among the grey herons? Over the marsh the "greys" pass and repass on their journey from the water to the great stick city in the trees, but as they look down superciliously at their stick-in-the-mud relations, do they sometimes wonder why they give themselves so much extra trouble?

The green alley opened out on to the wide waters of the mere, and now we floated, oars motionless, on the shining surface. The world had become a blue glass globe and we were poised in the centre, the same blue above and beneath, the two hemispheres only separated by a fringed girdle of green. Suddenly the illusion was shattered as a black dart wheeled out of space, dipped, and the stillness beneath shivered into circling ripples. Black terns swept and soared about the boat, rising on buoyant wings, flashing down to flick an insect from the surface as a swallow might, but never dropping like a stone in the way of their white cousins. The grey wings gleamed in the sunlight as bright as slate roofs after rain, between swift wing beats we caught the flash of the white patch near the tail. Black terns have something of black magic about them. They are here—they are not here. One moment the air is empty as far as eye can see, the next, there is a sharp, harsh note, and black forms are darting, circling over and around one: a few minutes and the air is empty again, though no one saw them go. Once more the stillness returned, the only sounds bird voices from the distant reeds. The hard clear chatter of the great reed-warbler swaying at the top of the tallest reed, his voice harsher than the common reed-warbler of our own marshes, and below it, as a background of continuous sound, the long reeling of the grasshopper warbler. Suddenly through the pattern of song beat the deep boom of the bittern, like the hooter of some small steamer giving a last warning blast. Again, a pause—and again it came over the water, so low a note that at first one might miss it, for as all bird-watchers know, ears have to be focused as well as eyes. Just as while looking at something in the distance one may not even see an object close at hand, so, listening in the high ranges of bird sounds, one may be unaware of a deep note in a lower range. One is, in fact, "listening too high." Perhaps no bird voice is pitched so low as is the bittern's.

Slowly we moved across the open water towards our goal, the spoonbill colony which flourishes under the protection of the "Naturmonuments" Society (the bird protection society of Holland). Suddenly overhead three birds passed, strongly flying. Dazzling white with the whiteness of the gannet, they sailed overhead, recognisable by their outline against the blue sky — long dark legs trailed behind, long neck stretched forward, sagging slightly but yet carrying the bill straight forward in the line of flight. From far below we saw the characteristic shape of the bill printed on the sky, the straight shaft ending abruptly with a round paddle. Surely was never a bird so unmistakable in flight, so truly himself. Over the reeds the great birds circled, then bending their wings at the elbow, wing-tips pointing to the ground, and legs stretched downwards, they parachuted to the ground. Perhaps only in that moment of straddle-legged descent does the spoonbill lose its dignity. Above the reeds white heads and long necks gleamed, and now as the boat drifted, the whole colony came full in sight.

At the water's edge the nests were crowded together, great heaps of reeds, standing well above the water, and on each, one parent bird at least stood sentinel. The adult spoonbill is a beautiful bird, its snowy plumage touched on the breast with a horseshoe of pale yellow, and beneath the base of the bill a large patch of orange. And what a bill! The long shaft (or should one say the handle?) is black, and ridged across, the ladle yellow. How one longs to know the special value of that curiosity among beaks! With such an attachment any other bird would look grotesque, but the spoonbill, in spite of it all, is dignified, stately. Perhaps something of that stateliness is contributed by the lovely crest, light as the aigrettes that our wicked grandmothers wore, now drooping, now raised majestically above the head. The bird is a picture of serene complacence.

In most nests three gawky youngsters with flesh-coloured beaks squatted or tried to balance their ungainly half-fledged bodies on shaky legs. Of course in the nursery the family bill may have its disadvantages. Here, a proud parent patted his offspring with his beak with much the air of a father caressing his infant with a golf-club. From the reeds rose a low continuous murmur of gurgles and chortles, it may have been infant prattle, or perhaps parental crooning.

A spoonbill sailed overhead, circled lower over the reed-bed, and dropped on the edge of a nest where three eager babies tottered to their feet to greet him. Dinner. Fish and frogs, no doubt, swept into that capacious beak from the shallow waters of the mere. It is the young who thrust their beaks into the adult bird's, and indeed to feed them the other way about would be like feeding the baby with a coal shovel.

An unforgettable picture: snow-white plumage one moment dazzling against the blue sky, the next meeting its reflection in the mirror below, a background of reeds, and the long level horizon pricked by one distant spire. And to think that this Dutch masterpiece was once a part also of the English landscape! Spoonbills once bred on the Norfolk Broads, and still come as stray visitors to our shores. I remember being in Hampshire a few years ago, when, one afternoon in May, news came from a farmer that three spoonbills had been seen feeding on the estuary. Blinding sheets of rain were driving in from the Channel, the fields lay clogged with water they could not absorb, what chance of seeing any bird on such a day? But over the soaking marsh we went, and through curtains of grey rain saw the white unmistakable form sailing on level wings above the marsh. Two birds had already moved on, the third still lingered. A few days later three spoonbills were seen in Norfolk; two passed on, and the third was left behind: the eternal triangle.

So every year a few enterprising birds come and look, and go away disappointed. Yet, in Holland, under protection, their numbers have risen to some hundreds, and there the watchers tell us they have no trouble with collectors. What is it the birds don't like about us? We have water for them, and reeds, and even a few windmills. Do they miss the clogs, or the hospitality, or, as they sail away over the fens do they pass the word from one grotesque beak to another—"clutch-hunters"?

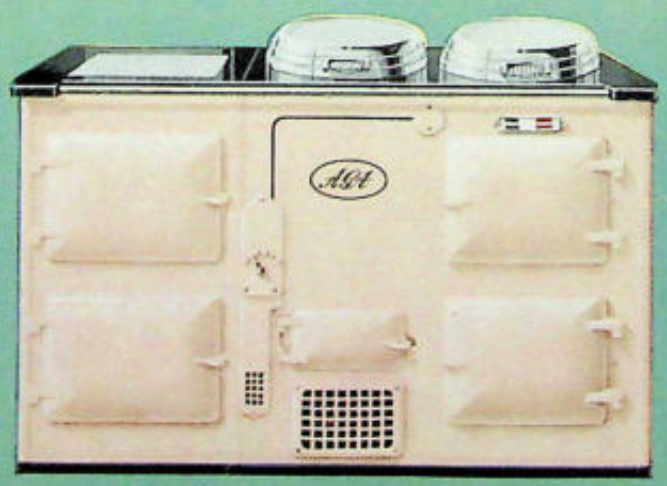
SPOONBILL ALIGHTING

A magnificent photograph showing the great span of wing

SPOONBILLS AND YOUNG

The young have not yet developed the graceful crest

A memorable meal no doubt, but scarcely to be compared with the more fastidious feasts of to-day. For the ultimate perfection of modern housewifery we commend you to the AGA Cooker, unknown to the Graces, unknown to Pieter Pourbus, and indeed, unknown to all of us until seven years ago. In its first seven years more than 20,000 people have been won for the AGA Cooker, enslaved by its economy, dazzled by its beauty, and fascinated by its cooking. Gentle reader, you are no doubt among the 20,000: pity the unbeliever! He deserves your pity: there are so many "guarantees" about to-day that he cannot believe the AGA guarantee of £5 a year for fuel, and so many loudly-advocated ways of cooking his daily bread that he cannot believe food cooked on an AGA to be in any way remarkable. Perhaps you will confirm to him that your AGA Cooker never goes out from year's end to year's end, that it needs fuelling and riddling only twice a day, that it does not scorch your cook, that it preserves the flavour of your food, and that its temperatures are automatically controlled, (which means that anybody can cook on an AGA). Models may be had from £35 or by hire purchase for, say, £5 a quarter for two years. Detailed catalogues will be sent by the manufacturers:—AGA HEAT LTD., *(Proprietors: Allied Ironfounders Ltd.)* Dept. E, 20, Nth. AUDLEY STREET, LONDON, W.1.



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A CAMPING PLACE FOR THE NIGHT

Built on to the mountain side facing the opposite direction to the prevailing wind this rudely constructed piece of work was evidently intended to be used by shepherds in the summer months. It had to be blocked up with brushwood to keep out the wintry atmosphere and to prevent the camp fire from frightening game in the surrounding countryside

AFTER BARASINGH IN KASHMIR—I

Stalking Near the Wardwan Valley

F. AND I had for a long time been planning a trip of some kind together, from a sight-seeing voyage round the world, to a shikar trip. When we came into contact, after my battalion had moved down from Razmak to Peshawar, we succeeded in each getting a month's leave in October, and decided to spend it after barasingh and black bear in Kashmir.

On the advice of an old hand we decided to shoot the Wardwan Valley neighbourhood, and our idea was that we should proceed to the valley together, each with his own bearer, a shikari and a tiffin coolie, and then make one central camp from which we could do our shooting. Each could go in a different direction every day with his respective shikari, and return to our base in the evening. But Bahar Shah, one of the best known agents in Srinagar, was averse to these ideas, saying we would get little or no shikar unless we ran two separate camps, and persuaded us not to be pigheaded but to set out with our respective shikaris and a complete accompaniment of Kashmiri servants for each of us who, Bahar Shah said, would know the "drill" essential for trips of this description.

His plan for separating us was backed by our shikaris, who explained that our bearers would be useless, and they promised us terrific bags if we would only follow their advice, bags which included, in addition to barasingh and black bear, ibex, thar, goral and brown bear. As medical injunctions then prevented me from ascending to great heights, and ibex at this season suggested enormous climbs, I felt that a good head would hardly be compensation for ruined health, and the forfeiture of my career in the army. My shikari bore up under the blow, and proved his worth by producing plans to show good shikar in the low-lying areas. And so my friend and I left on our separate quests.

My shikari led me to a position on the crest of a ridge which overlooked a nullah that sloped down the hillside into one of the Ruhks—or reserve forests—of His Highness the Maharajah of Kashmir. No man is permitted to enter the Ruhk without special permission, but there was nothing to prevent one from shooting a stag leaving this sanctuary. I will pass over days of fruitless search; of stags seen and heard; of the grand beast with an enormous spread of antlers that carried six well-defined tines to each beam and which a sudden change in the weather and a storm dashed our hopes of stalking. I began to picture visions of myself leaving Kashmir without firing a single shot. Fate seemed deliberately to be fighting against us, when one morning while I was sitting outside the log hut watching the coolies packing up our kit, the shikari suddenly appeared from behind the hut with my telescope in his hand, and pointed to the top of the mountain that we had been searching during the earlier hours of that morning. As he pointed he kept whispering in my ear: "Ek dusra barasingh hai, sahib; aur who bhaut achcha hai." I followed his gaze, and presently saw a large stag with a magnificent spread of horns chasing two hinds around the top of this mountain. The shikari was of the opinion that yesterday's snow-storm had driven him down from the high ground on the far side of the Wardwan Valley, and that he must have reached the top of this mountain as we were returning from an unprofitable morning's hunting. He further expressed his opinion that the stag would not be likely to move far from that mountain top until the evening, so that, if we set out at once, we should have every chance in our favour of bagging him before midday.

This stag's sudden appearance completely changed my gloomy forbodings, and quite altered the dismal outlook which an early morning's disappointment had caused to descend upon the chase.

I made the shikari lay the telescope across a fallen tree trunk and focus it on the beast so that I could get a better view of him. There was no doubt that the prize would be well worth all the labour that would have to be expended in stalking him, for he carried the most magnificent head I had yet seen. He was a ten-pointer with beautifully symmetrical antlers, and long, well-developed tines.

As I closed up the telescope and handed it back to the shikari, I noticed that the two coolies, who had accompanied me each day on my shikar since I had commenced this trip, had seized my rifle and camera and the few other odds and ends that I always took with me, and were waiting just behind us ready to start. I issued a few hurried instructions to the remaining coolies to get the rest of my kit back to our camp on the other side of the nullah, and then we set off, determined this time to outwit the fates which had hitherto frustrated all our efforts.

The shikari explained his plan for carrying out this stalk as we worked our way along the mountain face to a deep nullah that ran vertically up the mountainside.

We were to climb up this nullah until we reached a place near the summit that was higher than the area on which we knew the stag to be. At this point we would leave the nullah and work our way along the top of the mountain, keeping just under the skyline, until we were immediately above the stag. The shikari affirmed that the wind would most assuredly be blowing from the direction of the Wardwan up the mountainside, and this would enable us to descend the mountain and drop down on top of the stag's position until we should be within fifty yards of him. As events turned out, the shikari's calculations proved perfectly correct; and the way he had worked out our line of approach could not have been better.

The nullah up which we climbed was narrow and strewn with rocks and large boulders, which made the going slow and very difficult. As a line of approach it was ideal, for its sides were steep enough to shelter us from every wind that blew, and, in addition, to screen us from view and assure that the chances of the stag hearing our approach were reduced to an absolute minimum. It took us just over two hours to toil up that rugged ascent, and the small mountain stream, which tumbled over the rocks and wound its way down the nullah, made the climb extremely precarious, so that on several occasions our feet slipped on the moist surface of the rocks and nearly sent us dashing down the mountainside in company with the little stream itself.

When we were near the top one of the coolies slipped and loosened a large boulder from its lodging in the nullah bank. This great rock went clattering down to the bottom, and as it bounded from ledge to ledge, created sufficient noise in that steep-sided nullah to awaken all the dead in Kashmir, let alone to frighten the stag from the place where he was feeding. However, the wind stood us in good stead; and, although the noise appeared deafening to our ears, it apparently did not penetrate as far as the stag's position.

When we eventually reached the point we had been heading for near the top of the nullah, we scrambled up the sides and crawled along the top of the hill, keeping just below the crest. The mountain face near the summit sloped down gently towards the valley below, and a little over a hundred yards from where we were working our way forwards the gradient of the mountain's surface dropped suddenly to form a convex slope which screened us from the unsuspecting beast that was just below us. When we arrived at the point that was to mark our next change of direction the shikari stopped us while he crept forward to locate the stag and test the wind.

A few minutes later he returned, and reported that everything was perfect, and promising to work out just as we had planned it. The stag was in the same place as he had been when we first spotted him from the log hut, the wind was in our favour and was blowing directly towards us from the stag's position, and the two hinds that were with him were peacefully feeding a little lower down the mountainside.

It was all I could do to control my excitement as I took the rifle from one of the coolies, and carefully charged the magazine; and my heart was thumping so furiously that I was almost afraid the stag might hear it, despite the force of the wind. I instructed the two coolies to remain where they were until I called them up. Then, following the shikari, I worked my way forward, making use of all the available cover that lay in my path.

After half-an-hour's crawl I came in sight of the beast. He was standing perfectly erect, gazing across the valley, with his antlers thrown slightly back. It was indeed a wonderful sight to watch him standing there, an absolute king among beasts and lord of all that he surveyed; and as I drew the rifle into my shoulder and aligned the sights, I could not help feeling slightly remorseful at taking the life of so magnificent a creature. With a roar the first shot went off; he staggered, and his hind quarters collapsed beneath him; but only for a second. Then he pulled himself together, and with a desperate effort attempted to make off down the mountainside in the direction of his two hinds that were rapidly fading into the distance.

I reloaded my rifle, and drew it into my shoulder again to deal the brute his final blow and put him out of his misery; but the shikari touched me on the shoulder and shook his head, saying, "Fikha neh, sahib, woh khatam hai"; and as he spoke the great beast rolled over and lay motionless on the ground.

The shikari was the first to get up and rush forward and, almost before we could reach the spot, the two coolies came running down from the place where we had left them and overtook us, both screaming like maniacs, and wild with excitement. The shikari jumped on the corpse and halalaed it before I could get up to it. After the excitement had died down a little, I undid my tape-measure and measured the trophy. The stag we had seen through the telescope had not deceived us, and the prize was indeed worth the trouble and hard labour that had been expended in obtaining it. The antlers were 43in. in length, with a girth measurement of 6½in.

SALAR

(To be continued.)

THE REWARD OF AN EXCITING STALK
A ten-pointer with beautifully symmetrical antlers and well developed tines

PITCHING CAMP ON THE TOP OF A PASS ON THE WAY TO THE SYRIARAH NULLAH

A Merry Christmas at LE TOUQUET

Pass the festive season in the new way at Mayfair's favorite resort....

The CASINO *and* HOTELS
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WILL BE OPEN

STAG HUNTS — GOLF — FESTIVITIES

AMATEUR BOXERS AT THE ALBERT HALL

The Services Draw with the Police

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE ninth annual match between the Imperial Services and the Police of Great Britain resulted in a draw. The Services have yet to register a win, though they have drawn on two previous occasions.

This year's Services side was definitely stronger than that of last year, the Police, on the other hand, turned out a considerably weakened team. Even so, and despite a nice lead of 5—1 at the end of six contests, the Services were somewhat lucky to draw. Corporal Spears, one of the Army "cracks" and a man who might well have brought glory to British Amateur Boxing, had he been sent to Berlin, defeated P.C. Dumbletoes, of Derby, in a contest at 10st. 4lb., which is what the Police call the light-weight. Spears seemed to be very much slower than he was last year, and there was not a great deal in it at the end of six rounds. He will have to show very much improved form if he is to win an Amateur title next year.

Both the welter-weight contests were disappointing, and the middle-weight contest in which P.C. Smith, of Derby, beat Lance-Sergeant Curtis was no more than a rough-and-tumble. A.B. Knight, the only sailor in the Services team, boxed very well to beat P.C. McKillop, himself a boxer much above the average, in another middle-weight contest. Knight drew his man to him and well deserved his success. It is, indeed, pleasant to find an amateur who will combine force with strategy in these days. But it was Corporal Lenham of the Royal Marines, and P.C. Walters who provided the fight of the evening. This was a magnificent fight. Walters had reach and experience and quite a useful punch, and he used all three to their best advantage. Lenham is toughness personified, has a very considerable punch, and is a fighter to the last gasp. Walters won on points, but Lenham was there at the finish, very strong and full of fight, and the margin must have been narrow.

The heavy-weight fight—by the way, all the big men, even the gigantic Hunter, were described on the programme as light-heavy-weights—between Lieutenant A. R. V. Luke and P.C. Hunter was interesting. Two nights before Luke had been stopped in three rounds by his huge opponent. He did not allow painful memories to affect him, and put up a very good fight. Indeed, had he been content to stay at long range and to rely on a very useful left hand, he might well have upset the one certainty of the evening, for his straight left was long and accurate and landed frequently. Hunter started rushing, and weight told. Even so, had Luke kept his eyes open when facing these rushes he would certainly have won, for he would have seen that Hunter had his eyes shut tight and no guard at all. It is, of course, essential to box with the eyes open. When Luke has learnt this he will become a power. Hunter has improved, but I think he is too big to overcome a certain clumsiness of arm.

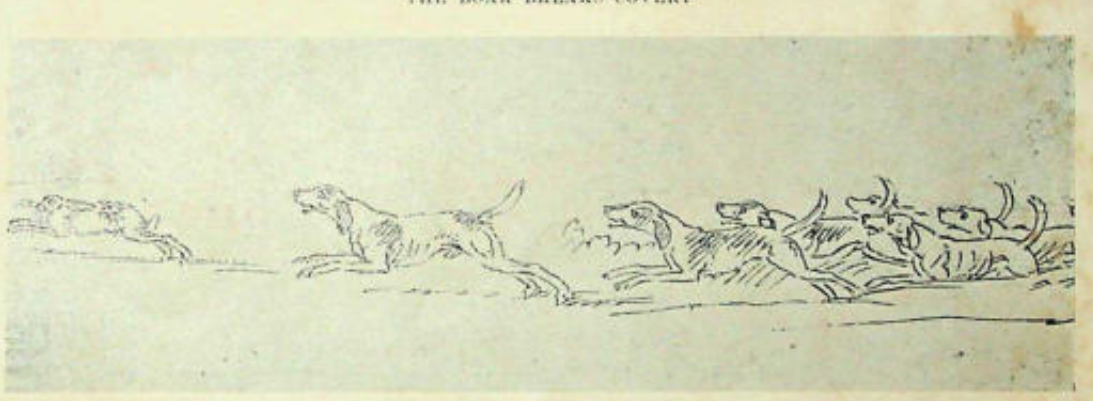
The boxing was not so good as everyone expected. But it is early in the season yet, and by the time the Championships come round we may expect both Service and Police amateurs to give a good account of themselves.

AN ARMY CHAMPION'S CLEAN SWEEP

THE amateur record score for the course, and the record score for the tournament during the seven years it has been held, was made at Parkstone Golf Club when Lieutenant M. R. Gardner, the Army champion, did a 66 gross in the morning round, during the competitions for the Branksome Tower Challenge Cup and Trophy organised by *Golf Illustrated* on behalf of the Branksome Tower Hotel, Bournemouth. The par for the course is 71. Lieutenant Gardner was six times under bogey, being over only once, at the 18th. Lieutenant Gardner won the Branksome Tower Challenge Cup for scratch players with a total score of 141, the Branksome Tower Challenge Trophy for handicap players, the *Golf Illustrated* prize for the best eighteen holes of the day for scratch players, the prize for the best eighteen holes of the day for handicap players, and the 18 and 36 holes scratch and handicap sweeps as well, although Mr. T. C. Pretzlik shares the eighteen holes handicap with him. As the rules of the competition do not permit a competitor to take more than one prize, the runners-up took prizes in events where they had been won by a previous prize winner.

SCENES OF EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY SPORT

THE BOAR BREAKS COVERT



HOUNDS COURSING A HARE

HUNTSMAN AND HOUNDS IN FULL CRY

THE drawings above are reproduced by courtesy of Spink & Son, Ltd., 5–7, King Street, St. James, where a most interesting exhibition of sporting drawings, by James Seymour (1702–1752) is being held, and will last until November 27th. The drawing at the bottom of the page illustrates a huntsman cheering his hounds, which are in full cry. Only a man who thoroughly knew his subject could have given such a wonderful impression of the crash of music, as hounds opened on the line..

It is interesting to note that in the top picture, a gentleman has levelled his musket at the boar, obviously with fell intent. The harrier picture is interesting, both for action, and because it shows the type of hound used for hare-hunting in those times.

The character of James Seymour is told in the following delightful story. When, after an altercation with the haughty Duke of Somerset about the painting of some horses and other matters, the Duke demanded a former loan of £100; Seymour briefly replied that he would "write to His Grace." He did so, and addressed his letter to "Northumberland House, opposite the Trunkmakers, Charing Cross." This exhibition is well worth a visit, and the drawings are for sale.

FIELD TRIALS

LABRADOR TRIALS AT WESTON PARK, SHIFNAL

THE Labrador Club held their 42nd field trials for the Puppy and Non-Winner Stake on October 27th and 28th, at Weston Park, Shropshire, by kind permission of Lord Bradford, to whom Lady Howe, on behalf of the club, expressed the thanks of all for again allowing the use of his ground, which is so admirably suited for trials. The weather was badly against really good work, the storms being very hard on the puppies that were running. Judging was no easy task, and after the first three there was very little indeed to choose between the next half-dozen.

Mr. R. G. Heaton's b. Cheverells Bustle continued her successful career, winning very comfortably. She had nothing very sensational to do, but all her work was most attractive on both days. Mr. R. Corbet's d. Adderly Tigh was placed second, a very near thing between him and Coed Bob. Tigh just scored at the last trial of all by collecting a very difficult runner—about as good a performance as was done either day. This dog certainly works his ground admirably, and is most amenable to his handler. Sir Edmund Sprigg's d. Coed Bob was third, went with lots of drive, and showed a very good nose on a runner—a worthy son of his old mother, Champion Janet. Mr. W. H. Alington's d. Bun was awarded fourth prize.

Mr. J. Rogers-Coltman's b. Jennaphone got reserve and Certificate of Merit. Seeing that she was only whelped in May, 1935, this young bitch showed a lot of promise. Where she failed was from inexperience under the very difficult conditions of scent, as she did two quite nice bits of work. Certificates were also given to Mr. A. B. Simpson's d. Bill of Upperlodge, who got into trouble over a rabbit on the first day, but later made up for it by finding a difficult bird, which had dropped far back in some very thick cover. Lord Charles Bentinck's b. Birlingham Judy was very steady to a rabbit, and also showed good style of hunting for a bird far out from her. Mr. G. T. Johnson-Houghton's d. Croughton Peter also got a Certificate of Merit and did three useful bits of work. There was very little in it between these three. The two final certificates went to Mrs. Somervell's d. Borran's Barney and Mr. R. Corbet's b. Adderley Tax.

HUBERT WILSON.

SPANIELS AT MASSEREENE PARK

By kind permission of Viscount Massereene and Ferrard, the Ulster Spaniel Club held their first field trials at Massereene Park, Antrim, on October 29th and 30th. The judges were Captain Ralph Joynson and Mr. D. McDonald. The awards were as follows:

STAKE No. 1.—1st, Major-General H.H. the Maharajah Dhiraj of Patiala's d. Sir Jasper of Malwa; equal 2nd, Major-General H.H. Maharajah Dhiraj of Patiala's d. Stinger of Ware, and Mr. W. McCausland's d. Melfort Mesmerist; 4th, Miss D. Fagan's d. Lick Bla Blaze. Certificates of Merit: Mr. N. M. Clarke's b. Scotties Jill; Mr. J. Brewer's b. Miss Assurance.

STAKE No. 2.—1st, Mr. E. Winter's b. Staindrop Staybright; 2nd, Major-General H.H. Maharajah Dhiraj of Patiala's d. Brey Lad of Ware; 3rd, Mrs. J. R. Calvert's b. Eromtew Juliana; 4th, the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava's d. Renrut Gin. Certificates of Merit, Mr. R. MacDonald's d. Rock-tread Footman, Captain J. F. Hodges's d. Renrut Don.

STAKE No. 3.—1st, Miss D. Hardy's b. Carramore Avril; 2nd, Major-General H.H. Maharajah Dhiraj of Patiala's b. Race On of Ware; 3rd, Dr. W. J. Dawson's b. Int. F.T. Ch. Colleen of Fews; 4th and Award of Honour, Mr. N. M. Clarke's b. F.T. Ch. Beat. Award of Honour, Miss D. Fagan's d. Lick Bla Blaze. Award of Honour and Certificate of Merit, Mrs. G. Scott-Moore's b. Blare. Certificates of Merit, Lady Mary Hollins's d. Geordy Boy, Captain J. H. Rhodes's b. Dalshangan Silver.

STAKE No. 4.—1st, Mr. S. L. Henrique's b. Chanal Maiden; 2nd, Mrs. J. R. Calvert's d. Bobble; 3rd, Captain J. F. Hodges's d. Renrut Don.

RETRIEVERS AT WILBURY PARK

THERE was no lack of game, and the arrangements were most admirably carried out when the Western Counties and South Wales Retriever Society held their trials over Major Despencer-Robertson's estate at Wilbury Park on October 30th and 31st. The open stake was won by Mr. Wood Homer's Black Druce, a bitch capable of holding her own in any company. She has a nice style of hunting, plenty of perseverance, and can be confidently relied upon to do whatever job she is put to. Lorna Countess Howe's d. Dual Ch. Banchory Painter was second, and no doubt ran the winner very closely. He made some very smart retrieves and showed much intelligence. He is now back to his old form and is quite as good as he ever was. Third prize went to Lorna Countess Howe's d. Balmuto Hewildo, who can work out the line of a runner as well as most, but has not quite the same initiative as the other two when hunting for dead game. He is quick and untiring and marks well, and for this latter reason was probably put over Anningsley Stingo, who on occasions should have found birds quicker than he did. Good marking is very essential when walking up roots, and not sufficient attention is paid to it by handlers. Failure to mark means a lot of unnecessary disturbance of ground, and it is frequently due to the lack of confidence of handlers in their dogs, whose attention to business is frustrated by continual nervous gesticulations.

The Non-Winners' Stake was won by Mrs. Jervoise's Herriard Mercy, a bitch that should improve with experience. She had practically a clean sheet whereas Banchory Brent, placed second, failed on a dead partridge which he should have found. This stake was carried through in pouring rain, but, in spite of it, the meeting was a very great success, and everybody appreciated the way Mr. Young, the head keeper, overcame the difficulties which the weather caused. Mrs. Jervoise has now won this stake three times, and with dogs bred from the same parents. She wins the challenge cup outright.

Everyone regretted the absence of Lady Howe, and especially the circumstances which prevented her coming, namely, the serious illness of her mother. The awards were as follows:

ALL-AGED STAKE.—1st, Mr. G. Wood Homer's l. b. Black Druce; 2nd, Lorna Countess Howe's l. d. Dual Ch. Banchory Painter; 3rd, Lorna Countess Howe's l. d. Balmuto Hewildo; reserve, Mr. R. Venables Kyrke's G. R. d. Anningsley Stingo. Certificates of Merit: Major J. Despencer-Robertson's l. b. F.T. Ch. Quest of Wilbury; Miss Bickerton's cross-bred R. d. Shelsley Nicky; Mrs. Hextall's G.R. d. Avishay's Brush; Mrs. Jervoise's l. b. Herriard Bridget; Miss Despencer-Robertson's l. b. Painted Lady of Wilbury; Miss Newton-Deakin's G.R. b. Silence of Tone.

NON-WINNERS' STAKE.—1st, Mrs. Jervoise's l. b. Herriard Mercy; 2nd, Lorna Countess Howe's l. d. Banchory Brent; 3rd, Miss Bickerton's cross-bred R. d. Shelsley Nicky; reserve, Mr. A. B. Simpson's l. d. Bill of Upper Lodge. Certificates of Merit: Miss Despencer-Robertson's l. d. Peter Pilot of Wilbury; Mrs. Charlesworth's G.R. b. Noranby Justice.

ERNEST TURNER.

A TRUSTWORTHY SPANIEL

ON October 29th, 1936, I was obliged to have my old spaniel Careless put to sleep. He was born March 19th, 1923, and was therefore about thirteen years and seven months old. He and his father, Rout, had attained to the greatest age of any spaniels I have owned.

In the course of his field trial career, which began in 1923 and ended in 1933, Careless won 28 first prizes in Braces and Teams; five second prizes; one reserve; and six Certificates of Merit in single stakes.

I ought to state that some of these wins were walks-over, but it must be remembered that prizes are never given unless the Brace or Team makes no mistake in the walk-over. Careless was never a single-stake dog because he was slovenly in his retrieves, but as a hunter and ranger I have never seen his superior. Also in Brace or Team, perhaps because he was not so keen on retrieving, he was most patient while search was being made by a colleague for wounded fur or feather. I have known him "stay put" for more than half-an-hour alone in the bracken on a hill-side while his handler hunted another dog for a runner.

There have been many more successful spaniels at all work, but there can have been few in the history of field trials who have, over such a long period, so patiently and loyally worked with their comrades for their master. R.I.P. (Signed) X.

SELECTING GOLF CLUBS

The Mistake of Too Much Weight

TO-DAY the manufacture of golf clubs is an art. A degree of perfection has been reached which was not dreamed of years ago. It is, perhaps, sad that the days of the individual club-maker are over, but with all the modern factories turning out clubs made excellent by scientific methods, there is simply no need for anyone to possess indifferent weapons. Yet despite the wide choice available it is surprising how many golfers continue to use clubs quite unsuited to their play.

There seems to be a modern tendency towards heavy clubs. Most players, I am sure, would be surprised if they took the trouble to weigh their clubs. It is a fallacy to think that a heavy club will send the ball farther than a light one. Within limits very little depends on the actual weight of a club. A number of our professionals use light implements—almost of feminine weight in some cases—and they do so simply because these clubs suit them. They have discovered that normal clubs upset the rhythm of their swing, and consequently they lose length and suffer inaccuracies. When all is said and done it is the velocity of the club head at impact which propels the ball into the air. If you find it is an effort to swing your present clubs, then you are making the game more difficult for yourself, and in addition you are losing many valuable yards off the tee and through the green.

A scratch golfer of my acquaintance told me during a game that he liked his driver yet never really hit a good tee shot until nearly half-way round. Then, towards the end, he usually lost his touch, and he added: "It is quite an effort even to swing the club, let alone concentrate on hitting the ball." The trouble was that the club was too heavy. He had it made lighter, and at once his driving showed a tremendous improvement. Padgham, being a strong man, always physically fit and possessing big hands, uses very heavy implements. A normal person would get tired of them before the ninth. But they suit him, and that is what matters. If he only played golf at rare intervals, then, I imagine, he too would find them heavy and change to a lighter set. That is another point worth remembering. If you only play at week-ends, or even less than that, it is better to use fairly light clubs because your muscles are not accustomed to the exercise.

Beginners at golf often use their friends' clubs for a while, and boys and girls start playing with their parents' clubs. In both cases care should be taken to see that the implements are not too heavy, otherwise they will find it extremely difficult to acquire a rhythmic swing and also to preserve their balance during the stroke. If you get up on your toes or move your stance trying to hit the ball anything can happen. One cause of the trouble can be traced to unsuitable clubs. Altering the length of the shaft naturally destroys the original balance of the club and frequently makes it feel clumsy. Lighter clubs, on the other hand, assist beginners and young golfers to feel the stroke: they are able to get the idea of the whole swing more easily without having to lunge at the ball or to resort to odd antics in order to raise the ball up into the air.

The driver, because of the longer shaft, should be slightly lighter than the brassie, the spoon being the same weight as the driver or, if anything, slightly heavier. While all that is considered very carefully by the manufacturers, they cannot tell the individual which set to choose. He has to decide that for himself, and there seems to be very few players who know which clubs suit them. Care over the selection of the type of shaft is always exercised, but the question of weight often ignored. It is impossible to lay down any definite rules or to give a list of weights, as this matter is purely an individual one. A careful examination of present sets will yield interesting and helpful information. E. R. TIPPLE.

Your — ahem — breakfast, Sir."

"Thank you, Jervis. I say — don't go away Jervis. You don't imagine a grown man can go through a strenuous and exhausting morning on one morsel of toast do you? I shall swoon in the streets or something."

"But, Sir — after last night — do you think it — ahem — advisable . . .?"

"I follow you Jervis. Thought I'd be off my food, eh? Well, I'm not. I could peck at a mixed grill with the best. Last night I drank *only* gin and lime."

I see, Sir. They tell me that lime juice — er — what I might call neutralises the — er — after-effects . . ."

"True, Jervis, true. Tell you what — it might be rather a sound scheme to lay in a heavy stock of the best lime juice for the party tomorrow night."

"One large case of Rose's Lime Juice. Very good, Sir."

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

METHODS OF FIELD TRIALS

SIR,—I had been intending to write on this subject when Mrs. Charlesworth's letter appeared in your issue of October 24th. Her complaint seems to "boil down" to this, that the tests applied are artificial and not such as are compatible with the ordinary working of retrievers at a day's shooting. There is one particular tendency which I would like to stress, and that is sending out dogs to retrieve game they have not marked from long distances. In talking to a practical handler and keeper on this subject, he used the words "the proper distance," and when asked what that might be, responded at once "quick shot"; the reason is obvious.

I think that the tendency to artificiality arises from the system or lack of system in judging trials, which makes the judges over-anxious to find some difficult task for the competitor that will enable him, the judge, to differentiate between the large number of good dogs competing. Game sometimes fails to come up to expectations with the resulting effect of the judges trying to eliminate dogs as quickly as possible in order to lessen the difficulty of their task. Were there some settled system of judging, these anxieties would be to a great extent removed.

It is useless for those in control to deny that there is no justification for complaint: anyone who has followed trials must have witnessed cases of inequality of treatment, failure to interpret the rules, and many other anomalies, and must have heard accusations of favouritism and prejudice engendered thereby. Talking recently to a friend, who, though a newcomer to trials, is a man well versed in every kind of sporting competition, I found he was surprised that no system of marks or marks deduction was employed, and did not see how judging could be fairly achieved without some such system. I know it will be said that there are or have been judges of such powers of observation and retentive memories that they could judge through a two-day stake without making any notes in the judge's book provided them for that purpose. This may be so, but it only stresses that such judges are exceptional and unless they are to be impossibly overworked, judging must be done by gentlemen of inferior accomplishment. Anyone who has ever seen a judge's book at the end of a wet afternoon must wonder how the abbreviated notes can possibly recall to mind the full comparative value of what took place at the beginning of the day. Judges are but human, and subject to impressions as are other people, and cannot be blamed if they form predilections and prejudices caused by some style or conduct of the dog or his handler which really may be of no advantage or detriment to the dog's capacity for finding game and returning it efficiently to the handler. It is not my intention to suggest that it would be impossible by any system to eliminate the factor of luck, but there is no doubt it could be more clearly defined.

Before starting on any system of judging by marks or marks deduction, it would be important for judges to agree on the sins of commission and omission possible in a retriever in their order of importance. I suggest the following, allowing 20 marks to each dog in each judge's book to start:—

1. Failure to find shot game.
   (*a*) Where it is subsequently recovered by another dog.
   (*b*) Where it is not recovered by any dog, but picked up by hand.
   (*c*) When it is not recovered at all.
   (*a*) A maximum penalty.
   (*b*) A less penalty.
   (*c*) A very small penalty or none.
2. Failing to retrieve game smartly to hand.
   (*a*) Dropping.
   (*b*) Bad delivery.
   (*c*) Slowness.
3. Conduct as a gun dog.
   (*a*) Control.
   (*b*) Fidgeting.

It is suggested that complete lack of control should exclude the dog from further competition, as would running in.

Then to render the above marks effective, there should be a rule that dogs must be sent out an equal number of times. The number of times would be agreed by the judges in advance, having in consideration the stock of game available and this could be varied at lunch time or at end of the first day if it was seen that prospects were not likely to be realised.

That a third dog should never be sent out. In this connection, it cannot be too often stressed that the scent of the bird will be nearly entirely extinguished after the passage of two dogs over the ground, and that if the third dog does find where two have failed, it is usually pure luck, in that the dog happens to pass over the bird and sees it, or that the handler has from another position been able to see something the two handlers on the spot were unable to appreciate.

I purposely refrain from suggesting the amount of marks to be deducted under the various headings above, as it is a question on which experts should agree.

If such a system was adopted, each judge, having made his mark deduction on a dog's performance, could then dismiss him from his mind, and there would be no necessity for lengthy judges' conferences, wasting the valuable hours of daylight. Plus marks might also be allowed for outstanding performance. The winner of the stake, of course, would be the dog whose aggregate number of marks left in all the judges' books after the deductions had been made, totalled the highest.

This scheme has been suggested to the field trial committee of the I.C.L. and to many people of import in the field trial world, but the usual criticism is that such a system would not be workable. It is an unfortunate, but often true, generalisation that when, without further examination, a *non possumus* attitude is taken to a scheme of this sort, it so often means that those concerned do not want to examine it.

The above suggestions are not intended to be exhaustive; much detail will arise from an earnest examination of it, which can certainly be solved if there is a willing acceptance of the principle.

Yours faithfully,

Colesbourne, Cheltenham. H. C. ELWES.

SIR,—I am very pleased to see that Mrs. Charlesworth is advocating a change of methods of Field Trials, and as a shooting man and trainer-owner of Field Trial winners, I agree with much that she says. I have always held that retriever trials should be conducted as nearly as possible as are shooting days, and that in at least the championship trials the handlers should be compelled to carry a gun and fire blanks at all game within reach. This point has been pressed by me since I first ran in Field Trials four years ago, but I was promptly told that it was not practicable and could never be. However, I am convinced that this is the only test for steadiness. There is to be seen at every Field Trial far too much kneeling of handlers, caressing or fondling their dogs during a drive, giving a convenient grip of the ear when a bird falls close in.

All retriever trials to-day are described in the schedules as being for non-slip retrievers, yet practically every dog running in trials is very carefully kept on a slip until the actual moment he is in the line, and put on again *immediately* the judge has done with him. This, I consider, is a disgrace to everyone concerned, and should never be allowed at any retriever meeting.

Mrs. Charlesworth's idea of picking up in roots *after* the walk is, in my opinion, sound and correct, and should be carried out at all trials.

Who, in actual shooting, would pay beaters to put all the birds into roots ready for walking up, and then risk flushing the whole lot by sending a dog to gather what may prove to be a strong and difficult runner. Far better to leave markers and return to pick up when walk is over. I believe it to be very necessary to be able to place a dog on to a bird it has not seen, which has fallen a long way out, otherwise you could hang about all day until your dog ranged the surrounding country.

How long is it going to be before the retrieving of hares shot close to the line in the open is stopped? Personally, I consider this practice at Field Trials is all wrong, except it be that the hare is in such a position that it cannot be easily picked up by hand. I have seen dogs put out of a stake for fumbling the retrieve of a hare close into the line. Yet others which have refused to *cross* water for a bird are given prizes. To most shooting men this is absurd.

One imagines that at Field Trials one would see really good reliable gundogs, but, alas, instead of that we too often see dogs so keen and eager that their handlers dare not take their eyes off them lest they should run in, and over which it would be impossible to shoot with an easy mind. Another point I must mention is the question of *marking* by the dog. To the uninitiated it would seem incredible that a dog could be put out of a stake for moving its position from one side of the handler to the other, in order to mark falling birds. Surely this is not encouraging brains!

I am quite prepared to offer a prize of £5 at the first retriever trial where these suggestions are adopted.

Yours faithfully,

H. WENTWORTH-SMITH.

Brandon Park, Suffolk.

ELECTRIFICATION OF RAILWAYS

SIR,—Your contributor who writes on the above subject in your issue of October 31st says, quite rightly, that this is a matter which the British Field Sports Society should take up. Actually, it is one which the Society has never dropped.

Only last July I had an interview with the Assistant Manager of the Southern Railway, when he assured me that the company were entirely sympathetic towards hunting, but with regard to fencing or protection of the live rail, they could not go further than carry out their statutory obligations which they were at present doing. On the other hand, if at any time the interests involved wished to provide for protection from the live rail, the Assistant Manager informed me that whilst he could not in any way bind the Company, he thought they might consider favourably any scheme put forward for improving the fencing provided that any extra cost involved in erection or upkeep was borne by a Hunt or some responsible body. In addition, I was informed that the old fencing is gradually being replaced by a wire fence, a drawing of which I have by me, which unfortunately is not proof against either foxes or hounds. But if anything is to be done, it would certainly appear that the opportunity arises whilst this new fencing is being erected, as the extra cost in that case presumably would not be so great as the cost of improving the fencing at a later date.

In addition we received estimates for fencing the line against foxes and hounds which, for a 6ft. high fence of 3in. mesh, fixed to chestnut poles 10ft. apart, worked out at approximately £210 per mile, including both sides of the track, though that illustrated in your article might be an improvement if it is not liable to be easily damaged.

A full report on this matter was sent to the Masters of Foxhounds Association, Hunt Secretaries Association, Association of Masters of Harriers and Beagles, and the Master of Otterhounds Association for their information, and it was suggested that those hunts served by the Southern Railway should be advised of what had taken place.

With regard to the suggestion that efforts should be made to have the third rail altered to the overhead system, it must not be forgotten that the Southern Railway have, unfortunately, gone the other way about, for they started by electrifying on the overhead system and changed over to the third rail system!

The casualties caused by electrified lines are published annually by the Ministry of Transport. The figures for the last two years throughout the country, are as follows:

		1934		1935
Trespassers:	Killed	6	..	8
	Injured ...	10	..	9
Workmen:	Killed	0	..	3
	Injured ...	28	..	42

Yours faithfully,

JAMES W. FITZWILLIAM (Secretary).

3, St. James's Square, London, S.W. 1.

A HYBRID PHEASANT

SIR,—I have a hybrid pheasant, the result of mating an old English black-necked cock with a silver hen.

Have any of your readers had a similar experience, and, if so, can they tell me if the bird will come to his plumage this winter, or will it take the full time of a silver pheasant to attain its complete colouring, and what is that colouring likely to be?

All the indications so far seem to show that it is a cock bird, but I suppose it will in reality be a mule.

North Acres, Streat, Sussex. Yours faithfully, GRENE C. WITE.

THE HEN BIRD, THE COCK, AND THE NEST WITH ITS PORCH OVER THE ENTRANCE
(*See Letter "The Sunbird"*)

THE SUNBIRD

SIR,—I enclose herewith three snapshots of the sunbird, which is a shy bird and it is unusual to see a nest in a bungalow. This pair, however, insisted on making their nest and suspending it from an electric light wire on the verandah of my bungalow, within 2yds. of the front steps and within a yard of the chair on which I normally sit. They successfully raised a brood of two and I was able to watch the progress of events from the commencement of operations.

The snapshots were taken by a brother officer and by the simple expedient of placing the camera on a stand and gradually moving it nearer after each of the birds' visits when feeding until the camera was only 1ft. away from the nest. A piece of string some 5yds. in length tied to the shutter release enabled the photographer to operate without any difficulty.

"They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them."

We can best remember them by offering the hand of friendship to their comrades who survived, so many thousands of whom, because of sickness or because they are growing old, are today in dire need of help.
Please help the British Legion to help these men and their families by giving as generously as you can for the Poppies you will wear on

POPPY DAY
Nov. 11

DONATIONS will be welcomed, and these should be addressed to the local Poppy Day Committee: or to Captain W. G. Willcox, M.B.E., Organising Secretary, Earl Haig's British Legion Appeal Fund, 29, Cromwell Road, London, S.W.7.
LADIES willing to act as Poppy Sellers are asked to apply to their local Poppy Day Committees or to the above address.

This space is donated to
Earl Haig's Appeal Fund
by Messrs. John Walker & Sons Ltd.,
of Kilmarnock, Proprietors of
Johnnie Walker Scotch Whisky.

The following is an extract from a work entitled *The Common Birds of Bombay*, by "E. H. A."; the description given by this authority could not be bettered.

"Our commonest sunbird (*Arachnecthra zeylonica*) seen at a distance, and in a dull light, is a tiny bird of a dark brown colour, except on the breast and lower parts, which are yellow.

"The sunbird's nest is one of the most wonderful examples of bird architecture in the world. It is suspended from the very end of some down-hanging branch, often in an exposed situation by the wayside. The foundation is a pear-shaped bag made of various fibres, with an opening on one side near the top. Over the opening there is a little porch to keep out sun and rain. Finally, the nest is well stuffed inside with silk cotton, and the hen bird settles down to her maternal duties, cozy and secure, with her chin resting on the window-sill, so that she can see the passers-by. There are just two eggs, of a greenish-white colour with brown spots gathered in a ring round the larger end. But as a rule, I think, only one of the two is hatched. There are probably two broods in the year, and the nests may be found at any season. They last long after the birds have done with them and are common objects on the trees." Yours faithfully,

Deolali, Bombay Presidency. E. T. H.

QUEEN WASPS

SIR,—Two years ago, in June, a cotoneaster hedge in my garden was visited for three days by some 500 or 600 wasps, everyone of which, so far as I could see, was a queen wasp. As I have never, during a long life of natural history observation, seen such a swarm, I should be greatly interested to hear whether it has been noticed in other parts of the country.

Also, for over ten years I have been noting the scarcity or otherwise of queen wasps in late spring, and have invariably found that in those years, when queens are very numerous, there is a dearth or scarcity of wasps in late summer and early autumn, and *vice versa*, few queens in the early part of the year, followed by large numbers later on. My theory is that many queens wage warfare amongst themselves, and so the number left is very considerably reduced. Yours faithfully,

Shawford, H. PUREFOY FITZGERALD, F.L.S.
Hants.

STOATS HUNTING FISH

SIR,—We are anxious to know if you or any of your readers have knowledge of stoats hunting and capturing fish. We ask because we saw a most interesting sight when walking along the sea shore at Tawin, on Galway Bay, one day last June. Six or eight stoats carrying something in their mouths were hurrying across a stretch of grass towards a loose stone wall.

Beyond the grass is a low, broken cliff which leads down to a rocky shore where pools are left by the receding tide, and when we were there the tide was some way out.

The stoats, on seeing us, ran into the wall, two of them dropping their prey, which, to our astonishment, we discovered to be young mullet.

We kept quiet to watch what would happen, and in a moment or two one stoat came out from the wall and retrieved a fish, and the other fish, which was alive and unwounded, we picked up and returned to a pool on the shore.

It has been suggested that the animals were young otters and not stoats, but we were within a few yards of them, and are convinced we are not mistaken in identifying them as stoats. They were obviously returning from a fishing expedition, and must have been swimming, for they were very wet, and the fish were freshly caught and still alive.

We have tried to find out if there is any record of stoats fishing, but have been unable to do more than discover that in Volume XX of the Lonsdale Library it is stated that "stoats are strong swimmers and will even take to the sea." But in this case the writer is referring to the hunting of waterfowl and not fish. Another reference is in *Blind Raftery*, by Donn Byrne, where the hero sings the following lines, said to be from an old Irish ballad:

"No sportsman shall chase the game beast
Or angler kill the fish-poaching stoat."

Yours faithfully,

Clonbur, Co. Galway. DOROTHY TEACHER.
Raford, Athenry, Co. Galway. KATHLEEN GOUGH.

VETERANS' RACES

SIR,—Captain F. A. M. Webster, in his new work, *The Science of Athletics*, says: "I am strongly of opinion that the governing body of athletics should make it a hard and fast rule that no veterans' races should be run in connection with any sports meetings held under A.A.A. laws."

It is to be hoped that the A.A.A. will take no notice of this arbitrary suggestion to deprive veterans of the pleasure of a little healthy exercise in competitive events. There are a lot of people that think when anyone is 70 years of age and passed that they are mentally and physically incapable.

When I was 70 years of age I should have been very sorry to have taken on some young men in their twenties and thirties on the London to Brighton and back non-stop walk in 24 hours, a distance of about 104 miles, as I knew that some could not have walked it.

I put the veteran age at 50 years, not under.

Yours faithfully,

London Athletic Club. JAMES M. R. LUPTON.

FOOD OF RATS

SIR,—Do rats eat earth worms? I ask this hoping someone can solve a mystery. I have a number of fowls in folding pens on my farm. One end of each pen is enclosed with boards and the floor is raised 2in. from the ground and is made of slats ½in. apart. When moving the pens on Thursday morning last (the pens are moved each day on to fresh ground), I noticed a small hole drawn out, as I thought, to enable a rat to get under the floor of one of the pens. I lifted the pen on to fresh ground and found a small hollow scratched out about a foot from the side of the pen; in the hollow was a small piece of sacking to form a bed, also a considerable number of the remains of large earth worms. Part of each worm was eaten; in each case only the two ends of the worms were missing. I found at least a dozen remains. Unless the rat escaped when I moved the house, he was not at home, but he left unmistakable signs. I thought I knew something of the ways and habits of rats and all animals large and small inhabiting this country, but I did not know that rats lived on worms.

Yours faithfully,

Tally Ho, Andoversford, Glos. H. P. DE WINTON.

VITALITY

SIR,—The two limes at the end of this old avenue lost their tops in a gale. Nothing was left but two stumps, about 10ft. high; and since then they have grown new tops, the size of which is indicated by the gate post on the right in the photograph.

The shoots of these tops sent out roots which fed upon the decaying centre of the trunks. Now, however, the centres have rotted away and these roots are left in the air, as shown in the photographs.

The tops are now entirely dependent upon what appears to be little more than bark, and in spite of this they have withstood some high winds.

Yours faithfully,

Marden Hill, Hertford, Herts. CECIL E. BANBURY.

THE WILL TO LIVE IN NATURE
(See Letter "Vitality")

POINTER AND GOLDEN EAGLE

SIR,—One day, just after 1 p.m., while after grouse over a pointer on Banavie Hill (three miles north of Fort William, Inverness-shire, and 1,070ft. above sea), the dog came to a point and on going up to him I saw not more than 30yds. away a golden eagle standing on a tuft of long grass and heather calmly preening himself.

The keeper, Peter Ross (of Torcastle, Banavie), and I stood watching the bird for quite a minute, possibly more, and twice he turned his head towards us apparently quite unconcerned at our presence. Ultimately, he calmly took off quite unhurried and soared away to the north.

The dog meantime had stood to his point as stiff as a ramrod. Within a mile of where we found the eagle we had found the freshly killed carcase of a grouse only partly eaten, and the remains of a black cock which could not have been long killed. I do not know whether the bird was a male or female but he (or she) was in beautiful plumage.

The day was very still, with a slight S.E. wind.

Yours faithfully,

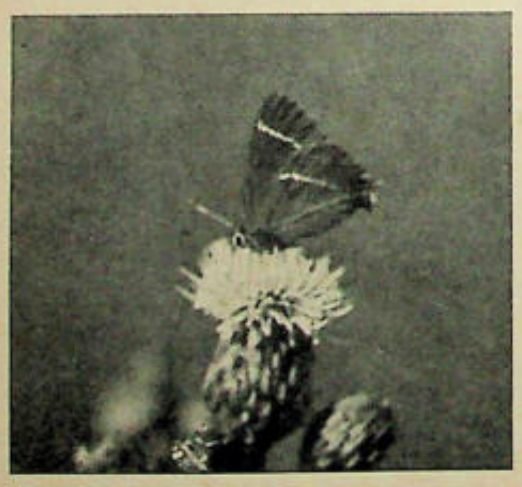
Torcastle, Banavie, Inverness-shire. D. J. MITCHELL (Captain).

THE WHITE-LETTER HAIR-STREAK

SIR,—I am enclosing a photograph of a member of a little-known family of butterflies, the white-letter hair-streak.

There are five hair-streak butterflies in the 60 odd British species, their name being derived from the fine line which is drawn on the underside of the wings, shown distinctly in the photograph. The black hair-streak is extremely rare and is found in only one wood in Great Britain, so far as is known. The brown hair-streak, a much more beautiful butterfly, is found very locally and is by no means common. The purple one is abundant in many oak woods throughout the country, and the green is the commonest of the five, being found on open moors and on the edges of woods.

The white-letter hair-streak, which I show here, is locally common, but these little butterflies are



RARE AND COMMON
(See Letter "White-Letter Hair-Streak")

much less conspicuous than most and they are practically unknown to the man in the street. The specimen photographed was very much like a black hair-streak and I thought at first that I had discovered another place for this rare butterfly.

Yours faithfully,

Chelmsford. D. J. B.

INFORMATION REQUIRED

SIR,—I have lately come into possession of a small oil painting which has the following inscription on the back:—

"A Black-Cock shot by J. Birt, Esq., in the New Forest in October 1858. Painted by W. P. Frith, R.A., and presented by him to Mrs. Birt. London—October, 1858."

Will anyone be so kind as to inform me who was J. Birt, and where he resided?

Yours faithfully,

Constitutional Club, London. G. N. CARTER.

EVICTION

SIR,—In Devonshire, when passing by several beehives, I happened to notice a commotion going on at the door of one of the hives. I peered down and found that it was four workers striving to evict another worker who had apparently damaged one wing.

The unfortunate bee to be evicted had, however, no intention of leaving his home without a struggle, and he clung to the doorpost with a grim determination. The four workers pushed, heaved, and jostled him without success. Then a much larger worker came out to see what was going on. After an excited inspection he climbed up and entwined his legs about the body of the victim and strived to move him with sheer wing power. He soon gave that up as hopeless and stood by as an interested spectator.

After what might have been a consultation one of the four gave the clinging worker a really good and hearty butt with his head. This met with the desired result, and the victim now rolled out on to the landing ledge, where he lay on his back, exhausted. The larger worker now jumped on him, once more twined his legs about the body, and this time flew off with his burden and so out of sight.

The whole eviction was carried out in a most gentlemanly manner and there was no bullying.

Yours faithfully,

Naval and Military Club, 94, Piccadilly, W. 1. S. E. G. PONDER.

COLLISIONS

SIR,—While partridge driving last week the beaters walking across turnip rows put up several hares. Two of these, in escaping, ran down the same row in opposite directions, colliding with each other head on, both breaking their necks and being killed instantly.

I would be glad to know if anyone has heard of this happening before.

Yours faithfully,

Leeds. A. M. D.

SIR,—While walking, yesterday, to our partridge-driving butts we flushed a number of pheasants outside a covert, two of which collided in mid-air and fell to the ground dead—both their necks having been broken. Surely this occurrence, which was witnessed by several members of our party, must be most unusual?

Yours faithfully,

Oxford and Cambridge University Club, Pall Mall, S.W.1. JOHN E. HUTTON.

SHEEP FARMING IN THE SAHARA

SIR,—I read with interest the article in this week's issue of the *Field* on sheep breeding in the Sahara.

I am almost a native of Biskra, having been brought up there and having a sister who owns a farm on the outskirts of Biskra (Cora oasis).

I do not wish to contradict the author, but merely to point out the risks of investing money in sheep and entering in partnership with "Arab chiefs."

South of the Atlas Mountains it scarcely ever rains, and is a matter of not more than 2in. per annum. Disease amongst sheep is frequent. Sheep die from animal bites, drought and especially from the lack of food when locusts sweep the country and eat every blade of grass and greenery over immense areas.

Even with a seemingly reliable Arab it is impossible to trust him implicitly and to allow him to leave for the mountains for long periods.

I consider that there are miserable prospects for pioneers and with exceptional luck a farmer may regain the capital invested in a concern in the Sahara. Apart from the taxes of the French Government, which are exceedingly heavy, there are great losses in sheep annually, the water they drink and in which they are washed has to be paid for heavily, and incidentally, there are heavy bills for the veterinary surgeon to combat the plagues that kill off flocks and flocks of sheep every year.

The wool trade is subsidised by the French Government owing to a lack of market.

Finally, with reference to the last article, I can show that it is impossible to live cheaply in Southern Algeria. £100 represents 7,600 francs, and totally inadequate to live on with any comfort as it costs at least 1,200 francs per month.

Yours faithfully,

Coventry. L. JOHN FRY.

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SANDEMAN
PORT AND SHERRY

MONOTONY OF HACKING AND RIDING

SIR,—At a meeting this year of the National Pony Society, a sensible suggestion was made that youthful riders might have "the opportunity of playing some suitable game which would relieve the monotony of hacking and riding." Here, however, in the New Forest, there are some young riders who, owing to their fortunate surroundings, do not know what monotony means when they are mounted on their ponies. I enclose a photograph of one of the children in question who spends a part of most days on her ponies' backs and is almost as happy when looking after them as when riding them. The pony here shown seems equally at home, though her forebears hailed from the other side of John o' Groats.

Yours faithfully,

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Americans are well aware of the intelligence and friendliness of a raccoon raised in captivity, but Mr. Harrison recommends a skunk as an even more satisfactory pet after this simple operation, which can be performed by any local veterinarian.

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Villa Nova, Pa., U.S.A. G. C. THAYER.

FIRST THING every morning

Slide a little Eno's "Fruit Salt" into a glass of water. Up it goes sparkling and dancing for joy! *There's* a rousing welcome drink for you just as you're awake! Eno brings you good health by keeping your system regular and thorough in its most important duty.

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...'S FR...ALT

A NEW FOREST COMBINATION
(See Letter "Monotony of Hacking and Riding")

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They were found on the sandbanks in holes about 4in. by 1in., and easily dug out with a knife. The scorpions were put into a bucket and held over a fire, when they struck themselves repeatedly with their tails and died quickly. We certainly thought they were poisoned.

Yours faithfully,

20, Park Road, East Twickenham. A. E. BROWN.

SIR,—With reference to the old myth that scorpions commit suicide by stinging themselves when ringed with fire, there is no foundation for this belief. Scorpions take refuge from the heat of the sun by spending the day under a stone or in debris. They dislike direct heat, and when exposed to fire heat they die quickly. When subjected to fire heat they lash out with their tails in an effort to try and destroy the cause of their suffering. Observation of this habit, followed by the death of the animal, has given rise to the false conclusion of suicide. Scorpions are, of course, immune to their own poison.

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17, Kensington Park Gardens, London, W. 11. R. MEINERTZHAGEN (Colonel).

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SIR,—I should like to know if anyone can confirm the statement that the agave "only blossoms once in every hundred years."

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Light Straight Eight	£995

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New Books

A BIRD IN THE BUSH

"The Colloquy there, the Trio"

THE publisher's advertisement of this book manages to suggest that it combines the double topical interest of a nature book by a well-known politician. Many people will no doubt buy the book under that misapprehension. I confess that I was misled, and that I felt a spirit of antagonism before I began to read. I have something of a horror of the politician turned countryman-naturalist-author, which even the late Lord Grey of Fallodon—who was, of course, an exceptional man in every way—could not quite cure. The discoursiveness which distinguishes a successful politician is increased a hundredfold, and discoursiveness is out of place in a naturalist. But I was wrong, just as wrong as the publisher's advertisement.

This book is by a poet. From a quotation from Walt Whitman Lord Kennet falls into a discussion of the nature of poetry. Can poetry be good or bad? Or would it be more true to say that all poetry is good? For if it is bad, it is not poetry; the form is immaterial. Lord Kennet supplies the answer. The form is immaterial. This is a book that is written throughout in prose. Yet truly it is a poem, a very beautiful poem. The book is indeed a colloquy, and there is a trio. Birds are no more than an undertone to the spirit of the poet, which permeates the whole book. The poet and the birds are collaborators. There is a third, the artist. Peter Scott's drawings are delightful. They combine decorative art with all the essential characteristics of the birds they portray. They make perfection more perfect.

In his first chapter—Steps to Parnassus—Lord Kennet tells us of his approach to birds, of his discovery that it is, indeed, a world of folk-lore, and that the only way to learn is to sit at the feet of one steeped in the tradition. He sat at the feet of a small boy of ten who, like the poet, only knew. And so he learnt. I think this chapter is the best in the book—it is so very true.

I do not think that one can call Lord Kennet a naturalist, nor yet an ornithologist. In his attitude to wild life he is, beyond a poet, a collector. But what a collector! Not for him the gun or the trap, the carefully-docketed cabinet or the beautifully-mounted skin. His collection is made with a pencil; is no more than a series of ticks against a list of names. His collection may be carried in his pocket, and is carried in his mind. Truly he can say that he has harmed nothing in the pursuit of his hobby; and in saying it he has said something that not one in a thousand nature-lovers can say.

There is nothing in this book that will be new to the ornithologist. But there is the scent of the countryside, the whisper of wind in the trees, the comings and goings of birds, and the music of their songs. Yes, and more: there is a poet's thoughts and dreams and fancies, all the knowledge of a mind full-stored for us to share and in a prose unequalled. It is, indeed, a book worthy to be placed on the shelf beside Gilbert White and W. H. Hudson and Lord Grey of Fallodon. There can be no higher praise. B. V.-F.

A Bird in the Bush. By E. Hilton Young (Lord Kennet of the Dene). With illustrations by Peter Scott. Country Life; 10/6 net.

THE BEST OPEN-AIR BOOK OF THE MONTH

The "Field's" choice for the best open-air book published during October is

A BIRD IN THE BUSH

by E. Hilton Young. (Country Life; 10/6.)

"THE DRUID"

THERE are few writers, especially sporting writers, who can be amusing without hurting somebody's feelings, or witty without their wit being bought at someone else's expense.

Henry Hall Dixon, "The Druid," was a journalist whose character and integrity at all times was absolutely above reproach; he never allowed anyone or anything to affect his independence, kindness or justice in comment; and in his time this attitude was a difficult one to maintain.

In *Bits of Character* Mr. Booth has done full justice to his subject, and has led one of his readers, at least, through living times. A feature of the book is the careful proportion of quotation and comment; one never unbalances the other, but each takes the lead as the panorama is unfolded before us.

"The Druid" was born "on May 16th, 1822, at Warwick Bridge, near Carlisle." All through his industrious and travelled life he was dogged by ill-health; but it was in the character of the man that he never owned defeat by it. Mr. Booth gives us all the best of the material on racing, hunting, coursing and agriculture; but, as always with "The Druid," it is the people who moulded or were moulded by sports and the countryside who interested him, rather than the sports themselves; the old huntsman, the famous figure, or the rag-tag and bobtail of the Turf, the country squire, the cockfighter or the wrestler. In this book a vanished age is brought to life, an age which in many ways was a good deal more admirable than the one in which we live. This, at any rate, is the decided opinion of the author who, like his subject, looks round him to-day for "Bits of Character," and looks in vain. Anyone interested in history, characterisation or sport, who does not read this book will miss a great deal. VALENTINE.

Bits of Character. A Life of Henry Hall Dixon ("The Druid"). By T. B. Booth (Hutchinson; 18/-).

LIGHT RUGBY FARE

MOST books on Rugby football are, in one form or another, serious treatise on the game. Here is one that is as entertaining as it is varied. Captain H. B. T. Wakelam, known everywhere by his broadcast commentaries on big matches, has gathered together a team of writers, composed mainly of players, past and present, with some journalists and others steeped in the game. It is a team 32 strong (including even a lady!), and each member contributes a chapter of reminiscence, personal experience, advice, discussion or humour. There are many interesting sidelights on recent Rugby history. Incidents of some famous matches are recounted by players who took part in them: thus W. Wooller tells the story of Wales v. New Zealand last season from the Welsh viewpoint, while J. E. Manchester, the New Zealand captain, gives his impressions of the match. B. C. Gadney, the English captain, gives an account of England's victory over New Zealand. There are chapters on "the young idea," by A. D. Stoop; the cares of a Selector, by J. Daniell; refereeing,

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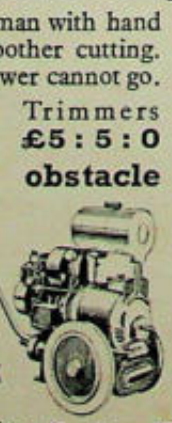

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by T. H. Vile; tours abroad, by touring players; Services, County and 'Varsity Rugby; and many other aspects of the game, not forgetting a characteristic dissertation by E. B. Osborn. Captain Wakelam himself takes us behind the scenes in broadcasting, and in another chapter we learn something of the way cinema films of big matches are made. Excerpts of two films are reproduced, and they form a most interesting record of the scoring of Obolensky's second try for England against New Zealand, and a try by Hart for New Zealand against Ireland. There are several other illustrations of players and teams. This is certainly a book to be read by all those interested in the game.

F. I. W.

The Game Goes On. Edited by Captain H. B. T. Wakelam. (Arthur Barker, Ltd.; 15/- net.)

FISHERWOMAN'S BACK-CHAT

MISS JOAN CLARKSON is a newcomer as a writer of books on sporting subjects, and we hope that the collection of fishing and shooting incidents which she included in *Back Casts and Back-chat** will be followed by other collections of the same kind. She writes in the first person, and her companion, "the Benevolent Uncle," is a delightful creation, obviously a first-rate fisherman with suitable language for fishermen's occasions, while his niece is clearly not much his inferior in skill with a dry fly and takes many advantages of him in her back-chat. Whether we read of the Benevolent Uncle's adventures in shooting pike or in swallowing his gut cast by accident, or of the guest "who thinks like a trout," or of the nephew reproached by the Benevolent Uncle for attempting to shoot a cock pheasant with a rifle out of a first-floor window when instinct ought to have told him that the only proper field of fire was from "the attics dammit," the stories are told with a real sense of humour and with charming touches of observation of such creatures as stoats, baby waterfowl and otters. Miss Joan Clarkson somehow contrives in stories which evoke a chuckle from page after page, to convey, perhaps unconsciously, criticism and information which will interest the keenest dry-fly fisherman. Here is a delightful hour of reading.

E. P.

* *Game and Gun*, 34, Victoria Street, S.W.1: 5/-.

AGRICULTURE'S STORY

LORD ERNLE is one of those who have rendered fine service to agriculture, and one of those men for whom everyone who knows their work has the highest respect. It was as wartime President of the Board of Agriculture, from 1916–1919, that Lord Ernle showed his capacity as an administrator. He had shown it as an historian when in 1912 his *English Farming Past and Present* was published. This book, now in its seventh edition, remains the classic exposition of the history and special conditions of English farming and land tenure. The new edition owes something to Sir Daniel Hall, who has added two or three chapters giving a picture up-to-date of the developments in agricultural policy and changes in farming practice which have been a feature of the last eighteen years. This book is a bible of English farming that provides good reading for the experienced farmer as well as the student at an agricultural college.

English Farming Past and Present. (Longmans; 15/-.)

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Spalding Golfers' Diary, now in its seventh year of publication is published at the usual price of 2/6. It again includes the popular features of a Golfers' "Passport" and score card, with lots of other useful information for a golfer. It is to be had from all professionals, sports dealers, booksellers and from Spalding sports shops.

H. F. & G. Witherby have produced another of their popular Bird Lover's Manuals at 5/-, entitled *Bird Migration*, by A. Landsborough Thomson. This is a short account based on the author's invaluable *Problems of Bird Migration*, and provides a most readable and instructive introduction to a question of great complexity.

Two excellent novels based upon contemporary history are *The Brothers Askanazi*, by I. J. Singer (Putnam; 8/6) and *Cities of Refuge*, by Philip Gibbs (Hutchinson; 8/6). The first is a great book, magnificently written, about the Jews of Poland. The second is about the post-War world and is eminently readable and instructive without touching greatness.

A book which will interest all Welshmen, but which will also have a deep interest for naturalists all over the country, is *The Glamorgan County History: Vol. I, Natural History*. This production has been made possible by subscription, and the venture deserves more than mere regional support, for it is upon such works as these that the wider science is built. It is obtainable from Messrs. William Lewis, Ltd., Cardiff, at 25/-.

A BATTLE OF ROWING STYLES

The Oxford Fours Dead-Heat

By E. E. D. TOMLIN

THE Coxswainless Fours races were completed at Oxford on Saturday last when Trinity rowed a dead-heat against Oriel in the final. Such a conclusion is a very rare occurrence in races of this type, but the struggle was a magnificent one all the way over the course, and the fact that no definite decision was reached, may be regarded as fair in respect of two crews of very even pace. What, however, is a most curious feature of the result is the fact that beyond this equality of pace, the two finalists were as different as two crews of this type might well be.

In this respect the Oxford final was far more interesting a race than that between the two Jesus crews at Cambridge—crews that might, in the very nature of things, be expected to row in the same style in view of their methods of training and coaching. At Oxford, however, we had a contest between an Oriel crew rowing in accordance with principles already established as successful on the Tideway, and a Trinity crew coached on the lines of the old "orthodox" school of oarsmanship: and it could justly be said that each crew represented the finest example of the two different styles of rowing at present to be found on the Isis.

Oriel were leading by over a second at Wiers Bridge and had increased their advantage to 2sec. before the Gut, and to 3sec. on the Green Bank. From here onwards, however, Trinity began to press them, and by a very fine spurt by the boat-house reduced the position to level terms along the wall; and finally, rowed in level with their opponents. This race was one of the finest seen in Oxford for some time, and provided a final fully worthy of the two crews, the members of which must be congratulated on their achievements. The official time of 7min. 17sec. was a most creditable one in view of tricky conditions of wind and stream.

It can be said that the standard of the Fours at Oxford this year was definitely higher than that of many previous years, when perhaps only one, or possibly two, crews could be described as good exponents of this difficult art. But recently, in Trinity, Oriel, Magdalen, New College and Christ Church, one could trace the true foundation of oarsmanship, and those crews were definitely of a high standard. Of all the crews entered, New College, and possibly University College, gave one the impression that they were trying to make the best of the two different theories of oarsmanship which still, alas, divide the coaches' camps. In both these crews, and in some others, one could see orthodox principles in the same boat with unorthodox lack of principle, and the effect could not but compare unfavourably with that of those crews which definitely aspired to one principle or the other. Nevertheless it would be untrue to say that pace was lacking. New College indeed were extremely unfortunate to lose to Christ Church, who won mainly on steering the better course.

Many of the crews entered made attempts to row in the "orthodox" style while using the mechanical aids of the Tideway methods, and while I can give no adequate reason for their lack of success on those grounds, it does seem that a mixture of such a type has in itself the essence of unsatisfactory results. Thus I believe New College would have been faster had they used the old fixed thowl, as would Lincoln and St. Edmund Hall. On the other hand, I could not decide definitely that any crew rowing with fixed thowls would have performed more adequately with swivels. Magdalen, indeed, were fine exponents of the art of the fixed-thowl principle, but lacked the fire and dash of the Oriel crew which beat them, and eventually shared the honours of the final with Trinity. They could not row a fast enough stroke. Garton drove them hard, but could not quite reach racing pitch all over the course.

My firm impression after seeing the final on Saturday was this: that if an orthodox crew can row a fast stroke without losing its principles there is very little to touch it for pace. As it was, Oriel led Trinity for most of the course because at the start they were capable of a very high rate of striking and this enabled them to gain an early lead. It was only during the last quarter of a mile, when the Trinity crew began to work up their rate of striking from a steady 33 to nearly 36, that their true pace became apparent, and they were able to wipe out a deficiency of about 3sec. in about half as many minutes. Hodgson stroked Oriel with admirable rhythm and smoothness—an attribute which the whole crew possessed to the full; and Huse at 3 rowed a fine blade all the way. There is no doubt that Waldron was the mainstay of the Trinity boat, and his form has improved in an astonishing way of recent months: but all the crew, particularly Rowe, supported the magnificent spirit of Young very well in a spurt which was one of the special features of a fine struggle.

As a result of the Fours, the prospect of a good race in the Trial Eights has definitely improved. The president, J. S. Lewes, has at his disposal a very useful nucleus of Old Blues: J. C. Cherry, the only member of an Olympic Eight still at Oxford, Winser, Mynors, Ashby and Garside, in addition to several good Trial Eightsmen of former years in the persons of Rowe, Waldron and Pflaumer, to mention but a few prominent oarsmen.

So far the Trial Eights have been in a very experimental stage, but now that the Fours are over they will begin to take shape more rapidly. It seems that this year they are to be rowed on swivels, though quite what principle has prompted this decision it is difficult to see. Just because Cambridge won the Boat Race last year using swivel rowlocks it does not prove the fixed pin to be wrong; for a properly proportioned fixed thowl can be as efficient, if not faster than a similar swivel rowlock, as crews at Henley have proved time and again. The experiment, however, is well worth trying, and Lewes is fully justified in making the change on the grounds that everything possible must be done to increase the efficacy of Oxford oarsmanship. That he is determined to do this is shown by the increased activity all along the towing path, as well as in the improved standard in individual oarsmanship.

It is still too early to hazard any guess at the composition of the next Dark Blue crew, but it will surely be a combination fully representative of the best that the Isis can produce, and judging from the signs at present to be seen there, that combination is likely to be something with which to reckon next spring.

ORIEL.—A. F. Martin (Bolton), G. C. Pepys (Winchester), G. Huse (Hammersmith), A. B. Hodgson (Eton) (st.). TRINITY.—Sir J. Worsley Taylor (Eton), M. H. Rowe (Eton), F. A. L. Waldron (Shrewsbury), H. M. Young (Westminster) (st.). A dead-heat, 7min. 13sec.

AT Cambridge the Pembroke sequence of success ended. Pembroke had won for the last three years, but they suffered defeat by a margin of 11sec. when they met the Third Trinity four, consisting of R. E. P. Serocold, N. M. Daniel, M. P. Lonnon and T. D. Little (stroke). Pembroke were stroked by D. G. Kingsford, with P. J. D. Langridge at bow, J. M. R. Paton at 2, and W. A. Cunningham at 3. The winners fell to Jesus I, and the Jesus second four beat First Trinity, the times of the two winning crews in this semi-final promising an interesting race in the final as the Jesus II crew were only half a second longer over the course than the 10min. 53sec. taken by their first four. Thus, Jesus were assured of winning the fours for the first time since 1920, and added to the spectacle of a first and second crew contesting the final, came the victory of the second against a four containing two trial caps and a Blue. At Ditton the second crew, stroked by T. B. Langton, began to draw away, and Stammers's crew could not close up on them. At the Railway Bridge they had a clear lead and won by 8sec. in 10min. 13sec.

JESUS II.—B. T. Coulton (Dulwich), R. T. Coulton (Dulwich), W. Milne (Geelong), T. B. Langton (Radley) (st.) (first stn.), 1. JESUS I.—A. E. B. Williams (St. Paul's), R. Corbet Ward (Bedford; Modern), T. S. Cree (Geelong), F. M. G. Stammers (Radley) (st.) (second stn.), 2. Won by 8sec. 10min. 13sec.

A FINE ALL-ROUND SPORTSMAN

VERSATILITY in sport has seldom been better demonstrated than it was by Major E. G. Wynyard, who died last week. Cricket, football, hockey, golf, tobogganing—he excelled in them all. He played for the Old Carthusians and the Corinthians in the days when those teams were real powers in Association football, and he was certainly one of the best of the many Army cricketers who have played for Hampshire. The 411 made by him and Major R. M. Poore for Hampshire against Somerset in 1899 is still the highest sixth-wicket score ever made in England. He captained English teams in New Zealand in 1906 and in America in 1907, and had to decline the captaincy of the English team to Australia in 1907. At hockey he represented Hampshire and was tobogganing champion of Europe in 1894.

The Country House

TULIP PLANTING

Thoughtful Planning Means Bright Displays

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

IN the majority of gardens Tulips are the chief jewels in the spring display of flowers, and much thought is given to planning their beds and deciding what other spring-flowering plants shall be associated with them.

In regard to planting they fall into two sections—the April flowering Tulips, which should be planted in late October or very early November, and the more numerous May-flowering Tulips, which should be planted in mid-November. April-flowering Tulips can be left undisturbed after flowering on loamy, well-drained soils, but on heavy or very poor soils they are rarely satisfactory after their first year. May-flowering Tulips can as a rule be left undisturbed. In olden times Cottage Tulips were left undisturbed for years, with the result that the bulbs worked themselves down deeper and deeper and consequently did not suffer so much from disease. They flowered a trifle later, but cottagers were not unduly disturbed, for once planted they gave plenty of colour without further trouble. If left undisturbed too long, the plants become crowded and the flowers smaller. It is advisable to lift and replant in fresh soil every three years.

April-flowering Tulips are usually planted quite 4in. deep in sandy soils, and 3in. deep on heavy soils. May-flowering Tulips are planted 6in. or 7in. deep on light soils, and 5in. deep on heavy soils. The May-flowering Tulips should be put in at least 6in. to 8in. apart. Animal manure is not suitable, the best manure for these plants being bone-meal. Allow 2oz. to every square yard and fork in lightly just before planting. From the time growth shows above the soil it is very important to keep the ground well aerated by careful hoeing. This is not easy when the Tulips are associated with other flowers, but with a little care it can be done.

Of the very early single Tulips the following flower earliest of all—Proserpine, Montresor, Chrysolora, Brunhilde and Van der Neer. Of the early double Tulips the earliest are Couronne d'Or, Boule de Neige, Azalea and El Toreador. Azalea is a lovely rose pink, but attains only about a foot. The best of all the double Tulips is, I think, the old Bleu Celeste or Blue Fag. The true Bleu Celeste is late flowering (not till mid-May at earliest as a rule) and the flowers are produced on stems quite 20in. high. The flowers are not blue, but a lovely lavender mauve.

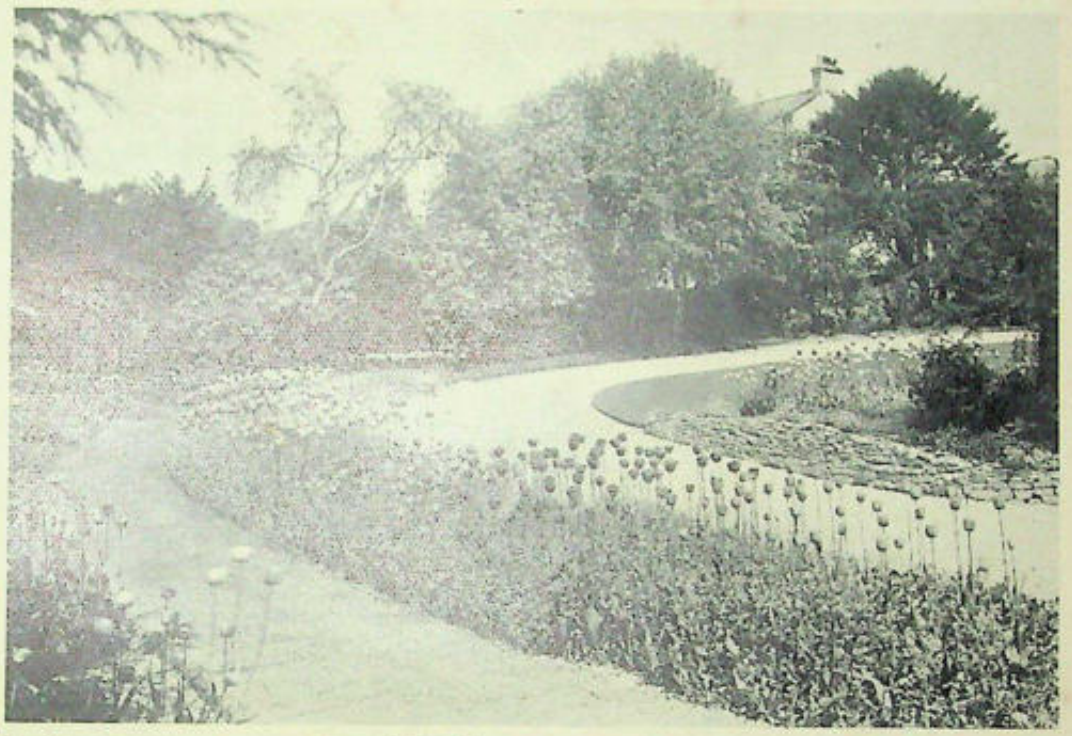
The Mendel Tulips are valuable for bridging the gap between the early singles and the Darwin and Cottage Tulips. They usually flower during the bleak winds that prevail in early May, but having stiff stems they stand up to them. Vivid is one of the best. It attains about 15in. and the flowers are cherry colour with a white edging.

Parrot Tulips are a cult with some people, but it is doubtful whether they will ever become popular, for they are weak-stemmed, and this hardly compensates for their beauty. They need a spot well sheltered from wind. The pick of the Parrot Tulips is, I think, Fantasy, and it has the merit of being stronger stemmed than the others in this class. The flowers are rose-coloured, streaked green without and within brighter pink with a blue-rayed white centre. With its characteristic lancinated petals this Tulip in mass is very striking It attains about 18in. Sundew is both lancinated and fringed, very tall-growing (over 2ft.), and the flowers a vivid crimson with a violet centre. Crimson Beauty is another very fine Parrot Tulip.

"Broken" or Rembrandt Tulips are streaked and feathered varieties. They seem to have been much admired by the old Dutch painters, and possibly this fact endears them to some people. But these freak Tulips are diseased, and they are not as healthy, nor are the flowers as large as those of healthy plants.

The Darwin and old Cottage Tulips make the chief display in May. Of the Darwins one of the most striking is Pride of Haarlem, with its gorgeous cherry-coloured flowers on stems quite 30in. high. I have various mental pictures of this Tulip in flower. I think of a courtyard garden with the background of a fifteenth century house, and in the formal beds China Roses which last years were interplanted with Pride of Haarlem Tulips, and all round the beds were enclosed with a thick edging of Thyme. Pride of Haarlem is a most reliable tulip, but even in bud gives no idea of how beautiful the flowers will be. I had to plan an apple-walk leading from a square garden to the orchard, and we decided on Haarlem Tulips with Royal Blue Forget-me-nots. The Cottage Tulips are noted for their hardiness and their flowers are very graceful, being long and pointed, whereas Darwin Tulips are globular. The range of varieties is large.

The old English Tulips are now more or less "collectors' pieces." They need a loamy soil and to be planted not more than 4in. deep. I have a great admiration for the old Dutch Tulips, particularly the scented kinds. Orange King is a striking kind, with orange-coloured flowers, a yellow centre and blackish violet anthers on 2ft. stems. It is deliciously scented. Prince of Orange is chestnut red and gold at the edges and is also sweetly scented. William the Silent is not scented but strikingly handsome, with deep plum-coloured flowers, centred white with a blur ring and the stems are 30in. high.



"TULIPS ARE THE CHIEF JEWELS IN THE SPRING DISPLAY OF FLOWERS"

"PRIDE OF HAARLEM IS A MOST RELIABLE TULIP, BUT EVEN IN BUD GIVES NO IDEA OF HOW BEAUTIFUL THE FLOWERS WILL BE"

THE PLOUGH FOLLOWED BY THE FERTILISER DRILL
Dry weather has enabled farmers to get well ahead with autumn cultivations

AGRICULTURE'S PART IN NATIONAL DEFENCE

Soil Fertility as an Ideal and an Asset

LORD LYMINGTON addressed the Farmers' Club on the subject of "The Place of Agriculture in Home Defence." The paper which he read was, in some respects, curiously divorced from reality, although, as always, Lord Lymington said a good deal that provoked thought.

First of all, he laid down that the defence of a country is successful only when men, food and materials are available, and their importance lies in this order. Finance is not vital. Taking the men first, Lord Lymington declared that two fundamental things are necessary to fight a successful war—a nation in good health with something to fight for, and food which will keep up the health of the population, and, above all, the vigour of the fighting man. It is doubtful if a man who is permanently unemployed and wrongly fed will feel that he has the same stake in the country as the man who has responsible employment and is being properly fed. General Sir Robert McCarrison, quoted as one of the greatest medical authorities on dietary, has compared the average Englishman's diet to that of the Madrassi, who lives on polished rice. The health, vigour and endurance of a people so fed must suffer, and the effects of this diet are visible to everyone by the number of would-be Army recruits rejected on physical grounds, and the physical defects and false teeth of most people seen in a London tube or a town street.

In the past, Lord Lymington reminded the Farmers' Club, the soil of these islands has produced men who were the terror of Europe for their vigour and endurance, and who as pioneers were able to people the waste places of the earth with their magnificent stock. For 150 years, and especially for the past 30 years, we have been consuming this physical and moral capital. A sound agriculture is the first remedy to restore physique and moral. If our soil is still the most potent in the world from which to export pedigree cattle and other breeding stock, so biologically it must be the best for men and women, if it is properly used. Our physical deterioration, Lord Lymington observed, comes from not using or conserving our soil.

There is no question that in a short while we could produce the whole of the bacon, ham and pork needed in this country, and according to Lord Lymington, we could within ten to fifteen years produce the whole of our dairy requirements. He suggested, further, that we could be self-supporting in beef as well as milk. The production of beef, pigs, poultry and sheep is inevitably bound up more with arable than with grass farming. Whatever the artificial manure merchants may say, without fully stocked arable farms arable agriculture must in the long run perish. Up to date, Lord Lymington declared, we have subsidised production at the expense of fertility. He gave as instances that milk has been ranched at the expense of beef. The production of wheat and sugar beet has been stimulated by artificial manures and not by humus. "It is the fertility of the soil that is the key to human health and agricultural production. To-day our land is scrofulous with thistles, docks, reeds, diseased and scrannel crops. Animal diseases as well as crop diseases are on the increase because we are neglecting the health of the soil."

Lord Lymington still numbers himself in the farming community, and his opinion is entitled to respect. But there is really no evidence that we are neglecting the health of the soil, and that soil fertility is being depleted by present methods of farming. The present generation of farmers have just as much respect for the soil and the heritage of natural fertility, built up by sound farming practice, as their forebears. There are some adventurers whom Lord Lymington has no doubt met and whose methods he has seen, who are exploiting soil fertility. But Nature soon pulls them up short. They learn before they have been long in the business of corn growing that productive arable agriculture goes with livestock farming. The subsidising of sugar beet and wheat is, in practical effect, an encouragement to good farming. Neither Lord Lymington nor anyone else can grow consistently good crops of beet or wheat unless they do the land well and conserve the fertility of the soil. If the Government had chosen, say, rye or lupins as subsidy crops, the policy would, indeed, have set a premium on soil poverty. The wheat and sugar beet policy sets a premium on soil fertility.

The speakers who followed Lord Lymington groped after his ideal of soil fertility. It is a fine idea that soil fertility is the greatest asset that the nation can have in time of emergency, and more useful than a score of cruisers. But how is this idea to be translated into practical policy? The wheat and beet subsidies are all to the good. What about a subsidy for oats, the great fodder crop of the North and Wales? If we are to make our increased head of livestock more self-supporting in the matter of feedingstuffs, we must grow more oats. But we do not want the price of oats or other feedingstuffs to soar, which cuts across the economy of our livestock industry. A Treasury subsidy rather than a prohibitive tariff on Canadian oats, the present source of the imported supply, seems the best course.

From the point of view of soil fertility, there is a good deal to be said for importing large quantities of maize and other feedingstuffs from abroad. We are building up fertility in our soil as Denmark has done in her soil, by importing cheap cereals. Our land should be all the better fitted to provide more food in time of emergency because we are drawing to-day so heavily on imported supplies of feedingstuffs.

The discussion at the Farmers' Club meeting was disappointingly inconclusive. It is evident that the leaders of the farming community will have to sit down quietly and do some hard thinking before they are likely to agree on a line of policy and convince the general public that their policy is right.

R. F.

FARMING NOTES

Welcome Rain

AUTUMN storms have blown down the leaves, and the rain has given the wheat the conditions needed for seasonal growth. Much of the wheat went into very dry ground, and wheat gets its best start in mud rather than dust. The mild weather continuing into November has kept the grass growing, and there is no lack of herbage for the cattle, which will save the hay ricks. With little good hay to spare it is all to the good that the grass in the pastures will contribute some part of the cows' ration for several weeks to come.

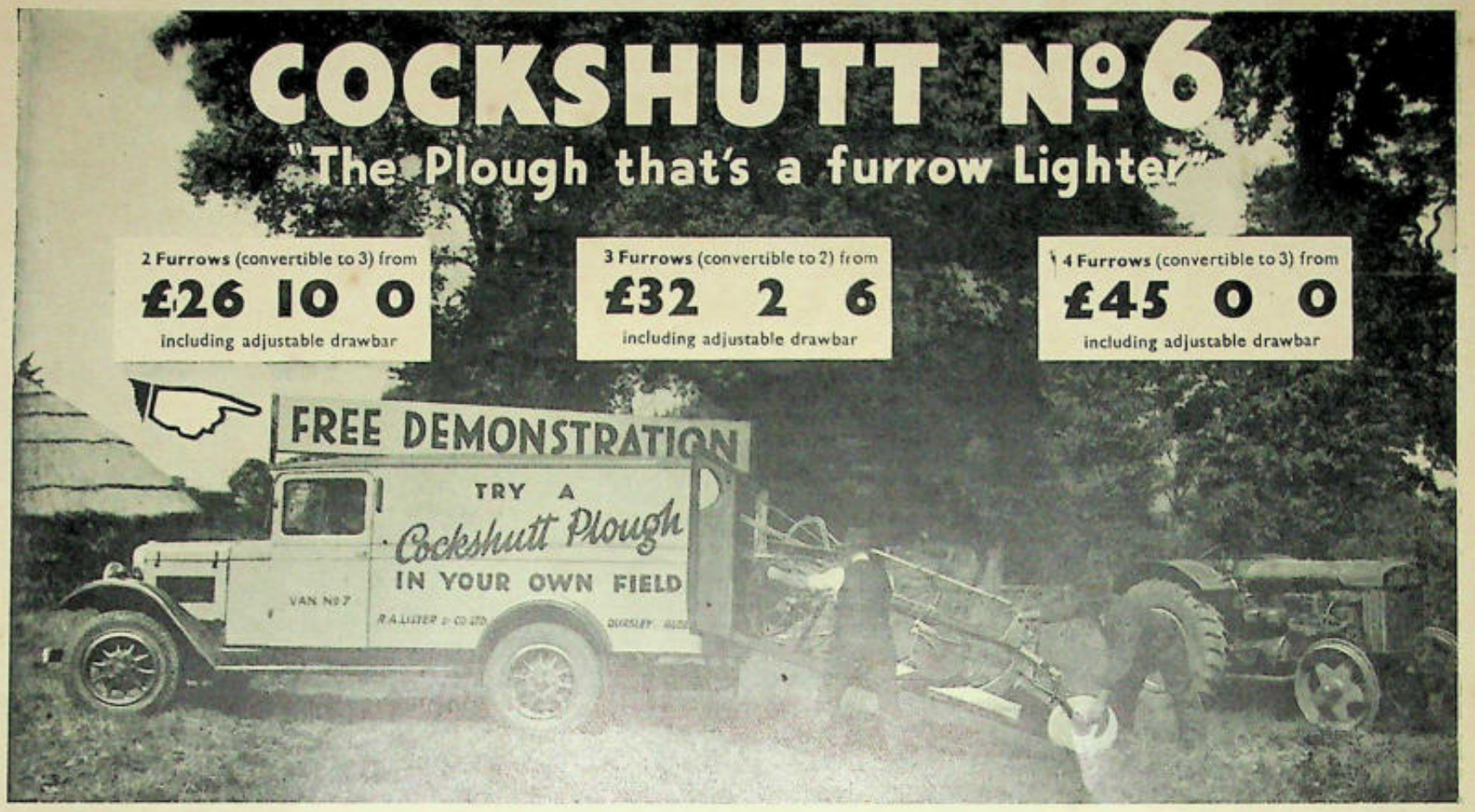
Pig Contracts

The terms in which the dispute over the 1937 pig contracts has been settled are much in favour of pig producers. They have now got back to the price formula they wanted—that is a basic price of 12s. per score when pig meal costs 7s. 6d. per cwt. It now rests with them to show that, assured a straightforward contract based on costs of production, they can and will put at least 2,400,000 pigs under contract next year to establish the English bacon industry on a firm footing.

Milk in Schools

In the case of village schools there have been difficulties in securing a supply of accredited milk in third-pint bottles. Where there are only a few children in a school it is expecting too much of the local producer to undertake the business of supplying, say, 20 third-pint bottles each morning and washing the bottles for the nominal profit allowed. The children do not get bottled milk in their homes, and the action of the Devon County Council in approving for small schools a supply of loose milk is sensible. Where not more than 2 gallons are supplied daily to a village school the milk need not be bottled.

BROADLEAZE.



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You are invited to write for the names and addresses of suppliers of concrete products or for any of the free publications listed below:—

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2. "How Concrete can Help the Pig Breeder"

3. "Concrete Mixes for Small Jobs"

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NEXT WEEK'S SILVER FOX SHOW

A New Industry Now Well Established

BY COMMANDER C. M. STACK, R.N. (Retd.)

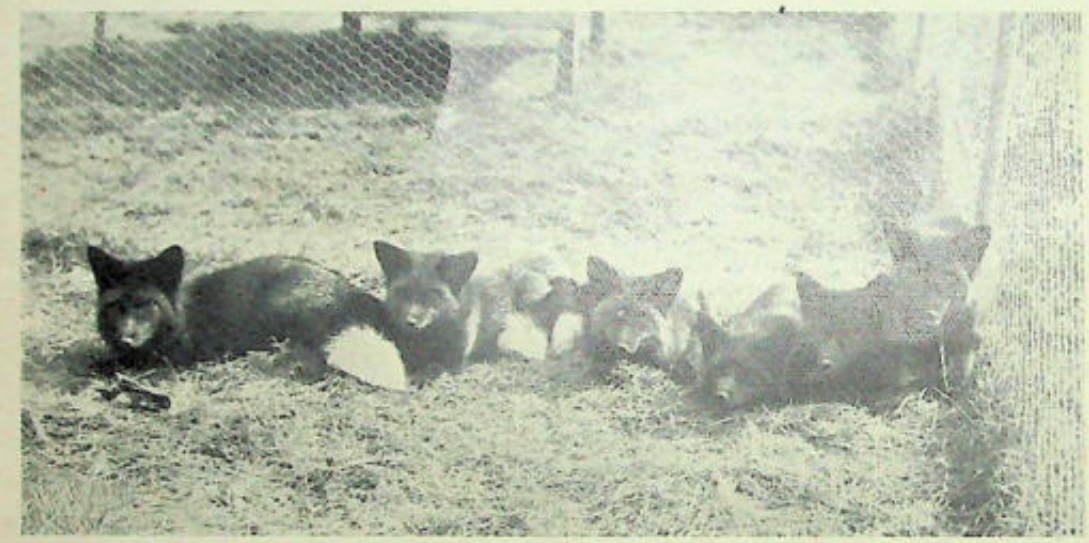
(Chairman of Executive Committee of the Silver Fox Breeders' Assoc.)

THE Silver Fox Breeders' Association of Great Britain and Northern Ireland will hold its eleventh annual show of live silver foxes at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, on November 11th, 12th and 13th. About 270 entries have been received, and there is every promise that the competition will be as keen, and the show as successful, as in previous years.

This show is of immense value to the industry for a variety of reasons.

Furriers come to it and go away convinced that the claim that first-class silver foxes can be and are produced in Great Britain is no idle boast. They are a hard-headed trade and need a good deal of convincing, but I think that we have done it.

Secondly, from a newcomer's point of view, there is no more valuable instruction to be gained than by attendance at the three days of the show.



FIVE-MONTHS-OLD SILVER FOX CUBS ON COMMANDER STACK'S FARM AT DETLING, NEAR MAIDSTONE

There he can see what a silver fox should really be. The prizewinners in the various classes are foxes which could take their places with credit on any show bench in the world.

The third, and perhaps most important feature of the show from the silver fox breeder's point of view, is that he gets an opportunity of comparing his best animals with those of other farms.

The fox farmer walks round his own place in October and congratulates himself on the wonderful lot of cubs he has produced this season. He enters a cub in each of the twelve cub classes and then either his expectations are justified or he finds that somebody else has done better. At the show we all find out where we are. If we can breed prize-winners we are going along the right lines and improving our stock. If, on the other hand, we are among the "also rans" it is time to find out where we have been going wrong. It may be feeding, lack of individual attention, neglect of cleanliness or a hundred and one other things, but the fault can usually be traced and, as often as not, the show is the place to find it out. Fox farmers are a friendly race, and at the show the newcomer can pick up invaluable information and learn more there in three days than he will ever learn from book reading. Quality and colour can only be learnt by comparisons.

It might be appropriate here to discuss the development of the Silver Fox Breeders' Association from its earliest beginnings in 1925-6. Started with half-a-dozen members, who all owned and ran their own fox farms, it was christened the Silver Fox Breeders' Association and dealt mainly with inspection and registration of cubs, the compilation of a stud book issued annually, and generally endeavoured to raise the standard of silver foxes bred in these islands.

In these days the speculator and investor had not discovered the industry, and sales of livestock were confined to supplying people who were starting new farms.

About 1930, however, plans for "investment" began to appear. Some sound and offered in good faith, others too good to be true and bolstered by attractive advertising. We genuine fox breeders knew quite well what could and could not be done, and what should and should not have been offered, and many of us saw good money being spent on schemes we knew were foredoomed to failure. It was impossible to attempt to interfere, and the investment co-partnership and absentee owner plans went merrily on until a spectacular crash early this year woke many people out of a blissful dream.

All this summer disillusioned absentee owners have been writing to the S.F.B.A. imploring them to "do something." What can the S.F.B.A. do?

The contracts these unfortunate people made were signed without consultation with any of the S.F.B.A. officials; as often as not there was no contract at all. The executive committee have lately been investigating various forms of contracts with the idea of protecting both buyer and seller. It is hoped to produce an agreed standard form which will be sent to all inquirers and which, though its use cannot be made compulsory, will at least mention all the questions which, experience has shown, arise in later years. These can then be discussed between buyer and seller, and it is hoped that its use will obviate misunderstandings as to what the seller is expected to supply and what the buyer is entitled to get.

It is very curious how people will buy expensive stock like silver foxes without any preliminary investigation. The average man will not buy a polo pony without a veterinary certificate and a warranty. The prospective fox farmer can have the animals he proposes buying examined by the association's inspector on payment of a moderate fee, which amounts to the same thing. These safeguards sound fairly obvious, but it is surprising the number of people who neglect them, and any disagreement or dispute is very much complicated if there has been no clear-cut contract to begin with.

The industry is innately sound, and the man who starts now does so on a very much better standing and more cheaply than we who began early—any pioneer work is expensive and slow, and we bought our knowledge year after year by making and correcting mistakes. The silver fox itself has improved almost out of recognition both in breeding and in fur qualities. Satisfactory diet charts have now been evolved and, though no two fox farmers feed exactly the same, the general principles of feeding have been investigated and laid down. The British farmed skin now appears far more prominently in the fur auctions. First and second places in two consecutive auctions is not a matter of chance or sentiment, but the result of careful breeding and feeding and the production of a pelt which brokers and furriers are anxious to buy and are willing to pay a good price for.

MINK IN NOVEMBER

Changing to Winter Coats

MOST of the mink have by now got into their gorgeous winter coats. Last year's mothers started the fashion. The summer sun, which they revelled in, and the cod liver oil, soon faded their summer coats, but helped them to bring up the fine healthy families. The old males were the next to bring out their best suits. The kitts are the last to change, and possibly of them the males are a little later than the females. Without the great size of their parents, they excel them in the silkiness and closeness of their coats. Maybe their tails do not bristle so aggressively, but they are as black and becoming.

Some few are backward. The male that was used too much in the spring has not yet changed; the maiden aunt is also in no hurry. They will not be in time for the show, but they will look the best of all when the mating season comes on again and the other coats are beginning to look dull.

This is the month of pure delight to the mink farmer. Each day shows the improvement in appearance; of disease there is none; worries are absent; feeding and cleaning take but little time, and his only trouble is to decide which animals will represent him at the show. A difficult question this. Silkiness counts; so do colour, guard-hair and under-fur. The fineness of one vies with the density of another or the colour of a third, and so it goes on.

Since judgment is based on their worthiness to make one of the many in a thousand pound coat size, formation and tail have little consideration on the show bench. And what gives these qualities? First and foremost comes heredity. Good stock should breed good stock; feeding also counts, and counts a great deal; exercise helps, and cleanliness is an essential.

Hence the mink farmers' motto for November should be feed well, shade well and bed them hard.

O. A. C.

COMPANY MEETING

UNITED DAIRIES LIMITED

LARGE INCREASE IN SALES
DIVIDEND OF 12½ PER CENT

The 21st ordinary general meeting of United Dairies Limited was held on October 30th at the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.

Mr. Joseph H. Maggs, chairman and managing director, who presided, said: The accounts show that the net profit brought into the balance sheet is £604,847.

It is now proposed to pay a final dividend on the ordinary stock of 7½ per cent., making 12½ per cent. for the year, and to transfer £100,000 to reserve, bringing that fund up to £876,000, thus leaving a balance of £91,880 to be carried forward.

As regards the year's trading, our net sales increased by over £1,750,000. We handled over 8,500,000 gallons more milk than last year. Butter sales were again largely in excess of the previous year. Indeed, all our departments show a very healthy state of growth.

SCOPE FOR INCREASED PRODUCTION

The scope for increased milk production in this country is practically unlimited. I am confident that, if the proper steps are taken to assure its hygienic quality both in production and in distribution a large proportion of our increased supplies could be absorbed in the liquid milk market. I am also convinced that the building up on sound lines of a great milk produce industry here would be of the greatest benefit to agriculture and to the nation.

As to our retail milk distribution we are serving more customers than ever; eighteen new shops have been opened and two new distributing depots. Our machinery manufacturing section, U. D. Engineering Co., Ltd., continues to extend its activities.

NUTRITIVE VALUE OF MILK

Increased consumption of milk is as vital to the prosperity of the farming industry as it is to the health of the nation. The national habit which has to be formed calls for a campaign of education, but, before this can be developed and advantage taken of the immense amount of scientific material bearing on the nutritive value of milk one great obstacle has to be cleared from the path. It is the doubt which assails the minds of many members of the medical profession as well as the general public, as to the universally healthful character of the milk supply. The facts relating to the subject have been common knowledge for many years but these have been met on the part of the industry with a tacit conspiracy of silence which is as paralysing in its effect as it is fatal in its consequences.

DANGERS OF RAW MILK

I am convinced that by resolute action, and without hardship to even small producers or distributors, the milk supply of the whole nation could be raised forthwith to a plane of absolute safety and decency of production. Nothing can excuse the "hush-hush" policy of the industry in seeking to conceal or to minimise the gravity of the position. To this policy I am sorry to say must be attributed the deplorable, unnecessary, and easily preventible milk-borne epidemic which has recently raged at Bournemouth, and which according to an official statement, involved 500 cases of infection and some 40 deaths.

NEED FOR PASTEURISATION

There is much additional strong evidence, with which I need not weary you, of the need and in fact of the urgent necessity for pasteurisation. United Dairies' repeated warnings of the danger and of the possibility of such epidemics have been endorsed by the leading medical authorities and administrations in no uncertain terms. It is an amazing fact, however, that the purity of the milk supply is still dependent on the voluntary action of distributors and not upon legal restrictions and requirements.

The report was unanimously adopted.

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

"SPEAK I SAY! YAY AGE YOU?"

Jorrocks might well have repeated his famous question had he been present at the meet of the Killultagh and the Old Rock and Chichester Harriers, which was held recently at the Aldergrove R.A.F., Aerodrome, Co. Antrim

A FINE SPORTS CAR EVOLVED FROM RACING PRACTICE

My Opinion of the M.G. Midget, Series T

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

ONE of the most interesting little sports cars which I have ever driven is the M.G. Midget, Series T. At the outset it is only fair for me to state that my practical experience of the ultra small car class is limited; by that I mean of cars having a cubic capacity of well under the 1,500 c.c. limit. However, as far as racing is concerned, I once broke the world's class record for 750 c.c. cars with an Austin Seven, and last year I bought a 750 c.c. M.G. Midget single seater and raced it in the J.C.C. International Trophy race which was held in May at Brooklands.

That Midget was certainly a remarkable little car, in that its maximum speed was in the region of 125 to 127 m.p.h., it weighed just over 11 cwt. and its diminutive little engine gave off over 110 b.h.p. Considering its light weight and high speed, its stability was extraordinary.

With years of practical experience on road and race track behind them, it is not surprising that the M.G. factory are now turning out light sports cars which are not only perfectly safe to drive at high speeds, but which are also reliable and comfortable for long sustained touring.

The performance of the Model T on the road is undoubtedly good. The engine runs smoothly, although, due to the high compression employed, 6.5. to 1, it is necessary to use an admixture of Benzole or Ethyl with the fuel. The maximum speed of the car which was loaned to me for the purpose of this test run was in the region of 75 m.p.h., although I am informed that some of these cars have actually achieved a speed of 85 m.p.h., and that most of them are capable of a genuine 80.

The steering is light and positive while the rake of the column is adjustable. The brakes are very good and are quite equal to any demands which may be made on them, and the stability of the car both on corners and at speed is noteworthy

Obviously, with such a small engine, it is necessary to make full use of the gearbox if a high average speed is desired, but, as changes are so easy to effect, this presents no difficulty whatever.

The Series T is fitted with a four-cylinder engine, having a bore of 63.5 m.m. and a stroke of 102 m.m. The cubic capacity is 1,292 c.c., the R.A.C. rating 10 h.p., and the annual tax £7 10s.

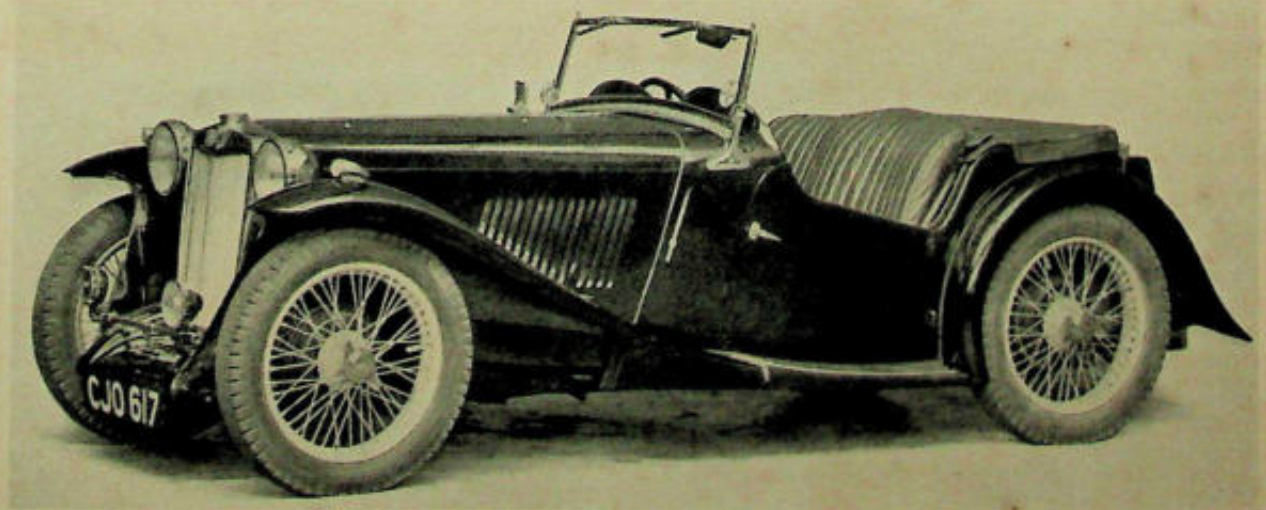
The crankshaft has three bearings and the overhead valves are operated by push rods. Two S.U. semi down-draught carburettors are employed, the petrol tank holds 15 gallons, and the fuel is fed to the carburettors by means of a single S.U. electric pump. The petrol consumption works out at approximately 25 miles to the gallon, so that on a full tank the car has the astonishing cruising range of about 375 miles without refilling.

The engine sump holds approximately 1½ gallons of oil and forced feed lubrication is employed; the exterior of the sump is ribbed for cooling purposes. Cooling of the engine water is carried out by means of a pump which is assisted by a belt driven fan (the same belt driving the dynamo), while a thermostat valve maintains an even temperature of the water around the cylinders.

The radiator shutters are dummy ones and do not open or close. The gearbox has four forward speeds and reverse, with remote control, the ratios being: Top 4.8 to 1, third 6.9 to 1, second 10.7 to 1 and bottom 18.1 to 1. It will be seen, therefore, that, following racing practice, close ratio gears have been chosen, and quick changes can be made up or down at any speed with the utmost ease. The brakes are Lockheed hydraulic, but the emergency handbrake is operated by means of an independent cable.

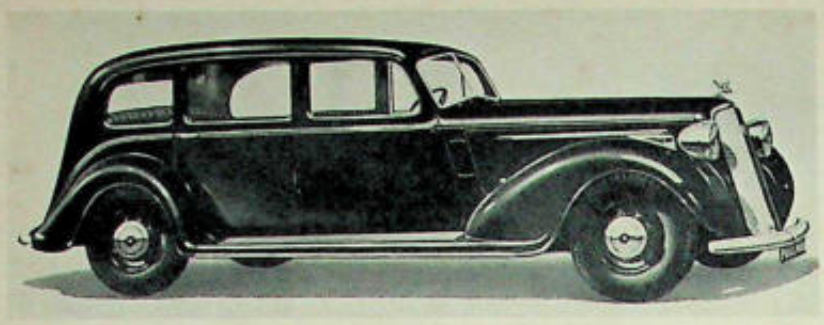
The wheelbase is 7ft. 10in. and the track 3ft. 9in.; the chassis is underslung at the rear and upswept over the front axle; half elliptic springs are employed for both front and rear and the suspension is assisted by Luvax hydraulic shock absorbers. Rudge-Whitworth wire wheels are fitted as standard, shod with Dunlop tyres, size 4.50 by 19, and the hub caps are of the knock off type similar to those used for racing.

The instruments include a large speedometer and engine revolution counter, clock, oil and ammeter gauge. A very ingenious device is employed to safeguard the driver from exceeding the 30 m.p.h. speed limit in built-up areas. Between a range of 20 to 30 m.p.h. on any gear, a green lamp on the dashboard lights up; over and



THE M.G. MIDGET, SERIES T WHICH IS PRICED AT £222

"As a light, inexpensive, fast sports car with low running costs it would be difficult to find a better"



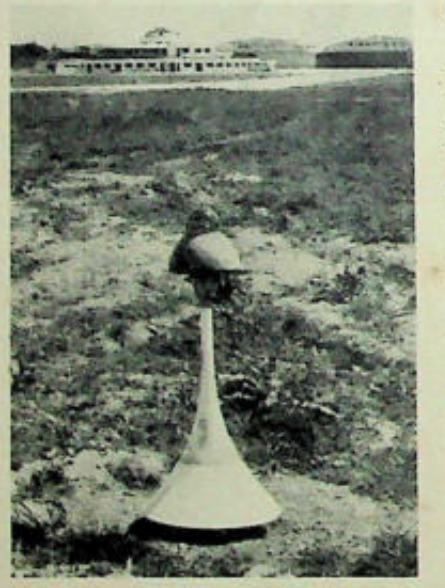
WINNER OF THE MOTOR SHOW COACHWORK COMPETITION

This Humber Pullman Limousine was considered by the judges to be worthy of the first prize in the competition which is organised annually by the Institute of British Carriage and Automobile Manufacturers

under this speed it is automatically extinguished. The driver therefore knows whenever this lamp is shining that he is not exceeding the limit. The light can be switched off if this warning is not desired.

The electrical equipment comprises a 12-volt dynamo and starter, two head and two side lamps, and a fog-lamp. This chassis can only be obtained with a two-seater sports type of body which has ample luggage space in the tonneau. The body is far more commodious than on the previous P.B. midget, which model it has superseded. There is ample leg room and the seats are very comfortable, float-on-air upholstery being employed.

The hood is of the quick lift type and can be erected in a few moments. The rigid side curtains are of superior quality, and when erected amply protect both occupants against the most inclement weather. The toolbox is fitted under the bonnet and the two 6-volt batteries wired up in series



A GATWICK BOUNDARY LIGHT

These G.E.C. cone-type lights are designed to indicate the size and shape of the landing area. They are placed 100 *yards apart*

are placed on the near side of the propeller shaft, and are thus readily accessible for topping up. It is interesting to note that the M.G. Car Company have announced that they will shortly be introducing a further new model—a 1½-litre with a wheelbase of 9ft. This new chassis will be fitted with either an open four-seater or four-door saloon body. Thus with the Model T, the 1½-litre and the 2-litre, a full range of cars will be available.

The price of the Model T, complete with two-seater body and full equipment is £222, and as a light, inexpensive, fast sports car with low running costs, it would be difficult to find a better. It looks its part, and both the chassis and coachwork are well finished.

NEW AIDS TO AERIAL NAVIGATION

Progress Towards Safety and Reliability

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

IT has become increasingly apparent during the past few years that ultimate safety and reliability in aerial navigation must depend upon the perfection of mechanical and electrical equipment. Just as the railways have increased their safety through the steady improvement in signalling systems and train-control devices, so must the airways adopt every means whereby not only is the room for error in the pilot's judgment lessened, but his dependence on good visibility and what are known as ideal flying conditions, is removed.

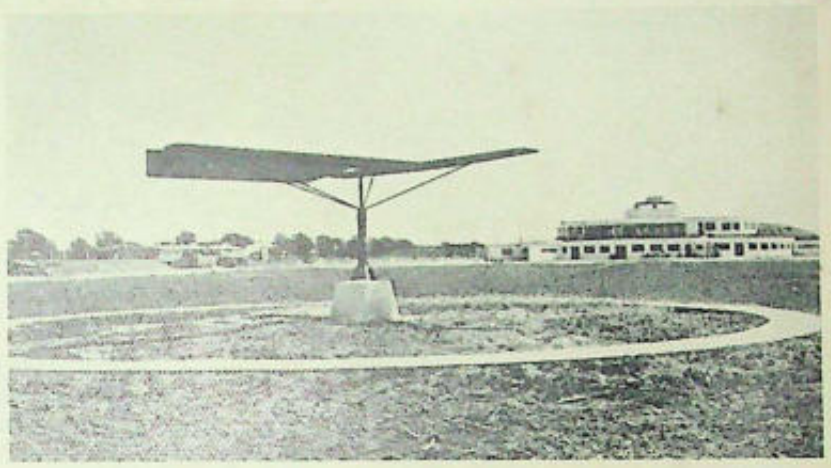
The point is of importance not only from the primary standpoint of safety; it concerns reliability. A transport system that is liable to interruption, delay, or cancellation, on account of weather conditions can never wholly command the support of either the travelling public, the commercial world, or the post office for mails. Thus, every new means of ensuring the closest practical approach to 100 per cent. reliability on airways operation is a step towards the universal acceptance of aviation as the basic method of world communication.

There are two main lines on which progress in these matters must lie. One is the perfection of the actual apparatus used; the other is the adoption of suitable equipment by the largest possible number of operators and aerodromes. Actually, one depends to some extent upon the other, for obviously aerodromes cannot be equipped properly unless efficient apparatus is available. Nevertheless, there has been, in the past, a quite unnecessary time lag in making use of such apparatus as is available; one chief terminal airport, for example, is only just being provided with blind-landing equipment, though it has been in use abroad for some considerable time. The argument that it is wise to wait for further technical development is not wholly sound; for it might easily, if carried to extremes, result in no move at all. Finality is never reached in any field of human endeavour.

It is at any rate an encouraging sign that so much attention is being turned to solving the problems of aerial navigation by electrical and mechanical means at the present time; not only individual inventors, but the research departments of various large manufacturing organisations, are engaged on the work, and a large number of new devices has recently been made available. This is not the place to review these, for most have to stand the test of practical use, and, so far, experience is, at best, limited. The main fact is that a grand assault is being made on the problems; their practical solution cannot, therefore, be long delayed.

Most aids to aerial navigation are, of course, dependent on radio, one of the most recent being, in fact, a television apparatus that shows various kinds of instructions to the pilot on a screen. It is on these lines that most people expect the universal equipment of the future to develop, but it is not without interest or importance that optical devices are attracting keen attention. It may be argued that signals outside the aircraft cannot be of 100 per cent. efficiency, since conditions must arise when they are invisible; this is not the point. Private aircraft at least are not yet universally equipped with wireless, and it will be some time before they are. Visual aids to safety are, therefore, important to them and in the larger sense; for while airliners may be radio controlled, the presence of aircraft not so controlled and acting independently of ground arrangements must endanger the air liners; and there is always the risk that, when most wanted, radio apparatus may break down.

The development of visual beacons should, then, be encouraged, not as substitutes for radio means but as supplements to them. They should be something more than mere beacons. One system proposed, for example, gives a different signal according to the angle from which it is viewed, the pilot being thus enabled to determine whether he is on his course or off it, just as the radio-equipped machine can obtain the same information from wireless signals. Something on these lines might contribute a great deal to greater safety and reliability under bad conditions.



A GREAT IMPROVEMENT ON THE WIND-STOCKING

This wind direction indicator which has been erected at Gatwick Aerodrome by the General Electric Company can be illuminated by night

CROYDON AIRPORT BY NIGHT

The aerodrome is illuminated by G.E.C. 6 K.W. 6-lamp landing floodlights

These few examples, chosen at random from many that have appeared, reveal how inventive ingenuity is getting to grips with the problem, which is, after all, one of supreme importance to the future of flying. An important question arising is how far those aids to safety and reliability of already proved worth are being adopted.

It is beyond question that this country lagged behind in their use until quite recently. And yet no country is more prone to fog, and for that reason effective control equipment would seem unusually necessary in the British Isles.

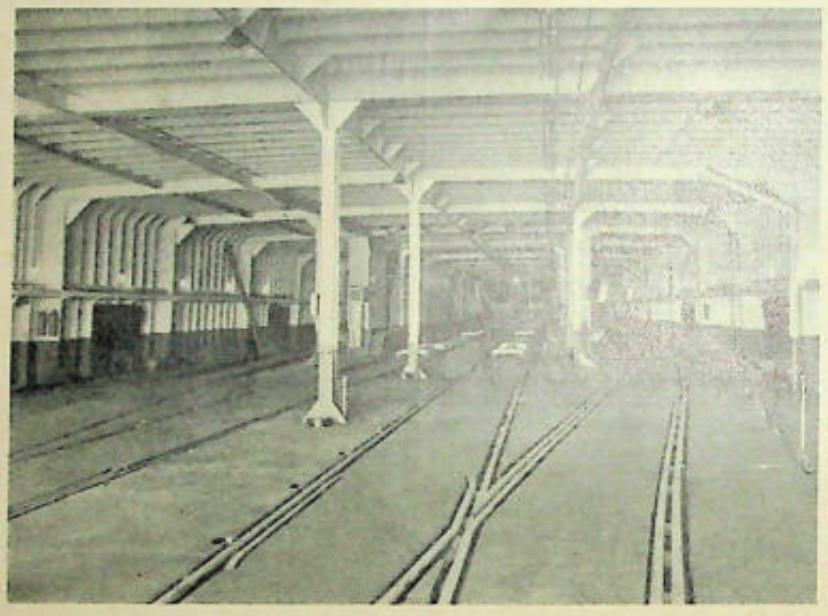
Recent developments show that the importance of proper aerodrome equipment is now being fully realised, and that those responsible are showing increasing readiness to lay out capital on its provision. Mention has been made of the installation of blind-flying equipment at Croydon, while similar apparatus is to be brought into use this autumn at Gatwick. Newcastle-upon-Tyne aerodrome is also to have night-landing apparatus, and is building a direction finding station; while Yeadon aerodrome, which serves Leeds and Bradford, has not only brought direction-finding equipment into use, but has inaugurated a controlled zone for bad-weather conditions similar to that which has proved so successful at Croydon during the past couple of years.

Nearly every new aerodrome is, in fact, being properly equipped for the radio control of aircraft, and many of the older establishments are planning for the installation of apparatus. This is a welcome sign. Due in part, no doubt, to the law of supply and demand operating through increased air activity in this country, there can be no doubt that in part at least the new interest is due to a growing recognition of the responsibility of air transport.

LONDON—PARIS WITHOUT A CHANGE

By Train-Ferry: for Bad Sailors and Good

MANY years ago I travelled first to Paris by train and boat; seven years ago I made the journey for the first time by air, and decided that the two-hours between Croydon and Le Bourget could hardly be improved upon for convenience of transit. But until last week all the crossings I had made had been by day. So that when, this autumn, the Southern Railway instituted their train-ferry service, which offered the opportunity of travel by night, I decided to test the new conditions as soon as possible. I was to leave Victoria in a sleeping-car at ten o'clock at night, and to wake, I hoped, within an easy distance from Paris in time for breakfast. The journey promised me unusual pleasure. There is no mode of travel that I like better than to spend the night in a modern sleeping-car of the most comfortable type—going up to Scotland, say, when one dines in London or on the train, sleeps all through the night and wakes with the train running through miles of open heather and hill. I hoped that the journey to Paris would be equally pleasant, and that I should find myself after hours of oblivion looking once more at the familiar poplar trees.



THE TRAIN DECK WHERE THE CARRIAGES ARE BERTHED

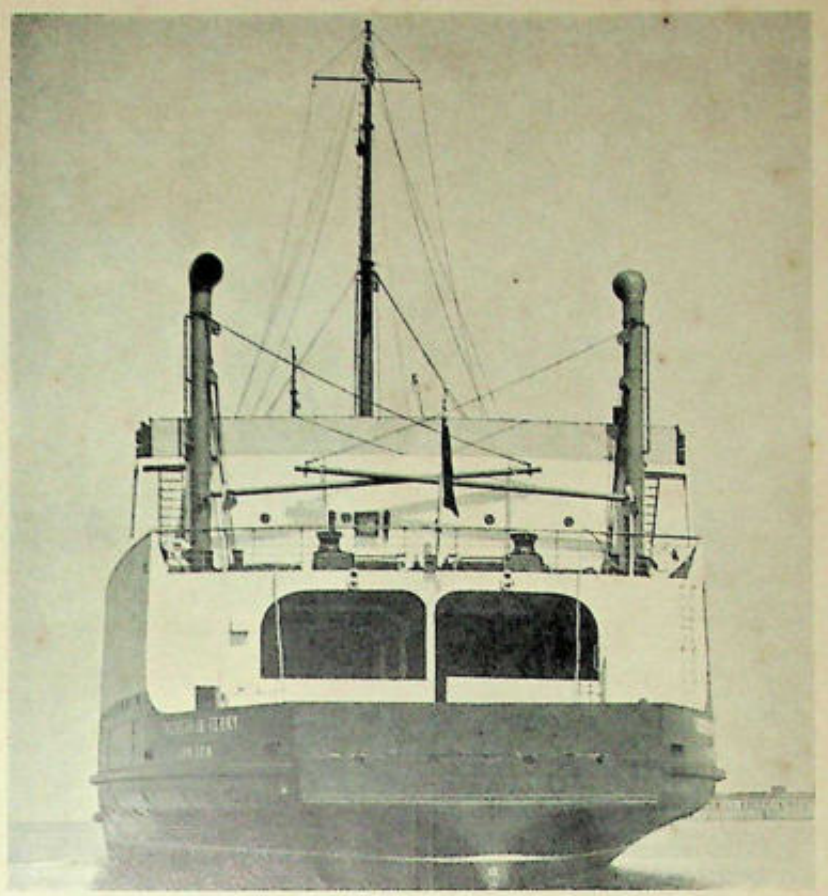
And so, in the main, it proved. My daughter and I reached Victoria on the night of Thursday, October 29th, so as to give ourselves easy time to find our sleepers; we handed the car attendant our passports and tickets, and I surveyed my surroundings. The interior was painted a satisfactorily quiet blue; the window could be easily opened by turning a handle; there was every appliance necessary for hanging clothes; and the lights could be turned on full or to fall on a book or the face of a watch. Within a few minutes of leaving Victoria I was in a well-sprung bed reading a Dorothy Sayers detective novel.

I had intended to watch, if I could, the process of transferring the sleeping-coach from the railway line to the rails on the ferry deck, but as it happened, when the coach was run upon the ferry deck I was asleep, and I slept on until I was awakened by the sudden silence and the knowledge that the train was stationary. That is what almost always happens to me on the journey to Scotland, but I doze off again, and so I did when the train left Dunkerque, where we had been run ashore. I woke again when we were within an hour of Paris. I found that my daughter, who is a bad sailor, had slept through the whole of the crossing.

I did not intend to stay long in Paris—merely to test the facilities of the journey, so that all I had done was to book rooms for one night at the Chatham, and to spend two days as happily as possible. Unfortunately, the weather was windy and wet—I have never been lucky with Paris weather—and we decided to defer till the next day a visit we had planned to Versailles. We were not original in our choice of occupation—Notre Dame, the Louvre, the "green hour" at the Café de la Paix, and the evening at the play, for which we selected *Le Procès de Marie Dugan*. It is just as incredible in French as in English.

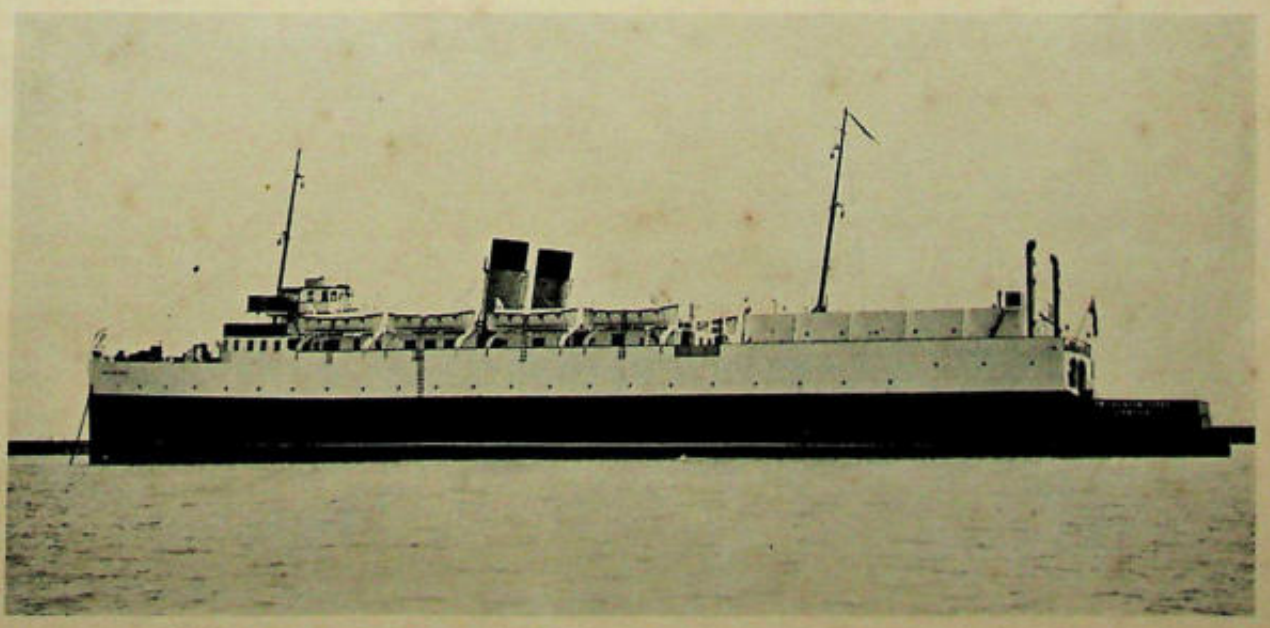
Next day the weather was not much better, but since it was the only day we decided for Versailles. I had spent most of Friday the week before in Sussex, all Saturday in Hampshire, and nearly all Sunday in Kent, and I now found myself contrasting the grounds of Sheffield Park with the park and lakes and gardens surrounding the palace of Louis Quatorze. Interiors of palaces leave me cold as a rule, but there was a thrill in treading the stones trodden by the mob that howled at Marie Antoinette, and to look at the door through which legend says she fled, from "the battering of insurrectionary axes—*O mes amis, sauvez-moi et mes enfants!*"

We lunched in the town at the Hotel de Vatel—he was the cook who committed suicide because the fish for dinner for Louis XIV was not served in time—and in the afternoon we went out to Marie Antoinette's farmhouse in the woods, where the ducks were quacking as no doubt she heard them quack, where we fed carp from a wooden bridge, and where I picked up chestnuts to plant at home. After Versailles, the Musée de Malmaison, with its relics of Napoleon uniforms, costumes, decrees, night garments, orders, death masks, and Josephine's bedroom furniture—and so back to the Café de la Paix, dinner and the ferry train. Once again I slept till we were near Dover, and woke when the boat was rolling; I was told afterwards that there was a heavy sea running. And once more my daughter slept through the crossing. As with the outward journey, we were not up to scheduled time in London, and I understand that when delays of the kind take place, they are due to the extreme difficulties of aligning the rails exactly evenly, and in balancing coaches of differing weights. No doubt even these difficulties, which must be immense, will be overcome in time—and as for an extra half hour or so on the journey, that will not be grudged by bad sailors or by those who dislike travel by air. One bad sailor, at all events, looks back on her 36 hours by land and sea with unalloyed pleasure. E. P.



THE BACK OF THE TWICKENHAM FERRY, SHOWING THE ENTRANCE TO THE TRAIN DECK

WINTER SPORTS.—The recent devaluation of European currencies had prepared us for a certain reduction in travel costs on the Continent. Exactly what that reduction will mean is shown in *Cook's Winter Sports Handbook for* 1936/37. Here we learn that it will be possible to enjoy a seventeen-days' winter sports holiday for as little as £10 6s. and for those travellers who must rigidly study economy, this is news of first-rate importance. This Handbook, incidentally, is full of valuable information on all matters relating to winter sports, and it is comforting to note that it is possible to choose and reserve from the plans of more than 100 hotels the exact accommodation one requires, before ever leaving this country.



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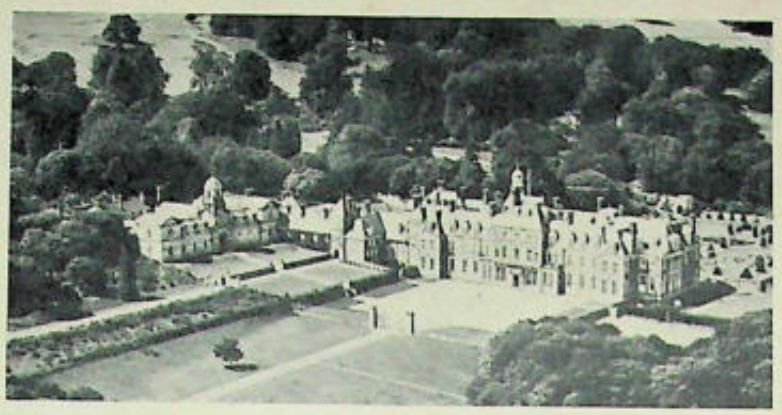
"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE



KINMEL HALL, ABERGELE

"GIVE me health and a day," wrote Emerson, "and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous." If that great idealist were alive now and sure of his day but suffering from some form of rheumatic or other malady he might well choose Kinmel Hall, Rheuma Spa of Wales, as most likely to give him the health he craved. Although, perhaps, some may wonder why Kinmel Hall is included in a series which has, in the main, dealt with old-world inns, there is little doubt that it has every right to such inclusion, for the establishment combines all the comforts and amenities of an up-to-date hotel with the essentials of a first-class spa. While taking one's present ease, there will be ease laid by, so to say, for future use. It is not to be imagined, however, that Kinmel Hall is a modern building: its history began in the fifteenth century, and at one time Oliver Cromwell stayed there. This must have been when the Hall was owned by the wife of Sir James Carter, one of his staff.

Believing—if a modern application may be pardoned—in the injunction, "Whatever things are lovely . . . think on these things," the proprietors of Kinmel Hall, Dr. and Mrs. Lindley, have made use of many lovely objects. Fabrics and furnishings observe strictly the grammar of colour. There is something at the same time friendly and impressive about the entrance hall, with its fine marbles, tapestries, and old fireplace. The dining room is pleasant and refreshing with its oak panelling; while the library has a fine carved oak fireplace bearing the traditional arms of former owners of Kinmel Hall. And if you are a connoisseur of lovely and rare pieces made intimate in a setting that invites to ease with an art that conceals art, you will spend many enjoyable hours in the drawing room. Here and there, especially in the picture gallery, which adjoins the lounge, are old masters attributed to Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Murillo, Tintoretto, and others, "for as the sun colours flowers so does art colour life."

Kinmel Hall includes a number of private suites and bedrooms, and among many fine period pieces adorning such apartments there is the authentic Queen Elizabeth bedstead in the room named after that great itinerant. The history of this bedstead can be traced like that of many a great picture. It was often occupied by the Queen, and it originally bore the Royal Arms (since removed) over the head. About the year 1650 it came into the possession of Sir Jacob Astley, of Hill Morton, in Warwickshire, and ultimately passed to his descendant, the then Lord Hastings. At the sale of that gentleman's effects in 1872 it was purchased by Mr. Woodgate, and it was afterwards acquired by the owner of Caen Wood Towers, Middlesex, for the sum of £120, by whom it was presented to Gloddaeth, where Queen Bess is said to have stayed on more than one occasion. Later the bedstead passed into the possession of Lord Mostyn's family, from whom it was acquired by Mrs. Lindley for Kinmel Hall.

There is, too, another suite—the Louis XV suite—in which stands the Louis XV bedstead, and other attractive period pieces. More modern rooms include many sunny bedrooms, both double and single, all furnished with taste and offering every modern convenience. Off the main staircase is an unusual sun lounge, where "the glorious sun stays in his course and plays the alchemist."

Not a dull moment need be experienced at Kinmel Hall. There is usually good music to be enjoyed, while in the evenings frequent dances are arranged in the lovely ballroom. Out-of-door recreations include golf, lawn tennis, swimming, hunting (with the Flint and Denbigh pack); whilst there is a Country Club formed to provide social amenities and games for both residents and non-residents.

A letter engaging rooms at Kinmel Hall is surely an "open sesame" to present and future health, ease and cheerfulness, for there are, in addition to the social amenities mentioned above, a thousand acres of parkland on the estate for the enjoyment of guests.

London

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THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

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FIELD
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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

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GAME AND GAME WARDENS

IT is safe to say that no department in any of the territories administered by the Colonial Service depends more on the personality of its official head than that of the Game Warden. His work dovetails in with that of most of the other departments in the State, notably those of Agriculture and Police. He not only has to deal with the problems of conservation from a departmental stand-point, but he has to take a wide view of the political consequences of his action. He has to deal not only with other officials, often very far from sympathetic to the objects of his work, but with settlers, native chiefs, and incoming visitors, many of whom think that their standing in their own countries is quite sufficient to bounce any local Bumble into acquiescence. A Game Warden should be a good naturalist and a good hunter; he should be gifted with considerable powers of organisation and the ability to ally those powers with the long view; he should have intense enthusiasm for his job, ability to distinguish between the possible, the desirable and the expedient, and the necessary strength of character to make a stand on any position which he regards as vital. To possess these qualities is desirable; but one quality is essential; he must be what is known as "a personality."

To-day it would appear that there are about to be two important changes among the Game Wardens of the Colonial Service. Mr. Theodore Hubback is retiring from the position of honorary Game Warden in Malaya, which he has held for many years. The post has been offered to Captain A. T. A. Ritchie, Game Warden of Kenya, and it is understood that, subject to the Malayan Government being willing for him to accept a year's secondment from Kenya in the first place before reaching a final decision, he will go to Malaya. It would seem that the Malayan Government would be well advised to agree to this preliminary, and it appears almost certain that the appointment will be made.

The work that Mr. Hubback has done for wild life in Malaya is beyond praise. It is perhaps forgotten by those who have disagreed with him that this work has been done without remuneration, often at a considerable personal loss. In the face of every kind of opposition and lack of encouragement, Mr. Hubback has fought for one object—the Preservation of Game. Not everybody could be expected to agree with all his judgments, but his Report of the Wild Life Commission of Malaya remains an unanswerable document as to nine-tenths of its conclusions. The *Field* is certain that at the end of a work continuing now for nearly a quarter of a century, even those who have most bitterly opposed his policies will join in thanking Mr. Hubback for those long years of disinterested service.

The work that Captain Ritchie has done for Kenya is no less striking. The Game Department of the Colony has been raised to an extraordinary level of efficiency, and is a model to the colonial service. He has won the approval of settlers, of officials, and of visiting sportsmen, without ever sacrificing a principle. Indeed, it is just this quality of resolution that has served him best. It is not unfair to say that personality and a sense of humour have created a model Game Department.

It is therefore essential, if Captain Ritchie leaves Kenya for Malaya, and the Government of that colony are successful, as seems not improbable, in inducing him to remain for more than the initial year, that a really first-class successor be found. For if the game department of Kenya loses ground, the effect of his example will be lost all over Africa. We have at the Colonial Office a new Secretary of State with a greater knowledge of his subject than any of his predecessors since Mr. Amery, and a new Under Secretary, who is young, energetic, and a lover of the open air. One may hope that they will, when the time comes, give due consideration to an appointment that has more than local significance, and, indeed, that they will insist on more active steps being taken in the whole field of Big Game Preservation.

KING AND EMPIRE

IN our Empire number, published in May of this year, we advanced, in all respect, the suggestion that it might be possible for King Edward to make an Empire Progress after his Coronation. It is good to realise that possibility has now become probability, and that a royal visit to Canada is under consideration in 1937, to be followed by visits to other Dominions. Such visits can do nothing but good, and though it will no doubt be difficult for the Government in Whitehall to view with equanimity the removal of the visible person of the Monarch from the realm for any length of time, yet they must remember that since the Statute of Westminster their claims are only that of one of a group of nations, in which the Parliament at Westminster is *primus inter pares*.

THE "FIELD" CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Next week the Christmas Number of the "Field" will be published containing five pages in colour, including six graphic plates of the weirdest animals seen at the Zoological Gardens, with a description by Dr. Burgess Barnett. Among the contents will be "The Substitute," a boxing yarn of 18, Panton Street, by the Hon. Everard Pepys; "Invitation to Shoot," the story of a misadventure, by Patrick R. Chalmers; "The Racing Season and the Two-year-olds," by the "Field" Turf correspondent; "Unfair Criticism of British Athletes," by H. M. Abrahams; "Out a-Foot on Christmas Day," by Brian Vesey-FitzGerald; "Winter Sports Then and Now," by Major T. D. Richardson; "If We Were Snowed-up," by Eric Parker; "Osbaldeston's Rivals," by Alan Fox Hutchinson; "The Real Peter Beckford," by A. M. Higginson; "English Humour and Sport in Picture," by Walter Shaw Sparrow; and articles on adventure in sport. Copies of this issue, price 2/-, should now be ordered.

ANOTHER LIVE RAIL CASUALTY

A letter from the secretary of the British Field Sports Society published last week intimated that a new form of fencing, though not of efficient design, is contemplated on our electrified railway system. But fencing, with electrification on a grand scale, would tend to turn the country into a number of glorified Whipsnades as far as animal life is concerned, and both for this and the far more important human factor, the need is a form of live rail protection. Last week a case was reported in which a boy of four got through a fence near Sideup and was electrocuted, despite the brave action of Mr. James Macnee, a septuagenarian, who pulled him off the conductor rail by his clothing. That statutory obligations have been fulfilled is no reply to this sort of thing. On the line between West Wickham and Hayes three ponies, with complete disregard for live rails, held up the service, and here fencing would but hinder the process of eviction once they had entered through a gap.

THE REFEREE'S WHISTLE

A new idea for spectators of popular games was perpetrated by an enterprising boy at a recent ice hockey match. Possessing himself of a whistle exactly like that of the referee's, he proceeded to interpolate blasts on it which led to frequent stoppages. Efforts to trace the whistle to its source apparently failed, and the interruptions came near to breaking up the game until two police whistles were obtained for the referees. To enthusiastic partisans of other games this experience may suggest unlimited possibilities. Equipped with a referee's whistle the football supporter might easily divert dangerous attacks by the opposing team. Naturally opposing supporters would follow suit and football might become quite a musical game.

A BLESSING IN DISGUISE

When parliamentary draughtsmen disguise a Bill under such a title as "The Public Health (Drainage of Trade Premises) Bill," it is not likely to receive from anglers or country lovers more than the polite and impersonal interest normally accorded to the activities of any other than one's own local authority. It is unfortunate that no more pleasing name could be found for what may prove to be one of the most important enactments affecting the welfare of the countryside in our southern counties. Industry is moving south with unforeseen rapidity, and unless our streams are to become like many of the once beautiful rivers of the north, every protection they can be given should be eagerly grasped. The Bill, it is hoped, will place the new factories' effluents under the skilled supervision of the local authority. Mr. Reginald Beddington announced at the Piscatorial Society's centenary dinner last week that an attempt is to be made to pass the Bill into law this session, and it behoves every lover of the south country to interest his Member in its passage.

A GAP TO FILL

After the usual excursions and alarms, it has at last been announced that Perry has become a lawn tennis professional. No one will quarrel with his decision on personal grounds. He has fought his way to the top as the world's leading player he has performed valiant service in helping to bring back the Davis Cup to this country, in capturing and holding the Championship after many lean years and in raising the standard of play to a high level. The defeatists are crying "all is lost," but we had to find our Perry and our Austin in the past, and the additional incentive of a top place to fill should act as a spur to ambitious young players.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From the report in a London daily of a reverend gentleman's speech at the Albert Hall: "To such an extreme has lack of restraint gone that in hunting circles bottle-parties are thrown which before now have ended in an orgy of furniture smashing and tearing each other's clothes to bits."

SCULLING AT OXFORD

Last year at this time we were bewailing the fact that the Silver Sculls at Oxford had only attracted seven entries. This year there were definite signs of a sculling revival, with fifteen competitors in the lists, and the president, J. S. Lewes, stood out from them all in his first attempt at sculling. He gave a worthy lead by putting up the fastest times and by breaking the record when he returned 7min. 41sec. in the final against W. H. Liversidge without being pressed, as his win by 19½sec. shows. Things are livening up at Oxford, and in sculling we stand in dire need of new material.

'VARSITY RUGBY

If the University Rugby match could be played now there is little doubt that Cambridge would start strong favourites. But it is not always an advantage for a team to strike such fine form as Cambridge's comparatively new team have shown so early in the season, and the Cambridge captain will no doubt be on his guard against signs of staleness. On their first visit to London last Saturday to play Richmond, the Oxford team, without Obolensky and one or two other star players, showed promising rather than convincing form. They beat Richmond—as did Cambridge—on speed and quickness in both attack and defence. Like Cambridge, they have a very lively pack of forwards, with plenty of power, and if their back division does not at present work as smoothly as Cambridge's, the talent is there for improvement. The teams are certainly among the most interesting of recent years and the match at Twickenham on December 8th promises to be well up to 'Varsity standard.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE?

It is reported that the Percy hounds killed a pure white fox after a hunt of 45 minutes. The question arises as to whether rare colour or conformation in animals should give them privileges of safety above their fellows of a more commonplace hue. There are two sides to this question. A fox is a fox whatever his colour; he smells the same, he acts in the same way, and the colour of his coat does not affect his character. If hounds are kept to kill red foxes, white foxes must also come under their rule.

On the other hand, a white fox is a natural curiosity in this country, and a very beautiful one at that, and as such is surely worthy of preservation. A white fox or hare or hart or otter gives character to the district in which he takes up his residence, and it seems a pity that this fox was destroyed; he might even have been the founder of a "White Fox Inn," and have bidden defiance from his high position to generations of the Percy hounds.

WINTER'S APPROACH

The high winds and sudden sweeping storms of the last few days have torn the last leaves from the trees. Here and there the oak, ever a sturdy fighter, shows russet against the cloud-ridden sky, but elm and ash stand naked and strong to the wind. The hedges too are naked, but jubilant with berries. Along the hedgerows the finches are in companies and with them are many bramblings, while through the woods the tits journey in troops and the starlings descend in thousands on the copse at dusk. The fieldfare is everywhere and seems quite to outnumber our native thrushes. But the voles are still active and the dormouse scuttles in the hazels. Here in the south of England we have yet to experience the first hard frost of the season. The wind and the rains have brought winter near. But food is still plentiful in the hedges and the woods, and the pipistrelle has not yet foregone a single daily flight.

'TWIXT THE THAMES AND SEA

Betwixt the Thames and sea they stand, those happy southern towns,
Some deep among the wealden woods, some nestled 'midst the Downs.
I love their crooked, narrow ways, their steep and twisting lanes,
Their brown and orange tile-hung fronts with leaded window panes.

I know them by their homely smell, whether 'tis day or night,
A tang of salt and smouldering oak—no need to use one's sight.
They never feel the eastern blast; the bitter frost that kills,
They lie in fertile vales of peace girdled by smiling hills.

DENIS HAGGARD.

"SCENES" IN POPULAR GAMES

Unsporting Conduct That Must be Stamped Out

IN an ice hockey match at Wembley last week there occurred a scene that was remarkable even for this vigorous game in which tempers are easily frayed and unruly incidents common. The visiting Canadian team, Toronto Dukes, were playing the Wembley Lions. The facts recorded are that a Canadian player was ordered off by one referee, recalled by another referee, and ordered off again. Spectators were then regaled with a heated argument, during which the Toronto team's manager dashed on to the ice to harangue the referee who had ordered the player off. Finally, appeal was made to officials of the British Ice Hockey Association before the game could proceed.

Ice hockey is a comparatively new game in this country, and when it first began to attract popular attention a few years ago it was played in a proper sporting spirit. Spectators soon realised that the ordering off of players for varying periods carried nothing of the stigma associated with the ordering off of players in football or any other English game. In ice hockey it is simply a normal penalty for infringement of the rules and does not mean that a player has irretrievably disgraced himself. As a spectacle ice hockey is wonderful. The speed and skating skill of the players provide constant thrills. But when it comes to disputes with referees, impromptu fisticuffs and other "incidents" such as now frequently mar the play, it seems time to consider what the future of the game is to be.

A few years ago we might have recommended ice hockey players to take an example in sportsmanship and fair conduct from our older games. Just now it is not so easy to do so, for some of these games seem to be drifting into almost equally bad ways. Nearly every week Association football produces its "incidents" and orderings-off of players, and this season the Football Association has given voice to its concern over the growing reluctance of teams and players to take the rough with the smooth in a sporting spirit. For far too long the football authorities have tolerated the practice of disputing referees' decisions. It has become part of the game for a side which considers itself unjustly penalised in some way to protest volubly to the referee in an effort to persuade him to alter his decision, which he never does.

So far Rugby football has been more or less free from this evil, but another form of it seems to be growing. This is the equally reprehensible practice of bandying remarks about the referee and talking at him. Some of this back-chat has been audible even to spectators in recent matches. In several parts of the country the increase of rough play is causing concern and some players are always ready to gain an illegal advantage behind the referee's back.

In a milder but none the less pointed way cricketers frequently register objection to an umpire's decision. A batsman who is given out leg-before-wicket but thinks he is not out, does not rush gesticulating to the umpire but may speak volumes by his actions. There is one story of a batsman who, on being given out for a catch behind the wicket, *did* protest to the umpire, Reeves, saying as he passed him, "I wasn't out, Reevo!" To which Reeves made the classic and conclusive answer, "Wasn't you? You look in the papers to-morrow and see!" Many lawn tennis players of repute have often shown a more unpleasant reluctance to accept the decisions of umpires and linesmen; and recently even the placid ranks of hockey have been disturbed by what I imagine to be unprecedented action by an umpire in walking off the field in the middle of a match because the players would not desist from talking.

Where there are effects there must be causes. Competition in all games is becoming keener, the desire to win more pronounced. That is laudable enough up to a point. English teams and players have been chided enough in the past on the lack of the "will to win" spirit, particularly in international contests. There is no doubt that British prestige in sport has suffered abroad from this traditional form of inertia. The modern generation is, it seems, out to change all that. So far, so good. But experience the world over has shown that wherever there is a quickening of competition and the eagerness to win, there is bound, by all the laws of human nature, to be an increase of disputes, subterfuges and frayed tempers.

Keener competition demands keener control, and that brings us to the part played by referees and umpires. In the nature of things, there are some officials who can control perfectly a game in which another official would have constant trouble with players. Unfortunately there are not enough of the former type. Players are quick to sense a weak or inefficient referee, and there is little doubt that some at least of the recent scenes and disputes in popular games have been due to lack of firm but discriminate control. "Play to the whistle" is the modern player's watchword.

A few weeks ago, when the Richmond Rugby team were playing Swansea in Wales, a Richmond official ventured at half-time to remonstrate with a Swansea forward who had been taking a lot of licence as to off-side. "I'm only playing to the whistle," replied the forward, with a grin. Subsequently Richmond protested to Swansea and the upshot was an agreement to accept only a referee approved by Richmond for future fixtures. In that case, differences in interpretation of the laws between Welsh and English referees were at the root of the trouble. But surely the solution to submit names of referees for approval was all wrong. Apart from the fact that the position would become impossible if other clubs followed suit, the obvious move would seem to be for the governing bodies of the game to take steps to secure uniformity of interpretation of the laws, both by players and referees.

It is not an exaggeration to say that nowadays the referee is often the most important man on the field. He can make or mar a game, and I believe that half the troubles that now arise would disappear with stronger and more efficient refereeing. But clubs and players cannot throw the whole onus for fair play on the shoulders of the referees. To some extent club committees must be held responsible for the actions of their players, and it behoves them to see that unsportsman-like conduct is repressed. One Welsh Rugby club has recently set a commendable example by dispensing with two players whose conduct on the field was considered unsatisfactory. But little can be done in this way in any game unless clubs as a whole co-operate to keep out unfair play. Failing that, the governing bodies of sport are clearly called upon to take a stronger hand in the matter.

F. I. W.

A MEET AT WHICH EVERYONE IS REPRESENTED

A picture of the Garth hounds moving off through Stanlake Park after their opening meet—with hounds, hunt servants, a well-known figure with the terriers, the field, children, farmers and their wives

MASTERS AND HUNTSMEN OF TO-MORROW

A Story for Aspirants to Fame as Amateur Huntsmen in Seasons Unborn

ALL young men, and women, too, for that matter, who wish eventually to become Masters of Foxhounds, and to hunt their own hounds, should first hunt a pack of beagles. By collecting together a good "cry" and watching their old hounds for two seasons, they will learn more than by going out hunting as a member of the field or reading articles like this for ten years. But as all axioms, however carefully served up, always have, and always will be, the same (and that, by the way, is yet another of them), let us go out with an imaginary pack and an imaginary huntsman and whipper-in, and see what knowledge we can glean from the experience, bearing in mind that to further that knowledge we should subsequently do it ourselves.

You see how they crowd round our huntsman at the meet: they are evidently very fond of him. Beagles are merry, jovial little hounds, and much more ingenuous than foxhounds, more like children. If you love them, they love you very quickly and very much. The whipper-in does not flick at them or crack his whip, but when a hound wanders a little too far from his huntsman, just says, "Hold up to him," and back he goes. A good whipper-in is never continually "flicking" at hounds. It irritates them and does no good. He either does everything with his voice or, if a hound commits some heinous fault, hits him *hard* once (if he can get at him) and presses home his point with a rate. Broadly speaking, a whipper-in should only crack his whip at hounds when he is stopping them off riot or a fresh hare. (That's an axiom: we must be careful!)

But here we are at the first draw, a large stubble field. There is a wild rush, when hounds are let go, but the huntsman stands still and quiet, and lets them have their fling. When it is over, they come back to him, and start drawing in earnest. You see how wide he lets them draw? This has two advantages. First, it encourages hounds to be independent and find their hare for themselves. Second, if a hare's drag is still lying, or if she has made off unviewed when she heard us arriving, hounds are sure to hit her line. The whipper-in, you will notice, is on the up-wind side, in case hounds should hit the heel-way of a line he will be in a position to stop them.

Those two couple just in front of us look as if they are working up to something; but they are young hounds, and the old hounds do not take much notice. Only an outlying rabbit which rises hurriedly and, missing death by inches, sets sail for the nearest hedgerow, with the puppies in full cry after him. The whipper-in does not move or speak; if he could have rated the puppies while they were still undecided whether to commit a naughtiness or not, his rate might have stopped them.

As it is, it is useless to run after them rating and cracking his whip. To begin with, he is on the wrong side of them, and as a rabbit seldom runs more than a couple of hundred yards, and then in view, it is a useless expenditure of energy for even the fastest runner to try and get to their heads from behind. If there is a notorious hound among the renegades, the best way to give him a lesson is to slip down to the fence quietly, and catch him as he comes back from his crime. But as this is only the second day out for these puppies stern measures are not taken, and they soon come back to the accompaniment of a rate from the whipper-in given more in sorrow than anger.

Now some of the old hounds are feathering, and it begins to look as if she was not far off. There she gets up, right in the middle of them, and with a display of swerving which would make an international three-quarter cry with childish envy, she goes right through the middle of them, though one hound just "flecks" her. The huntsman doubles his horn, which, by the way, is easier done from the back of a horse than when running, particularly over a sticky plough.

Let us watch the huntsman carefully. He seems in no hurry, for it is odds on the hare turning short under the first fence, and when this happens, the further behind everyone is the better. Hounds are very excited, and if people are too close to them, the young hounds at least, may rake on, with the chance of putting up a fresh hare, and the certainty of losing time. This saving of time is a difficult matter. The whole secret of a successful conclusion to any hunt is to give the animal you are hunting no respite: but the methods of doing this are deceptive, and what appears to be the best way is often actually the worst.

However, after a couple of seconds, old Merlin hits it off down the hedge side, and away they rattle at a good pace over several grass fields which slope down to a small brook, on the far side of which stretches, brown and ominous, a ploughed field *major*. Even on the grass, hounds, though going pretty fast, appear likely to check several times, and no doubt would have done so had their hare turned to any appreciable extent. Evidently scent is catchy.

Now hounds have reached the brook, but hesitate to cross. The huntsman, you will notice, forbears to cheer them over, and he proves to be quite right. Merlin again distinguishes him, and hits it off down the brook side. They run quite slowly down the bank for a couple of hundred yards, and then, after racing for another hundred, are again at fault. They swing their cast out; no result. She must have gone over; but hounds seem disinclined to cross, and a couple hit the line back the way they have come. It looks like heel. But wait a moment; both the huntsman and whipper-in are standing still and waiting further events. Now the trusty couple have worked back, and swim over without hesitation; they do not own it at once, but, casting on, proclaim their righteousness about 50yds. from the brookside, the rest of the pack fly to them, and they all take it up together.

If you remember the place where hounds started to race down the brookside, you will notice that it is at the same place that the hare has crossed. She must have run her foil for a hundred yards and then gone over. Probably they could not own the line away at first, because the hare was cold and wet, and gave off little or no scent.

After crossing one marshy meadow hounds have reached the plough, and, running on to it fairly fast, come to a definite check. By the slant on

which they came in, it looks a hundred to one on the hare having just crossed the bottom corner, and gone on. But our huntsman knows that (especially on a moderate scenting day) it is not worth lifting hounds on, and he stands still. He stands really still, like a statue, not wandering on in any direction for a few steps, and then coming to a standstill again. They have swung back to where they entered the field, and first one then another picks out the line and they work very slowly across the corner; but turning half-way begin to race up a furrow, and after 300yds. or more are again at fault. Not for long this time, however, for as they spread several hounds hit it off up another furrow further to the right, and away they go again. On a bad-scenting day, when hounds cannot carry ahead, this is a favourite device of the hunted hare, though whether intentional or accidental, it is hard to say.

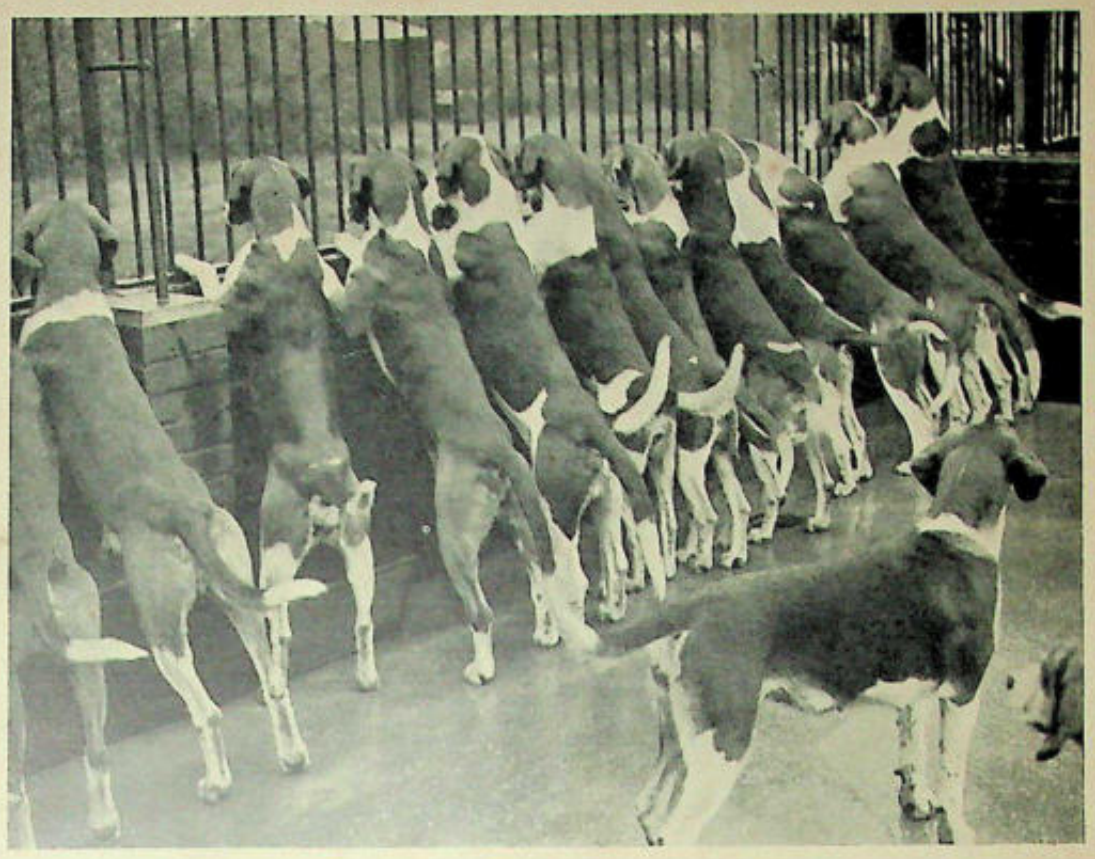
They have really settled to it now, and go on at a fair hunting pace for a mile or more, gradually bending left-handed, till telegraph poles on the skyline tell of a road, and more difficulties on such a day as this, if our hare is in any way "educated"; and by her behaviour so far she appears to be rather a "scholard."

Just as we thought, the chorus ceases; she has run the road. This time the huntsman just gives his hounds time to their own cast forward and back, and then holds them down the road in front of him to the left, this being the direction in which hounds ran up to the road. A couple of hundred yards down, there is a short stretch of grass siding and here hounds speak to it again. The siding is on the left-hand side, so that it is odds on the hare leaving the road on the side down which she is running. With this in mind the huntsman sends some of his hounds out on that side, and a few yards further down they hit it off, and all is well again. Again they are on grass and running faster and with more determination than before. See! They check again in the middle of the next field, and as they spread in their cast, up she gets in the middle of them, and off they go again in view. As the music becomes fainter and fainter, we are left toiling behind, and here we will leave our imaginary pack, wishing them a good hunt; but they will be lucky if they catch a hare to-day.

This article is only intended to give a few examples of difficulties which have actually occurred many times when hunting hounds; other's experiences will differ, and every man draws his own conclusions from what he sees.

It seems to me that hunting hounds of any sort is one of the most fickle of arts, for there is no staple factor in it. The scent is never staple; the animal hunted is never staple; hounds are never staple; and you are never staple. Not only intelligence, but a sort of "feeling" must ever be on the alert to appreciate circumstances which alter or disappear almost before they are formed.

A. H. V. L.



A GOOD OUTLOOK

The West Kent Hounds awaiting the arrival of their huntsman on a hunting day

PACE AND PRESSURE IN A PACK

The First is Useless Without the Second

TO-DAY much is heard of the pace of fox-hounds; how, especially in a fashionable country with large fields out, hounds must have great pace and drive to live before the hundreds that thunder behind them on horses which are bred and conformed like racehorses.

Comparatively little is heard of nose and tongue; it is always the same cry, and not only in fox-hunting, for "Pace, pace, pace and more pace."

It seems to me that a point has now been reached when many packs of hounds will run clean out of sight and hearing of the best horse that is bred when scent is good, but on bad scenting days they cannot really settle down to hunt a fox at all. At that time in a hunt (it occurs on all except the very best scenting days) when the fox is increasing his lead, hounds of this sort are either taken to find a fresh fox, or hunt with no conviction, and are beaten. A pack of hounds that have not, perhaps, the sheer galloping pace of the imaginary one described above, but turn with their fox, and have good tongue, will strive to hold the line at this period, and will hunt with even greater determination than before. Gradually, if things go well, they will begin to run up to their fox again, and will then go quite fast enough to catch him. The old hounds will begin to come to the front, for they know better than we do when they have a beaten fox before them. In addition, they will do their work with a great cry; not only is the cry of hounds at least half the pleasure of the day to a real foxhunter, but foxes seem to go straighter when they are hunted by a pack with good tongue.

Surely it is time that the craze for pace was a little abated; more people would see more of hounds, more foxes would be killed (I verily believe) in proportion to foxes hunted, and hunts would be longer, with better points. A fox needs to be very stout and very fast to go straight if one of the flying packs of to-day get away on his back. He is either killed or lost in a very short time. If he turns short to get a little further out of view, hounds drive and are driven on over the line for some considerable distance, and it is asking a lot to expect them to swing back into the wind to a line which is probably already covered by a portion of the field; more especially when they are not used to sticking to their fox like glue until they kill him or are run completely out of scent.

Surely it would be better for all concerned if those people to whom hounds and hunting mean little sometimes went out with some drag-hunt where they could gallop like the devil, jump like aeroplanes, and tell everybody about it at a tea-time which would always be fixed and definite.

It is often said that such people must not on any account be encouraged to go out drag-hunting, because their support would then be withdrawn from some foxhunting establishment and "Where should we be then?" I believe this is a fallacy, and that for every ten pounds they subscribe, ten pounds comes out of the Hunt funds to pay for something or some condition *which is the direct result of their presence*.

Obviously there must be a good deal of pace; but pace alone is of little use if you really want your hounds to hunt a fox for more than 20 minutes. Drive, again, is an absolutely necessary quality in a foxhound. Not only does it show sport and kill foxes, but the high-mettled drive and devil of a good pack of hounds hunting a fox is very beautiful, and lends an air of quality and artistry to the whole affair.

Many people, it appears, overlook the fact that pace coupled with constant pressure (which is what makes the foxes fly) should be judged by the distance of ground a pack of hounds covers in, say, 20 minutes *on the line of their fox and not off it*.

VALENTINE.

THERE HE GOES

The animal known variously as Reynard, Reynolds, Tod, and last, but not least, Charlie

BEST DAYS WITH HOUNDS

Six-Mile Point With the Belvoir

AFTER a cubhunting season of more than average success, we have now reached the best of all times in the foxhunter's calendar, the first weeks of November, with the grandest months of the year before us. Those who have been lucky enough to get out in the early mornings, when education need not be restricted to the cubs and young entry, will have got their legs re-accustomed to their riding boots and seats equally well settled in the saddle. Lest they be too confident, there is still a nice growth of grass in the ditches, sufficient to let a young horse prove his powers of second sight, for traps are well hidden this year.

Those who hunt with the Belvoir can safely promise themselves good sport, as the same admirable joint-Mastership of Colonel Colman and Mr. Greenall continues, George Tongue is in great form, and it is to be hoped that Frank Anyan will soon recover from an attack of poisoning which has kept him at home. Rain came just in time to dissolve the going, and after a few days of awe-inspiring slipperiness, the country was in good order for the opening meet at Leadenham House.

Although Lincolnshire is unfashionable from a "shire" point of view, anyone who knows a thing or two takes trouble to come to an appointment in this area. The Leadenham Vale takes a lot of riding over when hounds run as they usually do, for it is good scenting land when wet. Much quiet fun has been enjoyed by the local lights on seeing a dashing stranger ride at a fence, unconscious that it is a habit of these parts to have a wide ditch *both* sides! Apprehension on this score having been dulled by Captain Reeve's hospitality, a move was made to Willson's Osiers.

This covert is very well placed to give a hunt, as the surrounding country is almost empty of habitation in every direction. But the foxes would not play, and a mustard field by Victoria Gorse tactfully gave much better results. From the start they clearly meant to run, and away they went by Reeve's Gorse and the Beacon, raising high hopes that the route would continue into the vale below. But he turned up the hill and along the ledge of land which runs like a giant eye-brow above the low ground. The arable tendency of the fields made rather circuitous riding, but it was grand fun all the same, and the calculated point of six miles to the finish at Ancaster was a most encouraging start. Once more it is evident how much the dog pack has improved during the last few years of George's handling.

Next morning proved to be the best sort of autumn day, quite still and with a hint of sun to come out later for the greater glory of the turning trees. For there are many leaves still to fall and their effect on scent in covert is evident; after some delay a fox was got away from Bescaby Oaks, and first taking a turn towards Waltham he slipped through the Oaks again before making for the heath. Here were just the sort of fences one wanted to get the feel of it again after a summer of sedentary or pedestrian sports; dozens could jump in line if need be (at times the Master could not see the necessity), and there was nothing to hide the hounds from view all the way to Stoke Pastures, where the pack caught a well-deserved fox.

It was whilst they were breaking it up that the shocking news of Colonel Ashton's fatal accident arrived and the order was given for home. His horse apparently put its foot in a rabbit hole and death was immediate. An appreciation is on another page.

UNBRIDLED.

THE COTTESMORE DIARY

THE prospects of good sport with these hounds are exceptionally good. Mr. Hilton-Green and staff have put in an arduous cubbing season, hounds being out six days a week since cubbing started at the end of August, and have found a plentiful supply of foxes in all parts of the country. Scent has been very variable and, owing to the exceptionally dense undergrowth in the woodlands, it has been difficult to catch foxes in these.

From October 10th hounds have been let go in the open, and already some excellent gallops have been recorded. Possibly the best was on the last day of cubbing, when hounds made a seven-mile point and fourteen miles as they ran from Tugby Bushes; they marked their fox to ground at Church Hill in the Fernie country.

We had our opening day on Monday, November 2nd, meeting, as is the usual custom, at Greetham Inn. A very large field turned out to greet the Master, Mr. Hilton-Green, who is carrying the horn himself as usual and entering on his sixth season. Scent being moderate, nothing much was done in the morning, but from Heath Spinney we had an excellent 30 minutes, losing our fox near Woodwell Head.

From the fixture at Langham on November 3rd an excellent day's sport was enjoyed by a very large and hard-riding field. We began by drawing for outliers near Loodle Lane, usually a sure find, but we did not find there. Going on to the famous Ranksborough Gorse, hounds found a brace. The selected one was hunted very fast past Rocart, and on past America Spinney, where they bore left-handed up to Cold Overton. Leaving this on our right, we completed a ring back to Ranksborough, hounds having run very hard and practically without a check for 27 minutes.

Leaving the Gorse again, our fox ran down to the Melton—Oakham Road, where we bore right-handed, past Ranksborough and through Barleythorpe, where hounds killed their fox after an excellent hunt of 70 minutes. Having caught another fox in the Ranksborough Hall grounds, we went on to Orton Park Woods, one of our best coverts, which, strange to say, was blank—a most unusual occurrence.

However, in the small spinney of Lady Wood there were a brace, and getting away with one, hounds ran very fast into Owston Wood, where they were stopped.

Thursday the 5th saw us at the Bull, Witham, a far-away fixture and, with five days of meeting on the card for the week, the field was a small one. Although the morning was a poor one, owing to foxes being hard to find, the day was redeemed by a really brilliant gallop from Gunby Gorse.

Finding here, we ran, with Sewstern Village on our right, up to the precincts of Buckminster, where we bore right-handed and killed our fox near Stainby Warren, after a brilliant and checkless gallop of 25 minutes, over a grand line of country.

Friday, Stretton; a very moderate day, scent being moderate in covert and very bad in the open. We found foxes in Morcary Wood, but as the main earth was open they got in. Hard lines on huntsman and hounds, who had worked hard for one-and-a-half hours. We found in Adder Wood and Shetton Pastures, but scent was very bad.

Saturday, Belton, with the weather glass at its lowest, and all indications of a storm brewing up, the outlook was not good. Nevertheless, we had a real fine foxhunt in the evening. Wardley Wood held a brace, but scent was so bad in covert they could not be induced to face the open. Ayston Spinney and the wild gorse adjourning and also Manton Gorse, were blank. Finding in Miss Wilson's small gorse, we ran out over the brook and up to Oakham Pastures and across the Oakham—Brooke Road, where we lost our fox.

Our final draw, Prior's Coppice, well redeemed the day and provided a first-class hunt. Getting away almost at once, we passed Leigh Lodge on our left and ran fast through the Lovers' Walk to Witheote, eighteen minutes of the best, and a slight check here. Mr. Green, holding hounds on, hit off the line again, and we ran straight through Owston Wood and across the Whadboro—Owston Road, down almost to Tilton Station, where we swung back left-handed into Owston Wood, and hounds were stopped after a first-class hunt of one hour. So ended a real good week.

FOXY.

OVER THE WATER

Some of the V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) field crossing a bridge, after hounds had held their opening meet at Bibury Court, the residence of Sir Orme Clarke

A COINCIDENCE WITH THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S

ON Wednesday, the Duke, hunting his bitch pack, had a good day's sport from Dodington Ash. There had been a goodish drop of rain overnight, and as soon as hounds found at that favourite little vale covert Fat Jack, they showed that scent had materially improved.

This good fox went away up-wind, and granted for once a clear course on the Codrington Road by cars and foot people, did what we always want a fox to be able to do, made a straight point by Mr. Worlock's farm and on through Codrington Gorse to Westerleigh Hill. There the fox turned left-handed, and hounds, running over Mr. Philip Gibbs's farm, marked him to ground in the cliff face above Parkfield Pits near Pucklechurch at the end of a fast 25 minutes without a check.

An outlier holloaed near Codrington Arms ran a twisting ring before he was marked to ground under a tree where a fox had been marked seven years before to the exact day—Wednesday, November 4th.

From Ham Wood a ringing fox was pursued round Dodington Park and marked to ground. Hounds then went back to Dodington Grove, but did not find, and returning by Rifleman's Copse, they picked up the stale line of a fox disturbed some time before.

The Duke held them on and they ran through Dodington Wood, over the Bath Road by Tormarton to Bennet's Gorse, past Lyegrove to the other side of Beechpen, where fresh foxes put an end to a fine hound hunt on a line at least ten minutes old, a feat only possible under good scenting conditions.

We trust that this augurs well for the Hunting Season proper, and, indeed, all during cubhunting time hounds have had to use their noses much more than the ordinary on dry dusty bone-hard grounds. The fact that they have maintained the high average of cubs killed under unusually difficult conditions shows the high standard the Duke's hounds have attained, and that they are as good in the field as they are on the flags. What higher commendation can any pack of hounds attain to-day or yesterday?

V.

THE GRAFTON'S GOOD OPENING DAY

THE Grafton started cubhunting on July 27th and in spite of a long, dry, scentless period hounds killed 46½ brace of foxes. It has become a legend with the Grafton never to expect a good opening day, but this year the spell was broken. The venue was Preston Capes on November 2nd. A large field met Lord Hillingdon and Mr. Beale, including the late Master, Major Vivian Williams, and Mrs. Williams, but, alas! they were on foot. Pope was hunting the bitch pack, and they looked fit and bright after fourteen strenuous weeks of cubhunting, during which they had usually done three days a week.

Church Wood was drawn first, and a brace of foxes were soon on foot. The selected one broke on the Charwelton side, in spite of the crowd of foot people at the top of the covert. Their halloas probably made him realise his danger. Hounds came tumbling out to a good start past Cleavers Clump and over the Charwelton Road. The majority of the field, who were expecting a "jolly" round Fawsley, only realised their mistake when they saw hounds were almost out of sight, running at a great pace towards Hinton Gorse. Instead of entering the covert he turned back short right-handed, and just when hounds looked like catching him, he was lucky enough to find refuge in a big rabbit bury on Hinton Hill. Time, fifteen minutes.

Holywell Pools were drawn next. Hounds did not speak for some time, but no sooner had they opened than a fox was away, pointing for the Daventry Turnpike with Spencer's Gorse as his probable objective. Cars on the road headed him, and he ran the length of a thick hedgerow before being able to cross the road. He then ran over Charwelton Hill into the Bicester country to Iron Cross. He turned left-handed to Byfield, where he was only just in front of hounds and very tired.

Luckily for him there were two fresh foxes in front of hounds in the gardens, and the bitches drove on at a great pace nearly to Aston-le-Walls. They now swung right-handed and ran on fast over a complicated country nearly to Claydon Hay and thence to Three Shire Spinney. They pushed their fox straight through and nearly on to Wormleighton before again swinging right-handed as though for Fenny Compton. He was headed on the road and forced to turn back for Boddington Covert, but without entering it he ran parallel with the road and turned right-handed again below Upper Boddington and Lower Boddington on nearly to Aston-le-Walls.

It was now obvious that a tired fox was in front, and the bitches could only hunt on at a slow pace with occasional help towards Appletree. However, they were rewarded by running into a dead-beaten fox in a hedgerow on Mr. Neale's farm. The time was one-and-three-quarter hours, and at least fourteen miles of country were covered, while the greatest point was six-and-a-half miles. J. U.

MIDDLETON (EAST) HOUNDS START WELL

SINCE last season's opening meet great changes have taken place in the Hunt, which is now independant, and not, as formerly, a satellite of the Middleton Hunt, although it has its fatherly blessing. By the generosity of Sir Richard Sykes, who has built and equipped kennels at Sledmere, and the help of the Masters of the Middleton Hunt, who have handed over sufficient hounds to start the country, the Middleton (East) now have an establishment of their own. Captain Wickham-Boynton is carrying on the Mastership and hunts hounds himself, and Mr. Adrian Scrope is hon. whipper-in, while a strong committee, composed largely of hunting farmers, is attending to the financial side.

On Wednesday last, in fine but rather bright weather, the season opened from the meet at Sledmere, at which historic and sporting seat Sir Richard Sykes dispensed hospitality to a large field. These preliminaries having been thoroughly enjoyed, the Master moved off to Cherry Wood, where the always eager field were soon put out of suspense, hounds finding at once. Then a merry scurry followed through this large woodland, hounds running very hard, and soon leaving covert with three foxes before them and in three compact lots. All three foxes crossed the Sledmere to Bridlington Road, and followers took their pick and spread out over the country. The main lot, running hard, turned down to Croome, where Charles saved his brush by inches, by getting to ground in view under a big tree. The other two lots of hounds with their ardent followings each had their own adventures, one lot being collected at Croome Wood, and the remainder, after a longer fling, at Canada Cottages.

After a longish trot Black Wood disappointed in not producing a tenant, it having done very well on numerous occasions in recent seasons. However, hounds went on to our hon. secretary, Mr. Eric Dee's stick-heap at Garton, and a very big fox, testifying to the quality (and perhaps quantity) of Mrs. Dee's chickens, was soon away. Hounds settled down in great style, and hunted their fox fast up to the Wetwang Road, where, being unfortunately headed, he had to double back behind Mr. Dee's farmyard, and ran down the back of Garton Village, through the gardens. He gained little here, however, as hounds were hunting him splendidly, and forced him into the open country again almost to Garton Station.

The pack then simply fled parallel to the Malton Railway, keeping below Mr. Byas's Low Farm, over the railway, across the Green Lane, and straight for Tibthorpe Grange, over a very enjoyable line of country. At the Grange, however, came a check, but the line was soon hit off, the fox having turned back for Far Fall Farm. The pace was again hot, as hounds hunted their fox over the railway again, crossed the Wetwang Road and ran for Garton Field, turning short right near the Sledmere Road and raced back by Garton Village to the stick-heap where our pilot was first found.

This had been a really good 40 minutes, perhaps a bit twisty but fast, and quite delightful to an admirer of hound work. The fox was very easily bolted, before we had time to loose our girths, fortunately, and again led us at a very fast pace up to the Wetwang Road, where he was headed and came back almost to Low Farm, and running towards the railway was killed after another ten minutes, having led hounds seven-and-a-half hours in 50 minutes.

This last little spin again demonstrated how these hounds worked, for they spread themselves most beautifully as the fox had turned and came together immediately, driving on in an irresistible fashion. Codgbrook, our new whip and kennel huntsman is to be congratulated on their appearance and fitness, and this opening day was a good augury for a successful season. E. M.

AFTER THEIR OPENING MEET AT CROXTON PARK
The Belvoir moving off to the first draw

FORTY-FIVE MINUTES WITH THE OAKLEY DOGHOUNDS

FROM their meet at Bushmead on Saturday the Oakley doghounds, hunted by the Master, Lord Melchett, had a very useful day. Bushmead Wood and Dukes Spinney were blank.

A fox from Basmead left at once, and hounds, getting away on good terms, rattled him along the brook into Bushmead. Without dwelling here, hounds were away over the brook, crossing Mr. Mackintosh's farm up to Staughton Moor, and went through the rough straight into Hail Weston Wood.

After running once round the covert, they came back leaving Basmead on the left on to Bushmead Priory, where scent failed. This was a very enjoyable 50 minutes.

Finding their next fox in Jordens Sticks, hounds at once started to run hard. He was headed on the Kimbolton Road, and turned left through the Cherry Orchard, leaving Colmworth Village on the left, over the Bolnhurst and Bushmead Road, across Wickey Farm straight to Keysoe Row.

The fox was headed here, and turning left by Keysoe Schools, went into Bolnhurst Spinney, where a fresh fox went away in front of hounds. The hour was getting late so hounds were stopped. This had been a very good 45 minutes with pace.

PARADOX

Then they ran fast to Colcombe Brake, turned right-handed, and carried the line into Allens Down, where hounds devided for a time, but on becoming reunited the pack forced their hunted fox away to Huntsham, where they circled round the big wood twice before running back by Highwood Farm, and accounting for their fox in Allens Down.

GYPSY.

A BICESTER AFTERNOON HUNT

THE Bicester and Warden Hill had a very enjoyable day's sport for their opening meet at the kennels on Monday, November 2nd. Clarence Johnson was hunting hounds (all looking uncommonly well), and a large field turned out to greet Mr. Field Marsham, the new Master, who was assisted by Captain Agnew; the arrangement being that the Master will hunt hounds on Tuesdays and Saturdays, when Captain Agnew will be in charge of the field.

IN THE NORTH COUNTRY

The joint-Masters, Mrs. R. Nickols and Lord Bingley, at the opening meet of the Bramham Moor at the Kennels, Hopehall, Bramham

THE TIVERTON HOUNDS' FINE PERFORMANCE

THE Tiverton foxhounds opened their season on Saturday, October 31st, by meeting at Knightshayes Court. Lady Amory and her two sons (the joint-Masters) gave all-comers a hearty welcome. The morning was a rough one, but in spite of it there were more people assembled at the meet than ever. By 12.30 rain had ceased to fall. Hounds accounted for a brace of foxes in the morning.

Soon after midday Mr. Derick Amory, who was hunting hounds, decided to draw Pileywell Copse, and from there brought off a good hunt of two hours and ten minutes with better scenting conditions than have prevailed for some weeks. First the pack pointed for the Lowman Valley, then wheeled right-handed past the first fence of the Point-to-Point course, over the road by Chettiscombe Farm, past Knightshayes Court, and through Allers Wood.

Mr. Shorten's Gorse held several foxes, and one had sneaked out at the lower end, before hounds were away on a second which went as far as the railway below Poundon. Scent was poor, but he was brought back round Poundon close to Mr. Shorten's gorse which, with Poodle's Gorse, he avoided, and was killed at Poodle Farm.

After this preliminary, the first good hunt of the season began from Stratton Audley Park. Here Major Gosling had news of an outlier which was hustled through Stratton Copse, just missing Mr. Cubitt's Gorse and so to the brook and railway below Godington. Many of the field were held up here as scent had improved and hounds were running on well. A momentary check at Casemore Farm assisted most of the back-markers to get up, then merrily on to the right of Preston Bissett (one very big fence here caused some to doubt their leader's wisdom), and over Mr. Franklin's farm to Gawcott Wood.

A number said "Good-night" from here, not realising that more was to come, the half-dozen who were left having to gallop hard as hounds slipped away by Stocking Wood and Killesden to the Gorse.

There was a short check here, but a holloa to a tired fox got hounds away on terms again, and he took them back again by Stocking Wood. Unfortunately he got to ground in a hedgerow on Lower Farm just short of Kingsbridge Ford. This was a hunt of 1 hour and 50 minutes, with a six-mile point and nearly thirteen miles as hounds ran.

Considering the amount of "lepping" and how blind the country still is, there were remarkably few accidents, the loss of a brand new silk hat being quite the most serious, if the accompanying remarks were to be believed.

It is to be hoped that this good hunt is one of many throughout which Mr. Field Marsham will lead us.

J. B.

THE SOUTH DURHAM'S SEVEN-MILE POINT

THE South Durham hounds opened the season on Saturday, November 7th, and met at Sands Hall. After enjoying the Master's hospitality and contributing generously to the cap for Earl Haig's Fund, the large field were taken to Hardwick Lake. Hounds found here, but scent appeared to be of the worst; the morning was spent in local hunting.

Two o'clock found the pack at Mordon Whin and, just as the Master was thinking of calling hounds out, a fox went away from the west end. He got a long start, as hounds were at the other end of the covert, but directly the Master got them on to the line it was apparent that scenting conditions had altered for the better.

With a rare cry, the pack settled to their fox and ran across Mr. Robinson's farm to the old brickyard, where the fox was headed and hounds checked. They quickly put themselves right and ran up to the main road, then turned sharp left-handed along the main line near Bradbury Station, and sharp right over the line.

From here it is no exaggeration to say that hounds raced over the Carrs. With Bradbury Wood on the left, they followed the Skerne to the Isle and on to the Great North Road just north of Travellers' Rest. Hounds crossed the road and continued, leaving the Warren on their right, over the next road to Simpasture; but, leaving the covert on the right, they went some 300yds. down the railway before crossing it into the Zetland country. From here the pace lessened and the fox went on to the next railway line and again ran some way down it.

Blissful took the pack down the line, then they left it, but could only hunt slowly past Stubb House, over several newly-sown fields to Middride Grange Farm. Here the fox definitely had the last word, and hounds had to own defeat.

This was a fine hunt of about one hour, and the point was just under seven miles, up wind to start with, and then checking the wind. The glass was so low that it was nearly out of the bottom. Wind, south-west and rather gusty.

The remarkable thing was that this good fox never touched a covert from start to finish, and, though possibly hounds changed foxes by Bradbury Station, they certainly never changed after that, but ran in a lump; only one hound was missing at the finish, and he had cut himself badly. Of the large field that started only about half-a-dozen, including the Hunt staff and field-Master, finished.

I. R.

TWO LOSSES TO THE HUNTING WORLD

IT is with the greatest regret that we record the deaths of Colonel H. S. Ashton and Colonel W. W. Wiggin. A correspondent writes of Colonel Ashton below. Colonel Wiggin, who had been Master of the Devon and Somerset since the War till the end of last season, was not only the kindest and most charming of men, but a very brave one, too. Anyone who knows what he had to go through to come out stag-hunting will know that. Everyone on Exmoor loved him, and he was not considered a "stranger" though coming from another part of England, which is about the highest compliment that can be paid to anyone on Exmoor. To one who knew him, and received much kindness at his hands, his death is indeed a sorrow. Our Belvoir correspondent writes:—"The opening day of the Belvoir Hunt in Leicestershire was brought to a tragic conclusion when news came that Colonel Ashton had been killed early on in the hunt. "Sam" was born and bred a Meltonian and had hunted all his life with Quorn, Cottesmore and Belvoir; on the morning of his death he laughingly claimed to be the "oldest inhabitant," yet he was only 57, and in those years had made of everyone with whom he came in contact a friend to mourn his passing. Always cheerful, good company, without malice, and a fine sportsman in every sense of the word, he was mounted and turned out in the best traditions of fox-hunting. An instantaneous death when hounds are running is an enviable end, but "Sam's" kindly presence will be sadly missed during this and many a future season in Leicestershire."

JOCKEYS OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

Veterans Who Hold Their Own Against Younger Opponents

Joe Childs, retired at the end of 1935

Fred Fox, retires at the end of this season

MANY good jockeys have found themselves obliged to retire from their profession comparatively early in life owing to the problem of increasing weight. Others, more fortunately situated in respect of weight, are able to carry on until they are well advanced in middle age, so that to-day we have several jockeys who, at the age of 50 years or more, are still riding plenty of winners.

That the veterans continue to hold their own against the younger school is frequently a matter of comment, but the present generation of race-goers may be reminded that there is nothing new about it. None of the modern professionals has had so prolonged a career in active service as Frank Buckle, who is said to have ridden at under 4st. when he began his career in the stables.

Buckle won the Derby on John Bull, Daedalus, Eleanor, Phantom and Emilius, and the other classic races many times. His career ended on November 5th, 1831, on the corresponding day that he started as a jockey 50 years before. And it was set on record that his firmness of nerve and great faith in his skill and resources as a horseman were as unimpaired at the end as they were early in his professional life.

Another long career in the saddle was that of John Osborne, who began his riding career at Radcliffe Bridge in 1846, and ended it when riding Watercress into third place in the St. Leger of 1892. And when he retired the racing world combined to honour him with a testimonial fund of 3,600 guineas, together with an illuminated address, in which his friends expressed their sense of the fidelity and rectitude which had marked his career over a period of well nigh half a century.

At present seniority among the front rank jockeys can be claimed by Stephen Donoghue, who was born in October, 1884. Even as we write his energy is such that he is contemplating a visit to India for the winter racing season there. During the present year he has shown himself still as good as the majority of his brother-professionals. His dash and finishing powers have scarcely waned, and who would ask for a better jockey for a two-year-old requiring firm yet tender handling?

The old slogan, "Come on, Steve!" still rings out from the crowd when he rides a winning race. A year or two ago there was talk of his retirement, and one prominent owner offered to set him up as a trainer, but Donoghue decided to go on riding, and he has done so effectively.

Joe Childs, another of the veterans of his profession, has been in retirement for a season: but Bernard Carslake, born in Australia in July, 1887, is still one of our greatest jockeys, and has never ridden in better form than in the present year. Many of his finishing efforts are a delight to watch and an education to the rising generation. That great judge, the Hon. George Lambton, will tell you that there is no better jockey than Carslake, who, after giving up his licence eight years ago and becoming a trainer, returned to the saddle with the lapse of a single season.

On the day that he won the Sutton Handicap at Birmingham on the Maharajah of Rajpipla's good colt Carioca, Frederick Fox announced that this will be his last season of race-riding. Born in February, 1888, he had his first mount in public 30 years ago, and since then he has been one of the leading jockeys. One of his regrets is that his crushing accident on the afternoon before the St. Leger of 1935 not only incapacitated him for the rest of the season, but prevented him from taking the mount of Bahram at Doncaster. In this way he missed winning the Triple Crown of the Turf, which no jockey has done since Herbert Jones on Diamond Jubilee.

This year not so many mounts as formerly have come his way, though he has ridden plenty of good races. He was at the heyday of his career when riding for Beckhampton and later for the Aga Khan. Then King George V gave him the honour of appointing him jockey for the Royal horses. Besides his classic successes on Bahram, Fox has won the Derby on Cameronian, the St. Leger on Firdaussi, the Two Thousand on Diolite and the One Thousand as far back as 1911 on Atmah.

Six years ago he headed the list of winning jockeys with a total of 129 successes, beating Gordon Richards by one point on the last day of the season. He has been one of those fortunate riders who have never been seriously troubled by the question of increasing weight. In due course we hope to see him a successful trainer. For the time being Fox is to content himself with serving as assistant to Captain R. F. K. Gooch, for whose stable at West Ilsley he has ridden regularly for a number of seasons.

A YOUNG JOCKEY OF PROMISE

J. Crouch, who has been engaged to be jockey to the King next season

A NINETEENTH-CENTURY JOCKEY

John Osborne, who began his riding career at Radcliffe Bridge in 1846 and ended it when riding Watercress into third place in the St. Leger of 1892

Several other well-known jockeys have just retired. J. Dines, one of the best light-weight riders of his time, has never properly recovered from the effects of his bad fall in the spring, and has rather reluctantly yielded to advice that he should give up race-riding. He has now started a racing stable, and those who know him well declare that the little man is certain to make good in his new profession.

Two more of the senior jockeys, Robert Dick and Henry Jelliss, have given up riding to become trainers, the first at Epsom and the other at Newmarket. Each has already the nucleus of a strong stable. R. Dick, who won the Two Thousand on Pay Up, is one of Mr. Stanley Wootton's many successful apprentices.

A young jockey of promise who served his apprenticeship in the same stable is J. Crouch, recently engaged to be jockey to the King next season. He left last week to ride in India after having won the Birmingham Cup on Pricket. Crouch shapes extremely well, and should make good in his new position. His former master speaks highly of the lad, who is 21 years old, and goes to scale at about 7st. 8lb. Mr. W. Jarvis is well satisfied that the stable has secured the services of a most able young rider.

Gordon Richards again heads the winning list, though this time he will not reach the 200 mark. This is partly due to the fact that the Beckhampton stable, which has first claim on his services, has been out of form, and has won considerably fewer than its usual number of races. The leading jockey goes on as first jockey to Beckhampton, and Lord Astor will have second claim on him next season. This means that Richards will probably ride Early School in his classic engagements. When his services are not available Lord Astor will be able to exercise his claim on R. A. Jones.

Among the apprentices, Walter Wing has made chief headway, and will be riding next season without the assistance of the 5lb. allowance. This will not prevent him from getting a great deal of riding, as his ability is unquestionable. Other apprentices promising well are H. Blackshaw (who had the credit of beating G. Richards in two close finishes recently), J. Power, J. Gilbert, A. Sharples, E. Benneyworth, V. Mitchell, N. Styth, H. Sprague and A. Thompson.

Humphrey Foster has had bad luck in the matter of riding accidents, but it will not be long before he has his 40th winner. S. Middleton is another youngster whose reputation is already established, and P. Treacy and G. Vergette are good young riders of much the same stamp.

The rule giving further concessions to apprentice riders, which came in at the start of the season, has worked out tolerably well, though it may be something of a hindrance to the handicappers in the case of an exceptional lad like Wing. This, however, is a small matter compared with the advantage which the rule furnishes to apprentices who have hitherto been lacking in opportunities of gaining practical experience in riding against the senior jockeys.

THE ANGLER IN CEYLON

Rainbow Trout Fishing on the Horton Plains

By LYNDALL GREGG

TURNING off the main road from Nuwara Eliya, we took a short cut through the Talankanda Tea Estate, past Sandringham to Yarravale, mounting upwards by hair-pin bends through the red earth of endless plantations. Amongst the tea bushes, low shade trees are planted, whose branches are cut from time to time and forked in as green manure; workmen were busy with small sickles clearing the weeds away from below the bushes.

The car could not go beyond Yarravale, and the manager of that estate had kindly provided us with coolies to carry our luggage up the five miles to the Rest House on the Horton Plains, 7,000ft. above sea level.

The first part of the path was good, running through the tea; later it entered jungle and became damp and slippery, crossed by many streams. Near the Rest House, however, the country opened out into the "patnas," rolling grassy uplands, and the path was hard and dry.

The Rest House stands high, in a garden filled with an amazing collection of flowers of all countries and climates: hydrangeas, cannas and salvias, periwinkle, azaleas and nasturtiums, daisies, foxgloves and begonias, Madonna and Belladonna lilies, montbretias, campanulas, fuchsias, camellias, roses, violets, and potato creeper, all grow together in the open.

The food was plain but good, and we were waited on by the old Cook-Appu and his young son of twelve, both in spotless white. The boy was gentle-looking, a chiselled face with straight black hair, black brows and lashes, and fine large eyes.

On the walls of the living room hung painted wooden fish, a boar's head and sambhur antlers, also a framed saying of King James I: "Hunting with running hounds is the most honourable and noble sort of sport, for it is a thievish form of hunting to shoot with Gunnes and Bowes."

The fisherman of our party kept a diary and a fishing book. These are his entries: "Fishing open, May 1st to September 30th. Fishing permits obtainable at moderate rate from the Conservator of Fisheries, Colombo. A good many fishermen come in May, but there were very few during this first fortnight in September. About seven miles of fishing, as the river flows, from two miles above the Rest House to the falls below Photograph Pool.

"Flies: Unfortunately no dry flies with me. Effective varieties of wet flies: (*a*) in low water, red tag, beetle (nondescript fly meant to represent insect); (*b*) in high water, silver invicta, dusty miller, blae and black, coachman; sizes 6 to 10.

"Fourteen days' fishing. Fish rising as a rule from 9 a.m. to 2 p.m. First eight days very wet, last six very bright, gusty throughout period, wind S.W., W. or N.W.; found mackintosh necessary sometimes, even when sun out, wind so biting. Undoubtedly weather far from ideal for fishing, but given better weather conditions, and a greater knowledge of the river, one should do much better than I did. Anyway, a most enjoyable holiday.

"One interesting pool half-way down Baker's Falls, difficult to get to except in low water; contains good fish. From there they cannot get upstream or, under their own steam, down; 78 rainbow trout, weight 32lb., only five over 1lb., viz., 1lb. 9oz., 1lb. 5oz., 1lb. 4oz., 1lb. 3oz., 1lb. 1oz.

"Details of river. (1) Above Rest House, for two miles, river 4ft. deep, but only 3ft. to 6ft. wide; saw quite a number of fish up to 1lb. and many between ½lb. and ¾lb.. (2) Island Pool (about three-quarters of a mile below Rest House) to Chimney Pot Pool; river widening, holds big fish, particularly in Atherton Pool, but very dour; lost one of at least 3lb. where river runs into Island Pool, which is about 100ft. long by 50ft. wide. (3) Chimney Pot Pool to Cascades, river 10ft. wide, opening out at intervals; very few fish in this stretch. (4) Cascades to Baker's Falls; some very good fish in this stretch, particularly in Fisherman's Path Pool, where I caught three over 1lb. (5) Baker's Falls to Photograph Pool; at least three miles of river, plenty of fish but caught none over 1lb.; saw one or two bigger fish."

The rocks at the river falls are smooth and black, and there is a certain amount of asparagus-weed in the pools. The grass on the slopes of sandy patnas grows in rough hummocks and is brightened by small ground orchids, mauve and green.

There is always a breeze, but owing to the altitude one gets out of breath at first when walking or climbing, unless one goes slowly. The World's End View, however, is worth the sacrifice of an afternoon's fishing. It is reached by a jungle path and there is something specially attractive about the tall tree ferns and the tropical forest at this high altitude. Emerging we looked down upon hills wooded to the crest and misty mountain ranges far beyond, while immediately below us lay a tea estate, with its coolie lines and tiny winding stream. The fishing coolie acted as guide, a willing and cheerful person in a thick woollen cap, but somewhat saddened by the recent loss of his black umbrella, which had been blown into the river and lost for ever.

After supper of an evening we used to read the local newspaper, but the manager of the Rest House got his news earlier by wireless. We found interesting Ceylon titbits, such as the paragraph about the Buddhist priest who had just been arraigned before his chapter for the serious offence of wearing trousers in winter while in England.

HALF A LOAF

A Last Rise on the Kennet

IT was September on the Kennet—as, for that matter, it was everywhere else—and summer had already started to drop golden-brown hints that autumn and the close of dry-fly fishing were at hand. Indeed, for me it was to be the last day of the season, and both the morning and the afternoon had failed to reveal a single rise to mark the occasion. I had walked miles, peered round every corner, peeped into every bay, and had seen nothing, not even a dace, to reward me for having spent the day in waders.

Meanwhile evening had set in, and the sun dipped slowly towards a black bank of elms silhouetted against the sky. In the still evening air the Kennet flowed placid and unruffled, and although olive duns in plenty sailed their perilous way, although sedges fluttered and flopped in concentric circles, never a trout deigned to leave its shelter in the weeds. Things were looking desperate. The light would not last much longer, and unless something happened soon I should be forced to return with an empty creel, to wind up the season with a blank.

Plop! There, there at long last, was a rise—and a good one. It was right underneath the overhanging alders on the island, an impossible place in which to throw a fly, but the only opportunity offered of doing so.

I crossed over to the island by the plank bridge, crept into position and, after a few preliminary switches, left the fly in the branches of the alder. Another resounding rise in the same place gladdened my ears as I tied on a new fly, a fly destined never to meet the water, for it, too, was seized by the alder. A third fly, however, was manœuvred with sufficient skill to alight on the water a foot or so above the spot where the trout, the two-, three- or perhaps four-pound trout, had risen. Would it rise again? My hand was trembling with excitement, for this, as well I know, was likely to be my only chance of a fish that day.

The fish rose. With incredible speed and vigour I struck, pulling the fly out of its mouth and imbedding it in another part of the alder.

I said nothing. I was too mortified, too full of self reproach, to find relief in execration. I felt crushed and humiliated. But there remained a ray of hope. I had not touched the fish and it might, puzzled rather than frightened, rise again. It did.

Quickly I tied on another fly, and with a skill which I was not slow to appreciate and even to applaud, I made five consecutive and faultless casts. Beyond describing the spot as impossible, I have not dwelt on the difficulties that surrounded that fish. They were so many that it would take too long to describe them all, and I shall therefore content myself by saying that although the cast was impossible, I accomplished it faultlessly five times in succession. I began to feel a man again.

At the fifth cast the fish rose and, by holding the rod in an open hand, I managed to delay the strike until such a time as it became effective. The hook went home and I was into the fish.

The first outraged, uncheckable, glorious rush of a heavy, wild Kennet trout is a thing never to be forgotten: it is a thing to be remembered with rapture on winter evenings, a thing to be looked forward to with impatience when the first stirrings of spring are seen; but in the present case it was a thing which failed to happen. Save for a few feeble flicks, the fish remained *in situ quo*. "This is nothing," thought I, "in a moment or two he will realise what has happened, and then the fun will begin, then the reel will scream, the rod be bent." But on the contrary, after a moment or two even the feeble flicks died out, and I pulled into the net a 1lb. chub.

Being a Kennet chub it had no business to be a chub, and so I knocked it firmly and gratefully on the head. Gratefully, because despite what others may have written in disparagement of chub, had not this one saved a blank day, had it not provided me with half an hour of intense, if misplaced, excitement and, furthermore, had it not occasioned five casts which restored to me a self respect which cannot now be destroyed until the beginning of next season!

By this time the sun had left for America and the west, and so I made my way homewards in the twilight, singing the praises of chavender as I went.

ROBERT HARTMAN

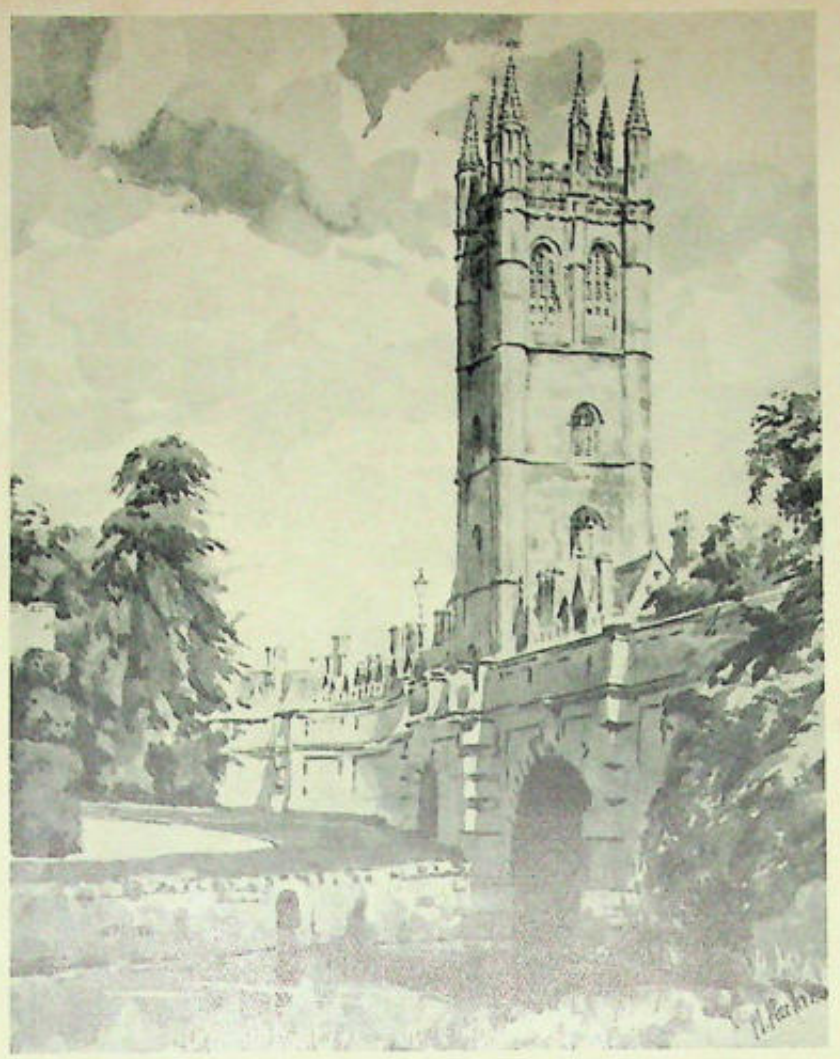
E. A. Barton

A CHANGE OF FLY

A study of the Kennet—the river of big fish

THE RIVER THAT IS ENGLAND

MISS MAUDE PARKER needs no introduction to *Field* readers. Her exhibition of paintings of salmon pools was an outstanding success, and as an outcome of her visit to famous Scottish waters, many an angler was provided with a permanent reminder of red-letter days in beautiful surroundings. She has the ability of being able to capture the moods of the countryside the year round from the delicate tints of spring to the vivid colourings of autumn, and the sheen of stretches of water and the deep colourings of a pool present no difficulties to her brush. So when Miss Parker turns her attention to the Thames we look forward to an exhibition of her work which will make a widespread appeal and one to provide full scope for her talent. In the collection of pictures which are on view at the Stevens & Brown Gallery, at 27, Park Lane, until November 28th, every lover of London's river will find scenes to remind him of glorious summer days and many a favourite spot.



MAGDALEN TOWER, OXFORD

CAPTURING THE SPIRIT OF THE THAMES

ON this page three examples of Miss Parker's water-colours are given which, however, when reduced to black and white give no idea of the mellow colouring, and but serve to portray the settings and composition. Oxford has furnished her with Magdalen Tower and Merton Tower; Windsor has held her in its spell, and to Etonians the Brocas, Athens and Ward's Mead will have a familiar ring. Views of Marlow will revive many a dress rehearsal for Henley, with the eights flashing along the course by Bisham Church, and Bourne End will recall white sails outlined against blue skies as the dinghies race between grassy banks of the peaceful up-Thames Mecca of yachtsmen. From Mapledurham, Boveney and Cookham we are taken downstream to Richmond and on to Westminster and the Pool of London. Without in any way detracting from the delights of the upper reaches it may be said that the painting "Autumn Winds" showing the Houses of Parliament at Westminster, is one of the best in a fine exhibition.

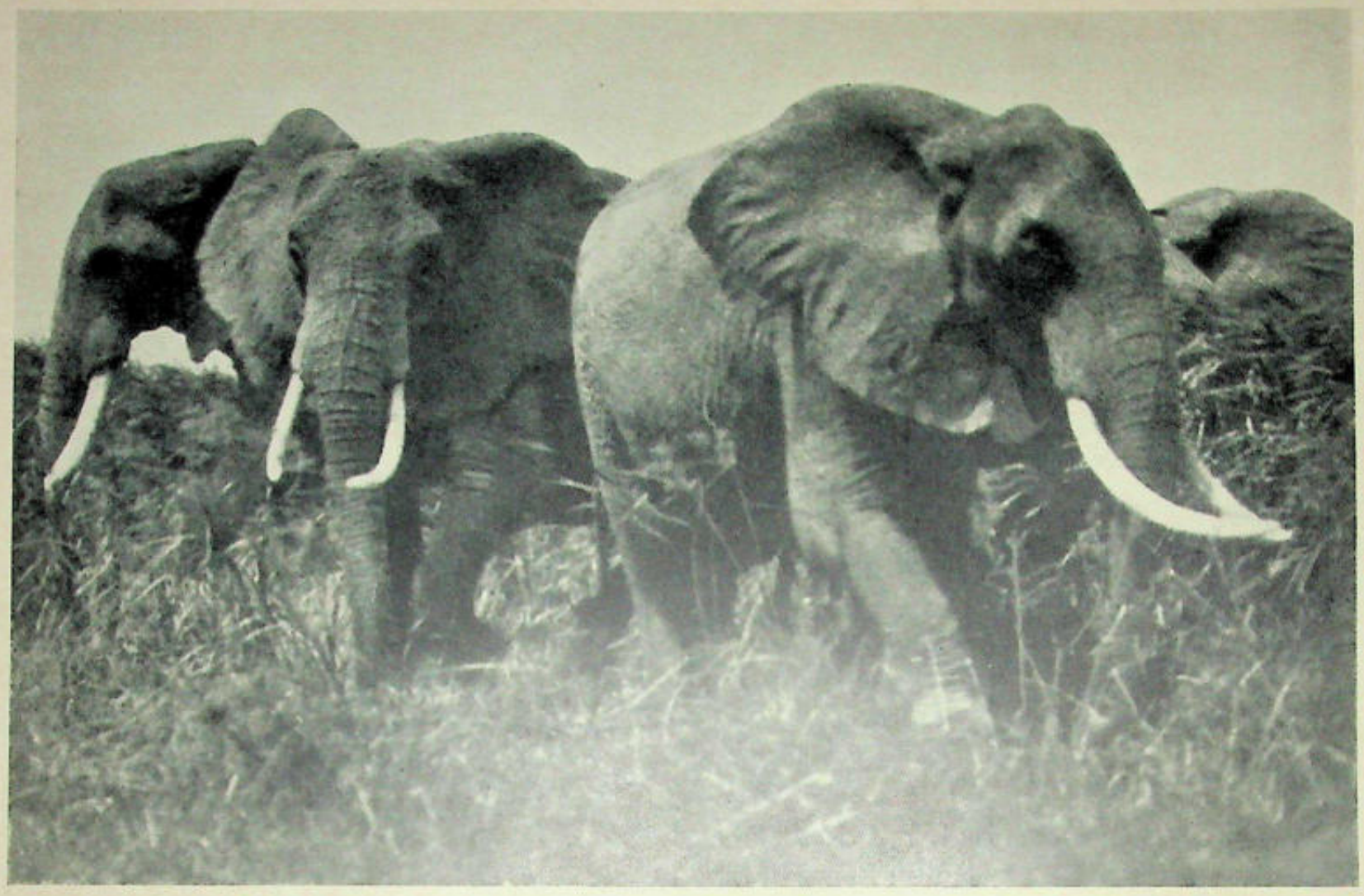
BISHAM CHURCH AND ABBEY

From the water-colour drawing by Miss Maude Parker, R.W.A., in her exhibition of paintings of the "Royal River" at Messrs. Stevens and Brown's Gallery, 27, Park Lane, London, W.1

ROMNEY WEIR FROM FELLOW'S EYOT

From the water-colour drawing by Miss Maude Parker, R.W.A., in her exhibition of paintings of the "Royal River" at Messrs. Stevens and Brown's Gallery, 27, Park Lane, London, W.1

Photos by Geoffrey Barton



WILD ELEPHANTS IN THE LORIAN SWAMP, BY MARIUS MAXWELL

A GREAT BIG-GAME PHOTOGRAPHER

The Life and Work of Marius Maxwell

MARIUS MAXWELL, the world-famous photographer of big game, was killed in an aeroplane accident while piloting his own machine, at Nice, on Monday, November 2nd. He had started to learn to fly little more than a year ago, and after a very brief period of training in this country he flew back to Kenya from Marseilles by himself. Those who knew him well will, I think, agree that the effort was typical and thoroughly characteristic of the man. For some years past Maxwell had been living in Kenya Colony on his estate near Thika Bridge, where he occupied himself in farming coffee. Recently, however, he had been living on the Riviera and it was there that the accident occurred. According to a report from Cannes the tragedy was caused by his trying to turn his machine after engine failure had reduced speed to a dangerously slow rate, with the result that it crashed and both pilot and passenger, a French boy who asked for a ride just before taking off, were killed.

His first sporting trips were in India and Java, where he hunted with the rifle more than with the camera. In Java he secured a specimen of the very rare Javan rhinoceros (*Rhinoceros sondaicus*), the specimen carrying the record horn of 10¾in.; with characteristic generosity he presented the skull to the British Museum of Natural History, which institution has from time to time during the past 20 years been greatly enriched by his gifts. In Northern India he was fortunate enough to collect two examples of the pigmy hog (*Porcula salvanius*); this he did in Bhutan, and the skulls are now amongst the treasures of the Zoological Department of the Museum.

In the year 1911 Maxwell made his first hunting expedition to Kenya Colony, when he conducted a short safari from Nakuru to Lake Baringo. It was then that he realised how much could be achieved by replacing the rifle with the camera, and he determined to return to East Africa properly equipped for such work as soon as possible. The opportunity to revisit East Africa did not, however, arise until ten years later, when, in the spring of 1921, he landed at Mombasa complete with photographic outfit. His first trip was to the Masai Province, between the Amala and Mogor Rivers, and here he took some of his most famous pictures. In his well-known work, an edition de luxe, entitled *Stalking Big Game with a Camera* (Medici Society, 1924), there are a number of extremely fine photographs of elephants and giraffes taken while in this area, nearly all of which are remarkable for their artistic setting, the photographs being something more than ordinary photographs, in fact, being pictures. Among these the most striking is a close-up of a bull African elephant taken at a distance of 8yds., which is entitled "Masai Bull Elephant at Close Range"; it is a superb study of the animal and shows the old beast in an attitude of alarm and suspicion with its ears widely spread.

On this trip he and his companion, Mr. J. H. Barnes, who also went on the subsequent safari to the Northern Guaso Nyiro, and on the gorilla expedition of 1925 to the Birunga Mountains, were fortunate enough to procure the services of a first-rate Ndorobo tracker, one Kibendoi, who was a genius in following elephants, and much of Maxwell's success is attributed to him. It was during the Masai expedition that the famous series of photographs of three elephants in a forest clearing was taken, when Maxwell left his white hunter and tracker behind and went out alone into the open to take about a dozen snapshots of the animals, and only retreating when they advanced to the attack. On this occasion he left his rifle with the tracker as he did not consider it would be of much service in stopping the elephants at close range! In writing of this incident Maxwell remarks: "Now that I am in a position to look back on those moments, the fact is clear that it would have taken but a few seconds for the ponderous beasts to stride up to the scrub and deal with the camera enthusiast in whatever way they chose. . . ."

In his book Maxwell expresses the opinion that the capture and taming of the African elephant is quite worth considering, and he recommended that the Government should devote adequate funds for carrying out an exhaustive experiment to decide the point.

The giraffe pictures were some of the first photographs to be taken from a car of galloping giraffes, the speedometer of the car giving the maximum pace of these animals as 32 miles an hour. It was during the chase of these beasts that the driver of the car got so interested in the giraffes that he forgot who was driving, with the result that the car ran into a wart-hog hole much to the discomfiture of the rightful tenant of the said hole and the party in the car. Some years after this incident Maxwell humorously remarked to me that the car was still there if I knew of anybody who wanted spare parts.

In April, 1922, a further safari was undertaken, this time to the Northern Frontier Province along the Northern Guaso Nyiro. Before proceeding to these arid and inhospitable regions, Maxwell went south for a short trip to Lake Natron and the Tanganyika border, visiting Mount Shombole and Mount Sumba, after buffalo and rhinoceros. Later in the season he arrived on the Northern Guaso Nyiro and once again got amongst elephants at Abbas Wen and the Lorian Swamp. At the former locality he was forced to use his rifle to stop the massed advance of a herd of bulls and cows, but secured some wonderful photos just before the crisis arose. At this locality he also took a wonderful photograph of the master bull of a herd. At the Lorian Swamp he obtained the most wonderful photograph which has ever been taken of a party of elephants advancing to the attack and this forms the frontispiece to his monumental work. On this occasion the attack was driven right home, and it became necessary to shoot a vicious cow elephant in the centre of the group in order to check the advance.

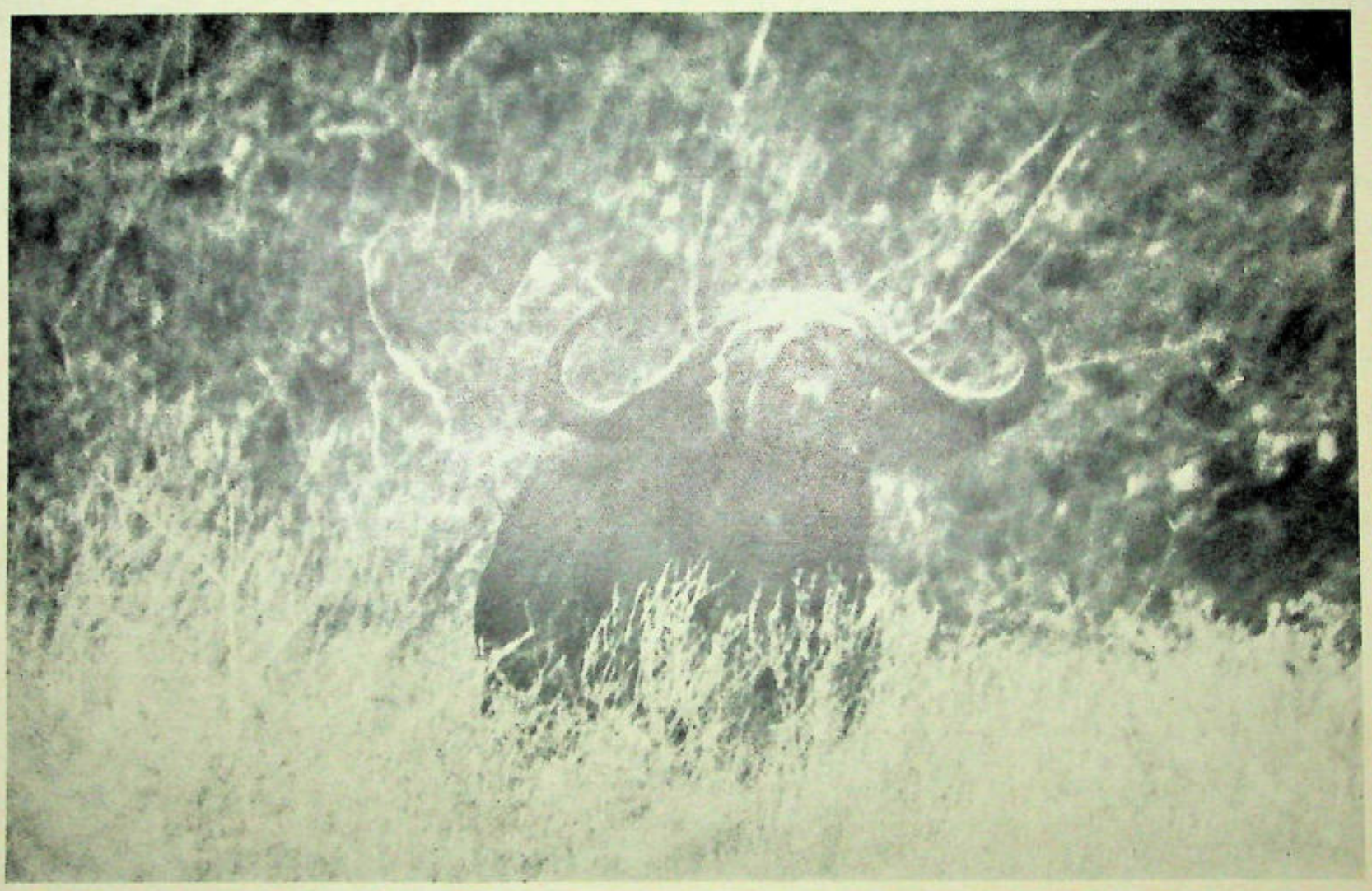
The book contains some very good photographs of buffalo, rhinoceros, and hippopotamus, many of the latter photographs showing this species as a terrestrial animal, rather than an aquatic, in a dried-up water course. Maxwell was able to walk right up to a party of three hippopotami and photograph them as though they had been cows in a field, the escape of the animals being prevented by a thick belt of thorn bush behind them. At the

end of this volume there is an appendix on the ancestors of the elephant and its relationship with primitive man, and a second appendix dealing with the Indian elephant, with a special reference to a rogue elephant in Orissa.

One of Maxwell's most outstanding gifts to the British Museum of Natural History was the head of a magnificent bull elephant which he shot near the Lorian Swamp on his expedition during 1922. He also presented to the Museum a large number of very large enlargements of his most famous photographs of elephant, buffalo and hippopotamus, and these now adorn the walls of the Central Hall and Upper Landing of the Museum.

Maxwell was one of the most generous of men, and as a companion, either in the field or at home, could not be surpassed. He was never more happy than when acting as host at a luncheon or dinner-party, when he would modestly narrate some of his experiences as a stalker of big game with a camera. The British Museum of Natural History and sportsmen in general will have cause to regret his untimely death at the age of 48.

GUY DOLLMAN.



A SUPERB BULL BUFFALO AMONG "SUAKI" BUSHES, BY MARIUS MAXWELL

THE MOST DIFFICULT BIRD ?

Golden Plover, 1 ; Snipe, 2 ; Tufted Duck, 3 ; Partridge (driven), Certificate of Merit

By COLIN McLEAN

THE term "game bird" for which spaces are reserved in the ordinary game book is generally restricted to some half-dozen species, but as I have been asked to give my personal opinion—which in all probability will not agree with that of others to whom this poser has been put—I may perhaps fairly refer to my own game book in which some 36 varieties of "game birds" are enumerated, ranging from capercailzie to coots.

These group themselves naturally under the headings of grouse, ptarmigan, capercailzie, blackcock, partridges and pheasants ; fifteen varieties of duck ; six varieties of wild geese ; the pigeons, woodpigeon, rockpigeon and stock dove ; snipe and woodcock ; and various waders, including green and golden plover, landrail, etc.

Of the first group of game birds proper, all with the exception of ptarmigan are fairly easy when walked up, but when driven, especially late in the season and in a strong wind, can be terribly difficult, and each brings back memories of many a miss only redeemed from time to time by the thrilling moments when hand and eye and swing in perfect co-ordination resulted in a clean kill. There comes to mind a wild November day when, driven from a belt of larch and fir on a steep hillside, capers and blackcock in swift succession swung majestically across the glen, apparently quite unconscious of my barrage from below, until an even more generous allowance brought a grand old caper cock crashing down by the burnside.

Grouse, too, when suddenly turned by an adept flanker on the high ground so as to swing downhill obliquely over the line of butts are a very high test of marksmanship, and to deal with these or with a covey of partridges swerving and crossing as they top the fence requires intense concentration and quickness in picking one's bird.

It has never been my good fortune to shoot pheasants in the west country or in Wales, though I have had many a good bird glide downhill over my head with wings set, at a wonderful stand on a steep hillside in Kent, and year after year I have always found these birds too good for me ; yet pheasants, even when put over the guns in the most sporting way, never give me quite the same thrill as do birds of a wilder nature, for, unlike the ducks, wild geese or pigeons, there is no sudden swerve as they see the gunner. In the case of geese, whether flighted or driven, the main difficulty is to hit off their line, and if one does get them over to shoot far enough ahead, as their pace is wonderfully deceptive and can only be realised when one sees them passing over another gun.

In dealing with birds of this category some sportsmen fail to realise the importance of remaining invisible until the last possible moment. Few birds can turn and twist quicker than a woodpigeon or a stock dove, but many would find that they could raise their percentage of kills very considerably if they were to adopt the simple method of wearing a veil and a pair of dark-coloured gloves ; I have known some enthusiastic wildfowlers to smear their faces and hands thickly with mud so as to render themselves inconspicuous !

Of the many varieties of duck which I have killed flighting, none to my mind can fly faster than the pochard and tufted going down-wind : many a January evening I have heard the rush of wings in the half light and watched these aerial torpedoes dive from a great height and swing sharply into the wind before skimming over the water on which they intend to settle for their evening meal. Not even teal can twist, scatter, and gain height more quickly than the "divers" when shot at going down-wind, though once they have turned into the wind they are comparatively easy.

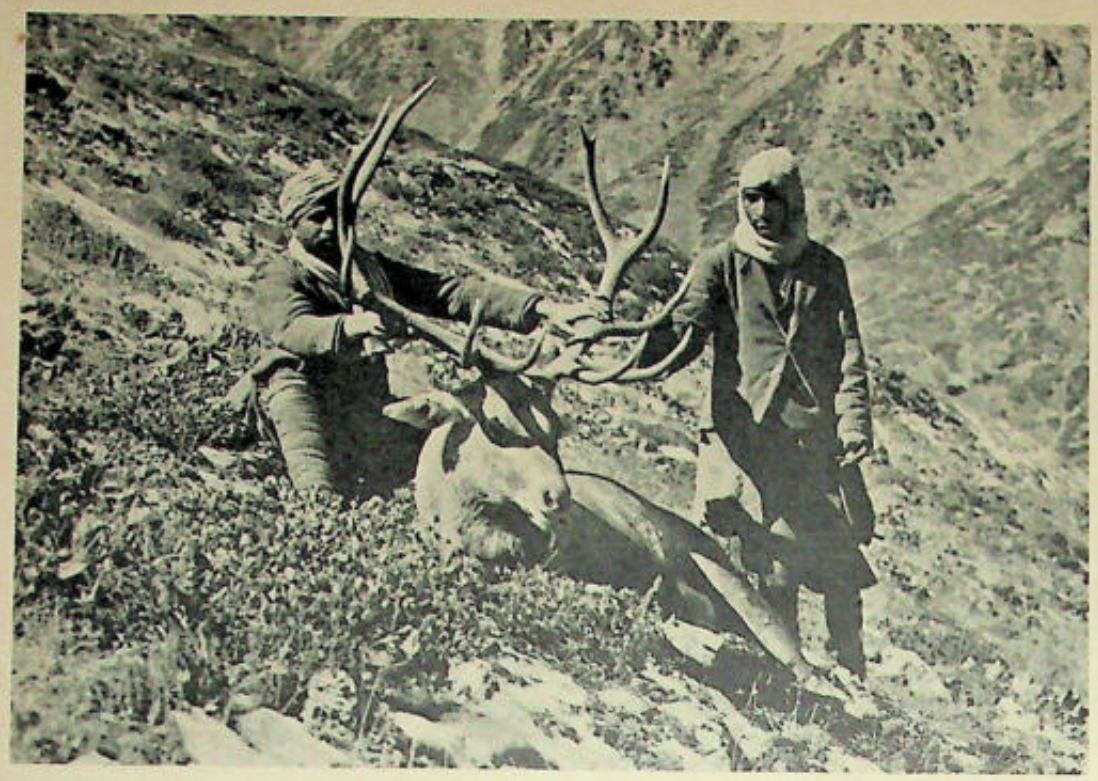
A woodcock can be a difficult enough mark, not so much from the swiftness of its flight as from the obstacles which it generally contrives to put between itself and the gunner.

When one comes to the snipe, whether walked or driven, one is up against a very tricky target, though to most the driven snipe is not so difficult as the walked-up bird which rises wild ; partly because one's foothold when walking is not always too secure, and also because a snipe rising from rushes, reeds, or peat hags is not too easy to follow except when the white underparts show up as it turns. Probably very few people have tried flighting snipe in the evening, and no one that I have come across has as yet succeeded in making any considerable bag ; though I know a marsh where snipe often come in hundreds at dusk, dropping with a swish from a great height almost vertically and only flattening out for a few yards before settling at the edge of the little pools of water.

There remain in my game book columns, waders and coots to be considered. Though hardly a game bird, a coot can test the skill of many a crack shot as he comes over, 40yds. to 50yds. up, with his rather laboured and deceptive side-slipping flight ; but it is among the waders that I consider that the most difficult target is to be found.

A golden plover on the tops in August or in an August grouse drive is not too difficult, but when flighted or driven after November, whether he is coming high over the gunner crouching behind a stone wall in the south of Scotland or low over the saltings at evening time, he is a very hard bird to stop. No bird, in my opinion, can show a finer turn of speed or a greater capacity for swerving, and to kill a right and left out of a small bunch under these conditions will puzzle the most experienced marksman.

In order of difficulty, therefore, I would place golden plover one, snipe two, tufted duck three, with a certificate of merit to the partridge (driven).



AN ELEVEN-POINTER AFTER FOUR DAYS' STALKING

The length measurement of 42in. was a little disappointing, but he was a stag in his prime with the tips of two antlers broken off by fighting

BRINGING THE FIRST HEAD HOME

Jock, my bull terrier, was filled with great joy at the privilege of being taken on a trip through such wonderful country

AFTER BARASINGH IN KASHMIR—II

The Second of Two Good Trophies

WINTER had now arrived in earnest, and the weather became more bitter and unsettled, making me anxious to terminate my stay in the mountains as soon as ever I could bag my next stag. But my shikari was not anxious to leave the neighbourhood, pointing out that the hard weather and snow would drive the large stags down from the high ground in the mountains, and that the Syriarah Nullah would be alive with barasingh working their way to the shelter of the pine forests which border the Vale of Kashmir. He urged me not to be in a hurry to shoot my second stag, as I would be certain of bagging a fine trophy. But snow which had begun to fall and cover the landscape threatened to confine our activities to a comparatively small area. Fortunately, however, the spell of bitter weather came to the end of its reign.

We did not find the number of deer we had expected to see, as the general move towards the forests had not begun quite as soon as we had expected. One hopeless stalk in the snow failed, but the sun was beginning to thaw it out.

On one occasion we got very close to a beast which carried a head that seemed to merit my Shikari's injunctions, and I simply could not destroy it for the sheer joy of firing off my rifle. Our sudden appearance puzzled him, and as he could not get our wind he stood for some minutes gazing at us as if making up his mind what to do. As he seemed completely nonplussed, I determined to make up his mind for him, and stooping down, picked up a small clod of earth and hurled it at him. This evidently assured him that we were not such pleasant people as he had thought, and he turned and made off at a rapid trot towards the forest.

After this little episode we turned and made our way up the mountainside until we regained the summit of the hills adjoining the Pass. We established ourselves there in a sheltered position behind some rocks and determined to search the country very carefully through our glasses for any sign of movement. If we should spot a good stag we would set out to stalk him, but if our efforts proved in vain I decided that our best plan would be to move down the Syriarah, and cast around on an entirely new piece of ground.

We had not been watching for long before the shikari picked out a stag in the distance feeding on a green patch half way up one of the hills on the right side of the Syriarah. It was a long way off, and even with the telescope I could only just make it out, while it was impossible to tell with any accuracy the size of the head it carried. From the distance it looked as if it might be worth hunting, and so I decided to go closer until I could judge with certainty the dimensions of his horns.

It took us over an hour before we had drawn close enough to take another look. The sight we thus procurred satisfied us that at last we had found the prize for which we had spent the last four days hunting, and made me determine to bag it, even if it took the whole day to stalk it.

The stag had moved his position slightly by this time, and was gradually making his way over the ridge where he had been grazing originally into a nullah on the far side which was out of sight from our present position. I told the shikari to hasten forward and keep him in view, for I knew that it would be very difficult to find him again should we let him out of our sight. I followed on behind the shikari as quickly as I could, with the tiffin coolie immediately behind me with my rifle.

The going was not very easy, for now that the snow was melting the narrow mountain paths had become extremely slippery, and in places where the khudside shelved abruptly towards the valley below the recent bad weather had caused the hillside to fall away, carrying the path with it, and it was with great difficulty that we managed to scramble along.

I eventually caught up my shikari when he halted for a while on the crest of the ridge over which the stag had just disappeared. The stag, he told me, was chasing two hinds at the bottom of the nullah, and from his behaviour it was obvious that he meant to return to the grassy patch where he had just been feeding; we therefore lay quietly where we were and waited patiently for his return.

SERVANTS AND SHIKARIS

Our re-united parties after my friend had returned from a separate expedition

WHEN THE WEATHER INTERRUPTED PROCEEDINGS

The mountain pass at the head of the Syriarah Nullah after a heavy fall of snow

Very soon the crown of his antlers appeared over the ridge to our left, and a moment later he mounted the crest and came into view. He did not remain on the skyline long, and was very soon trotting at a brisk pace to his feeding ground, which lay some yards behind us. He stopped about 300yds. away from us surveying the country as if the whole of creation was his, and he considered himself master of all that lay before him.

Standing thus he presented a beautiful broadside target of which I intended to take full advantage, although the distance was rather far. I stretched out my hand and took my rifle from my tiffin coolie, but the shikari evidently did not feel too happy about it, and begged me to wait until we could get a little closer. My small shikar experience had proved to me that it is fatal to refuse an opportunity once it is offered; and an animal that presents a target like this seldom does so twice. Accordingly, I turned a deaf ear to his pleadings and assured him that I was certain of my aim.

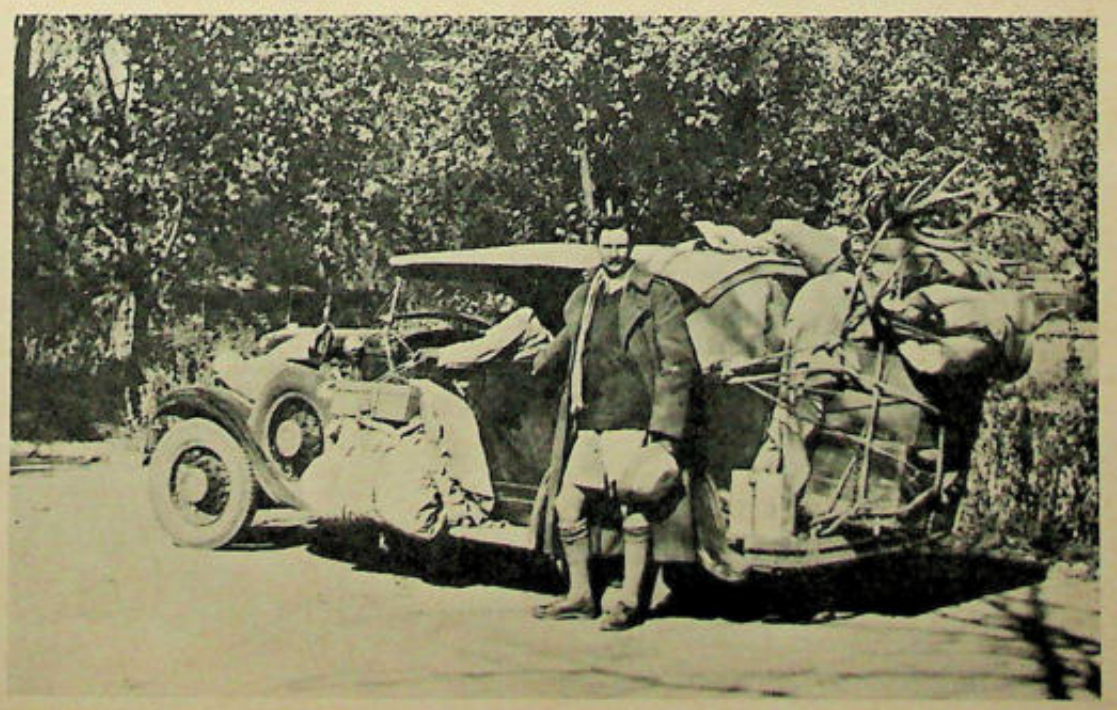
My first shot hit the beast straight through the centre of his body, which made him lurch forward and crash to the ground; but only for a second, and then, regaining his feet, he staggered back along the path he had trod, bewildered, and unable to tell from which direction the shot had come. I reloaded instantly and put the second bullet straight through the base of his throat into his body. Even with these two mortal wounds he managed to scramble to his feet again, and this time attempted to make off up the mountainside. He did not have time to take more than four paces, however, before I put my third and last bullet between his ribs and brought him finally to the ground.

No sooner had he hit the ground than the three of us leapt to our feet and rushed to the place where he lay. The shikari halalaed the corpse, and then we measured the trophy he carried. An eleven-pointer with a beam of 7¼in., and a bigger spread than the first stag I had shot. The length measurement was only 42in., which was a little disappointing but he was a stag in his prime and the tips of both antlers were broken off by fighting, which might otherwise have prolonged the length another inch or two.

As soon as I had settled down to my lunch some little distance from the kill, the vultures which had been circling overhead began to swoop down to devour it. At first there were barely a dozen, but after a minute or two the air became black with them. They arrived like magic from out of a cloudless sky, and shot like bolts from the blue on to the carcase, so that in a very short time there was nothing of the corpse to be seen. If we intended to preserve any of the meat for camp, it was clear that something must be done, so I told the shikari and the coolie to drive these repulsive birds away and post themselves as sentinels over the kill. They got rid of them after a little difficulty, and the birds then turned their attention to the stag's head, which the shikari had placed close to the place where I was sitting.

We got down to camp about two o'clock that afternoon. The day's successful effort had brought me the fulfilment of my hopes, and the primary object for which I had staged this trip had now been obtained. I had bagged two fine barasingh, trophies that anyone might envy; I felt I could not have wanted a finer pair of heads had I obtained permission to shoot in the Maharajah's reserved forests; and so I was anxious to retrace my steps back again to the Vale of Kashmir and cast round for black bear, which was the second object of my expedition.

SALAR.



A WELL-LOADED CAR

A WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP AT WEMBLEY

Len Harvey's Failure to Win the Title for Britain

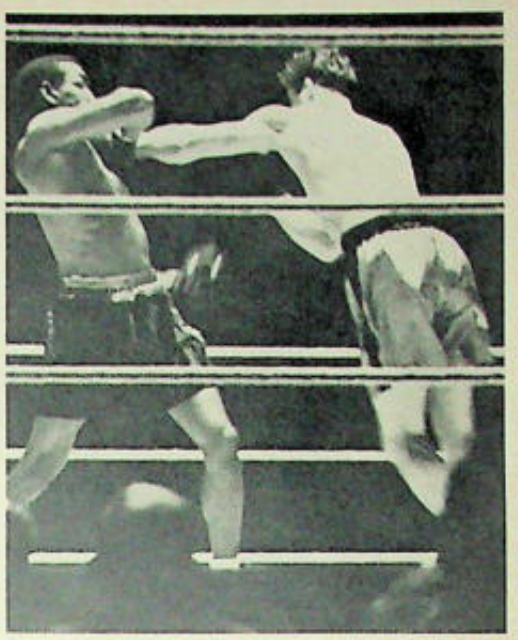
By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THIRTY-THREE years ago the Light-Heavyweight Championship of the World was instituted. The first holder was Bob Fitzsimmons, a Cornishman. At Wembley Empire Pool last Monday another Cornishman, Len Harvey, attempted to win back that title for Great Britain. He failed; but he failed gallantly.

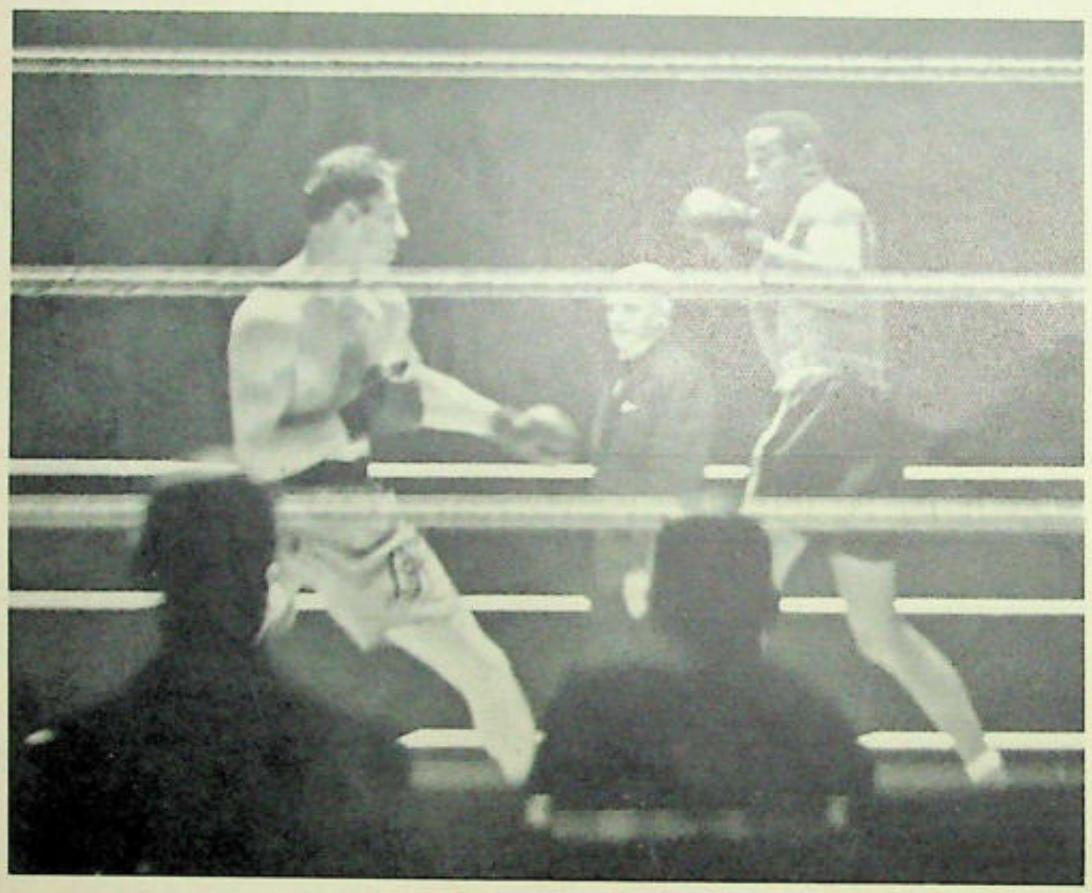
There have been many comparisons of Harvey with Fitzsimmons. Such comparisons are idle. Both, it is true, held three championships; but Fitzsimmons was Champion of the World at middle-weight, light-heavyweight and heavyweight; Harvey was champion of Great Britain. And between the two is a great gulf fixed, as Harvey has twice learned.

None of that is derogatory to Len Harvey. He is the only Englishman, since Fitzsimmons, to fight for the World's Championship at two weights. It is his misfortune, and not his fault, that in the fight was mainly conducted at close quarters is a very high tribute to Harvey's ringcraft. That he was able, as he did, to carry the fight to his man at the end of a very gruelling contest is a very high tribute to his physical fitness and his courage. He deserves every credit for his fight. Truly he gave the crowd their money's worth.

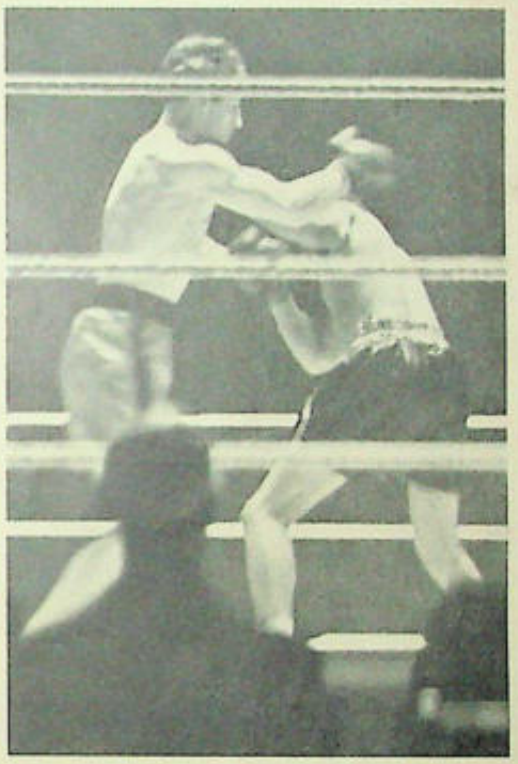
It was not a pretty fight to watch. There was far too much holding and hitting in holds. Harvey was the chief offender, and was duly warned on several occasions. But I do not blame Harvey, who had at all costs to keep at close quarters. The blame must rest on the referee. Mr. Jack Smith deserves some credit for preventing the fight becoming, as it might easily have done, a rough-and-tumble. But with a little more firmness he could have made it a clean and open contest. Firmness is the first essential in a referee. Few—I had almost said none—English referees possess it.



HARVEY LEADS, BUT SEEMS TO BE OFF HIS BALANCE



SPARRING FOR AN OPENING
A beautiful study of poise and concentration



HARVEY RUSHES THE CHAMPION BUT LEWIS HAS THE INSIDE POSITION

Marcel Thil and John Henry Lewis he met men better than himself. The fact remains that Fitzsimmons was a world-beater. Harvey is not. Fitzsimmons had the "killer" instinct developed to its fiercest pitch. Harvey has the spoiler's instinct just as highly developed. Fitzsimmons lives in history as one of the greatest fighting machines of all time. Harvey is a defensive machine.

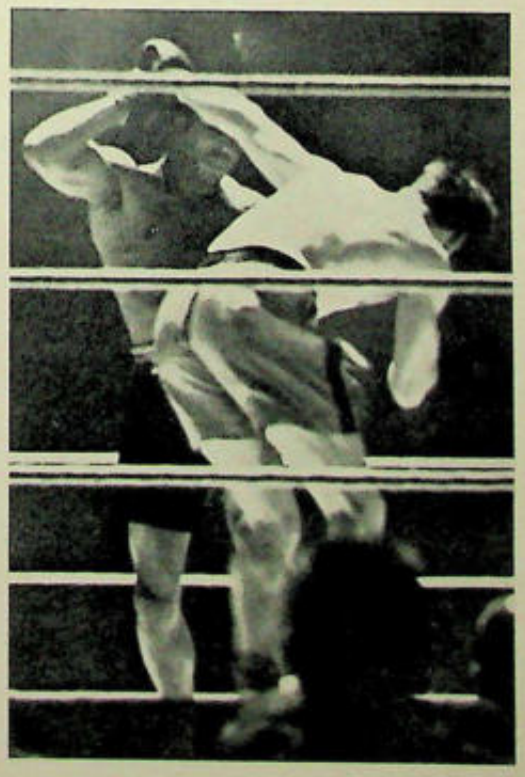
In this fight with Lewis, he commenced as a fighter, and as a fighter he won the opening round. He did not fight quite so fiercely in the second round, and this was divided. From that time until the fourteenth he was content to fight as he has always fought—slipping, blocking, countering, hitting in holds—and all the time Lewis was the aggressor, piling up the points. The fourteenth saw Harvey fighting again, and the fourteenth he won. The last round saw both men fighting, and I thought Lewis just about had the better of it.

One wonders, naturally, what would have happened had Harvey fought all the time. There are those who maintain that he would have won. I think myself that he would have been well beaten, and before the final gong. Harvey deserves every credit for fighting the fight he fought. He was up against a man who knew just as much as he did about in-fighting, who was strong and fit, and who at long range was very clever and very fast. That

And what of Lewis? He is amazingly quick—the fastest big man I have ever seen. He has a fine left hand and a more than useful right. He can box at long range, and his knowledge of in-fighting is very sound. He is, indeed, a champion. He showed in this contest that he is not afraid of mixing it, and that though he prefers to be at long range he is quite willing to meet opponents on their own ground, and beat them. But he had, on this occasion, to fight the fight dictated by Harvey, and though he showed himself to be Harvey's master at Harvey's tactics, that is a great feather in Harvey's cap.

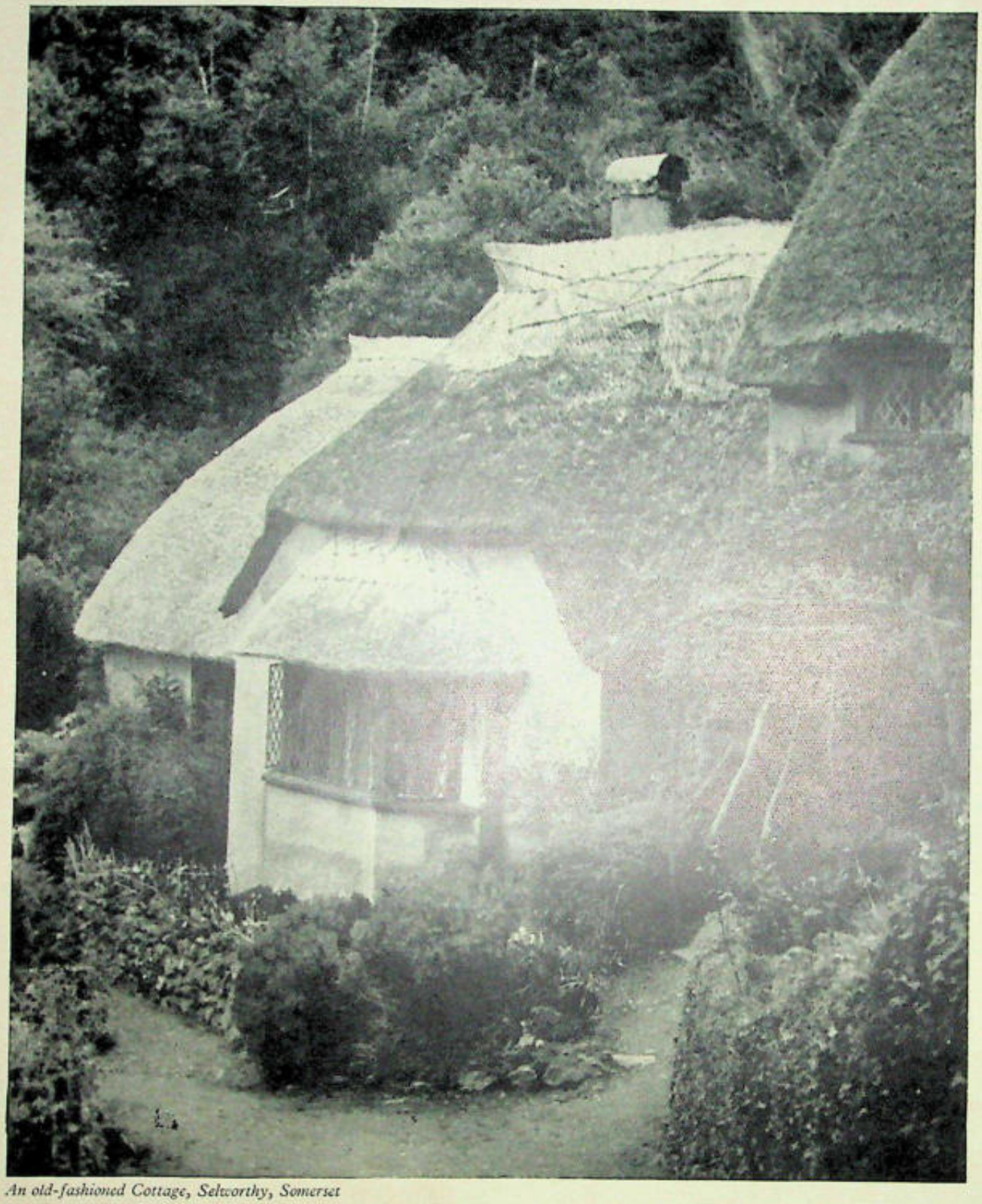
It was not a pretty fight, but it was as clean as one could expect. The booing that greeted the supposed use of the head by Lewis was almost as undeserved as the booing which greeted the decision. This was ridiculous. At the most, Harvey won three rounds. Such a demonstration was unfair to a great fighter, and a sad commentary on our much-vaunted British sportsmanship.

The Wembley authorities are to be most heartily encouraged on their organisation and arrangements generally. I have seen more fights than I care to remember. I have never seen one in greater comfort. My seat was comfortable; I had leg room; and I had a beautifully clear view. Furthermore, I found my seat, with the aid of a most courteous attendant, within two or three minutes of passing the turnstile. Other promoters would do well to follow Wembley's example.



LEWIS PICKS OFF HARVEY'S LEFT AND IS SET FOR HIS OWN COUNTER

This England . . .



An old-fashioned Cottage, Selworthy, Somerset

"BE it ever so humble . . ." the old song goes. "Home," says the dictionary, ". . . the seat of domestic life and interests." A place, indeed, where the toughest of us may relax in tenderness. This word, peculiar to the English in its shade—and depth—of meaning, is typical of much in the rich-woven tapestry of English character. "A glass of beer" means more in England than elsewhere. For centuries we have known beer in our homes (once upon a time we brewed it at home), and when it comes to such a beer as Worthington we have one that seems the very essence of this England, from the rich soil that begot it to the ripe health and mellow judgment it confers.

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AN ISHMAELITE OF THE GUN

Outwitting the Golden Plover

By THE HON. HENRY DOUGLAS-HOME

GOLDEN PLOVER APPROACHING THE NEST
This picture is a fine example of colour protection

THERE runs a legend from days long dead which tells how, in the guise of the golden plover, the souls of those traitors who were present at the Crucifixion, are doomed to roam for ever the wide spaces of the earth—seeking a place of rest in vain—pleading forgiveness as they fly.

It matters not where or when the whistling of the golden plover is heard. It is a sound which leaves in the mind an echo of beauty—as if in contradiction of that old superstition that he who hears the whistle of the plover shall court misfortune and sorrow. It may be a memory of the golden plover on a spring day, trilling his love song above the heather, or of a flock flashing past in a November gale, when the music of their going is as wild as the wind.

As each August comes, illogically the plover of legend and romance and spring is forgotten, and the flocks now collected on the favourite old pastures fill the mind with other thoughts. I meet the golden plover most often in Scotland, 40 miles inland from the Ayrshire coast. By the middle of August, most of the families will have left their birthplace in the hills and joined forces in the grass fields of the low ground. In September, the local flocks are augmented by large numbers from other districts, and most of these will remain until the weather or the migratory instinct causes their departure in October for the mud-flats and estuaries further afield.

The influence of weather conditions on the behaviour of golden plover has been discussed often, but it is impossible to dictate laws in this connection. It is a common belief that in wet weather golden plover are difficult to circumvent, but I have found a rainy day often favourable for shooting them.

One such a day my brother and I went to a field where about 50 golden plover had avoided all attempts against them for a fortnight. We discussed various methods of attack, but, not wishing to waste time, we decided to walk straight at them and hope for the best. To our surprise, the flock paid no attention to our advance, not troubling even to run together. Eventually we fired, and for the next five minutes, in threes and fours the flock, so to speak, attacked us. We were wet through, and several times our cartridges stuck, but in spite of this we picked up seventeen—and only once were two killed at a shot. That afternoon, the rain still falling heavily, we found another flock and in the same way bagged thirteen.

I prefer a still hot day, although it is dry work whistling for any length of time. In hot weather golden plover seem less inclined to leave their fields or take long flights. I remember a day of great heat in September. Two of us had fired at about 80 plover which had scattered in all directions. Many of them had returned and circled high over the field. By whistling them down we killed 20 in a short space of time, and I noticed that no birds came down unless a whistle persuaded them to dive.

This autumn, I was whistling for golden plover when one of the guns said: "That is the alarm note; you will never call them like that." But in my opinion there is no more certain lure than a plover calling in alarm. The other call worth practising is the treble trill often heard when, undisturbed, the plover play and wheel in fine weather. When whistling for golden plover, plenty of power should be put into the whistle, for the human attempt usually sounds very weak at fifty yards.

In all kinds of weather one must be prepared to try every method of attack, for golden plover behave as the mood of the moment dictates and apparently identical days produce the opposite result in their behaviour. Driving is usually unsatisfactory. Often I have tried to get within shot of a flock, and ultimately, in despair, I have asked the keeper with me to try and drive them back to their original field. Invariably he has returned. "They ran all round me, and I could hardly get them to rise; I couldn't have had a grand shot."

THE HEN BIRD BROODING HER YOUNG
Only in the short weeks of the breeding season does she find peace!

"Stalking" is often successful, particularly in the stone wall country of which I write: but the wary green plover ruins many a stalk, either by giving the alarm, or standing in maddening numbers between the stalker and the golden plover. If two guns (the ideal number), are out after golden plover, it is often possible for one to cause them to run undisturbed across a field until within shot of the concealed gun, provided this manœuvre be carried out gradually.

When alone I have found several "deceitful" methods of great value. This year a flock had several times evaded my attempts to get a shot by rising directly I appeared in the field. At last I walked into the field carrying a bundle of grass, and, stooping every few yards to pick more, gradually and circuitously I came within easy range.

Many times in my experience an aimless wandering, accompanied by singing and whistling tunes, has completely hoodwinked a hitherto unapproachable flock. There is one important thing to remember. Never for an instant stare at the birds which you are trying to approach; they will be alarmed at once, and certain to rise out of shot. Alone, after golden plover, take a dog if possible, even though it be a wild spaniel. Dogs seem to stimulate the plover's sense of curiosity, particularly the "red" breed. Perhaps a golden cocker reminds them of a fox, which in the dewy hours will delight in acrobatic tricks before an astonished audience.

There is an old and typically Irish recipe for shooting golden plover: "Tether a red dog in a likely field, and keep handy a retriever to find the winged birds which may escape otherwise"! I have found a red dog (untethered!) prove a definite magnet to golden plover on many occasions. The last ingredient of the Irish savoury is essential; often a wounded plover will squat in the barest field, and become invisible to the eye, particularly where a dairy herd has left countless proofs of its numbers. If three or four run and squat in different directions, it is almost impossible to find them without a dog. When evening comes, golden plover usually return to their favourite field, even though fired at during the day. If birds have been lost through lack of scent or other reasons, revisit the field just before dusk. One hot day we had shot about a dozen golden plover in one field. There was no scent, three or four were runners, and after a time we gave up the search. Returning to the field in the evening, the flock rose leaving three birds on the ground, which were picked at once.

Some people always fire a shot at high golden plover to cause them to dive, as indeed they often do. I would never fire until certain that the flock will pay no attention to "whistling." There is a height, beyond which plover will not dive at a shot, but there is no height at which they cannot hear a whistle. An impatient gun often mutters: "Shall I try and bring them down now?" when already one has whistled them down 300ft. and still they are too high. Try a shot only when a flock is obviously determined to ignore the "peaceful" effort to bring them lower. It is my experience that plover brought within shot by a warning barrel will seldom offer a second chance, in spite of casualties or subsequent whistling.

It is in October that the great movement of golden plover takes place in every phase of weather. Some days it is impossible to find a bird: on others, every field may hold a restless flock, always on the alert, as if waiting for an excuse to depart. The nomad life of the plover is born in the dying days of October. From Iceland and the Faroes, Norway and Russia, gipsy hosts will roam by the pastures and estuaries of this country. Mysteriously they will wander till winter is ended.

One frosty night in October, I had been waiting for duck on a small moorland loch and stayed late in an hour of incredible stillness; no movement, even in the rushes, no sound from nature asleep. Suddenly, from afar, the whistling of golden plover broke the spell. The next half hour was full of their calling. There may have been five hundred or five thousand; from every distance of the night I could hear them. Almost as suddenly, silence returned. Somewhere below the stars the golden plover flew on, crying in despair that the night would yield no secret of that peace which they may never share.

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.

DEGENERATE TERRIERS

SIR,—I agree entirely with Major Harding Cox in his letter about "Degenerate Terriers" and in his suggestion that something should be done to stem "the fads and fancies" of the show people. The divergence between the bench dog and the working dog seems to become wider every year and, although I am not going to shout "Down with the Kennel Club," I do think that working points should count for more on the bench than they do.

There are some 58 varieties of "sporting" dogs classified by the Kennel Club: I am not concerned with such breeds as Afghan hounds, Borzois, dachshunds, etc.; let their masters or mistresses breed them according to Kennel Club ideals if they want, or let them make their own complaints.

My knowledge is chiefly of English springer spaniels, working terriers, working sheepdogs and, to a minor extent, Labradors. I am not concerned with the latter, because it seems to be the one breed which is able to look after itself, and where the dual championship is still possible, as a certain eminent lady, to whom we owe thanks, has shown us.

It is true that before an English springer spaniel can become a champion he must obtain a qualifying certificate. A field trial judge is forced to grant this provided that the dog "is not gun-shy . . . will hunt, face cover and retrieve tenderly." "He may be asked to enter water, but steadiness is not absolutely essential." In other words, provided that he carries out these conditions, the judge has to give him his certificate, however much he chases, runs in, gets out of hand or whatever other sins he commits.

I know that for some bench breeders it is difficult and expensive to acquire this certificate: they have no ground of their own and it means sending the dog away to be trained.

But when they have got this certificate, what practical field trial breeder would ever select one of these dogs to mate with a real good working bitch? I maintain that the divergence in type is now so well defined that, under the present conditions, we shall never see another dual champion among the springers.

As regards working terriers, the show Sealyham is now useless for work, as he is so big in the chest that he cannot get to ground. He has been bred with bandy legs and close to the ground. What is the point of these bandy legs? One answer I received from a very eminent breeder of Sealyhams was that when they were digging underground, the earth would be pushed to the side rather than underneath them. I thought that it might be equally inconvenient there, but I asked him what happened when they were in a Highland cairn among rocks and had to squeeze their way through chinks and jump up or down boulders, but he did not seem to have heard of that idea before. The true Highland Cairn terrier has, in my opinion, been ruined and, as our old Highland keeper said, most of them "would na kill a mouse."

There are many other examples, but possibly the most iniquitous is the case of the collie. When you see these poor brutes with a face about 18in. long and a brain space only about an inch wide, one can only feel sorry for them. I employ four Scottish shepherds, who each have at least two working dogs. What would they say if I gave one of them the first-prize-winning collie at Cruft's to train for me, supposing that I owned it?

In order to arrest this difference in type, there ought to be special classes at championship shows for dogs of the true working type. There are plenty of field trial judges, sheepdog trial judges, hunt servants, gamekeepers, etc., who would be willing to act and who could pick out the best types of working dogs among the dogs exhibited at the show; there should be a separate class for them and no formality, such as a certificate of merit, should be necessary.

The only other alternative is for owners of genuine working dogs to form an association of their own, to disregard the Kennel Club entirely, and to draw up rules and regulations of their own. At present they are charged from 2/6 for registering a dog up to 21/- for registering a prefix, before they can run a dog in a field trial, and they get practically nothing for it in return.

The Kennel Club would certainly excommunicate them all and the division in the ranks o dog owners would be regrettable, but the owner of a genuine working dog is not much concerned with dog shows.

Yours faithfully,

Altskeith, Aberfoyle, Perthshire. RALPH TOYNSON (Captain).

SIR,—Major Harding Cox's lament over the degenerate Scottish terrier might well be extended to other breeds seen at recent shows, *e.g.*, St. Bernards that would become bogged in the first snowdrift; Newfoundlands so heavy and inactive that they would be entirely useless for hunting or fowling in the country of their origin; Sealyhams that would be quite incapable of running all day with hounds or of entering a drain to bolt fox or otter; and white West Highlands so timid and nervous as to be worthless for sport of any kind.

Gundogs have so far not suffered very much from the attentions of show people, but even the noble foxhound has not escaped, since he has been bred for exaggerated points and speed to the great detriment of both nose and eye.

Yours faithfully,

Royal Victoria Yacht Club, Ryde, Isle of Wight. A. MACDERMOTT.

METHODS OF FIELD TRIALS

SIR,—With reference to Mrs. Charlesworth's admirable letter in the *Field* of October 24th, there is no doubt that few will disagree with the plea for the necessity of improving the standard of work of the dogs at Field Trials, and for giving every competing dog in any stake as thorough and equal a test as possible. It is manifestly impossible to provide similar opportunity for each dog, but any alteration in the Field Trial rules which tends to reduce the element of luck which looms so large in success in these competitions must be an improvement. The suggestion that every handler should carry an empty gun and point it at all game shot at by his official gun is a most excellent one. Many dogs can be controlled when they have the undivided attention of their handler, but not otherwise. Such dogs are obviously of little use to the average shooting man who likes to have his own dog with him.

As regards the accusation of dogs at Field Trials lacking initiative and relying too much on their handlers for assistance, there will be few, I think, having attended and competed at trials, who will challenge the statement. Does not the remedy for this, however, lie with the judges themselves? Some handlers are excellent gamefinders and markers, in some cases far better than the dogs they are handling, and such handlers appear to be allowed too much latitude in indicating the whereabouts of fallen game to their dogs—a matter which, judging from the subsequent award list, goes unpenalised. Discrimination in efficient handling allied to natural ability and initiative in the dog as opposed to expert handling which tends to conceal the dog's lack of those qualities, is highly necessary. This applies to an equal or perhaps greater extent to spaniel trials than to those confined to retrievers. It is to be hoped that the suggested alterations contained in Mrs. Charlesworth's letter will receive the earnest attention of the Field Trial Sub-Committee of the Kennel Club.

Yours faithfully,

Little Common, Clanganford, Craven Arms, Salop. "AMATEUR."

SIR,—Mrs. W. M. Charlesworth's letter encourages me to put forward again a suggestion I made a good many years ago. It must have been shortly after the War that I proposed that the sporting dog should be tested under his normal working conditions, namely, out shooting with his owner. By forwarding a reasonable fee to the secretary of a retriever society I should like to be able to secure a visit from an approved judge who would watch my dog working during an actual shoot in which I was taking part, and who would or would not recommend, as the case might be, the issue of a certificate of merit.

I feel sure there are many hundreds of shooting men who would be proud to own a dog with a certificate of merit obtained under these conditions, men who would never dream of entering their dogs in any field trial.

The encouragement to keepers is also obvious, as is the security such certificates would afford to would-be purchasers, particularly if the various points were marked "A," "B," or "C" on the certificates. There must be a number of retired officers who would be glad of the modest addition to their income this interesting work would provide. Field trials would later form classes for dogs so certificated, and thereby form the closest possible link with practical working conditions.

Yours faithfully,

27, Park Crescent, Portland Place, W. 1. C. B. HEALD.

BRIGHTER RUGBY

SIR,—I have read with great interest the highly provocative articles in the *Field* on "Brighter Rugby." I should like to add a small contribution to the points already discussed. In the first place, your correspondent "F. I. W." has placed the onus of responsibility for the many dull and uninteresting games that have been witnessed in the last few seasons on the wing forward. It is my considered opinion that there are several other factors contributing to this state of affairs. Let us consider modern wing forward play: it is true that a wing forward has sufficient time to get up on to the opposing outside half after a ragged heel from a set scrummage. This slow heeling is a potent factor in the game to-day, but the wing forward cannot possibly reach the opposing stand-off half after a quick heel from a loose scrummage. The wing forward can also be defeated by a long pass from the scrum half even from a set scrummage provided the ball is quickly heeled.

The great problem that confronts us at the University is the superabundance of back row forwards who come up with outstanding reputations, as for every recognised front row forward there are a dozen wing forwards. This may no doubt be due to the fact that the public schools find it advantageous for their best players to pack in the back row where there is the greatest scope for open play. This early specialisation is surely not good for a forward and inevitably leads him to concentrate on destructive rather than constructive football. The result of this mistaken policy is the true reason for the dearth of solid scrummages.

"Ex Forward" quite naturally has suggested that the cause of deterioration in Rugby football is due to inferior play of the outsides. I take exception to the statement made by him when he says, "Do not blame the wing forward, blame the backs . . . our back play has gone downhill amazingly." Has he paused to consider the cause of this apparent falling off in three-quarter play? Is it not because modern defensive tactics are immeasurably ahead of those employed by "the giants of old"? Do we not all remember the old cry, "Go for the man with the ball"? Surely this is no longer strictly true. The comparatively new theory whereby each outside waits and tackles only his opposite number has greatly added to the difficulties of constructive play. We venture to suggest that the brilliant back play recalled by "F. I. W." and "Ex Forward" was permitted by the fly half being able to draw the inside centre, leaving a man over to provide a spectacular dash over the touch line. Modern defensive methods do not permit this mode of attack. Nowadays the fly half is unable to draw the opposing centre three-quarter for the simple reason that he refuses to be drawn; he is confident that no blame will be attached to him should the fly half break through. If the fly half breaks outside he should be tackled by the opposing outside half, while should he attempt to break inside he will be met by a wing forward. This theory applies more especially to present day wing three-quarter play. How many times in the last few seasons have we seen a wing three-quarter faced with the opposing centre and wing and yet the movement come to nothing because the wing refused to be drawn by the centre. It is far easier for the centre to be tackled by the full back or by a forward coming across than it is for the wing, who has more time to elude would-be tackles. This, I consider, a more than adequate cause for the apparent deterioration in outside play suggested by your correspondents.

I think another point which has led to the apparent dullness of some recent games is the tendency for a player with a reputation to be very carefully marked and the opposing side to concentrate on keeping the game close rather than throw the ball about in the open and concentrate on attack as being the most likely method of defence. The Cardiff-Swansea game this season shows this to perfection, as the wing forwards on both sides were so eager to prevent any movement of the well known opposing backs that the game suffered very greatly as a spectacle, and Swansea failed to gain their objective.

Yours faithfully,

Cambridge University R.U.F.C. C. A. LABORDE.

BY THE SWEAT OF HIS BROW
(See Letter "Primitive Threshing")

PRIMITIVE THRESHING

Sir,—Early in September, while exploring the beautiful coast surrounding Bantry Bay, near Glengarriff, Co. Cork, I encountered this Irishman threshing oats on the natural rock. The weather was hot, and as he continued his arduous task the monotonous thud of the flail upon the rock was the only sound breaking the silence of a still and windless day.

The farmers here reap a scanty livelihood from difficult and unyielding soil. The land for the most part is rock interspersed with bog, and in a wilderness of heather and gorse one discovers a tiny white cabin with its minute fields or cultivated patches, yet commanding one of the finest views in the British Isles.

Yours faithfully,
222, Northfield Road, CLARICE BANISTER.
King's Norton, Birmingham.

THE JERSEY TIGER

Sir,—On August 11th, near the lighthouse on Berry Head, my son and I saw a brilliantly coloured moth unknown to either of us. We watched it for several minutes on the wing, or at rest on a thistle, and later at Torquay Museum identified it as the Jersey Tiger. Since then I have seen two specimens in the Natural History Museum, London, each of which is labelled "Rare." Whether its appearance is rare enough to be worth recording I do not know, but I do know that the sight of this gorgeous little creature was a pleasure rare enough to be worth remembering.

Yours faithfully,
New University Club, T. D. GRISSELL.
St. James's Street, S.W. 1.

BLUE-WINGED OLIVES

Sir,—Many thanks to Mr. Goodman Levy for his helpful remarks in regard to ultra-violet rays and fluorescence.

Can no one tell us about infra-red?

Incidentally, for the information of other correspondents, I know the difference between a dun and a spinner. I can see a conspicuous fly like a B.W.O. up to 15yds. away in the afterglow, and am, therefore, in no doubt as to when it is being taken. Further, when *every* natural within 18in. of the point X is taken and when the artificial is persistently ignored as it floats in the same area, I conclude that there is something wrong with the artificial. However badly one fishes one must do it right sometimes.

Yours faithfully,
The Bath Club, JAMES DICKIE.
34, Dover Street, W. 1.

"MONSE ISLAND"

Sir,—In your issue of October 17th there is an illustration of "Monse Island," Corfu, which is supposed to have inspired Arnold Boecklin's painting of the "Island of Death."

Travellers in Dalmatia are told that the Island St. Georgio in the Bay of Kotor is the original. These islands are certainly very alike (even to the extent of a tiny satelite islet alongside in both cases). Probably the painter saw both and combined them in his picture, which is not exactly copied from either.

Yours faithfully,
E. A. HOLMES.
56, Oakwood Avenue,
Shortlands, Kent.

RESENTFUL BEES

Sir,—The letters in the *Field* about resentful bees tempt me to send you an experience of mine when I was a boy. My father was a parson, his two hobbies were bees and prize Cochin fowls. There was a long row of beehives in front of which was a large chicken run enclose in wire netting. The bees in one of his hives one day resented his taking their honey. I remember him picking the stings out of the back of his hands and telling us to keep away from the bees. In the run in front of the hives were two black hens and about thirty yellow Cochins. The bees stung the two black hens to death, but did not touch any of the Cochins, though they were a few yards in front of the hive. My father always wore his black parson's clothes.

Yours faithfully,
Kaisugu Estate, W. F. BRAYNE
Kericho, (Lieutenant-Colonel,
Kenya. I.M.S., ret.).

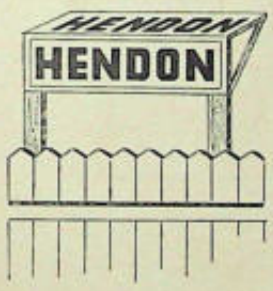
GREY SQUIRREL SEEKING REFUGE?

Sir,—Recently a grey squirrel invaded the kitchen of my chauffeur's house while his wife was there performing her duties after their dinner. It is believed that the squirrel was driven to refuge by a cat, but this is not substantiated. Another cottage in this village was visited in a similar way within a few days of the first episode. It would be interesting to know if the same thing has occurred in other districts. A few years ago we had none of these pests here, but, as there is a lot of unpreserved ground in this neighbourhood, the keepers can only deal with those that overflow from the breeding grounds, and my keepers have killed a very large number.

Yours faithfully,
Temple Guiting, CYRIL STACEY.
Gloucestershire.

DIRECTING AIRMEN

Sir,—In reference to recent letters commenting on the difficulty experienced by airmen in finding their whereabouts, I should like to draw attention to the fact that for the last four years the roof of the tennis court and riding school at Woburn Abbey has indicated to airmen the name of our town and the bearing of Bletchley and Bedford in relation to it. At the time that this was painted I hoped that my example might be followed by others, and even drew the attention of the Air Ministry to the need for similar assistance elsewhere.

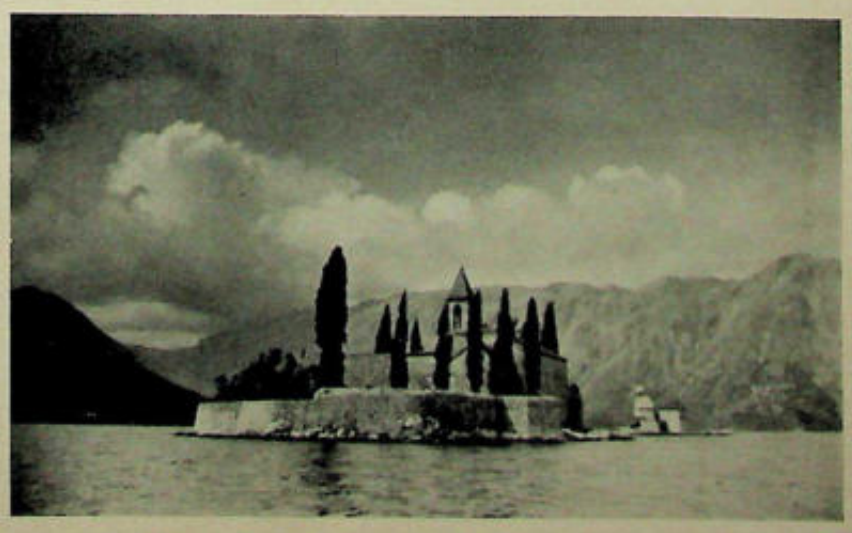


The reply I received was that lettering of the size I indicated could not be read at a height of 1,000ft. To this I replied that if an airman could read lettering at 1,000ft. he would probably not be lost in fog. It can certainly be read at 500ft. and probably more.

I also suggested at the same time to one of our principal railway companies that if they would attach a horizontal board to the existing name boards giving the name of their stations, it would entail little additional expense and would not necessitate an airman flying nearly as low as he has to do at present to read the perpendicular lettering, but the reply I received was that there did not seem to be sufficient demand for it.

I enclose a rough sketch of my suggestion.

Yours faithfully,
Wigtownshire. M. BEDFORD.



THE ISLAND OF DEATH?
(See Letter "Monse Island")

"Single" Whiskies are *not* married at Gretna Green

"Marriages performed at Gretna Green," said Johnnie Walker, "are usually marriages in haste. Here at Kilmarnock we don't marry our 'single' or separate whiskies until they are quite old; so that Johnnie Walker is blended from the best 'single' whiskies to make a better whisky.

"Every time you drink Johnnie Walker you'll realise how happy these marriages are—and you'll never repent at leisure if you *ask for Johnnie Walker by name.*"

JOHNNIE WALKER
Born 1820—
still going strong

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND

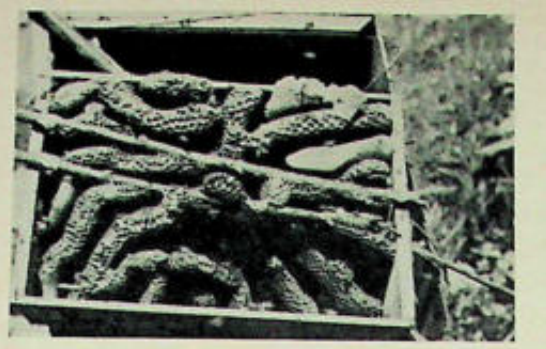
HOW BEES WORK

SIR,—This swarm on deep comb was found in a wood, where it had hung for two months. The whole, with the sticks on which it was made, was transferred to a wooden box. Instead of continuing to build the comb below, the bees built above into the box.

The peculiar pattern of the comb will be noticed, radiating from the centre, varying in thickness, and space between each sheet of comb.

Yours faithfully,

26, Broomfield Road, Surbiton. S. W. GADGE.



A PECULIAR COMB
(*See Letter "How Bees Work"*)

STRANGE BEHAVIOUR OF A SWARM

SIR,—In the *Field* of September 12th, Brigadier-General Tulloch reports the strange behaviour of a swarm of bees. Quite recently I collected a small swarm that had been hanging on a small spruce tree for some weeks, the last two being exceedingly wet. Why this swarm did not push on a few more yards I do not know; if they had they would have found quite reasonably good winter quarters. However, they were taken quite easily, which was rather surprising as they had built up a considerable amount of wax cells. Whether they will survive the winter in their hive is another question. At present they are fed daily and are doing well.

Yours faithfully,

Rammerscales, Lockerbie, Dumfriesshire. W. M. BELL MACDONALD.

A PROUD MOTHER
(*See Letter "Twin Foals"*)

TWIN FOALS

SIR,—A certain sporting newspaper published an article a short time ago stating that it was most unusual for twin colt foals to live to maturity. I should be very interested to hear the opinion of some of your readers.

Enclosed is a photograph of twin colt foals born on May 7th, 1936.

The mare foaled without any trouble and both foals were very healthy from birth. They are now over six months old and doing very well indeed.

The mare is the property of Mr. Thomas Halstan, of Legan, Thomastown, Co. Kilkenny, I.F.S., and carried the first Whip of the Kilkenny hounds for several seasons.

Yours faithfully,

Thomastown, Co. Kilkenny. M. J. F. PALMER.

AERIAL EXERCISES OF THE CROW

SIR,—A short time ago I saw an account in your paper of a rook or perhaps it was a raven, looping the loop. A few days ago I was walking on the side of a *khud* with a drop of about 1,500ft. below me, when I saw a crow slowly cruising along the face of the hill and periodically rolling sharply on to its back, remaining there for about half a second and then rolling *back* on to its front again. It did not appear to lose any height during this manœuvre.

Is this a common occurrence amongst crows, or is it only peculiar to Khyber crows?

Yours faithfully,

Landi Kotal, N.W.F.P. W. M. HENNING (Lieutenant).

[Such evolutions are by no means uncommon among the crows and most birds of prey.—ED.]

CAT KILLS STOAT

SIR,—Walking along a country road in North Cumberland, I noticed a fight proceeding some distance in front of me. Turning my binoculars upon the scene, I saw a cat and a stoat having a set-to. The stoat appeared to be getting the worst of it, and was evidently trying to escape into the hedge. But the cat had other views on the matter. Presently the stoat lay still on its side. The cat crouched, watching for a sign of movement, with its tail slowly sweeping from side to side. No movement was forthcoming, and as I approached the cat picked up the stoat and disappeared with it into the hedge bottom. I never knew that a cat would tackle a weasel, much less a stoat, and wonder if this has been noted before. The stoat has been very numerous in North Cumberland this year. Old gamekeepers say they never remember coming across so many. The animal has been very bold and very destructive among birds and in the poultry run.

Yours faithfully,

Yadhill, Easton, Longtown, Cumb. T. F. M.

[There have been many recorded instances of cats killing stoats. As a rule the stoat has been taken by surprise.—ED.]

THE LARGE TORTOISESHELL

SIR,—You were questioning, the other day, as to whether this species had ever been more than a migrant.

Mr. Frohawk has not himself spoken, but I would refer to page 126, Vol. I, of his great work dealing with the year 1912, and I venture to tender my own corroborative evidence, for in July, 1878, I found about a score of chrysalides on the trunk of an elm tree at Sherborne, Dorset, and therefrom obtained several perfect specimens.

Yours faithfully,

Rockleigh, Swanage, Dorset. ALLEN ADAMS.

A MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF A HORSE

SIR,—This monument was erected on the top of Farley Mount, between Winchester and Romsey, and bears the following inscription:

"Underneath lies buried a horse, the property of Paulet St. John, Esq., that in the month of Sept., 1733, leaped into a Chalkpit twenty-five feet deep a-foxhunting with his master on his back,

A STRANGE MEMORIAL
(*See Letter "A Monument to the Memory of a Horse"*)

and in Oct., 1734, he won the Hunters' Plate on Worthy Downs, and was rode by his owner and entered in the name of 'Beware Chalk Pit.'"

Yours faithfully,

Baddesley, Southampton. E. H. HICKLEY.

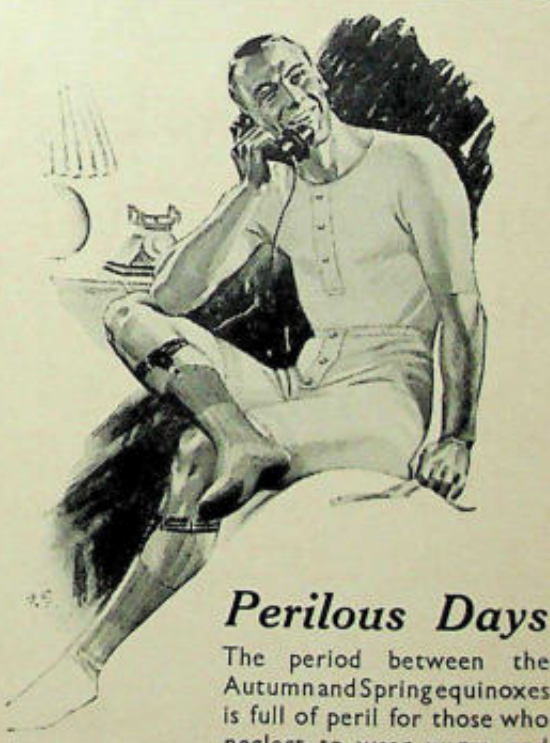
OVERDRESSING OF WOUNDS

SIR,—I have recently had an experience with two horses that I think is sufficiently interesting, since it seems to stress the fact that a great deal of harm can be done by over-dressing a serious wound; in fact, by taking too much trouble.

The horses were turned out some miles from my home, and two of them had been fighting; one had a wound on the outside of the elbow into which you could have put a decent-sized hen's egg and left it there; the other had a puncture on the front of a fetlock joint into which the blunt end of a pencil would go in an inch. These wounds had been made, I guessed, three days before; the weather was wet and cloudy. On the fetlock there was no discharge, swelling or lameness. I did nothing at all, and on the fifth day there was no mark to show where the wound had been. The elbow was locally swollen, and the forearm action stiff, but there was only a little serious discharge. I took this horse home, and as it was looking so well decided to do nothing except syringe once a day with a one-in-a-thousand solution, perchloride of mercury. I could almost see the wound growing in, and on the tenth day, unless one knew where to look, one could not see anything. With careful dressing and swabs, and all that, it was a three-week job before the horse would have been fit to be seen. I feel sure that there is a lesson to be learnt from this, in the case of open flesh wounds anyhow.

Yours faithfully,

Higher Holditch, South Chard. C. ST. B. SHIELDS.



Perilous Days

The period between the Autumn and Spring equinoxes is full of peril for those who neglect to wear warm and protective underwear. The coy sun ceases to give warmth when it crosses the equator. While we are sighing for its return, the rigours of winter can be mitigated by wearing PESCO Pure Wool Underwear—warm, hygienic and protective.

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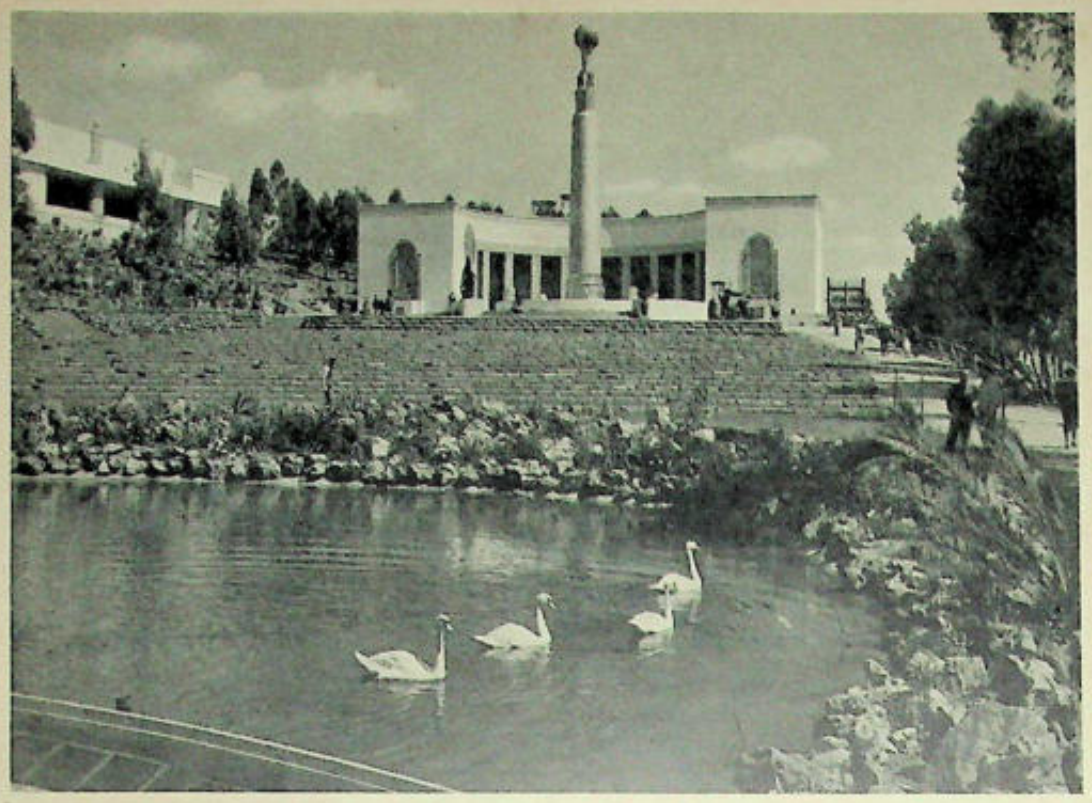

THE ROYAL SWANS IN NEW SURROUNDINGS
(See Letter "South Africa Empire Exhibition")

SOUTH AFRICA EMPIRE EXHIBITION

SIR,—I enclose a photograph taken from the open-air stage of the Empire Exhibition in Johannesburg, showing an artificial lake and rock garden terraces, and the pavilion of the Transvaal Chamber of Mines. The gilt column in front of the Chamber of Mines is 70ft. high with a base of 15ft. in diameter, and this volume represents a three years' output of gold from the Rand mines.

The four swans seen in the picture have just arrived in Johannesburg and were presented by His Majesty to the exhibition. They come from the Royal swannery and took to their new surroundings very readily.

After the exhibition closes on January 15th next, the Royal swans will be presented to the Johannesburg Zoological Gardens. Yours faithfully,

Milner Park, P. BRUCHHAUSEN.
Johannesburg, Transvaal.

RABBIT-PROOF PLANTS

SIR,—A good list of about 50 genera of shrubs, herbs and bulbs "which are able to hold their own where rabbits are not too numerous" was published, with accompanying comments, in the *Field* of December 13th, 1919. Sir Herbert Maxwell published a similar list, but more specific, in *Memories of the Months*, 1st *Series*, 1895, this being amplified in *The Gardener's Year Book* for 1927. These lists would comprise, I suspect, some 350 species of trees, shrubs, herbaceous plants and bulbs, which rabbits have been known not to molest; but, unfortunately, things they will leave in one locality will be eaten to the ground in another, and things that have been growing for years in one place will usually be ignored, whilst anything newly planted is liable to be tasted, and, perhaps, entirely consumed if the rabbits find it acceptable. There is, therefore, no guarantee that species of plants that will escape in one place will do so in another, and it is consequently necessary to experiment to find out for oneself what plants can be grown safely in one's own garden; otherwise the only sure cure for the trouble is to exclude all rabbits from the ground and that is sometimes so difficult as to be all but impossible.

If Mr. Challis would care to see the lists in question and some others I have culled from various sources I shall be pleased to lend them on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope, measuring not less than 7½in. by 5in., and preferably of stout manilla. Yours faithfully,

Tresillian, Truro, Cornwall. C. NICHOLSON.

A COLLECTION OF AUTOGRAPHS

SIR,—I have in my possession a collection of autographs which includes the signatures of many famous people, among them Queen Victoria, Lord Salisbury and the Duke of Cambridge. I want to dispose of this collection, and I am writing to inquire whether you or any of your readers can advise me as to the best means of doing so.

Yours faithfully,

Pentreath, E. A. P. BROOKS.
Roumania Drive, Llandudno.

COMMA BUTTERFLIES

SIR,—Last Sunday (October 6th) I watched a comma butterfly (slightly damaged specimen) feeding on fallen apples in the garden here, and just afterwards, on visiting a friend's garden, I saw another (perfect specimen) feeding on Michaelmas daisies.

It would appear that the comma is on the increase in this county. Yours faithfully,

Hillside, D. J. BROOKS.
Hartford End, near Chelmsford.

SIR,—I feel that we also should record that, roughly, ten or a dozen comma butterflies have been frequenting a special bush of Michaelmas daisies in our garden.

They may have been there for weeks—it was only the visit of a keen naturalist on October 3rd that aroused us to the fact that we were entertaining unusual visitors. They were still there on Friday, October 16th, with tortoiseshell, red admirals and others. Yours faithfully,

Westwood Lodge, G. M. ANKETELL.
Windlesham, Surrey.

LATE BUTTERFLIES

SIR,—To-day, October 22nd, I was with a friend at Monks Wood, near Abbots Ripton, and I saw two brimstone butterflies, also a large fritillary, either a high-brown or silver-washed, and a small fritillary about the size of a tortoiseshell butterfly. Surely this is extraordinarily late?

Yours faithfully,

Ramsey, Huntingdon. CHARLES MATHIAS.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Grey Phalarope in Isle of Wight.—I saw a grey phalarope here to-day (November 1st). The bird was feeding close inshore and constantly came to within a few yards of where I was standing.—R. L. VERNON, Bembridge.

Raven in Kent.—Whilst pigeon shooting in a well-known park recently, I saw at close quarters what was undoubtedly a raven. I have never before seen or heard report of this bird in East Kent, and think many readers of the *Field* will be interested. May it survive!—F. J. DYER, Lochinvar, Deal.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W.1, plead for 5/- weekly to help a widowed lady aged 76. Her only relation is a son aged 38, who is trained as a land agent, but who finds it impossible to get work. For some time they ran a small guest-house on the East Coast, but the mother's health broke down after a difficult struggle. Their only income is 10/- weekly (Old Age Pension) and £20 per annum allowed by friends. He has a job selling from door to door, but as he works on commission basis his earnings are practically nil. The Friends of the Poor ask for donations.

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IN THE CITY

TRANSPORT IN GREATER LONDON

MOST readers will no doubt remember that all the transport facilities in the London area were amalgamated over three years ago into one large Public Board, London Passenger Transport Board, which acquired and now operates all the Underground Railways, buses, trams and trolley buses in the London Passenger Transport area. The Board is required to take such steps as it considers necessary to avoid wasteful competing services, consistent with an adequate and properly co-ordinated system of transportation.

In exchange for the securities of the various undertakings acquired the Board issued its own stock in several classes. The total capital now in issue amounts to £111,934,000, of which £25,699,000 is represented by "C" stock, ranking as the junior security. The "C" stock may be redeemed at par in 1956 or after, and as from June 30th, 1935, is due to receive interest at the standard rate of 5½ per cent., plus a further ½ per cent. or part thereof if revenues permit (*i.e.*, up to a maximum of 6 per cent.). It is noteworthy that holders of "C" stock may apply to the court for the appointment of a receiver if for three consecutive years after June 30th, 1935, interest at the rate of 5½ per cent. is not paid; that is to say, a dividend on the "C" stock of at least 5½ per cent. must be paid in respect of every third year or a receiver may be appointed. For the year ended on June 30th last the distribution aggregated only 4 per cent. (the same as for the previous year), and owing to disappointment that the rate was not increased, the "C" stock has fallen back to about 98½, at which price it yields fully 4 per cent., and appears to be an attractive holding.

It is rather difficult to comprehend the immense size and importance of this undertaking, but the Board publishes very detailed accounts, and from the report recently published covering the operations for the fiscal year ended on June 30th last some indication of the tasks confronting the management may be gathered. The London Passenger Transport Area covers a territory having a population of about 9,500,000 persons, and on the average each person last year made 440 journeys on one or other of the Board's trains or vehicles, paying an average of 2.3 pence per journey. Another amazing, but less technical, indication of the magnitude of the transport problem lies in the fact that last year the Board's lost property office at Baker Street received over 300,000 articles! These figures may help to explain the enormous facilities necessary to meet the public's needs, and involved in obtaining gross receipts of nearly £30,000,000. A summary of the financial results of the Board's operations in the last three fiscal years ended on June 30th is set out below:

	1934	1935	1936
Total Traffic Receipts	£27,379,000	£29,016,000	£29,725,000
Working Expenses	21,584,000	22,516,000	23,516,000
Provision for renewals	2,020,000	2,526,000	2,300,000
Net Profit	4,957,000	5,126,000	5,174,000
Earned for "C" stock	874,700	1,015,000	1,030,000
Dividend paid "C" stock	874,700	1,015,000	1,028,000
Rate per cent.	3¼	4	4

It will be seen that in the last two years the Board has earned profits only just sufficient to pay 4 per cent. instead of the standard 5½ per cent. on the "C" stock, but it should be realised that the difference of 1½ per cent. requiring a sum of about £385,000, although seemingly large in itself, is far from being impossible of achievement for an undertaking of this size. In the first place, the sum of £2,300,000 appropriated out of earnings for "renewals" is alone equivalent to 9 per cent. on the "C" stock, while the Board last year had to pay in taxes (chiefly petrol duty and licensed vehicle duty) no less than £2,660,000 or the equivalent of over 10¼ per cent. on the "C" stock. A relatively moderate reduction in either or both of these items would go a long way towards making up the full interest on the "C" stock. A more important consideration, however, is the fact that the Board may raise the fares charged, and there would seem to be no obstacle to this being done (apart from the technical arrangements), for unlike the four main line railways it would not lose traffic to the roads. Moreover, only an extremely small adjustment would be required, as may be realised from the fact that an increase of one farthing on the fare paid in respect of every passenger's journey last year would produce about £4,500,000.

It seems not unreasonable to anticipate that London Passenger Transport Board "C" stock should continue to yield a minimum of 4 per cent., and that in due course the dividend will be raised to at least the standard rate, in which event the stock undoubtedly would not remain obtainable below par. PACTOLUS.

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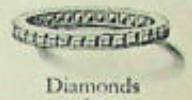
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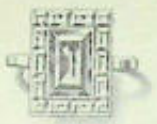
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(Signed) GEORGE EYSTON.

From "The Times," Nov. 16th, 1935.

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THE 10TH TEE AT STINCHCOMBE HILL LOOKING ACROSS THE SEVERN TO MOY HILL
This photograph gives an idea of the height of the course and wonderful scenery

GOLF IN THE WEST COUNTRY

A Visit to Stinchcombe Hill

By E. R. TIPPLE

MOST golfers are people of regular habits, they like to visit familiar hunting grounds whose attractions are well known, so when golf in the West Country is mentioned one naturally thinks of Burnham, Saunton and Westward Ho!

I always imagined that the districts around Gloucester, Bath and Bristol were poorly served for golf and that the player need journey southward to Burnham to obtain a really good round. But I have learned otherwise. In London one hears little or nothing concerning the game in Gloucestershire, which is unfortunate for, although the county is rightly popular with hunting folk, it possesses to my knowledge at least one golf course worth going miles to play over—Stinchcombe Hill.

On the journey down my friend and I wondered what sort of course we were to see. We knew almost nothing about it so we were prepared for the worst, as all the morning the rain came down in torrents, so that even if it stopped we expected muddy conditions. Finally it did cease, and we were taken up a narrow lane which wound its way sharply up a steep hill. And there, on the very top, was the course, nearly 800ft. above sea level.

If you do not like playing in a wind do not go to Stinchcombe Hill. Wind up there is wind and not just a gentle breeze. It is the very place for young would-be champions to learn the art of controlling the ball. During our first round it was difficult to stand up on some of the exposed tees, and the handicap players needed all their strokes and more. Such is the nature of the subsoil that even after the heaviest rain play is possible. That afternoon tested the truth of this statement. The turf is spongy and consequently the lies on the fairways good enough for anyone. In sport the course is a fine example of the down variety.

To the keen student of golf course architecture Stinchcombe Hill is a welcome change from the usual heavily bunkered course. Artificial hazards are not plentiful. Instead the natural difficulties of the land have been used with great cunning in the design of the holes. The wind, of course, is the chief hazard and determines the play more than it does on a sheltered course. Although the course is not long in actual yards (its total length to-day is about 5,730yds.), one would hesitate to call it really short and it is far from easy.

The club was started in 1889 with two nine-hole courses, one for the ladies and one for the men. A few years later the present complete eighteen-hole course was laid out, which has received recent alterations. In its whole history the club has had only two honorary secretaries, H. Goldingham and George Lister, the latter having been in office for the past 23 years. Such a record gives some indication of how well the club is run. The old wooden club-house, if not so palatial as modern buildings, has that indefinable atmosphere of hospitality which is rarely found.

When the new holes were constructed some objection was raised because a favourite view would be lost. The reply was that magnificent views from Stinchcombe Hill are so common that the meagre sacrifice was well worth while. Some thirteen counties can be seen on a clear day and the Severn can be traced from Gloucester until it reaches the Bristol Channel. Such grand scenery is adequate compensation for an off day.

The course is really interesting, as on no occasion can the player leave the correct line if he wishes to reach the green in the right number of strokes. The second is a good example of a dog-leg hole. From the tee the green can be seen in the distance with the fairway running at an angle across the line with a short drop to the left. A good pull would send the ball into the depths of a wood far below. Once safely to the right with the drive the player has to watch the wing bunkers guarding the green, and his troubles are only half over. After the long third played over an old Roman dyke comes the first short hole. At least, it is a bogey three. It is called the "Gully," and woe betide the nervous player. The line is right over a chasm, the green being placed on a hill on the other side, with bunkers to the left and right of it. The carry is about 160yds., which means a wooden club if there is any head wind. It is a "Death or Glory Hole," where disasters are common and threes rare.

The fifth is one of the finest two-shot holes I have ever played. Once again the fairway dips sharply down on the left and the green is of the plateau type, set facing across the straight line. The wise golfer goes out to the right over a greedy bunker and then is able to play straight at the full length of the green. Anywhere else he is faced with a shot played at the narrow width of the green with a deep bank to be carried. The seventh, eighth and ninth are new holes. The first two are dog-leg, one to the left and the other to the right, and again a premium is set on the accurate placing of the drive. The ninth is a short hole requiring a firm mashie shot, the green being set against the sky-line with the Welsh hills in the distance.

The tenth is 400yds. long, and the courageous golfer is rewarded if he carries two bunkers on the left. Those who play safely to the *right* have a sloping stance and also a sloping green to aim at, the ground falling away to the left. Space does not permit a detailed description of each hole, but mention must be made of the sixteenth and seventeenth. Both greens are heavily guarded in the front by natural humps and hollows and trees on both sides. Both demand bold pitch shots for the seconds, and at each no liberty is permitted off the tee. Then the home hole allows some relaxation for those who do not expect to be up in two. Even with the modern ball 472yds. is a long way. In the middle of the green, which slopes from front to back, there is a narrow gulley, which makes any length approach a real teaser. The construction of this green was done by Nature, and was a heaven-sent gift for those who laid-out the course.

From humble beginnings the club has grown steadily, aided by a band of enthusiasts who include this year's county president, W. J. Warn, and the captain, T. H. Walker. Compared with the present annual expenditure of £2,500, the balance sheet of 1892 makes interesting reading. The total then paid out was £134 3s. 7d.! This included £39 0s. 6d. for wages, rent 6/–, maintenance of greens £10 0s. 5d.!

The club's old records contain many cuttings from the *Field*, and the report of the Spring Meeting which appeared in the issue of April 29th, 1893, is interesting. "Putting was a puzzle, and was rendered nervous work by the presence of a plentiful 'gallery,' chiefly ladies, who followed the movements of the principal players with keen interest. At times the waits between the holes was somewhat trying under the hot sun, and the committee have had an object-lesson on the necessity of laying-out further holes so as to allow of the ladies' round being entirely distinct from that of the gentlemen." So it seems as if, despite modern improvements, conditions of play in present tournaments are the same as of old. The late A. C. H. Croome, a regular visitor to Stinchcombe Hill, took part in the play, and returned a 78 net.

The course is near Dursley, just off the main Bristol-Gloucester Road, and we nearly lost our way in the country lanes. Incidentally, many golf clubs would be wise to put up a few sign-posts, showing the way to their courses for all golfers are not explorers! Our visit to Stinchcombe was a real tonic, and no doubt in future it will be a favourite spot for a week-end.

THE 7TH GREEN AT STINCHCOMBE HILL
One of the recently constructed holes on the course

INDISTINCT GOLF FLAGS

EACH golfer in winter needs as much assistance as he can get, and now when visibility is poor clubs should change their white flags for coloured ones. The white flags soon get dirty and cannot be picked out against a background of gloomy trees. The flag-sticks themselves frequently need attention. Last week at Woodcote Park, Coulsdon, when the *Golf Illustrated* Ladies' Cup meeting was held (and won by Mrs. Heppel with a brilliant score of 153 considering the adverse playing conditions), many competitors complained because they could not discern exactly where the hole was when they were approaching it. The sticks were painted alternatively black and white with the white patch at the bottom, nearest the green. This made a poor target. The poles would be better seen if they were painted all one colour, or at least black at the bottom so that their position could be clearly defined.

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SPORT AND PRESERVATION

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IT is not since Major Gerald Burrard published his book on Himalayan Shooting more than ten years ago that we have had an authoritative book on what remains the finest stalking ground open to young Englishmen of moderate means. For one of those who have shot in British Columbia or New Zealand, there must be a score or more who have stalked in the Himalayas. For them is this book, begotten of a prolonged, and equally important, up-to-date knowledge of these fascinating hillsides. I am so very much in agreement with almost everything that Colonel Stockley has written that there are few, if any, points to criticise. He has no mercy for those who kill indiscriminately, and who are not prepared to work for their trophies. Latterly he has taken to photography, and given up shooting. He holds that it offers the finer possibilities of the two. Into that argument I cannot follow him. I myself have been able to collect a certain number of reasonable trophies; I have not the skill, or possibly the patience to learn to work a camera with success. I do not doubt that what Colonel Stockley says may be true, but I fear I shall never be able to follow his example. But undoubtedly there comes a time when one is anxious to observe and not to shoot wild beasts.

The photographs in this book are remarkably good. Just how good they are only the initiated can know. To get a picture of a wild sheep in the Banff National Park is not perhaps easy; to take a picture of an ovis ammon on the hillsides of Ladak is perhaps the hardest task the photographer can have. It is indeed a feat rarely, if ever, attempted. These are practically the only pictures in existence of certain types of hill game. They are not all as pictures *qua* pictures perfect; the amazing thing is that they are as good as they are.

Colonel Stockley deals with the carnivora, the Kashmir barasingh, the high uplands, the game of the cliffs, the lower hills, and the animals of the plains of Northern India. His notes are very interesting and can hardly be faulted. His book, it must be remembered, is in a way a scientific treaty. It is written for those who know and those who want to know. It does not pretend to be an airily-written work for those who care nothing for its subject, or to be the work of a professional ink-slinger. It is perhaps for this reason that it carries conviction. One might have wished for more exact details of distribution, but after all these would very soon make the book out of date.

Here are two extracts which I cannot refrain from giving: " . . . we have allowed our young officers, civil and military, our soldiers, horse, foot and artillery, to use these beautiful animals [blackbuck] as nothing more or less than targets. Sparing neither age nor sex, forgetful of all canons of sport and stalking lore, they have shot at the antelope, dressed in native clothes, from native carts, with magazine fire at outrageous ranges, browning herds, or surrounding and butchering the bewildered beasts."

And his conclusion, based on a survey of the really dreadful position of game in most parts of India, outside "blocked" areas, at the present time, a survey in which he points out that game lasts longest and best where the sportsman goes to shoot it. "The result of closing nallahs and blocks to all shooting has been sadly demonstrated in Kashmir, where sanctuaries have been opened to shooting after being officially closed for many years, and found to contain no game at all. The Sheltar Nallah in Astor was closed for seventeen years, and found to contain no game at all when opened for shooting, and is only now, after more than a decade of being open, beginning to hold a good stock of markhor. The Tire Foo, in Ladak, was an ammon sanctuary for many years, and has never been opened to sportsmen since about 1908. In 1905 it was full of game, and in 1933, when I went into it to try for photographs, there was not a game animal of any kind to be found. Nang Nallah, only fifteen miles above Lep, the local game preservation staff's headquarters, was full of game (ibex, bharal, sharpu) in 1930, but was closed next year. In 1933 a week's stay failed to reveal a single wild animal but a couple of wolves passing through it."

M. T. S.

NATURE MISCELLANY

BOOKS on Nature subjects are becoming more and more frequent. But the amount of study put into them, the amount of first-hand information they contain, and the amount of use they are to students of Nature becomes progressively less and less. The art of Nature photography is being abused. There was a time when the photographs illustrated the text or some individualistic action that was of biological importance. To-day books—beautiful books be it said—are produced which are no more than picture books. The text is quite incidental to the photographs, and is in nine cases out of ten no more than a re-hash of some other naturalist's hard work. It is therefore pleasant to receive three books which break away from the accepted cult.

Mr. Huxley is, of course, well known to everyone. The title of his book is misleading. It savours of the guide-book. In point of fact it is a collection of essays with a biological bias, which are allied to the Zoo only in so far as their subjects are to be seen in the Society's gardens. These essays are so simply written that they will be intelligible to the juvenile enthusiast yet of profit to the adult. Too many people go to the Zoo without an object. This little book should fill a much needed want.

Mr. Harris is a new name to me. His book is parochial in the extreme. But it contains much first-hand observation of value, and many excellent photographs that are in no way studio portraits. The manner of writing is a little irritating, and the wording sometimes redundant, but the worth of the book is obvious. Mr. Harris takes a high place among Nature writers.

Waldemar Schmidtmann is another author whose name is unfamiliar. His book is the life story of a chamois in the Austrian Alps, and is written as a novel. But the authenticity of the story is beyond dispute. Mr. Schmidtmann is a very good naturalist, a careful and accurate observer. He is in the select class of animal story-writers whose chief is Ernest Thompson Seton, and he is a worthy disciple of that great writer.

B. V-F.

At the Zoo. By Julian Huxley. (George Allen and Unwin; 3/6.) *Birds in a Cotswold Garden.* By Ernest C. Harris. (*Country Life*; 8/6.) *Devil.* By Waldemar Schmidtmann. (Appleton Century Co.; 7/6.)

ENGLISH APPLES

TO English-speaking folk the world over the apple is the best of all fruits. Of tropical products, however luscious, we swiftly tire, but apples, either raw or cooked, we are content to eat the greater part of the year. Our literature from medieval days testifies to the popularity of this pre-eminently English fruit. In our folk-lore the apple figures prominently and the apple tree, in its quiet, happy beauty, may well be described as

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the true symbol of an English home. The sacred Isle of Avalon was so called because of the apples which grew there so abundantly; our Anglo-Saxon ancestors had well-cared-for orchards, and the cider orchards of the West Country were famed even in Elizabeth's reign. Apples were largely used as medicine in Tudor and Stuart days, and distinguished physicians such as John Kay (physician both to Mary Tudor and Elizabeth) advised their patients to smell apples to benefit their health. Apple juice figured also in cosmetics and "comfort apples" (apples stuck with cloves) were the poor man's substitute for the luxury of oranges similarly treated.

Gerard, the great herbalist, advocated the planting of more orchards, and Captain John Taverner, writing in 1600, advocated the planting of all our highways with fruit trees, so that wayfarers might pick as they chose.

A knowledge of apples has been part of the heritage of country folk in past times, but townsfolk know more of foreign apples supplied by shops than of our own excellent fruits. Commercial reasons also have ousted many fine apples from their pre-eminent position. Worcester Pearmain, for instance, is the dessert apple most commonly offered by the trade. But what connoisseur thinks much of Worcester Pearmain?

The literature of the apple is well known, ranging from Batty Langley's *Pomona* to Mr. E. A. Bunyard's *Handbook of Hardy Fruits*. Mr. H. V. Taylor, in his admirable volume, provides a vast fund of information on the varieties grown in England to-day. His book may indeed be described as one of the most important of horticultural interest published this century, and essential to all growers of apples. One of the most interesting chapters is that entitled "The Life of a Variety."

There is at least one point on which I fancy thousands will disagree with Mr. H. V. Taylor, and that is his opinion of Cox's Orange, which he describes as the greatest apple of this age, with "characters so admirably blended and balanced as to please palate and nose as no other apple can do." But to many of us the Blenheim Orange is the apple of apples. In addition to all the qualities of Cox's Orange it has a unique flavour, partly aromatic and partly nutty, which sets it in a class by itself. This apple will never become a favourite with commercial growers, because it bears poorly till fully grown. But for real flavour—the Blenheim Orange. E. S. R.

The Apples of England. By H. V. Taylor. With Foreword by Sir A. D. Hall, K.C.B., LL.D., F.R.S. (Published by Crosby, Lockwood & Son; 21/-).

BOOKS IN BRIEF

John Wright, Ltd., have issued *Your Dog and Mine*, at the price of 6d. This is a veritable mine of information on all the points that most frequently crop up.

A cheap edition, well printed and bound, of Dr. Starkie's book, *Spanish Razzle-Tazzle*, has recently been published by John Murray (5/-). This book should be of particular interest in the light of present conditions in that country.

SQUASH RACKETS

THE BATH CLUB CUP

MATCHES in the First Division of the Bath Club Cup have not noticeably suffered on account of the innovation of playing the best of three games instead of five. There have, however, been a number of short contests, and it is probable that F. D. Amr Bey is feeling even more than usual the lack of good match practice for his Open Championship match with J. Dear of Prince's. But if the interest has not suffered, the play of P. Q. Reiss (Royal Aero), a veteran from a squash point of view, has been most intelligently adapted to the best of three games.

No doubt Reiss would have thought twice before playing first string in First Division squash rackets again had not the new rule been enforced, but he has played so well to beat J. N. S. Ridgers and to lose by very narrow margins to R. Pulbrook (Bath) and J. A. Gillies (Conservative) that we feel quite grateful to the new rule. But the chances of the Royal Aero Club remaining in the First Division are very slender, and it is a great pity that W. D. Macpherson does not support Reiss as he did in the Second Division last year.

If the rule has upset one player more than another, that player is Ridgers of Queen's. So far he has not won one of his three matches, losing in addition to Reiss, to Gillies, and R. F. Lumb of Prince's. Lumb is a brother of the lady champion, and a very promising player indeed. He has been showing consistently good form as has P. C. Samuelson, who now plays for the R.A.C. The actual club results have been rather perplexing, but at the end of the first half of the competition, the R.A.C. should be in the lead, followed by the Conservative Club and the Bath Club.

JOHN ARMITAGE.

BERBERIS WILSONÆ HYBRIDS ARE IN THE FIRST RANK FOR DECORATIVE EFFECT IN AUTUMN

The Country House

BERRIED SHRUBS

A Modern Development for Decorative Effect

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

I THINK it must have been a lover of our native trees and shrubs who first realised the value of shrubs that are as beautiful in fruit as in flower for the garden, and it seems curious that the cult for berried shrubs should be quite a modern development.

Country folk have always appreciated the beauty of our wild fruits ranging from the berries of the lofty Rowan to the humble blackberry. The berried splendour of our native trees and shrubs is indeed amazingly varied, and can I think at least hold its own with cultivated kinds. A big jar of long branches of the Sea Buckthorn, with its thick, fantastic bracelets of orange-coloured berries, looks at home amidst the most ultra-modernist furniture. And some of the most decorative of wild fruits are left untouched by birds. Those of the Sea Buckthorn, for instance, are far too acid for any bird to touch, and whereas berries of the cultivated Roses are frequently devoured by birds, those of the Sweet Briar remain till March, adorning the bare branches like fairy scarlet lanterns. When the Spindles are bare of leaves their quaint fruits, pinkish crimson opening to show the rich orange seeds inside, attract every eye to the hedgerow. On the Continent, these fruits are called Cardinal's Hat. The garden varieties of the Spindle, both the deep crimson and the white fruited kinds are very picturesque.

Single Roses figure highly in the list of shrubs valuable for their beauty in fruit. *R. Moyesii* is in full beauty long before real autumn sets in, but alas, these notoriously lovely berries are speedily devoured by birds. The most decorative of all Rose berries are to my thinking those of the swift growing Cupid. In seven years or so this Rose will attain quite 20ft., and the magnificent hips, borne in huge clusters, are very striking, for their size, for they have no vivid colour. Branches of them mixed with autumn foliage, Traveller's Joy, and so forth, are delightful, especially if polished in the same way as apples.

Most members of the Rosaceae tribe are beautiful in fruit, notably Crabs, Pyracanthas, Cotoneasters, Stranvaesias, etc.

Half standard Crabs are, I think, especially valuable for small gardens, for they take little space, and have two seasons of great beauty. John Downie, for instance, when the long slender branches are loaded with oval scarlet-tinted fruits is particularly beautiful. In one garden I know there are Crabs at intervals as a background to an herbaceous border, and the effect of Dahlias, Asters, and other autumn flowers against the rich background of fruits is striking and unusual. Dartmouth is another fine Crab. The crimson fruits have a blue bloom just like a plum.

Pyracanthas are grown in most gardens for their berries, and in some districts the berries are devoured by birds, and in others left severely alone. The most vividly coloured is the old favourite *P. Lalandii*, but *P. Rogersiana* and *P. Gibbsii* are, I think, even more attractive. *P. Rogersiana* is very striking grown in bush form. The fruits of *P. Gibbsii* hang on well into March.

Apart from the more popular Cotoneasters, such as *C. microphylla*, *C. horizontalis*, etc., it is strange that *C. bullata* is not more commonly grown. The Cotoneaster attains about 10ft., and the fruits are like cherries. The fruits of *C. frigida* hang on into December and sometimes even January. The yellow-fruited variety is pleasing as a contrast. The comparatively new *C. conspicua* is in the first rank. The berries are bright red, not crimson, and are held nearly upright.

Thorns are unfortunately slow-growing, but they are amongst the finest shrubs for effect in autumn. Notably *Crataegus Crus-galli*, the Cockspur Thorn, with the lovely colouring of its autumn foliage, rich red fruits and fierce looking thorns. *C. coccinea* is also very fine. The fruits of *C. Carrierei* are cherry like and those of *C. cordata* remain through the winter.

The Stranvaesias are evergreens suited only to mild parts. Their berries vary from the scarlet berries of *S. Davidiana* to the red of *S. salicifolia*.

In contrast to the large range of orange, red, scarlet, and yellow berries of most shrubs are the turquoise-blue berries of *Clerodendron Fargesii*. The rose-pink carpels form a perfect setting to the berries, especially when the carpels droop backwards.

Then there are the white-berried shrubs. Of these the outstanding is *Symphoricarpus racemosus laevigatus*, a handsome sight indeed, when its slender branches are loaded down with enormous white berries. The type, *S. racemosus*, is a poor weedy-looking object, and deserves the neglect it usually receives. Hymenantheras are suitable only for mild parts, *H. crassifolia* being the hardest. This New Zealand shrub is semi-evergreen, and makes a low shrub about 4ft. high, and very decorative with its numerous little white berries. The *Pernettyas* are amongst the most charming of dwarf-berried shrubs, and hold their fruits, ranging from milk-white to pink and purple, till April.

The Berberises are always indispensable. In small gardens the *B. stenophylla* hybrids are excellent for dwarf hedges. *B. Wilsonae* hybrids are in the first rank. All these have vivid coral fruits. Other Berberises with coral fruits are *B. aggregata Prattii*, *B. polyantha* and *B. rubrostilla*.

THE ENGLISH APPLE INDUSTRY

Some Facts and Figures

THE present improvement in the English apple industry, though encouraging to producers, does not justify undue optimism. The fact that a few painstaking growers, notably in Essex, have been able to place on the market some first-class samples of Cox's Orange pippins, Ellison Orange, Rivals, and other well-known dessert varieties does not mean that England can produce a fraction of the demand. It is merely a praiseworthy step in the right direction of making this country, many years hence, practically self-supporting so far as the best dessert apples are concerned.

Growers are encouraged to expand their orchards. Mr. H. V. Taylor, the Horticultural Commissioner of the Ministry of Agriculture, recently at the Northampton Fruit Show urged increased acreage, and pointed out that Great Britain imported twice as many apples as she grew.

As a panacea to all ills he recommended proper spraying and the right sort of nutrition. We could then not only grow fruit just as good as that which we imported, but fruit with a far better flavour.

Mr. Taylor is perfectly correct up to a point, but he only touches the fringe of the question as it at present affects the grower of English apples.

While magnificent Empire, not to mention foreign, fruit can be marketed, presumably at a profit, at the present low figure, is it possible that the English grower faced with heavy labour and overhead charges such as fertilisers, storage and general upkeep, can hope successfully to compete in the open market? There is no doubt that the high cost of labour acts as a powerful deterrent to many making the best use of their orchards. Taking, for an example, an orchard in the Cambridgeshire district. The cost per annum for upkeep of a unit of 1,000 trees is approximately £100. This year, which is a good year, the crop worked out at about 1,000 bushels for the best picked fruit for grading. The grower expects to average round about 4/-. Thus his crop will make, say, £200 out of which he has still to pay for packing and transport, and possible extra labour for picking. Against this we find best Nova Scotian Ribstons selling at 15/6 a barrel in the London Fruit Exchange last week. In Herefordshire recently a grower was unable to obtain more than 25/- a ton for his apples, picked and delivered 11 miles. The picking alone would cost him 10/-.

Such doleful examples, however, are not numerous, and the other side of the picture was well illustrated last week, when the writer witnessed boxes (80 apples) of English Cox's making 8/3 at the London Fruit Exchange. At the same sale trays (15 apples) of James Grieve made 1/6 per tray. The total of English produce at this particular sale, which may be taken as an example, was 123 boxes and 130 trays. It seemed a tiny quota against the enormous array of Empire apples, namely, 225 barrels, but it met with a ready sale and there was no hesitation on the part of the buyers to buy British. The first appearance of consignments of English grown dessert apples at the London Fruit Exchange is quite a recent occurrence, but it is an important chapter in the history of the apple trade, and of considerable significance to the small and large grower alike.

Figures are apt to be misleading, for the prices obtained are not taken into account, but there is no doubt that in the five years ending 1934 the total of home-grown apples sold (excluding cider apples) was raised from 326,000 tons to 403,000 tons. But there is also no doubt that a large proportion of these were culinary apples, for which the home grower cannot only meet the home demand, but also export at fair prices. From a commercial standpoint it is, of course, the dessert apple on which the English grower must rely if he is to hold his own.

In any practical consideration of the prospects of the trade the term "good year" is very important. So many producers find the vagaries of the English climate a terrible handicap. While a profit can reasonably be expected in a "good year," they find that poor crops in other years are of too frequent occurrence to let them hope for any ultimate safe return for their money. But there are signs that the grower is doing his best to combat the drawbacks of the poor crop year in various ways. An experiment in lighting oil burners in orchards at the approach of frost was interesting, but hardly practical if considered on a large scale, though one grower last year claimed immunity from the effects of a bad frost over a small acreage.

It seems that the application of gas storage to the problem is one in which the solution ultimately may be found. The flavour of an apple that has been gassed is by no means impaired, in fact some will say actually improved. Gas plants, however, are an expensive item, and it would be necessary for the installation on a large scale in many districts, the organisation of collecting depots, etc., and complete co-operation among the growers to make it a success and a practical proposition. It is admitted that adequate gas storage facilities at reasonable rates would encourage many to face the prospects of poor crops with equanimity. The heavy crops of the good year would be stored and sufficient prices obtained when the fruit was released on the market easily to cover the loss on the meagre crop.

The fruit grower is often at a loss to decide on the appropriate fertilisers for his orchards. A normal condition in trees growing in grass is want of nitrogen. This can be remedied with sulphate of ammonia applied at the rate of 5lb. or 6lb. per large tree.

Such fertilising agents should be scattered well about under the trees and not confined to a small patch around the trunks themselves. Basic slag, 5cwt. to 6cwt. per acre, is a good dressing for improving orchard tree growth. The growth of trees under arable conditions often suffers from a deficiency of potash or phosphate, rather than nitrogen. A dressing of sulphate of potash, say 1lb. per tree per year, is generally found to be sufficient. It should be applied early in the spring.

As to the future many fruit farmers are going the wrong way about ensuring good crops for posterity. The writer was recently shown a fine orchard mostly of young Cox's, covering several acres. The owner proudly said it had been a labour of love, and he would not contemplate any profit in his time. It was, he said, for the benefit of his grandson. It was pointed out to him that all the trees had been planted far too close together, and in a few years would have to be removed at the rate of two in every three if any crop was to result.

In conclusion, for the benefit of those students of the industry who like figures, it is interesting in view of the rapid development of English orchards, and also the increase of Dominion imports, to compare the year 1929 (a "good year") with 1934:

	1929 cwts.		1934 cwts.
Imported apples from foreign countries	3,432,000	..	1,372,000
From Empire countries.	2,326,000	..	4,521,000
Home-grown (excluding cider apples)	6,415,000	..	8,059,000
Total home-grown and Empire produce	8,741,000	..	12,580,000

JOHN METCALFE.

CIDER APPLES AT LONG ASHTON, IN SOMERSET

The more specialised production of apples for the dessert trade is being rapidly developed, and there is a good demand for English apples of the finest quality

FARMING NOTES

Green Pastures

MILD weather continuing well into November has relieved farmers of their anxieties about the lack of good hay for winter keep. The cows have been able to find a good part of their requirements in the grass which continues growing in the pastures, and it has not been necessary yet to give full winter rations of hay. There is not too much good hay available, and this saving is a considerable benefit. With oil cakes more expensive than in the last two winters, milk production does not offer very attractive prospects, and any economies that can be effected are not to be ignored.

Gloucestershire's Organiser

Mr. Eric Rea, County Agricultural Organiser for Gloucestershire, has resigned his position to join the staff of Messrs. R. A. Lister & Co., Ltd., of Dursley, Glos. He has been appointed agricultural adviser to the Board of the company, and of its associated firms. Mr. Rea takes up his new duties on February 1st. Mr. Rea, who has been County Agricultural Organiser for Gloucestershire since 1931, is at the age of 35 one of the youngest, and, it must be added, one of the ablest, county organisers in the country.

Aberystwyth

The Council of the University College of Wales at Aberystwyth has decided to undertake the rehousing of its agricultural department. Better accommodation is badly needed and the need is recognised by a grant from the Government of £15,000 on a £ for £ basis. Professor R. G. Stapledon and his colleagues who are doing work of supreme importance not only to the grassland farmers of Wales but to the whole of the country, should have proper laboratory accommodation and decent quarters. It is to be hoped that friends of the college and of agricultural research will now come forward and recognise generously the value of Aberystwyth.

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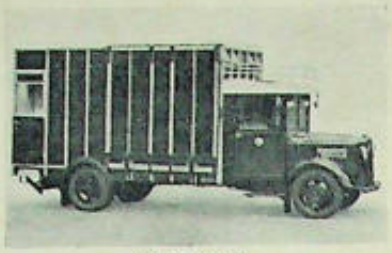

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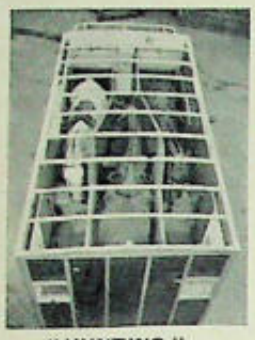

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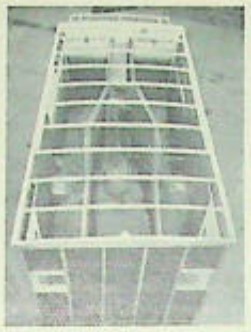

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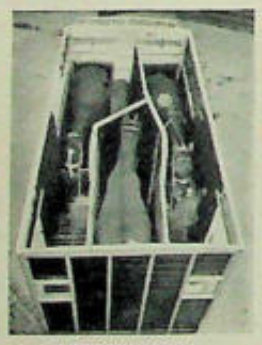

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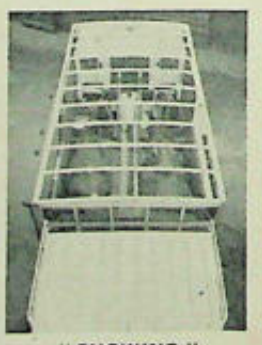

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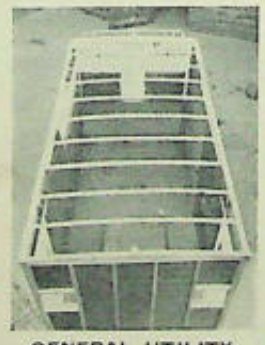

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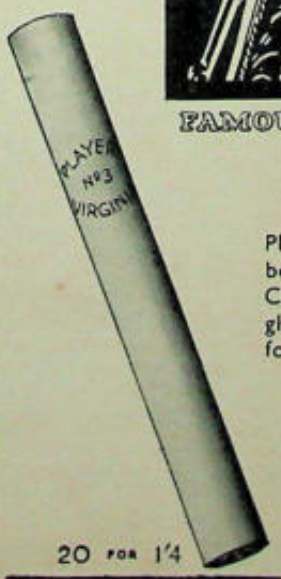

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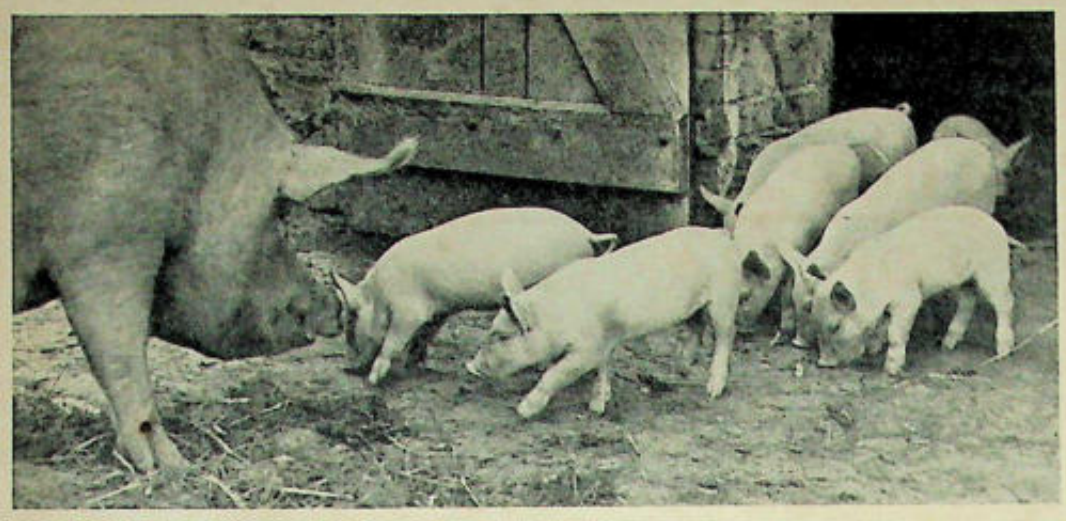

A USEFUL TYPE OF PIG FOR THE BACON CURER OR THE PORK MARKET
Large Whites on the King's farm at Stoke Climsland

PIG CONTRACTS FOR 1937

Deciding the Future of the Bacon Industry

NEITHER the Pigs Board nor the Bacon Board is a pattern of which a perfect marketing board should be. The conflict of personalities within the boards and the failure of individuals to sink their interests for the common good, have led to interminable scraps. It has needed the intervention of an arbitrator to settle their differences before the time had dragged on so far that in the absence of future security the whole marketing scheme would have collapsed. Now with two months to run before the contract operates, Sir Robert Greig, the arbitrator appointed by Mr. Walter Elliot, has made an award which is decidedly favourable to producers.

They have been clamouring all along for a basic price of 12s. per score when feeding stuffs cost 7s. 6d. per cwt. This was the formula with which the marketing scheme started in the autumn of 1933. They have been awarded this magic formula, but its operation is not to be quite the same as three years ago. When feeding stuffs rise in price by 3d. per cwt. the pig producer is to have an extra 1d. per score. Under the original formula he was covered to the extent of the full 3d. per score. If pig-meal cost 8s. 9d. per cwt which it does to-day, he would get a brave contract price of 13s. 3d. per score. Under the 1937 contract he would get 12s. 5d. per score. There is a big difference here, amounting to about 7s. a pig. So the 1937 contract is not by any means the original 1933 contract.

Probably it is a good thing that it is not. Four months working of the contract—from October, 1933 to January, 1934—involved the bacon-curers in such losses that they were able successfully to obtain an indemnity of £150,000 from pig producers, which was paid off in the following year. We do not want this experience again. But it should be clear in everyone's minds that the higher price of pig-meals now ruling will detract considerably from the value of the 1937 contract terms. It is generally reckoned that three-quarters of the cost of producing a bacon pig is accounted for by the food bill, and yet only one-third of the extra cost incurred when pig-meals cost more than 7s. 6d. per cwt. is to be allowed to producers.

The price that the curers will pay for contract pigs is now limited solely to the cost of feeding stuffs. The price of bacon which weighs in the present contract no longer counts in calculating the contract price. This is all to the good from the producers' point of view, because there is little question that one of the first things to which Mr. William Morrison, the new Minister of Agriculture, must turn his attention is the artificially high price of bacon. We were promised as long ago as last January the import levy subsidy scheme which would put a small duty on Danish and other imported bacon and provide revenue for a subsidy on home-produced bacon. Currently with this change in import policy and the abandonment of quantitative regulation as a means of maintaining prices at a scarcity level, there would, naturally, be more bacon imported and a fall in prices. It is fortunate that pig producers have not to force this contingency in a contract price linked with bacon prices as well as the pig-meal price.

But there is a provision in Sir Robert Greig's award which states that in the event of either board determining that the prices payable for pigs based on the contract are uneconomic for pig producers or bacon curers, there shall, unless alternative terms are agreed between the boards within seven days, be an independent investigation for the purpose of ascertaining whether the prices are uneconomic and of determining alternative terms. The contract shall become void unless such a determination by an independent person is made within six weeks.

There is another important provision in the new contract terms which lays down that the basic price of 12s. per score is contingent upon a minimum number of 2,200,000 pigs being put under contract. If this number is not secured, or if the Pigs Marketing Board notify the Bacon Marketing Board that this number is not secured, the Bacon Board may declare that they are not prepared to implement the contract which will become void. In other words, the whole marketing scheme would be in the melting pot again.

Now what prospect is there of 2,200,000 pigs being put under contract for 1937? In the mood of dissatisfaction among pig producers which was general until a few months ago, we would say very little. But I think that their attitude of mind is changing. The contract price for bacon pigs this month is pretty good, just on a par with market prices, and it must be evident to all producers that without the marketing scheme there is no prospect of a remunerative price for contract pigs or for those put into the open market. The improvement in the scale of contract prices obtained for next year should put the farmer who contracts in a more favourable position than the man who remains outside the scheme.

There will always be those in farming who like a gamble, but the business is perhaps enough of a gamble without ignoring the opportunity of a stable price for at least one commodity.

There are certainly 2,200,000 and more pigs available for the bacon market next year. During 1936 about 2,000,000 pigs will have gone to the curers under marketing scheme contracts and another 500,000 have been purchased by them in the open market. It is true that the June 4th returns this year showed a slight reduction in the numbers of breeding pigs, but there will be ample to supply the minimum requirement of 2,200,000 pigs for next year—if farmers will determine now to make a success of the marketing scheme. Assured a contract supply of 2,200,000 pigs the curers will, it is understood, not be buyers in the open market, and the market price may then slump. If 2,200,000 pigs are not covered the contract falls to the ground and no one whether he has offered to contract or not will be better off than his neighbour.

It seems then common sense to put every pig under contract and to get other farmers to do the same. We may then reach the 2,400,000 mark, which will mean another 2d. per score for everyone over the basic price. But our first objective should be the 2,200,000 mark. If we do not achieve this, the contracts will be void and everyone will be in the same boat. All will then taste the joys and disappointments of the open market to their hearts' "content."

R. F.

FIELD TRIALS

IRISH WATER SPANIELS AT ANLEY

ON Monday, November 2nd, the Irish Water Spaniel Association held their field trials at Anley, Settle, Yorkshire, by kind permission of Mrs. Birkbeck and the shooting tenant, Mr. G. Stansfeld. An abundance of game of all kinds was available. Two stakes were decided, Open and Novice, each containing eight entries and no absentees. The performance of some of the dogs was of a very high standard, particularly Sir Clive Coates's Râtie of Helperby, who won the Association's Field Trial Challenge Cup. The judges were Mrs. V. M. Farrer and Mr. G. P. Ackroyd. The awards were the following:

No. 1, OPEN STAKE.—1st, Sir Clive Coates's b. Râtie of Helperby; 2nd, Sir Clive Coates's d. Qui Hi of Helperby; 3rd, Colonel C. M. Bateman's d. Oliver of Bent. Reserve and Certificate of Merit, Mrs. Birkbeck's d. Bennie of Garstang. Certificates of Merit: Captain M. H. Anwyl's b. Sally of Lligwy, Captain M. H. Anwyl's b. Forked Lightening of Lligwy, Miss F. Barrington's b. Bess of Annagh, Dr. H. H. James's d. Watchful Paddy.

No. 2, NOVICE STAKE.—1st, Captain Anwyl's b. Sally of Lligwy; 2nd, Dr. H. H. James's d. Watchful Paddy; 3rd, Mr. F. Trench O'Rorke's b. Breffny Diana. Reserve, Mr. Nelson Hughes's b. The Pinkeen. Certificates of Merit: Mrs. Birkbeck's d. Bennie of Garstang, Sir Clive Coates's b. Undies of Helperby; Captain M. H. Anwyl's b. Forked Lightening of Lligwy, Miss F. Barrington's b. Grouse of Annagh.

LABRADORS AT ELVEDEN

YELLOW LABRADOR twelfth field trials were held on the Elveden Estate on November 3rd and 4th, by kind permission of the Earl of Iveagh. The judges were the Hon. Mrs. Hill Wood, Major J. Wormald and Captain W. S. Medlicott.

First in this All-Aged Stake was Major T. C. Lucas's d. Hawkesbury Jupiter. He showed up all through the stake on account of his nose; got one good runner that I know of, after it had gone 20 minutes, while other dogs failed on runners when put on at once; and he winded his game yards further out than other dogs. His delivery at times was not good, and on one occasion he failed to gather an easy dead bird in beet because he preferred flushing live birds on his way out. He had his eye wiped here by No. 9, and nearly went down, but regained his position at the very end of the trial by defeating Folkingham Sand and Ming on a dead partridge.

Second, Dr. T. W. Stanton's d. Folkingham Sand, a good, quick retriever, smart in all his work; *knows*, without being "put," where to try for a bird down, and can be "placed," when necessary, on a bird he has not seen shot; under good control.

Third, the Earl of Effingham's d. F.T. Ch. Ming. This dog seems always to go well, with plenty of drive, style and pace, but never *too* quick. A very good marker, and the sort of dog you can just say "Go on" to, and he will do the rest. He is very easy to direct. In fact, on one occasion he worked hard to order to the right, when he knew his bird had run to the left.

Fourth, Mr. S. Gold's b. Sienna required too much handling—I mean, too much directing. She is a very nice bitch, and does all her work as a retriever very well, except that she does not get on with the job of hunting on her own for a bird she has not seen shot. Such control as her handler has over her is a delight to see.

Reserve and Certificate of Merit, Mr. A. Card's d. Vespers Gift. Certificates of Merit: Mr. A. Wormald's Muntham Pepper, Colonel P. K. Wise's b. Raithburn Judy, Mrs. Gilroy's d. Gilstair Sandy, Mr. Alan Wood's b. Nonslip Nesta, Lord Middleton's b. Birdsall Wisdum.

AT SOUTH WALSHAM HALL

By kind invitation of Colonel P. K. Wise, the Yellow Labrador Club Junior Stake was run at South Walsham Hall, Norfolk, on November 5th. Judges were Colonel H. M. Wilson, Mrs. A. Wormald, and Captain W. S. Medlicott.

All the dogs in this stake (nine) were puppies, and the ground on which they were tried would have been more suited for a championship stake; hence the work appeared to be poor, but it was really too difficult for such young and inexperienced dogs.

First.—Mrs. F. Remington-Wilson's b. Broomhead Sadie did good work all through and finished up with a very good runner; finding the fall at once, tracking the bird across seeds for 200yds., through a thick hedge, across and down an asphalt road, and locating the bird in a hole in thick brambles in the fence on far side of the road. Her handler was never near her, nor spoke to her at all; the bitch got her nose down at the fall and had it "glued" to the line all the way; an excellent performance.

Second.—Dr. T. W. Stanton's d. Folkingham Sorrel, quite a useful shooting dog already; steady, marks and hunts out well, failed to impress one judge when seeking for game I think he had not seen shot, but did well under the other two.

Third.—Mr. B. B. Rivière's b. Detmore Sherry. Inclined to whine at drives, and (at times only) has that annoying habit of going round and round one, refusing to deliver. Has good nose, and marks well, and hunts out well, perhaps a little too far on occasions.

Reserve.—Mrs. D. Somervell's d. Borrans Barney.

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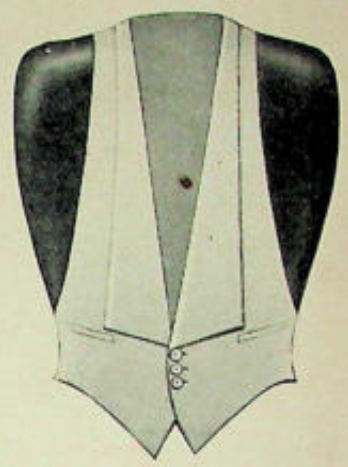

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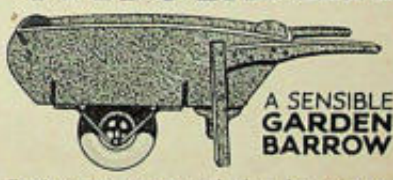

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MY IMPRESSIONS OF THE 1937 RILEY FALCON

"Undoubtedly a Car of Quality"

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

IT is always a matter of considerable interest to try out the very latest productions, more especially is this so if the driver is acquainted with the same model of the previous season. It is enlightening to note the improvements which have been made during a period of twelve months.

The other day I was asked to take over one of the very latest 1½-litre Riley cars, which is the subject of this article. For many years, Rileys have been in a class which is very nearly unique. This must certainly be true in connection with the Riley Nine, since for ten years or more the price has remained unchanged. Last season, however, the list price was reduced from the familiar figure of £298 to £269, although for 1937 it has been increased to £275.

As regards the 1½-litre Falcon model, a very considerable reduction in price is being made for the coming season, namely, from £362 to £315, a drop of £47, which should make this particular car even more popular than it was before. There are no radical alterations, the principal improvements being in regard to details only. For example, in place of the aluminium bodies which were in vogue last season, for 1937 the Falcon will be fitted with all-steel coachwork. Although this increases the weight of the complete car by approximately 2cwt., it is well worth it, since the all-steel body is so much stronger and is far less prone to rattle after months of hard wear than is the case with aluminium and wooden framework.

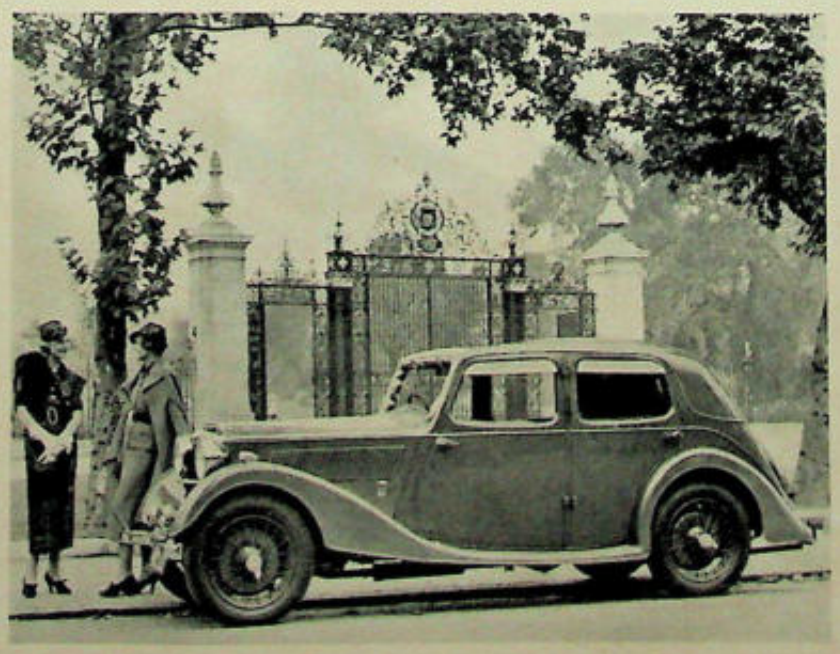
From the point of view of safety, of course, there is no comparison—I have seen instances when cars have turned turtle and practically no damage has been done due to the extraordinary strength of all-steel construction.

The engine is the same as that used last year—a 4-cylinder one, having a bore of 69 m.m. and a stroke of 100 m.m. The R.A.C. rating is 11.9, the annual tax £9, and the cubic capacity is 1,496 c.c. The compression ratio has, however, been raised slightly, with the consequence that the motor now develops 44 b.h.p. instead of 42 b.h.p., a step that is certainly in the right direction.

The 4-speed pre-selective gearbox and automatic clutch are still retained. When driving in dense traffic this type of clutch is certainly to be highly commended, since it requires the minimum effort on the part of the driver to control. Below 700 engine revolutions the clutch automatically disengages and the car can be brought to a standstill by means of the brake pedal, although the gear may still be in any position. To proceed, it is only necessary to engage a lower gear and to open the throttle, whereupon the car moves off the mark smoothly and steadily. The drive is not taken up harshly since there is a certain amount of slip until the motor reaches approximately 1,500 revolutions, when the slip entirely ceases. There is an abundance of power for all ordinary requirements, and I should say that the latest type of engine runs even quieter and more smoothly than the one used last year.

The car is capable of a maximum speed in the region of 80 m.p.h., and the acceleration, when proper use is made of the gears, is all that can be desired. The steering is light and responsive, and the position of the wheel and the rake of the column are excellent. The Falcon is undoubtedly a car of quality, and that is the impression that is gained the moment the wheel is taken over for the first time.

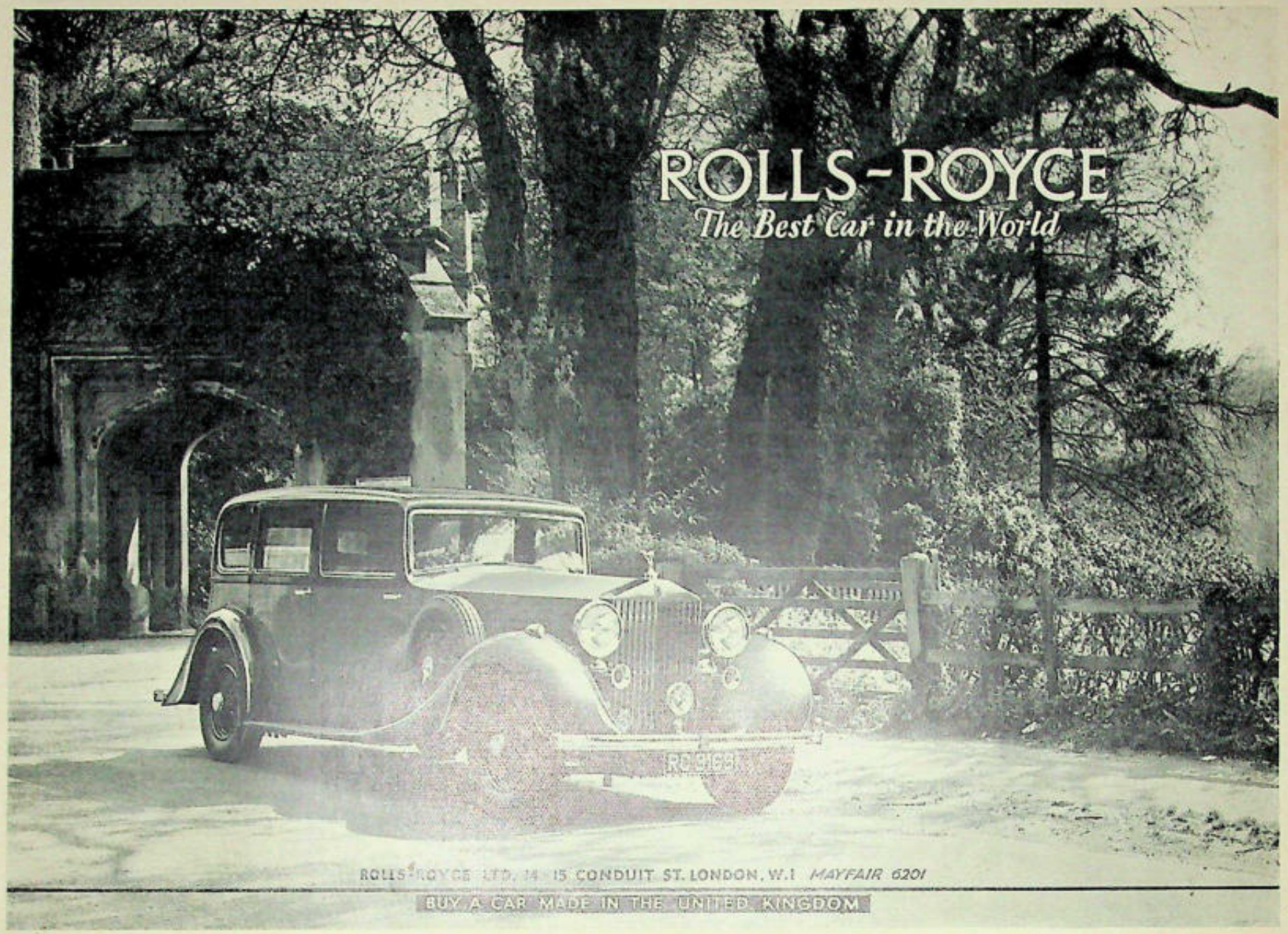
THE FALCON IS FITTED WITH 4-SPEED PRE-SELECTIVE GEARS



"THE GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE 1½-LITRE SALOON IS ADMIRABLE"

The general appearance of the 1½-litre saloon is admirable, there is ample leg and head room, the seats are comfortable, and every detail has been carefully attended to. There is plenty of space in the luggage container for two large suit-cases and a hat box, and underneath this compartment the battery is housed. This is a most convenient position and enables the accumulator to be topped up without the necessity of removing carpets, pushing back the seats and lifting up floor boards, which is the usual procedure. The spare wheel is fixed neatly on the inside of the luggage locker cover, and is readily accessible.

Other points worthy of particular reference are automatic chassis lubrication, permanent jacking system, a fume-proof interior and a single point adjustable front screen. The instrument board is a particularly neat affair, and a large Jaeger speedometer occupies the central position, and grouped all round it are the usual gauges and a clock.



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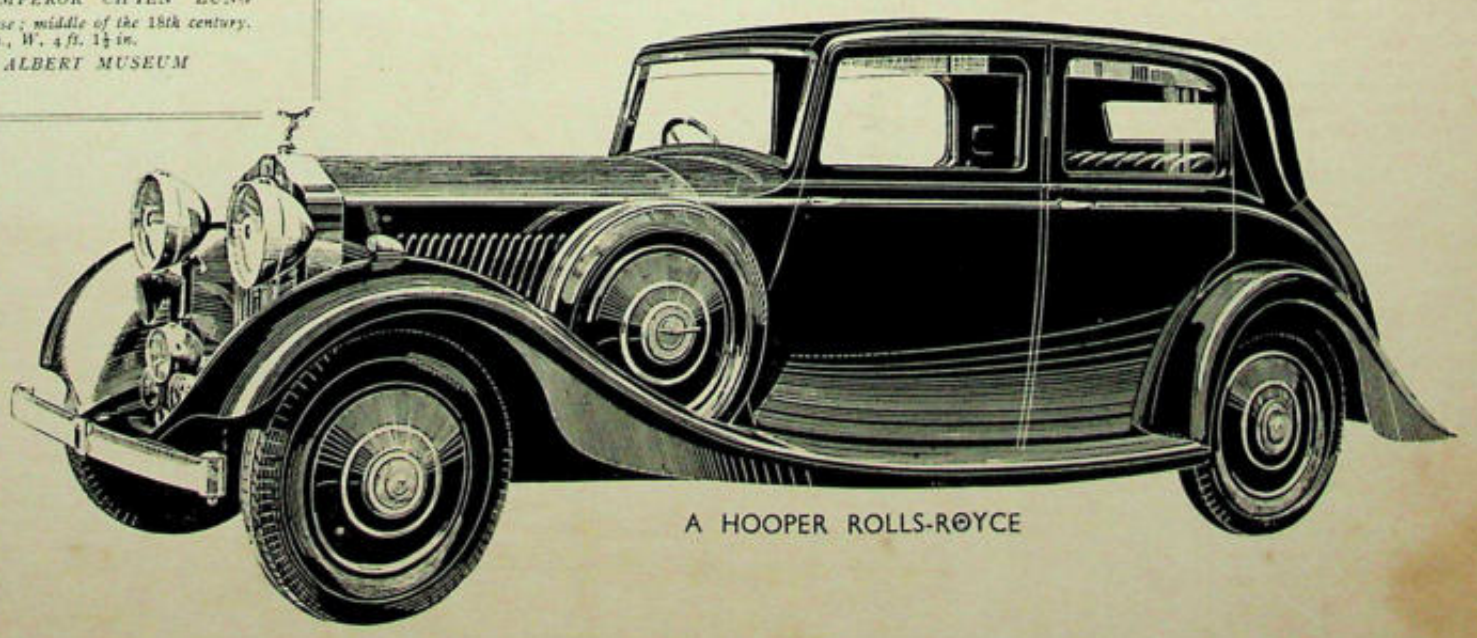

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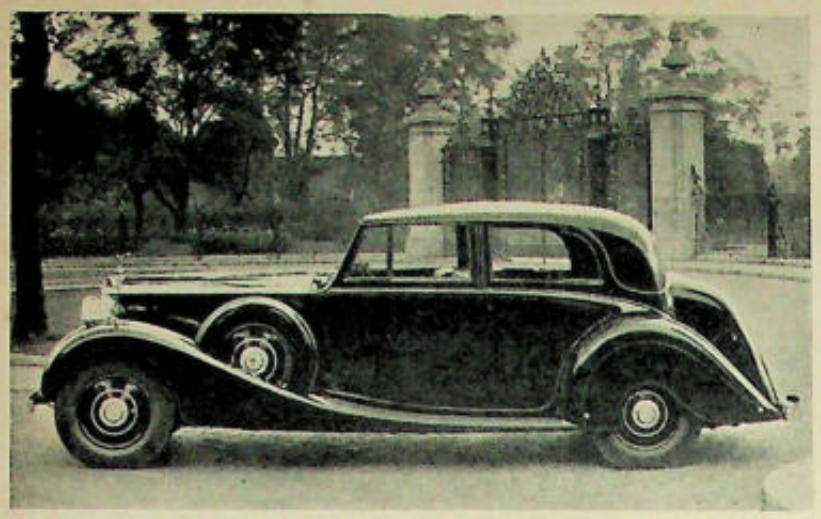


A MAGNIFICENT ROLLS ROYCE PHANTOM III WITH PARTITION
Designed for Mr. A. H. Pass, of Messrs. Pass & Joyce Ltd., this imposing car is equally suitable for owner or chauffeur driver

The length of the chassis remains unaltered—9 ft. 1in., with a track of 4ft.; while the weight of the complete vehicle is now approximately 25cwt.

Running costs are low, since the car will average about 25 miles to the gallon with a very low consumption of oil, and at least 15,000 miles is obtainable on a set of tyres.

Now that the price of this model has been so considerably reduced, I should imagine that the sales will rise rapidly, as a large proportion of the buying public are only too willing to purchase a high-grade car as long as the running costs are comparatively low, and this is certainly the case in this instance.

WHERE IS THE REAL LIGHT AEROPLANE?

A Growing Gap in Private-Owner Types

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

THOUGH it is still customary to talk of private-owner aeroplanes as "light" aeroplanes, a review of the types now generally available suggests that the conventional light aeroplane that made private flying practicable is rapidly disappearing. Its place is being taken by luxurious, high-performance machines that, while in every way superior as aircraft to the original Moths, Avians and Bluebirds, are very much more costly to buy and, because of higher power, are certainly somewhat more expensive to run.

Aircraft design for the private owner seems, indeed, to be diverging into two distinct channels. On the one hand are the luxury machines already mentioned; on the other are the "ultra-light" types exemplified by the Drone and the Aeronca. There is thus a growing gap in the range of private-owner types and the remarkable fact is that this gap is appearing in that section where previously the overwhelming majority of private-owner machines were to be found.

It is not without interest to look a little more closely into this development. In 1930, the D.H. Moth, then unquestionably the most popular type for touring and school use (out of a total of 206 privately-owned machines registered at March 31st, 1930, no fewer than 135 were Moths), was priced at £700; that famous machine is no longer available, but its successor, the Hornet Moth, designed to meet the same requirements, sells at £875. The price difference is relatively small, but it illustrates the general upward tendency. Performance is, of course, much improved and comfort greatly superior; but the point is that there is a price increase sufficient to deter many who would be prepared to sacrifice something in these respects in the cause of cheaper flying.

Even more striking is the result when an average is struck over a series of types now on the market, and a number available in 1930. As ten representative modern machines may be taken the B.A. Swallow and Eagle, the General Aircraft Monospat S.T.25, the Heston Phoenix, the Percival Mew Gull, the Miles Sparrow Hawk, Falcon, Falcon Six and Merlin, and the D.H. Hornet Moth. The average price of these ten works out at £1,293.

For 1930, ten typical examples were Avian, Bluebird, Breda, Civilian Coupé, Desoutter Coupé, Klemm, Martlet, Moth, Spartan, and Comper Swift. The average price of these was £711. Thus, in six years, the mean price of ten light aeroplanes has advanced by no less than £582, or more than 80 per cent.

Against this, of course, must be set the entry into the practical field of the "ultra-light" aeroplanes, which aim at reducing cost to the minimum. Whereas the lowest-priced machine in 1930 was the Comper Swift, selling at £400, there are now available "ultra-light" types whose cost is below £300.

Naturally there is a considerable difference between the capabilities of the "ultra-light" machines and the best of the light aeroplanes mentioned, although recent flights have shown that it is perfectly practicable for an "ultra-light" machine to make quite extended flights in experienced hands; Kronfeld's flights on the Drone, and Llewellyn's on the Aeronca will be recalled. But no one would claim these aeroplanes to be really intended for extended touring, whereas the light aeroplanes of 1930 were, generally speaking, suitable for comparatively long-distance flying. Thus it would seem as though to-day the would-be private owner who wishes to use a machine for general all-the-year-round work must pay considerably more for what he wants.

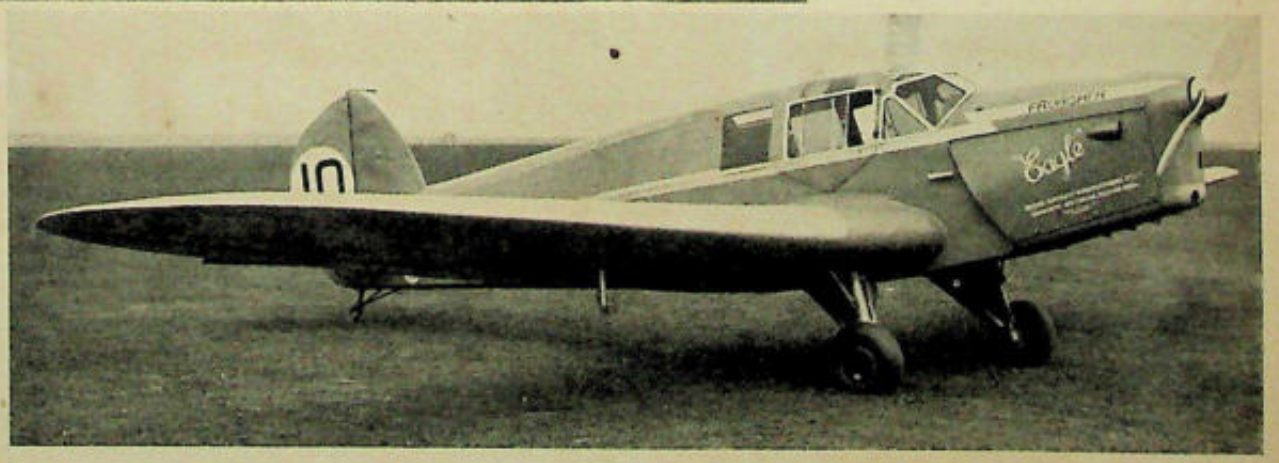
No criticism is, of course, being made on the qualities of the admirable machines now available for the private owner; they are incomparably better than their predecessors of six years ago, and provide a degree of efficiency and refinement that would then have been thought impossible. What it is desired to stress is that provision for the buyer in the medium class is less than it was; and it would be worth investigating to discover whether a potential market is not being neglected.

It is not valid to argue that the comparatively low prices of 1930 were gained at sacrifices no modern pilot would be prepared to make. Admittedly, most of the machines then available were open-cockpit types, which are to-day rightly in disfavour except for school work, sporting and practice flights. But the coupé had made its appearance, and was selling at an attractive price; the Desoutter, for example, was on the market for £875, and the Civilian Coupé at £650. The nearest equivalent in the modern types listed above is the Hornet Moth at £875, for the only other two at less than £1,000 are the Swallow and the Sparrow Hawk, both of which are, however, open machines.

Probably motoring history will be paralleled to some extent in private-owner aircraft. The cycle car of about 1910 disappeared and developed, by fusion with the light car, into the high-efficiency eight and ten horse-power vehicle of the present, without disturb-

HERR KRONFELD IN HIS B.A.C. DRONE
"No one would claim these aeroplanes to be intended for extended touring"

ONE OF THE LEADING MODERN PLANES
The B.A. Eagle (below), a good representative model of light aircraft



HUMOROUS "SAFETY FIRST" PROPAGANDA

A copy of an unusual pamphlet with the appropriate title of *Many Happy Returns*, published by the National "Safety First" Association, is being presented to each of the two-and-a-half million motor drivers in Great Britain when they renew their driving licences during the next twelve months. The pamphlet is written in light vein and has been prepared by Fougasse and McCullough, a humorous partnership which achieved fame with *You Have Been Warned*.

Taking only a few minutes to read, the pamphlet is enlivened by three dozen Fougasse sketches, done in that characteristic style with which *Punch* and the poster hoardings have familiarised the public. The letterpress is brief and pithy.

If any motorists have not received a copy already or do not want to wait until they receive a free one with their renewed driving licence, copies can be purchased at a cost of sixpence each from the National "Safety First" Association (Inc.), Terminal House, 52, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1.

Something of this sort may happen in private flying. The "ultra-light" machines may grow up and become all-purpose aircraft. But in the meantime, it is a matter for some regret that the £750 aeroplane, and even the £500 one, is no longer on the market to any great extent, and that the advantages of private ownership are therefore available only to those who, on the one hand, are prepared to spend £1,000 or upwards, or, on the other, are willing, for the sheer joy of flying, to limit their activities to the relatively restricted radius of action of the "ultra-light" aircraft.

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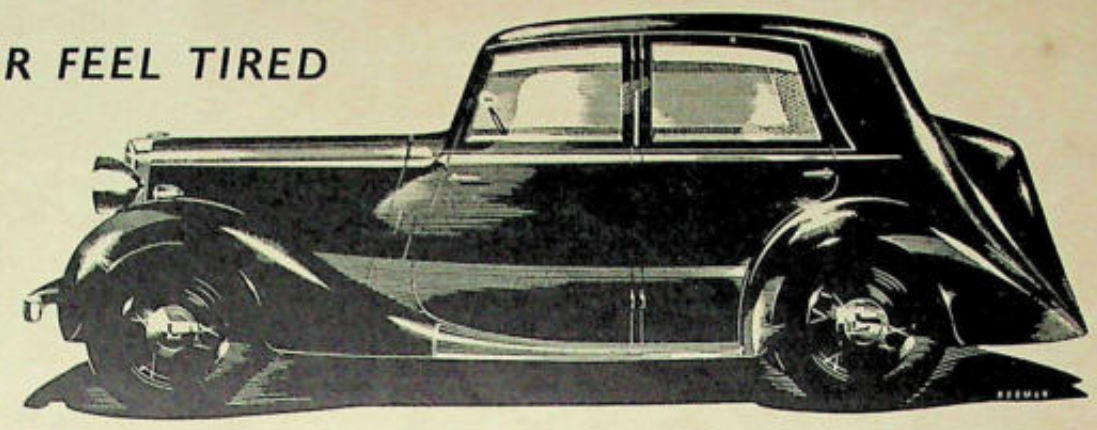

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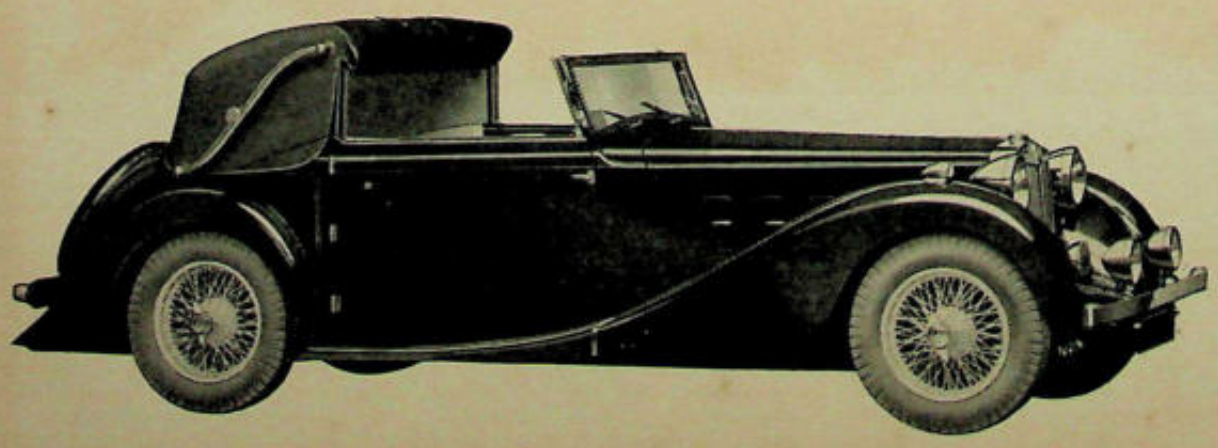

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AN AFRICAN ODYSSEY

Wintering in South Africa

By MAJOR HERBERT NOYES

TRAVELLERS to South Africa, intent on escaping the English winter, will do well to settle their itinerary before arriving in Table Bay. For if their holiday time be limited, they will be bewildered, on arrival, by the number and diversity of attractive tours offered them and the difficulty of selecting one which will encompass all their desires.

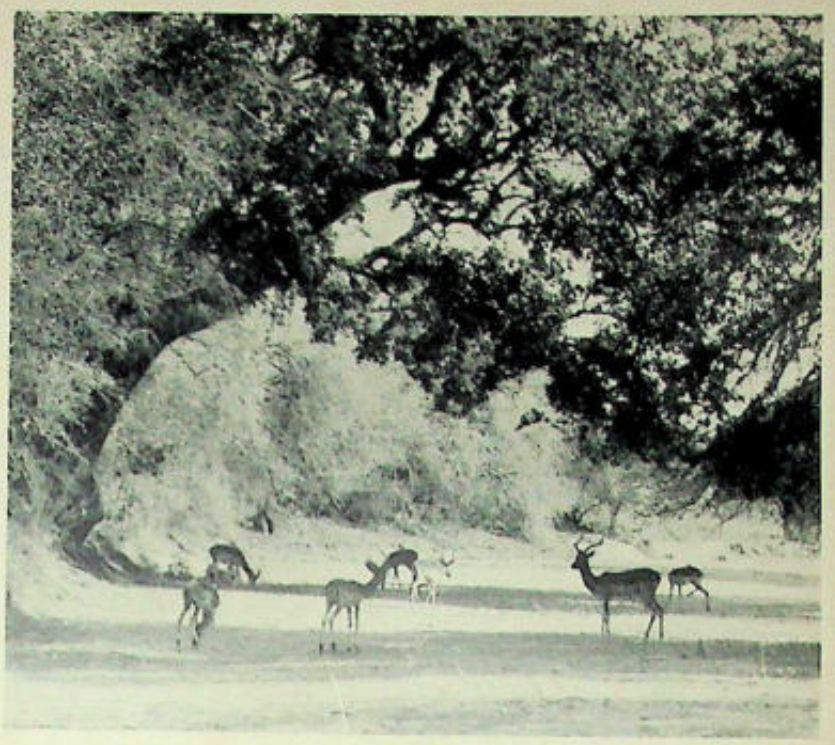
There are many charming excursions around the Peninsula and its environs, and every sort of recreation will be found in season—racing, golf, fishing, cricket, tennis, and so on. Indeed, tourists whose purpose it was to see the country thoroughly, have been known to arrive at Capetown, and finding it a veritable—though far from dreamy—lotus-land, have stayed there until their return steamer sailed for home.

At this time of year, Muizenberg and Camp's Bay are delightful seaside resorts, where bathing and surfing are part of one's daily life, wherein sharks and jellyfish have no place. The vineyards of Constantia, the apricot orchards of Worcester, the peaches and nectarines of Paarl and a dozen other places are worthy of anyone's attention for the next few months, and are not too far away. Further afield, but still within easy daily-motoring distance, are Somerset West—*Ultima Thule* of many retired Army and Navy folk, the Hex River Mountains and the beaches and background of Hermanus.

To those of a more ambitious turn of mind the Victoria Falls via Bulawayo offer a pilgrimage they cannot well refrain from undertaking and Kimberley is on the road, even if diamonds are at a discount. Others who, perhaps, have seen the Falls, or are desirous of keeping within the limits of the Union, need not fear monotony or boredom during an African summer "up-country."

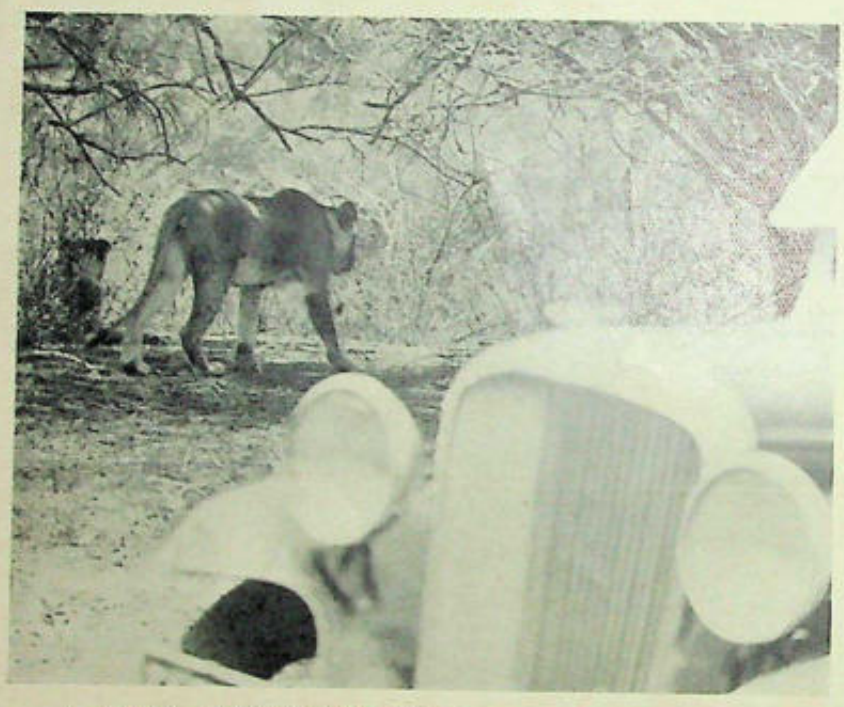
And if they would care to take more than a passing glance at all the provinces with glimpses of Basutoland, Swaziland and Zululand, the following itinerary is to be recommended. It is put forward more as a personal experience than a guide-book suggestion; it can be made either by rail or road, and at no point is it ever remote from the beaten track; indeed, any halt along the route could be used as a jumping-off place in order to reach other attractions or to concentrate on a single one. I am credibly informed that the average tourist places in their order of merit, native life, game, sight-seeing and scenery; on this expedition he will have ample choice of all.

The first objective is Oudtshoorn; the last, Kruger Park Game Reserve; and the return journey via Durban. Leaving, therefore, by the early morning mail train, by way of Mossel Bay and George, distinctive country of a type apart is soon reached; a picturesque coast line, wooded mountains and wonderful scenic effects are some of its characteristics; no one should miss the Cango Caves, the Montagu Pass, the Garden of Eden and the Knysna Forest. Five days, including travel, may be well and profitably spent in this neighbourhood; thereafter, one arrives at Bloemfontein on the seventh. There is an agricultural college at Glen, five miles away, which is an object lesson in high veldt farming; there is much of historic interest in the town itself.



IMPALA IN THE KRUGER NATIONAL PARK

"Within the park elephant, buffalo, hippo, giraffe, 500 lions and an infinity of buck may be watched with impunity"



A LIONESS AT FOUR YARDS IN THE KRUGER NATIONAL PARK

The animals, unmolested for 27 years, do not associate danger with a motor-car, even though they may be aware of the occupant

And here we leave the road of the tourist and branch off into by-ways, either by rail or motor car—for the road is an excellent one, for eleven months out of the twelve. We pass Sanna's Post and Westminster, leave the flat monotony of the Free State behind, and in a few hours are in broken country and near the foothills of the Maluti Mountains; while, further to the East, the great Drakensberg Range looms in the distance. From Ficksburg, the next stop, there is easy access to Basutoland—that bleak, bare, and comparatively barren land, not without a certain scenic grandeur of its own.

This plateau, which includes the "Conquered Territory," 5,000ft. above sea level, watered by the Caledon river and stretching to the south of Bethlehem and Harrismith, is, to my thinking, one of the most fascinating spots in all Africa; it is more like Perthshire than the Free State. Its sparkling brooks threading through farms nestling in the valleys, the English fruit and wonderful climate combine to make it a perfect paradise to the settler who was lucky enough to establish himself there before the price of land became comparatively prohibitive. The Drakensberg Game Reserve, where a thousand head of eland and other buck laze their lives away is close at hand. Further on are the Mont aux Sources and the Giants' Castle. Van Reenen's Pass and the World's View look down on the garden province of Natal lying like an aerial map 6,000ft. below.

So winding down from the high veldt, like a caterpillar crawling down a wall, we come to Ladysmith and the sites of nearly forgotten battles, 313 miles from Bloemfontein. Thence by luxurious mail-train to Johannesburg with its output of £1,300,000,000 worth of gold since 1886 and its skyscrapers rivalling New York's.

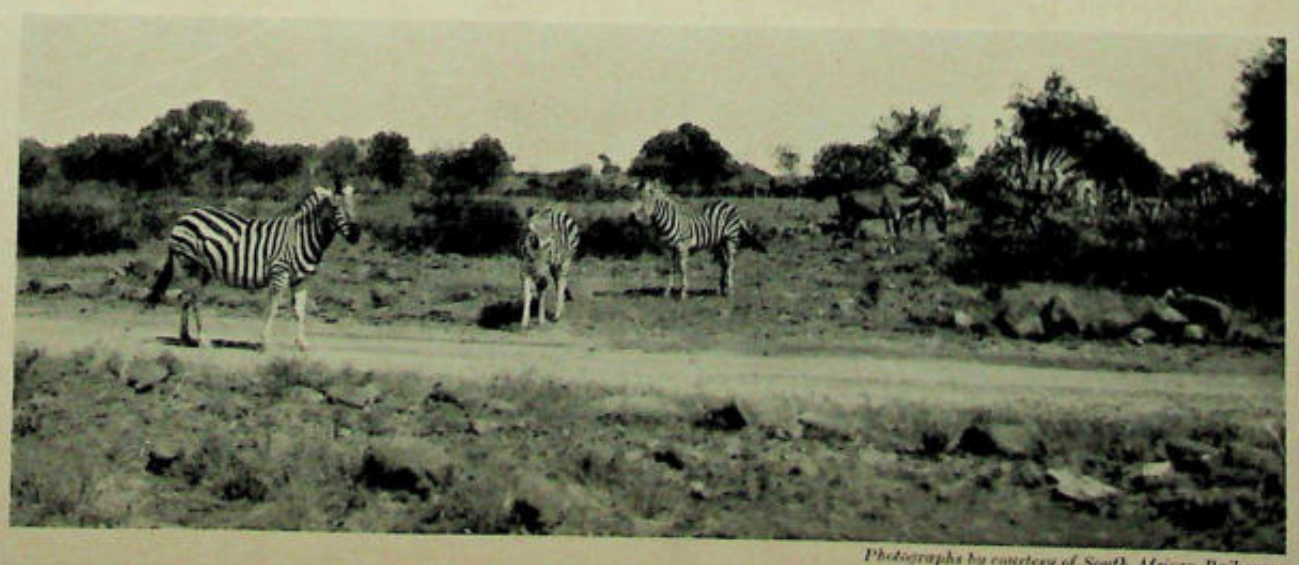
Here we tranship to the Delagoa Bay line, but the journey to Nelspruit is a comfortable one, the motor road, running parallel, after Pretoria, shows an excellent surface. Arrived there, we are within easy distance of the Game Reserve,

Within it elephant, buffalo, hippo, giraffe, 500 lions and an infinity of buck may be watched with impunity.

A short branch line runs along the lovely, high-veldt ledge between Nelspruit and Sabie; citrus and mimosa estates flourish, and from the escarpment of the Drakensbergs there is a magnificent view of the Low Country.

The return journey, by a branch line, via Ermelo and Glencoe, is, roughly, 600 miles; it is possible to have a peep at Swaziland, *en route*.

Sailings from Durban are frequent; the tourist interested in natives can continue his journey by rail through the Transkei, look in on the Snake-farm and, with luck, see some elephants in the Addo bush. And so to Capetown, having covered over 2,000 miles by rail alone. Normally the cost would be in the neighbourhood of £20, but the efficiency of the Government Travel Administration is such that special terms are quoted for any journey, however long and complicated. Two months should be allowed for this one.



Photographs by courtesy of South African Railways

ZEBRA AND ELAND IN THE BLOEMFONTEIN GAME RESERVE

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IN BURMA

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See page 1170

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"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE

THE WHITE HART HOTEL, LEWES

THERE is so much interesting history connected with the White Hart Hotel at Lewes that only its outline can be given in the space of this article. This fourteenth-century hotel was at one time a private country residence belonging to the Pelham-Clintons, and from the Tudor oak-panelled room, now Nos. 7 and 8, in which functions were usually held, there was a secret staircase to be used in cases of urgency during the period from 1483 to 1603. When the Commonwealth was declared, in 1649, the wine cellar of the White Hart—in this year of grace stocked with choice vintage wines—was used as a dungeon for captives.

In 1713, Richard Verrall, frequently mentioned in the Pelham correspondence, first opened the White Hart as an hotel. On his death he was succeeded by his fifth son, William, author of *A Complete System of Cookery*, 1759. There followed William, Thomas Scrase, a noted caterer who knew the value of keeping his larder well stocked, a cellar of choicest wines, and neat post-chaises and saddle horses of merit for journeying to any part of England.

While Scrase was owner of the White Hart the deputy-lieutenants of the county met there on May 11th, 1762, to discuss matters connected with the militia; in 1769, to support a petition to obtain an Act of Parliament for a turnpike road from Lewes to Brighthelmstone; in 1774, to form a society for the apprehending and prosecuting of persons guilty of stealing horses and sheep; and in 1789, for the purpose of establishing a market "in the room of the prescriptive market within the said borough."

In the eighteenth century the White Hart was a favourite resort of Thomas Paine, then regarded as a notorious revolutionary, who wrote *The Age of Reason* whilst in prison in Paris. About 1768 he formed the "Headstrong Club" at a meeting held in the old panelled room, No. 7; but seven years later he had removed to Philadelphia, where he advocated the abolition of negro slavery.

In those days the High Sheriff of Sussex was in the habit of entertaining his friends at the White Hart, and following one such function in August, 1763, a quaint advertisement appeared, pointing out that whereas one gentleman present "did, by mistake, exchange a hat, he is desired to leave the same with Mr. Scrase, who will help him to his own again. The hat taken is lined with white and has the head of King Charles struck in the crown."

In 1816, Bonaparte's military carriage and personal contents taken at Waterloo by Marshal Blucher were exhibited in the yard of the White Hart for two days. Sixty-four years later the Prince of Wales (later Edward VII) visited the inn on April 5th, together with certain French princes. After refreshments were served in No. 8, the royal party good-naturedly appeared on the balcony, to the great delight of a cheering crowd. In October of 1898 the Duke of Connaught and Strathearn visited the White Hart on the occasion of the holding of the Provincial Grand Lodge there, and in 1906 he again stayed there during autumn manœuvres. Mention should be made of the last, but not the least, historic meeting, on October 1st, 1929, in the Tudor panelled room upstairs, between the Foreign Secretary (Mr. Arthur Henderson) and M. Dovgalevsky, the Soviet Ambassador to Paris, when an agreement for the resumption of diplomatic relationship with Russia was reached.

Many authors have deemed the old inn worthy of mention in their works, amongst whom is Harrison Ainsworth. In *Ovingdean Grange* (the Commonwealth period) he mentions the "martyr dungeons" at the White Hart as then "being used for nefarious practices." To-day, however, the cellar no longer harbours martyrs and all is quiet and peaceful in this old Sussex inn.

London

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.

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THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

VOL. CLXVIII. No. 4378. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1936 POSTAGE {REGISTERED. INLAND 2½D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D.; FOREIGN 5½D.} PRICE 1S.

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK, M.F.H.

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FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

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

WHY BE DOWNHEARTED?

REITERATION has its uses in serving to impress an idea, to enforce a slogan. But it can also suffer from abuse, and if an outstanding example were needed it exists in that much overworked word, "sensation." Everything is made a sensation to-day with the result that the word loses its meaning and news to which it can be applied with reason fails to carry conviction. Much the same thing applies to "warnings." The public is constantly being warned about one thing and another until the senses are dulled and the warnings fall on deaf ears. Last week Cabinet Ministers and the daily Press were warning us concerning the state of the Navy, the Army and the Air Force, the iron industry was being warned, the shipping industry was being warned, and in the House of Lords the nation was being warned concerning the physical defects of its people. All this may be quite good in keeping us up to the mark, and at the same time satisfy that national love for self-depreciation which in our hearts we repudiate but which Continental nations, in error, are apt to interpret literally.

Other nations seem to be setting about the raising of their morale by an uplift process which we would do well to emulate. In Germany they have a "Strength Through Joy" movement, while we seem to have adopted a "Weakness Through Sorrow" attitude. Can we seriously consider the charge that our public schools standards are our principal weakness in the matter of physical fitness as alleged in some quarters? If that is the case then the remedy is indeed simple and can easily be applied if all is right in other directions. But it is doubtful if many of us think anything of the sort. Rather do we look to the products of those schools, and their parents, to lead the way in any movement to improve our national well being. And if the assumption is correct that the small proportion of our youth in public schools is fit, then the remedy still remains a simple one, for it means that State and State-aided schools have to be tackled. In these, the Government has the vast majority of the youth of the nation under its care, not only for inspiration and training in early years but for the implanting of the seeds of future ideas of physical welfare.

Lord Horder, who so often hits the nail on the head, has described the basic needs as those of food, shelter, air and leisure. In the first and second categories we can benefit by observing how those countries whose methods we profess to admire deal with deficiencies; countries which neither spend the sums we do on the health and care of the young, nor enjoy the same all-round national standards of comfort.

For the provision of air and leisure, so necessary to the young after leaving school, the State should bring pressure to bear on any businesses which deny to youth its legitimate right to exercise and recreation. Lord Horder urges that the Government should stimulate and subsidise existing institutions of whatever kind that encourage physical training and physical education. At the risk of being accused of reiteration, the *Field* may back him up by again emphasising how many voluntary institutions would be willing to place themselves at the service of the State and so avoid unnecessary public outlay on buildings, offices, ministries and what-not to meet a national need.

Lord Burghley, another adherent for the support of local authorities and voluntary bodies, advocates the provision in every big town of gymnasia, swimming baths and a track. He is undoubtedly right, and the time has come to cease crying, "We are unfit!" but to take action in formulating definite ideas upon which to work, ideas which should include that competitive element which gives incentive to every British pursuit. Above all let the underlying note be one of optimism, rather in the vein, of the Scots' toast: "Here's tae us—there's nane like us!"

TRIUMPH IN AMERICA

THE Army, Weedon Equitation School, Major A. L. Cameron, Lieutenant J. A. Talbot Ponsonby, Captain Sir Peter Grant Lawson and Captain R. G. Fanshawe are to be congratulated on an American triumph. At the National Horse Show in New York this team, representing the British Army, won the International Jumping Competition at Madison Square Gardens, from some of the best horsemen and show jumpers in the world.

In the actual jumping, the British team tied with Chile and the Irish Free State. In the first jump off Chile was eliminated. In the second jump off the jumps were again raised. Captain Fanshawe and Norah dropped three points for running out, and Sir Peter Grant Lawson and Baby were penalised four points for knocking a jump. As the best three performances of each team counted, Great Britain beat Ireland by one point in the final jump off. The final scores were: Great Britain, three faults; Ireland, four faults; and the United States, seven faults. This was, indeed, a great performance by the British team on horses none of which had cost the Army more than £60.

CHAMPIONSHIP MANŒUVRES

Ever since Max Schmeling startled the boxing world by defeating Joe Louis, and so becoming the official challenger for James J. Braddock's title, certain American interests—and not the least of them those intimately concerned with the champion—have been trying to "side-track" the German. The latest moves are significant. Braddock has been offered £80,000 to fight Joe Louis in Chicago; Jimmy Johnston got into touch with the American authorities after the Harvey-Lewis fight in an attempt to get the negro substituted for Schmeling. The German is not considered a good box-office draw in America. He will be boycotted by the Jews. And in addition—though this is not, of course, mentioned—there is the fear that the title, if he be allowed to fight for it, will leave America.

The world's heavy-weight championship is worth a very great deal of money to a great many Americans—so long as it is held by an American. The whole business, which has been going on for a considerable time now, is thoroughly distasteful. The farming of titles, at which America has attained a high standard of proficiency, is bad enough. The present manœuvres go beyond mere farming. Schmeling has signed a contract to fight Braddock for the latter's title. It is to be hoped—not only in Schmeling's interests, but in the interests of boxing as a whole, and the good name of the American sporting public in particular—that that contract is watertight.

UPS AND DOWNS IN AUSTRALIA

A big question about any English cricket tour in Australia is how our men are going to adapt themselves to Australian conditions, and experiences on the present tour suggest that the English team is taking rather longer than is usual or comforting to settle down. This is no doubt due to some extent to the number of casualties, and the injuries to R. E. S. Wyatt and R. W. V. Robins are a particularly severe handicap. The presence of Wyatt might well have solved earlier the problem of an opening pair of batsmen; the several failures of Fagg and Barnett to achieve a really good start together must have worried the team and the captain. How can we estimate the value of Hammond to the side when, in addition to making runs consistently, he also takes wickets when they are badly wanted, as he did against New South Wales? Gloucestershire cricketers have good reason to be proud of both him and Barnett, who is justifying the high opinion of his batting held by many good judges. It is disquieting to find Australian bowlers not considered in the first class able to take English wickets cheaply, and if Bradman can score 192 for South Australia against Victoria after a touch of ptomaine poisoning it seems clear that the English bowlers ought without delay to consider how to get him out in the Test matches, the first of which begins in a fortnight's time.

WITHOUT COMMENT

Under the title of "Full Cry," in a ladies' fashion journal:

"There is a desultory yelping from the wood. The sound of the huntsman's horn has an almost absurdly fairy-tale note. Hounds suddenly all bay together in a wild clamour. There's the drawn-out shout: 'Gone away!' Round the corner of the wood you have a glimpse of the hounds. They are running across stubble in the shape of a short broad arrowhead with the leaders forming the point. Over a stone wall they scramble or through a hedge or across a bank. Over your horse's ears (he is settling into his stride) you strain your eyes for a sight of the fox. But 'puss,' for all his red coat and white-tipped tail, has a way of dissolving to such an inconspicuous, fleeting shadow across the yellowish wintry meadows and in the brown shadows of hedges, that he is probably nowhere to be seen."

OUR COLOURED COVER

A festive spirit is conveyed by the culinary scene which forms the cover of this issue. Its title in fact is "Preparing for the Feast," and is actually the central portion of a painting by David de Noter, dated 1846, which is reproduced by kind permission of the owners, Messrs. Vicars Brothers, of 12, Old Bond Street, London, W.1. The lady of the house is seen paying for the hare, and in the original, on the left, the table, bearing a mass of fruit with vegetables in the foreground, is a still-life study in itself. David de Noter was a Belgian painter born in the early part of the nineteenth century. He worked at Brussels and exhibited at the Salon in Paris in 1853. The museum at Breslau has a still life picture by him; and at Mulhouse there is another of his works. He was a very highly-finished and brilliant painter, and flourished during the middle of the nineteenth century.

RUGBY CLUB RECORDS

At the beginning of the Rugby season there seemed every prospect of a revival by the famous Blackheath club, who fell away sadly last season. But so far the club has failed to show much improvement, and its defeat by Oxford University last Saturday was its sixth in ten matches. Another club which has suffered an extraordinary decline this season is Guy's Hospital, who lost their seventh match out of nine to Birkenhead Park last Saturday by as many as 40 points to 3 points. To think of the number of famous players who have appeared for Guy's at various times is to realise how heavily the pendulum has now swung the other way. The Harlequins are about the strongest London team just now, with a record of six wins in eight matches, for Richmond have not held on to their fine start to the season. Among less prominent clubs, the Wasps continue on their triumphant way, without a lost match in eight so far played; the record of this club in the last few seasons has been extremely good. Improved form by the London Welsh this season is reflected in seven victories in ten matches.

LAUGHTER AT THE APOLLO

Though many of the superior critics failed to get a laugh out of *Housemaster*, at the Apollo Theatre, the audience got plenty all the time, and many *Field* readers may be "low-brow" enough to enjoy every minute of Ian Hay's school play. The theme concerns the struggle between an old housemaster who knows his boys and a new clerical headmaster of great scholastic abilities but small understanding of human nature. His ban upon rowing as a profitless pastime creates a tense situation; it evokes the remark from one of the governors that rowing is, after all, very like the Cabinet (of which he is a member)—"a lot of men all going in one direction and looking in another." It is to be hoped that this will be one of the snowball plays which, during the Christmas holidays, will delight many scholars (and ex-scholars young and old) who will undoubtedly agree that the "Egg"—*i.e.*, the Head—is "a septic smear on the face of civilisation," *vide* one of his pupils.

NOVEMBER FLOODS

For the first time this autumn the slow-flowing rivers have been well out over their banks. From the security of rising ground can be seen the lace-work of innumerable blue lagoons, separated from the brown swirl of the river by a thin green line where the bank has been raised in by-gone years to hold the swollen river to its course, save where some drainage ditch, begirt with willows, has made submission to the torrent and spread its surplus on the fields behind. That ditch, could one approach it, would fill a creel belike with portly fish which have sought harbourage against the stream and batten on the countless grubs which autumn floods sweep in from summer pasturage. In two days' time, if no more rain comes to abet the torrent, such lay-byes should be easily accessible and still, with luck, retain their temporary stock—a gamble which is the very essence of fishing in a proper autumn flood.

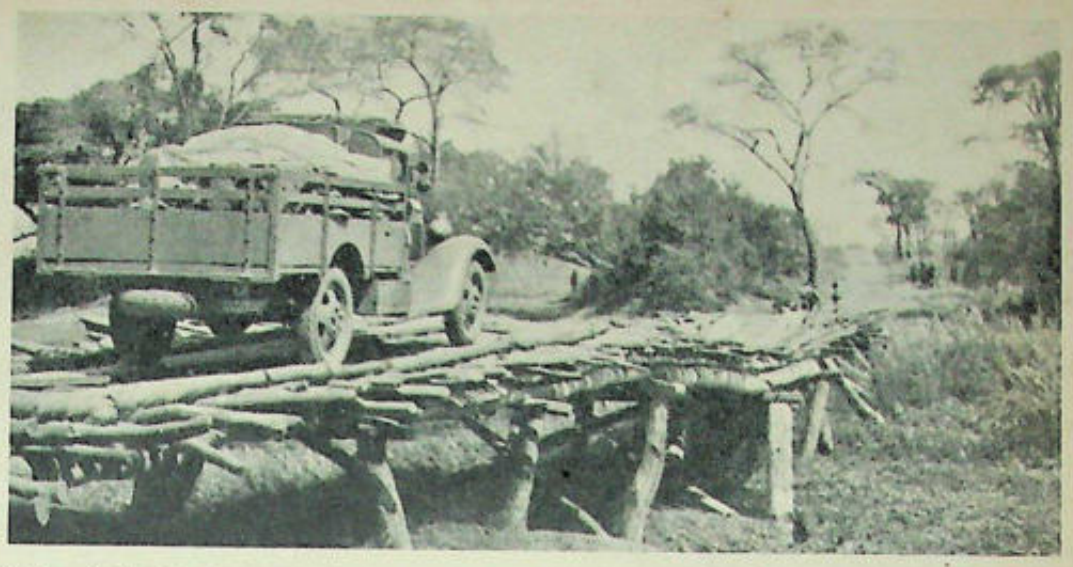
A HARD WINTER

Martinmas, the last of our interpolated summer, has gone, and with it the best of our autumnal colouration. St. Luke's summer was this year a summer indeed, but Martinmas brought no gleam of sunshine, only a heavy and continuous rain, and around our shores gales the equal of any autumnal winds of recent years. We were promised by one famous meteorologist the coldest winter for more than a century. Here in the South of England we have yet to experience a heavy frost, and while at times the wind has blown chill and from the nor'east, and has brought with it hail to sting our cheeks, the chill has been the chill of autumn not of winter. Yet the skies bear the look of winter, and we may yet see the famous meteorologist justified at least to some extent. His prophecy conjures up unpleasant visions of roads impassable and rivers frozen. We may more probably expect some frost, a little snow and much fog. And we may be thankful.

THE GLOOMY VIEW

How bless'd, how envied, were our life,
Could we but scape the poulterer's knife!
But man, curs'd man, on Turkeys preys,
And Christmas shortens all our days;
Sometimes with oysters we combine,
Sometimes assist the savoury chine;
From the low peasant to the lord,
The Turkey smokes on every board.

JOHN GAY.



Christmas Mails—the last lap

CHRISTMAS AND THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER

The "Field's" Good Wishes to Far-Away Readers

LIKE the Lord Mayor's Show or Henley Regatta, the Christmas Number is a National Institution. But unlike these Institutions, which of course must always receive our reverence, the Christmas Number is to some degree a subject for jest. Is it not prepared far ahead for consumption some six weeks before the rest of the Christmas fare? It certainly may seem a just cause of complaint, for most of us in England prefer to find it on the day we receive the results of other people's shopping, and not in the period when we are busily engaged in postponing our own. Editors sitting in November fog may feel that their well-wishings, however genuine, have but a paltry simulacrum of the genuine Pickwickian ring.

Yet there is more to it than that. For if these Christmas Numbers arrive in mid-November in the United Kingdom, all over the rest of the globe the mails will bring them in nearer and nearer to the festival itself. And if Barchester is mildly surprised at a Christmas Number on November 21st, imagine the rage of Bahadarpur or Unga Bunga if it came six weeks after the last cracker had been pulled. To no paper does this apply more closely than the *Field*, whose pride it is to be found in more homes overseas than any other paper published at the same price. It is, therefore, to those readers who will receive the paper at Christmas time that our good wishes are in particular addressed.

A glance at the list of registered subscribers to the *Field* is a generous geographical education in itself. Aden and Adelong, Gulu and Gilgit, Port Blair and Port St. Johns, Sokoto and Skagway, Khairpur and Kuching, Larnaka and Lloydminster, Shiraz and Port Salvador, Bunbury and Bellary, Port St. John's and Port Dalrymple, Oamaru and Timaru, Hebron, Battleford, Nimule, Tainan, . . .

It will go to four varieties of Georgetown and no less than seven varieties of Victoria. It would take, I think, more than Macaulay's schoolboy to put them all on the map. And placing those few names certainly offers a good Christmas afternoon's amusement for those who are so disposed.

This list shows that there may then be more in the mid-November Christmas Number than one might think at first. But on much more personal grounds I like to think of certain copies of the *Field* finding their way to certain homes at Christmas time. I can follow them in my mind's eye to the tables in many parts of the world where I have seen them read. Here is one copy of whose progress I know something. It goes from "the house" to the keeper's cottage, and thence back to a friend in the village for whom "times are not what they were." At the end of about ten days it starts on its travels in earnest. If hopes come true I reckon that it will reach a post office in the Central Provinces on about December 23rd. From there an immemorial mail car will take it to a very junior postmaster indeed, the genuine "failed B.A." vintage. He will direct one of his "menial staff" to take it so far towards a certain Christmas camp, and it will probably finish its journey on an elephant. That is, of course, as it should be. I like to think of this particular Christmas mail arriving with the turkey, as it were. Its recipients will be sitting in the circle of light thrown by a petrol lamp in Roorkee chairs. The khansamah will be putting the finishing touches to the peacock, there will be gin sharpened by the addition of bitters, and a plum pudding from Fortnum and Masons. I *hope* our elephant arrives at dinner-time.

Then there is another copy that I know of. It goes from the Lowlands of Scotland to a Highland Glen accompanied by a label which takes it on to New South Wales. I have never been to Australia, but I like to try and picture the Christmas dinner which that copy will grace. I am probably quite wrong, but I think of a landscape such as welcomed Geoffrey Hamlyn and his fellow Devonians—the clear blue sky and the line of distant purple hills over the paddocks, and the plantation of wattles behind the house. And there is another copy which will, I known, go to Western Canada—the thermometer there will be right down below zero probably, but it will be a clear bright day, and there will be snow on the ground; the "Dickens's Christmas."

I do not need to imagine that family party, because I know it well, and I can follow that meal item by item. It will be very like the one that we will be eating at home, and "home" is the word that they will use to describe these islands: "home" or "the old country." And that Christmas number will find its way after many months to a certain trapper's cabin where, living entirely alone, a trapper is passing the short days and long nights of the Canadian winter, moving up his trap lines by day and reading by night, with no other company than the beasts of the great forest. And when Christmas comes he will trek off to his nearest neighbour, another trapper and his wife in another hut nearly 100 miles away, and they will make merry together. He will not even be quite certain of the day of the week or the day of the month, but he will hit it off as well as calculation allows. And our good wishes certainly go to that Christmas dinner, even if they arrive with the Easter eggs.

Let me follow one last copy of this number which will find its way into a reasonably enlightened part of what was recently darkest Africa. It will arrive at a post office somewhere on the Cape to Cairo road and I hope the postmaster, a very old friend, will exercise a right fully recognised in the locality to the first turn. Then it will go to a particular farm-house where it really will be *read*, not just looked at, and from there it will be taken on Christmas afternoon to another home where there will be a real live Christmas tree and a real live Father Christmas complete with beard.

So when I think of all these readers far, far away, even in these days of air mails and long-distance telephones, I feel that perhaps there may be something in a Christmas number after all, and one can at least send with it our best wishes for a Happy Christmas to readers of the *Field* at home and overseas whoever and wherever they may be.

M. T. S.

SNOW WE DO NOT SEE TO-DAY IS A FEATURE OF THE OLD MAIL COACH PICTURES
"Knee Deep." *From the picture by C. C. Henderson, reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Spencer, of 350, Oxford Street, London*

IF WE WERE SNOWED UP TO-DAY

Some Aspects of the Countryside if We Had to Face an Old-Fashioned Winter

NOT two or three inches of snow on the lawn: not snow that dusts the garden paths slowly, so that they can be swept and kept clear; not snow that falls slowly and quietly on the roads, so that the cars and lorries make their journeys safely, if a little more slowly; but snow that drives on a wind from the north, hour after hour through day and night; snow that drifts eight and ten feet high in railway cuttings and roads with banks—that is the sort of snow that some of the older generation among us remember, and that has hardly troubled us since the coming of the motor car.

Perhaps that is the most interesting aspect of the possibilities of a heavy fall of snow. Traffic on the roads to-day, compared with what it was in the last century, is prodigious. In the 'eighties and 'nineties, on a winter day, you might go for a walk on a country road and not see a vehicle of any sort. Few would be seen from the windows of a country house. The baker would call, perhaps, in the morning, and the butcher twice a week; possibly the carrier brought something from the station. Postmen walked. Business men lived in London, and travelled by the underground railway to the neighbourhood of their office; or if they had a house in the country they lived there only in the summer. To-day many men with business in London live in the country all the year round, perhaps three or four miles from the station which they use for their journey up to town. They use the road daily, and their cars wait for them in the evening at country stations.

But the real increase of car traffic in winter, of course, is due to the immense numbers of the cars on the road, particularly during the week-ends. On August 31st last there were 2,706,555 holders of licences, driving private cars, omnibuses, chars-à-bancs, lorries, trams, and motor cycles, and on Saturdays and on Sunday nights there are processions of cars miles in length, carrying their owners out of London and other large centres out into the country or to the seaside and back again. And the roads themselves are in many places entirely different. Just as the 'twenties and the 'thirties in the nineteenth century were the great road-building era—the Portsmouth road from Hindhead, for instance, was cut in 1826—so the same decades in the 20th century saw the making of new roads to carry the motor traffic. And the problem of the effect of a prolonged snowstorm on some of these roads has yet to be faced.

Perhaps the first result of a big fall of snow would be delay on the railways. Somewhere in a cutting an engine would run into a drift, and traffic on that line would be stopped or diverted until the drift had been cleared away. That might happen, perhaps, to the sleeper running from the North to London, and there are sections of northern lines where it would not be easy to obtain quickly a labour gang to deal with a blocked line. But delay on a main line must also mean dislocation of local and suburban traffic; and it would be difficult to estimate the numbers of heads of businesses, their clerks and typists, who would be delayed in getting to the office or who might possibly not arrive at all.

But the main problems of being snowed up belong not to railway lines or to suburban traffic, but to houses deep in the country. Imagine, then, an area of countryside containing half-a-dozen or a dozen fairly big houses with gardens, and inhabited partly by business men, partly by men retired from

"NOT SNOW THAT FALLS SLOWLY AND QUIETLY ON THE ROADS—

ONE OF THE OLD PROBLEMS THAT HAS YET TO BE FACED ON OUR BY-PASS ROADS

"*Stuck Fast.*" *From the picture by C. C. Henderson, reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Spencer, 350, Oxford Street, London*

business, with their wives and families, and the different interests of country houses, hunting, shooting, playing golf, gardening, perhaps even flying.

The snow begins falling, say, on Wednesday; on Thursday evening it sets in with a north wind drifting deep along stretches of country road; and on Friday morning one of the men whose habit it is to travel up to London every day wakes to look out on a garden which he hardly recognises, and a carriage drive in which a couple of gardeners, white with snowflakes from head to foot, are attempting to clear enough room for a car. It is a long way down the drive, and already the space they have cleared has been covered again. He guesses that if the snow has drifted in his drive, it will have drifted higher and deeper on the road leading downhill to the road which takes him to the station four miles away. He decides that he will not go up to London that day, and will telephone to the office to say so. He goes to the telephone, which is silent. The line has broken down. There is nothing for him to do, then, but to remain at home, possibly to take his share in snow shovelling. He flounders down the drive to the road, finds that no car can approach the house or get away from it. No post arrives and no papers. All round him the country is absolutely silent, and he can see nothing a hundred yards away: nothing but white flakes whirling against a grey sky.

As it happens, he is a gardener, and one of his first thoughts is of his flowering shrubs and his tall heathers. He breakfasts hastily, wondering when the fishmonger will be able to call next, and stumbles once more down a hidden lawn in search of a long-forked pole with which to shake the snow off whatever branches he can reach. His gardener, as he can see by rounded tracks already half filled in again, has been round before him in places such as the heather garden. But some of the taller plants of heather, *lusitanica*, *arborea* and *australis*, are already beyond the help of forked poles. Their riven and drooping stems can be cleared with the pruning knife later; that is almost all. His big *Grevillea rosmarinifolia* is almost flat; so is *sulfurea* next to it: *Fabiana imbricata* is bent into a dejected hoop.

Half a mile away one of his neighbours had planned a day with the hounds on Saturday. He, too, has decided not to go up to his office, which is awkward for the head of a business on the Stock Exchange, and he, too, is cut off from the telephone. He curses snowstorms and the inventor of all telephones and telegrams. As for the General, a mile further along the road, his plans for Saturday were for the third time through the coverts, and he has invited five guests, three of them with wives and all with loaders, to stay Friday night till Monday morning. He does not like the look of the road under snow, in which other cars have carved deep ruts, now half filled, but decides to risk the two miles to the post office and to telegraph.

He finds at the post office that telegrams cannot be telephoned to his guests and that it may not be possible to deliver them by hand except with a good deal of delay. He leaves the telegrams on the counter, and makes his way home, to be met by his wife with the information that if his guests do not receive the telegrams and somehow make their way to the house there will be practically nothing for them to eat. She also reminds him that he had arranged to play golf with the Admiral, and he realises that neither he nor the Admiral has anything to do.

But the problems of country houses are those of individuals. There may be problems of the community, such as travel by rail, and not less, travel by road. In the towns there is labour available to clear the streets, though even that labour might be insufficient if the fall were as heavy as the historic snowstorm of 1881, which filled all the kitchen areas in London. But there is a problem of travel by road which belongs not only to the towns, but to the country as well.

There has been no really heavy snowfall since the making of the great by-passes. It is a comparatively simple business to clear a town street, but what of the vast superficial area of a by-pass? Take, for example, the Guildford—Godalming by-pass, which leaves Guildford by the railway arch to emerge ten miles away at Milford for the Portsmouth Road. There are sections of the surface where the snow would not lie deep in a northerly wind, but there is one section where the road runs between high walls of chalk so as to pass under the road along the Hog's Back. Imagine snow drifting into that section, and guess at the problem of cutting through the drift. Snow has not only to be cut through, but to be carried away and dumped somewhere. That is not only a problem of drifted snow, but of plain level surface, when you have to deal with a broad road. The snow-plough? But a snow-plough pushes snow away on both sides of it, and to do that on a by-pass would be to create long ridges, and only by pushing the ridges to the side of the road could you clear it. Perhaps these problems of snow on by-passes have been thought out and provided for by our road engineers, but they have not yet been tackled in practice.

If we were snowed up to-day, those who enjoy tobogganing and making snow men might welcome the situation. But others find little virtue in snow. I myself know of only one advantage which it provides. It enables one to discover whether there are rabbits in the garden, and if so, where I can find them.

E. P.

—BUT SNOW THAT DRIVES ON A WIND FROM THE NORTH HOUR AFTER HOUR"

THE SEASON'S BEST TWO-YEAR-OLDS

Classic Prospects of Early School and Foray

A FLAT-RACING season of average interest ends, as usual, at Manchester next week. We have now to consider whether the leading two-year-olds are good, bad, or merely an indifferent group. It is pleasant to think that they include several of exceptional brilliance. The outstanding young performers of the waning season are Early School and Foray, and it is by no means improbable that one will win the Two Thousand and the other the Derby.

Foray is owned by Mr. Marshall Field, who bred him in Ireland, and is trained by Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, second on the list of winning trainers. On account of his pedigree the colt has to be regarded as a doubtful proposition for the Derby. He is a son of Tetratema, who was an equally brilliant two-year-old and won the Two Thousand.

It was hoped by those associated with that son of The Tetrarch that he would also win the Derby, but that race clearly revealed the limitations of his stamina. Early in his stud life Tetratema was responsible for another brilliant grey colt, Mr. Jinks, whose racing record was in many respects similar to his own. In other words, Mr. Jinks won the Guineas, but signally failed to stay the course in the Derby.

Is there any special reason to expect Foray to produce better stamina than his distinguished relatives? It is true that on the maternal side no fault can be found with his breeding. His dam, Black Ray, has been one of the most successful mares of her time. One of her earlier sons, Jacopo, an unlucky horse in training, showed that he could stay when winning the Princess of Wales's Stakes of a mile and a half. Another of her offspring, Black Domino, was the winner this year of the Irish Derby.

Thus if it rested only on the influence of the dam we should say that Foray will get the Epsom course; but it is to be feared that his Tetratema blood suggests that a mile will be his best distance next year. Foray has thriven on hard work. He has appeared in now fewer than nine races, and was as fresh at the end of the campaign as at the beginning. Six successes stand to his credit. In his other three outings he was placed second.

His trainer is inclined to believe that he was very unlucky to have been beaten. The colt's defeat by Le Grand Duc at Ascot is ascribed to the fact that Foray was badly drawn. In the big produce stakes at Sandown Park he failed by a length and a half to concede 9lb. to Lord Rosebery's good colt Full Sail. Foray's only other defeat was sustained at Goodwood, where Major J. S. Courtauld's colt Solfo beat him by a head over six furlongs, the winner being in receipt of 12lb. Captain Boyd-Rochfort declares his colt would have won that day had the ground not been unusually soft.

On the whole, we can accept Foray's record as one of great consisteney. He is obviously a colt of good constitution. His legs have never given the slightest trouble. Keenness for racing seems to have been bred in him, and it is reasonable to predict that more important successes are in store for him next year. His trainer has made up his mind to prepare him specifically for the Two Thousand, leaving open the question of whether the colt will stay the mile and a half at Epsom.

Early School has remained undefeated. By general assent he is the best of the two-year-olds, and undoubtedly we shall find him at the head of the Free Handicap when the weights are published next month. Severe critics will be wondering whether his great reputation has not been gained a little too cheaply. Let us run briefly through his performances. His first appearance was made on June 1st in a comparatively small race at Hurst Park. Both Waterbird and Burytown had shown good form, and were first and second favourites. Early School was not neglected in the betting, though there was nothing to suggest that he was expected to prove himself something out of the common.

A trifle green in the early stages of the race, he finished in tremendous style and won by a length and a half from Waterbird. Instinctively it was realised that this might be a very good youngster, and there was a rush to see him when he was unsaddled. His make and shape were generally approved. Not so big as his sire Felstead, he is splendidly put together, and it is difficult to find any fault with his conformation. At the same time, the colt figures at his best when in action, for he is a beautiful mover and gallops with immense force.

He was bred at the Cliveden Stud by Lord Astor, who once again finds himself with a bright prospect of winning the Derby, a race which so far has persistently eluded him. Early School is bred to stay. On the top side of his pedigree he has Felstead, Spion Kop and Spearmint, all winners of the Derby. His dam is a mare, by Hurry On, who was never beaten, and was the easy winner of the St. Leger substitute of his year.

His eyes well opened by his experience at Hurst Park, Lord Astor's colt ran with the assurance of an old hand in the Coventry Stakes at Ascot, a race which has often fallen to a future classic winner. A mistake was made when Hartington, the Woodcote Stakes winner, was a slightly better favourite than Early School. The former of these colts has definitely failed to train on, and his display at Ascot was the first step in the process of his deterioration. Early School won with great ease from Hesperus.

It is a point in favour of the winner that since Ascot the second has achieved some brilliant things. Hesperus rounded off his good two-year-old record by winning the Knowsley Nursery under 9st. 7lb. in heavy going at Liverpool last week. Solfo was third in the Ascot race, so it can be reasonably claimed that the form has worked out well.

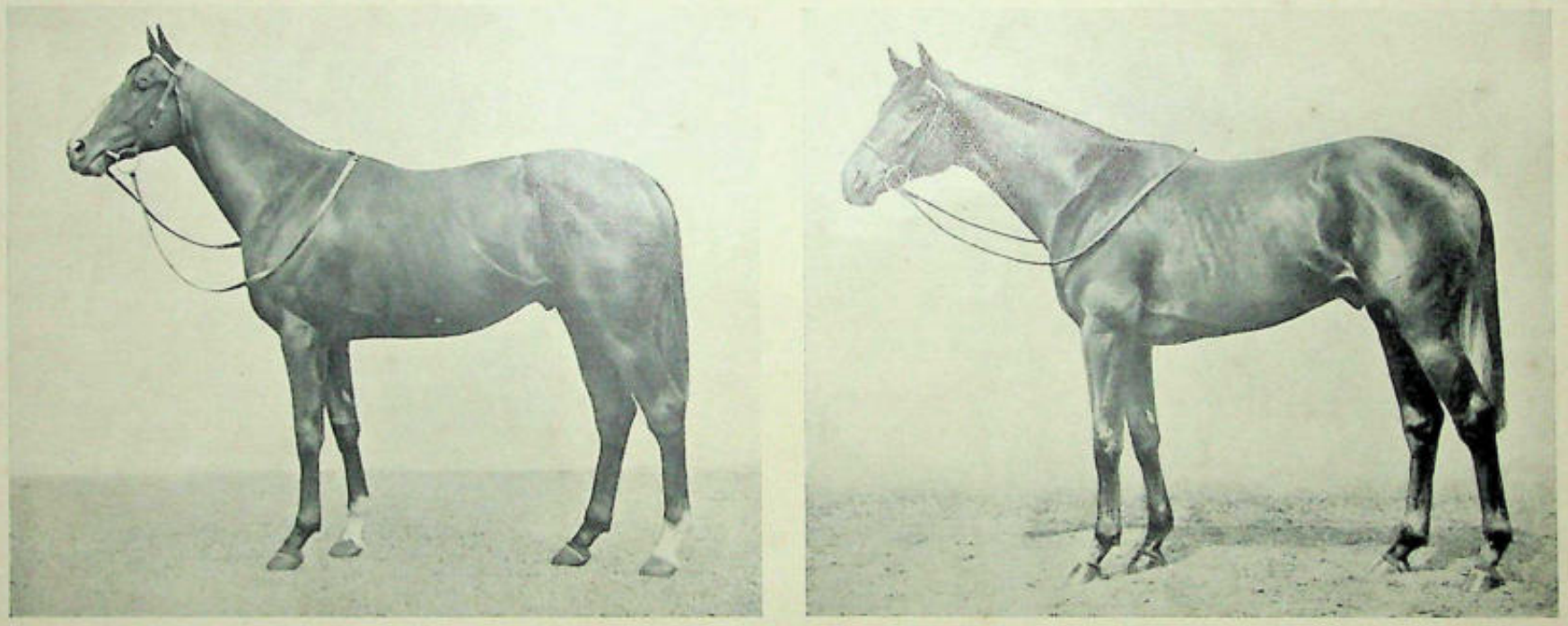
By this race we have to judge Early School, because in his third and last outing he had practically nothing to do. We are bound to accept him as a colt of magnificent speed, and since his breeding, as we have pointed out, denotes that he should not be deficient in stamina, the colt may well become a champion.

The fact that he has had an easy season has been taken in some quarters as a sign of weakness, but it was by his owner's special design that the colt was not asked to do a great deal in his first season in training. After his triumph at Ascot it was arranged that he should have only one more race, and the policy of side-stepping Foray in the Buckenham Stakes in the autumn was dictated not by the fear of defeat but by a desire not to give him a hard race. In this way his energies are in no way impaired, and if he fails to make good next season it will not be because he has been asked to do too much so far.

After Early School and Foray, which are the best of the two-year-olds? Judgment has to be suspended in regard to the Aga Khan's Le Grand Duc. If we ignore the excuses made for Foray at Ascot we have to place Le Grand Duc in front of him. We believe the son of Blenheim's subsequent defeat in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster should be overlooked. When he ran there he had not long recovered from a slightly cracked heel. His trainer was hopeful that the trouble would not affect him, but Le Grand Duc gave such a mediocre display that it is only fair to assume either that he was feeling the heel mischief or had not recovered form after being stopped in his work. Le Grand Duc has plenty of good staying blood, and is by no means to be left out of the reckoning for the Derby.

Lord Derby's Fair Copy comes out a few pounds behind Foray on their running on the July course. Subsequently this son of Fairway carried off the Middle Park Stakes. Whenever the name of Fair Copy is written the regret that he was accidentally omitted from the entry for the Derby has to be expressed. The programme immediately in view for him consists of the Two Thousand and the Newmarket Stakes.

In some respects the first of next year's classic races is likely to be actually the most interesting of all thanks to the rivalry of such as Early School, Foray and Fair Copy. Another who will enter into classic calculations is Sir Laurence Philipps's The Hour, who was not called on for a further effort after his success at Goodwood. The only time this son of Horus was beaten was when he was a slow beginner at Sandown.



THE LEADING TWO-YEAR-OLDS OF THE SEASON W. A. Rouch

Left, Early School (Felstead—Quick Rise), undefeated this season, and, right, Foray (Tetratema—B'ack Ray), who has won six out of nine races this season, being placed second on the other three occasions

OSBALDESTON FINISHING ON CLASHER IN HIS GREAT STEEPLECHASE MATCH AGAINST DICK CHRISTIAN ON CAPTAIN ROSS'S CLINKER
Five miles from Dalby Windmill to within a mile of Tilton-on-the-Hill in 16 minutes. From the engraving by Henry Alken and E. Duncan, reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Fores, of Piccadilly

THE GREATEST SPORTSMAN OF THE PAST

Is there a Rival to Osbaldeston?

By ALAN FOX HUTCHINSON

IF asked to name the greatest all-round sportsman of the past, almost everybody would answer, after due reflection: "Squire Osbaldeston": and, as far as human knowledge goes, that answer would be right. It is not that "The Squire of England" excelled by very much the majority of his associates in any single sport. It is simply that whatever any one of them did he did, too; did differently; did, as a rule, rather better; and went on doing it for longer.

For instance, many among his contemporaries were finer jockeys, but none of them was riding and winning, as he did twice during the Bibury Meeting of 1854, at the age of 67. At 68, but for the colt's lameness, he would have ridden his Rifleman in the Derby, and when that summer he did ride the final race of his career, his mount was beaten only by a neck for the March Stakes at Goodwood.

Years earlier when he rode his famous 200 miles in eight hours and 42 minutes, he was 45 and permanently lame from his worst hunting fall. At over 40, too—like Steve Fairbairn and A. M. Hutchinson at Henley in this present century—he engaged in first-class rowing; the difference being that, whereas "Steve" and "Hutch" had remained more or less uninterruptedly in the front rank as oars for over 20 years, the Squire had stopped rowing on leaving Oxford, and only in middle life resumed it as an active "Leading Patron of the Aquatiques."

Again, as a shot George Osbaldeston did not equal Horatio Ross, but with his "flint-and-steel, 18-bore Joe Manton," he did kill 40 partridges with 40 shots at Thornton-le-Dale, 97 grouse with 97 shots in Scotland and 100 pheasants with 100 shots at Lyndford. As a Master and scientific breeder of foxhounds for nearly 30 years, his reputation is undying; and if, as Dick Christian's account of him and of his inconsequent horn-blowing suggests, there was foundation for the lines:

"Here is the trumpeter blowing his horn,
Here is the trumpeter coming from Quorn,
The very worst huntsman that ever was born,"

—it yet is likely that they originated in the jealousy of Meltonians, none of whom, as he showed in the great Clinker v. Clasher Steeplechase, could equal him across country.

While Master of Foxhounds, and during about five of those years Whig Member for East Retford, he found time, also, to excel in driving—as a member of the racketty Four-Horse Club—boxing, coursing, cock-fighting and badger drawing. To this list, if the unpleasant modern custom of coupling sports and games together under the heading "Sport" is followed, must be added billiards, tennis and cricket.

Remembering that as a cricketer he ranked among England's half-dozen best, it is interesting to recall that when, to save the Reverend Lord

CAPTAIN ROBERT BARCLAY

From the engraving by Williams, published to commemorate his walk of 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours. Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Spencer, 350, Oxford Street, London

Frederick Beauclerc's wagers, he had to bowl to Lambert with a splintered shoulder, he decided that his "best chance was to bowl at the leg-stump"; and that when one day he was *barracked* he scratched his name forcibly from the books of the M.C.C. Add further to all this, his constitutional inability to resist a sporting bet on any conceivable contingency and it becomes easy to understand why Pierce Egan addressed him as "The Atlas of the Sporting World." In that world, as far as we can tell, no one ever has been as versatile as he; yet when comparing persons of the past it is well never to forget:

That King over all the children of pride
Is the Press—the Press—the Press!

Squire Osbaldeston was generous, genial and, with the mob, popular. His "press," such as it was in those days, was a "good" one. It is most unlikely that anybody has excelled him, but some of those whose best deeds are unrecorded may have rivalled him more closely than we suppose. As an example, I believe that if everything were known of James II, it would be found that that pertinacious monarch, who—like the Squire—"wou'd if he could," was an unusually fine and versatile sportsman.

In the following century, old Q., the 4th Duke of Queensberry, was another who, as a young man, rode "as well as the best jockeys." He could shoot, too, and run, and jump, and throw cricket balls, and ride over fences, and drive. Whereas, however, Squire Osbaldeston generally lost bets to the ultimate total of £200,000—the Duke habitually won them, with the result that his chroniclers have neglected the activity of his youth for the avarice and iniquity of his age.

Younger than Queensberry, older than Osbaldeston, Thomas Thornton of Thornville, though his preposterous exaggerations obscured his worth, rendered great service to nearly every sport; while among the Squire's contemporaries, Captain Robert Barclay, of the celebrated leather breeches, was as staunch and almost as "all-round" as he. At Newmarket, where the Squire rode his 200 miles, the captain, in 1804, walked for 1,000 guineas 1,000 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours—one mile every hour—having thus, in the way of sleep, nothing but uneasy dozes between June 1st and July 12th. Then after one night's rest he sailed with Chatham's expeditionary force to the swamps of Walcheren.

Much bigger than the 5ft. Squire, the Captain, even in old age, could lift a man with his right hand from the floor to a table. With fists or "mufflers" he was the best amateur boxer in an age when every Corinthian aspired to a bout with Tom Cribb or Gentleman Jackson. In a long distance race he could run anybody, even Abraham Wood the Lancashire professional, off his legs. When, for a bet, he drove the mail coach from London to Aberdeen he finished fit enough to have driven it straight back again.

While hunting in the 'Shires he, very surprisingly, stood high in the esteem of Beau Brummell, then an unenthusiastic follower of the Duke of Rutland's hounds, and making, in partnership with Fryatt, his groom, a comfortable profit out of those who liked to buy a horse on which "the Prince's friend" had appeared to advantage. Finally, on his retirement to Ury, Captain Barclay blossomed forth as a practical farmer, while maintaining his proficiency in shooting and as a trainer of boxing men and coach-horses.

Scottish like Captain Barclay, and like him an excellent landlord, was the 5th Duke of Buccleuch's brother, Lord John Scott. Though little is heard

of him, he must, with shooting, coursing, racing and boxing, have been, too, among the most versatile Corinthians of his time. It was he who, as Peter the waiter at the Cross Keys in Kelso told Nimrod, jumped the supper table there without touching one of the glasses and punch-bowls that were on it; and who, in Dublin, rode his charger up the steps into the bank to cash a cheque before riding her down again. Like Finch Mason's *Squire Grimboy*, he was determined to have no railways on his land, and, like that squire, when he found some men surveying there for the Leamington line, put them to flight with his fists.

After being lamed by a fall at a stone wall when hunting, he abandoned cricket, which he had loved, but continued otter hunting, and in that connection one of his exploits at least must have surpassed any of Osbaldeston's. For his badger-drawing the Squire used terriers, but when the Duke of Atholl's hounds marked an otter to a hole at Sprouston on the Tweed, Lord John followed it in person with a clasp knife in his teeth. For a time the sole of his boot—all that the anxious watchers could see—remained so still that they thought he had suffocated. At length it moved again and after an interval he emerged, bleeding from a score of scratches but holding the dead otter in his hand.

OUT AFOOT ON CHRISTMAS DAY

Life and Colour in the Countryside

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

PHILOSOPHICALLY we shut the windows and draw nearer the fire. It is winter. And we have come to regard winter as the season when frost and fog, mud and wind combine to make the countryside unattractive. Perhaps that is why we colour our Christmas cards with such very thick and very white snow such very round and red berries; an attempt to conjure up the Christmas of old, when snow was really snow.

Nowadays we do not usually get our snow—here in the south of England—until the new year has settled down. Yet I have seen a white Christmas, when the snow lay so thick on the roads that the hedgerow tops became pathways. Three days before the red deer had come down into the valley, but early on the morning of Christmas Eve, sensing the storm that was coming, they had started back to the moors. And all that day the snow fell, silently and steadily, and the strong sou'wester drove it into the lanes. And all night it snowed. But on Christmas Day it ceased, and the wind dropped, and we dug ourselves out.

In the lanes there was snow to bury a car; in the fields it lay no more than three inches thick. And here were the tracks of many creatures, pheasants and rabbits, fox and stoat, a deer, and—how surprising is Nature—many moles. The windward side of the hedges was buried, but on the leeward side the old man's beard, so white and fluffy a few hours before, showed black. Everything looked black against the whiteness. Black and dead.

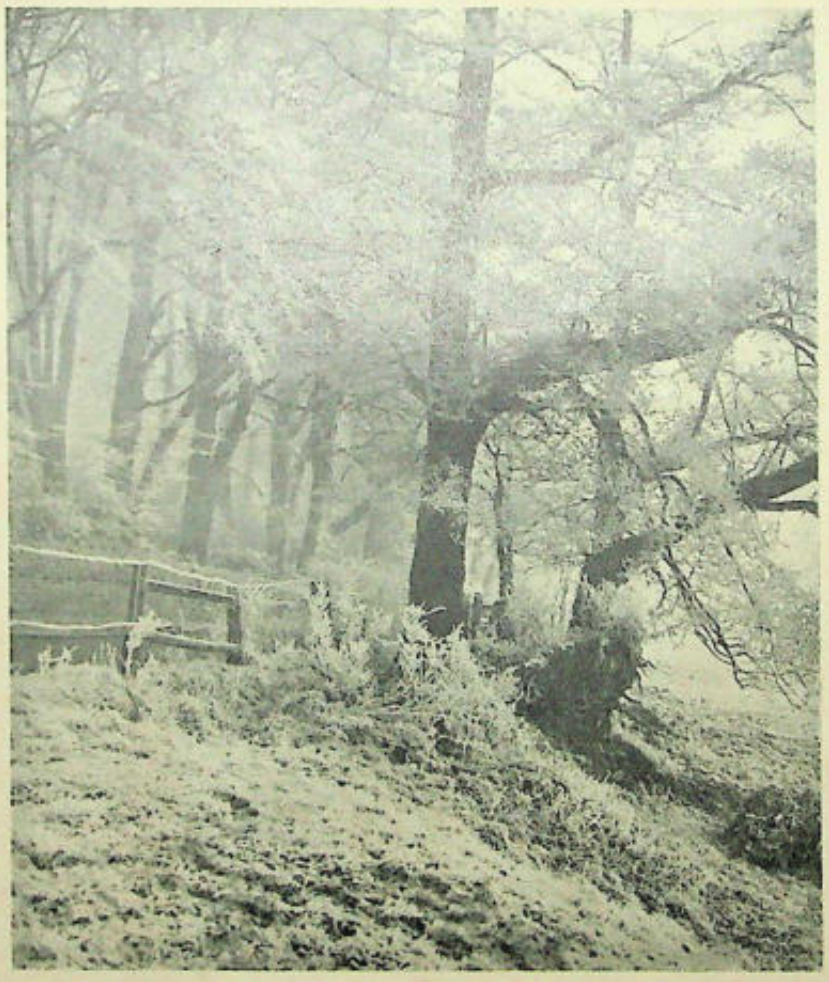
I do not regret the old-time Christmas. I do not like snow. It may whet our appetites, but it does no more. It is a deadweight. It clogs and malforms.

How different is frost! A single night of frost and all the bareness of a winter wood has gone. The hoar-frost gathers thick upon every branch and twig, upon every spray of ivy and bramble and blade of grass. The earth is covered and the fallen leaves gleam and dance, bespangled velvet. So thick is the frost, doubling even trebling so it seems the girth of every bough, that the light is shut out, and in the still whiteness the wood bears a ghostly likeness of its summer gloom.

There is no more beautiful sight in nature than the hoar-frost. It never malforms, never clogs. It recreates. The trees, the leaves, the grass, each stem of bracken a feathered miracle, are new and strange, the hosts of a myriad frost-flowers. Yet there is no whiteness in the hoar-frost itself. The white is the white of diamonds. Each particle of frost is emerald and gold, amethyst, turquoise and violet, purple and crimson.

Yet when we think of colour in the countryside we think of spring and summer, sometimes of autumn (which is the most colourful of all seasons), but do we ever think of winter? We think of December as the death of the year; everything colourless. How very wrong we are! The bracken loses its orange splendour in October, and is a pale russet beneath the grey of December skies. But do we notice how when the deep russet of the oaks has gone the bracken is the brightest gleam in the woods?

Even when the frost does not give its brilliance to the light, December is beautiful in colour. The pale sun will break through the clouds or strike a shaft through the mist, and its lowly light brings from the winter earth colour of surprising richness. The beech is dappled against the sky. The hedges are streamers of wine-red and purple. The holly berries glitter above their metallic leaves. The larch glows ochreous. And by the river the osiers are radiant in scarlet and orange. This is the countryside of spring seen in moonlight.



A SINGLE NIGHT OF FROST AND ALL THE BARENESS OF A WINTER WOOD HAS GONE

There is no beauty as the beauty of trees in winter. Now they owe everything to proportion, nothing to decoration. For me the firm growth of an elm or beech is lost so soon as the first leaves appear. The oak, grand at all times, is magnificent in winter, for the oak combines strength and fantasy. The boughs curve and cross, forming an intricate filigree against the sky, but for all their grace, for all their imaginative wanderings, they are one with the trunk, tense and strong. And is there a sight of winter to equal the ash, "Venus of the Woods," stripped of her dress, elf-like above the trained hedges against the dull sky of a hunting shire? Or the silver birches, delicate stalagmites against the black cavern of the yews on the edge of the down?

The downs in winter have a charm known to few. On a sunless winter day they look—viewed from the cultivated lowland—mournful and desolate, scarcely discernible, a misty grey line of hills against the grey sky. In the valley are woods, and hedgerows full of berries, and the songs of robin and throstle and missel. What can there be on those barren heights but a melancholy solitude?

There is an old chalk lane leading to the summit, past the gipsy encampment sheltered by the hanger. It is deeply rutted and rarely used, but it was a highway when man was young. A flock of finches flit along the hedgerow, but they will not come to the top. And on the top the greyness has gone. There is nothing that could be called a wind, but the air is alive and full of zest. There is no song of robin nor thrush. They have no place here. And though each gorse-bush has its singer, and the bottoms are full of magpies and jays, though the peewit wails from every fold and crows talk by the dewpond, theirs is not the music of the downs on Christmas Day. They are common to downland and farmland. But the downs are as foreign as the sea, and the music of the downs is not the music of fields and stacks. It is the music of the sheep-bell, now deep now shrill, and the *thack-thack* of the fieldfare overhead. And in the clear December air there is no more joyful sound.

Look down on the valley and along the curve of the hills. This is the beginning of time. For the downs are the graves of rivers. Their courses can be traced. They are complete but for the water. And in the deepening light of evening, with the faint gleam of the invisible sun touching the mist, the water is there and the downs are the bank of a mighty stream.

Or walk by the river itself on Christmas Day. The reeds, dun-coloured and motionless, almost hide the water. It is not often that reeds are silent. In the stillness of noon on a hot summer's day, with no breath of air, the reeds are garrulous, moving and whispering in a many-hued greenness. A reed bed in summer is never silent; it gossips and dances and laughs. But on a still winter's day there is silence. As dusk comes down the wind will rise. And you may, if you are lucky, see it rise.

So have I stood on Christmas evening, and seen the reeds down the river move and come to life, and heard them whisper and laugh, and watched the brown and gold, orange and saffron shadows chase each other, before ever breath touched my cheek. Then the reeds around me clamoured, and the river danced and swirled. A fox barked and the light was gone.

But the countryside is not silent at Christmastide. There is no dawn chorus; but from the hedgerow the blackbird greets the day and from the copse the starling, while the pheasant cries from his lofty bed. There are fewer sounds in winter to the ears accustomed only to spring and summer. But the bareness of the woods and the clearness of the night lends strength to the voices. And there is an echo which is absent from all summer sounds. And in the mist which makes a half-world of all things the voices of winter are at once more remote and more personal.

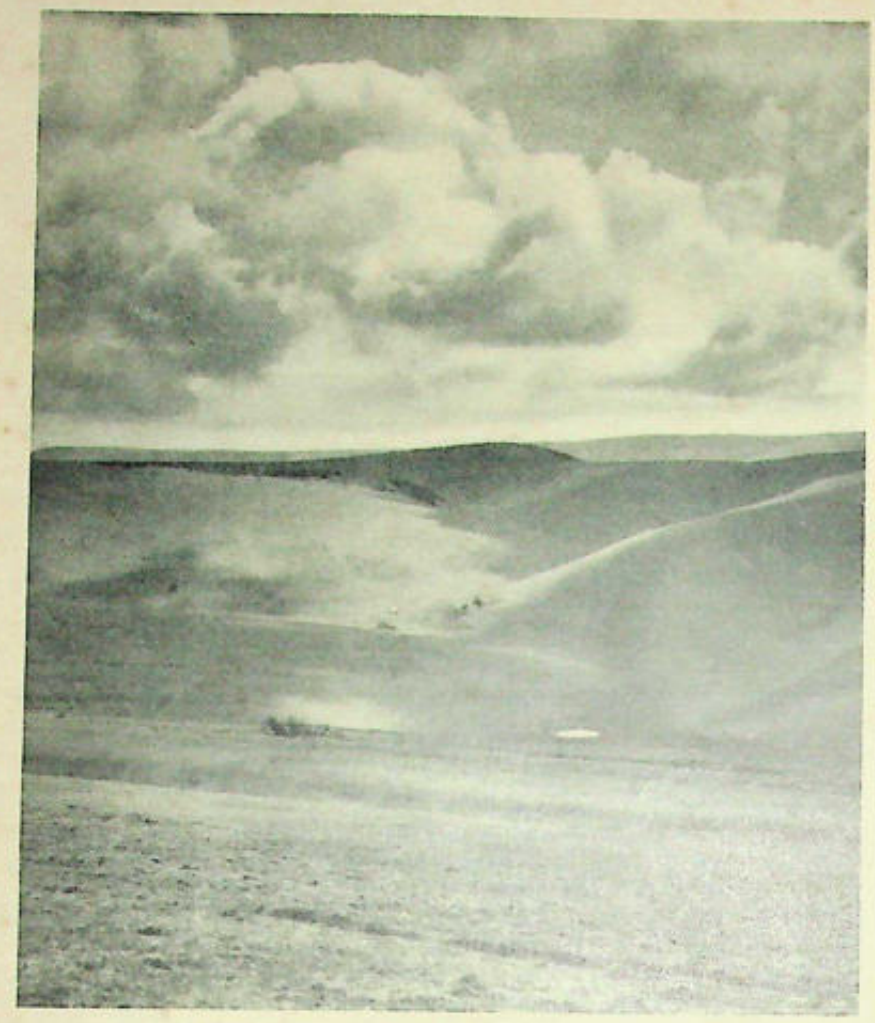
In the brief days by Christmas the life of the woods seems scarcely to awaken between one long night and the next. Yet there is no less volume in the life of birds and animals. There are fewer birds, or so it seems, unless some huge horde of wood-pigeons settles nightly in the copse. But the brown owl hoots as often, the barn owl flies as frequently. There is colour, too. The kingfisher's back is as brilliant as in spring, the yellow of the grey wagtail more vivid, and the blue of tits startling against the thorn bushes.

And are there fewer birds? Walk through a copse or along a hedgerow when night has fallen; the wealth of life is overwhelming. Wrens and tits, finches and brambling in companies, and starlings in legion. They stir at every unaccustomed sound, and their murmuring is as if the trees were resentful of our presence.

December is the death of the year. But Nature does not grieve over the year that is passing. For a few short days in December, a fortnight no more, the forces of growth and decay are poised, stationary, at rest. And in this short period all the millions of tiny lives that have survived the fury of autumn, the gales which have rocked our houses and torn branches from the trees, are at rest, preparing for the battle of spring.

There is peace in the countryside at Christmas, just as surely as there is good-will amongst men.

"NATURE'S UNCHANGING HARMONY"



TWO MOODS OF CHRISTMAS: OPEN WEATHER ON THE DOWNS AND A LIGHT FALL AGAINST THE PINES

"WHAT A MIRACLE OF WEIRD TRANSFORMING IS THIS WILD WORK OF FROST AND LIGHT, THIS GLIMPSE OF GLORY INFINITE?"

THE SUBSTITUTE

A Shadow of No. 18, Panton Street

By THE HON. EVERARD PEPYS

WHERE WAS THE CORNER HOUSE WITH THE ENTRANCE IN WHITCOMB STREET?

NO. 18, PANTON STREET is down! After a prolonged absence from Town I had occasion to turn out of Leicester Square on my way to the Haymarket, and picked my way carefully at the crossing of Whitcomb Street as the roadmenders were at work, and planks bridged wet cement. I raised my eyes, and where was the corner house with the entrance in Whitcomb Street?

A quite inconsiderable blank space, disfigured by a hoarding, gaped where the old building had stood, occupied on the ground floor by a saddler, while the remainder of the house had sheltered the finest teacher of the art of self-defence known to the latter half of the nineteenth century. Any evening after dusk the first-floor window gleamed yellow, and possibly you might discern in the left-hand corner the silhouette of the professor's inimitable stance, head, neck and shoulders, while now and again the right of the guard would flick up to meet the shadow of a left lead.

The passing of one more old house is not of much moment; but the altered appearance of the corner of Whitcomb Street started a train of thought which went seeking back through the years, and the long-buried memory which it found, and which came back to me very clearly, is this:

A hunting box in the Midlands, on the outskirts of a small town. A dozen men were assembled to dine, and afterwards entertainment had been provided, as a local lad was to meet the welter-weight representative of a travelling boxing booth. The professional was presumably the more knowledgeable, but the townsman, a fishmonger's assistant, was a powerful, rushing fighter who had won quite a few contests in the neighbourhood. He had already met his prospective opponent over three rounds at a fair, and although he was clearly behind on points at the finish he was convinced that he could reverse the decision over a longer distance.

The fight promised to be quite an interesting one, and there were rumours that a local Helen had smiled impartially on both, so the contest might even be an Homeric one. In other words, "a needle fight"! Two couple of willing stable lads were to provide the opening contests.

Adjoining the stables, a large riding school had been prepared. A 15-ft. ring had been erected, and the building lighted by several powerful incandescent lamps. A dozen wooden chairs and several benches were to accommodate the house-party, the stablemen of the neighbourhood, and a good few of the local tradesmen.

The dinner had been good. The wine worthy of the food and of the occasion, and after "the Queen and Foxhunting" had been drunk the party adjourned to the smoking room for coffee and brandy until it was time to make a move. Enters the butler with the intimation that the manager of the boxing booth, Jack Hall, the welter-weight, and Mr. Hames, the saddler from the High Street, were waiting in the hall.

The host, who was also the M.F.H., hurried out and in a few minutes returned with a veritable tale of woe. Jack Hall had hurt his right hand practising, and felt that he could not do himself justice; however, the saddler had a nephew on a visit from London who liked to put on the gloves. Could the lad act as substitute? He was waiting in the road, as he did not wish to thrust himself forward, but Mr. Hames could fetch him in for inspection. This was the gist of the report that reached a saddened group of sportsmen and put an end to some spirited betting.

"Have the lad in by all means," and in a few minutes he was duly presented — "Sister's son, a good boy," etc., by Mr. Hames.

A well-knit, fair man of about five-and-twenty, with nicely sloping shoulders and an alert look about him, but obviously not a welter, nor anything like it. "Weight?" "About 9st. 6lb., sir."

"And you propose giving away a stone to a rough customer like young Coles! What experience have you had?"

"Well, sir, I belong to a club, and box there in the evenings; and where I work I get practice at odd times. I've been running regularly since I've been here on my own, and following the hounds a time or two, and I'm pretty fit. If you want a substitute for Jack Hall, I'm willing to fight."

"Well, there was a willing lad from Bristol once upon a time! Have you got any kit?"

"My shorts and shoes are at Mr. Hames's, sir, and I can get them in a few minutes."

"Right! Be ready in about half an hour's time. It's fifteen three-minute rounds. Twenty pounds to the winner; five pounds to the loser. Jack Hall and anybody you like to bring will second you. This gentleman, who judges at the National Sporting Club, will act as referee. Are you satisfied?"

"Yes, sir; I'll be there on time."

As the party crossed the garden towards the stables the substitute's appearance and modest demeanour occasioned much favourable comment, and some expectation that the prospect of a good fight was not altogether lost. The general impression, however, was that a 9st. man had but little chance of standing up for long to the local champion. Within the building everything was in readiness. The lamps shed a brilliant light over the ring, which had been lent by the boxing booth; and all the necessary accessories, stools for the contestants, pails, towels, etc., were in their places. Mr. Andrews, the stud groom, who had been responsible for the arrangements, was congratulated on the way they had been carried out, and the spectators filled the seating accommodation.

Of the two preliminary three-round contests one went the distance, and the other did not, as Captain Weyman's second horseman produced a devastating right punch which put the hope of the home stable away in the second round, and drew from his employer the comment that he knew the lad had heavy hands, but not so heavy as all that.

The big event was now due, and the Master rose and informed the spectators that, owing to an unfortunate accident, Jack Hall was unable to meet Bertie Coles at the welter-weight limit. A substitute had been found in William Smith of London, who, although giving away weight, had agreed to meet Coles over fifteen rounds. He thought it only fair to state that Smith weighed 9st. 6lb. Mr. John Corner would act as referee.

That official then called the men to the centre of the ring for the customary admonition, and many eager eyes fastened on the dark horse.

He looked bigger stripped than in his clothes. The sloping shoulders of a quick hitting fighter. There was plenty of lung room in the deep chest, and the well-muscled stomach promised at least partial immunity from a dig downstairs. Long rounded not over big arms; good forearms; rather light in the leg. He carried most of his stuff above the waist, and many a good man has been built on such lines.

The disparity in size, and apparently in strength, however, was very marked as the local man had an advantage, of an inch or more in height, and was heavily muscled. He looked fully a stone the heavier, as he stood working his fingers well into the 4oz. gloves, and he appeared brimful of confidence. A voice murmured "Three to one on Coles," and there was a gentle response, "Take fifteen to five."

The men were now in their corners. "Are you ready? Seconds out." And one clash of the gong, which had been brought from the house, boomed the commencement of the first round.

The men rose from their seats, stepped round each other so as to face their corners, lightly touching their right hands as they did so, then like a flash the lightweight sent in a hard left to the face, followed up immediately to two others. The postman's knock!

He floored his man, but Coles was quickly crouching on his hands and knees, and was up at the count of five. The Londoner had immediately stepped back a couple of paces. This was carrying the fight to the heavier man with a vengeance, and it became abundantly apparent that the substitute had a stout heart to back his very knowledgeable hands. Both were in a fair way to be tested as the local man evidently meant to wipe out his knock-down, and grimly started a heavy attack with lefts to the head varied by lefts and rights. The lightweight now displayed the most perfect footwork. He stepped back and it was noticeable that he shifted his right foot before the left followed, so his poise was never destroyed by bringing the two together. One or two rushes were checked by a quick feint with the left hand that never travelled more than six inches outwards, yet had all the menace of a counter.

Another fierce attack and this time the left hand swung sharply out, the left foot travelling in the same direction. Then the arm straightened into a perfectly timed left lead, which took the charging welter-weight full in the face, and for the second time in the first round there was a clean knock-down. "Sidestep, lead off," and beautifully executed.

Shaking his head the countryman rose slowly to his feet and renewed his attacks, but was noticeably more cautious. He covered up carefully, and swung to the body and to the head, with an occasional straight left. Gradually he drove his opponent to the side of the ring, and launched a particularly vicious lead.

The Londoner side-stepped, and it was entrancing to see the left foot glide back to the right simultaneously with the quick stride of the latter, which carried him away from the danger and resulted in the welter blundering into the ropes. As he turned, Smith, who apart from a few tentative right crosses, had acted on the defensive, sent in a hard and damaging right to the body. A lovely punch delivered with the glove held close to the body and carried on through arm, shoulders and back. At the audible impact the local man grunted and dropped his hands, and like a flash the Londoner swung his left back for a hook to the head, but his opponent clinched, and for a minute there was fighting at close quarters in which the heavier man obviously had the advantage. Time!

There was a hum of excitement during the interval. The stablemen swayed on their benches, and the staid tradesmen were evidently deeply moved. Smith's uncle wore a portentous expression, which took on a shade of haughtiness as one after another leant across to engage him in conversation.

The house party beamed at one another. The unknown had, up to the present, proved himself a veritable David, who, if he had not got a sling, seemed to carry a stone in either glove for Goliath. The layer of odds ventured the opinion that he was a professional under an assumed name, but met with derision. Mr. Hames, respectable saddler, churchwarden and junior deacon of the local lodge, had vouched for him. A whisper of "take fifteen to five" reduced him to silence.

The second, third and fourth rounds showed Coles forcing fighting, and Smith giving a masterly exhibition of footwork, timing and countering. Although he made use of the ring, he never broke ground or side-stepped more than a pace, and was within distance either for the quick lefts with which he piled up points, or for the right punches over the heart or left hooks to the ribs which met the other's rushes. Twice he was sent down under a heavy battery of swings, and once took a count of eight towards the end of the third round, but

on reaching his feet he evaded the rush of the heavier man, and time came to his aid.

It was anybody's battle. The lightweight was leading, but could he retain his speed, or would he weaken under the punishment? If he slowed up the extra stone must surely tell. The spectators were mute. Only the flapping of a towel or the clink of a pail broke the silence of the intervals.

The fifth round started with Coles making a vigorous two-handed attack to the body, swinging both left and right, and had he turned his wrist to bring the knuckles to bear it might have spelt disaster, as, crouching as he was, the lefts with which the Londoner tried to stop him glanced from the top of his head, and he reached the ribs heavily several times.

Smith was hustled on to the ropes, and was clearly distressed. For the first time he clinched for safety.

"Break," said the referee. The men stepped back at once, and Smith side-stepped a lead, and got back to the centre of the ring. Coles sent in a swing, and was met with a left to the face, Smith stepping back at the same time.

This momentarily checked the welter, but there appeared to be but little force behind it, and another left lead that followed was even lighter. It was painfully apparent that the lightweight had shot his bolt, and could no longer command the hard crisp hitting which had hitherto made him so formidable.

It was also obvious from his opponent's expression that he had also come to this conclusion. He could take any of those left leads, which up to the present had jarred him so painfully, and crush all opposition with the vicious half-arm swings which had sapped the Londoner's vitality. The man seemed to be the embodiment of ruthless determination as he drew himself up and plunged forward.

Then, in a moment it happened! Smith sent in a quick flickering left that had nothing behind it, then the right followed with the full reach and driving power of the shoulder and back, as the head ducked sharply to the left and the right foot halted abruptly on the step-in. It crashed full on the jaw of the rushing welter with a thud, which might have been heard outside the building. Coles fell flat on his face.

From the depths of my inner consciousness I seemed to hear a voice say: "Left and right at my 'ead, sir. The left ain't meant."

The count seemed to me, and indeed I think to all present, almost a needless formality, as never was there a cleaner knockout; but it was proceeded with, while the winner leant wearily against the ropes: "Eight, nine out!"

Then we rose to him and cheered him again and again—a gallant lad, who had come forward at a moment's notice as substitute to give away a stone to a formidable fighter, and who had won by skill and ringcraft against these heavy odds. The hunting men, the tradesmen, the stable hands eyed each other appreciatively, and roared their applause, as our people always have done in recognition of skill and courage, and of the physical perfection which alone makes possible the highest achievement.

"The foxhound's mighty frame and wistful face,
The thoroughbred's lean head and raking stride,
The lightweight fighter's poise and stealthy grace,
Are still, as in the past, oft deified."

I managed to get a few words with the London lad as we were leaving and asked him what his trade was. "I'm a saddler, sir," he answered. It was then that I saw light, and the explanation of the beautiful footwork, the postman's knock, the wonderful fighting on the retreat, and all the science of boxing in a small ring, which had seemed so familiar to me.

"Did you ever work at 18, Panton Street, by any chance?" He smiled.

"Yes, sir."

"Did you know the old professor?"

"He used to give me lessons after hours during the two years I worked for the people below."

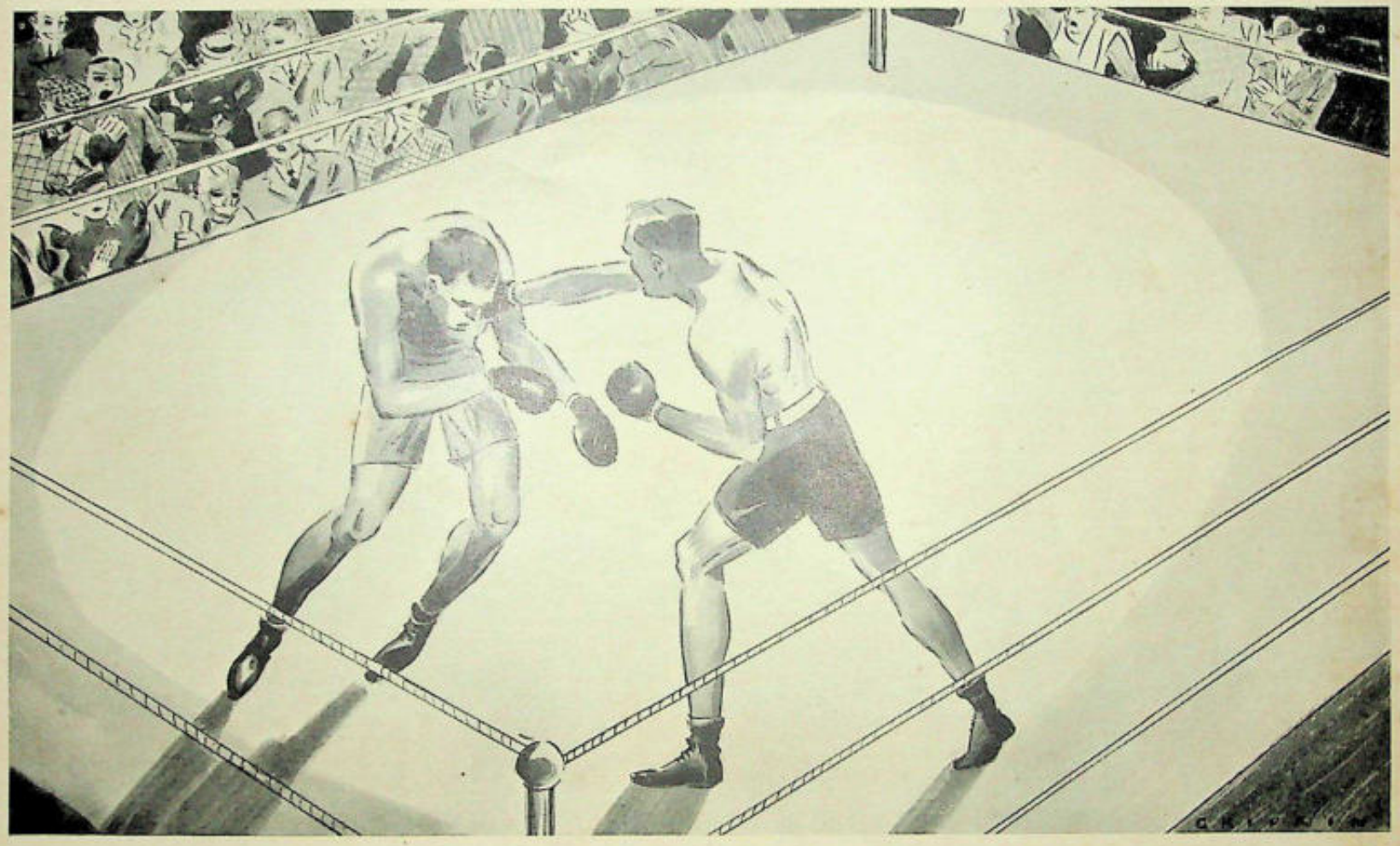
Oh, incomparable Ned Donelly. I like to think that you are sitting in some sand-floored Valhalla, in company with the other departed heroes of the squared circle, and that you have looked to-night upon this worthy exponent of the game, as you alone could teach it, raising your tankard brimming not with Ambrosia but with beer, such as used to be fetched from the "Rose" on hot summer afternoons for master and pupil after an arduous lesson.

And as your deep-set eyes twinkle their appreciation, I seem to hear the echo of that formula with which you ever signified your approval of a well-delivered punch.

"Bong! That's good French, I believe, sir."

* * *

Yes, 18, Panton Street is down, but I cannot help thinking that, under certain psychological conditions those who had known the old house and taken part in the singularly vital existence led by its former tenant, might when approaching Whitcomb Street from Leicester Square on some misty winter's evening see a window gleaming yellow and the shade of that indomitable figure.



"THEN THE RIGHT FOLLOWED WITH THE FULL REACH AND DRIVING POWER OF THE SHOULDER AND BACK"

MACHRIHANISH

The name of the first hole is "Battery" where you drive 'cross a strand of the shore,
A good line's the "Spectacle Bunker," if you're near it you should get a four.
But the beach has a strange fascination and a pull's very apt to be caught,
In which case a wise man takes his niblick, content to be clear his next shot.

The second one's called "Machrihanish" with a river to cross and a bank,
That your second must get to the top of,—a long mashie shot,—but quite frank-
—ly A duffer should do it if only he'll keep his head properly down;
If he doesn't he'll get what he's asked for, as most people do if they clown.

The holes that you've just left behind you, though good have no title to fame,
Now you're up where Tom Morris first started, where *Golf* must be played; what a game!
What a course the old man has bequeathed you! Let ne'er be forgotten his name.

There are "Islay" and "Jura" and "Punch Bowl," "Balaclava" and then "Bruach More"
What a hole,—a good drive, a brave second and you'll carry the sandhill for four!
Be content with a five, play for safety, dog-leg it, the tempter may say.
Be a man, put temptation behind you. What would be Tom Morris's way?

And now come "The Craigs" and then "Gigha," "Clochkeil" and "Strabane" and "Long Hole"
Each designed for the clear-headed golfer, the man with the game in his soul
Play them once, play them twice, play them often, you'll find a fresh charm every time
And moreover, I'd much rather play them than sing of their virtues in rhyme.

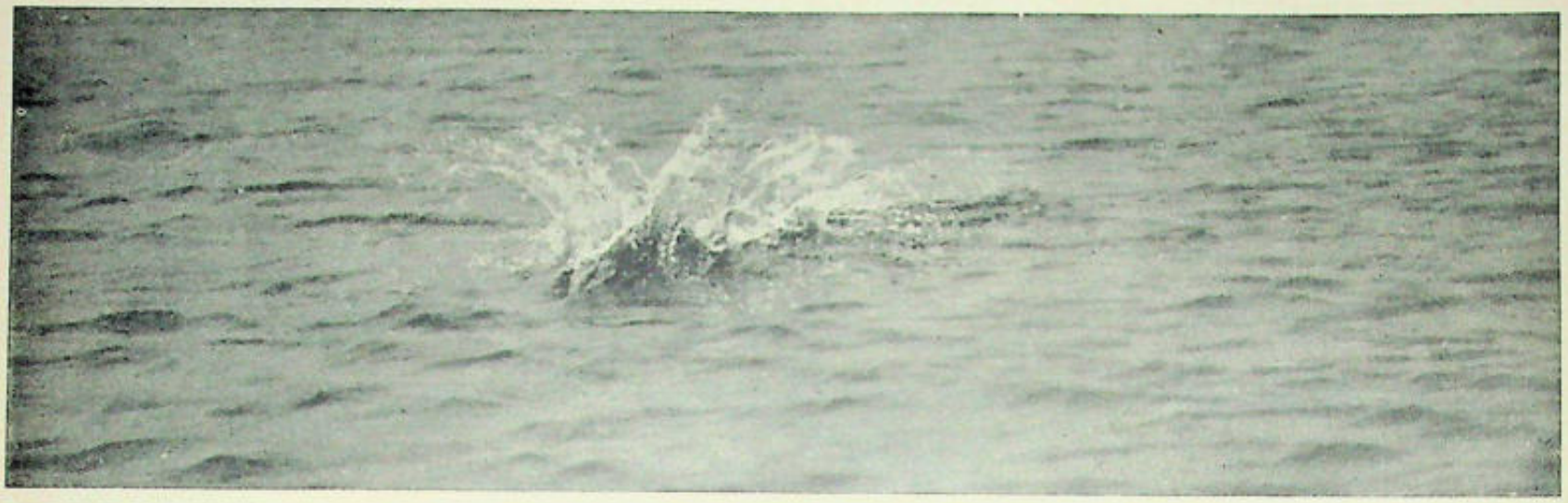
The next is "The Table," a teaser, and then after that "Castlehill"
A four and a five if you play them with true golfing courage and skill
And now p'raps the best of all short ones,—a queer sort of title,—"The Hut"
A three if you play it correctly, a two if you sink your first putt!

"Rorke's Drift" is the deuce of a carry, not at all badly named is this hole.
It's a four if your drive clears the hazard. Do get clear for the peace of your soul.
Then there's only "The River" and "Lossit" and so ends a glorious round
Good-bye for this year, Machrihanish, Au revoir, I'll be back I'll be bound. G. B.

FROM THE RISE TO THE RUN; FROM THE JUMP TO THE NET

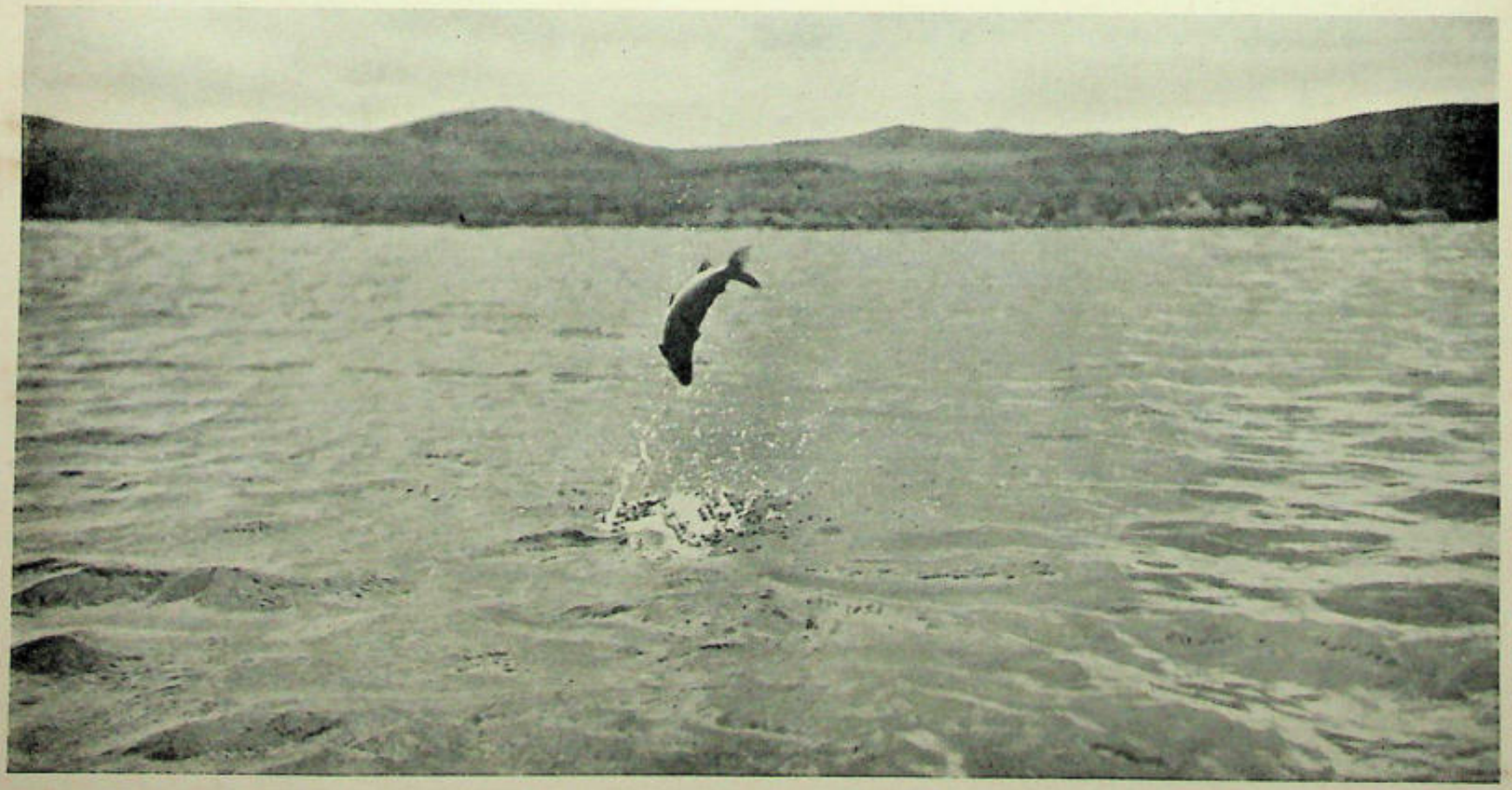
The Photographic Record of a Salmon Catch

By DR. A. B. FLETT

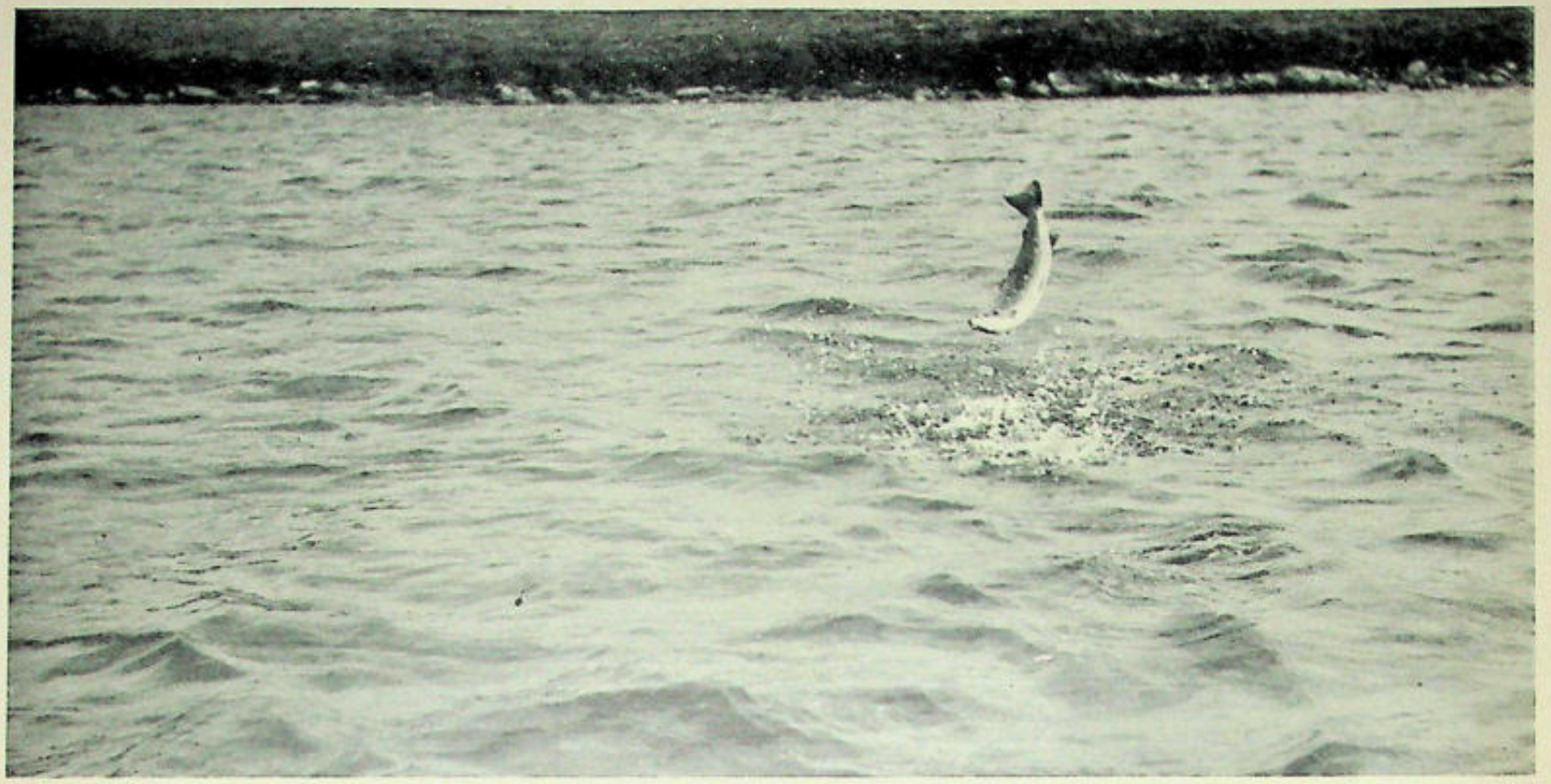


THE RISE—A MOMENT WHEN IT IS SOMETIMES DIFFICULT TO REFRAIN FROM STRIKING

AQUATIC GYMNASTICS ABOUT TO BEGIN



LOWER YOUR POINT!



TRYING TO THROW IT

NEARING THE END—NOT QUITE SO VIGOROUS

ONE LAST EFFORT AT THE NET AND THEN THE END OF THE BATTLE

AS a rule the fisher carries a variety of equipment concealed about his person, fly cases, cast boxes, and what not, and in addition he is burdened with a rod and landing net or gaff as well as a bag, all of which may make him feel that he is indeed well laden. But there is one article which he should not forget, and that is a camera.

The modern miniature camera is light and portable, it is easily carried and can be brought into action in a few seconds. Its precision is remarkable, and by its use records can be kept of interesting days by river and loch, catches of fish and scenes of successful encounters.

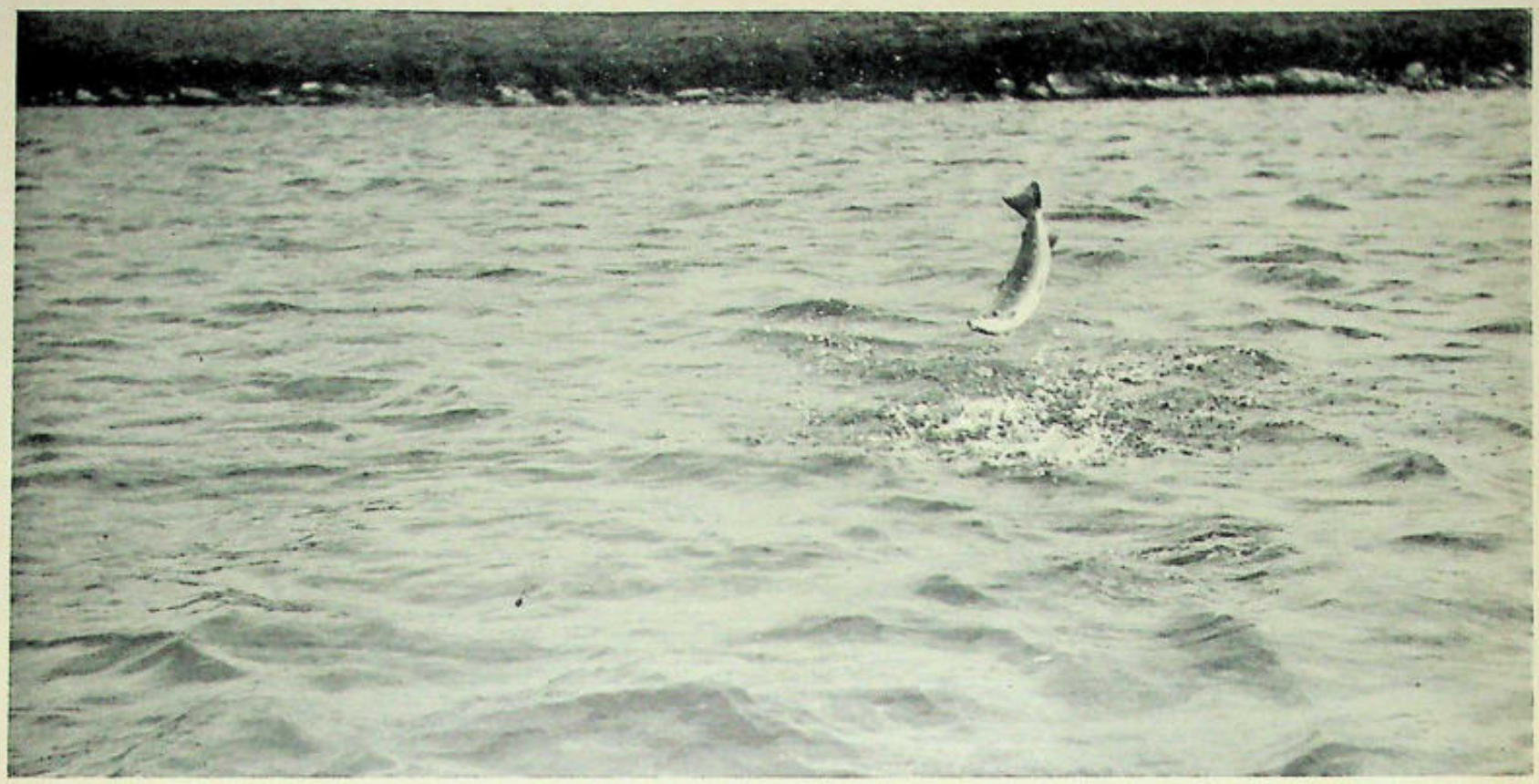
For a number of years I have carried one of these cameras and now have a pictorial record which is an interesting feature of my game book.

The photographs which illustrate this article are specimens taken by me in August last while fishing the Grimersta in the Island of Lewis. For several years I have fished that river and chain of lochs accompanied by a friend who shares my rod. Our practice is to fish in turn and during my idle moments I keep my camera at hand to snap any opportunity of obtaining a picture of a hooked fish in action.

To get a clearly focused negative of a jumping salmon is no easy matter. The fish may be a few yards from the boat or river bank at one moment and 40yds. away at the next. This difficulty adds very much to the interest of the photographer. My up-to-date miniature camera employs an optical range-finder automatically coupled with the focusing mechanism, this range-finder being incorporated with the view-finder.

In photographing a fish which is playing quietly, it is possible to keep that part of the line which is not submerged in accurate focus, and the exposure may be made when the fish breaks the surface. Another method is that of gauging the distance of the fish from the camera and then rapidly setting the lens to the estimated point by means of the scale (in feet) on the lens mount. I have found it useful to combine the two methods.

With a reasonable light and a rapid film, pictures can be taken at 1/500th of a second, using an F. 4.5 stop. I have not yet been able to obtain photographs of a fish while playing it myself, but with the Zeiss Contax camera which I use, this would not be an impossible feat, and next season I hope to have an opportunity of achieving it.



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THOSE ARCADIAN DAYS!

Winter Sports of the Pre-War Vintage

By T. D. RICHARDSON

ONE OF THE CHIEF THRILLS WAS LUGEING

IN the dark ages, long before the War, in fact in the early nineteen hundreds, going to Switzerland for a winter sports holiday, was something in the nature of an adventure.

We used to feel quite heroic as, armed with alpenstocks, Balaclava helmets, "gouties," and other quite unnecessary paraphernalia, we started for the "White Wonderland of the Alps."

The era of the Engadine express and the various through trains to this and that resort had not yet been inaugurated, and at Bâsle, in the gloomy murk of a winter's morning, one tumbled, sleepy-eyed, out of one's train to pass what might have been a dreary wait for the connection in the bright and cheerful restaurant, consuming enormous quantities of coffee, rolls and honey.

Bâsle Restaurant is a fascinating place and never seems to be empty at whatever hour of the day or night that one visits it; it seems to have a never-ending stream of clients, from the bowler-hatted business man, complete with attaché case and pince-nez, to the bronzed youth and his girl, armed with skis and rucksac, off to the mountains for the day.

The connection having been caught, the excitement of looking out of the window for the first signs of snow has never changed. Even the most blasé winter sportsman still feels the same thrill at the sight of that dazzling whiteness as did we pioneers of yore, jogging along in our little mountain railways or even in some cases in a diligence—to arrive, as likely as not, at a wooden châlet hotel, where central heating was unknown, but the whole place, redolent of burning pine logs, was kept deliciously warm by a huge wood fire in the main hall and by friendly porcelain stoves in the bedrooms.

Life was simple, even primitive, in those days, but how we enjoyed it, how delightfully "foreign" it all was, and what a real change from town life.

On the skating rinks there was no sacred enclosure for figure skaters; it was very much a case of go as you please, and the ice was patronised by all and sundry. In one corner would be found the curlers, indulging in the esoteric rites of the Roaring Game, armed with besoms, funny hats and a most strange language. They have not changed with the passing years: the Roaring Game remains immutable. Probably on another part of the rink the young and hearty indulged in a game of "bandy," the father of ice hockey, played quite often with walking sticks and a rubber ball! Of course, among the skaters it was the English style that held pride of place, and anyone daring enough to essay the "ridiculous gyrations of that florid Continental style" would receive many a black look of disapproval.

When it snowed—and somehow it seemed to snow more often (the winters *were* more rigorous then I am sure)—the whole hotel turned out to clear the rink. There were no armies of ice men then to shovel away the snow with great iron sweepers, or motor ploughs, but only one or two bearded peasants who understood the difficult art of spraying the rink to make fresh ice when necessary.

Ski-ing was, of course, in its infancy, and skis at best were clumsy affairs, as a rule ill-balanced, of poorish wood, and equipped with primitive bindings that would make a modern ski-runner faint with horror. They usually consisted of a rough kind of clamp for the toe and a leather heel-piece that strapped round the ankle, rather like a golosh with the toe cut off, and which allowed one's foot to wobble about in a delightfully irresponsible way. In fact, a most dangerous contraption.

A YOUNG SKI-ING PARTY SIX YEARS BEFORE THE WAR

No, it was not easy to ski in those days on such unwieldly weapons, particularly if you happened to be of the gentler sex and wearing a long skirt (really long), a blouse with a stiff collar and a tremendous pompadour of hair topped by a "motoring cap" (a monstrous confection like a man's enlarged cloth cap), which was usually anchored down by innumerable hatpins. Funiculars were few and far between, and we had to climb to get our ski-ing; long skirts, pompadours, balaclava helmets, cycling knickers and all. Yet strange to relate, romances flowered just as frequently as now, perhaps even more so, for we were a romantic lot, or we would never have braved the great adventure.

Two of the chief thrills were lugeing and bobbing, and thrilling they certainly were. In most places we did our bobbing down the road to the next village, and lugeing just anywhere. It is true that the corners on the road were banked in a primitive sort of way, but there was far more likelihood of going over the edge than there is on a modern scientifically-constructed run, and always the possibility of hitting a tree or a boulder that had fallen down the mountain side. (Imagine a boulder at St. Moritz! Shades of Hubert Martineau!) What is more, one stood a lively chance of meeting the week's supply of logs being laboriously hauled up to the hotel in an ox-drawn sledge. If we did not do such breath-taking "times" as they do now, we got our thrills all right.

In the evenings dancing was comparatively rare, and a real dance orchestra practically unknown. Usually, if we wanted to dance, someone would play the piano for us, or, for a gala evening, the village band, consisting of a harmonica, a violin and a cornet, would come in and discourse sweet music for us, and huge fun it was, too.

Concerts and charades were a great source of amusement and any amount of hidden talent was discovered. Of course, there was always the bass with a skinny neck and a large Adam's apple who *would* give us "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," or worse, a comic song; and the sweet young thing with a piping soprano and hopes of Grand Opera, who essayed "Voi che sapete" in English!

Those arcadian days, however, did not last long—"And a jolly good thing, too!" I can hear some young thing murmur.

Already, in the year or two before the War, funiculars had begun to rob the alps of their solitude, and what had been a great adventure had become an institution; not quite, it is true, as it is to-day, little more exciting than a trip to Brighton, but still almost a commonplace. Great ballrooms and good bands had taken the place of "the dining room carpets up and the local trio." Maitre d'Hotel and slick waiters had taken the place of mine host at the head of the centre table, carving for his guests, while the daughters of the house waited upon them. By now dinner at eight and full evening dress was the order of the day.

In this year of 1936, when we go away for our Winter Sports holiday, except for the snow outside we really might just as well be at Cannes or Le Touquet. The people are the same, the food is the same, the life, to all intents and purposes, is the same. We lie in the sun in deck chairs in order to acquire the necessary tan that advertises that we have been away. We ski instead of aqua-planing, we curl and skate instead of playing golf or lawn tennis; we rush down a Bob run instead of risking our necks in fast cars along the Corniche, and at night we dance to the same bands, watch the same cabarets and, if we are inclined that way, even indulge in the same "little flutter."

Yes, these days winter sport in most of the bigger resorts is a sophisticated, though certainly very delightful form of amusement, but for those who still seek the simple life it can be found, and is found and enjoyed, by quite a number of folk. Some of us, however, who knew the old, primitive days, and still sometimes sigh for them in sentimental retrospect, might not enjoy them quite so much now as we did. Those delightful discomforts that then gave us such a thrill might prove a little trying now that we are no longer so young as we were. No, perhaps after all, charming as were the old days, there is much to be said for the perfection of organisation and management that makes a modern winter sports holiday the wonderful change and relaxation that it is.

THE UP-TO-DATE NOTE IN REFRESHMENT

The last word in winter sports cocktail bars at Wengen—everything straight off the ice

AND HERE AGAIN IS THE MODERN SIDE OF THE PICTURE

Acquiring the necessary sun tan to the strains of music at Scheidegg

INVITATION TO SHOOT

The Story of a Merited Misadventure

By PATRICK R. CHALMERS

ON the afternoon train to Chedlington, Reggie Garnett read again his Uncle Rawlinson's letter:

"DEAR REGGIE (wrote the proprietor of Stilton Towers),—We have now settled in here, and your aunt and I will be happy to see you next week-end, the 30th October. Come on the Friday and bring your gun. I have obtained permission to send you, instead of myself (I've practically given up shooting, and our coverts are let), to shoot pheasants in this neighbourhood on Saturday. Two hundred cartridges will be enough.

Your affectionate Uncle,
"WILBERFORCE RAWLINSON.

"P.S.—The chauffeur, Tilling, is ill; I'll tell a taxi to meet whichever train you come by."

Uncle Rawlinson was elderly, rich and without issue; his invitations were therefore as royal commands.

Reggie, replacing the letter in his pocket-book, told himself for the tenth time that a week-end with Uncle Wilberforce and Aunt Anna, even with a day's shooting elsewhere attaching, was a flattish proposition. But Mrs. Garnett, a widow, pressing home the policy of acceptance, had backed argument by bribery to the extent of franking her son, not only for his first-class fare, but for the extraneous expenses of the outing, liberally calculated for her by the payee.

So here, then, was Reggie, and here, he recognised morosely, was Chedlington Junction. Leisurely collecting suitcase and gun-case, Reggie Garnett alighted on the country platform which market-day made busier than usual. He looked about him first for Tilling's substitute and next for a porter.

It was then that he, with a heart-bump, caught sight of the wood-nymph—a yellow-haired, grey-eyed Dryad. Her complexion was that of a wild rose, her shape that of a Grace. Reggie was no coxcomb, but, oh, surely! that golden girl was glancing at him and at his gun-case with an interest? A second later the nymph, slipping as a sunbeam through the crowd, was addressing Reggie:

"I wonder," said she, and her voice was as music, her smile delicious, "if you are Mr. Greenwood?"

Now, had Miss Danby asked any strange young man of average sensibility if his name was Beelzebub he would not have denied it. That is if the question put to him was in a manner to suggest that an answer in the affirmative would be prelude to better acquaintance with the questioner. Reggie Garnett was in his twenty-seventh year, and he accepted at once the comparatively harmless name of Greenwood, yet not without a pang of jealousy towards its rightful owner.

"I'm Pamela Danby," said the girl (Reggie, glancing at her pretty left hand, was reassured); "Daddy sent me and the car to meet your train. Isn't *Mrs.* Greenwood with you?"

Reggie, a blessing on the Benedict Greenwood, informed Miss Danby that he was alone.

"Come on, then," said she; and Reggie, with a desperate resolve to miss no opportunity of advancing his acquaintance with the only girl whom he could ever possibly marry, followed the red-gold "bun" on Pamela's white neck through the booking-office and into the street. He could, he optimistically supposed, surely explain the situation presently, explain it *somehow*. he could not, he simply could not, let so angelic a girl as this Pamela pass out of his life without an effort to establish her therein.

A young clerk from the office, hurrying in pursuit, handed a telegram to Miss Danby. The telegram was addressed "To the chauffeur, Sir Charles Danby, Chedlington Station." While Reggie put the luggage into the car, Pamela, opening the envelope, read the message—twice. She glanced swiftly at the initials on Reggie's luggage and then at the enslaved Reggie; he was a personable young man enough, and his Lovat-mixture suit became him not so badly. Pamela flushed and bit her lip. Her grey eyes glinted, half with wrath and half with amusement.

"Please get in Mr. Greenwood," said she. The car started, and so did a slight rain.

"I hope," said the chauffeuse, that it will be fine for Daddy's shoot to-morrow; it's the first time you've shot with us, I think, Mr. Greenwood? I hope it won't be the *last*, but I expect you're accustomed to much better things than Daddy has to offer you?"

Reggie, incoherent between affirmation and denial, fell deeper into the toils. He wished that he had the courage to hint that one possession of his supposed host was beyond price indeed.

The car ran smoothly through the twilit autumn countryside. Miss Danby chatted to her passenger with an easy charm, and accepted his compliments to her car and to her driving in the friendliest of spirits. Reggie told himself that presently he would explain. A slight *deafness*, perhaps, a noisy platform, the consequent initial confusion of the names Garnett and Greenwood? And a plea for forgiveness on the grounds of temptation irresistible? But here they evidently were. No doubt he could ring up the Chedlington garage and order a car to take him to Stilton, a destination which Reggie had, till now, deemed it unnecessary to refer to even indirectly.

The large house, as seen in the dusk, seemed gaunt and uninviting. The lights on the car's bonnet showed a circular sweep of wet gravel and some funereal looking laurels.

"Get out, please, Mr. Greenwood," said Miss Danby ever so sweetly, "this is 'Springview'; take your luggage if you *don't* mind and kindly ring the bell, I must run the car round to the garage."

Reggie obeyed her; then, as the Vauxhall began to move, a vague uneasiness gripped him. He would delay no longer, he would speak *now*.

"Oh, I say, Miss Danby——" he began. He was too late, the car sprang into speed and Pamela Danby, in lieu of other reply, smiled at Mr. Garnett over her shoulder, a not entirely reassuring smile.

"Damn," said Reggie as he rang the bell.

Meanwhile, in the short avenue of "Springview" (Dr. Westcott's establishment for the care of the slightly mental), Pamela accelerated to 40. She had to hurry because the telegram which she had read at Chedlington Station told her that the Greenwoods had missed the connection at Oxford and would be arriving at Chedlington at 5.14 instead of 4.28. She turned into the main road hooting, and jumped to 50 as she did so.

The manservant who, to Reggie's ring, now appeared, was unlike any footman of Mr. Garnett's previous acquaintance, dressed in white linen overalls. He was a tall, athletic, gym-instructor-looking man; his black hair was greased and he seemed, in businesslike fashion, to fit well enough the rather "professional" seeming hall of "Springview." There was a faint, far off, but distinct smell of disinfectant, and at the end of a passage a woman flitted by. She wore nurse's uniform and she carried a tray.

"My name is Garnett," said Reggie, "Mr. Garnett. May I use your telephone? Miss Pamela——"

"Step inside, please," said the servant in white; he tacked no "Sir" to the invitation as he lifted Reggie's luggage, looking curiously at the gun-case, into the hall. He then closed the door.

"I will tell Mrs. Westcott," said he; he added as an afterthought; "and Dr. Joyce Joyce—please wait here, Mr. Garnett, Mr. *Garnett* I think you said?"

Reggie nodded uncomfortably, and followed his guide into a small room opening off the hall. Different to the usual custom of country houses, the word "Private" was painted on the door of this apartment. The athletic janitor lit a gas fire, and left Reggie to admire a roll-desk and a bunch of discouraged chrysanthemums in a blue vase.

A minute went by and then two, each seemed as an hour. At the end of the second 60 seconds, Reggie, regardless of all things save a frantic desire to be gone, a determination to write later and explain, opened the door. His luggage had disappeared from the hall and a thin, blonde lady of middle age accompanied by a young man of

"REGGIE, REGARDLESS OF FISTIC FAIRNESS, BANGED HIS RIGHT AT THE IMPASSIVE COUNTENANCE OF THE FRESH AGGRESSOR"

cheerful mien, approximately of Mr. Garnett's own years were already about to enter the waiting-room. The young man wore tweeds, and looked as if he played Rugby football. The lady had an amiable, empty face, and spoke amiable, empty words of welcome.

"Mr. Jasper," she said, "I am delightful to see you, I hardly expected you so soon. But did not my husband, Dr. Westcott, come with you?"

"My name is *Garnett*," said Reggie with a dry mouth; "I must apologise, I fear that I am here by mistake, and, you'll excuse me, but I must be going at once."

The young man spoke in the buttered brogue of Co. Kerry:

"Ah now," said he coaxingly, "you'll surely not be going, Mr. Garnett, till you've seen the Doctor. He went to fetch you. But it will be Mr. *Jasper* now, won't it, the one's the same as the other—ammost? Ye see Dr. Westcott himself went to fetch you, Mr. Jasper—he'll be wild at missing you indeed—wait now an' Carter'll bring you a nice cup o' tea. It's Dr. Joyce Joyce, Dr. Westcott's assistant that I am."

Dr. Joyce, having thus introduced himself, took up a strategic position between Reggie and the door.

"Let me pass, please," said Reggie in a fury of sudden panic. As he spoke the door opened inwardly just behind the beloved physician from Co. Kerry. It was the gym-instructor manservant and he carried a tray. Dr. Joyce, half-turning his head, moved slightly aside. Reggie sprang for the door. Dr. Joyce, neglecting to tackle low, went for Reggie's neck. Reggie handed him off to admiration. The gym instructor, embarrassed by the tea-tray, interposed his shoulder between the fugitive and the outer world. Reggie, regardless of fistic fairness, banged his right at the impassive countenance of the fresh aggressor. The latter ducked like lightning, dropped the tray, and hit Reggie scientifically and as hard as he deemed to be necessary in order to make a stretcher case of him.

"A neat k.o., Carter," said Dr. Joyce Joyce; "'tisn't often that *our* sort is violent, I'll give the poor devil something to keep him asleep so till Dr. Westcott's come, anyhow." And so he did at once and through a needle.

As the victors laid the vanquished upon a bed, said Carter, dubiously, indicating Reggie's suit-case:

"His initials is 'R. G.' doctor."

"That so?" said Dr. Joyce Joyce comfortably. "Ah, maybe he spells 'Jasper' with a 'G.'"

It was an hour and twenty minutes later that Reggie woke up. He felt rather muzzy. He was in a strange bedroom, and a man, a short plump man with round spectacles, who said that his name was Westcott—Dr. Westcott—new returned with a patient named "poor Mr. Jasper," was apologising for something.

Reggie slowly remembered—first the Dryad, then the drive, and lastly the drubbing.

"May I trouble you to ring for a car?" said he.

"A lady, a Miss Danby, has just called with one for a Mr. Greenwood," said Dr. Westcott; "but she appears to think that *you* are possibly the gentleman she wants; she drove up almost as I did, just now."

Pamela Danby sat at the wheel of the Vauxhall, when a rather shamefaced Mr. Garnett appeared.

"Well, patient," said she, "I thought I'd just run over to inquire for you." She seemed a trifle contrite. "But I didn't mean you to have so rough a passage as all *that*," said Pamela; "I'm sorry, my child. Where do you want to go to—Stilton Towers? You shall be there before dinner. Sit behind and don't talk to me."

"Rough passage is it?" said Dr. Joyce Joyce. "Didn't he have me knocked down, Miss Danby? And had he but managed to hit Carter there, faith, he'd have killed him."

Carter, putting the luggage in, accepted Dr. Joyce's verdict and Reggie's five shillings with a courteous inclination of the head.

At Stilton Towers, Pamela put out her hand to say good-night. Reggie held it hard.

"Please forgive me," he said miserably; "you are so lovely that I truly couldn't help it. I suppose," he added, "we shall *never* meet again?"

"*Never*," said Pamela firmly, "unless, of course, you happen to be Mr. Rawlinson's nephew, in which case you are coming to shoot with us to-morrow. Good-night."

Christmas Cheer

NOT the mistletoe and kisses,
Not the holly and the green,
Not the dance with all its blisses,
Call him to the Christmas scene;
Not the turkey and the apples,
Not the crackers and the fun—
All he asks is just the dapples,
And a Christmas fox to run!

♣ ♣

You may shove your costly presents,
You may light your Christmas-tree,
Take your toll of towering pheasants,
Pray for frost, and skate and ski;
There is but one Christmas bounty
He would ask, when all is said:
Open fields, and half a county
Gladdened with the hunting red!

♣ ♣

Sing your carols ne'er so sweetly,
Clink your glasses ne'er so gay,
Tread your dances ne'er so featly
Till the dawn brings in the day;
Other melody he's seeking,
Fuller music and more fine—
'Tis to hear the beauties speaking
On a straight-necked fox's line.

♣ ♣

Christmas cheer! The words are idle
In his ear unless they mean
Longer hours with bit and bridle,
Shorter time the trysts between;
Let the blasts blow from the nor'ard,
All he asks is just to hear
From in front a "For'ard!—For'ard!"
That *for him's his Christmas cheer!*

WILL OGILVIE.

NEARLY A BRITISH VICTORY

Son (Japan) being pushed by Harper (Gt. Britain) near the end of the Marathon at Berlin in which both athletes beat the previous Olympic record time

UNFAIR CRITICISM OF BRITISH ATHLETES

Sound Performances Almost Entirely Overlooked

By HAROLD M. ABRAHAMS

"WHEN are we going to get our fair share of wins at the Olympic Games?" That is a question which has repeatedly been put to me since I returned from the recent Olympic Games at Berlin, and it has nearly always been accompanied or preceded by the observation: "Our athletes put up a pretty poor show, didn't they?"

I have spent considerable time in explaining to my questioners that, in my opinion, we did not do at all badly in athletics against the picked representatives of some 42 nations; and I have also expended a little heat in asking my friends what they mean by "our fair share of wins." To my question I have never received any satisfactory reply, indeed, it has generally resulted in further questions like: "Why can't we do as well as the Americans, the Finns, the Germans or the Japanese?"

In this article I want to present a fair picture of what modern Olympic competition means, and to show that while I cannot deny that our athletes are nothing like as thorough in their training methods as many foreigners, that even if we were to make a national effort to achieve what most people would regard as success in sport, it would make much less difference to the results than most people suppose.

Let me take the Olympic Games as a whole, and present to the reader a few facts. At Berlin competitions were held in 21 different sports, and, in all, 130 Olympic titles were available. To these contests 50 different nations sent a total of over 4,400 competitors, and of the 50 nations, 29 failed to provide an Olympic winner. With a total of 33 victories, Germany headed the list, followed by the United States with 24. Our quota was four—two in athletics, one in rowing and one in yachting.

Now the difference between an Olympic winner and the second and third man is often so little that any argument as to a nation's prowess based on mere victories is apt to be somewhat fallacious. But be that as it may, we must recognise that Germany made a tremendous national effort at Berlin. There are those who would urge us to make a similar effort, but not only do I doubt whether we could manufacture the psychological background necessary for such a drive, but even if we could, I have even more serious doubts as to whether it would be desirable.

In previous Olympic Games the Germans have never been at all prominent. In 1928, the last occasion on which the Games were held in Europe, they won seven titles only—two in riding, two in weight-lifting, one in rowing, one in shooting and one in wrestling.

This year Germany gained out-and-out victories in twelve of the 21 events, while in three events only did she fail to place one of her athletes in the first three.

In rowing there were seven events. Germany had five firsts, a second and a third place. In riding she claimed all six first places. In gymnastics, five firsts, two seconds and three thirds. Germany was almost entirely concerned with showing the world the greatness of the new German spirit. Other nations might still regard the Olympic Games as a great festival, bringing together the athletes of the world in friendly rivalry. Other nations might send athletes who had trained conscientiously but reasonably; but few athletes must have felt as the Germans undoubtedly felt, that their national prestige was at stake.

Opinions may differ as to the value of such a spirit in sport; but those who regard international competitions as a small medium for better international understanding, may well be deeply concerned with the modern tendency, wherein sport itself appears to be becoming buried under a display of flags and National Anthems.

Is it necessary for the nations of the world to attach so much importance to Olympic successes? Can we, while maintaining our attitude that sport is an incident in living and not life itself, improve our standard of performances so that we can at any rate ensure that we are not completely outclassed in any events to which we may send representatives? My especial knowledge relates to track and field events, a branch of sport in which I myself have participated, and which I have followed closely for a number of years. I want, therefore, to consider in more detail, the track and field events competitions at Berlin.

Excluding the two relay races, the athletic programme at Berlin comprised 21 men's events, and for these 42 countries sent a total of over 700 athletes. It follows that one athlete in 35 present (and remember that these are the picked athletes of the world) could secure an Olympic title. One athlete in six could gain a place in the final six, an honour which is accorded singularly little recognition in the newspapers of this country.

AT THE FIRST HURDLE IN THE 110 METRES FINAL

Finlay (nearest the camera) equalled the previous Olympic record time in gaining second place to F. Towns (second from right), the world record-holder

Actually the figures show that only six nations provided an Olympic winner, while 22 failed to place a single man in the first six in any event.

Look at the following table for a moment:

Country.	No. of Competitors.	Wins.	No. in first three.	No. in first six.
U.S.A.	59 ..	9 ..	19 ..	34
Finland	33 ..	3 ..	9 ..	15
Germany ...	58 ..	3 ..	6 ..	11
Japan.....	39 ..	2 ..	6 ..	9
Great Britain	39 ..	1 ..	4 ..	9

I should add that I have omitted our victory in the 1,600 metres relay, and that where the same athlete was placed in more than one event (*e.g.*, Jesse Owens, who gained three Olympic titles) the country is credited with one win and one place only.

On the figures above I do not feel that we have any cause for tears so far as our team was concerned, and I want to say most emphatically that no amount of organised training would have made any serious difference. Germany made as big an effort as it would ever be possible to make. Her three victories were in the hammer, weight and javelin. On the track she did nothing like as well as we did. I cannot help feeling that the fact that in the 110 metre hurdles D. O. Finlay, in finishing a good second to the world's record-holder, F. Towns, equalled the previous Olympic record, and that in the Marathon E. Harper, in finishing second to the Japanese, K. Son, beat the previous Olympic record, are facts almost entirely overlooked. Again, two of our men, A. G. K. Brown and W. Roberts, who finished second and fourth respectively, did times (incidentally yards better than they had ever done before) which would have won every previous Olympic 400 metres except the Los Angeles one. About 25 per cent. of our representatives reached the first six. Only the United States with 54 per cent. and Finland with 50 per cent., showed a better percentage than we did.

Indeed, it appears to me that had Jesse Owens been born in Oxfordshire instead of Ohio, and thereby credited Great Britain instead of the U.S.A. with three victories, we should have been ringing bells instead of our hands. Such is the absence of critical analysis which many of us seem to possess. Olympic victories prove almost nothing beyond the genius of the victor.

What of the future? It is quite plain that the standard of performance, terrific as it has now become, will nevertheless continue to become even higher. If we are not to be completely outclassed by many other nations, our athletes must make themselves realise exactly what opposition they will meet. It is of course, inconceivable that we should refrain from sending competitors, but we must cease to measure international standards with a national yard measure. I cannot help wishing that a certain additional degree of responsibility should permeate our sport. I would like to see our performers more proficient and more conscientious in their preparation. I do not think that it necessarily follows that when science enters into athletics (and that is what modern training involves) amusement flies out of the window. What we want is not to parade potential Olympic champions like so many gladiators, but to ensure that we have a good enough all-round standard in sport to engage in a match of all events with a certainty that we are going to fight all the way with some chance against the performances of our adversaries.

Great Britain possesses quite as many potentially first-class performers per head of her population as any other country—no more and no less. In running we are never outclassed, and I do not believe we ever shall be. But the other events, jumping, vaulting and throwing form part of the modern international programme. They cannot be ignored. With patience and hard work we could produce the men. The remedy lies with the athletes themselves.

The governing body will do its part in providing competition, and perhaps the Government and local authorities will help by providing facilities. Ultimately, however, it is to the athletes that we must look for sure improvement. Let them study the international standards as they exist, and set about the task of reaching them.

PETER BECKFORD
From the miniature painted by John Smart in 1779, in the possession of Mr. Algernon Cox

THE REAL PETER BECKFORD

Sportsman and Man of Letters

By A. H. HIGGINSON

IN the issue of *The Western Flying Post or Sherborne and Yeovil Mercury*, of March 4th, 1811, there appeared the following simple notice among the items of Dorsetshire news :—

"On the 18th ult., departed this life, aged 70, Peter Beckford, Esq., of Stepleton, in this County."

To this meagre information, the *Gentleman's Magazine and Historical Chronicle*, published in London, and edited by Sylvanus Urban, Gent., added—"Author of *Letters on Hunting* a work of considerable estimation in the Sporting world."

Six miles outside of Blandford, on the Sherborne road, in the parish of Stepleton Iwerne, there was mourning ; and in the Manor House, hard by the little church that is almost hidden by the trees which surround it, William Horace, Peter's only son, who was one day to become third Baron Rivers, and his sister Harriet and her husband, Henry Ker Seymer, mourned the loss of their father.

The Dorsetshire squires who had hunted with him, the farmers over whose land he had ridden, the Hunt servants in the kennels, the grooms in the stables, had lost a friend, but I do not suppose that many of them realised that the epitaph would never come true which Peter himself had directed should be placed on his tomb :—

"We die and are forgotten—'tis Heaven's decree ;
Thus the fate of others will be the fate of me"

How little they realised that 125 years later, in that same little church, there would be a gathering of hunting people and Dorsetshire yeomen, reverently listening to the simple words of praise spoken by a venerable sportsman, the Rev. C. L. Kennaway, who knew Peter's real worth to the world, not only as the author of *Thoughts on Hunting*, but also as a distinguished patron of the arts, man of letters, and loyal English gentleman.

The gathering that day came really to give thanks for the restoration of the little church, which had fallen into decay, and the funds which enabled the work of restoration to be accomplished had come from sportsmen and hunting men and women, not only throughout England, but from across the seas, in fact, from wherever fox-hunting is known.

Perhaps Muzio Clementi, who owed his start in the world of music to the generosity of the kindly Englishman, who had persuaded his father to let him come to England to study the profession he so ardently wished to espouse, realised his patron's true worth ; though it must be confessed that Beckford's activities in the world of music are little known or appreciated to-day. There may have been some of his friends and associates—among them, I am sure, the friend to whom he wrote his Italian letters—who realised his true worth as a man of letters ; but it must be confessed that the chief reason that Peter Beckford's name has lived is because of his contribution to the hunting literature of the English language.

The late Duke of Beaufort, writing in that volume of the Badminton Library devoted to *Hunting*, says : "Beckford himself, of course, marks an era, not only in the literature, but in the history of hunting. Whatever may have been the real value of the writers before him, it is certain that to all who have come after him, he has been a 'guide, philosopher and friend.' It is scarcely too much to say that since his *Thoughts on Hunting* was first printed, in 1781, there has been no writer who has gone at all seriously into the science and economy of the subject, who has not more or less made use of their amusing pages."

No truer words were ever written than the above. During the past six months, I have personally examined, I think, every book on the science of fox-hunting that has been written since Peter Beckford's day, and there is not one of them in which the author has not alluded to Beckford in some way or other—in most cases, I may say, quoted from him very freely. What Beckford wrote about fox-hunting in 1781, is most of it applicable to those problems with which a Master of fox-hounds, or a huntsman, is confronted to-day ; and unless the day comes—which God forbid—when we shall hunt robot foxes, with robot hounds, on mechanical hunters, his precepts will remain true as long as fox-hunting lasts.

By courtesy of "Country Life"
THE MANOR HOUSE, STEPLETON IWERNE, PETER BECKFORD'S HOME

But as to the man himself. Peter Beckford was born in 1740, the only child of Julines Beckford, of Jamaica, and his wife Elizabeth, daughter of Solomon Ashley, Esq., of Ashby St. Legers, Northants. At the age of eight, he was admitted to Westminster School, and was there for four years, finishing his education under private tutors at his father's house, at Stepleton Iwerne, Dorset. In 1757, he matriculated at New College, Oxford University, staying there for a few years, after which he returned home and passed most of his time hunting in the vicinity of his father's estate. In 1764, Julines Beckford died in Jamaica, leaving his entire estate to his son. After settling his father's affairs, Peter went to France, Switzerland and Italy, and travelled through the latter country for two years, returning to his estate in Dorset in 1767.

He was elected M.P. for Morpeth in 1768, and retained his seat in Parliament until 1774. On March 22nd, 1773, he married Louisa Pitt, second daughter of George Pitt, Esq., afterwards created the Rt. Hon. George Lord Rivers, of Strathfieldsaye, by whom he had issue two sons and three daughters, of whom William Horace, who afterwards became third Baron Rivers, and Harriet, were the only survivors. In 1779, he began the writing of his famous book—*Thoughts on Hunting*—the first edition of which was published anonymously in 1781. Attacked by an anti-blood-sport sympathizer, in the *Monthly Review*, the second edition, a year later, was published under his own name ; and in the Preface, Peter ably defended himself against the unfair accusations of an anonymous critic.

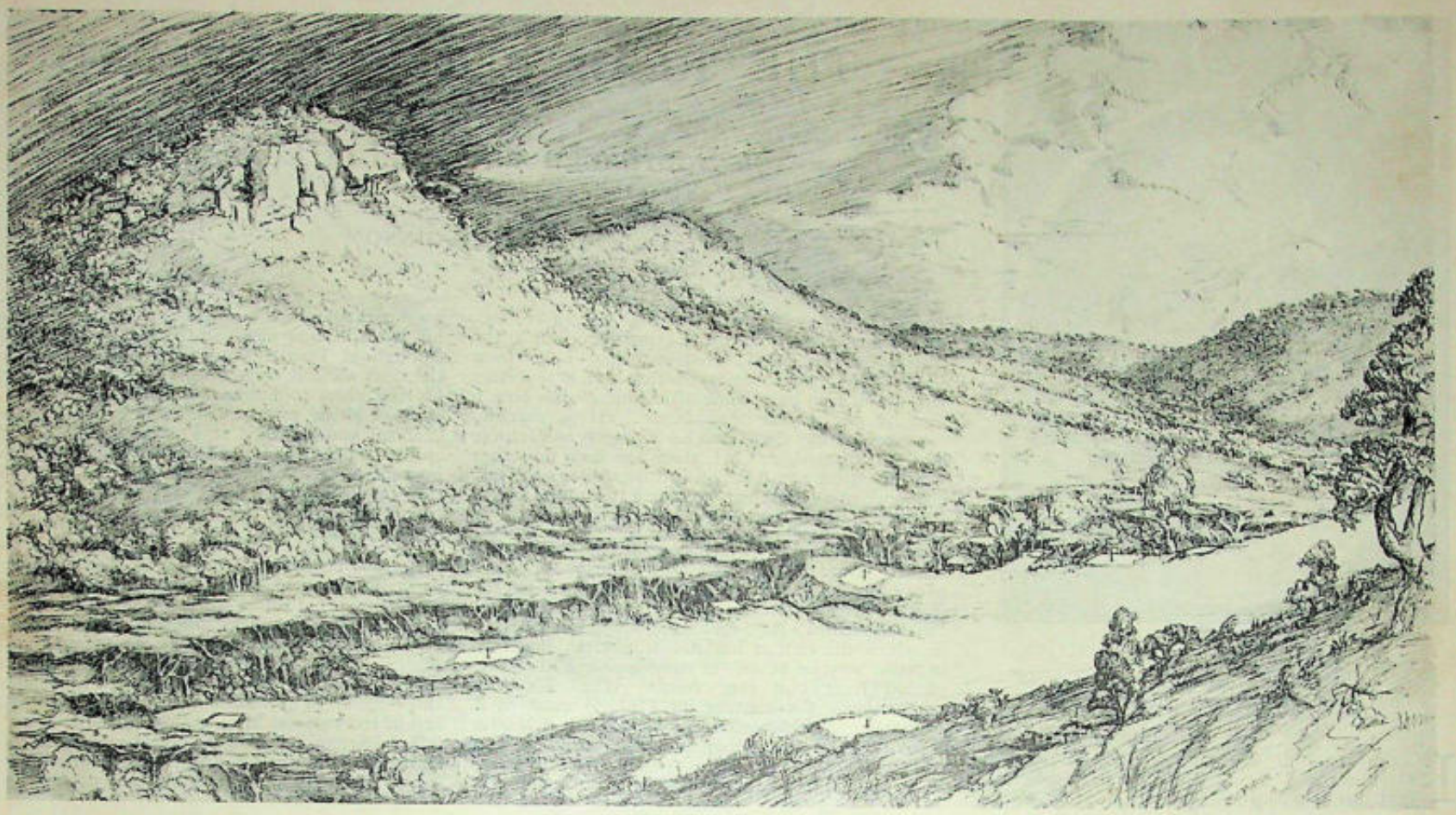
In 1785, owing to his wife's ill-health, he sold his hounds, and with his wife and children, took up a semi-permanent residence in Italy, making Florence his headquarters most of the time, but travelling throughout Tuscany and other parts of Italy, for the next sixteen years ; although he made several fleeting visits to England during that period. In spite of all he could do, his wife's health steadily declined and she died at Florence in 1791. Peter and his children remained in Italy until the French invasion of that country, in 1798, brought about the break-up of his home in Florence, and the unrest throughout Italy caused him to return to Stepleton in 1800.

In 1801 or 1802, he started the foundation of a pack of buck-hounds, with which he hunted parts of Cranbourne Chase for about five years. In 1805 he published the first and only edition of *Familiar Letters from Italy to a Friend in England*, a full account of his various travels during his sojourn in that country. This book, though little known, and difficult to obtain, is most charmingly written, and of the greatest interest, giving, as it does, detailed descriptions of all the places which he visited, and most interesting comments on the customs, habits and political economy of that country.

Of his declining years we know very little, though his friendship with "Squire" Farquharson was of the greatest help to that enterprising young sportsman when he first started the pack with which he was to hunt "all Dorsetshire" for the next fifty years ; and his name is among the list of guests at the latter's "Coming of Age" celebration at Langton House, Dorset, in 1805. I have myself seen the copy of *Thoughts on Hunting*, which was inscribed by Peter Beckford, and presented by him to James John Farquharson.

And so we see that the words which Peter chose for his own epitaph have not come true, though I am sorry to say that altogether too little is, or ever has been, known about the "Real Peter Beckford."

THE TOMB IN STEPLETON IWERNE CHURCH



GENERAL LAY-OUT OF THE KENYA COURSE SHOWING TEES AND GREENS

MY KENYA GOLF COURSE

Six Holes and Some Hazards for "Lions"

By COLONEL E. H. BEDFORD-PIM

"WHY not make some small links near your house? It will cost little, and be of great value." Thus a golf-playing neighbour egged me on. Another neighbour would lend oxen, another would lend boys, a third implements. In fact, it would be cheaper to have one's own course than not.

Now the writer had eighteen acres of bush land below his house; he had dreams of clearing it and turning it into park-like land, as the auctioneers say. So he was not unwilling to be persuaded. He cleared and ploughed the land, harrowed and cross harrowed it, planted grass, and had to go away for a few months.

"It's wonderful how grass grows out here; you will find the ground covered after the rains." Thus the golf-playing neighbours. And the writer, who had been reading an optimistic pamphlet by a seller of fertilisers, went away full of confidence. He came back to find the land looking as if it had measles; the grass had grown up, as prophesied, but in patches; locusts had pruned it severely, drought had done the rest. So he had to get to work and plant it again. In a few months it came up well, patchy in places, on the whole satisfactory. The work had been done in slack times, costing little according to Kenya ideas, absurdly little according to English ones.

The ground in plan is shaped like an open hand, but with the third finger missing, the palm upwards, the thumb pointing to the south, and being, with the first finger, about 200ft. below the little finger, as in the first sketch here reproduced.

The first hole from upper side of wrist to the point of the thumb is 280yds., with a drop of 200ft. The second sketch shows it. This hole has the invaluable quality of making you think you are a better golfer than you are. Unless you hit the ball very badly it soars out into space, over a terrace, a stream, and Herself's rose garden, to drop somewhere near the green, on the edge of the forest, 200ft. below. If you do hit it very badly, you drop into the roses, and the next move depends on whether Herself is looking. The green is tricky and, if you get near the hole in one putt, you may be unduly conceited.

To the second tee you walk down a cutting in the forest, about 100yds. along the first finger, and then drive with an iron in the direction of the wrist (see sketch), over a couple of unpleasantly attractive dongas, to the base of the thumb.

A post gives the direction of the hole, which is on the side of a hill; so you must drive well above it, or your ball trickles back into the forest. This is a capital hole for Father, as it is just the length of his drive. When he (infrequently, alas!) pulls it off, he feels like Major Bangs: "Sly, Sir, devilishly sly." Why should the tigers all have it their own way?

More to the liking of the tiger is the third hole. One must give the other fellow something. From the wrist to the end of the first finger is about 320yds. Beyond it is the forest, and the hillside towers 700ft. above it. You cannot see the hole; but a prominent rock on the hillside gives you the line. The tiger's second shot may put him on the green. But will it stay there? Perhaps not—and this is very good for the tiger. However, he generally wins, for it is nearly as hard for the timid rabbit.

Here the indifferent golfer may take heart from the fact that there are certainly no tigers in Africa. The lions, who take their place in local folklore, are invariably outwitted by the rabbit, who holds the same place in Central Africa as Reynard the Fox does in Europe. He leads the lion to where some fat buck may be found, and when it has been killed, he decoys the lion away, and eats the heart and ears of the buck himself. He may even eat the lion itself. For it is common knowledge how he led the lion into a cave, with hope of dinner, how the entrance was narrow, and the lion stuck fast. The rabbit sprang on his loins, and began to eat him.

"Eat me in front, Brother," said the lion.

"My eyes would be ashamed," said the rabbit, and continued his meal.

The writer takes it that this African folklore is the source from which Uncle Remus brought to America Brer Rabbit, he who was "born and bred in a briar bush," and defeated Brer Fox.

So from all this, the rabbit takes heart of grace, and swaggers on to the fourth tee, which is at the tip of the middle finger, and from it one starts on a dog-leg journey of about 300yds. to the fourth green, a shelf on the hillside at the base of the little finger.

The writer took a lot of trouble in cutting out this shelf, and planting grass on it. He liked the look of it. So did the white ants, who established a colony there. They bored holes in it and made little tunnels under it; they built little ventilation towers of mud above these about 4in. high.

That put the lid on, and so the architect razed the towers to the ground. The white ants built them up again, but they did not score; for they were attacked by soldier ants, thousands of them in columns. These killed them and carried off their eggs. Incidentally, they attacked the architect, who was standing near by, and had not noticed that he was in the battle area till he felt them biting like blazes. He had to shed his trousers in a hurry, and pick the ants off his legs one by one. And that is quite enough of the fourth green. From there one climbs about 50ft. up the hill, to the fifth tee.

One now plays downhill to the second green again, at the base of the thumb. This is economically watered by a line of pipes made of banana trees. The method of irrigation is to get permission from the owner of the bananas, or dodge her watchful eye, and then let a gardener cut down a tree that has fruited, and hump the 6ft. trunk of it on to the golf course. The trunk is made up of stout semi-circular layers of fibre, fitting most wonderfully inside one another. These are peeled off, and placed with the end of one over the beginning of the next, and thus lead water from the stream to the green. They work quite well as long as there is water in them; but if calves or small boys display curiosity, and move them out of place, or ravens peck holes in them, the hot sun shrivels them up.

The sixth and last tee is down an avenue of about 100yds. long, which has been cut in the forest. This is again near the point of the thumb in the sketch. This hole is about 280yds. long. You play up a steep hill towards the wrist. The green, which is just below the house, and cannot be shown on the sketch, because the artist has run out of paper, is on a terrace, and is heavily bunkered by (*a*) a macrocarpa hedge about 8ft. high; (*b*) a stream; (*c*) a garden.

The hedge mercifully hides these latter obstacles, and a stout niblick shot takes you over the lot. If it is too stout, one may break a window. But you have told the tiger or lion before he plays it of the only local rule; that if he breaks a window, he will have to pay for six, the money to go to the church. This gives the rabbit confidence, for he knows he could never do it, and so finally he has a chance of defeating the lion. It is a steep climb to this last green, and a neighbour asserts that the best way to attack it is to sit near the hole with a whisky and soda, and watch somebody else slowly approaching.

Caddies cannot be considered expensive. On the other hand they are not very good. At first they pick up your ball and bring it to you. When broken of that, they are prone to consider their education finished, but they are cheerful and pleasant.

The tariff is an order on the farm store for a piece of soap or a couple of ounces of sugar. No cash is given for the balls retrieved at odd times, for, on a certain course elsewhere in this colony, it was customary to give a penny to the small boy who produced a ball. This worked well for a time, but the supply soon ceased. It was then found that

This England . . .

Moorland scene in Yorkshire.

WILD are the dales and fells of these northern moors, with nought but the wheeling curlews for company in a day's march or more. Hard crusted and warm hearted are the folk of the Ridings, as different as may be in speech and temper from the men of the south, and . . . essentially English. English in their sturdy independence, in their love of things well made in the "customary" way. That good ale should be among these is natural in a hard-living people, and of ales, Worthington they qualify as "jannock."

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the boys sold the balls to an enterprising storekeeper for twopence. Presumably he had a sale for them somewhere.

Now and then buck and rabbits appear on the course, and the house dogs have a great hunt. Rock rabbits look on from above and make little twittering noises, like birds. One is apt to think they are birds, unless one can see them. Baboons appear from the edge of the forest at times. One day, what seemed like a large hairy ball, about the size of a big drum, rolled downhill on to one of the greens. It then broke up, and was seen to be made of two baboons, who disappeared into the forest, sparring with one another. Ravens, the sacred birds of these parts, fly low overhead, and hornbills, too, that remind one of Sir Moses Mainchance.

A characteristic occurrence recently happened, when a boy who was told to trim a hedge used as a hazard, was imprudently left alone for an hour or two. When the writer returned, he found the hedge reduced from 8ft. to 3ft. Asked why he had done this, the boy replied that he had noticed the hedge was in the way of the ball game. Boys have a knack of doing things right for a few days, and then suddenly doing them very wrong. Thus, the boy in charge of the browns on a neighbour's course carefully filled up all the holes with sand, and smoothed them out. When we arrived on the first brown, not a hole was to be seen. We could not understand it, and the boy could not explain it; but he politely unearthed the hole for us.

To own one's little golf course is a very pleasant thing. Such a luxury could not possibly be afforded in England. But this is one of the many advantages of this charming colony.

WEIRD SHOTS AT GOLF

GOLF has been productive of some weird, accidental happenings, and women have been responsible for some of them. Playing in big golf not so long ago, Mr. D. H. R. Martin, Royal St. George's, found his ball in a lady spectator's lap. After a consultation among the players, it was decided that the lady should stand up and let the ball roll to the ground, where it was played.

The year 1907 produced two incidents in which hairpins were obstructions. The late Mr. R. Andrew, at Troon, once had his ball impaled on a hairpin; the Shipley professional, A. H. Loveridge, suffered a similar fate at Bradford Moor two weeks later. When the Royal and Ancient medal meeting was taking place in September, 1907, a member landed his ball firmly on the end of a lady's hatpin, where it remained without even having caused the lady any hurt.

Hats have figured more than once in such incidents. The famous F. G. Tait once drove a ball right through a man's hat, having to pay him 5/- compensation as a sequel. He was very disgruntled, until champion Tom Morris pointed out that he was lucky not having had to subscribe for the funeral. Only a few years ago, a pedestrian, who was crossing Rhymney and Tredegar course, South Wales, had his headgear penetrated by a ball that travelled on a further 20yds. The man was knocked down, but suffered nothing more than a slight head graze.

Occasionally episodes have been recorded in which animals have played a part. In 1922, at Middleton, County Cork, Mr. McEvoy drove his ball into the ear of a donkey which had strayed on to the links. The animal was cautiously approached, but it made off, not, however, before it had tossed its head and discarded the ball. Two years later, at Duddingston, Edinburgh, a ball landed and remained in the wool on a sheep's back. The animal had to be chased for some distance before the ball was recovered. When Mr. Lawson Little, the famous American golfer, was practising at St. Andrews on May 4th, 1934, his ball ran towards a Persian cat, which tried to carry it away.

A number of persons have been killed through being struck by golf balls. On the other hand, others have survived to see records put up by the balls after they had been hit. On the Premier Mine Course in South Africa in 1913 a native caddie was hit by a ball driven by Mr. Edward Sladward. The caddie was 150yds. away at the time. The ball rebounded back in a direct line over a measured distance of 75yds. The caddie experienced only a slight abrasion of the skin of his forehead. At Machrie, in the same year, Mr. R. J. Barton, Killiney Golf Club, County Dublin, hit a caddie on the head. The ball rebounded 42yds. 2ft. 10in.

There have been many incidents in which animals and birds have been killed, and a section of *The Golfer's Handbook* records a number of them. As far as can be ascertained, there has been only one cow executed by a golf ball. The fatality took place at St. Margaret's-at-Cliffe G.C., Kent, in 1934.

Birds have been killed in the air, and there is one recorded case in which two birds—water wagtails—were destroyed by one ball in one shot. In May, 1907, a Newark golfer drove into the river and struck a trout weighing about 2lb., and killed it.

Balls colliding in mid-air have been reported on several occasions by players, who had their witnesses to bear out their statements. Perhaps the strangest thing in this line took place in September, 1919, at St. Andrews. Mr. D. Cargill drove off from the 17th tee just as the ball of a player in a following match went past. Mr. Cargill's ball hit the other as it bounded and sent it much farther than it would have gone in the ordinary course of events. A Huddersfield player had his ball cut in two by a scythe which a greenman was holding.

D. A. S.

STRANGE MATCHES

OF strange matches there have been many. Twenty-four years ago Mr. Harry Dearth, attired in a suit of heavy armour, played in a golf match at Bushey Hall. He was beaten by 2 and 1. Twenty-two years ago, at the start of the Great War, J. N. Farrar, tried to go round the Royston (Herts) course in under 100 strokes equipped in full infantry marching order—water bottle, full field kit and haversack. He went round in 94.

The course of the Tollygunge Club, Calcutta, was the scene of a match in which a golfer attired in a gas mask proved a triumphant if exhausted opponent. The match was the outcome of a Fort William (Calcutta) challenge delivered by Major E. H. Barker of the King's Royal Rifle Corps, who had not played golf for twelve years, to Captain R. B. Y. Simpson of the Durhams, a single figure handicap player.

Major Barker stipulated that Captain Simpson should wear a gas mask while playing the holes, removing it only on the way from the green to the next tee. If Captain Simpson obeyed an impulse to remove the mask at any other time he must forfeit the hole where the breach was committed.

Captain Simpson accepted the challenge. And he won by 8 and 6.

His victory was achieved in spite of difficulties that would upset any but a strong-minded man. The back swing caused him to lose sight of the ball, and on the forward swing the ball seen through the goggles of the mask appeared to move. At the best he got only a distorted view of an object that, as every golfer will admit, is difficult to hit truly even in the best of circumstances. Captain Simpson went through yet another ordeal in his efforts to breathe through the mask, and, though a very fit man when he first donned his unusual head-dress, he was spent when the match ended on the 12th green. He had to be revived by a dinner at Firpo's, the fruits of his victory.

J. H.

THE FIRST HOLE OF THE KENYA COURSE AT CLOSE QUARTERS

"Unless you hit the ball very badly it soars out into space, over a terrace, a stream, and Herself's rose garden to drop somewhere near the green, on the edge of the forest, 200feet below"

THE WELL-KNOWN STEP

A wag of the tail on meeting,
A joyful bark as greeting;
Beady eyes that are quick to note
The blackthorn stick and old tweed coat.

"AS STRANGE A THING-

Some Weird In

By DR. BURG

(*Curator of Reptiles at*

THE THORNY DEVIL WHICH NEVER DRINKS

WHAT has happened to all the weird animals that used to be regarded as zoological nightmares, "the goulies and ghosties and long-legged beasties and things that go bump in the night"? The Zoo has been so busy debunking them by putting them in cages, that very soon there will be none left. Once upon a time, toads used to be the chief ingredient of a witch's brew, and now they have degenerated into objects for children's nature study. Crocodiles that used to hang stuffed from the ceilings of magicians' laboratories are only fit, nowadays, for making leather for ladies' handbags. And, last of all, vampires, now that they have been exhibited at the Zoo, have lost their ghoulishness. We have begun to think of them as nothing more frightful than mammalian mosquitoes.

The fact is that no sooner does some uncanny creature appear at the Zoo than it loses its character. Zoologists classify it, children cuddle it, and in the end anatomists dissect it. Not even a pterodactyl could stand up against so much familiarity. Weirdness is in the eye of the beholder, and we must not pry too deeply if we are to retain the impression

If only one can avoid getting too fond of it, an Aye-aye must surely be one of the weirdest beasts ever seen at the Zoo. It begins as a scrawny skeleton of an animal with goggle eyes and ears that might be made of bats' wing, and it ends surprisingly in a friendly sort of tail not unlike a squirrel's. But most amazing are its elfish hands, with long, tentacle-like fingers, seemingly little more than skin stretched over slender bones. It could sit "for the hands" for the picture of a ghost. It is not surprising that at home in Madagascar the natives regard Aye-ayes with superstitious awe. When one happens to be caught in a trap set for other animals, it is anointed all over with fat—either by way of reverence or apology—and released. But an Aye-aye's weirdness is only accidental. Its big eyes, that seem to be staring out of its head, are only large because it feeds at sunset in the gloom of bamboo forests, and needs to gather every ray of light to see its tiny prey. Its fingers are like a skeleton's because its prey consists of grubs and caterpillars and need picking out of rotting wood and crannies. The long middle finger forms a jointed probe ideally formed for the purpose.

Perhaps Pangolins will retain their reputation for weirdness longer than most animals because the public at home seldom has an opportunity to see them. They are such delicate creatures in confinement that when one reaches the Zoo it usually spends most of its time hidden in the Sanatorium. There are several kinds of Pangolins spread over tropical Asia and Africa, some living in rocky ground and some in trees; but they all look something like prehistoric armoured reptiles or animated fir cones. Actually they are lowly mammals, with tiny eyes and hardly any external ears; with tubular toothless mouths from which long worm-like tongues can be protruded to pick ants and termites from

"THE HORNBILL HAS STRANGE HABITS"

"THE SLOTH'S NORMAL ATTITUDE IS HANGING BACK DOWNWARDS FROM THE BRANCHES"

their nests. But, most remarkable, is their body armour. The head and tail and the exposed surfaces of the limbs and body are covered with bony scales overlapping like the tiles of a roof. Do they suffer, one wonders, as knights in armour are said to have done, from being unable to scratch at fleas between the joints?

Another ant-eater worthy of being included in a catalogue of the Zoo's weirdest creatures is the Aardvark. It is an uncouth African animal, as large as a pig, that skulks all day in burrows and lives by making nocturnal raids on termites' nests. It is rare in menageries, but two of them are to be seen now in a special pen in the Tortoise House in the Regent's Park Zoo, where the warm dry atmosphere is to their liking. Like Pangolins, Aardvarks have twisty, inquisitive snouts and long, sticky tongues that seem to be essential to all ant-eaters, but there the resemblance stops. They have ridiculously long, asinine ears and a thick, tough skin which, to their misfortune, makes excellent leather.

Animals that are not properly at home unless they are what more normally constituted beings consider to be upside down, certainly deserve to be counted weird. Bats and Tuctoo lizards, sucker fish, and even tomtits, all have their topsy turvy moments, but perhaps the only creatures that seem thoroughly happy when feet downwards are Sloths. From the time it ceases to cling to the fur at its mother's breast (when, since *she* is upside down, *it* is right way up) until it dies, a Sloth's normal attitude is hanging, back downwards from the branches. Over a century ago it was described by Sydney Smith in a review of Waterton's wanderings in South America, as "passing its whole life in suspense, like a young clergyman distantly related to a bishop."

There is a Sloth to be seen at the Zoo—far from its proper zoological position—in the small Cat House. But it is not an exciting exhibit. It spends the whole day somnolent, hooked by its great claws to a branch immediately beneath an electric light bulb, and it is only after closing time

...'S E'ER I LOOKED ON"

...nates of the Zoo

...ESS BARNETT
...the Zoological Gardens)

IN MADAGASCAR THE AYE-AYE IS REGARDED WITH SUPERSTITIOUS AWE

(except on those rare summer evenings when the Zoo remains open at night) that it leisurely slings itself over to its food.

Sloths never seem to need to descend the trees even to drink, and when they die, they at least sometimes remain still suspended. The only one the writer ever saw outside a zoo was a sun-dried corpse hanging by one stiffened claw from a branch in a Peruvian forest. When some accident forces one to the ground it waddles awkwardly (like a man with club feet) on the outer sides of its soles with its claws turned inwards. Not their least remarkable peculiarity is that whereas in menageries their shaggy hair is grey, they appear when wild, it is said, to be green.

Among the birds, perhaps the palm for weirdness should be awarded to the Hornbills for their enormous bills and the grotesque casques that surmount them. For all their startling appearance they feed only on fruit and insects, and the use of the seemingly top-heavy appendages is a mystery. As remarkable as their appearance are the Hornbills' habits. They make their nests in hollow trees and seal up the entrance to the cavity with clay, leaving only a small opening through which the male passes food to his mate. In reality, no doubt, the object is to protect the incubating bird and her eggs from snakes and other enemies, but the Dyak native belief to account for the sealed-up nest is worth mentioning. They say the hen is immured against her will and perishes when the eggs hatch. Then her decomposing body breeds maggots on which the young birds feed until they are strong enough to break their way to the open.

Last spring, for the first time, a pair of Hornbills nested in the Bird House at the Zoo. A huge nesting box was provided high up in their cage, and a tray of mud on the floor. Proceedings were watched with great interest. The hen bird got inside and plastered from within, while the male worked assiduously from without. The opening was lessened until there was only space to admit the narrow part of the birds' beaks, and then the hen was seen no more. According to programme the young birds were not expected to emerge until they were well fledged, and as observations could not be conducted too closely for fear of disturbing the supposed parents, it was seriously proposed to fix a microphone near the nest to amplify the youngsters' calls. Unfortunately nothing came of it. After being walled up like some mediæval sinner in her cell for many weeks, the hen broke down the clay seal and came out, with nothing to show for her long incarceration except a few moulted feathers. It was fairly evident that there had never been any eggs, that some train of instinct had gone astray and kept the bird in moping idleness.

The quality of looking completely loathsome may be among the less heroic means of self-defence, but it is evidently none the less effective for that and there is one reptile that has carried this method of self-preservation to such lengths that it must certainly be included among the weirdest animals. It is known as the Thorny Devil or Mountain Devil. Its home is in the sun-baked deserts of Western and Central Australia, where it lives in sand so hot as to burn the hand. It possesses a pancake-shaped body, so completely covered with relatively gigantic spines that it is able to masquerade as a jumble of thorns on some desert scrub. Its uninviting exterior, together with its scorching habitat, has earned its zoological name of *Moloch horridus*, after the deity to whom human sacrifices were passed through the flames. Though its spines are sharp enough to deter enemies, it has no other means of defence, and so far from being able to bite its mouth is so small that it can only eat the tiniest insects.

Little is known of its habits in Nature, but it is said to feed exclusively on little black ants. Certainly its tastes are by no means catholic, for in captivity it can hardly be induced to accept any British species of ants. Consequently those that reached the Zoo had short lives until it was discovered that they would feed readily on the half-grown caterpillars of a moth that lives in a honeycomb.

Thorny Devils never drink, but their skin is as absorbent as blotting paper, and they evidently obtain sufficient water for their needs by soaking up the dew. Perhaps this gives a clue as to why Thorny Devils and so many other desert animals—not to mention plants—are covered with spines. Apart from the obvious protection they afford against enemies, the spines must increase the surface area for the deposition of dew and so add to the available water supply. It is a safe guess that any prickly lizard in the Zoo comes from arid country. The well-armoured Zonures from South Africa, the thorny-tailed Dab Lizards from Egypt and the horned "toads" from Western North America, which are so like Thorny Devils that they might be mistaken for their near relatives, are all desert creatures which absorb moisture through their skins, and they are all as thorny as their native cactuses.

THE PANGOLIN LOOKS LIKE AN ANIMATED FIR-CONE

THE AARDVARK LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING FROM "ALICE IN WONDERLAND."

SPORTING SCENES IN WARTIME AND PEACE

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON FOLLOWS A COURSING MATCH IN THE PENINSULAR

From the painting by Lionel Edwards of the scene on the Heights of St. Christobal, when the Duke broke off a conversation with the Spanish General, Castanos, to join in the pursuit of a hare coursed by greyhounds. Coursing was in great favour during the Peninsular campaign.

WAR has never acted as a deterrent to the British Army's passion for field sports, and some noteworthy incidents are recorded by pen and brush in *Sport and War*, a handsome volume produced by Captain Lionel Dawson and Lionel Edwards, R.I. Even the Civil War is not without its story, for King Charles could not refrain from asking William Shuckburgh what sport he had enjoyed when he found him with his hounds drawn up by the roadside as the Royal Army passed by. And he gained another recruit when he observed that "this worthy gentleman can hunt with his hounds while his King fights for his Crown." Lord Lade, in India, in 1808, encouraged his officers in sporting pursuits and actually gave them a cavalry escort for protection when so engaged. On one occasion John Prester, Brigade-Major, charged his own troops when pigsticking and speared 50 paces from the tent of his Commander-in-Chief. The celebrated incident is told of Tom Crane, who hunted hounds into the French lines, and, after capture, was handed over to a party of British Light Dragoons with French cavalry playing the rôle of whippers-in to the pack. The Great War furnishes incidents of troops led to the sound of the horn, and polo and hunting actually carried on in the front line.

FROM Somaliland across to Bombay, down to the Deccan and Mysore, on to the Nilgiris and Ootacamund, back north to Jubbulpore, with a stay in the jungle and at Saugor, went "Snaffles," and the result is *More Bandobast* (Collins; price 20/–, signed edition 30/–), which gives us his impressions in delightful sketches in both witty and serious vein. We have a mixed bag of "Snaffles"—tiger and sambur, hunting and pigsticking, equitation students at Saugor going down the jumping lane, the Pathan with his finger on the trigger, and the life of the Jungle, the Frontier and the U.P. Of Aden he says things have much changed since the ancient joke, "Oi'm not a bit surprised, sorr, that Adam and Eve were a bit uncomfortable in it," was hatched out. Water, instead of being distilled from the sea, is brought by pipe-line from the wells, and some bright individual has fenced in Goldmohr Bay with pig wire so that it provides a shark-proof Lido the year round. There is an essay on jungle law and sketches of the toddy wallahs who produce "From many a palmy plain" a liquor with such a kick in it that the troops refer to it as "fixed bayonets." Of the "Ooty" hunt he writes that the present Master maintains that confirmed pullers are the best hunters for the country, and that, anyhow, a hunt or two over ground which has a permanent angle of 45 degrees either upwards or downwards very soon convinces them that their silly craze for uncontrolled speed is futile.

"CHITAL, A PERFECT BLIZZARD OF 'EM!" IS "SNAFFLES'" DESCRIPTION OF THIS PICTURE

And he adds: "I give notice to all blood-thirsty Shikaris that I absolutely refuse to divulge the locality where I made this sketch"

RADWAN WITH HIS BOAT: THE OLD CRUSADER CASTLE COVERS THE WHOLE CREST OF THE ISLAND IN THE BACKGROUND

RADWAN'S BOMBE NOËL

A Christmas Story from Akaba

By Major C. S. JARVIS

ONE of the problems that exercises the minds of Anglo-Egyptians and Anglo-Palestinians alike is the question of how to spend the Christmas holiday, and this is difficult because it is not easy to get the correct atmosphere in a Cairo or Jerusalem flat if there is no fireplace in which to burn the Yule log; turkey, so far from being a treat, is part of one's daily diet; the Christmas pudding will almost inevitably be set alight with paraffin by the cook; and there is no holly available. The alternative of going to one of the big foreign hotels and eating tough and tasteless *Dinde* and a weird mess called *Pouding à la Noël*, is so entirely un-British that members of the party are apt to "come over all Dago" and attempt to dance the Tango afterwards. So long as one makes a complete ass of oneself at this measure and tears one's partner's frock, it is more or less all right, but if by any chance one should get the hang and rhythm of it, one will be cut by all one's friends and marked down as a gigolo, a lounge lizard, or something worse. One way and another, the hotel party is not a success.

And then someone discovered the head of the Gulf of Akaba. The Gulf of Akaba is not very accessible, as it is that tongue of sea-water that runs up from the Gulf of Suez with Sinai to the west and Arabia to the east. It is a day-and-a-half's run by car from both Cairo and Jerusalem, but when one arrives there one considers it is worth the effort. The extraordinary thing about the Gulf of Akaba is that it looks exactly as the map leads one to expect, and all details of the curve of the bay where Egyptian, Palestinian, Trans-Jordanian, and Saudi-Arabian territories meet can be clearly seen. To the east are the serrated, red mountains of the Hedjaz; to the west the rising heights of Sinai; to the north the vast depression of the Dead Sea that begins at Tiberias and ends in the Danakil country in Abyssinia; and last, but not least, in the centre the intense ultramarine blue of the narrow strip of gulf. It is a veritable riot of colour, where Nature has run the gamut from umber through various shades of crimson and rose to the palest primrose, and to set it forth has painted the sea in tints of vivid emerald, turquoise and deep-sea blue.

The object in view at Akaba is fishing, for the place has a wonderful and totally undeserved reputation for being one of the finest waters in the world for big game fish. This is due entirely to a gentleman called Radwan, a fisherman of the village, who some years ago took an angler out in his boat and in about six expeditions apparently ridded the gulf of all its barracouta and king fish. They were not particularly large, but Radwan has a very vivid imagination, and is a wonderful raconteur. His English is not particularly fluent, being confined to possibly 20 words all mis-pronounced; but, despite this disability, he can give a better and more vivid description of a fight with a giant fish than any practised speaker at the Tunny Club after two bottles of champagne and a glass of port. His efforts are not entirely disinterested, as he is *reis* (head) fisherman of the village, owns one boat, and has an intricate and entirely Oriental "rake-off" on all the others, and his propaganda has had more tangible and immediate results than that of any advertising committee of our leading seaside resorts at home. Brighton, Bournemouth or Torquay might seriously consider the engagement of Radwan as an advertising agent to exploit the charms of their beaches and the treasures of their seas, for he is no ordinary man, and Akaba, though it is now a recognised winter resort, is hardly worthy of his calibre.

Radwan, when he takes a party fishing in the depleted waters of the gulf, has all the wiles and blarney of the Irish boatman. In the first place, he breaks the news that the weather is all wrong. It either blew heavily yesterday, which sent to the bottom all the small fry that attract the big fish of prey, or else it did not blow at all, and the water, as a result, is *taaban* (tired), so that nothing is moving. When the topic of the weather becomes hackneyed he has another cliché—"*El taam mush quies*" ("*The bait is all wrong*"), and if only a few small grey mullet were available they might catch some of those colossal fish that *Saaht el Muhafiz* (His Excellency the Governor) caught in the good old days when Akaba was at its best.

When Radwan is really pinned down to it and asked the reason why the fishing has so deteriorated of recent years he looks around the odd ten miles of open gulf to see if anyone is likely to overhear, and then confesses it is due to *bomba* (bombs). Some very bad men in the village over whom he has no control, unfortunately, learned the gentle art of bombing from the *Askuria Ingleezi* (English soldiers) during the War. He emphasises the fact that it was privates who undertook this tuition and not officers, and this is Radwan's tact, for the occupants of the boat are, in most cases, members of the commissioned ranks. This lesson once learned has never been forgotten, and the direct result of it is that all the fish have been frightened out of the gulf.

At this stage of the explanation Radwan pauses to study the effect of his pronouncement—he is a first-class judge of atmosphere and a practised mind-reader. In nine cases out of ten this tale of misdoing has a most regrettable effect on a party of exasperated fishermen, who have been trailing limp lines in the unresponsive gulf for a couple of hours. So far from being shocked and horrified at the mention of the word "bomb," they show a lamentable and altogether to be deplored interest in this illegal method of bringing to the surface these monsters of the deep, who have not the decency to take a succulent and legal bait. This is the signal for Radwan to deliver himself of his other "piece."

"This bombing is prohibited by the *Hakooma* (Government), but there are those who think—and only Allah knows if they are right—that it was the bombing that attracted the *agam* (barracouta) and *derak* (king fish). They feed not on strong and healthy fish but on those that are sick and wounded, and are thus easily caught. It is said that it was the bombing that brought these great fish to Akaba, and that now it is prohibited there is nothing for them to eat.

This, of course, sounds commonsense, and one wonders why the Government has been so short-sighted, even though it is the recognised habit of Governments to be short-sighted; and this feeling is intensified when Radwan admits that, though he respects the Government and upholds it, he is by no means convinced himself and rather gives the impression that he belongs to the bombing school of thought. When the party express the barefaced desire to see actual bombing carried out, Radwan

THE HEAD OF THE GULF OF AKABA WITH THE MOUNTAINS OF AKABA IN THE DISTANCE

RADWAN, RAMADAN, OBEID "AND A FRIEND"

A BARRACOUTA—*NOT* BROUGHT UP BY BOMBING

is very properly shocked and scandalised, and then to his intense astonishment and horror, it is found that his henchman Obeid, who is rowing bow, has a couple of bombs concealed in his *galabeyah* (gown), whilst Ramadan, the stroke, has three more in his *kees* (bag).

Obeid and Ramadan are Radwan's trusties and row the boat on those unhappy occasions when there is insufficient wind to sail. Ramadan is no mean raconteur himself, and can play fascinating Arab tunes by blowing into a small hole in a 4-gallon petrol tin, whilst Obeid is equally a character, and is an instant success with the ladies, as his hair is bright auburn and he wears one long kiss-curl over his left shoulder in the "follow me, boys, I'm single" style of the late Victorian days.

At this regrettable disclosure Radwan shrugs his shoulders with the air of a man who has done his best, and can accept no further responsibility. A school of *khunni* are detected sporting on the surface some 300yds. away, and the boat is propelled in their direction.

The *khunni* are believed to be the milk fish that are also found off Florida, and they are glorious to behold. They average about 18lb., are a deep Prussian blue on the back shading to the brightest silver beneath and are built for strength and speed, but—and there is a very definite "but" about them—they are soft-mouthed, take no known bait, and so are of no interest to the fisherman. Apparently their food is the small mauve jelly-fish that appears on the surface of the gulf immediately there is a dead calm, and when the jelly-fish are present schools of *khunni* show in every direction disporting on the surface. Possibly it is the *khunni* that have given the gulf its totally undeserved reputation of being a first-class angling water, for when tyros see the whole surface boiling with large fish they naturally jump to the conclusion that they are fish of prey feeding on fry, and when they ask the fisherman what they are and are told *khunni* they imagine they have mis-heard the name, which is obviously "tunny."

The boat having been rowed to within 50yds. of the school, Radwan and his crew divest themselves of their outer garments, retaining only their white cotton drawers. Obeid takes the oars, and with the gentlest of strokes urges the boat slowly towards the school while Radwan in the bow prepares the bomb. This is a very amateur contrivance consisting of a charge of blasting powder tied up tightly in an old bit of rag. A short length of fuse is inserted in the powder, and the whole is bound on to a stone about the size of a man's fist. Radwan handles it with the nonchalance of a man who has had considerable experience, and those of the party who have attended bombing courses withdraw into the stern and inwardly wish the boat was 20ft. longer.

When the fish, which can be seen plainl yon the surface, are only 15yds. away Radwan lights the fuse with his cigarette and blows on it with the calm of an old lady cooling her tea. The boat glides silently on, and at 8yds distance Radwan throws the bomb which drops in the centre of the school, sinks, and explodes about one second later with a dull thud and a resulting column of water.

As the bomb leaves Radwan's hand he, Obeid and Ramadan slip into the water with that marvellous, silent, splashless dive that only these Arabs can achieve. They disappear so quietly and quickly that one wonders where they have gone, and then, after the lapse of some 30 seconds, they come to the surface again by the side of the boat each one clasping in his arms a huge stunned *khunni*. The fish have to be handled very quickly, for the effect of the bomb on a big fish is very temporary, and in two seconds they have recovered so completely that they will break from the hold and shoot away with terrific leaps on the surface of the water.

This is the art of fish bombing that Radwan, rather disapprovingly, is willing to perform if his party of Christmas revellers are sufficiently lost to all sense of what is right and proper to encourage him so to do. Breaking the laws of another country, however, is not quite such a reprehensible business as defying the ordinances of one's own, and the Gulf of Akaba offers unique opportunities in this respect, for Egyptian residents can bomb off both Palestine and Trans-Jordan shores; Palestine can exploit Egypt and Trans-Jordan; whilst Trans-Jordan is in the happy position of being able not only to bomb the three-mile limits of Egypt and Palestine but can also disport themselves off the deserted shores of Saudi-Arabia, where there are no regulations at all and every man is a law unto himself—hence its name, *Arabia Felix*.

PATIENCE

is a virtue in the making of GOOD whisky

"If you can wait and not be tired by waiting," quoted Johnnie Walker, "you have one of the essential qualities for the making of good whisky — Patience. When whisky is run from the still into the spirit-receiver, and from the spirit-receiver into an oak cask, it begins the long natural process, extending over many years, known as maturing in the wood.

"But while this improving and ageing of whisky is going on, there are other whiskies, laid down long ago and now fully matured, which are ready for blending as Johnnie Walker. The fact that Johnnie Walker commands such large stocks of old and specially selected whiskies explains why this famous whisky is older and better to-day than it has ever been. You yourself will prove this to be true when you ask for Johnnie Walker by name."

JOHNNIE WALKER

Born 1820—still going strong

PROFESSIONAL HUNTSMEN

Some Memories of a Summer Tour

WHEN one has made a tour of kennels throughout the summer, it is interesting to remember the many different huntsmen, their various types, characteristics and methods, in so far as one can see them during a summer's afternoon. I should say that, all in all, the professional huntsmen of England are the nicest collection of men in the world; I have yet to meet a nasty one.

The first pack of hounds I visited was the Duke of Beaufort's, on the last day of Tom Newman's service, and it will always be pleasant to remember that I saw them while he was still there. When a favourite hound came in, Newman would stand with his hands behind his back, his right foot a little forward with the heel on the ground and the toe off it, and look at his treasure with head on one side, as if to say: "What a beauty you are; there's none like you in England."

Then there was George Summers, who has been with the Buccleuch for more than 30 years. My memory of Summers is out of the kennel. Hounds were drawing a deep, wooded glen, which was very thick at the time (the beginning of August).

Three of us, myself and two shepherds, viewed a cub moving under the whipper-in on the far side. He could not see him owing to the steepness of the slope.

Summers, realising from our attitude that we had seen something, said: "Don't halloa; let them find him." Old Hackler was soon speaking to him, and it was a lovely sight seeing all the rest hurrying to his note, for from vantage point we could see every movement.

Pooler, of the Albrighton Woodland, is about the most healthy-looking man I have ever seen, and a great favourite throughout the country for his cheerfulness and good manners. What a difference it must make when the huntsman of the local pack is always cheerful and, whenever an old village dame comes to her door to see the hounds pass, she is greeted with "Good morning, ma'am," and a touched cap. The Albrighton Woodland hounds are like their huntsman, cheerful, full of spirits, and well-mannered.

George Barker, of the Pytchley, seems to be carrying on a silent conversation with his hounds all the time he is showing them; they may even be discussing you! When he wants a hound, he just puts his head round the door and calls him, which seems a pretty sensible arrangement: he is always courteous to his hounds and they to him. You would as soon expect to hear shouting and whip-cracking in that kennel as you would in St. Paul's Cathedral.

On the day I went to the Berkeley kennel, several doghounds started fighting when another was sent into them. Morris, the huntsman, who was showing me hounds, walked to the door, opened it (the fight having now reached quite respectable proportions), and said in a quiet and reproachful voice: "What do you think you're doing, ——, fighting like that?" The uproar ceased immediately, and I am willing to bet no small boy ever was so "squashed" by his master as that hound was put to shame by Morris.

Morris is a most interesting and intelligent man, and does everything very quietly in the kennel. I saw some of the pedigrees in his house afterwards; and remarked how beautifully they were done, and he replied: "Oh, my wife does those for me." Truly, a huntsman's wife must be willing to take on anything, and to do it well.

Daniels, of the Garth, absolutely looks the part of a huntsman. He is small, stocky, with that look which all middle-aged professional huntsmen have; I daresay it comes through hearing a lot and keeping your mouth shut all through your life. Who ever heard of a voluble huntsman? They have learnt that they must economise their energies and their horses, and so economise their conversation as well, and are none the worse for that.

In another branch of sport, staghunting, Ernest Bawden, who hunts the Devon and Somerset, is an ornament to his profession. He is a man of strong yet simple character, with the manners of a Duke, and a vast knowledge of the ways of deer. A great huntsman acknowledged to be great, and a past-master at crossing "the Forest," yet there is no trace of vanity in him. It is his rule, when he returns too late from hunting to eat supper, never to feed heavily before going to bed, but to eat some bread and butter or toast with a cup of tea, and have supper for breakfast. Much is explained by this story.

The career of a huntsman is a very trying one, even for those with the finest of tempers and constitutions. Apart from the personal danger, which is considered little, there is always the spectre of "sport"; sport must be shown, in these days of subscription packs, and the voice of the ignoramus who must get his money's worth is loud in the land. That the reputation of a huntsman should rest on opinions of this kind is an appalling thought. Indeed, one would imagine from some of the conversations heard out hunting that there are people who believe or persuade themselves that a huntsman is deliberately trying to curtail their enjoyment. To put it mildly, it is unlikely that a man endeavouring to earn his living would deliberately go out of his way to endanger it. And, apart from that, these men are sportsmen, they love hunting and hounds, or they would never have become huntsmen.

These memories of pleasant hours and pleasant people may fittingly end with the story about the late Duke of Beaufort and Will Dale, his famous huntsman. When he was asked his opinion of someone whom he knew and liked well, he is said to have answered: "He's the nicest man I know—except for Will Dale."

VALENTINE.

THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH AND GEORGE SUMMERS
Summers has been with the Buccleuch for more than 30 years

A TOAST BETWEEN MASTER AND MAN
The Duke of Beaufort and Tom Newman on the occasion of a presentation being made to Newman to mark his retirement after 20 years' service at Badminton

Your call for Xmas

At this Season, more than ever, The Call at Home and wherever our Kinsfolk are celebrating is for Vat 69.

VAT 69

THE LUXURY BLEND OF *Liqueur* SCOTCH WHISKY — *Quality Tells*

THE OUTSIDER—A SARTORIAL SENSATION

"AS FAR AS *THIS* HUNT IS CONCERNED, SIR, FLORAL DECORATIONS ARE QUITE OUT OF PLACE!"

"IT IS MY DUTY, AS THE OLDEST MEMBER, TO INFORM YOU THAT A FOUR-BUTTON COAT IS AN HONOURED TRADITION"

AS THE WIFE OF THE MASTER, I MAY BE EXCUSED FOR POINTING OUT THAT BLACK HAT-GUARDS ARE *DE RIGUEUR*"

"I SAY, SIR, I THINK IT NECESSARY TO TELL YOU THAT YOUR TOPS ARE ON THE LIGHT SIDE"

BEST DAYS WITH HOUNDS

"Io Triumphe" With the Pytchley

IT is more than likely that the hunt which took place on Monday, November 9th, will not be considered the best of the week. It was, at any rate, a good hunting run, it ended, as all such hunts should, and so may be considered worthy of detailed description.

The meeting-place was Walgrave Village; first Gib Wood was drawn, and a fox was killed almost at once. At a second attempt another fox broke in the direction of Broughton and crossed the Kettering Road as though for Cransley. Then, for some reason, he turned into the wind and was hunted at a fair pace, over some of the best of the Monday country towards Walgrave.

Just before arriving at the outskirts of this village, the fox crossed and recrossed a road and incidentally some allotment gardens where hounds were at fault; there a bitch called Posy, by Meynell Prisoner, put matters right, and when recrossing this road stopped at a drain, as did Gorgeous and Prompter at the other end. All ground was made good, needless to say, and the pack was soon marking in no uncertain manner.

A terrier was produced, but the fox, as so often happens, refused to bolt till the cavalcade had gone some distance up the road. Then he did, which was a good thing, as the result was the same ultimately, and much good hunting ensued.

Hounds ran well up to Hannington Village and beyond into Hardwick Wood, before which the fox had been viewed looking rather the worse for wear. They must have been close to him here, as scent was very bad inside; nevertheless, they pushed him through this thick and considerable covert with little delay and were soon into Wilmer Park. Hounds had some difficulty in hunting through this, but a timely view accelerated matters a good deal, and they were soon away and running beautifully towards Hardwick Village with a glorious cry.

Thereabouts Barker was called upon to catch hold of them as all seemed lost; luckily, his surmise was correct, and the fox, by this time running very short, was viewed out of a patch of gorse by Colonel Lowther.

After a few more critical moments the pack were almost running in view, but Hardwick Wood was very near, and in it almost certain sanctuary. The hunt staff had other views, however, and by dint of quick action on their part a beaten fox was killed only a few yards distant from the covert.

The time, including the drain episode, was close on two hours, and the country crossed included grass and ploughed land; scent was never good; the fox, in consequence, seldom ran straight. It was at times an amusing hunt to ride; and to watch it was always full of interest—as is any task beset with difficulties and yet well done.

AN EXCELLENT WEEK FOR THE BELVOIR

"EVERYBODY has won, all must have prizes"—this admirable sentiment first introduced by Alice exactly expresses one's opinion of all connected with Belvoir hunting during the past week. With conditions by no means ideal, each of the four days provided sport above the ordinary, and every time a coco-nut. Starting on Caythorpe Heath, a small Tuesday field reconciled itself to prolonged inquiries in kale and root fields. Only the appearance of a bright sun tempered the keen wind to the newly-shorn horses, but no fox was found until Byard's Leap was drawn.

The proximity of Cranwell Aerodrome does not assist hunting; all the necessary noises are drowned by the aerial exercises above and it was lucky that the fox went away in full view and very conveniently up-wind. This gave hounds a good clue to start with, and they followed it up with a will, a series of cock fences giving just the right thrill without impediment. A check in a sugar beet field gave the impression that the flutter was over, but George soon got them going again, and although they no longer had the benefit of the wind, there was little need to help them further.

Up to Sparrow Gorse they hunted steadily, but after just skirting the covert, they settled down and ran well. Two fields short of the starting-place the fox was viewed ahead; over a wall he went, and it looked as if he would reach the refuge, but he probably lay down in the fence beyond, for a well-merited worrying was soon heard. The earth at Sparrow Gorse supplied the next excitement and this time they ran faster, over much the same route, but without reward. These two hunts were most enjoyable and showed the feverish keenness of the dog pack.

The Thorpe Arnold meet next day was at 10.45 in order that the Armistice silence might be suitably observed. After this most impressive pause, a poppy-decked cavalcade moved off to Bouch's Covert; in spite of a sharp frost over-night there was a St. Luke's summer feeling in the air, and drifts of mosquitoes hovering about seemed most unsuitable hunting confrères. A fox was soon afoot, and got away across the road to the Brentingby Spinneys in spite of the many heading facilities offered. A change was probably made in the good little wood by the Melton Golf Course, and a rather jerky hunt ensued to Freeby. After a good deal of happy galloping by all concerned, a Newman's Gorse fox was accounted for near Melton Spinney.

By this time rain had set in; this dispersed a lot of people, but Mr. Greenall was left with a chosen few to enjoy a good hunt of an hour from the Rectory Garden, to end an active day.

Friday, again, gave the dog hounds a chance to distinguish themselves. Sir George Whichcote always has the right sort of pilots at Osbournby Hilltop, and the pack proceeded to run for an hour and a half, covering a lot of ground, to win a prize at the finish.

The brightness of Saturday morning misled a large field into wearing their best clothes at Normanton, but those who rode their most accomplished horses were well advised, for the Lovett-raised foxes in the Little Covert know what is expected of them. After a lull which suggested the minimum of scent within, a cry of the proper sort came from the Staunton end of the thicket, and it was not long before the pack were streaming across the low fields, where all the fences are fair and free to all whose horse will stand well back from the ditches before him.

It was not a day on which to be clever and anticipate the route, for they went too fast and allowed no time to recover mistakes. Through both Stauntons, then out towards Long Bennington, the way then lay past Cotham Thorns before describing a large loop beyond the River Devon. The going was heavy, and the country none too good in the later phases, but hounds hunted marvellously throughout. It was hard on horses as a perfect deluge caught everyone unaware, and many pounds of rain water were absorbed by coats and breeches. The afternoon was busy but uneventful, until a Normanton Thorns fox paid the penalty just before closing time. He was probably one who had been pursued during the many little circuits with which the day and a most successful week concluded. UNBRIDLED.

A COTTESMORE DIARY

COMPLETING the second week of the regular season, Mr. Hilton-Green has again shown a very high average of sport. Scent has been just fair most days, except on Monday, when there was none at all, Saturday, without doubt being the best scenting day of the season so far.

On Monday the 9th, meeting at Loosecoat Field, alongside the Great North Road, we began the day with two very nice short hunts from Exeter's Gorse and Turnpole Wood, but the best hunt came in the evening, as it generally does.

Having drawn Ashwood blank, we went on to Osbonall, and a real good fox was at once away from here. Hounds ran fast, leaving Ashwood on their right, and went straight through Exeter's Gorse and Woodhead, and into Turnpole. Forcing their fox through here, they ran back through Woodhead and out towards Exeter's. The fox, turning back before reaching there, was killed after a first-class gallop of 50 minutes.

Thursday 12th.—North Luffenham. Having partaken of the usual hospitality from Captain and Mrs. Guy Fenwick, we started by drawing Luffenham Pastures blank, but there was a good fox in Gibbett's Gorse. Breaking at the top end, they ran out almost to Edith Weston. Bearing left-handed over the bridle lane, we crossed the river, and leaving Hambleton Wood on our right, ran on past Lax Hill and up to the Oakham—Manton Road. Here we turned right-handed, and ran down to the back of Egleton Village, where we lost our fox, after a delightful gallop of 31 minutes. We spent the rest of the evening round Hambleton Wood, scent having got very bad.

Saturday, 14th.—Leesthorpe Cross Roads.—A fine muggy morning, and the best scenting day of the season. Hounds could and did run very hard. A large and very hard-riding field out and I have not seen so much grief in one day for a long time in Leicestershire. Colonel and Mrs. Kelly had at least a brace in their Pond Spinney, and the selected one was hunted at a great pace towards Pickwell, and bearing left, we ran on very fast past America Spinney and over the Melton—Oakham Road. With Noel Arms on our left, we completed a big ring back to Leesthorpe Hall, where we almost caught our fox, but eluding hounds he completed another smaller ring and was bowled over after a first-class gallop of 30 minutes.

The Punch Bowl was blank, but we found a good fox on the adjacent hillside. We ran straight through Burrough Hill Woods and out towards

AN IMPRESSIVE PICTURE OF THE ERIDGE HUNT OBSERVING THE TWO MINUTES' SILENCE

Burrough Hill. Before reaching this, we bore right-handed and leaving Adams Gorse on the left, finally marked our fox to ground in a drain by the Little Dalby—Thorpe Road, hounds having run at best pace for 25 minutes over a grand line. Lake Spinney, Dalby Walks and Berry Gorse not responding, we went on to Laxtons, found, and ran out towards Whissenthorpe. Bearing right, we crossed the road, and leaving Berry Gorse on our left, were finally run out of scent near Long Plantation.

It was four o'clock when we reached Cottage Plantation, and only a few of the keenest had stayed on. We found a brace here and hunted one up through Laxtons and across the Whissendine Road, where hounds were stopped. An excellent day's sport, and a hard one on horses.

I regret to say Lord Fortescue lost a very valuable hunter during the afternoon, breaking its neck at a very minor obstacle, he himself being almost jumped on by another follower when he was on the ground. FOXY.

SOUTH SHROPSHIRE'S GREAT HUNT

A SMALL field met these hounds at Kenley on Monday, November 9th, and enjoyed a great hunt in fine weather. Finding in the dingle on Mapps Farm, the fox was headed by motor cars on the Kenley Road, and turning right-handed, hounds were soon in difficulties amongst sheep in several successive fields; but being put right, they settled down and ran well past Newhouse, leaving Hughley on the right into the Edge Wood.

Scent was indifferent in covert, but sticking to the line, hounds drove their fox over the Much Wenlock—Church Stretton Road by Presthope and on to Bourton, where he was headed, and after some further trouble with sheep the line was carried back in a right-handed circle to the Edge Wood.

Without dwelling in the covert, hounds again drove their fox over the Wenlock Road, and taking much the same line as before, turned right-handed nearly to Brockton and on into Mogg Forest. Hounds ran straight through this big woodland, and coming out on the grass beyond, began to race. Leaving Shipton on their left, they crossed the main Craven Arms—Bridgnorth Road and the River Corve to Balaams Heath and Millichope.

By this time most of the field had had enough, but hounds still ran on into the valley, past Broncroft Castle, over the Pye Brook to Bouldon and up to the hill beyond. Here everybody, including the fox, had evidently had enough, and although he was viewed crawling about amongst the bracken scent suddenly failed, and it is presumed he got in somewhere.

It was a great hunt with a ten-mile point and between 20 and 25 miles as hounds ran, almost all up-wind and at times fast, over a hilly but sporting country practically devoid of wire. Hounds were in four different hunting countries during the run. Leaving the South Shropshire, they crossed into the Wheatland at the Edgehill, and from there, running through a bit of the United, finished in the North Ludlow within three miles of the Master's house. Only four horses finished, and none of them got home that night.

There were six-and-a-half couple of young hounds in the pack that day, and every hound except one slept at home, the missing puppy coming into kennels under her own steam on Wednesday morning. SHROPSHIRE LAD.

DOWN WIND WITH THE WHADDON CHASE

ON the first Saturday of the season the Whaddon Chase, as usual, met in the sporting village of Nash. The weather had been and was, squally, and the barometer at its lowest ebb; according to law, prospects were not good. A large field trotted to Nanely's Brake, a two-acre patch of blackthorn lying on the side of the road. Hounds, even so, were some time before they opened, and at once a good fox left. Pointing first for Singleborough, he then swung left-handed to run down-wind over a hairy piece of country to College Wood. Hounds had run on fast, and taking the line through this large wood they checked for a minute at Ward's Spinney before running on again to Thinbare, driving their fox through here and then through Newton Common.

Incidentally the fox and hounds threaded their way through this almost impenetrable jungle in better time than most of the followers. They were close behind their fox as he entered Howe Park. Fortunately for the huntsman he was viewed leaving the covert, having run the rides, and Sir Peter Farquhar holding the pack straight through, killed a stone cold fox on Horton's Farm at Shenley Brook End. The feature of the hunt, apart from a four-and-a-half-mile point in 40 minutes, was hounds without check going through four coverts behind a fox travelling downwind all the way.

Beachampton Grove was called upon next. Leaving on good terms with their fox, hounds ran to the Belt before turning right-handed past Lovell's Thorns to Lady Carrington's Gorse. Without dwelling, the fox bore across the Whaddon Road to Oakhill. With no thought of tarrying he went on to Shenley Wood. Again going straight through the covert without delay, hounds checked for a second behind Shenley Brook End, but picking up the line, they ran very fast to Cold Harbour, and over a delightful line of country to Bletchley Park. Here the fox got into the root of a tree. He was touchable, but just out of reach, and save for felling the tree, safe.

The Master decided to take the pack a field away for five minutes, and if that failed, find another fox. Within two minutes the fox and a friend bolted, but he was stiff, and hounds killed in a few fields. The feature of this hunt, too, was a straight-necked fox. It was a five-and-a-half-mile point, travelling down wind, and hounds able to hunt through three coverts close behind their fox.

E. B. T.

THE MEYNELL'S SIXTY-FIVE MINUTES

ON Tuesday, November 19th, these Hounds met at Bramshall, the Master bringing 27 couple of bitches. The day previous scent had been very bad, and the glass this morning was very low, but just inclined to rise. As it happened we had just hit a break in two deep depressions which swept this county with gales and rain almost continuously for four days, a lovely morning with visibility at its best and the sun shining.

We moved off to draw that excellent little covert, Phillips' Gorse, owned and looked after so carefully by that just as excellent sportsman, Mr. Lovat. For the first time since I have known him he was not very optimistic about us finding. However, his fears were soon proved to be groundless, for hounds soon had a fox on his legs, and a "holloa" announced his departure. Hounds came away with a rare start and had no need to put their noses down till they reached the "Field" road.

Hitting off the line the other side, the 27 couple just got together and flew down the hill to skirt Carvine Coppice; all round this big covert they ran the fence to emerge beside the grass lane leading to Loxley. On reaching the railway our pilot was headed and hounds drove on to the line. A galloping east soon had them going and they raced parallel with the railway and about two fields from it, crossed the Bramshall-Field road and crossed the railway by Dagdale into North Staffordshire country. With Lower Nobut on their left they reached Broadoak Farm long before the Hunt staff and any of the field reached it and, having made their own cast, had just hit the line off when we arrived.

Running parallel with the road for a few fields they crossed the Bramshall-Leigh road and came to a check short of Bowes Gorse. Making their own cast, they hit off and ran through this covert swinging right-handed and raced back to the railway at Dagdale, not to cross but to bear left-handed and run almost through Bramshall village over the railway to Loxley Bank, where they put him to ground after a very fast hunt of 65 minutes.

They were very unlucky not to catch him, as they were running in view on entering Loxley Bank. Most people with one horse had now had enough, but hounds were next busy with a litter of cubs in Hand Leasow which had not been cubbed, but by this time the weather had once more deteriorated and scent became very poor, and after an hour's local hunting without any result hounds returned to kennel. This season, the bitch pack are being hunted in Staffordshire and the dog hounds in Derbyshire, which looks like being very successful.

H. A. J.

THE MIDDLETON'S TWO GOOD HOUND HUNTS

THE bitch pack, meeting at Langton on Armistice Day at 11.30, drew Mr. Morrell's covert at Mennethorpe first. Finding a stout fox at once, they crossed the beck and raced along the top edge of Laysykes Wood, bending left along the bank, and leaving the old kennels and Eddlethorpe Hall on the right. Running parallel with the road almost to Thornthorpe, they turned left, leaving Mennethorpe Covert and House on the left, swung down to the beck, and ran along the top of Laysykes again, on through Westow Beck Wood and Paddocks and Mr. Herbert's paddocks, right-handed into Howsham Wood. Driven through the wood, the fox was viewed away on the north end, pointing for Firby. However, he changed his mind, turned and ran down the River Derwent, which he crossed. Running on with great drive through Oakeliffe Covert, and leaving Crambe Village on the right, they swung left-handed and recrossed the river into Howsham Wood, and killed in a field short of the Hall, after a good hound hunt of 1 hour and 45 minutes.

Finding in Burythorpe Moor, they ran a short semi-circle round Eddlethorpe Hall, back by the whin, back to the wood. Pushing their fox out on the south end, they crossed the Burythorpe Road with Low Penhowe Farm on the left and pointed for Busk Hill. Bending right, hounds crossed the Gally Gap Road, leaving Westow Low Ground on the left, and ran through Westow Beck Wood on almost to the old kennels and so to Mennethorpe Covert. Then, running almost the same line as the first fox, through Laysykes, this fox was viewed away tiring fast; he ran along the bank of the river up to Firby Farm, then, bending right along the end of Firby Wood into Mr. Charles Brotherton's gardens at Kirkham Abbey, darkness deprived Redfern and his bitches of killing a deadbeat fox after a very fine hound hunt of 90 minutes.

JASON.

THE COTSWOLD IN THE VALE

BETWEEN days of stormy rain, November 10th dawned a perfect hunting morning, when, with fair skies and a presage of coming frost in the air, the Cotswold met at Staverton in the Vale. Mr. Heber-Percy, carrying the horn, spent the first hour or so among some very twisty foxes round the Staverton coverts. Then shortly after midday a move was made to Davis Copse, a small spinney on the Boddington estate now in the tenancy of Mr. R. Burroughs. Being only about 50yds. wide, and to-day harbouring a stout fox of the right sort, a quick and pretty find ensued. Captain Hext (first whipper-in) viewed him away with an appraising eye and a ringing "Tally Ho," as at the same moment the bitches streamed out close on his brush.

Thrilled by the notes of the horn, with every hound now on, horses snatched at their bridles and galloped in the wake of the Master as he cleared the first fence. Over the Staverton Lane into Mr. McIlquhoun's covert without checking, the cry of hounds now running hard up-wind told us they were already out and away the far side. Streaming across the level pastures of Mr. Edmund's farm they reached the thick thorns at Dyers Grove, which did not stop them, and ran straight on through Hatherley Wood.

Up to this point, the pace had been very fast over a good line of country well safeguarded by the Hunt Wire Committee. As the fox crossed the main Gloucester road the first trouble was met when hounds were checked by some high iron palings fencing each side of the roadway. Once over this they soon hit off the line and, with a screaming scent, it was odds on Norton Hill seen in the far distance, would be their goal. By now the chase over the still blind fences had begun to take toll of the field and falls were frequent, Lady Mary Strickland being amongst those down with a severe shaking.

The hunt now drew on into a more wired-up part of the country, seldom ridden over, with stiff timber rails and fastened up gates, the only way in or out of many of the fields crossed. Faced with these formidable obstacles on tiring horses, only a mere handful of those starting now remained keeping a foremost place when the pack reached Norton.

Here the fox had been headed near some cottages and it was the prettiest sight imaginable to see the bitches stop and cast themsleves, swinging back to take up the line again half-way down the field. This brief deflection, however, did not take the the fox off his original course, as racing away afresh hounds were soon ascending Norton Hill. No doubt his point was the big earth on the far side of the hill facing the River Severn, but on reaching the top the luck was all on the side of the huntsman. Some men planting trees there had turned the fox away from this refuge, which accounted for a slight check; a big help to sobbing horses breasting the steep incline. But not for long. With a glad cry hounds were at him again, Captain Hext viewing the fox running out of Mr. Watkins's covert straight down to the very edge of the river. From their viewpoint on the slope above, the Master and staff now suffered some anxious moments, with the Severn running bank high bordering the Ledbury country and not a bridge for miles.

Fortunately the now sinking fox did not attempt the crossing but, keeping along the bank, ran towards Sandhurst. But he had "shot his bolt" and finding himself in unfamiliar country began to waver. Following along the ridge of Norton Hill a lovely view of the pack could be seen as they hunted every inch, turning with their fox, each one taking up the challenge till, with a marked change of cry, they ran him into view and rolled him over in the open, stiff as a post, at Braun's

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Farm, Sandhurst. A point of five-and-a-half miles in 70 minutes, eleven miles as they ran with every hound up.

Apart from this gallant pilot the honours of the day went to Concord, a first season bitch, who was first up to tackle the fox, and hunted wonderfully well throughout and who was walked at Boddington by Mrs. Seeley. Also the five grand horses who saw the finish without cutting the corners out of a total of twelve, who kept going to the end of this great hunt across the Vale. O. C. M. B.

NOTES AND NEWS

The V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) Subscribers' and Farmers' Wire Fund Ball is to be held at the Bingham Hall, Cirencester, on Friday, November 27th.

The V.W.H. (Cricklade) Hunt are offering a bonus to farmers for hedge-cutting. All particulars from the area managers or Captain M. S. Oxley, Ashton Keynes, Swindon, Wilts.

The Old Berkshire Hunt Ball will be held at the Officers' Mess, Royal Air Force Station, Abingdon, on Friday, November 27th.

At the opening meet of the Vale of White Horse (Cricklade) Hounds on November 7th, at Down Ampney House, Mr. W. Goodenough, chairman of the Hunt, presented Captain M. J. Kingscote, M.F.H., with a framed oil painting of Captain Kingscote on his grey horse, Quicksilver, with some of his favourite hounds outside Nash's Gorse. The picture was painted by R. Millais, and was subscribed to by numerous supporters and friends of the Hunt in recognition of the good sport shown by Captain Kingscote during his five seasons' mastership, 1931–1936.

OVER THE BROOK

One of nearly eighty admirable line drawings by Maurice Tulloch which illustrate Novice Luck or Some Sporting Sprints, by Martin Stephens (Eyre & Spottiswoode; 10/6)

THIS WEEK'S WISDOM

Conversation :—" Do you hunt ? Only when I've lost something."

BLOODSTOCK SALES OF THE YEAR

Success in Prospect for the Big December Auction at Newmarket

MESSRS. TATTERSALL begin their sale of bloodstock at Park Paddocks, Newmarket, on December 7th, and have their usual vast catalogue. Just over 50 years have passed since the December sales were inaugurated in a modest way. In 1886 thirteen horses belonging to Fred Archer, whose death had occurred little more than a month previously, formed the nucleus of the first December catalogue. Nearly 70 other lots were sold, and the occasion marked the birth of what has become known as an annual institution.

Owners and breeders have found it a most suitable time for disposing of their surplus stock or for strengthening their own stud farms and stables. From all over the world buyers have come to these sales, and though the foreign market for bloodstock has not been in a satisfactory state for some years past for well-defined reasons, many of the horses which come up during the week are still sold to go overseas.

From its small beginnings the Newmarket sale increased in size and importance until the high-water mark was reached in 1928, when 838 lots were sold at an aggregate of 478,427gns. From that year a sharp decline occurred, but there has been an upward tendency lately, and last year's total of 207,276gns. was the highest recorded for five years.

Occasionally the sales will attract more than usual attention owing to the dispersal of one or two of the leading studs and racing stables, but the average price has remained steady since the days when the economic blizzard swept over the world. This time the catalogue is fully up to the usual standard, and good results can be safely anticipated.

So far this year the bloodstock sales have given no cause for uneasiness to breeders. At the First July Sales the aggregate was 77,441gns., which meant that the recovery which occurred in 1935 was more than maintained. The most notable transaction was the purchase by Mr. O. V. Watney, the owner of Wychwood Abbot, of a yearling filly by Fairway—Nun's Veil from the National Stud for 5,500gs. From the same stud a filly by Cerleon—Sister Stella went to Mr. Claude Leigh at 3,500gs. A feature of the sale was the disposal by the Aga Khan of 21 yearlings, most of which were sent here instead of appearing at the Deauville Sales. No reserves were placed on them, and the top price of 3,000gs. was made by a yearling by Dastur, whose stock show a great deal of promise.

One of the most interesting yearlings offered at this sale was Lady Barbara Smith's colt by Foxlaw out of Verdict. This half-brother to Quashed, Thankerton and other winners went to Lord Portal at 4,000gs., a big price for a colt who is not eligible for the Stud Book. There never was a more lucrative half-bred mare than Verdict. Among other yearlings sold by her at Newmarket have been Silver Gilt for 4,000gs., Thankerton for 4,800gs., and Arthingworth for 3,800gs., an amazing return in view of the fact that the mare is half-bred on both sides of the house.

Lord St. Davids has bred so many good winners that it is not surprising that the best of his yearlings were keenly sought after at the First July Sales. Lord Portal, who is making a bold bid to secure high-class young stock, secured his Foxlaw—Celandine colt for 3,300gs., and at only 200gs. less Mr. Edward Esmond bought his filly by Gainsborough—Dame Caution, a half sister to that good staying three-year-old Carioca. Lady Yule, whose support of racing is greatly appreciated, also secured two promising yearlings from Lord St. David's Stud.

At the Newmarket Second July Sales the aggregate was 75,956gs., which was higher than any figure reached at the corresponding sales since 1925, when the total was exceptionally high on account of the disposal of the late Sir Edward Hulton's yearlings. The gem of the sale was unquestionably the beautiful sister to Windsor Lad, now known as Radiant. Mr. Daniel Sullivan received no less than 11,500gs. for this daughter of Blandford, who is now in the hands of Mr. Frank Butters. If she proves to be as good as she looks the filly should make a big name for herself on the racecourse.

It was naturally most gratifying to breeders that the results of the two sales in the summer at Newmarket produced such excellent figures, and the bigger yearling sales at Doncaster were awaited with equanimity. In the meantime the annual yearling sales in the week of the Dublin Horse Show gave further cause for satisfaction. A fine aggregate was recorded, and a new record for Dublin was set up when Colonel Giles Loder's filly by Apelle—Polly Flinders went for 2,700gs., the buyer being Mr. Harry Cottrill, who has happy recollections of having purchased the Oaks winner, Lovely Rosa, and the Cambridgeshire winner, Dan Bulger, at Ballsbridge.

Expectations that the figures of recent years would be surpassed at Doncaster were not realised. The total was 261,155gs. as compared with 273,620gs. in 1935 and 298,280gs. in 1934. The broad result was satisfactory enough, and it was accompanied by another new record for any auction sale of yearlings, the colt by Fairway—Golden Hair going to Miss Dorothy Paget for the stupendous price of 15,000gs. Previously the record had been held by Blue Ensign at 14,500gs.

The slight decline in the Doncaster aggregate is to be largely accounted for by the fact that several owners who have made important purchases at these sales in the past were not so active this time. One was the Aga Khan and another Lord Glanely, who earlier in the year had announced his intention of cutting down his racing stable to very small proportions. Yet even he could not refrain from putting in a big bid for the Fairway—Golden Hair colt or from buying a Singapore colt out of the same stud for 2,100gs.

Lord Glanely has an important string to offer at the December sales. Our brief review had shown that the bloodstock market has been in a most healthy state and there is no reason to suppose that the coming sales at Newmarket will detract from the excellent record of the year in this direction.

" Hawkins, I'm dumbfounded. I went to a party last night, Hawkins —"

"*Sir?*"

" And this morning, I can see, hear, breathe and talk. Now, as a man of the world, Hawkins — an explanation — I beg of you."

"*You consumed no uncertain amount of— ahem—*"

" Quite, Hawkins. I drank Gin and Lime in no — er — small quantity."

"*There, if I may say so, sir, is the explanation. Gin and Lime. I understand, sir, that lime juice 'neutralizes' certain elements that are usually responsible for what we might term a 'hangover.' An excellent drink, sir.*"

" Excellent, Hawkins. Lay in a gigantic crate of the best lime juice procurable. Instantly."

"*One large case of Rose's Lime Juice. Very good, sir.*"

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

ELECTRIFICATION OF RAILWAYS

SIR,—I greatly fear that it will be found that it is now too late to do anything effective in this matter.

When it was rumoured that the Southern Railway contemplated electrifying the line to Brighton, steps were taken in the Southdown Hunt country to endeavour to stir not merely the foxhunting fraternity but the whole rural community to protest. And protest they did.

So far as the foxhunting fraternity was concerned, there was a certain lack of appreciation of the extent of the danger, and it is only now that the fact seems to be realised—though it was stressed then—that the Southern Railway Company's system extends over some counties more famous and more rural than any in the Home Counties.

That fact rendered it, then, most desirable that the company should not become committed to the live rail as against the overhead system, but no word of protest was heard from any hunt outside those then immediately concerned. However, the East Sussex Rural Community Council took the matter up supported by representatives of the County Council and the Farmers' Union, and eventually arranged a conference attended by representatives of the Southern Railway, together with representatives of the Rural Community Council, the County Council, the Farmers' Union, the Education authorities, and others, including the Southdown Hunt.

The evidence available, even then, showed that wild animals, horses, dogs, children and adults had in various instances suffered severe injury, and on occasions death, as a result of contact with the live rail.

The railway's representatives' case was simply that the matter had already received long and careful consideration. The longer and the more careful in that in the first instance the electrified portion of the S.W.R. had been worked on a live rail, that of the L.B.S.C.R. on the overhead system, and a choice had to be made between the two. The choice had been made, and it was in favour of the live rail. They were committed to that. Contracts had been made. Very large sums were concerned. No alteration of policy was now possible.

As to casualties, these were regrettable; but, after all, all or nearly all the sufferers were trespassing on the line, and the remedy, to that extent, was in their own hands. I have every reason to suppose that, amazing as the fact may appear, it nevertheless is the fact that the long and careful consideration given to the question of "live rail" or "overhead" was almost entirely concerned with the technical engineering aspects. The question of safety or danger to animals and human beings in rural areas was never considered at all or, if at all, was given little weight. And the railway were committed to the live rail policy before anyone outside the boards and staffs were aware of the discussions on policy.

This is an industrial country. The electrification of the Southern Railway has proved a financial success. It has enabled the south coast towns to become dormitories for Londoners and improved their holiday and week-end visitors' list. Very large sums are now irretrievably sunk in live-rail rolling stock and permanent way. Short of action by Parliament there is, I believe, no way of reversing the present policy, and, after all, the railways are probably now in a position to show a very large mileage run as compared with a very few accidents—and those to trespassers who had no business to be where they were. Are the agricultural and rural interests in this country powerful enough to reverse a policy so successful from other than an agricultural or rural standpoint? I greatly doubt it.

So far as hunting is concerned, the experience of the past few years in the Southdown country tends, I believe, to show that foxes now seldom cross the main Brighton line on which trains are travelling every few minutes, day and night. As regards the recent extensions to Eastbourne and from Lewes to Brighton, trains are not so frequent as yet and foxes may not be so shy, consequently the risk to hounds is greater. Really serious losses may easily arise if on a damp day hounds get checked on the line and start feathering up and down it.

There are now very many miles of live rail in the Southdown country. Any adequate fox- and hound-proof fence is a financial impossibility.

One hopes that other counties may avoid the same fate, but what might have been practicable before the Southern Railway elected for the live rail is a vastly more difficult problem now. It may, however, be that in areas where rural interests predominate to a greater extent than in the Home Counties, something may yet be done. If so, all foxhunters will rejoice, including those in east Sussex, who, several years ago, fought their losing fight.

Yours faithfully,
Lewes. H. I. POWELL EDWARDS.

SIR,—I read with interest A. H. V. L's excellent article, "'Ware the Death Rail!" It is certain that this is the greatest peril that has ever approached hunting.

Apparently, there are three methods of safeguarding hounds from the live rail:

1. Having it overhead.
2. Fencing, such as used by the Old Surrey and Burstow.
3. Some kind of an over-rail.

So far as I can see, the first is impracticable owing to cost. The second is an excellent idea, but there is always the danger of its getting damaged. And why should the Hunt have to spend its none too plentiful cash in this manner? The third seems to be the most suitable for all parties, since it is cheap, and there seems to be little danger of its getting damaged.

What has the English law to say to this grave danger that threatens our sport? I notice that the electric wires carried by pylons are raised to a great height. If the electric railways are allowed to run their wires along the ground, why must these other people go to the expense of erecting pylons? It is the duty of the British Field Sports Society to continue this matter, and hunting people to support them.

Yours faithfully,
Ludwick House, Hatfield Hyde, Welwyn Garden City. K. KNELLER.

SIR,—Being one of those who saw three Brighton beagles electrocuted last season, I would like to accept the invitation contained in the last paragraph of "A. H. V. L.'s" article in your issue of October 31st. I hope if any hunting men or women have not read that article, that they will make a point of doing so at once, and will realise that they themselves in no matter what country they hunt, may have to face disasters such as have already overtaken packs in the South, when the opportunity to avert them will have been lost.

A large slice of country can be given up, as in the case of the Brighton Foot Beagles, but even then no one can be certain that a fox or hare found miles from the railway will not make for it. If hounds get on the line it is ghastly; if they turn or can be stopped, what would have been a splendid run is ruined by anxious forebodings. Again, how many Hunts can afford to spend £350 on fencing every 4,000yds. of railway running through their country? If hunting is to continue, the unprotected third rail must go, and the British Field Sports Society is, as your article suggests, the organisation most likely to achieve its abolition or protection.

But it may be a big job, and the society was not formed to undertake such a task in addition to its other work; it should have a membership of several million—actually it is only thousands. The society is just as powerful, numerically and financially, as sportsmen make it. I suggest that everyone interested in hunting should apply immediately to the secretary, 3, St. James's Square, London, S.W.1, for admission, if they are not already members, and should state that they are doing so in the hope that their support may enable the society to devise, in consultation with the Ministry of Transport and the Southern Railway, a practicable method of protecting live rails; to see that it is adopted on existing electrified lines; and to ensure that a harmless method is used in future electrification schemes.

Also the society is compiling for submission to the Ministry, and doubtless in case the Southern Railway has missed any, a list of casualties caused by live rails. I know that the secretary is anxious to receive particulars of all damage done to human beings (particularly children), livestock, hounds or other animals, wild or domestic, and the source from which the information has been obtained.

Finally, I deplore the attitude which suggests that nothing can be done—an appalling situation exists and is rapidly worsening; on the other hand, we have an excellent organisation, willing and, as I believe, able to improve it, provided that we all lend a hand.

Yours faithfully,
24, Ship Street, Brighton 1. L. COLBATCH CLARK.

SIR,—I have read with interest your article on "The Death Rail" in your October 31st issue, and would like to express the opinion that the installation of the third rail as at present showed a callous disregard of the safety of the inhabitants of the countryside, and it has always been a mystery how the powers that be came to permit it to be so installed.

It should have been quite possible to site the rail, as is done on the lines round Berlin, with the contact underneath the rail, and to house it with wood at the sides and on top and so to render it safe for all kinds of life. The rails on the Berlin lines were so installed a number of years ago, and I have not heard that they have been in any way inferior in service to the type of installation on the Southern Railway.

Yours faithfully,
RAILROADER.

METHODS OF FIELD TRIALS

SIR,—I read with interest Mrs. Charlesworth's letter on "Methods of Field Trials," in your issue of October 24th. Although my experience of field trials does not extend over many years, I am convinced that if her method was adopted these trials would be of less value than they are now. Dogs, by all means, should be allowed to use their brains, as all good shooting dogs do, when searching for unseen fallen game. At the same time good dogs want a little assistance, and the right guidance is a great help to the dog and to the progress of shooting. It must be remembered that it is beyond the power of every handler to train a dog which has not in the first place been naturally endowed with the right brain. In my opinion a dog has been sufficiently endowed with brains if it can be directed to the spot where game has fallen unseen on an ordinary shooting day. I think every "gun" watches where game has fallen and assistance given at the time by the handler is a distinct assot on a shooting day. The good-marking dog will give the quickest and most satisfactory performance either walking up or at a stance. I have known a bitch mark nine pheasants while sitting at a stance and go straight to each bird without questing.

Mrs. Charlesworth says: "I saw several dogs, hunting for game they had not marked, being worked on and on by their handlers . . . standing to look at their handlers, just saying: 'Now where am I to go?'" That definitely is the type of dog for which the judges have no time, and that type will certainly not get the prizes. Personally, I do not see very much wrong with field trials, and the owner of a good dog will not have much to grumble at where the judge knows a good dog when he sees it. If field trials are to be criticised the complaint should be directed not so much to the manner of running them as to the method of appointing the judges. There are too many judges who cannot recognise a good dog and who are thus the prey of bluffers, of which there are a few in a sport which has no equal for straightness and honesty. Nevertheless, the good dog is certain of a fair show at the majority of field trials, and he will be given the place he merits. Concentrate on the judges and on the choice of ground where there is game in plenty to test the dogs. Judges have this in common with the dogs—they are born not trained.

Yours faithfully,
Garscube Lodge, Maryhill, Glasgow. WM. LIGHTFOOT.

HELPING HOTSPUR

SIR,—It might be of interest to Mr. J. W. C. Hawkesworth, and more particularly to Hotspur's owner, to hear that at different times I have cured two Dachshunds, who were completely paralysed in the hind-quarters, by means of some pills, the prescription for which I found in *The Dogs Medical Dictionary*, by A. J. Sewell, M.R.C.V.S. I used the prescription given on page 204, and found that two boxes of the pills were sufficient to complete the cure in each case.

I also cured a young and valuable Labrador with these pills. The Labrador pup was in Scotland, the two Dachsies in Kenya.

Yours faithfully,
12, Orchard Court, Portman Square, W. 1. IAN MACKINNON.

LOADING CHEESES ON TO A BARGE AND (RIGHT) CARRYING CHEESES THAT HAVE BEEN SOLD TO THE QUAY-SIDE
(See Letter "A Dutch Cheese Market")

A DUTCH CHEESE MARKET

SIR,—About nineteen miles from Amsterdam there is an old town called Alkmaar, on the north Holland canal. During the summer a weekly cheese market is held there and the number of cheeses is astounding. The entire market place is filled with rows of cheeses covered with white canvas. The cheeses are moved about the market by porters in old-fashioned white costumes, wearing coloured straw hats flowing with ribands. One method is to stack the cheeses on to curved stretchers which are then picked up by porters wearing leather braces with rope loops which they slip over the handles of the stretchers. The average number of chesses on a stretcher seems to be about 92, and as each cheese weighs about 3½lb., it is a fairly heavy load. The other method is to put the cheeses into boxes with an iron hook on either side; a truck is then pushed over the box and under the hooks. By this method the box is raised and transported, and it seemed as if one man could move a far greater number of cheeses this way than could two with a stretcher.

The cheeses are then weighed and finally loaded into barges. The method here is a simple one: a trough is put into position and the cheeses roll down into the barge. Here they are caught and tightly packed upon shelves until the barge is completely full; and by this method they are sent all over the world. Yours faithfully,

Marden, Hertford. C. BANBURY.

THE TEMPLE OF POSEIDON, WHERE BYRON PRACTISED NOT WHAT HE PREACHED
(See Letter "'On Sunion's Marbled Steep'")

"BLACK TIGERS"

SIR,—There has been recently an intermittent correspondence in the *Times* (daily edition) on the subject of black tigers. This correspondence has culminated, and apparently ceased, with a letter from Captain Guy Dollman, who initiated the same. In this he states that since the correspondence was opened, he has received information of a black tiger shot in the Central Provinces, India, and another in Assam—the latter "a magnificent specimen." These tigers are alleged to have been killed comparatively recently (war or post war). The matter is of great interest to sportsmen and naturalists. One would like to know where, when and by whom, these tigers were shot: further, as it is inconceivable that anyone would destroy a black tiger skin, where the skins are now, and whether they can be examined?

This information will give the large number of interested persons a chance of adjudicating on the evidence for these black tigers. If left in its present state the question of their occurrence still remains in doubt. Yours faithfully,

Elgin. A. A. DUNBAR BRANDER.

"ON SUNION'S MARBLED STEEP"

SIR,—Byron wrote furiously about those who despoiled Greece of her ruins and sculptures.

"Thy walls defaced, thy mouldering shrines removed
By British hands, which it had best behoved
To guard those relics——"
(Childe Harold)

but had no hesitation in cutting his name on the Temple of Poseidon at Sunion.

Of all Greek monuments it is the "marbled steeps" of Sunion that should on no account be missed by a visitor to Greece. For situation, colour, silhouette and background nothing approaches it. Here you begin to realise what Greece was like in the Golden Age, with perfect architecture wedded to perfect scenery. The white temple crowns the high Cape of Sunion, whose cliffs tower up 200ft. above the purple sea dotted with misty islands. A notice board requests visitors not to deface or mark the ruins, but as you approach the Temple you see that Byron's name, self-cut in the marble more than a hundred years ago, has been carefully framed.

Greece has always honoured the English lord, who not only "dream'd that Greece might still be free," but who came out to help her fight the Turk, and died in her service in 1824.

Yours faithfully,

56, Oakwood Avenue, Beckenham. H. AUSTEN.

A FOUL-HOOKING CURIOSITY

SIR,—I think it is possible that an account of an experience I had this summer of unintentionally foul-hooking a salmon in mid-air, may be of interest to some of your readers.

It was on August 27th that I was fishing for sea trout from a boat on Morsgail Loch, Isle of Lewis. The wind was a bit gusty and I was using a split-cane trout rod, a 2x cast and three flies. I had made a cast straight down wind, and was on the point of withdrawing my flies to make my next cast when on the right-hand side of my line, and in a direction at right-angles to it and away from it, jumped a salmon. It came out of the water several feet away from my line, and I should say cleared from 8ft. to 10ft. in distance.

A gust of wind must have caught my line and taken it under the fish as I felt it catch on to something, and the next moment I knew I had hooked it somewhere, as my line tightened directly it fell on the water. Away it went with a big rush, taking nearly all my backing out and jumping clean out of the water at the end of it; an unusual thing for a foul-hooked fish to do as far as my experience goes. It repeated these tactics several times and then took to the bottom of the loch. It was 25 minutes later and at the opposite side of the loch to where I hooked it that I could get it netted. The weight of the fish was 6lb., which is about the average for that loch, and it was well hooked in the centre of its belly by the top dropper.

Egremont House, Ely, Cambs. Yours faithfully, HAROLD SEDGWICK.

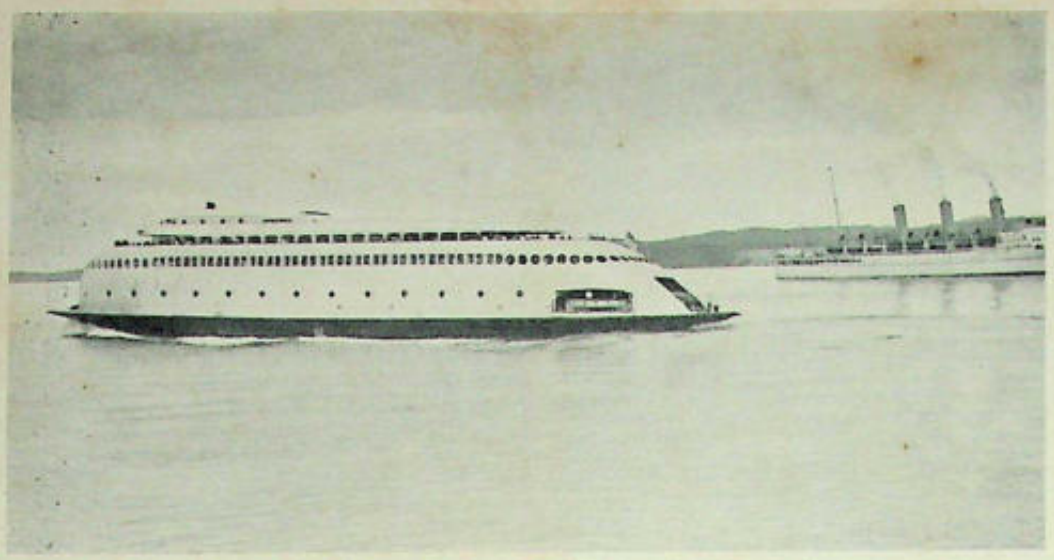
NEST OF HEDGEHOG

SIR,—Some time ago you published an interesting letter about a hedgehog which was discovered in a cartridge bag some months after the owner of the bag had returned from shooting in Scotland. In view of this, my own experience may be of interest to you.

I have now been down from Scotland for over a fortnight. About ten days before I left I noticed that some of the stuffing had come out of the back seat of my car, but at the time I took no notice of this. Coming down from Scotland, I put the car on the train with my luggage in the back of it, and when I unpacked in London, I again noticed that some of the stuffing was on the floor. However, I did not stop to examine the cause of it and simply put the car in the garage. It remained there until last Saturday—*i.e.*, a fortnight—when I took it out to go down to the country, and again found that a certain amount of stuffing had come out of the back seat.

There was no obvious cause for this, however, until on Sunday morning, when I went to get the car, I found a hedgehog on the seat. I lifted it out and removed the seat, to find that it had made a nest for itself in the springs. As there was no sign of any damage done to the cushions on the outside, I am at a loss to know how the animal got inside the seat or how it could have existed in the meantime. The car, I may add, was frequently taken out when going shooting and fishing, and always left for the whole day, and I can only assume that the hedgehog must have got in on one of these occasions. Yours faithfully,

77a, New Cavendish Street, W.1. W. A. NANINE.



THE NEWEST AMERICAN FERRY BOAT
(See Letter "Streamlining on the West Coast")

STREAMLINING ON THE WEST COAST

SIR,—To see the new streamlined American ferry boat Kalakala passing the Canadian Pacific Oriental liner Empress of Russia lying at anchor is an odd sight. The Russia was lying just outside Victoria Harbour, Vancouver Island, British Columbia, and the ferry boat was making her first visit to the capital of the Sunset Province. Hundreds of excursionists from Seattle, Washington, streamed ashore for a day in the city constantly referred to, strangely enough, as a "little bit of old England."

This experiment in streamlining a ferry boat is the first in the world, and appears to be a success. The Kalakala (Kah-lock'-ah-lah), or "Flying Bird," as the West Coast Indians would call her, is 276ft. long, has a beam of 55ft. 8in., and can carry 2,000 passengers and 110 automobiles. The body of the boat was designed along the lines of the latest findings in aero-dynamics. Rather resembling a huge aeroplane when under way, her electrically-welded steel body is covered with aluminium paint.

This ferry boat with the modernistic lines operates on a regular schedule between Seattle, Washington, and the United States Navy Yard at Bremerton, which is a little under an hour's journey. The Kalakala is equipped with a 10-cylinder, 2-cycle, 3,000 h.p. Busch Sulzer Diesel engine, and can attain a speed of 18 knots. The boat is steam-heated, and for this purpose utilises the waste heat from the engines. There are three large observation rooms and an observation type of dining room which seats over one hundred diners. The boat is also equipped with a tap room, two lounges, shower and locker rooms and barber shops.

On the protected waters of the Puget Sound such a boat as the Kalakala can safely travel. She has made excursion trips to points about 80 miles from Seattle, but still within the slightly less protected waters of the Strait of Juan De Fuca.

Such an experiment as this does point the way to further practical developments in beauty of line, speed and economy in craft constructed for local excursion and ferry services. The West usually apes the East, but this time the opposite will be the case. Ferry boats the world over are notorious for their extreme ugliness. The Kalakala leads the way with her graceful curves, her flying bridge giving the appearance of modified wings, and her low stern, which carries out the general effect of beauty, speed and progress.

Yours faithfully,
V.C. Timberley, PAUL SEVERIN.
Colquitz, P.O., B.C., Canada.

HE SEEMS PROUD OF IT
(See Letter "Salmon in Shetland")

SALMON IN SHETLAND

SIR,—It is commonly accepted as a fact that salmon are not found in Shetland. This is not true nowadays because salmon certainly exist in the Weisdale burn, although whether an original stock was present here or whether the fish are entirely the result of the introduction of salmon fry is perhaps open to question. So far as I am aware there can, however, be no doubt as to the natural origin of a salmon which I saw this year taken from the Loch of Cliff in Unst in August. It was without exception the thinnest fish that I have ever seen and although 30in. long (which implies a clean weight of 10lb. 8oz.) it only weighed 3lb. 8oz. It appeared to be perfectly healthy, and one can only surmise that it had remained in the loch for two years after its original ascent and had probably spawned for a second time without going to the sea. We know from the history of an unfortunate fish at the Sandside hatchery that such a happening is possible for a male, and although this specimen was a female no other suggestion would appear to account satisfactorily for its most unusual thinness. I enclose photograph of the fish. Yours faithfully,

W. J. M. MENZIES.

Fishery Board for Scotland,
Edinburgh.

FLYING SNAKES

SIR,—The labourers in this West Indian Island have a strong superstition that the serpent *Corallus cookii* or *Boa grenadensis* can fly. Several of the poorer class have told me that the "sarpint" can fly 200yds., but they only fly at night. They are said to hang by their tails and, on getting sufficient swing on, they let go and shoot across to the next tree. I have heard educated Grenada planters assert that these snakes can at least shoot from one tree to another 100ft. apart. It is a fact that they are never seen on the ground, but I suppose they only travel on the ground by night as that is the time they rob chicken runs. Can any of your readers suggest how this superstition first started and also is it possible for a serpent to swing or propel itself through the air for any distance at all?

Yours faithfully,
Grenada, B.W.I. W. P. O.

[Dr. Burgess Barnett, Curator of Reptiles at the Zoological Gardens, writes:—"The myth of flying snakes is as old as the flying serpent gods of ancient Mexico, and it seems to crop up wherever tree snakes abound. In South Africa, Mambas and Boomslangs are said to plane from tree to tree, and natives west of the Andes in South America tell of terrible snakes "over the mountains" which, like the tree boas of Grenada, start their flights by swinging from branches by their tails. For tree snakes Cooke's Tree Boas are relatively heavy reptiles, and the story that they are able to glide is probably only a superstition. A possible source of the belief—allowing for exaggeration—is the violence with which they strike. In its eagerness to snap at a keeper's hand, a young specimen at the Zoo was recently seen to miss its aim and fall to the ground. Its momentum probably carried it a little forwards. Had this happened under wild conditions and had the fall been broken by a branch at a lower level, it might have given the impression of an aerial glide.

"There are, however, certain Malayan snakes which, it is asserted by competent naturalists, really do glide. Unlike Cooke's Tree Boas, these so-called flying snakes are remarkably long and slender, 5ft. or more in length, with their greatest girth less than that of one's thumb. They have the habit of rendering their bellies concave, giving them something the shape of inverted troughs (so much may be seen at the Zoo), and this shape it is said enables them to glide considerable distances."]

DESTRUCTION OF HOUSE SPARROWS

SIR,—I should be glad to receive some advice as to the expeditious and humane destruction of about 100 house sparrows, with the least possible risk of damage to any other species of bird.

In a small garden of not much over an acre there are, I suppose, 130 sparrows; unfortunately, tall straggling hedges not under my control provide roosting and nesting places for even more than this number. The limit was reached this year when the birds roosting under the eaves dashed madly into some plum trees at every possible opportunity, and knocked off all the blossom. This is in addition to the mess which such a number make around the house.

I gladly allow a small toll of fruit in return for the benefits and pleasure birds give me, but this is too much. I shall, therefore, much appreciate any suggestions you may be good enough to make, either direct or in your columns.

Yours faithfully,
Park Farm, Pinkneys Green, Berks. E. GILES.

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OKAPI IN THE BELGIAN CONGO

SIR,—When travelling through the Belgian Congo recently I came across several specimens of this strangely-marked animal which were being successfully kept in captivity.

The Belgian Government has, I believe, very strict regulations about their capture and export, but the natives, both the pigmies and other forest tribes, dig game pits in order to get meat, and many okapi are killed in this way for food.

The full-grown okapi in the picture was the victim of a game pit, but it was unhurt, and some enterprising white people who live in the middle of the Ituri Forest decided they would try to keep it. In a previous attempt to bring one to their house the okapi fought wildly against being handled and injured itself so badly that it never recovered.

In order to avoid a repetition of this disaster a stockade was built round the pit where the animal was caught, and then the pit was filled in until the okapi could scramble out. Two natives were put in charge of it, and they built huts alongside the stockade. It was their job to see that no marauding animal attacked it and to go out each day and cut branches of the trees which it liked for food, for the okapi is a browsing animal and does not graze. In order to move it nearer to the owner's house a new section was built on to the stockade every few days, and the animal driven through into it. However, as can be seen from the photograph, the okapi, after several months' captivity, had become quite tame and seemed to enjoy being petted and made a fuss of, so that they were contemplating risking putting it into a lorry and taking it the last part of its journey in one move.

The King of the Belgians presented an okapi to H.M. the King when Prince of Wales, and this specimen came from the Mission station at Buta, where Frère Joseph, the Brother in charge of the animals, has a most interesting collection, including a forest hog and another okapi which is most friendly. It seems strange that these animals, which are so very shy when at liberty, should become so tame in captivity.

The King's okapi, which was at the London Zoo, is dead, but I believe the one at Antwerp Zoo is still alive; and in any case I am sure Frère Joseph could quite easily provide another one should disaster overtake the present sole representative of the okapi family in Europe.

Whitchurch, Shropshire. Yours faithfully, IDA F. ILLINGWORTH.

VERY RARE IN EUROPEAN ZOOS
(See Letter "Okapi in Belgian Congo")

CAUSE OF ROAD ACCIDENTS

SIR, Referring to the article by Sir Malcolm Campbell in the *Field* of September 19th I feel it an impertinence to offer an opinion contrary to that of such an authority on motoring, but I think I may claim to have some experience as I bought my first motor car in 1899 and have owned and driven various cars ever since without a break.

I believe the chief cause of the majority of road accidents is excessive speed and I would rather go out with an indifferent driver who went slowly than accompany the finest driver in England who drove his car all out.

Though I always drive high-powered cars, it is not because I wish to go fast but because I want comfortable seating accommodation. The modern low bucket seats are to me the acme of discomfort and the bodies of moderate-powered cars are not constructed to accommodate grown-up people at all.

I have no wish to drive over 30 m.p.h. in an enclosed area or anywhere else, and my only reason for driving slowly is because I don't like going fast.

I make no claim to being an expert driver, but my preference for leisurely travel has enabled me to retain an unblemished driving licence and has kept me clear of police courts and coroners' inquests.

Yours faithfully,
New Milton, Hants. FORESTER.

ENTERING YOUNG

SIR,—One of the Scarteen Black and Tan bitches whelped at my house, close by which is a cover where there are six or seven foxcubs in the artificial earth.

When the whelps were about six weeks old, the bitch used to take them into the cover and deposit them in the earth with the cubs. Whether the reason for this was to enter them as soon as possible, or sheer devilment, I cannot say, but she repeated this several times so that in the end I had to send her back to the kennels.

As much as possible I let the bitches whelp away from the kennels as they seem to thrive better. I imagine this must be due to the land becoming "dog-sick," in the same way as it can become "horse-sick."

Yours faithfully,
Ballyseaddane, Knocklong, Co. Limerick. D. E. C. PRICE, M.F.H.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, urgently need £15 to help a poor girl aged 24 who has been crippled since birth. In spite of constant pain and lack of schooling she has learnt to type and has become an intelligent, well-read woman. She lives with an old uncle, whose income is £1 weekly, and her mother, who has but 10/- weekly; the latter has supported her daughter by needlework, but failing eyesight and bad health have reduced her earnings. The invalid knows that she is an increasing burden on her elderly relations, but in spite of efforts to overcome her handicaps she cannot earn anything. The Friends of the Poor ask for donations.

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IN THE CITY

"RHODESIAN DEVELS"

READERS of this column can hardly have failed to notice the prominence given in the financial Press in recent weeks to the substantial rise in price, and also in the allowable output, of copper and tin mining companies. The shares of companies mining these metals have risen considerably in price during the last six months as indeed have the shares of most gold-mining concerns even though their advance has been steadier and less "headlined." Under the circumstances the 10/- shares of Gold Fields Rhodesian Development appear to have been overlooked, inasmuch as present levels around 17/6 represent an advance of only 9d. in the last month and of only 2/- since May 31st last, when the company's financial year closed.

Rhodesian Devels is under the management of the Consolidated Goldfields group and the issued capital consists solely of £1,257,110 in 10/- shares. In respect of the last fiscal year the company reported a total income representing dividends and profits on the sale of investments of £223,422 (of which about one quarter represented dividend income) or some £14,000 less than that for the preceding year. This decrease, together with the fact that the amount written off investments was increased £24,000 and prospecting expenditure increased £9,000, accounted for the fall from £180,000 to £128,300 in the amount earned for dividends, which was equivalent to 10 per cent. on the shares and was distributed. With distributions at the rate of 10 per cent. the 10/- shares at present levels around 17/6 yield 5⅞ per cent. after allowing for the expenses of purchase. The break-up value of the shares cannot be calculated since the only official information available in this respect is that the "investments at market prices ruling at the end of the financial year show a very substantial appreciation on the figure of £1,121,882." The company's reports, however, and the chairman's speech indicate the concerns in which Rhodesian Devels has its main interests, and how these have fared since May 31st can be seen from the following comparison of market prices.

Security.	Market Prices. May 31st, 1936.	Mid-November.
Wanderer Consolidated	20/6	23/-
Sub Nigel	12	13
West Witwatersrand Areas	8¼	11¼
Spaarwater	15/9	14/3
Venterspost	32/6	43/-
Libanon	10/-	27/6
East Rand Consols	13/9	13/9
Robinson Deep "B"	48/6	60/-
Rand Leases (Vogelstruisfontein)	35/-	46/3
Ashanti Goldfields	60/9	78/6
Amalgamated Banket Areas	9/9	19/3
Gold Coast Selection Trust	23/3	33/-
Marlu Gold Mining	10/-	12/6
Ariston	9/3	10/3
Konongo	5/-	5/9
Tano Gold Dredging	6/6	5/3
Goldfields Australian Development	13/9	10/6
Lake View and Star	22/6	26/6
Oroville Dredging	19/-	17/6
Rhodesian Selection Trust	12/-	23/-
Rhodesian Anglo American	13/-	30/-
Rhodesian Katanga	5/6	7/6
Roan Antelope	38/-	62/-
Associated Tin Mines Nigeria	8/6	10/6
Southern Kinta	12/3	17/-
Mawchi	28/6	50/
Fresnillo	13/9	13/9
Mexican Corporation	5/6	6/3

Apart from the above mining shares the company had as its principal industrial commitments interests in British Celanese and Celanese Corporation of America, and it is to be noted that the small decline in the market price of a few of the holdings is negligible in comparison with the appreciation in the value of the copper, tin and many of the gold mining investments; furthermore, from a number of the holdings the company will receive a larger dividend income this year. The shares offer a very fair rate of income return on last year's distribution and appear to offer scope for further enhancement of both income and capital in due course, for the chairman's remarks last July that "our investments are such as to hold out good prospects of proving highly profitable in the none too distant future" have already been well justified.

PACTOLUS.

JAMES WOODWARD & SONS.—Owing to rebuilding in the lower part of St. James's Street, the business of Messrs. James Woodward & Sons is removing to 29, Bury Street, St. James's. The firm have been in business in St. James's Street for 112 years, and they have actually occupied No. 64, St. James's Street for 103 years. While regretting the breaking up of this association of over a century, we are confident that Christmas of 2036 will find the Bury Street establishment no less popular than its predecessor.

FIELD TRIALS

RETRIEVERS AT SULHAMSTEAD

On November 10th and 11th, the Kennel Club Puppy and Non-Winners' Stake was held at Sulhamstead, near Reading, by kind permission of Sir Norman Watson. The weather was good, except on the second afternoon, when it rained a good deal. There was a great show of game throughout. But the features of the meeting were the excellence of the ground, the arrangements whereby game had always to be brought from difficult places, chiefly thick brambles, and an abundance of water everywhere. These conditions made the tests very stiff, particularly for young dogs, but on the whole their performances were most creditable and all the awards were well earned.

The judges were Lord Henniker, Mr. W. L. McCandlish, and Mr. G. Abbott. Mrs. Nagle performed the offices of steward of the beat with the greatest efficiency, and the success of the trials was largely due to her arrangements.

Lady Watson and Sir Norman Watson entertained the whole field with really magnificent hospitality. The thanks of all were conveyed to them by Colonel Wilson.

Mr. Corbet's Labrador Adderley Tax won decisively. She is a very sensible, handy bitch, good in water, and gets out well from her handler when wanted. She did all her work very well indeed.

Miss Bickerton's crossbred Shelsley Nicky was second. He is a keen hunter, easily controlled, and not afraid of rough places. He also gets well out with little trouble, and is quick in all his work.

The third, Mr. Simpson's Labrador Badgery Bridget is a very taking worker, with plenty of style and drive, easily controlled and did all her work quickly and well.

The reserves, Mr. Rogers-Coltman's Labrador Jennaphome, which was also given an award of honour, was close up. She is a keen worker, persevering and handy. There were two other awards of honour, one to Lord Effingham's Labrador Tuff of Hamyax, an exceptionally keen dog of high class. He made one or two mistakes, but did well on his whole performance. The other to Lady Ward's Labrador Peter of Chiltonfoliat, a very steady and intelligent worker.

Certificates of Merit were awarded to the following dogs, which did a lot of good work under not easy conditions: Lieutenant-Colonel C. H. G. Black's b, Janet of Ham; Mr. B. B. Riviere's b. Detmore Soda; Mr. Wentworth Smith's d. Darter of Yelme; the Hon. F. Baring's d. Northington Benito; the Hon. Mrs. Hill Wood's b. Hiwood Jane; Mrs. W. M. Charlesworth's b. Noranby Deirdre.

SPANIELS AT KINMEL PARK

By kind permission of Colonel H. B. L. Hughes, the Northern and Midlands Spaniel Club held their 21st meeting at Kinmel Park, Abergele, North Wales, on November 3rd and 4th. The judges were Mr. M. Moreton and Mr. D. Johnstone, who made the following awards:—

No. 1 (Open Stake).—1st, Mr. G. Clark's E. s. b. Grock of Blair; equal 2nd, Lieut.-General H. H. the Maharaja Dhiraj of Patiala's E. s. d. Busy Lad of Ware and Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's E. s. b. Squib O'Vara; reserve, Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's E. s. b. F.T. Ch. Style O'Vara. Certificates of Merit: Captain O. P. Traherne's E. s. b. F. T. Ch. Bryngarw Firefly; Mr. W. D. Edwards's E. s. d. Hillhampton Spark; Mr. E. A. Walker's E. s. d. Dene of Baleary; Mr. C. A. Phillips's E. s. d. Rivington Grit; Lieut.-General H. H. the Maharaja Dhiraj of Patiala's E. s. b. Bryngarw Fireaway; Mr. O. Ellis's E. s. b. Nurscombe Molly.

No. 2 (Novice Stake).—1st, Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's E. s. b. Sue O'Vara; 2nd, Mr. O. Ellis's E. s. b. Nurscombe Molly; 3rd, Lieut.-General H. H. the Maharaja Dhiraj of Patiala's E. s. d. Busy Lad of Ware; reserve, Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's E. s. b. Squib O'Vara. Certificates of Merit: Mr. E. A. Walker's E. s. d. Dene of Baleary; Mr. G. L. Q. Henriques's E. s. b. Chunal Wendy; Captain O. P. Traherne's E. s. b. Bryngarw Fireside; Mr. G. Clark's E. s. d. Cruiser of Blair; Mr. C. A. Phillips's C. b. Rivington Spin.

No. 3 (Open Stake for Cocker Spaniels).—1st, Mr. G. Clark's b. Judy of Blair; 2nd, Lieut.-General H. H. the Maharaja Dhiraj of Patiala's b. Raccon of Ware; 3rd, Mr. C. A. Phillips's b. F.T. Ch. Rivington Hopalong; reserve, Mr. E. A. Walker's d. Yoredale Yorker. Certificates of Merit: Lieut.-General H. H. the Maharaja Dhiraj of Patiala's d. Stinger of Ware; Mr. C. C. F. Addie's d. Yoredale Pattern; Mr. C. A. Phillips's b. Rivington Spin; Mr. E. Brace's d. Western Electric.

No. 4 (Amateur Stake).—1st, Major H. Beaumont's b. Butter of Stroud's; 2nd Mr. C. C. F. Addie's C. d. Yoredale Pattern.

AT AULDGIRTH, DUMFRIESSHIRE

On November 10th and 11th, the Scottish Field Trials Association held their 22nd spaniel trials over Blackwood, Auldgirth, Dumfriesshire, by kind permission of Mr. T. W. Kennedy. The judges were Mr. T. Tait and Mr. Gavin Girdwood. The awards were as follows:

Open Stake.—1st, Mr. C. A. Phillips's d. Rivington Grit; 2nd, Sir James R. Wilson's d. Jester of Invertrossachs; 3rd, Mr. G. Clark's d. F.T. Ch. Rex of Blair. Reserve and Certificate of Merit, Mr. J. C. Dalton's b. Dainty Damsel. Certificates of Merit, Mr. E. Winter's b. Staindrop Staybright; Mr. J. Elphinstone's d. Robinhood Peter; Mrs. Calvert's d. Bobble; Mr. F. A. Rottenburg's d. Prints of Fintry; Mr. A. Byrne's d. Tedwyns Trews; Captain E. W. Brook's d. Kinmount Paddy; Mr. F. A. Rottenburg's d. Duke of Fintry; Mr. A. Byrne's b. Tedwyns Tonic; Mr. G. Clark's d. Cruiser of Blair.

Cocker Stake.—1st, Miss D. Hardy's b. F.T. Ch. Carramore Avril; Miss I. M. Macrae's d. Druidaig Prince; 3rd, H.H. the Maharaja of Patiala's d. Sir Jasper of Malwa. Reserve and Certificate of Merit, Lady Hollins's d. Geordy Boy. Certificates of Merit, Major G. S. Nelson-Scott's b. Browster Basher; Captain R. H. Rhodes's b. Dalshangan Silver.

Novice Stake.—1st, Mr. J. C. Dalton's b. Dainty Damsel; 2nd, Mr. A. Byrne's b. Tedwyns Tonic; 3rd, Mr. A. Byrne's d. Tedwyns Ticket. Reserve and Certificate of Merit, Mr. E. Winter's b. Staindrop Staybright. Certificates of Merit, Mr. F. A. Rottenburg's d. Duke of Fintry; Mrs. Calvert's b. Erontew Juliana; Sir James R. Wilson's b. Sue of Invertrossachs; Mr. G. Clark's b. Tot of Blair; Mr. A. L. Trotter's d. Dalshangan Knight; H.H. the Maharaja of Patiala's d. Trusty of Malwa.

Brace Stake.—1st, Captain E. W. Brook's Kinmount Paddy and Kinmount Peter; 2nd, Mr. F. A. Rottenburg's Prints of Fintry and Duke of Fintry; 3rd, Mrs. Calvert's Bobble and Erontew Juliana.

CONTINUOUS LAWN TENNIS

A Covered Court Season

By J. E. COLLETT

LAST week's opening of the new covered courts at the Palace Hotel, Torquay, with the tournament, held this week, to follow, and another meeting projected for February 16th–20th, has raised an interesting lawn tennis question.

A covered court season has now been established; what will the effect be? At first sight the reply might be that over-loading is the inevitable result. On reflection this may be only a generalisation from the particular instance of players of high ranking. Their presence is presumably necessary for the success of a tournament and their number is by virtue of limited ranking too small for the purpose.

The hard court autumn season closes in the beginning of October. The covered court season is begun by the National Championships at Queen's Club, and closes, according to the present calendar, at Cromer in the third week of March, a date which synchronises with the commencement of the spring hard court season at Twickenham. This lawn tennis is to be continuous.

The cause of this is not the yearly recurrence of a dozen ranked players, a comparatively recent introduction in this country, but the simple law of the game's supply and demand.

H. W. Austin, G. P. Hughes, F. J. Perry, and C. R. D. Tuckey, our Davis Cup team, during their pre-eminence in that capacity, have appeared infrequently in home tournaments. Their time has been pre-occupied with international or vocational engagements.

At the beginning of this season a declaration was promulgated suggesting that unless more players entered for the handicap events the tournament as such might be doomed. This alarm has not been proved altogether false, but it has been shown to be less serious than was at first supposed. Players with justifiable tournament ambitions have become more numerous, and owing to the growing national prosperity there are more with money and ability to find time for their pastime.

In 1936, as ever before, the number of people who make tournaments and the game a species of career is small. Those who are willing and rich enough to live a lawn tennis life for the mere love of it are very few.

It is unavoidable that these classes of non-stop tournament players should be turning up continually as finalists. There are, however, scores of tournaments to which they seldom or never go. They number only about 30 or 40 among the thousands of more or less regular tournament competitors. The tournament system requires reform, but it is by no means moribund as an outlet for the competitive instinct of both first- and second-class players throughout the country. This instinct does not die in winter time and wider spread covered courts tournaments need not depend absolutely for success on established "names." If they do, the game will not benefit.

There never have been, and never will be sufficient amateur "names" to go all the year round. New winners maybe will mean new "names"! A consummation devoutly to be desired! Continuous lawn tennis will produce increased tournament personnel, and will provide a game less hampered domestically by extraneous internationalism.

Next year it should be possible for the L.T.A. to consider the entry of Great Britain for the King of Sweden's Cup, which in this its first year is being competed for by Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Finland, France, Germany, Ireland, and the Netherlands, as challengers of Sweden, the promoters. The trophy promises to usurp the position of a Davis Cup of the covered courts.

The L.T.A. might also consider the advisability of altering the date of the National Championships. These should conclude and not, unseasonably as now, introduce the season.

ARMY SQUASH RACKETS

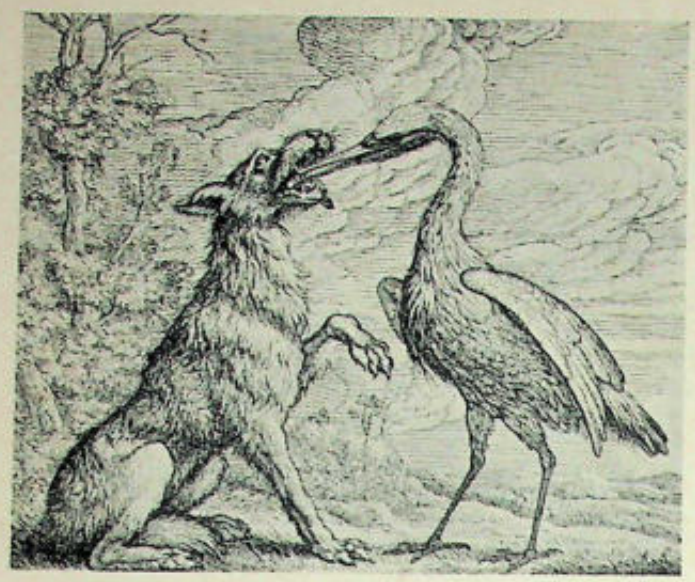
Captain Jameson's Third Title

WITH an entry of 58, including the names of C. P. Hamilton (R.A.), D. I. Burnett (R.E.), the holder, and D. O. Wilson (R.B.), a victory for Captain G. O. Jameson (R.E.) in the Army Squash Rackets Championship was not expected. But first Hamilton scratched, and then Jameson, after an impressive display in the fourth round against J. W. Malet (10th Hussars), beat Burnett in the best match of the tournament by 9—6, 9—2, 4—9, 10—9, and it remained to be seen whether Wilson could reproduce a flow of untakeable drop shots in the final or fail dismally as he had done previously in the final of 1935. He failed most dismally. Jameson won his third final by three games to love, 9—6, 9—1, 9—3, and except for a few minutes in the first game when Wilson played quite well, he hardly needed to try.

It was all very disappointing for Wilson is one of the very few stroke players of the present generation who has the makings of a champion, and he could not in an ordinary game or match play as badly as he has done now in two Army finals. Jameson won the title in 1931 and 1932. He has improved since then as a stroke player, and his powers of retrieving are as great as ever. Some people find his good length hitting boring to watch, but there is something very attractive about his negative method of attack, his imperturbable temperament, and his fine sense of position. He seldom gives the impression of hurrying. Since 1925, when the championship was first played, only D. I. Burnett has managed to write his name on the challenge cup in addition to the three great Army players, Captain G. N. Scott-Chad (C.G.), who won five times, and Hamilton and Jameson, who have each scored three victories.

J. Armitage

Squash racket courts are increasing rapidly, but it is surprising to note how many there are in England now as shown on a map which marks all the towns in which they are provided. The map is issued by Messrs. Carter's Sports Courts, Ltd., of 57–69, Green Lanes, London, N. 16.



ONE OF BARLOW'S ORIGINAL ETCHINGS IN HIS ÆSOP'S FABLES
First edition prints 1666

A NATION'S HUMOUR IN PICTURES

England's Country Life and Sport Through Her Artists' Eyes

By WALTER SHAW SPARROW

A GOOD many portions of this prolific general subject have been studied by many persons, while some other portions, not less varied and attractive, have been scamped or neglected. Take the humour and the fun and frolic which have come into the arts from Country Affairs, with their sports and games, and their many kinds of harvesting, their wakes and fairs, and other festivals. All these good things teem with subjects for collectors, both major and minor. The major collectors have money enough to buy what they need, while the minor form a democracy of taste and have photographs taken of their selections.

It is possible that even a few hints will serve as an introduction to the many English artists who have enriched their pictures and prints of country life and sport with wit, humour and comedy.

Let the start be made in the seventeenth century, partly in some drawings and etchings by Francis Barlow (1626-1704), and partly in entertaining prints that illustrate the mirthful Ice Fair held on the River Thames during the Great Frost of 1683-84.

In Barlow's happy-hearted etchings, which summon up into pictorial presence the comedy and satire in *Æsop's Fables*, you will find a rich variety of witty conception and observation, free from bitter cynicism, and with only one touch of the period's grossness, though the plates number more than a hundred. The glimpses of Old English farming during the reign of Charles II are genial and refreshing, as in "The Ox and a Frog"; and Barlow never puts human nature into the animals and birds that the Fables employ in their criticism of life.

He was neither a preaching moralist, a herald of Hogarth, nor a sentimentalist, and thus a forerunner of Edwin Landseer. In his time the grapple for board, bed and lodging was painful with risks; but Barlow fought on gaily, becoming poorer and poorer. Yet he fared better than Hollar, who died bravely in the defeat of penniless poverty. True courage is always a variation of cheerful honour. The English temperament in art nearest akin to Barlow's is that of Thomas Bewick (1753-1828), another generous devotee of pleasant countrysides, with their birds and quadrupeds. I am always glad that Barlow, our earliest sporting artist, was also a pioneer in the unassertive use of the qualities that smile and laugh.

As frost fairs and ice sports have been less frequent in England than in a good many other countries, I am glad that some of their enjoyments came into prints and pictures as early as the reign of Charles II. The frosts of 1683-84, with the festival of their effects on the icebound Thames, were illustrated by two foreign painters who had made their home in England, Thomas Wyck (1616-1686) and John Griffier (1645-1718). Happily it is no longer difficult for us to see a very notable selection of ice prints, British and foreign, for Miss Laura Cannan has presented her collections to the department of prints and drawings in the British Museum, where they have been admirably mounted and arranged. The frost fair painted by Griffier can be examined there in a colour-print, and in several engravings of the period.

Similar Thames festivals date from January, 1716, February, 1740, and February, 1814. They were a boon to print producers, and several changes in popular customs appeared in the choice of amusements. There is a ring for bull baiting in the earlier fairs on the ice, whereas the prints of 1814 make ado over milder diversions: swinging boats, ballad singers, playing at skittles, dancing to fiddlers and preparing a sheep to be roasted. Two refreshment tents are named after Wellington and the City of Moscow.

Is there an ice sport in which the comedy of human character appears more variously than in a game of curling? I illustrate a very amusing game played in a Scottish drawing, with sliders and skaters busy in the background. Here is Victorianism of about the year 1875, with an artist—I don't know his name—who enjoys the fun of it, and yet never lets himself go with enough goodwill, like the old masters of graphic humour, James Gillray (1757-1815), Rowlandson, and, now and then, Charles Catton, R.A. (1728-98), as in his largely-handled big etching of "Margate Packet," where even sea sickness has been raised with ease into a versatile fine art.

Rich as Victorianism became in graphic fun and laughter, there was yet a frequent weakness in its productions, a consciousness of self akin to prudery, that remained always on guard against Mr. and Mrs. Grundy. Still, as an excess of coarseness was allowed to the earlier humorists, reaction was provoked; and let us remember that reaction began about twenty years before its qualities became known as Early Victorian. It is lucky for us that the old masters of humour in art were wonderfully productive, for a great deal of excellent work remains after the coarse rubbish has been discarded. This applies particularly to Rowlandson.

ENGLISH FESTIVITIES AT THE BEGINNING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY
From a painting by Joseph Parry

THE ROARING GAME IN SCOTLAND
From a pen and ink drawing of about 1875 in Miss M. Spencer's collection

TIPPING THE JOHNNY RAWS—A FEW LONDON TACTICS
From Plate IV of Henry Alken's "One Day's Sport of Three Good Ones"

If Old England would cease to be negligent and irrational she would bring out for use in all schools several books of profuse Rowlandson drawings, rightly selected, just to illustrate the social comedy of England through a span of about 45 memorable years.

I name at random a couple of his democratic drawings: "A Single Stick Match at a Village Festival," and "On the Road to Fairlop Fair, Essex, in the year of Waterloo"; a little less than five years before the historic Fairlop Oak in Hainault Forest, five centuries old, was blown down in February, 1820. The heroic tree is present in "Rowly's" design, quite leafless, though the fair in its honour was held on the first Friday in July. There it is, growing high up on the left side of the jolly and thronged picture, its trunk and four branches silhouetting against a quiet sky. James Pollard, also, drew and engraved a happy memorial of Fairlop Fair, to be published at Holloway in April, 1818; a large print in colour, 11⅝in. by 17⅞in., with a style which may be called English Japanese.

Rowlandson's village festival is crowded close to a picturesque old inn, The Three Horse Shoes. Let me contrast its high-spirited life and design with some of the kindred work achieved by one of his contemporaries, Joseph Parry, of Lancashire, who was also—in a good many ways—a devotee of Rowlandson, and also of Morland.

It has been an aim of mine for years to see Joe Parry revived, and given a place among the social historians who make their appeal with brushes and colours. Luckily, too, this aim has been active also in the Manchester City Art Gallery, for its conductors in 1927 purchased four of Parry's popular merry-makings. They belong to the same abundant mood in joyous design, uniting a fondness for architecture to the amusements of Lancashire wakes and fairs.

ON THE ROAD TO FAIRLOP FAIR, ESSEX, IN 1815
From a water-colour by Thomas Rowlandson, reproduced by courtesy of Mr. Frank T. Sabin, New Bond Street

ECCLES WAKES: ALE HOUSE INTERIOR
From the oil painting by Joseph Parry in the Manchester Art Gallery

Three of the pictures, it is believed, represent episodes chosen and painted at Eccles wakes, but as this town has undergone a vast amount of alteration, both constructive and destructive, the Eccles of Parry's art looks like a village of dreams, built mainly of romantic timber, peopled with happy folk in quaint costumes long forgotten, and its air unpolluted by the smoke and grime of an industrial age.

I have seen in London four of Parry's festivals, thronged with women and men and children, an ale house in each, and the swinging signs all different. One gabled inn has a date, 1802, and a name inscribed: Josh Parry Manor; its coloured sign shows an old fox eyeing a bunch of grapes from the Promised Land, the bunch and the fox being of the same size. The date 1802 is repeated elsewhere, 24 years before Parry died in Manchester, on May 11th, 1826.

Less than a year after Parry's death Thomas Rowlandson was buried in London, at St. Paul's in Covent Garden, on April 28th, 1827. He was 72. He had seen the coming of new aims and styles in the comedy of graphic art, circulated by younger men of genius, notably Henry T. Alken (1785-1851) and George Cruikshank (1792-1878). These were the forerunners of Hablot K. Browne (1815-82), Charles S. Keene (1823-91), Richard Doyle (1824-83), Arthur Boyd Houghton (1836-75), and their colleagues.

Although it is true that fashions in graphic humour have been as wayward as other vogues, the fun and mirth of other times have remained good things for students and collectors to revisit, just to see what selections of work can be made that appear to have qualities of enduring merit. Henry T. Alken's vogue as a humorist equalled for a long time his popularity as a good sportsman in prints and drawings.

I like to remember that H. K. Browne, "Phiz," was among the jolly fellows who learnt much from Alken, and whose genial kindness of heart regarded the Christmas qualities as good companions in all the days of the year.

One quality in both "Phiz" and Alken is generally absent from eighteenth-century humour: the quality of being simple-minded, ingenuous, unsophisticated; and I feel inclined to call it the quality that is most Victorian. It abounds in the Christmas tales by Charles Dickens; and it was present, I remember well, in all the old men who were kind to me in my early boyhood. On this pleasant fact, then, let me end this little paper.

AUNT JOBISCA'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT

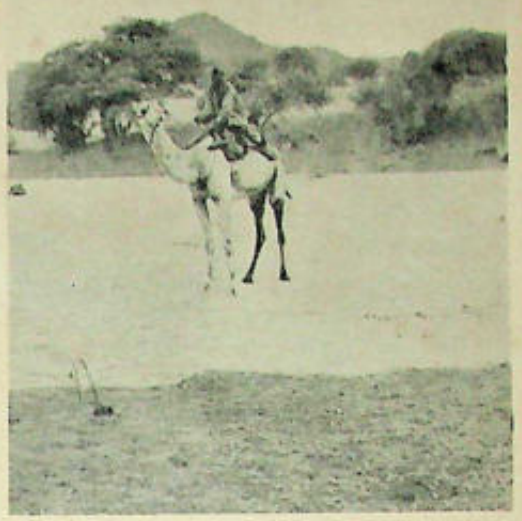
The African Holiday of a Dream

SLOWLY but with purpose and precision the machine of Imperial Airway, Ltd., lifted us from the aerodrome of Le Bourget and bore us on the last lap of our journey. We, the travellers from Africa, were herded in a forward saloon: "Empire passengers this way." We rather warmed to the designation: there was a suggestion in the title of a freer life, of Cecil Rhodes, of a short story by Kipling. We returned the glances of the week-enders in Paris, fixed on our Imperial headgear, firmly, and in this atmosphere suitably attuned my African holiday came to an end. My head nodded—I slept.

Christmas came, and in Aunt Jobisca's old-fashioned Italian hand I found the following letter: "I feel that you should have the chance while you are still active enough to enjoy it to have a really good shooting trip. As a Christmas present this year I enclose a cheque, which should, I think, allow you an uninterrupted year of enjoyment." I looked at the amount. Surely a nought was displaced? Surely—? But no. And just nine months later I was starting out.

My object was to cover all the rarities and most of the better-known species in Africa. I was allowing myself just over a year to do it in. And I was going to concentrate on one worth-while specimen of each—if possible, something that would get into Rowland Ward. Well my journey begins in Port Sudan early in November, and I am going into the Red Sea Hills for one specimen only the Nubian ibex. I am allowing myself just over a month to get that head, and on that shoot I shall try for nothing else. As soon as I have shot my ibex I shall retreat to Khartoum and start on the expedition which of all others in Africa has perhaps, the greatest appeal to me—the Western Desert shoot. I should allow two months for this, and I shall probably do it by camel, though for the rest of my year's safari I shall travel on a car of my own devising. Everybody thinks they could devise a better body for a safari-car than anybody else. I have never done the desert shoot, and I know nothing about the Western Desert except what I have read, but in this case I feel that it is travel by camel, the traditional age-old method, that will meet my mood. I aim at getting addax, white oryx, Barbary sheep and the addra gazelle. Of these the Barbary sheep is the specimen that appeals to me very particularly, as I will be able to add to it a fair-sized collection of the ovidæ that I have already made. And the oryx—a good one of over 40in.—will be particularly important as it will be an important unit in the group of African oryx heads that this expedition is to yield. I will give two months to the desert shoot, which will bring me back half-way through February.

My final six weeks, bringing me to the beginning of April, would be spent on the White Nile. Here I would have one main objective, the giant eland, which still remains one of the three great prizes of the African antelopes—giant eland, bongo and giant sable. It is possible that at the end of the desert shoot I might be able to go straight on into the Bahr El Arab country without returning to Khartoum. I would allow six weeks for hunting my giant eland, and I would make absolutely certain of getting a good one. One is only allowed one in a lifetime, so that must be a head that is worth while. Before leaving the Sudan I would also make certain of a Mrs. Gray's kob. One will not meet him anywhere else in Africa, and he is a definite rarity. I would shoot my two elephants, too, if opportunity occurs, and probably my roan antelope, as I have always understood they run big in the Sudan: and though the roan runs from North to South of Africa like the waterbuck, he is often a strangely localised outcrop. And a good roan (who, with sable and eland and nyala, come immediately after the big three of the antelopes) is definitely included in Aunt Jobisca's benefaction.



"There will be camel for the Western Desert trip"

We have been over four months in the Sudan, but all this time has been spent on a specimen which we could not have shot elsewhere. The summer is coming on, and we must urge to the more temperate highlands of the South. My licence for all this Sudan trip will only have been £60, with £5 extra for the giant eland. It seems cheap at the price. From the Sudan we pass to Uganda, and here we will concentrate on elephant and buffalo; we will allow six weeks to Uganda, and we will go out to Bunyoro and try and get our three licensed bulls; then, having done that, we will try and get taken out on "elephant control," to see elephant shooting as a fine art—not only the skilful killing of elephants, but the equally skilled knowledge of when to forbear. In Uganda our object will not so much be a record bull elephant as to see these magnificent animals in large quantities, and to get what is (to me) the unique excitement of their stalking. But while we are in the protectorate we will make a journey into the big waterbuck country—for though we will see waterbuck throughout our journey, it is in Uganda that our hope of a record lies. (The perspicacious reader will by this time have noticed that the pronoun has changed from the first person singular to the first person plural, and that he shares with me the front seat of the unique vehicle already referred to.)

Kenya comes next. Mid-April may not perhaps

"Nubian Ibex and the Red Sea Hills will be the first objective"

Colonel C. H. Stockley

"And perhaps in the Northern Province one and only one impala"

be the best of times to arrive, but one cannot have everything. Here one is up against a dilemma. Are we to shoot in Kenya or Tanganyika, because we cannot obviously shoot in both in the year we have allotted ourselves? Both have much to offer, but I have decided on Kenya for one reason. It has three beasts which I have not yet added to our collection which no more southern territory cannot offer—oryx beisa, Hunter's hartebeest and, above all, bongo. Whereas the animals which Tanganyika boasts and Kenya does not (good sable, puku, sassabe, etc.) can all be shot in Northern Rhodesia. So April and early May will be spent in Kenya. First we will go down towards the coast and try for a big elephant, something to hang on the wall, not just some more ivory for the obliging Mr. Gilliat. Then we will double back to the Northern Province and collect our Hunter's hartebeest, our oryx beisa and a lesser kudu. And while in Kenya we will try for a really good buffalo, and a really good rhino. We will also take such fun as offers with lion, but we will try to restrict ourselves, unless there is a prospect of a really exciting hunt, to two really worth-while specimens. But—and I know this idea is quite demodé—to me the hunting of a lion under conditions fair to the beast is always worth while. And in the Northern Province we will shoot one and only one impala.

After that we will go off for a month in the Aberdares for bongo. A wet, unpleasant month it will be, but if we get our bongo it will have been worth while; and when that month is over a short dash to the Kenya-Tanganyika border for fringed-eared oryx to complete our oryx group. I shall have one other reason for going to Kenya. I have never been able to hunt with a white hunter. Anyhow I enjoy hunting by myself, but till Aunt Jobisca's Christmas present came along it was impossible, for the usual reason. The great benefit of having a white hunter to my mind is not that everything is done for you, not that you will get your heads more easily, not even, as the Noble Lord recently put it, that you can ensure there will always be lots of ice: it is that you will have with you the trained observer who can tell you about the habits of the animals and the customs of the natives as nobody else. He is part of one's education. Blicky, Dicky, Andy, Pat and half-a-dozen others. One knows them all so well by name, and now we will learn from them all the things we did not know. But we will conduct our own stalks.

Well, by now it is June and we will put a month in slowly motoring through Tanganyika, with a fairly long stop in the Iringa Highlands to recuperate after the last six months' hard work. And we will, of course, pay a visit to the Serengeti lions, Monty Moore willing it, and weather permitting it. Early July will find us in Southern Nyassaland, and we allow ourselves a month to shoot a nyala. If opportunity offers we will try for a kudu (though these are yet to come in Southern Rhodesia) and certainly for an ordinary eland, for the Nyassaland heads are very good. We will also pick up a good bush buck here. August and September are allotted to Northern Rhodesia. Here we will try for a really big buffalo, a really good sable, a really good kudu, situtunga, sassabe, puku and the two lechwes, the black and the red. And if opportunity offers we would have the elephant licence, and shoot two bulls, as my information now is that there is some big ivory to be had in that country at the present time.

"MAKE FRIENDS WITH EVERY SORT AND SIZE OF NATIVE"

Baba is a Hehé tracker half as old as time, who looks like Gagool and talks like Baron Munchausen, but he is unsurpassed at his own job

Our trip is now nearly over. We have three specimens to add to it. The small buffalo (the bush cow of West Africa), the giant oryx or gemsbuck, and if our scientific credentials are sufficiently approved, a giant sable. In search of these we allow ourselves two months in Angola, though I have an uncomfortable feeling that hunting the oryx in October may be an uncomfortably hot affair. The three beasts I have mentioned live in very different parts of the territory, so it is very little use allowing less than two months to shoot them in—which brings us to October and November, and by the time that Christmas is upon us once again I shall be sailing for home, with as representative a bag of African heads as anybody could hope for. I will have seen the game of the desert, the bush, the open mountain side, the forest, the plains. I will have pitched camps big, small and scarcely perceptible. I will have made friends with every sort and size of native from the Arab to the Kaffir, from the Dinka to the Wanderobo, the Buganda to the Héhé, and I will be back to be in time to find Aunt Jobisca's contribution to next year's Asiatic trip. . . .

It was at this juncture that the machine began to descend. I stirred uneasily, blinked with resentment and woke over a Croydon rushing up to meet us. All was shattered. An illusion. A dream. It had seemed so very real. "Turned sideways now, turned colder, than life that dreams of death." I felt like Swinburne. And I had no Watts-Dunton. Not even Aunt Jobisca's cheque. Christmas would bring its tenth annual body-belt ("so useful to you, my dear boy, in those horrid places you will persist in going to—it is essential not to catch a chill on the abdomen"), and my great trip was nothing more than a phantom.

Well, no doubt some reader or other of the *Field* occasionally makes (or even alters) his will. Or if he prefers present to posthumous pleasures that will save death duties. I would even take him with me! M. T. S.

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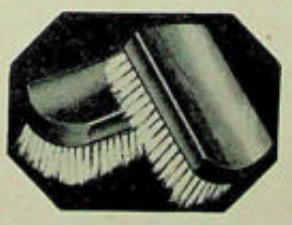

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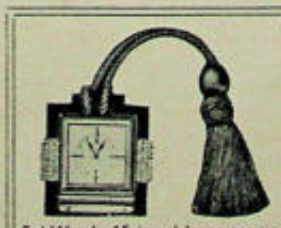

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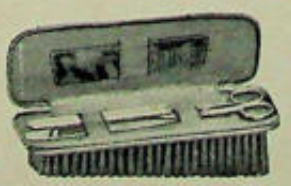

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PRINT IN RETROSPECT

A Survey of a Year's Publishing

THROUGHOUT this year I have been labouring under the feeling that from the point of view of book publishing it has been a poor one, or, at least, a year of disappointment. I cannot exactly say why, but we seem to have had very few books to which I eagerly looked forward and as eagerly returned. This opinion is a purely personal one.

During the last year the *Field* has continued to select every month an open-air book of the month. In doing so we fully realise that even in twelve books published in any year, one cannot be certain of finding the stuff of which immortality is made. But we have tried to choose only worthy books, genuinely of the open air, and, like Mr. James Agate, who would have as his epitaph that "he never let a bad player get past him," we have tried not to let any bad book creep into our list. Actually during eleven months, we have taken only seven books for there were months when it seemed there was no suitable book to include. Our choice during 1937 was *Morning Flight*, by Peter Scott (*Country Life*; 3 guineas)—this edition was immediately sold out, but a cheap edition at a guinea has since been issued—*Nanda Devi*, by Eric Shipton (Hodder and Stoughton; 15/–), *The Labrador Dog, Its Home and History*, by Lord George Scott (Wetherby; 7/6), *The Southern Gates of Arabia*, by Freya Stark (John Murray; 16/–), *Sport in Wildest Britain*, by Hesketh Pritchard (Philip Allan; 10/6), *Bird By-ways through History*, by Lady Apsley (Hutchinson; 16/–); and *A Bird in the Bush*, by E. Hilton Young (Lord Kennet) (*Country Life*; 10/6). They are all genuine open-air books, and I can visualise them being read by my son in 20 years' time with interest and enthusiasm, which is, I suppose, the highest test that it would be fair to put. And if he does not like them I will be another disappointed parent!

Before passing on to consider other books which have appeared this year and of which readers of the *Field* might care to be reminded, one might remark on one phase of publishing which is becoming more pronounced every year. That is the great extent to which the world of the Press and the world of the Publisher each usurps the function of the other, or what were formerly thought to be the functions of the other. More and more the Press is being used as the medium of the author—serial works, short stories, essays—more and more are the publishing houses turning out "hot news." No great event occurs without a spate of books comes with it. Within a very few weeks of King George's death we had every sort of record of his life being sold, most of them of very small permanent value, though it is interesting to note that Mr. Arthur Bryant's charming sketch of his character was issued by Peter Davies within two months of his death, a miracle of speed on the part of author and publisher. John Gunter's immensely popular *Inside Europe*, from Hamish Hamilton, has a revised edition on the market with almost every Reuter's telegram. The Coronation will probably be easier to follow in the publisher's lists than in the daily papers. It is a most interesting development, but it seems to me that it may ultimately—taking a very long view—lead to one abuse. It may tend to make the daily and weekly papers issue more and more of their own publications through their own presses. They may gradually consider it necessary to gain control over some of the great publishing businesses, as the one or more publishing amalgamations may gain control over the smaller but still influential papers. This must inevitably mean that books will be criticised regardless of their literary value, or rather books may well be reviewed by persons who genuinely believe in them, but who cannot be expected to form an independent judgment.

Many criticisms are heard to-day of the author turned critic; it is true that there are few independent critics of the calibre of Mr. Desmond MacCarthy about; but I think this danger is exaggerated. In the *Field* we are often faced with the difficulty of reviewing books written by those who have a long connection with the paper. It is an invidious position, and the word "back-scratching" has been known in this connection, about certain great weekly periodicals which deal with reviewing on a large scale. But it is patently unfair to rule out a book for review because it has been written by a regular contributor to the paper that reviews it. It is also frequently asserted that books are reviewed which have not been read. This may be so. As regards the *Field* it can be stated without equivocation that no review would be accepted if it was thought that it was based on anything but a thorough perusal of the book.

As regards the general literature published this year, there have been three books of outstanding importance—Mr. Duff Cooper's Life of Lord Haig, Mr. Lloyd George's continued *War Memories*, and Mrs. Dugdale's life of her uncle, Lord Balfour. The first named created the widest interest, but it was generally felt that Mr. Duff Cooper had done little to re-orientate Haig's claim to fame in the light of our most recent knowledge, including the famous diaries on which the book was based. Mr. Lloyd George's volumes were as compelling as ever, but they are a personal narrative, an *apologia* without humility, and they do not pretend to be history from the stalls or even the wings, but rather the judgments of the principal player; nevertheless, Mr. Lloyd George has notably modified some of these judgments. Mrs. Dugdale's volumes must take pride of place in the trio. Hers is the work of a Boswell, for in Lord Balfour's last years they worked together with this end in view. In detail her book cannot always be accepted for the reason that Lord Balfour himself had a poor memory for detail. But it is a remarkable account of the most fascinating character in the public life of our time, perhaps the best biography ever written by a woman. One compares it instinctively with the work of her kinswoman, Lady Gwendolin Cecil, in her biography of Lord Salisbury, and the comparison seems to favour Mrs. Dugdale's, sound and scholarly though Lord Salisbury's biography was.

AN EAST INDIAMAN (1829)

One of the many illustrations by Cecil Trew to "The History of Sail," by G. S. Clowes, a most interesting account of every type of sailing vessel from 3,000 B.C. *to the present day* (*Eyre & Spottiswoode*; 10/6)

There have been several notable travel books, but I note with regret that as year succeeds year a new Peter Fleming, a new Freya Stark, and a new Walter Starkie arrive almost as a matter of course. Somehow that is not one's idea of *Wanderlust*: it sounds terribly like a publisher's commission. These three have once more given us the three best travel books of the year. Of them Miss Stark is my favourite. Her book is already noted under the books of the month. Peter Fleming's *News from Tartary* (Cape; 12/6) was a first-class book, describing a really important journey; and in *Don Gipsy* (Murray; 10/6), Walter Starkie's violin does not fail to please. To this trio I must add Major C. S. Jervis's *Three Deserts* (Murray; 10/6), a really delightful book, full of the humour and interest, which has brought to the pages of *Cornhill* a successor to Wilfred Jelf. To these books should be added *Everest, the Challenge* by Sir Francis Younghusband (Nelson; 12/6) and *Over Tyrolese Hills*, by F. S. Smythe (Hodder and Stoughton; 12/6).

Shooting with gun and rifle have produced a varied bag; and the killing of big game has not waned in popularity if printer's ink is a standard of measure. In January there was a new edition of that most essential volume to big game hunters; Rowland Ward's book of *Records of Big Game* (Rowland Ward; 3 guineas); while the other important big game book of the year was *Stalking in the Himalayas and Northern India*, by Lieutenant-Colonel C. H. Stockley (Herbert Jenkins; 15/–). Mr. Bernard Cazenove's *Grouse Shooting and Moor Management* (*Country Life*; 7/6) was a really sound, practical book; and from Philip Allan's 5/– Sportsman's Library we recommend *Woodcock and Snipe*, by Messrs. Sugrie & Keith; *Partridges*, by Captain J. B. Drought; and *Pheasant Shooting*, by Leslie Sprake. Mention must also be made of Mr. Patrick Chalmers's delightful *Shooting Man's England* in the new "English Scene" series, issued through Seeley Service. It costs 8/6.

In the world of hunting and the horse, Lady Apsley's book, already mentioned, must take pride of place, but another extremely valuable book is the new Lonsdale Library volume on polo, edited by Lord Kimberley, which is full of excellent material. Of great interest, too, is *The Meynell of the West* (Collins; 12/6), an account of the life of John Henry Farquharson, by Mr. A. H. Higginson. Mr. Patrick Chalmers has issued a *History of Foxhunting* (Seeley Service; 21/–) in the Lonsdale Library series, while a very useful little book is *The A.B.C. of Foxhunting*, by D. W. E. Brock (Phillip Allan; 5/–).

For naturalists and garden lovers there is Mr. Charles Tate Regan's very comprehensive *Natural History*, full of carefully compiled information with really first-class photographs; *A Bird in the Bush*, Lord Kennet's charming little book of sketches illustrated by his step-son Peter Scott, and the *Gardener's England*, by Eric Parker (8/6) in Seeley Service's "English Scene" series, while Fishermen will want, in particular, *River Management*, published in the Lonsdale Library at 15/–, and *Sea Trout and Trout*, by W. J. M. Menzies (Arnold; 10/6).

M. T. S.

NAVAL PORT-MORTEM

AT first the reason for the title of the latest book by Mr. Brian Tunstall rather puzzled me. Why call it *The Anatomy of Neptune*? Why "anatomy"? Reading on into the book, however, and, let it be admitted, stimulated by a most engaging introduction, the answer to these questions rapidly emerged. So much is written of the soul of the sea, of the soul of the sailor, of the spirit of the naval service—"things we cannot touch or see." So much of this intangible abstract is put before us in these days, served up on a charger and garnished with pious sentiment. In Mr. Tunstall's *Anatomy* we are, however, for a very welcome change, given the flesh and the bones of our naval story—something very real indeed.

In essence he has presented the reader with a detailed panorama of Britain's naval life and story swept in on the broadest possible canvas. By means of authentic and documented extracts from this State paper and that, from this admiral's apologia and from that admiral's panegyric, he has presented us with a picture of naval life from Henry VIII's time almost to the present day—life as it really was and is—the real life lived for'ard and aft in our "Publick Shippes of Warre."

Battles and battle scenes very occasionally flicker through these fascinating pages. The author, pursuing his anatomical quest, is more concerned with the lesser-known but equally significant social details of a sea story. Thus we have contemporary notes on gunnery, tactics, punishments, mutinies, orgies ashore, deathless heroism afloat, argument for and against smoking, health and sickness, pensioners and their lot, and so on. "How many perfections and imperfections do make up this quite perfect form?" pleads De Vaillot, and in this novel *Anatomy* the perfections and the imperfections, degradations and heroisms, infamies and sacrifices are recorded side by side, eye-witnesses of every rank and station doing the telling. With his *Anatomy of Neptune*, Mr. Tunstall has added yet another to the list of his previous valuable contributions to naval history. To the student this volume is an essential; the general reader of "our sea affair" cannot fail to be fascinated and charmed with every page.

J. I.

The Anatomy of Neptune. By Brian Tunstall. (George Routledge & Sons, Ltd., 12/6.)

This is one of a series of attractive photographs now being used by Wolseley Motors Ltd., to illustrate the new Wolseley Sportsman's Saloon.

"BILLY," A GOLDEN RETRIEVER

One of twenty-two charming colour sketches which form the basis of "Dogs as I See Them," a book of canine studies by Lucy Dawson which we thoroughly recommend, for each of her dogs is an individual and not just a breed type. (*Eyre & Spottiswoode*; 8/6)

New Books

TIE KNOTS AND WHY NOTS

The A to Z of Angling

NO matter how experienced a fisherman may be it is odds that he cannot remember all the details of every kind of fishing in which, on occasion, he may have the chance to indulge. A man who spends most of his time fishing a chalk stream may easily have need of a "refresher" on flies or methods when he is offered a day or two on a salmon water, even if he may be described truthfully as "knowing the game from A to Z."

This is where the great merit lies in a compendium such as Colonel G. W. Maunsell produced a year or two ago; a volume which can be slipped into the pocket "just in case" (for memories are not always reliable) is a precious possession; and the appearance of a new edition of this excellent work is proof enough, if proof were needed, that it meets the proverbial "long-felt want." But Colonel Maunsell has not been content merely to republish his book. He has revised it thoroughly, incorporating not only the revisions of his critics but a lot of new matter.

Here in a brief form will be found all the relevant information about trout fishing, salmon fishing, sea trout fishing, pike fishing, and a special section devoted to all kinds of odds and ends, from tying knots to forecasting the weather, with a useful chapter at the end summarising what is known of the life history of salmon and trout.

No salmon or trout angler should deny himself the possession of this excellent little volume.

The Fisherman's Vade Mecum. By G. W. Maunsell. Second edition. (Philip Allan; 12/6 net.)

POLISHED AGATE

MR. JAMES AGATE'S literary manner is like the child in the nursery rhyme—when it is good it is very, very good, and when it is bad. . . . At its best *Kingdoms for Horses* reaches the heights. The description of the city clerk's flutter on the "Dental Gold Plate" is fresh and funny, even though its subject has been over-written a hundred times. Yet Mr. Agate, so he tells us, is not among those lovers of horses who buy the earlier editions of the evening papers. He would, however, "give all your layers and takers for that old Yorkshire farmer, who, on his death-bed, raised his head for the last time at the sound of Ophelia, the great hackney mare, walking one-two-three-four down the village street. You are not going to tell me that at the end the supreme passions of men differ in intensity. Man cannot fool himself higher than the top of his bent, and when it comes to the last, all ecstasies are equal. 'A horse,' say you, being a poet, 'is only a horse.' But to a horseman a poet is only a poet. Your horseman would give nothing to have talked with Shelley; I would give half I possess to have seen Ophelia plain."

Those who know that Mr. James Agate is nearly as distinguished as a breeder and shower of hackneys as he is as a dramatic critic (and they are a surprisingly small proportion of his public) will not be surprised by the preponderance of high steppers among these pages. But not all his praises are as sound as his intentions. The prose of hyperbole can be effective enough when its subject is a domestic comedy in three acts. It is not always the best vehicle for the description of blood and breeding. Your horse may be ewe-necked, cow-hocked, broken-winded, he may be as ugly as sin and know all the vices invented, but even then he will not be precious, and precious sentences will be less than he deserves.

But if *Kingdoms for Horses* has its bad moments, it more than compensates for them by the excellence of its good ones. Of the photographs of the Duchess of Euston at the Meet of Willesden in the illustrated newspapers, Mr. Agate's comment is that all that matters—the front and quarters of her horse—have been cut off before and behind the saddle. "Who cares whether Her Grace is deep through the heart, well ribbed up and stands on short legs, is quiet in all traffic, sound in wind and limb, no day too long? Her quality is taken for granted; in all fairness let the horse speak for himself."

Kingdoms for Horses also concerns itself with the lesser principalities of boxing, cricket and golf, but we suspect that these subjects are less dear to Mr. Agate's heart than his beloved hackneys and his descriptions of them are perhaps a shade less entertaining. G. G. W.

Kingdoms for Horses. By James Agate. Illustrated by Rex Whistler. (Gollancz; 7/6.)

A DREAM FULFILLED

TO many readers, and I think that there will be many readers, Mr. Martin Stephens, in *Novice's Luck*, will have fulfilled, if only in fiction, a beautiful and universal dream. At least, let me say that the main works of the author's story must have been imagined by men of no particular imagination, of no inspired artistic fancy, time and again. Which of us has not seen himself opening, among a dozen dunning letters and legal blisters (rather gingerly, maybe, for it is obviously a lawyer's communication), the envelope which covers the intelligence, conveyed in about 20 lines, that, owing to the demise of a distant and unknown relative, he, we, are heir, now and at once, to a sum of a quarter of a million nett?

This is what happens to *Mr. Louis Muttlebury Miltown*, aged 40, and of the Stock Exchange. This is what has, again and again, happened (in day dreams) to you and to me. So far so good. We should each of us know what to do with it. It has come to us with no tedious reservations attaching; we may punt the whole caboodle on an also ran in the 2.30 this afternoon if we choose. We may endow a hospital, we may purchase a peerage, we may finance a musical comedy and its leading lady. *Mr. Miltown* does none of these things. He has always loved the blood sports, and now he may satisfy his tastes at their most expensive and arduous.

And thus Mr. Stephens has been able to tell us of his most catholic Louis's varied adventures. And very knowledgeably and very delightfully he has done so from foxhunting to punt gunning, from tiger shooting and pig-sticking, in the rose-coloured East to scrambles in the Rockies and riding in a point-to-point. Here are a dozen different sports by mountain and river, by moor and manor, and each is (as the Contessa, in the first-class railway carriage, said to her fellow traveller from Co. Kildare) "the best av ut."

Mr. Stephens has made no attempt to *teach*; his *Mr. Miltown* is no Mr. Barlow. His aim has been, he says so himself in a short and, characteristically, modest introduction, to amuse. He has certainly

CENTAURS TO HACKNEYS

One of Rex Whistler's illustrations to "Kingdoms for Horses," by James Agate. (*Gollancz*; 7/6.)

MAYFLY ON THE WANNET

One of eighty illustrations by Maurice Tulloch in "Novice's Luck," by Martin Stephens (*Eyre & Spottiswoode*; 10/6)

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hit his target and, if it were possible to score more than a "gold" (I don't think it is?), I would say that he has done so. For, again and again, throughout his 214 pages of, what he calls, "sprints" (since many of our hero's activities leave Louis breathless) occur those vivid, verbal pictures of sport and pastime which some pens are gifted to paint in a line or so.

I have little space to quote, but here is vignette and simile from the "Grey Boar" chapter. *Louis*, on Anzac, a "great spanking bay whaler," is just overhauling his first pig:

"He lowered his spear and jabbed at its shoulders—far too soon. The point of his spear just touched the thick and bristly hide and rubbed along it like a pencil on a piece of bark."

And here is a piece of salmon fishing knowledge, imparted by a Wye gillie to the novice:

"I'd give the books (on fishing) very little heed. If you'll forget you've got arms and legs at all I'll get you throwing a fly in 20 minutes—if not well enough to win a casting competition, at least well enough to catch a fish." And that is, surely, a very truth of the salmon. Once more I will quote, this time from the author's introduction. Mr. Stephens says:

"I wonder if we can truthfully say that 50 per cent. of those who go hunting, and 30 per cent. of those who go shooting, and 10 per cent. of those who go fishing get a 100 per cent. kick out of it?" The answer—my answer—is in the negative.

Mr. Stephens, out of a past master's knowledge of each ritual in which *Mr. Miltoun* is initiate, combined with a sense of humour and a sense of words, has here created a very readable and entertaining book. It is profusely illustrated by Major Maurice Tulloch, who can put a horse into action on paper as few of his competitors, and who is catholic enough to illuminate with equal vigour and success the very varied activities that his author presents him with. We will hear more of Major Tulloch's drawings an I mistake me.

Novice's Luck or Some Sporting Sprints. By Martin Stephens. (Eyre & Spottiswoode; 10/6.)

P. R. C.

BUSINESS ON GREAT WATERS

SOONER or later it was bound to come—a history of the sport of Ocean Racing. The game has made such strides both in our own and in American waters that there was a need, both technical and historical, for such a record.

The subject could have had no better chronicler for Mr. Loomis knows the ins and outs of ocean racing from A to Z; he is, in fact, probably the greatest authority on this subject in both hemispheres. More than this, he is very much the practical ocean-racer himself, for he is a veteran of seven deep-water races ranging from the Bermuda race of 1923 to the Bermuda race of 1934, and including between these limits two other Bermuda races, two Fastnet races and one transatlantic race to Santander. Thus he writes of what he knows but, to make quite certain that his history is complete, he has ransacked the world of ocean racing enthusiasts for checking details.

Ocean racing admittedly is quite a new sport—as sport goes—for its earliest beginnings were in 1866, when the schooners Henrietta, Fleetwing and Vesta raced across the Atlantic, from Staten Island to the Needles, for a purse of $90,000. From this starting point, and describing this epoch-making race in all its details, Mr. Loomis proceeds down the years. Famous ship names flit in and out of his pages. The Cambria and the Dauntless, the Coronet, the beautiful Atlantic and the Thistle (which afterwards became a German Emperor's Meteor), one by one come to life again. Then the long series of Bermuda races is analysed, and not the least interesting part of this section is the why and the wherefore of the various changes in the starting point for these famous races. Next comes ocean racing in the Pacific where, incidentally, Dorade is even now setting them all by the ears. Then we come nearer home with our own Fastnet race, which Mr. Loomis honours us by dubbing the "Grand National" of ocean racing. Certainly it has much in common with the Aintree course; one needs a good heart for it and, if the Channel is living up to its reputation, there are a good many "jumps" to be found on the way to the lonely rock and back. From the series of British classic ocean races the author drifts across to the transatlantic races to Spain and to Plymouth, finally bringing his work to an end with the 1935 Boston Reef to Bergen match. Since then, of course, there has only been this year's transatlantic fixture, in which the entries were almost entirely German.

To the historical narrative of Mr. Loomis, Herbert L. Stone, editor of *Yachting*, contributes a chapter on "The Rules of the Game," in which he shows clearly enough that, just as with every other branch of yachting, the history of the rating rule is in reality the history of the sport. Finally, and to crown a really splendid piece of work, Mr. Loomis has collected a very complete list of every-one—amateur or professional—who has at any time sailed in an ocean race, a valuable series of ocean passage log-pages, and a collection of track-charts which tell the tale of ocean racing pictorially. Altogether the book is a very valuable and absorbing contribution to yachting literature and deep-water sailing history.

J. I.

Ocean Racing. By Alfred F. Loomis. (Published by The Bodley Head, Vigo Street, W.; 21/- net.)

THE CHARM OF FISHING

WHEN Mr. Stephen Gwynn writes on a congenial subject like fishing one may reasonably anticipate a more than usually readable book—and the anticipation is here fulfilled. *The Happy Fisherman* is a delightfully-written volume, half reminiscent, half instructive, culled from a lifetime's angling on trout streams and salmon rivers, every minute of which he has obviously enjoyed to the full—even disaster can be enjoyed in aftermath—and every day of which seems to have given him some memory that has only acquired added charm in the relation.

Moreover, he takes always the sane and genial view. "It seems to me rather absurd," he remarks, "to make such an etiquette," after recalling an experience of the capture of a trout with a wet fly on a private length of a chalk stream, when his host had suggested that "we'll say nothing about this trout . . . as if I had snatched it feloniously." And it is, of course, absurd. The origin and object of dry-fly fishing was to enable an angler to catch more fish, not to establish a sort of code of ethics for fishermen who have the fortune to cast a line on those delightful Hampshire waters.

Mr. Gwynn, himself, graduated as a wet-fly fisherman, and dates his apprenticeship, if I understand him rightly, to the days when "across and down" was the common practice on all but very narrow streams. It was only when he had acquired some considerable skill in this branch of the art that he was initiated into the fascinations of the dry fly, and it makes his comments on it the more illuminating, though his difficulties in making the transfer must have been greater than those of a man versed in the up-stream method of fishing before invading the chalk stream.

He has written some useful chapters on salmon fishing, particularly for the novice, though it is odd, perhaps, to find him repeating that old-time shibboleth about the salmon taking a fly simply for curiosity. Surely the difference between a

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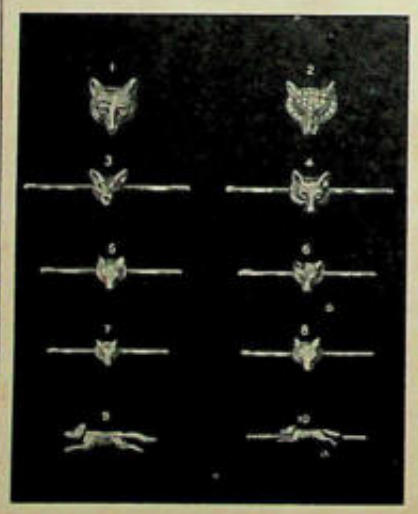

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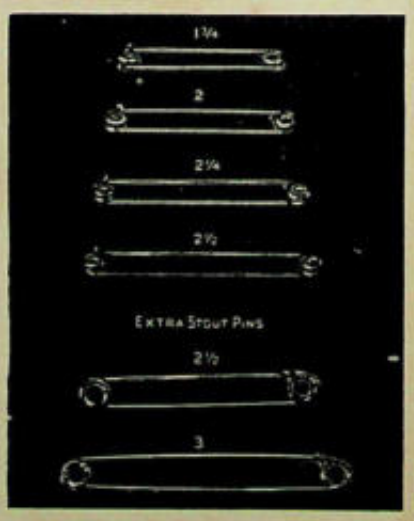

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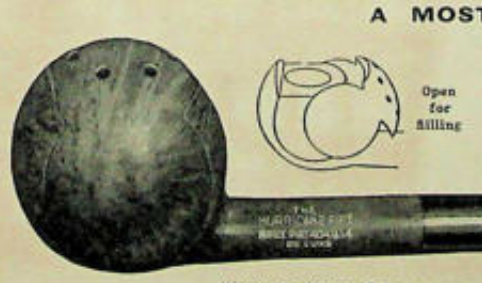

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salmon "feeding" and a salmon "eating" ought by now to be understood? But he has some excellent tips to give "by the way," and perhaps it does not matter very much what the angler thinks about his lure as long as he can make the salmon desire to take it.

The book is replete with pen and wash illustrations by Mr. Roy Beddington, who has caught the spirit of the waters wonderfully and has added greatly to the charm of a most welcome volume.

H. D. T.

The Happy Fisherman. By Stephen Gwynn. Illustrated by Roy Beddington (*Country Life*; 10/6 net.)

BECKFORD'S DISCIPLE

"THERE was something very venerable, substantial and business-like, in Mr. Farquharson's turn-out during the administration of Ben Jennings and Solomon; they were quite patterns of the old style of respectable family servants. They filled their situations nearly thirty years, and although the former was not in the service of the squire when he made his début in 1806, Solomon was acting as whipper-in at that time, and 'holloaed-away' the young master's first fox from one of Peter Beckford's coverts." So runs an extract from Mr. A. H. Higginson's book *The Meynell of the West*, and it shows, surely, that he has spent so much time among his characters that he really feels he knows them. The phrase "one of Peter Beckford's coverts" is delightful; he might still be alive to-day and one of Mr. Higginson's best friends and supporters in the Cattistock country.

It is impossible to imagine a more fitting person than the Master of the Cattistock to write about Squire Farquharson, who, 100 years ago, hunted the Cattistock country, and became a great figure in the County of Dorset. Mr. Higginson knows all the hills, dales, coverts and paths, up and down which Squire Farquharson no doubt rattled many times in pursuit of his great hounds, many of which stood 26in. at the shoulder.

Of the man himself, Mr. Higginson says: "In some ways the title, 'The Meynell of the West,' by which he was so well known to his contemporaries, is a misnomer, for he was not a great hound-breeder, although he was a great breeder of other sorts of thoroughbred livestock. But he was a great agriculturalist, one of the last of those county gentlemen who lived upon their own estate, disdaining the excitement of city life, and preferring to spend their money in the upkeep of their broad acres rather than invest it in more lucrative, but possibly less beneficial business investments. He was a great Master of Foxhounds, one whose reign extended over a long period of years, and who, during that period, had many difficulties to contend with, treating them all as became a 'great gentleman,' and one whose death was deeply mourned by all who knew him."

This book, apart from being a good biography, is a wonderful picture of rural life at the beginning and middle of last century. How delightful it must have been. There was no modern ruthlessness, none of that inhuman "economic failures must go to the wall" outlook. In those days men were more important than money. Mr. Farquharson used his money and influence to help the farmers and general public in the county of Dorset, not as a charity or a duty, but because it never occurred to him that there was any possible alternative. What a dear old gentleman he must have been; one would give a good deal to have met him. A man who could command the absolute adoration of all the farmers in Dorsetshire just by living and being himself, must have had something very exceptional about him.

Mr. Higginson is to be congratulated on achieving the object of all biographers, that is, to make his readers feel, when they lay down the book, that they have made a new acquaintance through having, by proxy, all the privileges of an intimate friend.

VALENTINE.

The Meynell of the West. By A. H. Higginson. (Collins; 12/6.)

SOMETHING OF HUNTING

FROM the bibliographical angle this is a book of great interest, and an enormous amount of work must have gone into the making of it; it is really more of an historical anthology than a history by Mr. Chalmers. One more matter, and then we are done with fault-finding. One receives the impression that Mr. Chalmers looks down on every form of hunting except foxhunting, not only in the present but in the past. This point of view, whether taken from the sporting or social aspect, becomes rather irritating when frequently reiterated, and detracts from the value of author's opinions upon any other form of hunting except the favoured one, and that in the Shires. The romance of foxhunting in the Shires is acknowledged by everyone to be very great; but its very greatness suggests that it is capable of standing by itself, and does not require bolstering up.

The book starts, after "A Prelude to History," with a chapter on the Mythology of Hunting; this chapter is good, perhaps the best in the book. So the book proceeds through Norman times to the Middle Ages. There is an interesting note in this chapter about the hounds of Henry VIII, showing that, even in those times, there were such things as hound vans:

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One doubts if the Grafton hounds could to-day be "removed with the cart with hounds" for a trifle under half-a-crown, all in.

Sir Henry Dryden's *Notes on Twici's Art of Hunting* make very interesting reading, especially the archaic terms of venery used for various notes on the horn, and of the droppings and other physical properties of the animals hunted. Here is an example. The terms for their lodgment are these

Hart or hind	Harboureth
Hare	Seateth or formeth
Boar	Croucheth
Wolf	Traineth
Buck or Doe	Lodgeth
Fox	Kenneleth
Marten	Treeth
Roebuck or Roe	Beddeth
Otter	Watcheth
Badger	Eartheth
Coney	Burroweth

In sequence, the Tudor, Stuart and Victorian times are dealt with faithfully, and there is a delightful account of a great day with the Charlton hounds. Though this book is a little "patchy," and, at times, overburdened with quotation, much of it is really excellent, and anyone interested in hunting should read it.

Mr. Chalmers makes an obviously unintentional error, when he says that the Tar Wood fox was not killed. The lines go:

"The pack rolled o'er him in his stride
And, onward struggling still, he died."

A. H. V. L.

The History of Hunting. By Patrick Chalmers. (Seeley Service, the Lonsdale Library; 21/–.)

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THE CHARM OF SUNDIALS

A Seventeenth Century Successor to the Fountain

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

"THE sly shadow steals away upon the dial and the quickest eye can discover no more but that it is gone." The mystery of the sundial has been a perennial source of fascination throughout the centuries.

In mediæval days, when we were still under the influence of Eastern garden architecture, the fountain was the central feature of the garden and it was not till Tudor times that the sundial replaced the fountain. The change was surely inevitable, for what shade and water (water both seen and heard) represented to the Eastern mind, sunlight is to us. When we visualise our gardens we visualise them as a rule bathed in sunlight, but not so the Eastern garden-lover to whom water is the soul of a garden. The sundial records the passing hours of sunlight. To quote a seventeenth-century writer: "A Dial is the Visible Map of Time, till whose Invention 'twas follie in the Sun to play with a Shadow. It is the Anatomie of the Day and a Scale of Miles for the Jornie of the Sun. It is the silent Voice of Time and without it the Day were dumbe. . . . It is ye Book of ye Sun on which he writes the Storie of the Day."

Sundials seem to have been most popular during the seventeenth century, and the sundial books of that period are fascinating. One of the most interesting is Father Hall's *Explication of the Diall sett up in the King's Garden at London*, 1669. A love for sundials seems to have been a Stuart trait. Charles I invariably carried a silver pocket dial about with him, and he entrusted it to his servant, Hubert, the night before his execution, as a last gift to his younger son. Charles II inherited his father's fondness for sundials, and that described by Father Hall was set up in the Privy Gardens, Whitehall, by the King's order. It must have been a remarkable dial and was, apart from "many things also belonging to Geography, Astrology, and Astronomy, the Sunnes shadow made visible to the Eye." It was adorned with small portraits of the King and Katherine of Braganza, the Queen Mother and Prince Rupert.

Another interesting book of the period is John Parmenter's *Helio-Tropes or New Posies for Sundials*. John Parmenter was a monk of Wingham, in Kent, who died in 1629. Mr. Perceval Landon, who published Parmenter's "Posies," states that he must have been a priest of a small collegiate chapel—previously a Benedictine cell—at Wingham for nearly 60 years. On every "Posy" he makes a comment: thus—

> When through my tears
> My shade appears,
> Look up; the bow is set.

Parmenter exhorts his reader:—"God's Justice goeth before his Mercie. . . . Be not therefore guilty of Wanhope or Accidie, for as our Kentish Proverbe saith When Neede is Highest: Heede is Nighest" Again—

"God maketh and taketh his owne Time." Parmenter adds: "There is a kin Proverbe in Sussex, God flieth with Wings of Leade, but striketh with Handes of Yron."

In the seventeenth century it was accounted a fine accomplishment to be an ingenious dialler, and it is interesting to recall that Sir Christopher Wren and Sir Isaac Newton were noted diallers. It seems strange that Sir Christopher Wren, when he rebuilt St. Paul's Cathedral, did not adorn his masterpiece with a dial, for the famous dial on the old cathedral was destroyed in the Great Fire.

During the latter years of the seventeenth century living sundials became fashionable conceits in gardens. Some of the most noted of these living sundials are depicted in Loggan's *Cantabrigia Illustrata and Oxonia Illustrata*. Small gardens laid out in the form of a sundial, the figures being of dwarf shrubs, are shown in the illustration of the gardens of New College, Oxford, and Queen's College, and Pembroke, Cambridge. The only contemporary gardening book I know in which information is given regarding the making of living sundials is William Hughes's *Flower Garden* (1692). He states that in the West Indies it was customary to lay out the figures in myrtle or cypress.

One of the most interesting sundials I know is in a Norfolk garden, where I had the pleasure of doing some planning. The sundial, which is almost as large as Wren's famous dial at All Souls', Oxford, was made by a smuggler in the eighteenth century and it is still where he placed it. The smuggler was a man of some wealth, for he owned 20,000 acres and he was a friend of George IV, who stayed with him on his visits to Newmarket. Round the sundial are the names of all the places where the smuggler traded, and where the shade falls marks the hour of noon at that place. Reading anti-sun-wise, the names are Bantam, Suirat, Din, Bagdad, Constantinople, Rome, Amsterdam, Lisbon, Teneriffe, Corvo, Cape Raz, Bermudas.

There are various well-known collections of sundial mottoes, but a seventeenth-century one that appeals to me particularly is, so far as I know, not in any collection. The dial was made in the reign of Charles II, and the motto runs thus:

> O Blessed Solitude,
> O, only Blessing,
> Solitude is my Paradise
> And a City a Prison,
> And the Crown is the Work of our Hands.
> God be with us.
> Long live Charles II. (1663).

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A HUNDRED YEARS OF SOMERSET FARMING

Flax Growing Goes Out in Ten Years

THE soil of South Petherton was grateful in the eyes of its owner in the early nineteenth century, but the economic conditions changed so rapidly between war and peace that in 1809 he made a profit of about £740, whereas in 1819 and 1820 he made a loss of about the same amount in each year. His accounts for these three years are printed in the evidence given to the Select Committee which sat in 1821 to consider the depressed state of agriculture and they tell the story in detail. In general outline it is the same as the story of farming during and after the Great War but, of course, there were marked differences in the system of farming in those days.

Mr. J. B. Edmonds was a large occupier-owner. He had 460 acres in South Petherton, 70 in Pucklington and Stocklinch, 130 at North Braden, Isle Abbots and Ilton, and 60 acres in South Braden, in 1809. It seems he rented the Pucklington and Braden lands, and in 1820 he seems to have added Hele Farm in South Petheron, 185 acres in extent. The rentable value of all his land in 1809 was £1,575, but in 1819 it was reduced to £1,410 and, in 1820, with the additional 185 acres, was £1,780.

He told the committee "my arable land in South Petherton is of the best quality, a rich sandy loam, easily worked and, if well managed, capable of growing crops of every description, as corn, hemp, flax, turnips and grasses: hemp is often sown as the best preparatory crop for wheat, and a course of husbandry much adopted for this species of land, and during the war gave a fair profit: but the growth has been lessened by the late importations of foreign hemp . . . others as well as also myself, now grow a little, though at a loss, to employ the poor in the winter, as it gives work and fuel to the aged and infirm. . . ."

Similarly the growing of flax, a crop which brought in revenue to Mr. Edmonds in 1809 of the order of £1,272 1s., and of which he sold some 1,957 dozens only brought in £450 for 1,468 dozens in 1819, and in 1820 he only grew 976 dozens, for which he received £246 18s. 3d. It is little wonder that he regarded the future of this crop as poor, and indeed in the event it was practically abandoned in a very brief space of years. This was partly the effect of easy importation, but also of the growth of the cotton industry. As he said, "We used to have a linen trade here (*i.e.*, a factory), but it is much declining, in consequence of the cotton selling at so low a price, that the business is almost lost."

Mr. Edmonds had farmed his estate for 30 years and he was well acquainted with the custom of the country. The usual arable system was wheat, beans, fallow, on presumably open field land. If wheat was grown more than once in three years it was not considered good farming. Flax was grown after the beans once in six years and clover and turnips were grown between, presumably on enclosed land. This was not a bad system and had the authority of accepted practice. Mr. Edmonds thought that in his neighbourhood the land was three-fourths arable. Yields were, however, very variable. In 1819 only twelve bushels, although in 1820 some 28 bushels, of which were harvested on Mr. Edmonds's land. Nevertheless, the land generally was better farmed than it was 30 years before. Summer fallows had largely been abandoned in that time.

The facts disclosed by Mr. Edmonds's three accounts are illuminating. The totals are:

	Costs. £ s. d.	Returns. £ s. d.	Profit or loss. £ s. d.	
1809 ..	4,264 17 0	4,005 4 8	740 7 8	Profit.
1819 ..	3,281 16 6	2,598 14 9	682 14 9	Loss.
1820 ..	3,733 7 0	2,961 19 3	771 19 3	Loss.

Of the costs, wages came to a substantial amount and had risen by the later years. The figures are: 1809, £710; 1819, £980; 1820, £1,083, so he must have been employing more labour in 1820, part of which is accounted for by the larger acreages, because wages were on the same level throughout the period. Some advantages were also got by the labourers in the way of perquisites. Edmonds said that when wheat was 25s. a bushel, he had sold it to them at 8s. The accounts show that in 1809, when he was getting 14s., 15s. and 16s. 6d. from the miller, he sold to the labourers at 8s. Of course, when prices fell they did not get so much advantage. In 1819 millers' prices were from 8s. 6d. to 9s. 3d. and labourers 8s.; in 1820, millers paid 7s. and 7s. 6d. and the labourers 7s. Besides this concession, potato land at a low rent, "sufficient to provide the consumption of their families," was allowed to the labourers. From this source Edmonds received £83 in 1819 and £80 in 1820; the item does not appear in the 1809 account, so perhaps the charging of rent for this land was an innovation due to the bad times.

Besides the flax and hemp and wheat Edmonds sold 300 bushels of beans in 1809 for £120; in 1819 his beans (quantity not stated) fetched £124, and in 1820, £112 10s. By the last year the price had dropped to 4s. 6d. and 4s. 9d., whereas it had been 8s. a bushel in 1809. He did his land well. In days when artificials were not known he bought lime each year and used in addition woollen rags and horn shavings on the land. The cost of these, then known as adventitious sources of manure, was £110 in 1809, £997 7s. 6d. in 1819, and £67 in 1820, but in the last year he also bought 20cwt. salt for manure for £2 10s. Evidently the bad times had forced him to economise somewhat in this direction.

Edmonds was also a grazier and presumably a breeder of cattle. No item for the purchase of stores appears, but in each year he sold off fat stock. Unfortunately he does not state the number of beasts, so the trend of market prices cannot be shown. In 1809 he received £466 from this source, in 1819, £605 5s., and in 1820 £501. The fact that he let dairies of cows suggests that Edmonds used the bull calves as fattening stock. The rent of cows, however, fell from £14 a piece in 1809 to £10 in 1819 and 1820.

Sheep Edmonds also seems to have bred, although that is not clear. In 1809 he bought £75 12s. worth of lambs, but in the last two accounts there is no charge for this item. Wool was sold in all three years for £90 1s. 8d., £123 16s. and £119 respectively, and as the price fell from 20d. per lb. to 14d., he must have increased his stock of sheep by breeding.

It is to be noted that Edmonds charges at the highest market value all the wheat supplied to the house, and that his own comment upon the accounts runs: "I have not charged anything for turnpikes or market expenses, as it was never booked or taken notice of; barley and apples, as the produce of both have been consumed by my labourers in beer and cider, for the last twelve years; nor is any notice taken for the interest of stock."

From these accounts it appears that while a part of Edmonds's losses were due to a decline in general prices—wheat, beans and wool had all gone down—a goodly proportion was due to the loss of the market for flax and some to hemp. Even had he entirely abandoned flax in the ten years, however, he might have been in no better case, and his proposal to the committee of a complete tariff wall to raise farm prices is comprehensible in the light of his difficulties. G. E. FUSSELL.

BRINGING THE SHEEP DOWN FROM THE HILLS ABOVE LLANGOLLEN
Sheep are now being rounded up from the mountains of North Wales for the winter

SILVER FOXES

Home-Bred Animals Take the Honours

BRITISH silver fox breeders held their annual championship show at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, on November 11th to 13th. Fine silver foxes, penned according to their colour classification and from every corner of the British Isles from the far North of Scotland to Kent and Devon in the South, were on show there.

A very strong team of Canadian exhibits shown by a Scottish farm made interesting comparison with the home-bred animals, and it is very significant to note that although these animals were champions and first prize winners at their own shows in Prince Edward Island, they completely failed to score in the Championship awards in London. This fact, coupled with the success of British bred pelts at London fur auctions, where on no less than two occasions during the last twelve months they have realised top prices in open competition with the best from Norway and Canada, should provide a wonderful advertisement for the home-bred product, and a complete answer to those who still profess to believe that the finest furs cannot be produced in this country. Although the total number of entries did not exceed 250, it must be borne in mind that these represented the pick of many thousands more, as only the finest animals from each farm are shown, and the competition was, therefore, very keen.

The judging was most admirably carried out by Mr. F. Rexford Poland and Mr. G. G. Catchpole. Mr. Poland has the reputation in the fur trade of being the finest judge of a silver fox skin in this country, while his colleague, Mr. Catchpole, in his capacity of official inspector to the association ever since its inception, must surely be the finest judge of the actual animal; the association are to be congratulated on securing the services of two such outstanding experts.

In his speech at the prizegiving, Mr. Poland stated quite definitely that in his opinion British bred foxes had nothing to fear from foreign competition, and that on the whole he was very pleasantly surprised with the colour and quality of the winning foxes. The prizes were presented by Sir Walter Gilbey, who was accompanied by Lady Gilbey. In a very well chosen and witty speech, Sir Walter alluded to his well-known reputation as a critic of ladies dress, but affirmed that in his view no single article of my lady's

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wardrobe was more becoming or more indispensable than a good silver fox.

The champion fox of the show was actually bred on the farm of the writer, so I feel in a somewhat cramped position as regards singing its praises. However it would not be fair to pass over this aristocrat of the fox world without saying that he is a magnificent three-quarter silver dog fox with a show bench record quite unapproached by any other fox in the country to-day. Born in 1933, he started his show career by winning the championship for the best fox cub in the show; in 1934 he won the Supreme championship; in 1935 the three-quarter silver championship, but was beaten by a crack Canadian fox in the final; and, lastly, in 1936, he decided to wipe out his "disgrace of 1935" and again stands as the Supreme Champion of the year.

Needless to say I, as his proud owner, number him among my most cherished possessions.

C. J. JOHNSTONE.

FARMING NOTES

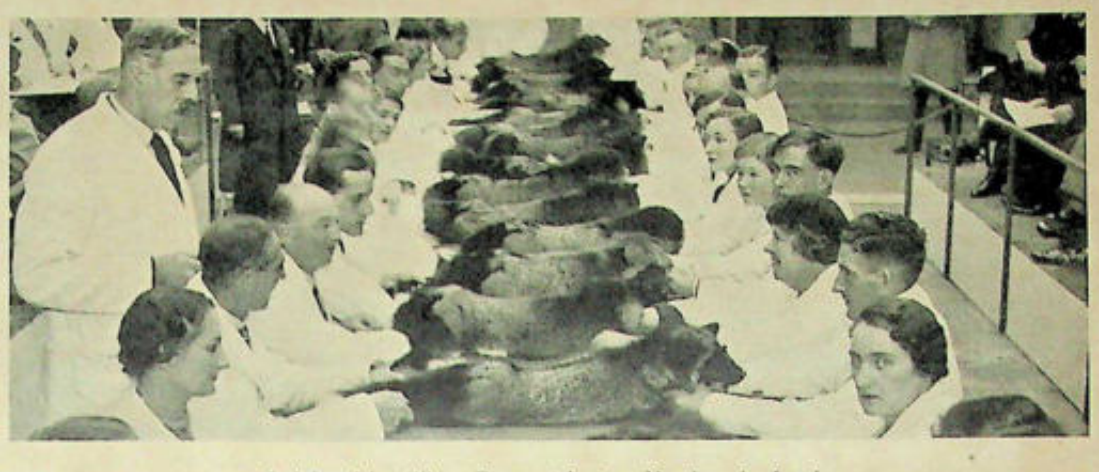
Sugar Beet Contracts

AN order has been made by the British Sugar Corporation, Ltd., a company formed by the amalgamation of all the companies previously engaged in the manufacture of sugar from home-grown beet, fixing the contract terms in which growers are to be united to supply the factories next year. The average price is slightly higher than this year, but more differentiation has been introduced between one district and another. Norfolk has to accept the lowest price which is 36s. per ton, and the factories away from East Anglia will pay the highest price, 37s. 6d. per ton.

This, naturally enough, seems unfair to Norfolk farmers, and they are objecting vigorously. The point that weighed with the corporation was, no doubt, that the Norfolk farmer has factories almost at his door, and he has been in beet growing long enough to be able to produce the crop most economically. A lower price may look like a penalty on efficiency, but it cannot be overlooked that the beet industry is heavily subsidised and it is not in the public interest that any factory should pay a needlessly high price for beet. Norfolk growers will, in any case, obtain a slightly higher price than they have this year.

Long-Distance Growers

The corporation has also arranged to encourage the growing of beet in areas that are at some distance from a factory. There is some first-class beet-growing land in Pembrokeshire, for instance, and some, also, in Sussex and Somerset. These farmers should not be debarred by prohibitive carriage rates from participating in the benefits that the beet crop confers on arable farming. Under the arrangement now proposed the corporation will defray railway freight charges in excess of 7s. per ton on all sugar beet accepted for delivery to the factories at Allscott and Kidderminster. These factories, it should be noted, are to pay 37s. 6d. per ton for beet, so the long distance grower is now placed in a better position.



Judging Live Silver Foxes at last week's show in London

Exports to South America

A consignment of 21 shearling Southdown ewes and two Hampshire Down ram lambs has been shipped by Messrs. Alfred Mansell & Co., of Shrewsbury, to the Argentine. The Southdowns came from the flock of Messrs. John Langmead and Son and the Hampshire Downs from Mr. E. Clifton Brown's flock at Buriatava, Bucks.

It is also reported that Sir Henry J. Lynch, of Rio de Janeiro, has purchased a Large Black boar and two gilts from Mr. D. W. P. Gough for shipment to his farm in Brazil. The Large Black is well liked in Brazil.

Autumn Wheat

Wheat looks well and is showing strongly in the drills. There is still a considerable acreage to be planted particularly after sheep that have been folded over the ground, but generally it seems that farmers have sown their wheat in good order this winter. There has been some disappointment that the Wheat Commission has decided to make no interim payment this season. The reason is understandable. With a standard price of 45s. per quarter and market prices ranging round 38s.–40s. a quarter, as they have in the past few weeks, the expense of sending out thousands of small cheques for a few pounds would not be warranted. No one can say what the final deficiency payment will be, but if market prices continue at about the present level the Wheat Commission will not be responsible for finding more than 5s.–6s. a quarter. It will be noted that the levy on flour has been reduced again recently, so the Commission evidently does not anticipate heavy calls on its funds.

Malting Barley

A conference of malting barley growers and malting barley buyers will be held at the Public Hall, Harpenden, on Wednesday, December 2nd. The purpose of the conference is to enable buyers and maltsters to meet growers and discuss with them the grading of samples previously sent in, explaining the reasons for the grading. There is always rather a mystery about quality in malting barley and such conferences can do nothing but good.

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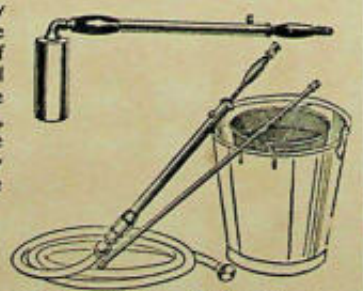

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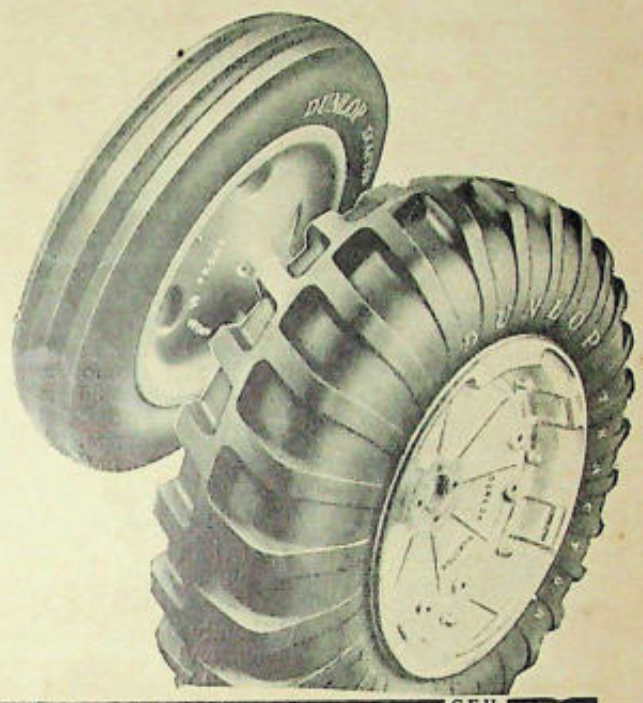

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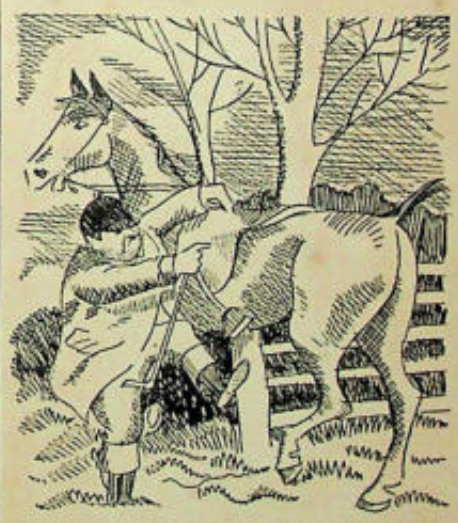

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THE TRUE TEST OF AN OLD BRANDY

How to Distinguish Quality

By FREDERICK HENNESSY

WHEN I was asked to write on the test of an old brandy, I must confess that I took the title to mean the test of a *good* brandy. For, instinctively, I look for quality before age in a brandy, and instinctively I have concentrated on this aspect of the question. Admittedly a fine brandy will mellow and develop with age, but so also will a poor and common brandy deteriorate with age. It is a very common mistake to believe that an old brandy must necessarily be a good brandy.

I would compare the life of a brandy to the life of a man. Both should gain rather than lose in character as they mature, but their birth and upbringing will determine their characteristics. A man's character is formed, strengthened and often mellowed by the process of time and so also will the flavour and bouquet of brandy acquire strength and softness to compensate for the evaporation of its youthful vigour.

Brandies, like men, have a "prime of life." After this point comparisons become odious. Suffice it to say that a very old brandy is all too often flat and lifeless.

But in the question of old age, brandy has a distinct advantage over man. For man cannot be bottled in his prime of life. Brandy should be taken from the cask and bottled when in "full bloom," for once in bottle it will not change. A genuine old brandy will, therefore, owe nothing of its reputation to the cobwebs on the bottle. These, I regretfully believe, can be rapidly acquired with the assistance of some white of egg. But the real age, or rather maturity, of the brandy inside can only be counted by the number of years it has spent in cask.

The first "test" of an old brandy should, therefore, be to ascertain how long, and under what conditions, the brandy was aged in wood.

So much for its upbringing, what of its origin? It should have two notable characteristics—"finesse" and "body." "Finesse" is the brilliancy or liveliness of bouquet and flavour which distinguishes good from second-rate brandy. If the flavour is dead and the fragrance stale it is described in Cognac as a common brandy.

"Body" is the essential characteristic which distinguishes brandy from other spirits. The majority of spirits, if taken neat, will cause a localised burning sensation on the tongue which is harsh and short-lived. A good brandy, on the other hand, will expand its flavour which lingers delightfully on the palate.

In brandies from different vineyards and of different years, one of these characteristics will often predominate. For this reason a blend is usually preferable, for the blenders' task may be compared to that of an orchestra leader, to whom the double bass may be as important to his harmony as the first violins.

In an old brandy these characteristics should appear in a harmonious and mellowed form, but not in such a way that they taste musty and flat.

The most pleasant test is to taste, but there are other methods which recommend themselves also. Rinse several glasses out with different brandies and leave them over night covered with a card or envelope. If the brandy is good you will find that the perfume lingers in the glass, and you will be able to detect more easily the clean and fine brandy from the stale and common.

Another test is to add plain water to the different brandies, so that, in each glass, there are equal proportions. The immediate reaction of the water on the brandy tends to trouble the spirit and causes it to throw off its lightest others, which are thus more easily detected by the nose.

There are other noteworthy points about brandy. For instance, magnum bottles are not really to be recommended. In the case of wine it is quite different. Wine has certain living ingredients which are continually working and allowing it to improve in bottle. Magnums are more suitable for this, and among really old wines one is more likely to find a good magnum than a good bottle. But brandy is a spirit, without living ingredients. Its maturation is caused by the natural chemical reaction produced through its continuous contact with the wood. It cannot age in bottle whatever its shape or size. It is, therefore, more satisfactory to keep it in small bottles which do not remain half empty and leave it exposed to the air for long periods.

The same might be said for those "balloon" glasses which tend to emulate the gold-fish bowl, in which the normal quantity for a liqueur is literally a drop in the bucket. The small tulip-shaped glass will concentrate the bouquet just as well and has the added advantage that it can be warmed in the palm of the hand.

But I have strayed from the original subject—the test of a good old brandy. I recommend a comfortable arm-chair after a good dinner—the eyes perhaps closed and the mind wandering from that brassie shot to the twelfth green, or those two beautiful high birds in the last stand—to a vineyard on the banks of the Charente river in France—and the palate will do the rest.

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AVOIDING THE DISCOMFORTS OF A RAISED PROPELLER SHAFT

And Some Useful Accessories for the Winter

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

LATELY I received a letter from a reader of the *Field*, who asked me to explain why so many manufacturers are now building their cars with a raised propeller shaft which necessitates a tunnel protruding through the centre of the rear floorboards.

He went on to state that when this method of construction is adopted "no dog can lie on the floor in comfort, luggage also cannot be placed evenly on the floor, and moreover, a third person who is occupying the centre position of the rear seat has to sit with a leg on either side of the protrusion and suffer considerable discomfort in consequence." My correspondent goes on to ask why, since this principle is not apparently followed by manufacturers of large cars, it is adopted by those turning out cars ranging between 10 and 17 h.p.

This system of construction is not limited to any particular class of vehicle. I happen to own three powerful cars, one of which has an R.A.C. rating of 38 h.p., and all have the raised tunnel running through the centre of the rear floorboards. I admit that when this principle is adopted it carries with it the disadvantages which have been referred to, but on the other hand it enables the manufacturer to obtain a much lower centre of gravity than would be possible were he to raise his floor to a higher level.

If the floorboard was merely raised above the propeller shaft without raising the height of the rear cushion at the same time, the back seating position would become extremely uncomfortable, since one's knees would be so high, and if the seat itself was raised proportionately, there would be insufficient headroom, which would, in turn, mean increasing the height of the roof by many inches. A low centre of gravity, provided it is not overdone, means greater stability and therefore much greater safety, so I am afraid we shall have to put up with certain disadvantages which accrue when a tunnel is built over the propeller shaft to make room for the feet of passengers occupying the rear seats.

Perhaps the following suggestion might be worth adopting by those who own cars which are built on these lines and who desire to carry dogs or luggage when the back seat is not occupied by their friends. It should be a simple matter for any local coachbuilder to cut out a board to the required dimensions and have this covered with a pile carpet; this would fit over the tunnel so that the floor would be on an even keel. It should not be difficult to obtain a satisfactory fitting, so that the board would slide through a grooved channel and remain rigid when in use. It might necessitate having this board made in two halves, as the bottom of each end would have to be raised, but I see no disadvantage in this. Having arrived at one's destination, the board could be removed and placed in the luggage compartment, so that it would always be available when required for future occasions.

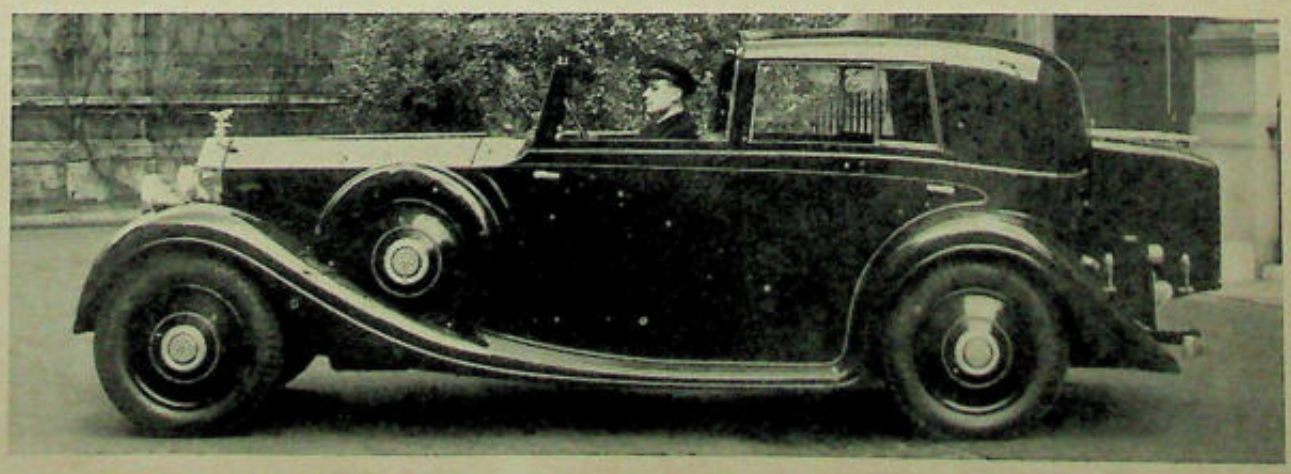
Now that the cold weather is approaching, unless some provision is made we shall have to contend with misty windscreen and windows. When this occurs on the outside of the screen, the wiper as a rule is able to deal with it, but when it happens on the inside, we usually do the best we can by wiping off the moisture with a handkerchief. At the recent Motor Exhibition at Olympia I was shown a very neat fitting made by the Houdaille Hydraulic Suspension Co., who manufacture the Berkshire Windscreen wipers. This was an additional wiper which operated on the inside of the screen, and when not in use folded into the panel out of sight.

This firm also markets a de-froster, which is attached to the inside of the windscreen. It consists of a small metal frame to which is attached a diminutive electric heating element, thus, when the current is switched on, the heat generated completely prevents condensation from forming on either side of the windscreen.

If the motorist is not prepared to buy either of these accessories, I can strongly recommend a preparation called Aqualim, which I have recently tried. This consists of a paste which sells at 1/- per tin, and when it is applied to the inside of the windscreen misting completely disappears. One application is usually sufficient for a week, and I suggest that those interested should give this polish a trial. The address of the makers is Aqua Eliminators, 160A, Chase Side, Enfield, Middlesex.

For safety's sake it is essential that the motorist should keep both the inside and outside of his windscreen as clean as possible, and this now becomes all the more important owing to the approaching winter, which will necessitate driving after dark during inclement weather for most of us.

The preparation which I have already referred to will be found very useful, as even when applied to the outside of the screen, the raindrops slide off, so that vision is practically unaffected. Needless to say, I have no interest whatever in this, or in the other accessories which I have mentioned, and I have referred to them only for those who may wish to benefit by their use.



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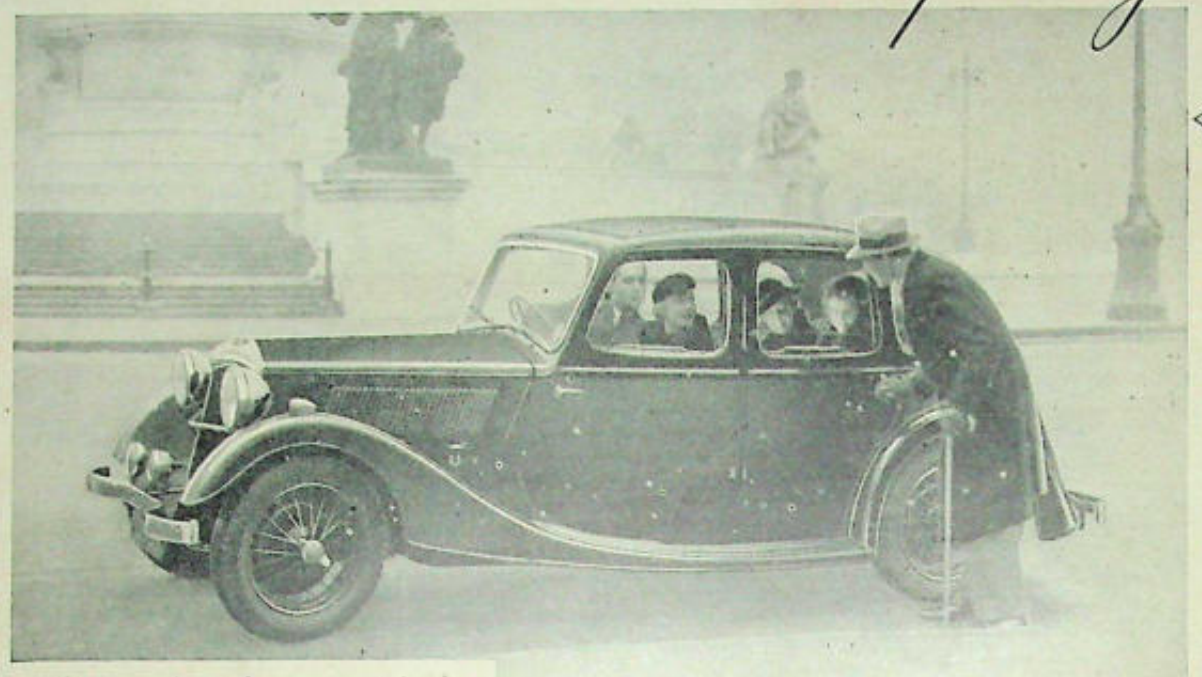

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FLYING AND THE LANDOWNER

Should There Be More Private Aerodromes?

By LORD SEMPILL, A.F.C., F.R.Ae.S.

Aviation Editor of the "Field"

THOUGH there has been a considerable improvement in the provision of aerodromes in this country during the past few years, and nearly every large town has its own landing field at least, there are still large tracts of country in which ground facilities for flying are non-existent. It is, therefore, a question worth examining whether British landowners, who in the past have contributed not a little to the welfare and progress of the country, could not do something to help aviation by providing private aerodromes or landing grounds at suitable points on their estates.

There are, of course, a number of private aerodromes in this country, the most notable example being that of His Majesty the King, one of whose first commands after his accession was, it will be remembered, for the construction of an aerodrome at Smith's Lawn, Windsor. But such private aerodromes differ somewhat from those we have in mind in this article; they were built and are used by men who are already converted to aviation, for the purpose of these landing fields is to provide facilities for the personal use of their owners. They are analagous to motoring facilities such as garages and approach roads built for personal convenience.

The point that is to be raised here is whether large landowners could make some contribution to the general aviation interests of the country by providing aerodromes in districts in which they have property.

Two questions must be considered in approaching this problem. The first is whether the cost would be prohibitive, or at any rate too large to be reasonably expected from private persons. The other is what benefit such landing grounds or aerodromes, which would generally be at some distance from any centre of dense population, would confer.

Let us deal with the first question. It is not one to which any definite answer can be given, for ground facilities may vary from a simple field to an elaborate aerodrome provided with concrete runways and other expensive appointments. Nevertheless, it would be a mistake to suppose that all that is necessary is to set aside a field for the use of aircraft. Even a simple landing field must be reasonably level, if it is to serve its purpose adequately, and it must be well drained if it is to be available in bad weather. This does not, of necessity, however, involve any elaborate engineering work, for much depends upon natural conditions.

It has been pointed out that expense can be saved by selecting and levelling ground with light, porous soil and planting with the right kinds of grasses, even when what seems a more suitable level site exists on heavy clay soil. For whereas the latter will almost certainly need proper drainage, the former has natural properties that will ensure its availability under all but the worst conditions. Thus, in many circumstances, it should be possible for a reasonably good landing-ground to be constructed at fairly moderate cost, for the only other requirements would be a wind indicator and, if possible, a hangar, which need not be expensive, with fuelling facilities.

AN HOTEL WITH A PRIVATE LANDING GROUND

Gosford House, Longniddry, near Muirfield, one of the seats of the Earl of Wemyss and March, should be popular with the air-minded owing to this far-sighted amenity

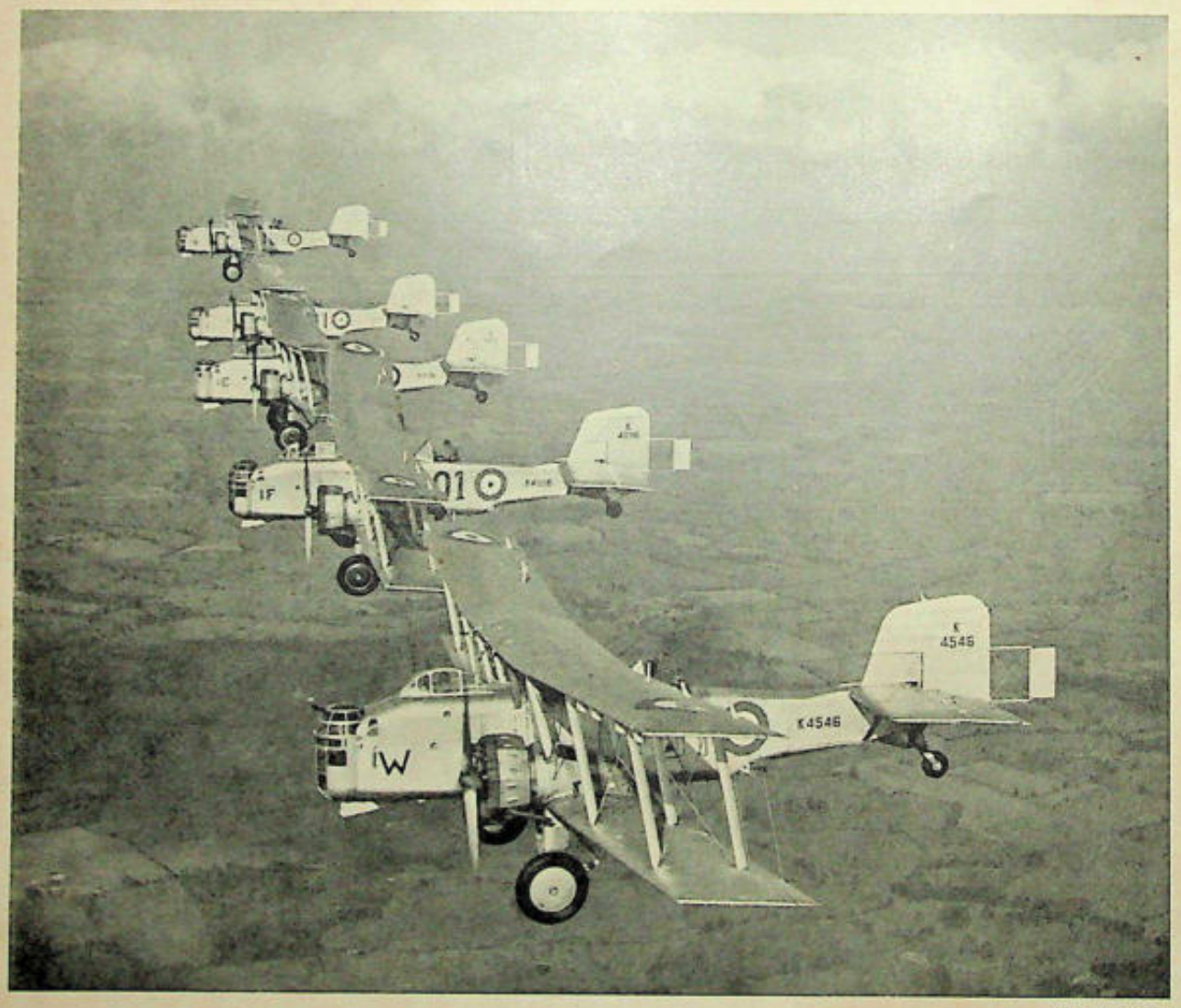
The other question is also not easy to answer in general terms. The landowner might take the long view that the future will demand more and more aerodromes and that any provision he makes now, though it may not seem of immediate urgency, will immensely increase in value in the coming years—just as, a century ago, those landowners who co-operated with railway development reaped a rich reward in later times. But there is another more immediate and personal value to be attached to landing facilities on country properties.

Sport centres on our great estates, and now that life is tending to be no longer primarily bound up with the country house, the difficulties of making full use of the sporting possibilities of these estates is increased. It is beyond doubt that preoccupation with business and other affairs is robbing many of the sport they used to enjoy. Private aerodromes would do something to ameliorate these conditions since the sportsman could reach his shooting or hunting with the minimum of delay.

There is, too, another way in which the landowner with a belief in flying might help, and that is by the loan or gift of ground in outlying districts for the formation of a flying club. Facilities for learning to fly are still not what they might be, for, speaking generally, it is possible for clubs to operate only in areas where the population is comparatively dense. The rural areas might be brought more closely in contact with flying if the course suggested was adopted in suitable places. Moreover, the provision of facilities of this kind would bring isolated districts within the gradually expanding area served by internal air mail, thus helping to break down one of the few remaining drawbacks of country existence—inadequate postal services.

The suggested field of co-operation for the landowner lies, of course, exclusively in the rural areas. It must never be forgotten that the primary responsibility for providing this country with the ground facilities it needs for flying, rests on local authorities. One by one, the larger municipalities are realising this important point, and there is a steady increase in the number of councils that have either acquired or scheduled land for aerodrome construction.

But even if the municipalities all developed airports, there would still remain large areas untouched, where the cost of construction and maintenance could not be shouldered by smaller local bodies, such as rural district councils. Here, the enlightened landowner might help. The possibilities are worth exploration, for Great Britain is still not the aerial-touring ground it should be; nothing would do more to raise it to the position to which its natural beauties entitle it than the provision of private aerodromes in the rural areas.



Chas. E. Brown

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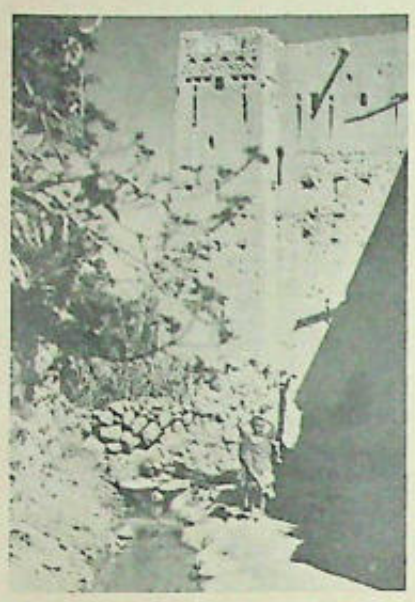
THROUGH THE DADES VALLEY

Back 3,000 Years in History

By LORD ROWALLAN

LANDING at Tangier it is, or was before the Spanish Revolution caused the frontier to be closed, a night's journey to Marrakesh. This town itself is well known now to British tourists, and is in all conscience fascinating enough, but the Atlas Mountains with their 15,000ft. peaks dominating the whole plain lure the visitor on to see what is on the other side.



A CORNER OF SKOURA

A special permit from the administration is required before it is possible to go to the Dades Valley, which is beyond the Tischka Pass; Tourisme, however, is a sufficient excuse.

The pass itself, 7,600ft. high, is traversed by a wonderfully engineered road. In no place is it excessively steep, but it is certainly awe inspiring as it winds, by innumerable hairpin bends, up and far beyond the March snow line. The road is narrow and, as the mist and rain which spoiled the early view clears, the valleys open out, revealing in many places a drop which must be almost sheer for from 1,500ft. to 2,000ft., while in one place the road runs along a knife edge.

Once over the summit the sun bursts through and you look back to see great white clouds rolling over the peaks only to be dispersed before they travel further.

The valleys are terraced and little villages cling to the hill sides. On the apparently bare rock herds of goats and sheep graze, while on the lower slopes small cattle show quite clearly that there is no bull licensing scheme in Morocco.

Then begins a drive of indescribable beauty. The vivid green of the cultivated patches; the hills of brilliant purple, deep blue, crimson, rose red, pale pink, gold and various shades of green—all natural-coloured rock; the snow peaks, the brilliant blue of the sky and the rivers with their water the colour of almond blossom, make an incredible landscape. Every few miles along the road to Ouarzazat little Kasbahs, or feudal castles, appear built of rammed earth and decorated with little battlemented towers and pinnacles.

Ouarzazat itself, about 130 miles from Marrakesh, is the headquarters of the Foreign Legion. A huge cantonment with a few shops and two hotels. These are certainly not luxurious, but the tourist trade hardly exists. The great Kasbah of Ouarzazat is along the road to Skoura. The red earth from which it is built, towers against the sky and gives an impression of unreality—like some giant's castle from a fairy story.

The Caïd is one of the great Glaoui family who have ruled the Atlas Mountains for generations. Over 90 years old, he is still the Father of his people, and is a magnificent bearded figure with all the traditional courtesy and dignity of his race. Life is lived as in Biblical days. Bricks are made of straw and earth as the children of Israel made them. Coarse pottery is thrown on a primitive wheel turned by the foot, and the pots are decorated with the geometric patterns of the Berbers, from which the Fair Isle patterns are derived.

A further permit is required to go east to Skoura, Imassine and Kelaa des Mgouna. After Ouarzazat the road becomes more primitive but is still quite practicable for cars. In fact lorries keep constant communication with the French posts which are maintained in each district.

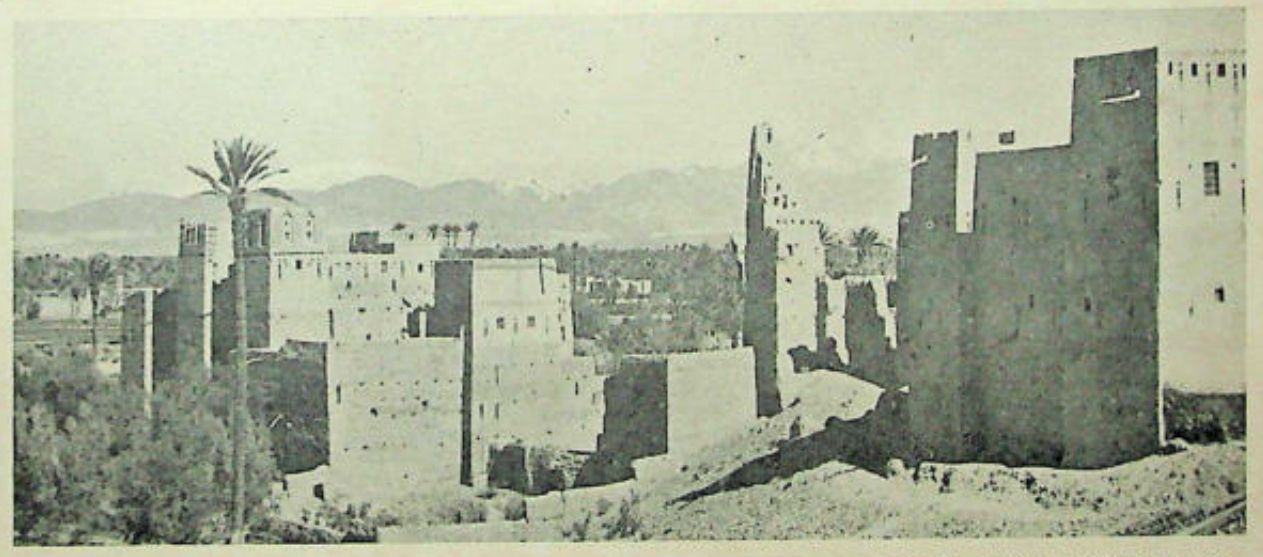
In Skoura there are about 150 Kasbahs of the most varied designs but not, of course, to be compared in magnificence with Ouarzazat. Once a prosperous community with a large palmeraie, the palms are now dying and half the terraces are out of cultivation. The snows of the Atlas provide water, but the river bed, over 100yds. wide, contains only a trickle about 6in. broad, all that was left after the irrigation of the gardens, and as a result most of the inhabitants have had to leave. Further east, along the banks of the main river, runs a narrow strip of cultivation generally about 150yds. to 200yds. wide, along which stretching mile after mile, there are over 1,400 Kasbahs at intervals of a few hundred yards. The valley itself is about 4,000ft. to 5,000ft. high, the northern horizon being dominated by the Atlas, and the southern by the Anti Atlas mountains, rising to 7,000ft. or 8,000ft. The air is so clear that distance seems to be divided by ten. The temperature reaches a maximum of 85 degrees to 90 degrees in the shade in March, and in summer 129 degrees, but about 20 minutes after sunset it becomes bitterly cold. There has been no rain for five years.

The desert is stony and undulating with curiously shaped hills. When I was there ravens and a brown bird about the size of a sparrow with a plaintive little pipe were the only life to be seen or heard away from the cultivation, but there were tracks of snakes, lizards and some small animals, possibly jerboas. Pebbles picked up and chips off large rocks proved to be jasper, chalcedony, milk opal, chrysoprase, rose quartz, stibnite (antimony ore) and alabaster; cornelians were scattered everywhere. One cliff face of red and yellow sandstone in alternate bands, had great veins of muscovite mica from 3in. to 15in. thick. The terrace walls at Ait ben Haddou are built exclusively of great blocks of this material, which have been detached by weathering.

Four-and-a-half days by air mail to the valley, only half a day more by boat, rail and car, and you can travel backwards 3,000 or 4,000 years to a people unspoiled, kindly, happy, generous, care-free where the troubles of Europe seem very petty and unimportant.

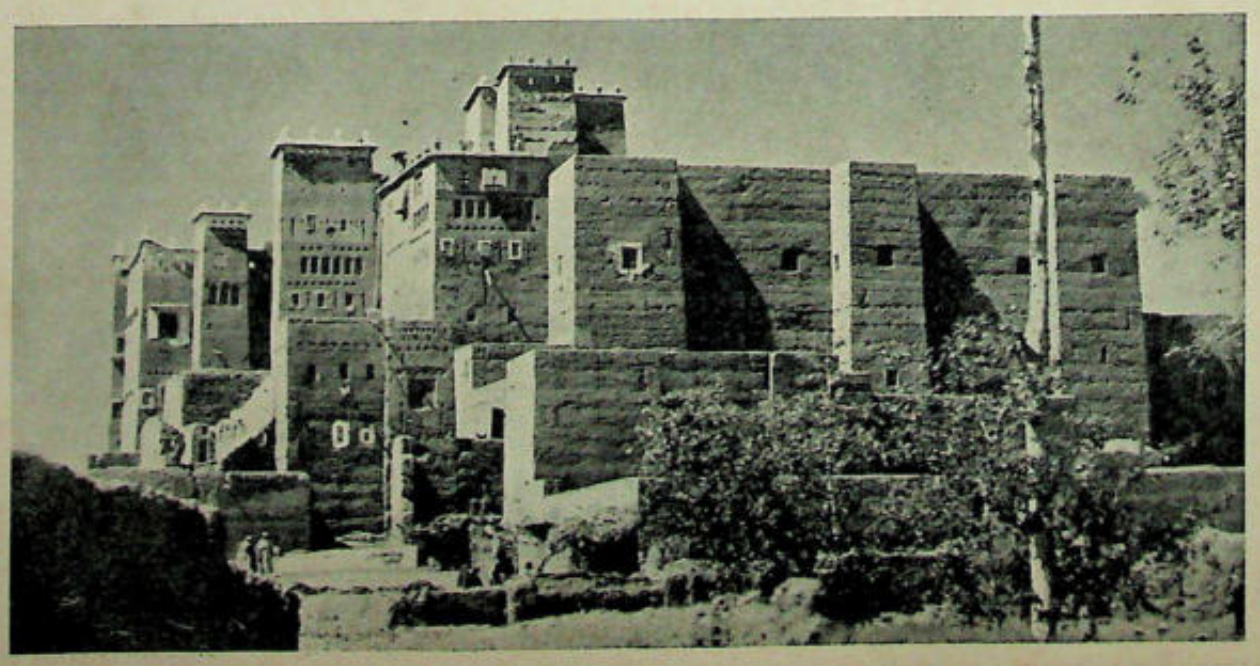
SANDSTONE CLIFFS WITH VEINS OF MICA

"The terrace walls at Ait ben Haddou are built exclusively of great blocks of this material, which have been detached by weathering"



IN SKOURA (ABOVE) WHERE THERE ARE ABOUT 150 KASBAHS OF VARIED DESIGN

THE GREAT KASBAH OF OUARZAZAT ON THE ROAD TO SKOURA (BELOW)



"MONTEGO BAY IS CLOSE TO PERFECTION AS A SEASIDE RESORT"

WINTERING IN JAMAICA

A Jewel of the West Indies

By J. ROLAND KAY

I AM an Englishman who has travelled a good deal during the last 25 years, and in November last I arrived in one of our most beautiful colonies Jamaica. With many other places to draw upon for

YACHTING IN THE BLUE WATERS OF MONTEGO BAY

comparison, I can truthfully say that there is no fairer isle I have ever seen in any sea.

It is to be regretted that so few know the beauties and charm of this wonderful island, its scenic grandeur and its delightful climate. It is replete with history and romance. Old Port Royal was the rendezvous of the buccaneer Morgan, who brought his booty there, and made it the richest city in the new world. Port Royal, under Morgan, was a den of vice and wickedness, but when he later became Governor of Jamaica on the policy of "set a thief to catch a thief," he ended the reign of the buccaneers.

THE TABLET TO THE MEMORY OF NELSON AT FORT CHARLES

Men who made history spent much of their time at Port Royal, including Lord Nelson, who was in charge of the batteries at Fort Charles in 1779–1780. Nelson's coat-of-arms can still be seen over the doorway to his old quarters. In one of the walls of Fort Charles a tablet has been set with the following inscription:

"IN THIS PLACE DWELT HORATIO NELSON. YOU WHO TREAD HIS FOOTSTEPS REMEMBER HIS GLORY."

From Nelson's old "quarter-deck," the top of the outer wall of Fort Charles, there is a commanding view of the Caribbean, and here it is said the famous Nelson once paced up and down eagerly scanning the ocean for a glimpse of the French fleet.

It has always been a mystery to me why so many of our people who leave England to winter abroad miss seeing the beauties of our own island possessions. I shall never forget the beauty of my first glimpse of the Blue Mountains, rising to a height of nearly 8,000ft. above the sea. The ship kept fairly close in, and we steamed along the coast for several hours, then made across Kingston Harbour, which, by the way, is almost large enough to float the whole of the King's Navy. It was after dark when we left the docks and drove to the Constant Spring Hotel at the foot of the Blue Mountains, 600ft. above the sea, which is one of the most comfortable and beautiful hotels in the West Indies.

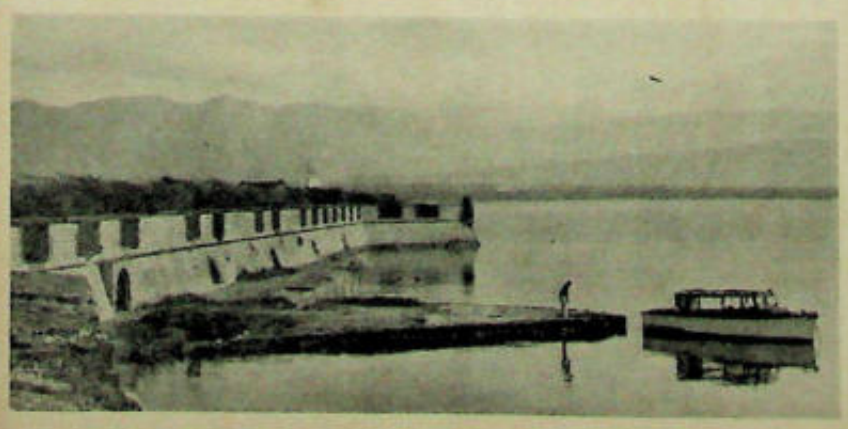
Jamaica's unofficial ambassador, Major A. A. Nathan, of London, late staff-major at the Air Ministry, was good enough to take me around and show me some of the most interesting places. Born in Jamaica he knows every part of the island and was, I believe, the first man to fly over Blue Mountain Peak—7,388ft. above the sea.

A really wonderful drive is from Kingston to Montego Bay, via Ocho Rios, St. Ann's Bay and Fern Gully. The route leads through the mountains and along the coast, and is one of the finest in the island. It really would be difficult to say what part of Jamaica is the most beautiful, because there is such a wide variety of scenic beauty. The Blue Lagoon is, however, one of the most remarkable of places. The depth of colour of its waters is beyond descriptive powers. Montego Bay is close to perfection as a seaside resort, and there are modern hotels to add to one's comfort. Spanish Town, Moneague, Annotto Bay, Dunn's River, Fern Gully, Roaring River Falls, the Silver Shower Falls, St. Ann's Bay, Port Antonio, Mandeville—all have their special charm and the view from Hardwar Gap is awe-inspiring; it has been included among the wonders of the world in an article on this subject which appeared in the *Field*.

Jamaica is ideal for recreation. There is excellent golf and lawn tennis throughout the island, there is polo and racing, there is sailing along the coast and in the harbours, there is deep sea, river and mountain stream fishing, and an abundance of game fish, such as tarpon over 100lb., Jew fish up to 500lb., bonito, dolphin, barracula, kingfish, etc. Excellent saddle horses can be hired, and it is a delight to ride up the mountain trails and through the plantations. As for motoring, there are good roads everywhere—1,000 miles of them—but one must drive carefully through the mountains, as numerous fresh water streams gush out of the hills, and there are a number of hairpin bends.

Once a winter has been spent in Jamaica, the island will lure you back again and again.

GOLF ON THE EXCELLENT COURSE AT CONSTANT SPRING HOTEL
This hotel lies 600 ft. above the sea at the foot of the Blue Mountains



OVERSHADOWED BY THE BLUE MOUNTAINS
A tranquil scene at Fort Augusta, Kingston Harbour

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MADEIRA—THE ISLAND OF PERFECT CLIMATE

Where Beauty and Comfort are Within the Reach of All

LANDING at Madeira in fine weather affords a spectacle of great beauty for the visitor, for Funchal is to be seen at its best from the sea, and its situation in an amphitheatre of mountains adds to its impressive grandeur. Against the dark green background of the mountains the white houses, with their red roofs stand out strongly, and the effect of the picture is further heightened by the orderly beauty of the spots under cultivation.

Before the steamer has had time to anchor it is besieged by a flock of small native boats, some laden with goods for sale, but the majority containing lithe, black-haired boys, who gesticulate to the passengers to toss some coin into the sea that they may dive after it and bring it triumphantly to the surface.

FLOWER SELLERS IN NATIVE COSTUME AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE TOWN

The discovery of Madeira dates back as far as 1344, for then, or so legend has it, Robert Machin and his wife, Anna D'Arfet, two lovers who had fled from the wrath of their parents, were driven from the shores of France and cast up by a storm at Machico—subsequently named after the man. Owing to hardship, however, they died, and a fragment of the cross erected to their memory by the surviving sailors may still be seen in a glass case in the Chapel of Miracles.

It was, however, left to the Portuguese sailor, Gonsalves Zarco, to commence the colonisation of the island. In 1418, with the leave of Prince Henry the Navigator, he set sail and landed at Porto Santo—an island belonging to the Madeira group, about 30 miles distant. From here he sailed for Madeira the following year, taking colonists with him to start the first settlement of Funchal, named after *funcho* (fennel) which grows there in abundance.

It was not until 1453 that the island began to attract many people, but after this time foreigners began to pour in from Spain, Italy and the Holy Land, and with them Moors and many negro slaves from the coast.

This popularity seems to have lasted down the centuries, for Madeira continues to attract vast numbers of people, particularly British, for the winter and summer seasons. This is due mainly to the fine weather usually enjoyed, the quaintness of the town and its inhabitants, with their bullock sleighs, and not least, to the magnificent scenery, which can now be reached by excellent motor roads. In half an hour you are shot up 5,000ft. to exhilarating air, sometimes right above the clouds, to look down on a sea of white mist. You may then slide down to the town in a toboggan on a well constructed cobble road with wonderful flowering creepers on all sides.

There is an excellent Casino in the town which is a feature of the Madeira season this winter. The old Casino was a poor affair, but the situation of the new one, on the site of the Old Casino Favco, is magnificent. It has a patio terrace overlooking the bay, where 500 people can take refreshment under flowering trees which are floodlit at night, and on lawns as green, if not as perfect, as any in England.

FUNCHAL AND THE HARBOUR VIEWED FROM THE NORTH-EAST
"Funchal is to be seen at its best from the sea and its situation in an amphitheatre of mountains adds to its impressive grandeur"

There are hotels to suit every taste and purse, and more are springing up to cater for the many who at the height of the season, fail to secure the accommodation they desire.

Details of these hotels can be obtained from, the Madeira Travel Bureau, Dorland House, 14, Lower Regent Street, S.W. 1, who will give unbiassed information as to which hotel will suit the particular visitor.

A specialised service which this office has adopted is detailed information for those who desire to reside permanently in Madeira. There are facilities for building your own small house and bringing in your furniture duty free, or you can obtain a furnished or unfurnished villa there.

The British community in Madeira is growing on that account, and no wonder, for one can live there on two-thirds of the income required in England, and yet come over in three days in the summer at half the usual steamer rates and by luxury liners.

To seasoned travellers craving new experiences, to those with insatiable curiosity about the world and its ways, to the dreamer and the novice, a 39 days' voyage down the West African Coast in an ELDER DEMPSTER liner offers a new thrill.

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WINTER SPORTS IN ITALY

And An Interesting Ceremony at Viterbo

DURING the winter the Alpine chain that sweeps round in a semi-circle and forms the northern frontier of Italy, and the Apennine range that forms, as it were, the backbone of the peninsula, offer numerous and ample snow fields with fine facilities for winter sports.

"THE *MACCHINA* IS BORNE BY TWO SQUADS OF 62 MEN."

Although the popularity of winter sports in Italy is of comparatively recent date, the stations are excellently equipped, while hotel accommodation is available everywhere, ranging from luxury to modest hotels, and therefore suiting every purse.

Ski-ing in Italy had its origin at Claviere, where the first tracks were cut and the first Alpine hotels were built, while refuge huts and inns were provided on the mountain slopes for the convenience of the increasing number of those who availed themselves of the varied ski-runs and ski-tours that abound in this region.

Sestriere boasts of fine ski-ing fields and scenery, and a boldly conceived wire-rope railway enables skiers to reach the summit of Monte Sises, which is 2,600 metres high, in comfort. Sestriere has been linked to Turin by means of an excellent motor road which has the advantage of rendering that centre accessible in about 70 minutes. Claviere is equally accessible by train from the station of Oulx on the railway line from Turin to the Mont-Cenis, which proceeds to Paris.

Cortina d'Ampezzo is another famous Italian winter sports centre where the snow fields are ideal and exceptionally large, while the fame of San Marino di Castrozza is of recent date but is increasing every year. Val Gardena, although a small valley and without any pretention, is one of great and varied beauty and, besides the advantage of its sporting facilities, it is crossed by a railway line from end to end.

The Apennines boast of a certain number of winter sports centres that are frequented by keen sportsmen in winter who appreciate their attractions. They include the Abetone, at an altitude of 1,400 metres above sea level, which is ideal for the ski-runs and ski-tours across its wonderful forests. The Isernia-Sulmona railway line, which is the highest in Europe, leads to Roccaraso, Rivisondoli and Pescocostanzo, three winter sports centres in Central Italy that owe their importance to the vast snow fields that cover the slopes of Aremogna and are situated on Monte Greco at an altitude of 2,293 metres.

For those more interested in antiquity than winter sports, Viterbo is undoubtedly among the most

ON THE BOB-RUN AT CORTINA

attractive places in Italy, ranking next to Perugia and Siena, from the point of view of mediæval interest.

Castrum Viterbi was founded in the eighth century—at least its historical evidence dates back to that time when it replaced legends and traditions and when it was bestowed by the Franks to the Patrimony of St. Peter.

There are numerous churches at Viterbo containing valuable works of art, and one of the most characteristic, of these, replete with legendary and historical associations, is that dedicated to Santa Rosa, a native of Viterbo, who, in 1243, heroically led a popular uprising against Frederick II of Germany, who was defeated. The body of the patron saint of Viterbo reposes in a sixteenth-century metal tomb in this church. Once a year her feast is celebrated, and on its eve the so-called *macchina*, a large wooden structure resembling a belfry surmounted by a niche containing the image of the saint, is carried in procession through the town. The *macchina*, which is 18 metres high and weighs about three tons, is borne by two squads of 62 men, who take turns in carrying it, and wear the traditional costumes of the period with white and blue sashes.

The Sun requests your company

in

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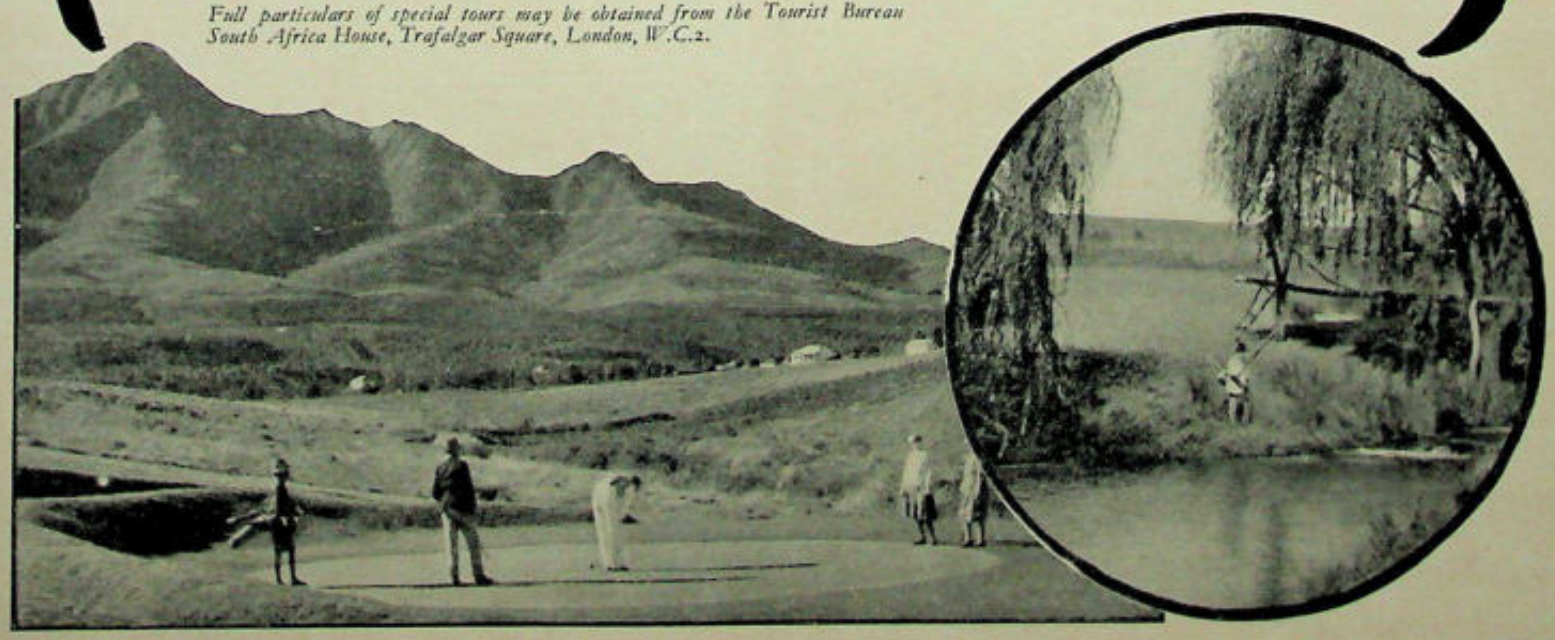
If the sports and pastimes of Summer and early Autumn have a particular appeal for you, there is no need to forego their enjoyment because the sun chooses to "go on short time" in England.

In South Africa—only 17 pleasurable days from London—the sun never slacks in such unseemly fashion, so that all the fun of summer—fishing, golf, tennis, sailing, swimming and a score of other recreations may be enjoyed with much pleasure and not a little profit to health and fitness.

There is adventure, too, in South Africa. Mountaineering, exploring and, for the less energetic, thrills every bit as exciting, from visits to the immense Game Reserve—where you may study wild jungle life from close quarters in perfect safety—age-old caves penetrating for miles below the earth's surface; the gold and diamond mines and, at almost every turn, the fascinating Native Life—a puzzling mixture of childlike naiveté and weird mysticism.

Full particulars of special tours may be obtained from the Tourist Bureau South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.



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"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE

GROSVENOR SQUARE AS IT APPEARED IN 1780

SAMUEL JOHNSON considered that a man who grew tired of London was in reality tired of life. He held the view that in this "dear, damn'd, distracting town"—to quote Pope—there was everything that life could offer, and therefore to be tired of London allowed of but one conclusion. Whether or not the "country cousin" of to-day will admit that London is such a paradise is doubtful unless, of course, she selects some hotel like the Connaught for the purpose of her visit. For noise, unless it can be escaped at night, will soon destroy any love of London and make a man or woman yearn for the quiet of the country, where the cry of an owl or the distant bark of a dog are all that break the silence of the night.

There is little doubt that early next year London is going to be the most crowded capital in the world. Coronations are rare events, and it is natural that all loyal subjects should want to pay homage to their new sovereign and at the same time see London *en fête*. But it will be a tiring and noisy daylight experience watching processions and rubbing shoulders with thousands of people all trying to go the opposite way. Thus it will be almost a necessity to get quiet nights' rest if one is to enjoy to the full those exciting but certainly tiring days, and this is one of the reasons—there are many more—why the Connaught Hotel will be a popular choice among visitors.

Situated in Carlos Place, just off Grosvenor Square, it is not only hard by a focus of elegance, fashion, taste and hospitality but has the additional attraction of being away from noisy traffic. The Connaught teaches its guests that:

"Underneath the surface of To-day
Lies Yesterday, and what we call the Past"

for it stands as the perpetuation of an ancient hostelry which stood almost on the same site generations ago. The courtesy which in those far-off days was extended to the Duchesse d'Angoulême's guests at Grillon's Hotel in 1836, is to-day repeated at its successor, the Connaught.

Although this district was called "The Beauty of the Town" by Seymour in his survey of London, this was far from being the case in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. It is a fact that so late as the middle of the reign of George III this part of London was infested by footpads and positively dangerous to pedestrians. Grosvenor Square was the last London square lit with oil, gas not being introduced there until 1842, and Mount Street, on one of the corners of which the Connaught Hotel is situated, can claim historic associations, for its name commemorates a fort, bastion, or "mound" in the line of the fortifications hastily drawn round the western suburbs in 1643, by order of Parliament, in anticipation of an attack by the Royal forces.

Many interesting folk have resided in Grosvenor Square in the past. One recalls at random Mr. Thomas Raikes, the genial host of the elder Matthews, Tom Sheridan, Mr. "Vathek" Beckford, who entertained Nelson there, the 12th Earl of Derby, who married the fascinating Miss Farren. And it was at No. 39 that the Cabinet Ministers of George III had arranged to dine with the Earl of Harrowby before the Cato Street Conspiracy upset their plans. It is interesting, too, to recall that Dr. Johnson once, in Grosvenor Square, seized and chastised a burly thief who had stolen his handkerchief.

All that, however, is of the past, and to-day the Square is quiet and peaceful. The Connaught Hotel, while retaining the prestige of those bygone days, can offer its guests modern suites of one, two, three or more bedrooms on the four lower floors, and separate single or double bedrooms with bathrooms on all floors. It offers, indeed, charming rooms and splendid cuisine to those who like to sleep and dine well in pleasant surroundings.

London

¶ 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.

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MISCELLANEOUS ANNOUNCEMENTS

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LOW LOADING, smooth riding SINGLE-HORSE TRAILER; independent wheel suspension; does not roll or skid; up to 17 hands; easy draught, light handling.—Particulars and 'photos from RICHARDSON, Reydon, Southwold.

NEW SUITS FOR OLD.—Send your favourite Suit or Sports Jacket and we will copy it exactly in any of our John Peel Tweeds. Send for patterns post free. Prices: Complete Suit, 97/6; Jacket, 57/6.—S. REDMAYNE & SONS, LTD., No. 7, Wigton, Cumberland.

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Full board, taxes and tips Frs. 5.6—per week.

ZERMATT
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THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

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SIR MALCOLM MURRAY AT A NOVEMBER PHEASANT SHOOT

This picture was taken at Mr. F. M. Bond's covert shoot at Halfridge in Oxfordshire and shows Sir Malcolm's dog "Chance" retrieving for his master, who is a well-known Labrador enthusiast. Sir Malcolm was for many years Comptroller to the Duke of Connaught and has been Deputy Ranger of Windsor Great Park since 1929

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FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

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

OUR TEAM IN AUSTRALIA

KNOWING Australians to be among the world's keenest enthusiasts for cricket, we may safely assume that Brisbane will be agog with excitement next Friday, when the first Test Match against the English team begins. At the moment the only thing that seems reasonably clear about the English side is that it is convalescing very well, with the exception of R. E. S. Wyatt, whose absence through injury has deprived the team of one of its most reliable batsmen. An army of English critics and famous players turned journalists who are accompanying the team have given us varying accounts of its form, frequently derogatory. Thus, many of our batsmen appear to be making the most elementary mistakes, while our bowling has often looked plain. The one really stable feature, all are agreed, has been Hammond's batting. On the previous tour in 1932-3, the English team under D. R. Jardine had shown its hand well before the first Test Match. Its batting had been proved strong, while its bowlers had discovered an unexpected weakness in the leg-side play of several leading Australian batsmen, including Bradman, and were successfully trading on it. Their tactics in the Test matches were as plain as was the writing on the wall to the Australians, and the mythical "Ashes" were won back handsomely.

So far the present team does not seem to have made any similar discoveries, and it has been one of the unluckiest on record in the matter of casualties. It is often said that a touring side enjoys a big advantage over its opponents in that, playing constantly together and living together as they do, the members should develop a better team spirit and combination. This is only true if the players can keep fit enough to play when their captain wants them to play and if their form comes somewhere near to expectation. The English team has been handicapped both ways. At one time R. W. V. Robins, Wyatt, Leyland, Ames and Duckworth were all unavailable owing to illness or injury—five of the ablest and most experienced men in the side. Their absence inevitably threw an undue strain on players new to Australian conditions. There is no doubt that without Hammond's brilliant play, backed up by Worthington, early in the tour, the batting would have looked pretty thin, for one or two of the new players did not come up to their form in England last summer. Wise-after-the-event criticism does no good. It is easy to say now that we ought to have sent this or that player: county partisans can always name at least one match winner who has been omitted.

It is sometimes forgotten that the Australians are in a much better position than ourselves when it comes to the selection of teams either for Test matches at home or for tours abroad. The English Selectors' task involves searching among seventeen county teams, some of which are hardly of a standard to bring the best out of a player even if he has Test match possibilities. In Australia the best players are practically concentrated in the four State Teams which compete each season for the Sheffield Shield—New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia and Queensland. Obviously, judgment of a player should be facilitated and the task of selection rendered easier by the concentration of talent in a few teams. The present English team is drawn from as many as ten counties.

It was generally recognised that English cricket last summer was on the whole below par and that the team finally chosen was experimental in some ways. But we have not yet seen its full strength in the field. At the moment of writing the problem of the opening pair of batsmen remains a major uncertainty. D. R. Jardine had a similar problem to face in 1932-3, and solved it with complete success by going in himself with Sutcliffe to open the innings. G. O. Allen, the present captain, has had repeated disappointments in spite of perseverance, and we can only wish him better luck in the Test matches. Win or lose, the team will, we hope, give us something worth adding to the history of high endeavour in sport.

HOUND POISONING

WHEN hounds are taken ill mysteriously and some die, foul play is naturally enough suspected. The Craven Hunt has lately had an unhappy experience. Ten-and-a-half couples in the dog pack were taken ill early in October, the tonsils, throat and glands being affected particularly. The hounds rapidly lost condition, and some died. All the symptoms pointed to some irritant poison having been picked up while out hunting. Mr. J. H. L. Addis, veterinary surgeon, of Newbury, has now investigated the matter. His report shows that the hounds had hunted over land recently planted with corn treated with a mercurial seed dressing. Owing to the dryness of the land in early October, and the fact that no rain had fallen since the corn was planted, hounds in full cry over it would necessarily create a cloud of dust. This dust, containing some of the mercurial dressing would certainly get into the hounds' throats, especially those behind their leaders. Unhappy as the circumstances were, it is satisfactory that an explanation of the trouble has been found. Certainly the application of science and chemistry to farming has drawbacks.

HEREDITY IN HOUNDS

Our Beaufort correspondent has a most interesting tale to tell this week concerning the potency of characteristics in certain lines of blood. During a good hunt last week with the Duke of Beaufort's bitches, the hunted fox ran the main road to Chippenham. Hounds checked: but while the Duke was making good each side "a smallish dark bitch went on by herself down the tarmac, to be joined by another lighter relative. The Duke, holding the pack on recovered the line where these two had carried it, some 400yds. down the road." The two heroines of this incident were Golden, by South and West Wilts' Godfrey, and Roguish, by the Duke's Ringwood. Both hounds go back to the famous Worcestershire Weaver, a line noted for producing "road-hunters"; hounds treasured by a huntsman "far above rubies." These two hounds, by the way, appeared in the picture by Frank Voss of the Duke of Beaufort, in our Hunting Number.

A HAPPY ENGAGEMENT

The Duke of Norfolk is to be congratulated upon his engagement to Miss Lavinia Strutt. This is the union of two very sporting families and people. The Duke has just taken on the Holderness Hounds, and Miss Strutt is well known as a horsewoman and Point-to-Point rider. Last year she won the Adjacent Hunts Ladies' Race at the Whaddon Chase Point-to-Point on her own Last Page. Miss Strutt is the only daughter of Lord Belper and Lady Rosebery, who was a Bruce, another very sporting family, both in games and field sports. The marriage is likely to take place before the Coronation, since the Duke, as Earl Marshal, will be much concerned with that ceremony.

THE NEW FURUNCULOSIS BILL

A revised edition of the old "Diseases of Fish Bill," which was introduced into the House of Lords recently, will relieve most of the justifiable anxiety which trout fishermen expressed about the provisions of the old Bill. Evidently the Government has accepted the amendments suggested by the British Field Sports Society and has produced a much more reasonable Bill in consequence. The Minister now only takes power to deal with dead or diseased fish, and the new draft makes it clear that only the man actually responsible for a club water will be deemed the "occupier."

It might, perhaps, be advantageous that the person "authorised in writing by a Fishery Board" to inspect a private fishery should be so authorised only for a specific visit, and not be provided with a sort of general authority, which might cause annoyance; but in general this is a thoroughly workmanlike Bill.

THE SQUASH OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP

At the end of the first half of the Squash Rackets Open Championship it still appeared that J. Dear had a chance of victory against Amr Bey. He had played well at the R.A.C., making few mistakes with his remarkable volleys and reverse angle shots, which he cuts down very close to the tin. But at the Bath Club he was not so certain, and the marvellous length of Amr won ace after ace. It is foolish to attempt to praise Amr Bey, because the delicacy and execution of all his strokes—and they are all the strokes known to the game—make him without a peer in squash rackets history, but there is some lesson to be learnt from the fact that length is the solid foundation of his brilliance. He retained his Open championship by beating the professional champion, at the Bath Club, by three games to one, 9—6, 8—10, 9—1, 9—6. In the previous half of the match, played at the R.A.C., Amr Bey beat Dear by three games to two, 9—7, 7—9, 9—7, 5—9, 9—6.

AN UNFORTUNATE ESCAPE

We regret to say that "Charlie," the tame fox, photographs of which appeared in the *Field* a short time ago, has escaped from Mr. George Marriott's farm, near Woodwellhead Covert in the Cottesmore country. A very tame fox has since been seen on the other side of the covert, and this fox is probably "Charlie." It is certain that every effort will be made to spare such an interesting creature, but to do so will be difficult. "Charlie" has never had to fend for himself, and his very amiability may be the cause of a tragedy. It is to be hoped that he will be captured by his owner before misfortune overtakes him.

WITHOUT COMMENT

Headed "Salt Lake City, Utah" in a daily paper:

"At least 52 sportsmen have been killed and over 100 wounded during the national deer-hunting season now in progress. Thirteen sportsmen shot themselves while handling their guns carelessly, 25 were shot dead by other sportsmen, four were drowned, five died from over-exertion, and one fell over a cliff. In one game area in Wisconsin casualties were at a minimum, because the authorities restricted sport to hunters with bow-and-arrow."

AFRICAN APPOINTMENTS

Two appointments have recently been made of great importance to lovers of African wild life, the one very much canvassed, the other practically unnoticed. Air Chief-Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham, the Governor-Elect of Kenya, is one of the outstanding figures of our Fighting Services. A man of vigorous personality and acute intelligence, he possesses those qualities of personality and presence which are so essential in a country like Kenya, with its diverse and occasionally turbulent elements. He has proved himself a good man across a line of country in the past, and a lover of the open air does not often change his characteristics. He will find a model game department. Let us hope he will maintain it.

The other appointment of great interest is that of the first Game Warden in Northern Rhodesia, the first practical step the Government of that country has taken under Captain Pitman's admirable report. Mr. T. G. C. Vaughan-Jones, a district officer of wide experience in the country, has been appointed, and one with the necessary enthusiasm, strength of character, and powers of organisation. He has the well wishes of the *Field* in creating what we hope will be a really efficient department.

OUR GOLFERS IN SOUTH AFRICA

A. H. Padgham, the British Open Champion, began his golfing tour of South Africa in brilliant style by winning the Western Province Open Championship over the Royal Cape Club's course at Capetown. Despite the fact that he and the three other members of the British side had had little opportunity to practise after the long sea voyage, Padgham began with a steady first round score of 72. In the afternoon he returned a 64, breaking the course record by no less than seven strokes. This is his lowest return during any championship in which he has participated. With a lead of six strokes over W. J. Cox and two rounds to play the result was almost certain, and he finally won by that margin. Sid Brews, the well-known South African champion, tieing with Cox for second place. Padgham played very consistently except in the third round, when his old familiar fault—hooking off the tee—was seen. Cox also showed good form, but Dailey and Mitchell, the other two Britishers, were never in the running. With such a magnificent start, Padgham's tour should prove a great success.

PETROL STATIONS AND POSTERS

In one of the quarterly papers of the Scapa Society attention is drawn to an important decision concerning the powers of the Corporation of Glasgow in regulating the appearance of petrol filling stations. It was contended that by-laws which dealt with places of beauty or historic interest could not, because of certain provisions, apply to the action of the corporation in making regulations affecting filling stations in certain areas of their city. The ruling of the court, in effect, was that the judgment of a council must rule in deciding the amenities that are to be preserved for the public in a particular area. Arising from this decision it would appear that considerable powers exist under the Advertisements Regulation Acts for local authorities to restrict, within reasonable limits, the exhibition of advertisements tending to disfigure the scenery of town and countryside. Any widening of the powers of urban authorities in this matter is to be welcomed. Many of the approaches to seaside towns and resorts are ruined by commercial "blots on the landscape." The Scapa Society continues its good work in fighting against the baser forms of advertising, and as an example of what peaceful persuasion can do shows how, through the sympathetic action of the Southern Railway, a Surrey bridge was relieved of unsightly posters.

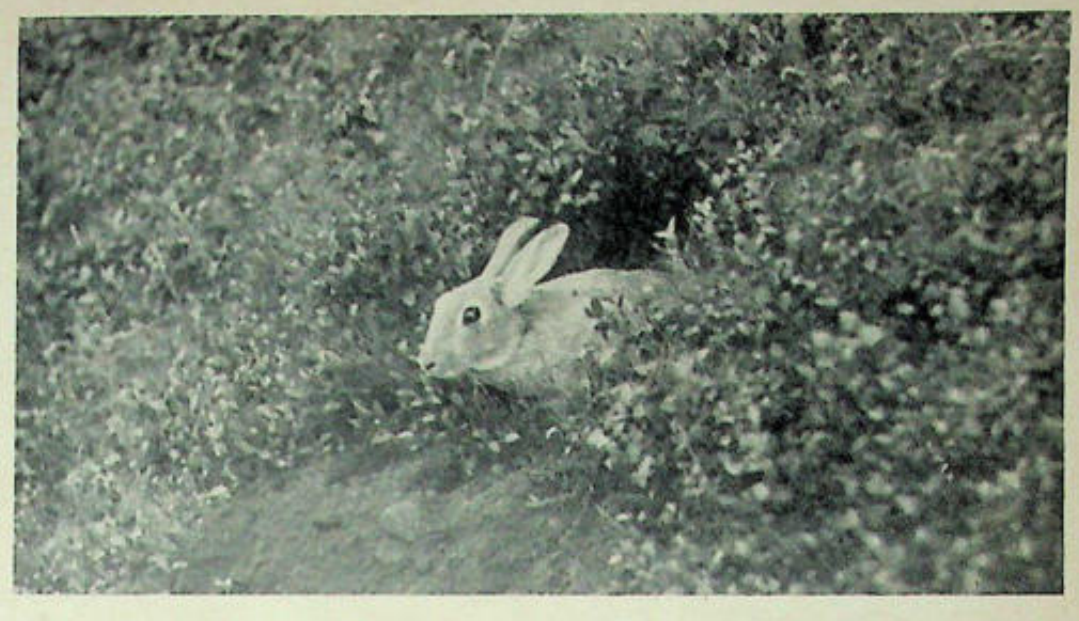
THIS WEEK AT BRISBANE

Less green than Lord's, the Brisbane grass is gay
  The epic of our pastures holds the stage,
Ringed by those thousands who have made our play
  Heroic stuff, ennobling to the age.

Burnt faces look, with eyes that estimate,
  And mark each move with memories that compare
Figure and fact to strengthen the debate,
  Clear as the sunshine in the Queensland air.

No idle throng is this that fills the streets,
  And daily sighs, and roars, and holds its breath,
But one that follows the immortal feats
  Of England and Australia—to the death.

G. D. MARTINEAU



THE RABBIT PEST

Problems Before the House of Lords Committee

A SELECT Committee of the House of Lords is now taking evidence about the damage that rabbits do and the measures that should be taken to deal more effectively with a pest that costs British agriculture many thousands of pounds each year. The actual terms of reference of the committee are to consider whether any measures, and, if so, what, ought to be taken for the better protection of agriculture and the land against the ravages of rabbits, and also to what extent, if any, the prohibition of the use of gin traps would effect the attainment of the object desired.

There are those who will say that the second point is quite irrelevant to the main inquiry of the Select Committee. It is probably true that the question of the use of gin traps, which has caused so much controversy, was introduced into the terms of reference to obtain a reasoned judgment on the case advanced so cogently by the societies concerned to stop cruelty to animals in any form. The House of Lords is not a body prone to excess of sentiment, and among its members are many who have an intimate knowledge of country ways, and who know the facts of the rabbit trouble. I have heard hard-headed farmers say that gin traps are not much good for clearing land of rabbits, because as soon as a few get caught and squeal the other rabbits become very wary, and only a small proportion of the total are caught. Then there is the opinion of professional rabbit-catchers, who can show a daily catch of 400–500 rabbits on badly infested land by the use of gin traps. They know their business, and visit their traps often enough to keep them effective, also thereby minimising the cruelty which gin traps undoubtedly inflict. The general opinion of farmers seems to be that the gin trap is useful, and that its use should not be prohibited until the inventor's ingenuity has produced something equally effective.

So much for gin traps. There are other methods of keeping down rabbits. Shooting is a pleasant recreation, and there are some wonderful rabbit shots in this country. One of them is the Marquess of Ailesbury, whose Savernake Forest in Wiltshire abounds with rabbits. Such shooting needs a quick eye, and can be good fun when the rabbits come thick and fast, until your gun gets so hot that you can hardly bear to hold it. But the numbers of rabbits shot in the winter bears little relation to the problem, which is one of millions and not a few hundreds.

Ferreting and netting bring results, and there are many men to-day earning a good livelihood by these methods. In some parts of the country rabbits have become such a curse to farmers that rabbit catchers expect to be allowed to keep all they catch for their trouble. But there should be something for the farmer in rabbit catching. He has borne the loss, and for what they are worth they are his rabbits. The rabbit has not yet been born, it has been said, which did not die in debt to someone for at least 4s.

Then there is gassing. This process has given good results in some instances, and disappointing results elsewhere. It is certainly worth trying where rabbits are troublesome. The cost may be a deterrent, because the value of the rabbit when it has been dug out of the burrow is problematical. Theoretically a gassed rabbit may be wholesome to eat, but I have not seen accounts to show the salvage value.

An Australian would say that we are merely playing with the rabbit menace in this country. In the wide open spaces of the Commonwealth the practice is to lay poison trails which clear off rabbits in large numbers and also, it must be added, kill many birds and other wild animals. Here, in a closely-settled island, poison laying is taboo. New Zealand has Rabbit Boards established in many districts by the desire of local farmers. A rate is levied, and the Board employs men to keep down the rabbits. Thus the bad neighbour disappears and the rabbits on every farm in the district are properly looked after and numbers kept in check.

It is the bad neighbour who is the trouble in England. A farmer who takes a pride in farming his land—in the fullest sense of the term—and strives to keep down rabbits may find all his efforts set at nought by neighbours who are indifferent. Make a complete clearance of the rabbits on one farm, and if the neighbours do not do likewise at the same time, there may be just as many rabbits on the ground within a month. Farmers are individualists by tradition and by circumstance, but the rabbit pest calls for concerted action. Just lately the Central Landowners' Association has agreed with the National Farmers' Union for a national woodpigeon week to be held in early February, when every farmer and every landowner will be asked to devote his energies to shooting pigeons. Is there a possibility of similar concerted action against rabbits? It is by voluntary action rather than by legislation that the rabbits will be thinned.

It has been suggested that the law should be altered to require anyone who keeps rabbits on his land to fence them in as he would fence in domestic livestock. If he failed to do so he would be held liable for damage done to his neighbours' crops and pastures. On paper this sounds reasonable enough, but would not such a law lead to endless litigation and bad blood among neighbours?

Another suggestion is that rabbits should be treated in the same way as noxious weeds scheduled by the Ministry of Agriculture. If an occupier allows his land to become infested so that his neighbours' crops are damaged, the county council would be authorised to serve a notice on him requiring him to abate the nuisance, and failing this to enter the land and destroy the rabbits, charging expenses to the offending occupier. Since rabbits know no boundaries the clearance of one farm, leaving others untouched, might in reality have little effect, impressive though the official records of work done might appear. There are no doubt other suggestions for amending the law which will come before the Select Committee of the House of Lords.

The prime need is for realisation of the damage that rabbits do and the importance of concerted action. There are some selfish people owning woods on the boundaries of farm land who allow their rabbits to prey on a farmer's crops and who do not care who suffers as long as they get plenty of rabbits to shoot. There may be a case here for legislation. Such people could reasonably be required to fence in their rabbits. But on general grounds the less reliance placed on legislation and the more on the good sense and good will of occupiers of land the sooner the rabbit will cease to be a problem.

BROADLEAZE.

"TRESPASSERS" ON THE LINE BUT NOT YET IN DANGER FROM THE LIVE RAIL
Followers of the Bordon, near Bordon Camp

HINTS ON HIRING TO HUNT

"To Risk Riding an Aged Hack, a Man Must Plainly be a Fatalist"

By AIDAN CRAWLEY

FUNDAMENTALLY there is something rather scurvy about letting and hiring horses. After all, the animal is man's best friend; and though a society in which such a practice was possible might have a great deal to be said for it, practically the only thing men do not yet do to their friends is to let them out on hire. Yet quite cheerfully, and often without knowing in the least into what hands they are committing them, men traffic in horses. Why?

The answer is that they are callous. I know one dealer who justifies his trade on other grounds by saying that as every man has a right to "use" his friends he has an equal right to use his horses. As Shakespeare put it, "That use is not forbidden usury that happies those that pay the willing loan," the willing payee, of course, being in this case the hireling. But for most men such reasoning is a little subtle. Callousness, on the other hand, is easily understandable. It is at the bottom not only of all sport, but of many of what are called life's necessities. Meat eating, for instance, has been proved to be entirely superfluous to the human diet; yet because they like roast beef, even the gentlest among men tolerate that thousands of beasts should go through terror; pheasant shooting, looked at dispassionately, is merely a more refined butchery, yet it is none the less enjoyable. By comparison the betrayal involved in letting or hiring a horse becomes almost a virtue. Horse-masters then may comfort themselves. It may not be exactly kind to impose 200lb. of shifting adiposity on to a narrow, skinny back, but at least it is more honest than fattening to kill, or than sending that same hack off to a bull fight; and though dealers may have qualms about allowing a faithful bread-winner to go to a meet for the third time in a week, at least he knows that the old horse will probably come back alive, and by social standards may count himself a public servant.

Brighton Downs and Rotten Row are well populated, but the main field for the hireling trade is still foxhunting. And foxhunters who hire horses fall into two categories. There are men and women, of all ages, who, having been brought up to hunt, have had in later life to earn their living. Their difficulty is not merely the expense of buying and keeping a horse, but in finding time to make proper use of it. If they can be sure of one day a week, for the fun of ownership, they may buy an old screw. Economically, however, the one-horse man is unsound. If his horse goes lame he is without a mount. If he misses a day he has wasted a week's keep. And though he may think that he can keep his accounts down to 50/- a week, he will be very lucky if his average at the end of the season is not more than £3. Hiring solves his difficulties. Though he may have an option on a particular horse each week, the dealer contracts to supply him with a horse. He is sure of a mount. Unless he is being charged special terms he will not have to pay for a horse on the days he cannot turn up, provided he can give reasonable notice. His total liability should never be more than £3 a day, and may well be slightly less.

The result is that in every country dealers have a certain number of regular customers for whom they provide weekly horses. The arrangement is simple. The dealer, seeing his customer every week, gets to know him (or her) and does his best to suit him. The customer, depending on the dealer for his fun, treats both horses and dealer squarely. All are usually fairly satisfied.

The second category is different. It is created largely by hunt balls. Nobody objects to hunt balls, and the "foreigners" with which they flood the countryside next day are invariably kindly treated. But to dealers they are a problem. To begin with there are too many. Dealers do not keep "spare" horses, yet with adjacent hunt balls to consider there are at least four days in the year when they will be asked for twice as many as they have got. They may by friendly raids on neighbouring farmers and judicious combination with the local hack stables, manage to make up the numbers. There is then the question of selection. It is unlikely that the dealer will have seen his customers and though a letter which says that a man weighs 12st. 6lb., and wants a horse that "can jump" is better than nothing, it does not tell him much. The man may be young and out to impress the girl of the night before that he is as manly as his capacity for champagne then promised; or he may be young, but only out to deceive himself and to impress the dealer; or he may be no longer young, but determined to show that the fact has made no difference to his nerve. The "hack" which would be ideal for No. 2 would not do at all for Nos. 1 and 3. A woman who "weighs 8st. and rides astride" is even less of an indication.

In practice, therefore, dealers do one of three things: they grade their horses and let them out to the applicants in chronological order; they take all the horses on to the meet together and try to suit each customer on appearances; or they go by the customer's local sponsor. The last is probably the most common method. If Mr. X has bought a horse for £300 at the beginning of the season and wants a horse for a friend after a ball, it would be lunacy not to give his nominee preference over that of the vicar, however good a friend the latter might be. On the other hand, if the vicar has bought an odd ton or two of the dealer's hay, his niece will get a better horse than the squire's nephew in the next parish but one.

For the "foreigners" themselves the technique is even more intricate. Difficulties begin with the invitation to the ball. Occasionally still, and the houses are red lettered in every undergraduate's diary, a man who is asked to a ball is offered a mount. Those invitations are accepted, and whether the horse be hireling or not, the fact that he is "free" puts him at once on a higher level. More frequently invitations end with some such observation as, "If you want to hunt will you let me know," or "I can get you a horse if you want to hunt," leaving the recipient in painful doubt whether his host means to mount him out of his own stable, pay for a hireling for him, or simply get a hireling for which he (the guest) will have to pay.

The answer in any case takes one of three forms. If the house from which the invitation comes is rich, it may be accepted, and the host effusively thanked for his kindness in offering to mount his guest. There is then a chance that he may be shamed into pretending that that is what he had meant to do. If the house is old fashioned, and the host kind, the invitation may again be accepted, and a sentence added to say that though you are madly keen on hunting you cannot afford to hire. The results of that depend largely on the personal factor, but in any case the chances are not above even money. The alternative, of course, is to refuse. The most common type of invitation, however, simply tells you where you can hire a horse if you want to, with perhaps an offer to make some attempt to see that you get a good one. These have to be treated on their merits, and if the host is anything of a horseman or local figure, it is usually best to leave the negotiations to him.

Once the plunge has been taken the "foreigner's"

FOLLOWERS OF THE QUORN
Commander and Miss L. A. H. Wright at the Shoby Cross Roads Meet

ignominious not to have the money if asked for it. You need at least £3.

Rule No. 2, then, is—*Know the name of the dealer you are hiring from. Take enough money.*

Rule No. 3 is more difficult. Dealers who have got out every "skin" they can lay hands on will not be parading their horses, and you will find yours tucked away in a yard or behind a hedge. One groom in a grimy tweed cap is probably holding six horses, and as you walk up you notice that they all look a bit lifeless, that some are huge and heavy, others thin, ewe-necked and very light. Perhaps they all also hang their heads, which means either that you will have the greatest difficulty in making them go at all, or that they will get the bit in their teeth as soon as you get on, and keep it there rigidly at a walk, trot or gallop, for as long as you remain in the plate.

With your heart sinking, the temptation to know the worst is irresistible. You begin by asking which horse is yours. Then, instead of just looking at your tackle, getting on and removing yourself from the gaze of the groom as quickly as possible, you probably step back a few paces, examine the animal's conformation, make some remark about it looking a "useful sort," and go on to discover its performance. The groom may be kind-hearted, in which case he will keep his eyes off you and answer in monosyllables. He may see in you God's gift to horse dealers, and lead you on with confidential tales and advice. ("Wouldn't pull a fly off a grid-iron, this horse wouldn't, Sir. And he *can* jump, so long as you ride him into his fences. But you look as if you can ride, Sir"—eyeing you blatantly. "He ought to suit you proud.") Whatever he does his answers will imply that the horse is good so long as you ride him properly, and instead of having discovered anything, you will merely get up with a feeling of guiltiness towards the horse, added to your fear, and make a thoroughly bad start.

Rule No. 3, therefore, is—when you feel that you ought to impress the groom as a preliminary to finding out something about the horse, stop feeling and mount. *Trust the dealer.*

Once in the saddle the worst is over. The trot to the first cover will tell you most of what you want to know about the horse. If he sticks out his jaw, hangs on your hands with a straight neck and runs into the tail of every horse wearing a red ribbon, you know that as soon as hounds run all you have to do is to turn right about, gallop round an empty field twice by yourself and then follow on through gates, preferably wide of the body of the "field." If, on the other hand, the horse hangs his head without hanging on your hands, and feels like Dr. Brydon's horse looks in the picture in which he is returning as the sole survivor of the rout at Jellahabad, you may stick to the "field" as long as you can, but you know with relief within a few minutes your most likely companions will be the smaller children and their accompanying grooms, and you will end your day at noon among the cars and perambulators.

Only if the horse is nondescript, and trots and canters sufficiently like other horses to conceal his real character up to the moment when hounds go away, will you be in need of rule No. 4. And rule No. 4 is—If you intend to follow hounds, and even to jump, *choose something* solid for your first obstacle, and *jump it alone.*

Rule No. 5 follows immediately—Once you have made up your mind to attack your first jump, *be determined that whether the horse rises or not you will somehow get to the other side.*

Both these last two rules sound like bravado; in fact they are the reverse. They may, admittedly, land you with a fall, but then, unless you are prepared to risk a fall, you have no business attempting to jump on a hireling. And as the object of your first fence on a hireling is to discover whether the horse will actually jump, however attractive a gap and the chance of a lead may seem, it is better to learn your lesson where you are in no danger of blocking other people, and to learn it conclusively.

A low, mortared wall, a fallen tree (if well placed), or thick new timber are the obstacles over which you will do least damage. If you surmount any one of them the possibilities of your day widen expansively in a stride. And if you fall, and lose your horse, or refuse and lose hounds, you will at least have the compensation of having gained some honest experience. In the long run you will not be the loser.

HUNTING IN THE SNOW IN AMERICA
The Meadow Brook Hounds working out the line at Roslyn, Long Island

troubles ought to be over. To risk riding an aged hack, over an unknown country, after a hunt ball, a man must plainly be a fatalist. And being a fatalist one would imagine that he would conduct his business quietly and quickly and be home as soon as possible. This, however, is what "foreigners" never do. Instead of keeping out of the way and leaving hounds as soon as they are conveniently out of sight, they usually cause more trouble in a morning than all other visitors in a season. For their benefit, therefore, I have compiled a series of rules.

The first concerns clothes. A hunt ball is admittedly an aperitif, and a man usually wakes up with memories of some feminine spell. Expecting to see her at the meet, he eyes his swallow tails, forgets his prospective mount, and puts his neat black coat back in the cupboard. Eventually he mounts a half-clipped, short-tailed cob, and looks ridiculous.

Rule No. 1, therefore, is—When about to ride a hireling, and the footman puts out pink tops and scarlet, tell him to put them back again. *Wear black.*

Having dressed correctly and eaten what breakfast you feel equal to, there are two things to remember. You may get separated from your host at the meet, and it is a bore to have to ask every groom you meet if he has got your horse. They will not know your name; they will know the dealer's. Make sure that you know it yourself. Secondly, though unlikely to be capped, it is

THE NEW MASTER OF THE BICESTER
Mr. Robert Field Marsham, the new Master of the Bicester, with his wife and Mrs. H. M. Budgett at the Kirtlington Park Meet

BEST DAYS WITH HOUNDS

Thirty Miles with the Devon and Somerset

ON Tuesday, November 17th, hounds met at Cuzzicombe Post in most unfavourable conditions. As a matter of course, it rained heavily most of the morning, which in itself did not matter so much, but it made it quite certain that the Barle, if we got as far as that, would prove unfordable. The worst factor, however, was the thick fog, which covered all the high ground.

The Master decided to kennel the pack at Higherhouse, Twitchen (Mr. Thorne), and wait in hopes of the fog lifting. Shortly after half-past eleven the fog lifted a little, so Ernest drew up the valley towards Blindwell, where hounds found almost immediately, and swinging right-handed across the road north of White Post, raced over Soggymires and over the Molland Moor Gate—Cuzzicombe Post Road into Smallacombe. Bearing right-handed, they crossed the bottom of Poulthouse Combe, where a fresh bunch of deer joined in. Crossing the fence back on to Cuzzicombe Common, they were found to be running a male deer, so were stopped and taken back towards Poulthouse Combe, where they hit off the line and ran fast across Redford Bottom and Moorhouse Ridge.

Reaching the Danesbrook, they turned upstream nearly to Lower Willingford Bridge before turning up right-handed across Humber's Ball into Old Lord's Plantation. From here they ran back over Old Barrow Down and Clogg's Down into Willingford Brake, where they fresh found the bunch of deer and ran them back at a great pace over Soggymires. The pack was waiting in the road west of Molland Moor Gate, and was now laid on to a single hind that separated from the rest. Running along the south side of Molland Common, hounds crossed the fence on to Anstey Common and ran as straight as an arrow the length of this on to Rhyl Common before crossing the road on to the Racecourse, along which they ran parallel with the road nearly to Five Cross Ways.

Turning down through the Hinam fields they came to water in the Barle below Castle Bridge and hunted down the water to Draydon Ford, where they turned up right-handed through the coverts on to Northmoor Common. Here the hind had doubled and crossed the road below Northmoor House. Running up through the fields into Burridge she soon succeeded in shifting the pursuit on to fresh deer, and some time elapsed before her line was recovered, and she was forced out of the southern end of the covert. Passing behind the charred skeleton of the Cottage, hounds were at fault, but Ernest set them right again, and they ran on into Allers Wood. Hunting down through the covert, they came down to water in the Barle. The hind had gone down the water as far as Perry Weir, where she left it and ran across the Exe into Pixie Copse.

Here Ernest hit off the line, and hounds ran on through the covert, but unfortunately at this stage about six couples of hounds got on to a male deer, and they and the first whipper-in who had to go back to stop them, were put out of action for the rest of the hunt. The rest of the pack hunted beautifully parallel with the Bury—Skilgate Road, keeping close to the right of it all the way up to Frogwell Cross. This was the prettiest hunting of the day and it was a pity there were not more left to see it. Scent was good enough for hounds to keep going at a fair pace, but they had to work for it. All did their share gallantly, but the honours went to the fourth-season hound General (by Lord Poltimore's Guardsman out of old Beauty, who is still running well with the bitch pack). General was tufting all the morning, but even at this stage he was in the lead nearly all the time, and when hounds were at fault set them right time and again.

By Frogwell Cross hounds swung right-handed, and ran down past Leigh Barton to the Ben Brook. From here there was some pretty hunting downstream under Skilgate Wood to the road by Morebath Manor Lodge, where hounds were in trouble, but Ernest held them on downstream, and they ran nicely through two or three fields nearly to Keen's. Here the hind had kept down the brook, and hounds could only own the line in places down the water and across the railway line. Ernest, now on foot, kept them going downstream to the bridge below Morebath Station, just below which the hind had waited, and hounds came up to her at about four o'clock, after a really splendid hunt, with a point of about twelve-and-a-half miles, hounds having covered well over 30 miles. The latter part of the hunt was as good an exhibition on the part of both huntsman and hounds as one could wish to see. Mr. Frank Goodland, who was amongst the select few in at the end, very kindly entertained the whole of the hunt staff to tea in Dulverton on the way back, and hounds returned to kennel shortly before 7.30 after a memorable day.

PINKWORTHY POND.

A HUNTSMAN'S DAY WITH THE PYTCHLEY

THE mixed pack which have been hunting consistently well, brought off what may be fairly described as a fine performance on Friday, November 20th. The meeting place was Watford where, as always, Lord Henley entertained all comers, on a beautiful still morning, which gave promise of at any rate a holding scent.

Hounds got a good start from the local covert and fairly hunted this fox to death, overhauling him in a small osier bed near Buckby Wharf after exactly an hour. Railways—lots of them—main roads, fresh foxes, holloas, endless cattle and sheep, all tended to help a rather short-running fox and to hinder hounds and huntsman.

At Watford village, to which the hunted fox returned a second time, in an attempt to regain the covert, the situation looked intricate indeed, as everyone seemed to have viewed a fox. However, the huntsman either sifted the information correctly or made a right decision with the most satisfactory result.

Whilton osier bed, or the drawing of it, always provides excitement and uncertainty owing to the proximity of the notorious and winding brook, which often "has" to be jumped. There was a fox in it on this day, which was hustled to ground a few fields away from the water. Colonel Lowther decided on a second visit and, as the approach march was in progress, a fox was viewed. For the first 40 minutes he behaved like the late Watted fox, turning and twisting between Brockhall Whilton village and Buckby station in a most bewildering manner.

However, a good holding, though seemingly not a brilliant scent, aided by patient hunting, enabled hounds to keep in touch. After a check near Whilton, where the fox was headed, turned back and hit off, he suddenly decided to seek fresh fields. This change of spirit was most welcome, as the new line lay up a delightful valley wherein the Point-to-Point is run, crowned on the eastern side by Brington clumps, a well-known land mark.

Up this the pace was sufficient to enable the field to take full advantage of a delightful riding line. The fox just skirted Great Brington and entered No Bottle only a field ahead of the pack. Fresh foxes as usual were on foot, but with an unceasing and ominous cry they stuck to the hunted fox, sometimes in this considerable woodland, sometimes in and out of the spinneys which surround it. At length, at 3.15 p.m., with a final crash of hound clamour, as the late Mr. Bromley Davenport so aptly described the end of an imaginary though thrilling run, in a quarter of No Bottle wood on the Duston side, this stout fox was killed, after two hours and 30 minutes. Faster runs may be readily expected this season, longer points no doubt will be attained, but for honest hunting of the fox to death this day will take some beating.

Space does not allow of any more than the most brief mention of Wednesday, November 18th, and Monday, November 16th. From Lilbourne, on the 18th, two nice gallops of 50 and 30 minutes ended inconclusively owing to the intervention of a fresh fox on the first occasion and of a cur dog on the second. The bitches had both foxes, it seems, almost at their last gasp.

On Monday, the 18th, from Foxhall Inn, one fox was put to ground at Rothwell, a second hunted for 30 minutes and killed on the Faxton Fields, and a third was hunted for two hours over the best of the Monday country and only beat hounds in real darkness in the density of Old Poors Gorse to which he had returned.

M. B.

THE BELVOIR TRIUMPH OVER DIFFICULTIES

MIXED weather, and none of it good, has lately been their portion, but these hounds have extracted quite a lot of sport from some most unpromising days. When they met at Hough-on-the-Hill, large gunmetal coloured clouds rose in the sky as a legacy of the rough night. The question was, would foxes be above ground? Hough Gorse is either very weather-proof or the subterranean accommodation is inadequate for the large population, for no sooner were hounds in covert than a host of Charlies came out like squibs on the Fifth of November. Short ones, long ones, gay ones, idle ones . . . the trouble was to concentrate; and so throughout the day we ran in rings with Hough as the hub, visiting Shields, Whitehills, the Beacon, Loveden Hill, and Stubton twice. All enjoyable country, but the wire problem in this district has by no means been solved. With water and mud in profusion, it was a very tiring day for all, with hounds running perpetually; they deserved a trophy, but the embarrassing richness of supply made it impossible.

Next day at Scalford Mr. Yorrocks's "werry windy day" admonition was in everyone's mind. An unexpected visit to Melton Spinney the week before complicated the draw and an optimistic search for outliers was first on the programme. The result proved the time-honoured suspicion that foxes have a lot of sense, and they must have had secret snuggeries to protect them from the proper dusting of the night before.

With sinking hearts we approached Harby Hills, for, though foxes were there all right, the full force of the blast was present, too, blowing up from the vale, so the chances of running in that direction were nil. Diving and squelching up and down proved too much for a lot of people who failed to follow hounds to Goadby. By then the wind had miraculously abated, and on the way to the Bullamore a fox jumped up; the small field which remained first thought "this is better than nothing" as they made their way towards Goadby Gorse, taking advantage of the few fences intervening. But it was not a matter of a little local spurt; they swung right without entering the covert, and, making a loop before crossing the light railway at Chadwell, they swept down the valley to Thorpe Arnold, and crossing two Melton roads went on to Burbidges, where a hole in a bank of the brook gave refuge to this most obliging fox which had brought off an unexpectedly hearty finish to the day.

Friday's fog was most unpropitious, but its patchiness luckily made it possible to draw at all. Finding in Easton Wood, the whole morning was spent in covert hunting, and it was not until the afternoon that an Osgodby Coppice inhabitant gave a good riding hunt. Scent had improved a lot and there was frost in the air as the pack raced through Ingoldsby Wood, past Boothby to lose track of their fox between Humby and Ingoldsby, as it was rapidly getting dark. It turned out to be a night singularly ill-suited to staying out late; the fog was impenetrable and rumour has it that Colonel Colman took six hours to get back to Melton!

There was a good deal of apprehension about the chances of hunting at Long Clawson after such a night, and everything visible was covered with white rime ¼in. thick. An appreciable sun which shone on the meet gave rise to hopes which, alas! were crushed two fields from Sherbrookes, where the mist thickened to such an extent that the high ground presented the only hope. This meant Clawson Thorns, never a popular resort, but it supplied a certain amount of activity. Scent was so deplorable that it was probably just as well that the day was not spent in battering down the vale. Later, a Holwell Mouth fox went away surprisingly quickly on the Kettleby side, and one way and another the time was put in very creditably. The deserving "Saturday-onlyites" were given the maximum amount of exercise possible considering the adverse conditions and that hounds had to do their best in an unstopped area which was largely that occupied on Wednesday.

UNBRIDLED.

A COTTESMORE DIARY

MONDAY, 16th.—Careby: A very small field assembled at this far-away fixture. Careby Wood and Dogsight being blank, we went on to Holywell, where we found a brace-and-a-half. The selected one ran through Newall Wood and across the open country to Tolthorpe Oaks and on right-handed by East Wood, and was finally lost at Woodhead Wood. Finding again in Exeters Gorse, we ran across the Great North Road and through Bloody Oaks to Woodhead Wood, where the day ended.

Tuesday, 17th.—Braunston: A good-sized field out and a very good day's sport was enjoyed, though scent was mediocre, especially in the afternoon. Priors Coppice, our first draw, provided a fox, who was quickly away on the Leigh Lodge side. Leaving this on our right, we ran fast towards Ridlington and bore right-handed into Launde Park Wood. A nice eighteen minutes. Hounds pushed their fox through here, and we ran down almost to Loddington. Here our fox turned right-handed back into Launde Park Wood, went out on the Coles Lodge side, but turned back into covert and was left. Going on to Owston Little Wood we were soon away with a fox, which took us at a good pace through Knossington Spinney, and crossing the Knossington—Somerby Road at a slower pace we left Cold Overton Hall on our right and ascended the hill. Leaving America Spinney on our left we crossed the Oakham—Melton Road on the Melton side of Rocart, and hunted slowly with a bad scent and our fox was viewed just in front of us past Langham Village, and on and up and across Loodle Lane. Here again

we viewed our fox two fields ahead, and the pack, getting on better terms, ran faster almost up to Whissendine Village. Just short of this we swung left-handed over the Whissendine—Oakham Road and carried on to within a couple of fields of Ranksborough Gorse. Here we turned left-handed, and with Langham Village on our right we were run out of scent just under Loodle Lane, after a very enjoyable foxhunt of two hours, a good six-mile point being made, and a vast tract of typical Leicestershire country having been crossed with an amount of jumping that more than satisfied the jumping enthusiasts. An excellent day's sport.

Thursday, 19th.—Teigh: A very bright morning, and a good-sized field. Beginning with Mr. Marriott's Spinney (he and his son were both out), a fox was soon away, and we ran down to the railway, where our fox was marked to ground. We found at once in Woodwell Head, and ran out on the Cribbs Barn side and completed a right-hand ring back, and through the covert, hounds running now very fast with Edmonthorpe Hall on our left and across Mr. Marriott's Farm and past Wymondham Plantation and right-handed into Coston Covert—32 minutes of the best over a first-class line.

No delay here, the line being carried on at a good pace to the back of Edmonthorpe Village, where our fox was viewed very tired by some farm-buildings. After considerable time had been spent trying to locate its whereabouts, and we had just started on our next draw, when our hunted fox was viewed, very tired, crossing the big fields behind Edmonthorpe Hall. Mr. Hilton-Green soon had the bitches on his track, and had the great satisfaction of catching his fox—an old dog fox—in the open just short of Teigh Village after an excellent hunt of one hour and five minutes.

It being too late to make the longish hack to Gunby Gorse, Mr. Green decided to draw Woodwell Head again, and with successful result, a very cheery gallop ensued of 30 minutes, hounds marking their fox to ground at Cribbs Barn, and so another excellent day ended.

Saturday, 21st.—Beaumont Chase: A lovely, bright, sunny day after a sharp morning frost of 7 deg. A very bad scenting day in covert and in the open. We found at once in Stoke End, and ran out on the Uppingham side and right-handed back through Stoke End and on into Wardley Wood, and from here into Alexton, where we lost our fox. We did not find in the wild gorse at the rifle butts, or in the wild gorse near Ayston Spinney.

On our way to Manton Gorse a fox jumped up in the open just under Crow Spinney, and we ran over the hill and down almost to the Gwash Brook. Bearing left-handed here, we ran nicely past Miss Wilson's Gorse and crossed the Green Lane and the Ridlington—Brook Road, and were run out of scent by Swinley Lodge after 30 minutes, the first 20 minutes being quite good and over a nice line. Scent being so bad, Mr. Hilton-Green very wisely decided not to disturb Prior's Coppice, so we stopped much earlier than usual. FOXY.

WINTER'S MANTLE IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

The Bicester and Warden Hill moving off from their meet at Waddesdon, near Aylesbury, with "foil" in the foreground

THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S ON THE ROAD

LAST Wednesday undoubtedly provided the best sport of the week, none the less enjoyable for being unexpected, after a rough night, followed by torrential rain and a glass dropping sharply all day. After leading the customary two minutes' silence outside the White Lion, Yate, the Duke drew Yate Common, while the bitches patiently examined, gorse bush by gorse bush, while the field grew unpleasantly soaked and horses disconcertingly chilly, and the only fox present became "accounted for" before he seemed aware of the fact!

Another put up near the railway, ran what might be called a "merry ring" to warm fingers and toes, and to the strangers out that day in the misty downpour provided quite a nice hunt before he, too, succumbed outside Wapley Bushes.

Of a brace found in Bean Wood, one got to ground immediately, and the other, after half-an-hour's patient woodland hunting. When Codrington Gorse was next drawn, conditions for a good hunt seemed worse than ever, with the wind strengthening and rain pelting sheets. But in that disconcerting and ever delightful way foxhunting has of confounding theorists and pessimists together, a grandly redeeming gallop ensued.

This good little covert held a brace, and the fox which Ted holloaed away did the best and bravest thing any fox could do, running bang into the teeth of the wind, straight as a dart for Hinton Hill. Hounds raced after him over the cream of the grass vale, at Corporation Clump turning left-handed along the crest of the hills, by Spring's Farm, Rifleman's Copse and Dodington Grove. They flew the length of Dodington Park, and out into the stone wall country by French Piece to Cross Hands, where on the petrol fumed main Chippenham Road occurred the first check.

A motor 'bus squelched down the tarmac, a steam lorry belching smoke and ashes charged up, even following hounds casting themselves alongside the road—it seemed that no tired fox could have survived that road.

The Duke let hounds carefully make good the grass on either side, while a smallish dark-coloured bitch went on by herself down the tarmac, to be joined by another lighter relative, and the Duke holding the pack on, recovered the line where these two had carried it, some 400yds. down the road, past Lyegrove Lodge gates. It was as fine a bit of hunting as one could ever hope to see. Hounds ran on well into Lyegrove Wood and out into the open on the Bath verge side, but unfortunately a fresh outburst of heavy rain washed away the remnants of a now stale line, that road business having saved the brush of a gallant fox. The point was five miles, and the distance as hounds ran just over seven miles.

It will interest those to whom hounds matter as much or more than any fast gallop, to know that the above-mentioned dark-coloured heroine was Golden, who is by the famous "Ikey" Bell's famous Godfrey ('28), and the light one was Roguish, by the Duke's own Ringwood ('28),

both going back to the great Worcestershire Weaver. And, further, those interested in Mendelian theory, will like to note that these bitches were carrying on a family potency of road hunting. Both Rogueish and Golden were portrayed in the new picture painted by Mr. Voss of the Duke of Beaufort, reproduced in the *Field* Hunting Number of a month back. V.

THE SOUTH CHESHIRE'S SIXTY MINUTES

ON Friday hounds met at Pool Hall, the home of Mr. Hardy, whose support and hospitality the Cheshire field has enjoyed for a number of years. With weather conditions by no means ideal, the barometer still on the decline, a large field were eventually well rewarded. A slow hunt with an outlier, viewed by Mr. Eddie McMorran on Mr. Birchall's farm, proved enjoyable for two reasons, how well hounds hunted on an extremely catchy scent, and how vastly improved the wire appears to be in the Bar Bridge and Stoke area; scent eventually failed when short of Mr. Alan Noden's farm.

A fox found in Hill's Gorse at once crossed the railway, possibly to everyone's regret, but doubled back over the railway after three fields; from here hounds ran fast, and for those who were fortunate enough to recross the railway through the same gates they originally crossed by, had an exceptionally good ride over the Cholmondeston country. The remainder of the field, being obliged to gallop on down the railway before arriving at the second level crossing gate, no doubt found the extra distance and heaviness of the country distinctly hard work, before getting on terms with hounds at Calveley New Gorse.

Still running fast, hounds crossed the Wettenhall Long Lane, keeping the "Boot and Slipper" on their right, crossed Page's Brook and ran within a field of Oulton Lowe. Checking for the first time here on a freshly slagged field, Tom Peaker cast his hounds on, and hit off the line into Philo. In spite of several fresh foxes, hounds forced their hunted fox away on the Hunts Hill side of the covert, leaving Rushton and Eaton Village on the right, hunted slowly over a part of the old Point-to-Point course of Alpraham and checked on reaching the lane to Oxheys Farm where it joins the Eaton Village—Alpraham Lane. At this point a farm hand informed Tom Peaker he had viewed his fox going in the Tilstone direction "ten minutes ago." "Not my fox," replied Peaker. "He's much nearer at hand." And so it proved, hounds killing their hunted fox immediately in a dry ditch at Stages Platt after 60 minutes of the very best.

At the beginning of every year the going in this country seems almost impossible, but as some of the best sport for a great many generations has been enjoyed in the Calveley country, one can only assume the wetter it is the better it rides, as the drier it gets the more holding it seems to become.
M. S.

A GOOD SCENT FOR THE SOUTH AND WEST WILTS

THE Master was hunting his bitch pack when these hounds met at Zeals Green on Monday, November 16th. Not finding about Bourton Brickyard, hounds were just being put into Bagmore Covert when a holloa was heard from Zeals House Plantation. Hounds were got out of covert and taken on there, and although all this took time and the fox had got a good lead, it was obvious, as soon as they were laid on, that there was a really good scent.

Crossing Prospect Farm, the fox ran past the earths at Hincks Mill, and over Longmore Farm; then, passing close by Eddix Hill Covert, he crossed Woodwater and Wolfridge Farms to Gutchpool. Here he was forced straight through Cowridge Covert, but on the other side the only check of this hunt—one of about a couple of minutes—occurred, owing to some members of the field having galloped round the wrong side of the covert. However, hounds picked up the line almost immediately, and running over Culverhouse, swung right-handed across the main railway line at the corner, and on through Grant's Copse and over Thanes Farm; finally marking their fox to ground in Quoits Covert below Shaftesbury, after a hunt of 1 hour and 20 minutes.

A very much reduced field came on to the next draw at Larkinglass. A fox was found at once. He ran past James Farmhouse, and bore right-handed by Gutchpool to Cowridge Double. Being headed on Mere Park by a man working in the fields, he turned and crossed Lowerhouse and Berrybrook farms to Sedgehill Church, and from there led on over Tucker's Farm to Park Copse. Here he dwelt and then ran on up through Clouds Park. But at this point hounds had to be stopped owing to a thick mist coming down, and the lateness of the hour. This second hunt lasted 57 minutes with no check and had a point of four miles.

The weather was dull and windless, and there was an excellent scent all day. Much of the country was waterlogged, and the bitches put up a first-class performance. Captain Geoffrey White of Charnage, who owns some of the best fox coverts in the country, had the misfortune to lose his famous old Point-to-Point horse Streak during the first hunt, the horse dropping down dead soon after the start. He had been hunted by Captain Geoffrey White since 1923, when he was a five-year-old, and had won 28 Point-to-Points. Although it is sad to think he will never be seen again in the Hunting Field or running in Point-to-Points, we are sure that no happier or more fitting death could have been vouchsafed this great old horse. K. P. W.

A HARD DAY WITH THE V.W.H. (CRICKLADE)

THOSE to whom the appeal of Cheltenham Steeplechases proved too strong on Thursday, November 19th, returned to their homes in the evening to learn something of the best run of the season so far with the V.W.H. (Cricklade) Hounds. The meet had been at Ashton Keynes House, pleasantly situated at one end of the main street of that North Wiltshire village, looking out into Gloucestershire. The stripling Thames flanks the road, and each grey-built cottage is approached by a narrow bridge. Apart from the counter attraction of racing, the Cricklade Thursday country is not universally popular, and only a very moderate-sized field did justice to the warm hospitality of Major and Mrs. M. S. Oxley.

The racing "fans" can, however, derive some consolation from the fact that good day as it undoubtedly was, by far the best of the fun came after the one-horse brigade had cried "enough," and turned for home. No one without a second string to their bow could have hoped to have seen the end of the day.

It was a cheerless morning, with grey skies and the wind blowing from a cold quarter. But at least it did not rain—a big mercy this, as mackintoshes have been on non-stop duty for three weeks past, and the country already rides exceptionally heavy for November. The pack was out, looking very fit and well, and doing full justice to all the care and attention the new huntsman—L. Gilbert—bestows upon them.

No one was more delighted than Major Oxley when the first fox of the day was found in his withybed close to the house. The fox took a quick turn round the covert before making his departure over the Ashton Keynes—Minety Road, across the rushy fields down to the River Thames. Here he got his first bath, but getting away safely on the farther bank, ran up to the old Pike House—now known as Pike Corner—on the Ashton Keynes—Cirencester Road. Doubling sharp back he crossed Swillbrook and the Thames, ran through the top end of the renowned Eight Acres on Mr. Freeth's farm, only to be headed on the far side. Coming back sharp right-handed, he made another twist at Pike Corner, and now pointed for Ewen, in the V.W.H. (Cirencester) country.

Near the village a diversion occurred when a fresh fox jumped up in front of hounds, seven couple going after him to mark to ground close to Somerford Keynes. Mr. John Rankin, turned amateur whipper-in, got them together, and finally rejoined Gilbert with the body of the pack at Siddington. The latter in the meantime had run on with a grand cry past Ewen, right-handed through Furzen Leaze, over a part of the V.W.H. (Cirencester) Point-to-Point course, through Mr. Jefferies's nurseries at Siddington, where the hunted fox probably got to ground. A holloa over the Ashton Keynes—Cirencester Road proved to be a fresh customer, hounds being stopped at Dryleaze after a real good 60 minutes.

With the going hock deep and all over low-lying ground, it was not surprising to hear that some grief had been encountered. Lady Beatrix Hoare—the joint-Master's sister—had terribly bad luck in staking her good-looking chesnut.

It was a three-mile trot if a yard back to Clayhill with the motor brigade bringing up the rear in first gear most of the way. Mr. Bowley's little covert disappointed, as also did Cerney Wick New Covert. "Where next?" was on the lips of everyone, when "Charlie" suddenly showed himself in a rough field close to the covert.

Getting a good start the bitches fairly rattled him along, crossing the Ashton Keynes—Cerney Wick Road up to Clayhill. He made an unsuccessful attempt to get over the Ashton Keynes—Cirencester Road, but doubling back through Clayhill, succeeded some few hundred yards further up. Still driving him at a great pace, hounds went by Ashton Fields, crossing the Thames at Somerford Mill.

They were at fault for a few seconds here, but Gilbert quickly put them right, and now well in the neighbouring V.W.H. (Cirencester) territory, they gain Ewen Spinney, only to double back sharp over the river once more. With the Somerford—Ashton Keynes Road behind them, hounds crossed Swillbrook, went through Eight Acres, turned right-handed over the Oaksey—Ashton Keynes Road, and were close on Poole Keynes when Gilbert stopped them at dusk in V.W.H. (Cirencester) territory. They had been running for two hours and fifteen minutes, and had made a four-mile point over a good line of country, with very little wire. Beside the Hunt staff, only Lord Cadogan, M.F.H., Mr. Phillimore and Mr. Grosvenor, saw it out. J. R.

FROM THE WILDERNESS WITH THE BICESTER

THURSDAY, the 19th, found the Bicester meeting at Waddesdon Cross Roads with great hopes of a hunt over that good line of country away from the big woods. The first fox was found in Mason's Gorse, and ran to Waddesdon Station, where hounds were beaten. Unfortunately, information arrived too late that he had been seen running the railway.

The next draw was the Wilderness, whence a fox was finally persuaded to leave and a really good hunt resulted. This fox ran a right-handed circle from Windmill Hill Farm, by way of Ashendon Hangers (passed on the right) and round Gypsy Bottom back to Waddesdon. Hopes sank here with a messy time in prospect, but the pace, which had been nothing great up till now, improved in the Park, so that quite a few who were bringing up the rear, with more comfort than enthusiasm, had to gallop faster and yet faster to see the fun.

This fox proved himself by forsaking all and following none, so that by way of Shepcot Hill and straight through Putlowes, double to Fleet Marston. A slight delay was caused by the railway, and then the brook, which took no toll this time, but hounds settled down at once and hunted on with a good cry, past Berryfield with its two more brooks.

At this stage things looked set for a really good point, when, as so often happens, hounds began to swing left-handed just before Clarke's Brake, running back to Berryfield only to lose him at the railway, which was crossed not long before.

This was bad luck for hounds, who had hunted so well and at an increasing pace for fully one-and-a-half hours. However, the field had enjoyed a six-mile point—twice as much as hounds ran. Sadly enough, no evening fox could be unkennelled to finish the day and make the entry in one's diary worthy of red ink.

THE SOUTH NOTTS' RUN TO CLAWSON THORNS

THESE hounds met at Tithby Guide Post on November 19th. It was a fine hunting morning with a rising glass, and there was a good field out. The Wiverton Coverts had not been cub-hunted, and probably no one expected anything except a series of small rings over the very bad-scenting plough which prevails in this neighbourhood. However, things turned out differently.

The first draw was 40 acres of kale on Mr. Lamin's farm, Tithby Grange, and there were three foxes in it. Hounds got away with one and hunted him across two fields to Stokes Gorse, then back to the kale, where scent, as usual, was non-existent. However, he went away again, and they ran fast to Smite Hill Farm, where there was a short check. Hitting off the line in a stubble field, the pace improved and they ran on fast, leaving Langar on the right, to Harby Covert.

Here, unfortunately, they changed foxes and ran on fast over a beautiful line of country past Harby Village, where there was a short delay, over the Harby—Waltham Road nearly to Harby Hills.

Short of this stronghold, they marked their fox to ground under a hen-house in the middle of a field. As the hounds were marking on one side, the fox bolted from the other side on his own accord, and we were off again. Another two miles of grass, and we were ascending the hills near Clawson Station, hounds hunting on with great persistence, and a rare cry. There was a check on the top, but the line was eventually regained, and they hunted on over Landyke Lane and ran a left-handed ring round by Scalford Brickyard and then on slower to within a field of Clawson Thorns.

Here the Master had them stopped, knowing the number of fresh foxes there would be in the Thorns, also being uncertain whether they had changed foxes again near Landyke Lane. It had been a first-rate gallop. There was never a screaming scent, but it was holding, and the performance of the pack left nothing to be desired. Since Smite Hill Farm we had been on good Belvoir grass all the way.

"HUE HOLLOA!" WITH THE OLD BERKS
Captain T. McDougal taking hounds to a "holloa" over the River Ock, near Abingdon

It was an eight-mile point and about fourteen as hounds ran. Rather an eventful day for a provincial pack. HARLEQUIN.

TWO GOOD DAYS WITH THE CATTISTOCK

THE week which began with two rather disappointing days ended in a blaze of glory, and the big field that turned out at Red House Key on Saturday made a contribution to Earl Haig's Fund that must have delighted Captain Pass, the hon. secretary, whose cap was filled to overflowing when hounds moved off. On Friday, when hounds met at Martinstown, the weather, which had been quite impossible from every point of view, had cleared up, and although the morning was disappointing a brilliant hunt in the afternoon made up for it.

After two short bursts, which ended with the deaths of a brace of foxes which had been giving Mr. Burch's shepherd a lot of trouble, hounds went away with an old dog fox from Ashton Barn. Scent had improved since morning, and hounds pressed him so hard that he did not even hesitate in Duke's Gorse, but swinging back right-handed he re-crossed Ashton Farm and set his mask for the South Dorset country, taking a nice line of country over Ridgeway Hill. It isn't often that foxes cross the Weymouth Road into South Dorset territory: in fact, it is the first time during the present Mastership that this has happened, but scent was, as I say, excellent, and the bitches drove on as if tied to their fox, leaving the Came Down Golf Course on their left and running over Bincombe Heath at a pace that made it difficult to keep with them.

I had never been in this bit of country before, and had it not been for Mr. Cake, a sporting farmer from the South Dorset, it might have been even more difficult to stay with them, but he said to me as we rode along behind the flying pack: "This is my farm, Master, and I know where I am: if this fox doesn't get to ground in Bincombe he's for it." The earths must have been stopped the South Dorset had been in the country the day before—or else Mr. Charles was too hard pressed to stop, for hounds drove on toward White Horse Hill and finally killed their fox just above Sutton Poyntz after as good a gallop as we have had this season. I made the point about five miles, and hounds must have run nearly double that distance, covering the whole in just over 40 minutes—the best hunt in the Friday country so far this season.

On Saturday, as I have already said, the meet was at Red House, just outside Yeovil, and being close to the Blackmore Vale border there were a number of visitors, the field being about the biggest that I have ever seen out with the Cattistock. East Coker Withy-bed, always a sure find at this time of year, held a fox, and hounds had hardly been thrown into covert before he was away on the far side, and headed for Sutton Bingham. This is a very good covert to get away from, and the whole field had a good start as hounds swept over the Cattistock Point-to-Point course toward the railway line. Swinging right at Sutton Bingham Station, hounds raced alongside the line of the Southern Railway for a mile or so, turning a bit farther right through Moore's Wood and out into the vale beyond, heading for Hardington. Unluckily something must have headed our fox a mile farther on, for hounds swung back right-handed and running hard through Coker Park drove through East Coker Village and so back to the covert where they had originally found.

Here there was a slight check, and a very much-needed one, for they had been running very fast and the field were pretty well scattered over the country, but they all caught up before hounds forced their fox out of the withy-bed, and they were all there when they marked him to ground in a rabbit-hole a mile farther on.

He was a very tired fox, and as Holland, who was hunting hounds put it to me, he was very lucky to be alive, as he was only a few yards in front of hounds at the end. But there he was left to show us another good gallop some other day, and a move was made to Coker Wood. From here, or rather from the neighbouring covert, Bingham's Byre, hounds, finding again, gave the field a good gallop over the Halstock Road to Closworth Firs, where they turned left-handed up the valley and running through Sutton Bingham Manor, recrossed to Coker Wood, and then on to East Coker Village again, finally losing their fox on the road after a nice 50-minute hunt. All told, it was a good two-days' sport, and more than made up for a somewhat dull opening week. LINCOLN.

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE'S NINE-MILE POINT

THESE hounds had a great hunt when they met at Farm Hall, Godmanchester, on Tuesday, November 17th. After enjoying the hospitality of Mr. R. Towgood, hounds moved off down the Offord Road, where Mr. Brunskill, one of the joint-Masters, who was hunting hounds, drew some rough fields on Waterloo Farm. A stale line was picked up and hunted through Graveley Roughs out by Lattenbury Hill, but the fox had evidently been gone some time and hounds never got on good terms with him.

The next draw was Palmer's Bushes, between Graveley and Offord, and here a good fox was quickly on the move. He went away pointing towards Godmanchester, and into the lower end of Graveley Roughs, but he was quickly away again, swinging right-handed down to the Huntingdon to Royston Road.

Hounds at once picked up the line the other side of the road and hunted on by Lattenbury Farm, over the brook and Lattenbury Hill to Hilton Road; with Hilton Village just on their left they crossed the Hilton to Eltisley Road and ran very fast into Hilton Bushes. Without the slightest sign of a check they bore left-handed out of the bushes, running at a great pace over the grass fields towards Connington Village. Leaving the village just on their left and crossing the Boxworth Road, hounds were still running fast straight to the Huntingdon to Cambridge Road. The fox had not crossed this road, but had turned sharp right, and running parallel to the road went into the Boxworth Spinneys. They hunted him beautifully here straight through the spinneys without being touched, and on towards Lolworth. Here they checked for the first time on some plough, and it was very welcome to the horses, most of them needing a rest by this time.

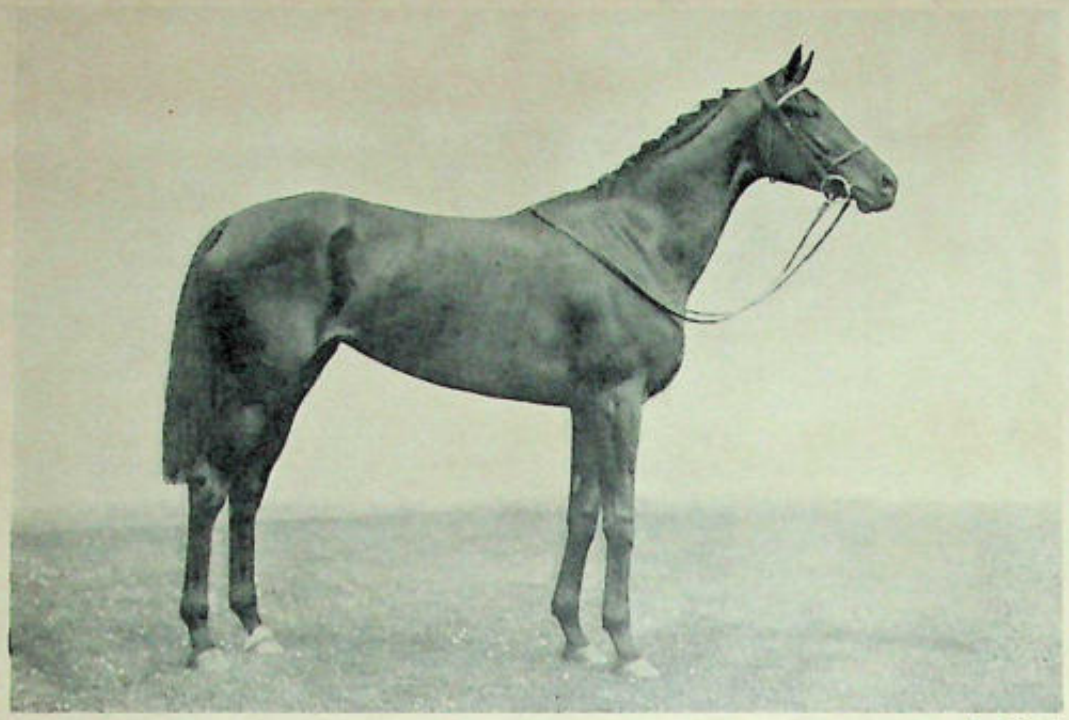
However, the Master, casting hounds on a piece of stubble, picked up the line into an orchard at Lolworth, where the fox had laid down.

Putting him on his legs again, they hunted him through the village out into the Childerby Lane, where they very nearly caught him, but he managed to double back through the outskirts of the village again and was killed in the orchard.

It was a great hunt. Hounds had been running for an hour and 25 minutes with only one check. They had made a nine-mile point and must have covered well over eleven miles as they ran. Fortunately for the horses the latter half of the hunt was practically all over grass, or I don't think anyone would have been able to see the end of it. As it was, the Master had to borrow a horse to

(*Continued in col. 3, page* 1358)

OUT WITH THE BEAUFORT
Lady Helena Gibbs, the Duchess of Beaufort, her sister, and the Earl of Westmorland



W. A. Rouch

ONE OF THE BEST PERFORMERS OF 1936

Quashed (Obliterate—Verdict) whose gallant victory over Omaha was one of the most creditable performances of the past racing season

THE RACING SEASON IN REVIEW

Features of a Year of Average Interest

IT is doubtful whether the season under Jockey Club Rules, now at its last gasp, will be accorded a conspicuous place in racing annals. None of its three-year-olds has proved himself a really outstanding performer and the cup horses have not been exceptionally brilliant. Here we may possibly be doing an injustice to Quashed, the heroine of Ascot.

No finer example of gameness has been seen during the year than the effort which enabled her to beat the American champion Omaha in the Gold Cup, but the limitations of the filly were defined when she finished behind Cecil and Enfield at Goodwood. Still, as that was the only defeat encountered by Quashed in her six races, it is fair to describe her as the best and most consistent performer of the season. She is to have another year in training, and perhaps it will fall to her again to vanquish all comers in the premier cup race of 1937, which is to be of greater value than ever before.

Omaha will again probably be among her rivals at Ascot, where he handicapped himself materially this year by working himself into a state of great excitement before the race. Captain Boyd-Rochfort, who should know most about him, is perfectly satisfied that we have not yet seen the best of this son of Gallant Fox, who never gives cause for any anxiety at home.

Each racing year is chiefly remembered by its classic celebrities. Have we any cause for enthusiasm concerning the colts and fillies who have borne off the classic honours this season? Each of the five has now passed out of training with the exception of Boswell. Mahmoud is to begin his stud duties in the coming season at 300 guineas. Naturally only a limited number of mares will be put to him in his first year.

The grey has gone to join Bahram at the Egerton Stud, Newmarket, an establishment leased by the Aga Khan from Lord Harewood. There is no reason why he should not become at least as successful a stallion as his sire Blenheim, whose sale to the U.S.A. was one of the big events of the year in bloodstock breeding. At the close of his two-year-old career Mahmoud's great merit had been clearly demonstrated, and though the handicapper took the bold step of placing his stable companion Bala Hissar in front of him in the Free Handicap, it was pointed out in the *Field* and elsewhere that Mr. Arthur Fawcett had probably made a mistake.

Even so, nobody could have foreseen that Bala Hissar would prove so complete a failure at three years old. The view generally held about Mahmoud at this time last year was that, while he was likely to win the Two Thousand, he would probably fail to stay the course in the Derby. This supposition was based on the fact that he is a grandson of Mumtaz Mahal, a mare famous for her phenomenal speed.

Calculations were upset in that while the grey colt was narrowly beaten in the Guineas he achieved a singularly handsome success in the Derby. It would not be unreasonable to attribute Mahmoud's defeat in the first of the season's classic events to a slow beginning. How much ground a horse loses at the start of the Rowley Mile cannot be correctly gauged by the onlookers in the enclosures. It so happened that the start of the Two Thousand was filmed and subsequently shown on the screen, and from this we were able to realise that Mahmoud gave away at least two lengths to all the others.

Even those who knew how far the colt had handicapped himself in the Guineas were doubtful whether he would win the Derby. Surely, it was argued, he would be outstayed at Epsom by the same owner's Taj Akbar, who had handsomely established his stamina by winning over a mile and a half at Chester? Thus it came about that while Mahmoud started at 100 to 8 for the Derby, Taj Akbar was second favourite at 6 to 1. The rule of the Aga Khan is never to have his classic candidates formally tried together at home. It is left to the test of the racecourse to prove their respective merits.

In this instance it would have been better to be guided by two-year-old form, as while the Aga Khan's colts were first and second at Epsom, Taj Akbar finished three lengths behind the grey. Only two other greys have prevailed in the long history of the Derby—Gustavis in 1821 and Tagalie in 1912. Further interest from the breeding standpoint was given to Mahmoud's success in that he is a first foal. Only six other Derby winners, and in this group we include Gay Crusader, have been first foals.

Classic form received a shock when Mahmoud failed by no less than five lengths to concede 7lb. to Lord Astor's Rhodes Scholar in the St. James's Palace Stakes at Ascot. Two excuses for his failure could have been advanced, one being that he again lost some ground at the start. But possibly this was of less importance than the fact that Mahmoud was running within three weeks of his race in the Derby, whereas Rhodes Scholar had escaped an effort in that race.

To support the contention that the colt was not at his best so soon after his Epsom race the Aga Khan can point to the case of Bahram, who ran the one slovenly race of his undefeated career at Ascot after easily winning the Derby a fortnight previously.

When all this is taken into consideration we still have to bear in mind that Rhodes Scholar at his best was one of the smartest three-year-olds ever galloped at Manton. So much was obvious when he fairly ran away from his rivals in the Eclipse Stakes. At the same time Rhodes Scholar has been a difficult colt to train. He could not run in the Derby on account of the firm ground, and it would have been better for his reputation had he not run in the St. Leger. Lord Astor and his trainer are left with the hope that Rhodes Scholar will reassert himself in 1937, when we assume that the Eclipse Stakes for the second time will be his main objective.

In any case, the son of Pharos—Book Law has already won £12,466 in stake-money, and the fact that his brother in blood, Pay Up, has earned £10,504 has helped largely to place the Manton stable at the head of the list of winning training establishments. Pay Up, a colt of delightful physique, might well have supplemented his success in the Two Thousand with further triumphs had he not been so badly jarred by the firm going when finishing fourth in the Derby. No further effort to train him was possible, and though he is to stand at the Littleton Stud he will not be used as a stallion until 1938. This will give him ample time in which to recover from his efforts on the racecourse.

It has been a great year for Lord Astor and the Cliveden Stud. For the second time—the first was in 1925—he heads the lists of owners and breeders. He was second in 1914, 1921, and 1927, and third in 1926 and1931. The Aga Khan has lost his leadership among the owners after having held it for five times in seven seasons. If stake-earnings have dwindled he has had the glory of having won the Derby for the third time since and including 1930. Lord Derby, winner of the One Thousand with Tideway, and Sir Abe Bailey, winner of the Oaks with Lovely Rosa, have had good years.

To Captain Boyd-Rochfort congratulations have to be extended on the best year of his successful training career. Among his notable achievements have been the winning of the St. Leger with Boswell, a colt who, mildly affected by the heel-bug trouble, was talked of as a doubtful runner on the evening before the race. But the best staying three-year-old in his stable is Lady Zia Wernher's Precipitation, who, should all go well with him, will be expected to win the Ascot Cup next summer.

BEST DAYS WITH HOUNDS

(*Continued from page* 1357)

finish the hunt, as his was absolutely done, and the second horses had been lost for a long while.

CAMBRIDGE ROLLER.

NOTES FROM THE WEST

LORD CADOGAN and Mr. Herbert Nell are the joint-Masters of the V.W.H. (Cricklade) Hounds this season, Captain M. J. Kingscote having joined Major G. R. D. Shaw in the South Atherstone country.

Fred Brown, kennel huntsman and first whipper-in to the V.W.H. (Cricklade) Hounds for the last five seasons, is now huntsman to the Duke of Beaufort's Hounds.

L. Gilbert, huntsman to the North Northumberland since 1928, has come as huntsman to the V.W.H. (Cricklade) Hounds, and will carry the horn this season.

W. Wyatt, first whipper-in to the Cotswold last season, now fills a similar capacity in the Cricklade country.

Tom Andrews, second whipper-in to the Cricklade last season, has gone to the Badminton country, and will turn hounds to Fred Browne. His place has been filled by Raglan Snell, who has unfortunately been ill with pleurisy.

The V.W.H. (Cricklade) Hunt Ball is to be held on Friday, December 4th, at the Memorial Hall, Cricklade. The First Embassy Band will play.

Mrs. Moore-Stevens, of Quenington Court, Fairford, Glos., fractured a bone in her leg when cub-hunting with the V.W.H. (Cricklade) Hounds on October 31st.

Ted Goddard, first whipper-in, V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst) Hounds, fractured his collar-bone during the cub-hunting season.

Lord Ashton of Hyde will be the sole Master of the Heythrop Hounds this season. Lieutenant-Colonel E. P. Brassey (1925) having resigned, thus severing a family connection with these hounds extending over a great number of years. A. Petts, first whipper-in, has left, and H. Goddard fills his place.

THIS WEEK'S WISDOM

"Wot a 'untsman I should be if it wasn't for the confounded lips."—JOHN JORROCKS.

This England . . .

Cornish Cliffs, near Land's End

"THIS happy breed of men, this little world, This precious stone set in a silver sea . . ." A little world, indeed, cut off by tongue and tide from the rest of man, striving to find the best in life, and building an Empire by the way. A heritage of close-held traditions and sound customs—customs that are not consciously historic, that persist rather in our habits of life and recreation. One such that helped this little world to thrive was the barley brew that they found to be good—how many centuries ago? You find it still in Worthington—a mellow, very "traditional" ale.

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A FLY PROBLEM

Why Did the Fly Fail on the Main Stream?

By LIEUT.-COMMANDER C. F. WALKER, R.N.

FLIES are queer creatures—a trite observation, perhaps, but none the less true. And never, in my experience, have they behaved more queerly than did the mayfly of 1936. From other rivers, too, came unusual reports. Poor hatches of fly but good baskets of trout, particularly in the afternoons—usually deemed the least profitable time of day. Considering the opportunities for observation of the mayfly, it is rather remarkable how little we really know of this insect beyond the bare history of its life cycle. For generations men have witnessed its disappearance from various rivers, and many are the theories that have been put forward to account for this, only to be refuted by its equally mysterious reappearance.

As Major J. W. Hills, in his delightful book, *A Summer on the Test*, observes: "We see a slow death, and we shake wise heads and assign our puny causes; but then, again, we see a slow re-birth, and we have to invent new theories, till finally we realise that we are in touch with a great fact of Nature, working itself out on lines unknown to us."

The true facts can only, if ever, be reached by collecting and collating the observations of a large number of anglers over a wide area and throughout many decades. Nothing should be accounted too trivial to add to the sum total of knowledge, and it is in this belief that I venture to add my humble quota in the shape of my experiences of the fly in 1936. At the least it may be hoped that they will provide some food for thought, and perhaps argument, in the smoking rooms of fishing inns and other places where anglers congregate—to "swap lies," as some would have us believe.

I should explain that the river I fish is not a chalk stream, and is a "mayfly water" in the strict sense of the term. In other words, while we sometimes get some good hatches of mayfly, there is nothing at all to follow. The only other insect seen in any numbers is the yellow May dun (*Heptagenia sulphurea*) which, as other writers have observed, seems to be distasteful to the trout. Hence we watch for the appearance of the mayfly with more anxiety than those anglers on more favoured streams, where some even regard, or profess to regard, this insect as a species of vermin.

This year I saw my first mayfly on May 15th, nearly a week earlier than in 1935, which was a late season. By the 20th the preliminary hatches were beginning, and although sparse produced a few fair-sized fish. As one does not normally expect any sport until the trout have got accustomed to the fly this seemed promising enough, so we waited hopefully for better things to come.

And then the hatch petered out. "Petered" is, perhaps, hardly the right word, for except for a few solitary specimens, no more fly appeared. For a further week I haunted the river banks but not another trout moved, and in the end I returned home disconsolate to seek a possible cause in my fishing diary. This told me—if I needed any reminding—that 1935 had been a bad mayfly season, but we should not, of course, feel the effects of this until 1937. 1934 was the important year, and this had seen good, though not phenomenal hatches, with little or no wind to blow the spinners off the water. Millions of eggs must have been laid. What had become of them?

As there seemed no useful information to be gained here, I turned to the consideration of the present year's hatch—if hatch it could be called—and its probable effect on the future. The most remarkable point, and one which I have never seen or heard mentioned elsewhere, was the extraordinary disparity between the sexes. At a rough estimate I should say that quite 90 per cent. of the *subimagines* I saw were males, and this was subsequently confirmed by another angler on the same water. Moreover, such females as there were must nearly all have been snapped up by the swifts and other enemies, for female spinners were even more rare than the duns—in fact practically non-existent. On several afternoons I watched small columns of male spinners performing their nuptial dance, but never a bride rewarded their efforts.

As a result of this it was hardly surprising that there was no spent gnat. Actually I never saw a single one the whole time, though I watched the water closely. There were, of course, no egg-laying females to end their lives on the river, and as for the males, poor things, they doubtless crept inland to die of disappointment. But, at all events, this provided me with a theory. A similar lapse on the part of Nature would account for the disappearance of the mayfly where it had formerly been abundant. I threw my mind back to 1934, but could not recall a like disparity between the sexes, though amidst the much larger hatches of that year it might have passed unnoticed. Moreover, 1934 was my first season on this particular water, so I had been more concerned with the discovery of the haunts of trout than with a detailed observation of mayfly. It would be of the greatest interest to know whether observers on other rivers have witnessed the same phenomenon—more particularly in the years just previous to a decline in the mayfly hatch.

As things turned out, however, I had not, after all, seen the last of 1936 mayflies, and was to be faced with another problem as curious as the first. Chancing to explore a tributary stream, I found quite a good hatch of fly every day, especially between the hours of two and four p.m. How long this had been going on I am unable to say, but it lasted for a full week after my discovery, and gave me some quite good sport.

We need not concern ourselves with the actual fishing, but a brief description of the stream, or part of it, is necessary to appreciate what follows. It rises in the chalk downs, and flows, clear and sparkling, over gravelly shallows until it reaches a point 10yds. from the main river. Then, as though loth to lose its identity in that more sluggish and uninteresting water, it turns sharp right-handed and runs on for another half-mile to the junction pool. Thus its course lies approximately parallel to that of the main stream, and at no point more than 30yds. from it—often much closer. Yet, although mayflies appeared in fair numbers every day on this stretch of the brook, not one was to be seen on the river so close at hand.

Here, then, was a pretty puzzle. The spinners of 1934 could not possibly have all flown to the stream to lay their eggs. For one thing, the fishing extends for a couple of miles both above and below the junction, and there had been mayfly in plenty all over the water. No, millions more eggs must have been deposited in the river than in the stream, which is a very small one. Presumably, moreover, weather and other conditions would affect both in the same degree where, as in this particular stretch, they flowed through the same meadow. Yet on the one was famine and on the other plenty.

By this time I was getting almost more interested in the mayfly than in the trout, and kept the former under close observation. On the stream the sexes seemed pretty evenly distributed, so I looked forward with some confidence to a good evening rise at spent gnats. Then my former theory received something of a set-back, for neither spent fly nor egg-laying spinners appeared. True, we had a strong wind most of the time, but it blew fairly constantly down-stream and could hardly have driven every single spinner off the water. Several times I visited the main river to see if they had suddenly decided to return there for the last act, but drew a complete blank. Where did they get to?

I fear my remarks and conclusions are mostly negative ones, but if they provide an additional scrap of data for the entomologist they will have done their work. In the meantime, the outlook for the future, so far as our river is concerned, would appear to be a poor one. But flies, as I observed before, are queer creatures, so it would not surprise me in the least if they reappeared as mysteriously as they vanished. Perhaps the dry summer or wet winter of 1935 somehow retarded the hatch for a year. Perhaps the flies of the stream have replenished the stock on the river, since they must have laid their eggs somewhere. Time alone can show.

E. A. Barton

ON A FAMOUS MAYFLY RIVER
Fishing the Ramsbury water on the Kennet

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SNOW-COVERED ROOFS IN THE VALLEY AT ZERMATT WITH THE MATTERHORN TOWERING ABOVE THEM

RECENT adjustments of European currencies mean still cheaper winter sports. That is one good reason for expecting a larger migration than ever to Switzerland this winter. Last season reductions in hotel rates and Swiss railway fares brought the cost of winter sports holidays down considerably. This year's currency changes have knocked holes in the former rates, and it is now actually possible to enjoy complete winter sports holidays in Switzerland at well under £1 a day, including travel out and back by special excursion train and full board hotel accommodation, together with gratuities and orchestra, sports and Kurtaxes.

Swiss resorts have always prided themselves, with justice, on their enterprise in providing the best facilities and attractions for visitors, and whether you go to one of the more popular centres or to some quieter playground, you will find progress typified in the help and guidance given to beginners and modest performers as well as to the experts. As one of the oldest resorts in the Bernese Oberland, in the heart of Switzerland, Adelboden has always been well favoured by British visitors. It is beautifully situated at a height of some 4,500ft., well sheltered from wind and enjoying plenty of sunshine. Here the tyro finds easy practice slopes for ski-ing near to the hotels with a well-organised ski school; and there are opportunities for a great variety of ski excursions through delightful scenery.

Skating, curling and ice hockey are also strong features at Adelboden. The Rose, Thistle and Edelweiss Curling Club, which is affiliated to the Royal Caledonian Club, has five excellent rinks, and every facility is given to those making their first acquaintance with "the roarin' game." The skating is exceptionally good, too, and you will frequently see first-class skating exhibitions and ice hockey matches. Tobogganing is popular. If you tire of sport you may wander on foot through lovely pine woods clothed in snow, or visit neighbouring villages by sleigh, to the accompaniment of jingling bells—all very enjoyable.

Mürren is the highest resort in the Bernese Oberland, with an altitude of 5,400ft., and though all winter sports flourish, ski-ing is essentially the big feature. The ski school is the oldest official school in Switzerland, instruction is free to every visitor, and beginners will nowhere find better conditions for learning. Mürren has, in fact, made the teaching of ski-ing a speciality, and it is said that for every expert there are always at least ten beginners. But the expert finds plenty to test his skill. The funicular, running every ten minutes, regularly carries its load of ski-runners, bobsleigh and luge runners up the mountain-side to return over the glorious slopes of the Allmendhubel. Skating and curling are as well organised as ski-ing at Mürren and, similarly, instruction in both is free to visitors. You can learn almost anything at Mürren and at the same time see some of the best exponents of winter sports.

Charles E. Brown

PUPILS UNDER INSTRUCTION AT THE SKI-ING SCHOOL, MÜRREN

If you choose Wengen as your resort in the Bernese Oberland you will almost certainly be fascinated first by the beauty of its situation, overlooking the Lauterbrunnen Valley on the one hand and flanked by lofty peaks on the other. You will appreciate it the more as you ascend by the mountain railway from Lauterbrunnen and, later, continue the ascent to neighbouring peaks. Daily these trains carry ski-ers to the Wengernalp, to Scheidegg and even to the Jungfraujoch (11,480ft.), the highest point reached by any railway in the world. Wengen, of course, has its ski school, with first-class teachers, and instruction is free to visitors; and there are almost unlimited opportunities for ski-ing of all grades. A toboggan run over three miles long descends from the Wengernalp. Spacious ice rinks provide ample scope for skating, curling and ice hockey, and the local ice hockey club plays regularly against other Swiss and foreign clubs.

Scheidegg is easily reached from both Wengen and Grindelwald, and for those who are not likely to find an altitude of 6,770ft. too trying physically, it offers ideal conditions for sports. Grindelwald, at an altitude of 3,500ft., is a lively resort, well equipped for all sports. Its big feature is its bobsleigh run, the longest constructed run in Switzerland. Grindelwald also boasts one of the largest ice rinks.

Those who prefer one of the less pretentious resorts in the Bernese Oberland will find Lenk a progressive

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Flora

THE DIAVOLEZZA SKI-ING HUT (9,767) PONTRESINA, THE STARTING POINT FOR ONE OF THE FINEST GLACIER TOURS IN THE ALPS

place and an excellent 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 an almost 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, bob-sleigh and skeleton runs. From Lenk enjoyable trips may easily be made to other resorts, such as Adelboden, Gstaad and Zweisimmen. Many English visitors like Zweisimmen, which is a picturesque village very prettily situated in a broad basin surrounded by good slopes for ski-ing. Several other resorts are within easy reach, and there is a variety of attractive ski-runs in the neighbourhood. A ski school is available for beginners, and there are good skating and curling rinks.

Grimmialp is another pleasant Bernese Oberland resort admirably suited to those who like the quieter kind of resort. Situated at an altitude of 4,100ft. at the head of an open valley it provides abundant opportunities for ski-ing, with gentle slopes for learners 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.

As two of the most easily reached of the Bernese Oberland resorts Gurnigel and Kandersteg appeal to many visitors. At both the ski-ing is excellent. Gurnigel also has a toboggan run of four miles and separate rinks for skating, curling and ice hockey. Kandersteg is one of the old-established resorts and has always developed curling prominently. Skating is equally well provided for, with splendid rinks, and bobsleighing and lugeing are very popular.

South of the Oberland, on a wide open plateau at a height of 5,000ft., dominating the Rhone Valley, lies Crans, already a well-favoured resort and growing annually. Its surroundings are delightful and afford plenty of fine ski slopes and longer runs. There is a well-organised ski school, and novices receive every encouragement. A large ice rink provides excellent skating and curling, and tobogganing is popular. There are two rather novel types of sleigh funicular to aid ski-ers and tobogganers in climbing to neighbouring heights and the start of the bob-run.

Farther south still lies Zermatt actually the most southerly of the Swiss resorts, and becoming increasingly popular for its abundance of sunshine and snow. It lies in a lovely valley at an altitude of 5,310ft., in full view of the Matterhorn. All around 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-er, and there is a fine 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. Moreover, Zermatt's delightful surroundings are always an attraction, affording charming walks and sleigh drives.

For curlers, Engelberg offers the advantage of possessing the only covered rink in Switzerland, so that the game can be played in any weather; while ski-ers will appreciate the air-cable railway which enables an ascent of 2,500ft. to be made in 20 minutes. Engelberg is also an excellent centre for skating, and its two-mile bobsleigh run, with eight "hair-pin" bends, provides plenty of thrills. Bob-races held on this course are worth seeing. West of Engelberg is the little resort of Melchseefrutt, at a height of 6,150ft., amid extensive Alpine pastures which provide perfect ski-ing conditions. Easy slopes run to the very door of the Hotel Reinhard, near the lake, and the services of a ski instructor are available. More experienced ski-ers will find plenty of interesting runs among the neighbouring heights. Melchseefrutt is reached by one of the longest cable railways in Europe and is the sort of unspoiled little centre that should appeal to those who like a quiet ski-ing holiday among fine Alpine scenery.

A good centre for the snowfields of the Gothard, in central Switzerland, is Andermatt. Here the White Hare Ski Club has its headquarters, and visitors who join the club participate in a novel snow guarantee extending from December 20th to March 30th. If there is ever less than 3in. of snow during this period, members stay at the hotel's expense until the deficiency of snow is made up. It seems needless to add that the contingency is unlikely, for Andermatt usually has plenty of snow, and few places offer greater variety of ski runs. Skating and curling are well organised, and there is a three-mile toboggan run.

In the Grisons Canton in eastern Switzerland there are some of the finest ski-ing grounds in the country. Lying at high altitudes, but not too high for physical comfort, most of the resorts are assured of abundance of snow and are also blessed with plenty of sunshine. Facilities for instruction are excellent, as also are the means of access to the upper snowfields. Arosa is deservedly popular for its all-round sports facilities. Ski-ing, of course, takes pride of place, and the surrounding snow-fields are wonderfully adapted for all grades of skill. Ski tours are legion, and some of the longer descents are unsurpassed. There is a first-class ski school, with plenty of easy slopes for practice. Facilities for other sports include large skating and ice hockey rinks, separate curling rinks, a two-mile bob-run with banked ice curves, and various toboggan runs. Ski-kjöring on the Arosa upper lake, tailing parties, riding, driving and carnivals add still further to the amenities of this lively resort.

Lenzerheide is a smaller and quieter resort which is, however, becoming increasingly favoured by British visitors on account of its numerous beautiful slopes for ski-ing. Nowhere are there better nursery slopes, and the variety of runs is almost inexhaustible. Under these conditions novices can hardly fail to benefit rapidly from the ski school instructors. Skating is enjoyed on a fine large rink, and curling and hockey are played on smaller rinks. There is also a toboggan run.

While retaining its reputation for magnificent skating, Davos continues to grow in favour as a ski-ing centre thanks to the cable railway which makes available all the wonderful snow fields of the Parsenn. Here are ski descents of great variety and perfection—a Mecca for the downhill runner. For the less experienced and learners there are easy slopes in all directions, with two excellent ski schools, which not only provide instruction but arrange tours. Davos actually boasts the oldest of all English ski clubs. The Davos ice rink is the largest open-air rink of its kind in Europe and includes separate areas for general skating, speed skating, training and ice hockey. Curling is also well developed under the ægis of the old-established Davos Curling Club. For tobogganing and bob-sleighing there are two runs, each two miles long.

Benefiting also from the opening up of the Parsenn ski-runs, Klosters offers as fine a variety of ski-ing of all kinds as may be found anywhere. Tours innumerable are open to the expert, while the less expert find 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 well organised, and for bobsleigh and toboggan enthusiasts there is a track nearly three miles long.

One of the most picturesque and well equipped in the southern portion of the Grisons, the Engadine, is Pontresina, and its altitude of 6,000ft. produces consistently good conditions of snow and ice. The surrounding Alpine scenery is charming. Pontresina possesses one of the best ski schools in Switzerland and extensive practice grounds, while it is the starting point for ski tours of every kind, both easy and difficult. Ski jumping on the Bernina Leap is another popular feature, and there are first-class rinks for skating and curling, as well as bob and toboggan runs.

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Yours faithfully,

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CHRISTIANIA TURNS AT HIGH SPEED

ALTHOUGH the Christiania is looked upon principally as a hard snow turn, it is the turn *par excellence* for the expert skier who will use it on every possible occasion. At times he is forced to stem, but he usually turns his stem as soon as practicable into a "Christie." The average skier should, however, beware of attempting a Christiania in soft snow; he will almost certainly catch an edge unless he has learnt exactly how to distribute his weight. To execute a Christiania on hard snow you need simply to start a side-slip either by body-swing or by weighting first the inner ski and then the outer. If, having started to slip sideways, you find that your weight is too far back, or if you are leaning too far inwards or are thrown outwards by an icy rut, you can probably adjust your balance without falling while continuing to slide sideways. But a soft-snow Christiania is impracticable except at fairly high speed, for considerable force is necessary to throw aside a large quantity of snow with your heels, as with the modern "parallelschwung," a development of the pure Christiania, which is a swung and not a steered turn. This, the most graceful and most difficult of all turns, is started by lowering and raising the body and swinging the shoulders, hips and skis without any weighting first of one ski and then of the other. It is particularly useful in a slalom where it is important to keep the skis compactly knit together and to turn very accurately; and it is also used at moderate speeds in deep snow. It is under the latter conditions the skis will almost inevitably be forced apart, but the turn is similar to that required for a slalom.

SCHUSS!
B. D. Maclaren executing a high-speed Christiania

THE "PARALLELSCHWUNG" is not as steady as a steered open Christie; for in a turn which is caused by swinging the body, and in which the skis are held closely together, a skier is clearly liable to catch an edge and somersault down the hill; hence the open Christiania is more useful in soft snow at high speeds, when the momentum is sufficient to start the turn and when a smooth, gradual turn is required. This point is illustrated in the picture "Schuss." To take this photograph the writer made the left track down the hill and tried to swing to a standstill too abruptly, doing a pure Christie; his feet shot away from under him, and he fell heavily. B. D. Maclaren followed, and, as can be seen, he brought off a fine steered open Christiania, keeping his weight well forward despite the speed. In the picture "Horizontal Ski-ing," Maclaren is committing the writer's previous crime, though he has the excuse that he found it more prudent to fall than run into a post. His body, in turning, has failed to keep pace with his legs, and he is on the point of falling. The picture "Waist-deep" illustrates a pure Christie at moderate speed on a steep slope. In such snow, light but very soft, it is clearly necessary to swing the heels sharply, and at the same time to beware of being thrown inwards or down the hill; lowering the hands would probably lead to greater steadiness. Snow as deep as this severely tests a skier's skill; the slightest fault will bring him down, but he will find nothing more delightful than the joy of throwing up clouds of crystals in a succession of high-speed linked Christianias.

T. S. SYDENHAM-CLARKE.

Left: Horizontal ski-ing. *B. D. Maclaren prefers to fall rather than run into a post*

Above: Waist Deep. *A Christiania at moderate speed on a steep slope*

REST IN THE SUNSHINE AND ACTIVITY ON THE RINK

Franz Schneider, Lucerne

A SUN BATH AFTER SKI-ING AT MELCHSEEFRUTT

C. Brandt, Arosa

A CURLING MATCH IN PROGRESS AT AROSA, WHERE FACILITIES FOR SKI-ING, SKATING, AND TOBOGGANING ARE ALL CLOSE AT HAND

programmes are in full swing by the New Year and continue into March at most resorts.

Several interesting downhill ski races figure in the programme at Adelboden, beginning with that of the Sillern Club—the English club—on December 28th. A ski gymkhana on New Year's eve is followed by the New Year ski race and jumping competition, and other races include the visitors' downhill for the Batschari Cup on January 5th, the Kurverein Cup on January 11th, the Paris-Midi Cup on February 24th, and the visitors' combined downhill and slalom on February 27th. The annual alpine ski races are always popular, and the twelfth meeting will be held this season on February 13th and 14th. Curling is also well represented in the Adelboden programme, opening with the bonspiel for the Kurverein Cup on December 29th and including the Carill Worsley Cup on January 7th.

The Open British Ski Championship takes place this season at Grindelwald on January 9th and 10th, followed by the open downhill and slalom championship of the Swiss Ladies' Ski Club on January 16th and 17th, and the Bernese Oberland Ski Championship on January 30th and 31st. The

(Continued on page 1370)

ABOVE: A CHILDREN'S PARADE AT KLOSTERS
BELOW: SNOW-LADEN PINES AT LENZERHEIDE

THE SEASON'S FIXTURES

Some Events Worth Noting

COMPETITIONS and races of all kinds have grown very rapidly in winter sports, and there is no doubt that they add an exhilarating interest to what were mainly regarded in the past as merely enjoyable recreations. No resort worthy of the name now omits to organise several events for visitors, and at most of the chief Swiss resorts scarcely a day passes during the season without some sort of competitive event—a ski race, a toboggan or bob race, a skating competition, a curling match or an ice hockey match. Usually beginning in the latter part of December, the

A. Heinze, Lenzerheide

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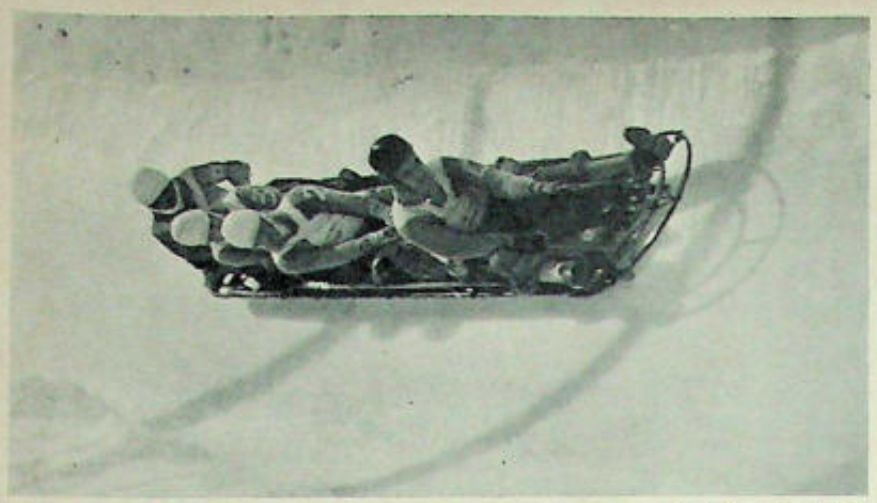


H. Nicolecken, St. Moritz

ON THE FAMOUS ST. MORITZ BOB RUN WHERE THE WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS TAKE PLACE ON FEBRUARY 10TH AND 11TH

HELPING THE BEGINNER

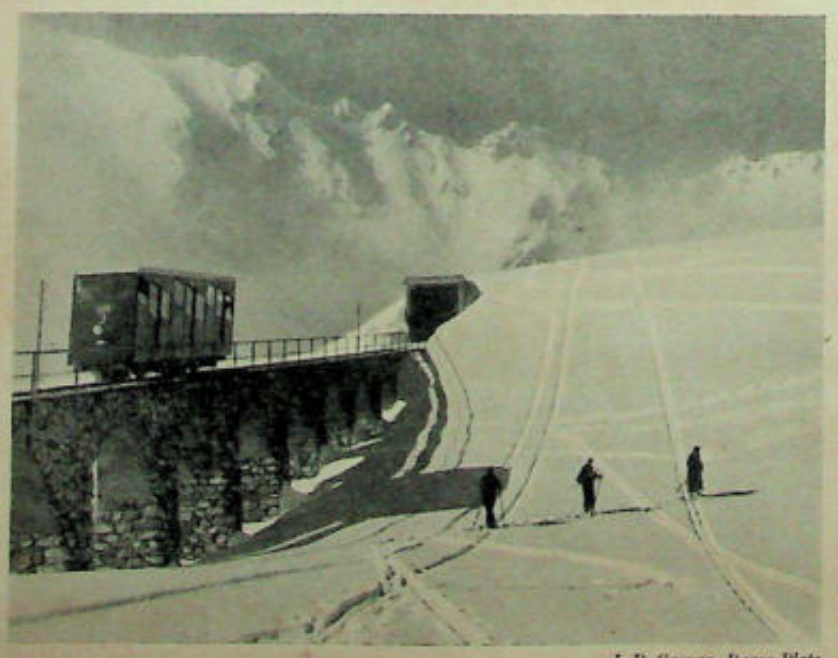
EVERY year Switzerland attracts more and more newcomers to winter sports, and without exception the resorts and hotels lay themselves out to provide as much guidance and assistance as possible. Organisation has reached a high standard to-day, and clubs for ski-ing, skating, curling and ice hockey welcome the raw novice along with the expert. The fact that instruction in ski-ing has been standardised throughout Switzerland has done much towards helping the beginner, ensuring uniformity in training and a high standard of teaching. The Swiss Ski Association exercises supervision over the recognised ski school instructors, who are frequently themselves put through tests. The newcomer can therefore rest assured that wherever there is a Swiss ski school instruction will be competent and complete.

But still there are many matters in which the newcomer will find the help of a guiding hand invaluable—one might almost say essential if the holiday is to be enjoyed to the full. A list of "don'ts" for beginners, which any "old hand" will trot out by the yard, will hardly help. It is the personal assistance of someone who "knows the ropes" that makes all the difference to pleasure and progress in the animated world of snow, sunshine and social gaiety.

If the novice goes with a party of friends experienced in the ways of winter sports resorts, his difficulties are happily solved. If not, the next best thing is for him to join a party of the right kind. A few seasons back this idea induced Thos. Cook and Son, the well-known travel organisers, to inaugurate what they called "Initiation Parties," which at once proved just the sort of thing that was wanted, and have been continued with great success. The name was well chosen. These parties, which leave London at intervals of a fortnight from mid-December until mid-February, do in fact initiate the inexperienced into all the activities of a winter sports holiday. From first to last members of these parties have the benefit of expert guidance. They are accompanied from London to Switzerland by a courier. Arriving there they are met by a host and hostess, and are accommodated in a comfortable hotel.

The visitors receive that personal guidance which means so much to the uninitiated. Members do just as they please. Tuition is provided without extra charge in all sports except skating. Last but not least of the advantages of this scheme is that practically every necessary expenditure down to tips and orchestra and sports taxes for a fortnight's stay is covered by one inclusive charge.

For beginners of a younger sort, a new scheme of juvenile winter sports parties has been introduced this season which should appeal particularly to parents, perhaps resident abroad, who want to give their children a winter sports holiday but cannot themselves accompany them. This is designed for children between the ages of ten and sixteen, who are placed under the care of a very experienced hostess, with a practical knowledge of all winter sports. Lenk has been chosen as the resort for these parties—a resort not too big and with ideal conditions for the purpose, with easy ski-ing slopes, spacious ice rink and ample opportunities for tobogganing. Here, again, a fortnight's stay is provided, and every necessary expense of travel and accommodation—even to the hire of skis, etc.



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POWDER SNOW ON THE SLOPES AT ADELBODEN

THE SEASON'S FIXTURES *(Continued from page 1368)*

Swiss Ski Championships will be held at Les Diablerets on February 5th and 7th. Wengen has its usual full programme, opening with the Christmas Jumping competition. Among the principal ski-ing events are the Eighth Combined Lauberhorn Races, individual and team, on January 16th and 17th, and famous straight race for the Roberts of Kandahar Cup on January 12th, the straight race for the Wengen Golden Ski on January 19th, and the No-Fall Championship on January 31st. Numerous figure skating competitions include the Kurverein Cup on December 31st and the Wengen Golden Skate on January 27th. The Wengen Curling Club have six important fixtures in January and one in February.

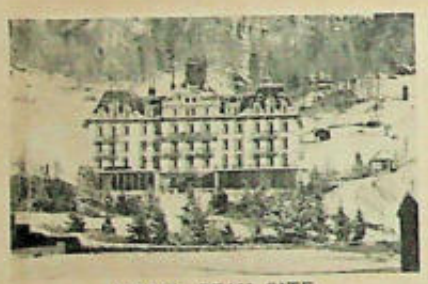
The celebrated Arlberg-Kandahar Ski meeting, which attracts some of the world's greatest experts, takes place on March 7th and 8th at Mürren, which also has the International Curling Bonspiel on February 4th. Mürren's programme, which is well in keeping with its reputation as a ski-racing centre, also comprises the relay race for the Infante Alfonso Cup on January 5th, the downhill team race for the Duke of Kent's Cup on January 17th and, most thrilling of all, the race for the Inferno Cup on January 19th. This is the world's longest downhill race. The skating competition for the Earl of Lytton Cup takes place on January 27th.

A particularly interesting event at Crans is the Swiss Bobsleigh Championship on January 31st. Zermatt presents a ski-ing programme full of variety. There is ski jumping for the Monte Rosa Cup on December 27th, the relay race for the Berriman Shield on January 6th, the roped downhill race for the Whymper Cup on January 7th, the slalom race for the Breithorn Cup on January 10th, the Matterhorn Cup downhill and slalom races on January 10th-12th, the Ski Club Championships on January 14th-17th, and the Gornergrat downhill race for the Morgan Cup on January 17th and 18th. The Curling Club holds its competition for the silver stones on February 3rd. Gurnigel has the annual Swiss long-distance race of over 30 miles and the Swiss relay ski race, which take place there on February 27th and 28th.

Among the most spectacular events at St. Moritz are, of course, the toboggan races on the Cresta Run. The Curzon Cup races are fixed for the end of January and the Grand National for the beginning of February. With a total length of three-quarters of a mile, the run has ten corners of varying angles, demanding the utmost skill and nerve from the riders. The run is opened in three sections. The Curzon Cup race begins from the top of the second section, while the Grand National is over the whole length of the run. Among other events at St. Moritz this season are the world's championship for four-seated bobsleighs on February 10th and 11th, the Bobsleigh Derby on February 14th and 15th, Swiss championship ice-hockey matches on January 3rd and 10th, ski-jumping competition for the Maharajah Cup on January 17th, and downhill ski race for the "White Ribbon of St. Moritz." International ice hockey matches and skating events on the great ice stadium and horse races on the frozen lake of St. Moritz are other attractions for visitors.

Ski jumping on the Bernina Leap is always a popular spectacle at Pontresina. A ski-jumping competition takes place on December 27th, and there are various ski races in January and February, including the eighth annual Diavolezza downhill race on February 28th. Curling fixtures include the Sylvestry Cup on December 30th, the Kurverein Cup on January 18th, the Black and White Cup on February 2nd, and the Jost Cup on February 17th. In a long list of events at Arosa there is as much variety as anyone could wish, with ski-racing and jumping, toboggan and bobket races, curling and ice-hockey matches, figure skating and waltzing competitions, and horse racing on the Obersee. Among the chief fixtures are the New Year's Eve jumping competition on the Plessur Leap, International Ice Hockey Tournament for the Sonnengold Cup on January 29th-31st, the Hörnli downhill race for the Grand Prix of Arosa on January 31st, and the Arosa Ski Championship, March 6th and 7th.

Skating championships are still one of the great attractions of Davos, whose skating meeting on January 30th and 31st comprises the Speed Skating World Championship for Ladies and the Men's European Championship, together with international figure skating and pair-skating events. But ski races and ice hockey are also prominent in the Davos programme. From December 27th to January 2nd there will be the International Ice Hockey Tournament for the Spengler Cup and the Hanseatic Cup, the International University Ski races take place on January 8th-10th, and the great Parsenn Derby downhill race on February 21st. The twelfth Spring Ski meeting is fixed for March 21st-27th. Among the most interesting events at Klosters is the ski meeting of the Grisons Ski Association on January 23rd and 24th.



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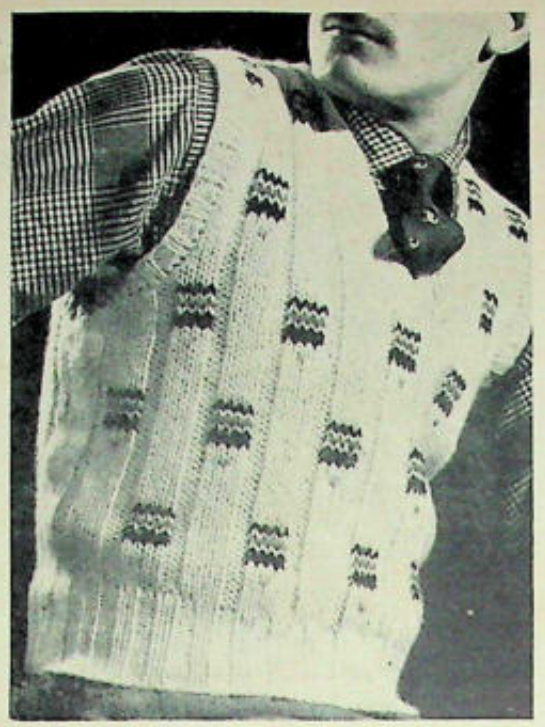

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OUR WOMEN SKI-ERS

By M. POLLOCK SMITH

MISS EVELYN PINCHING
All who have seen this graceful ski runner hope that she has forgotten her idea of abandoning racing

THIS season more British women than ever before will make their awkward début on ski, and thrill to their first sight of a race. To watch a great ski race is an emotional experience, especially to those who have the knowledge or imagination to gauge the risks and difficulties. Probably the sun is shining, possibly blizzard and mist add to the hazards, for to-day women race under conditions that men used to refuse to face.

There is a vast crowd of all nationalities, from novices, freshly initiated, to veterans grown too brittle in the bone for racing. The beginners, and even seasoned runners, to-day are amazed at the speed and control of these strong lithe girls tearing down hills, hurtling down courses on which a tiny misjudgment or fraction's indecision or a spice of over-daring may mean risk of serious injury.

Jeannette's tree at Mürren testifies to this latter disregard of danger for it was here Jeannette Kessler who, when some 20sec. ahead of the ultimate winner, Christel Kranz, fell and broke her leg through running too fast on to breakable crust.

Despite an incomplete recovery, Jeannette, our Olympic captain, finished eighth at Garmisch, and was second best British woman at the initial World Championships (F.I.S.) at Innsbruck last season.

Another great runner is Evie Pinching, trained by our famous Bill Bracken, who at 21 was Olympic ninth, and won the World Championship at Innsbruck. All who have seen this tall graceful ski-runner hope that she has forgotten her idea of abandoning racing, for we need her for the second World Championship at Chamonix next year, not to mention the British Open at Grindelwald on January 9th and 10th.

Helen Blane, who won the Polish title last season and was 25th at Garmisch; Miss Sale-Barker, twice victor in the great Arlberg-Kandahar race, and the only woman to have the Pery Medal; Birnie Duthie, Olympic 23rd; Helen Tomkinson; Joan Davies; Beryl Walter; Christel Kranz, the German Olympic winner, considered by most the finest woman ski-runner in the world; and the great Austrian Gerda Paumgarten; these are names that should catch the eye this season, though every year someone becomes a "veteran" and newer runners rise to the top ranks.

In this country ski-ing, even for some years after the War, was a sport enjoyed only by a wealthy few. This because no other European nation is so severely handicapped geographically and climatically. Men and women in Switzerland, France, Italy, Germany, Austria, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Yugoslavia, Norway, Sweden and Canada, all have winter sports in their own country. Even those who live in Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Spain and Portugal are within easy reach of major centres; and now Australia, New Zealand, India and Syria have home facilities.

Despite our enormous handicap, which means that our choice of representatives of premier class is restricted to a handful instead of hundreds, our runners have won honourable positions among the world's best. Ski-ing is increasing rapidly in popularity. To-day there are thousands of British ski-ers, where there used to be dozens or, at most, scores. The Ski Club of Great Britain now has 6,161 members and 42 affiliated clubs, and many times this number are devout ski-ers.

For the present popularity we have to thank the travel agencies who have brought the Continent within reach of the ordinary Briton of modest means, and the hoteliers, of Switzerland in particular, for their inimitable hospitality.

Of all the places where one can ski, Switzerland remains the most popular with us, if only for its historical and sentimental associations with great races. It was in this little land of sun and snow that the British girl, because accustomed to "knock-about" with her menfolk as a matter of course, became the pioneer of women's ski-ing. Even as recently as 1930 women's races were not officially acknowledged except by us. The achievements of women ski-ing *hors concours* in men's races eventually forced F.I.S. recognition.

The sport has something for everyone. To the tired mind or ailing body ski-ing gives health, while lovers of beauty find it a means of transport to glorious mountain scenery which often could not be reached in any other way.

Ski-ing appeals also because there are no rules invented to govern it. There is no tedium in the initial stages, and no set style that wins championships.

That ever-increasing competition is causing those countries with greater numbers and facilities than ours to push British women down the ladder of international placing, does not matter to the sport. It is all to the good, and we may at least take credit for having sown the seed of ski-racing for women.

Because so much is said of the thrills and dangers of ski-racing, and a broken limb earns headlines in sensational papers, the ordinary woman and girl who is insufficiently robust to endure arduous competition, or who cannot afford the risk of incapacitation must not be driven from the ski fields. She is in the majority, and for her are novices' competitions and tours, the limitless joys of exhilarating, health-giving exercise in the taking of which she will feel the international camaraderie that exists between ski enthusiasts of all standards, and which makes them the finest sporting group in the world.

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We invite all enthusiasts to come and see this exhibition and at the same time examine our new ideas for ski kit.

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SERICULTURE IN KENT

Breeding Silkworms by the Million

By L. HUGH NEWMAN

On Wednesday, before the Royal Society of Arts, at John Street, Adelphi, a paper entitled "The Lullingstone Silk Farm" was read by Lady Hart-Dyke. The paper was illustrated by a cinematograph film by Dr. Hartslet Granger, and Ernest W. Goodale, M.C., a member of the Council of the Society, presided.

HISTORY records that an attempt was made to breed silk-worms in England in the reign of James II, but as no industry was established we can only assume that the venture was not a success.

When Lady Hart-Dyke decided to start breeding silkworms a few years ago, on a scientific basis, she probably had little conception of the success that would result from her initial experiments at Lullingstone Castle.

It was while travelling in Northern Italy that she first realised the possibilities of sericulture in England when she saw how the peasants bred the worms without any trouble or precautions in a climate very similar to ours. Before leaving that country she made a thorough study of the industry, as far as it was possible under these primitive conditions, and even went so far as to place large orders for mulberry trees and "seed," as silkworm eggs are called.

The first thing she did on returning to her estate at Eynsford, in Kent, was to have one of the deer paddocks ploughed up in preparation for the first consignment of mulberry trees. Only ten varieties out of the 250 odd kinds of this tree were to be planted for initial feeding tests, and these had been chosen as most suitable to our climate. It is an interesting fact that the different texture of the leaves of certain varieties has a marked effect on the quality of the silk produced by the feeding worms.

While the plantation was establishing itself, Lady Hart-Dyke had been preparing the whole of the West wing of the castle for the coming breeding season. Eight large airy rooms had been thoroughly disinfected and fumigated, and the windows whitewashed to keep out the direct rays of the sun, which are harmful to the worms. This was a lesson she learnt from the Italians, as the peasants' cottages are poorly ventilated and the worms have been bred in semi-darkness for generations—probably centuries.

Several machines had to be made specially for this new industry, and the first to arrive was a miniature incubator. This is used every spring for hatching the eggs under ideal conditions, raising the temperature half a degree every day for eighteen days. Another machine, rather like a chaff cutter, had to be installed to cut up the rather tough mulberry leaves into long, thin strips, to feed the newly-hatched tiny worms.

As soon as the eggs hatch they are transferred on to trays covered with sheets of perforated paper. This simple method facilitates cleaning, and avoids fingering the worms when changing the food, as the sheets can be lifted, tapped, and replaced on clean trays. When the worms are large enough to move they are distributed on to the huge wicker feeding trays in the breeding rooms. These erections look rather like giant four-poster beds as they stand, one above the other, on a wooden framework running down either side of each room. This method was adopted after many trials, as it seemed the most healthy way of breeding in quantity, and the gang-way between the "galleries" was convenient for the girls to carry their huge baskets of freshly-picked leaves at feeding time.

Unless you have actually been in one of the breeding rooms you could not possibly imagine the noise the silkworms make when they are nearly full-grown and hungrily eating piles of mulberry leaves. They are frightfully "sensitive," too—probably only in an untelligent sort of way due to some effect of sound-waves in the air—but if you slam a door, or make any loud noise near them, you will notice every worm "flinches" like a nervy person.

At first there were, naturally failures. Some of the worms bred at Lullingstone did not produce a saleable silk, and others from different parts of the world just didn't flourish at all. Last year there was a nasty case of disease, which wiped out thousands of worms in a few hours. The most amusing story is in the early days of the "farm." To save a lot of work a large number of worms were put into the plantation to feed on the trees in the open. Everything went quite well until they grew fairly big, and then one morning a gardener saw a huge flock of starlings fluttering about amongst the boughs; it doesn't need much imagination to realise how much they were enjoying themselves and how many worms there were left on the trees.

The most critical period is just before the worms begin to spin their cocoons—they get "feverish" and restless, and often go off their food.

In Italy the children collect brushwood in the coppices, and tie it into bunches, and arrange them all round the feeding trays, so that the half-torpid creatures can climb up to spin their cocoons amongst the twigs. This is definitely wasteful, as the worms use up a lot of their silk preparing a place for the cocoon to rest on before starting to spin the actual cocoon that the silk is taken from.

At Lullingstone they build long straw "roofs" and place them across the feeding-trays as soon as the worms get at all restless, so that they have more privacy and can begin spinning whenever they want to. The cocoon can easily be detached from the side of the roof when it is completed, and is perfectly clean and ready for the reeling machine.

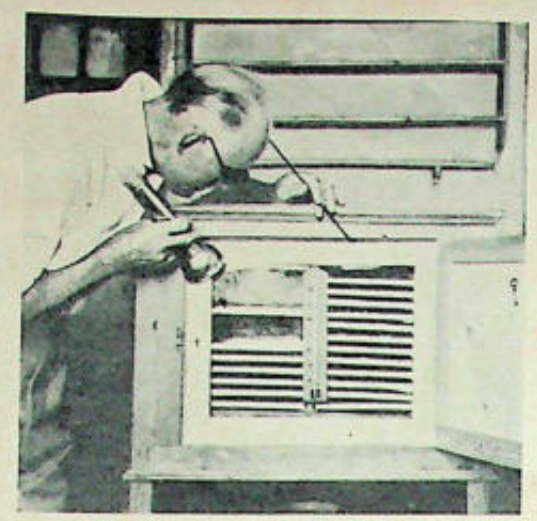
The girls who work these machines are highly skilled. First the "floss" is stripped off the cocoon without breaking too many threads, and then they have to be thrown, one at a time, on to a specially niched wheel. This wheel picks up several threads at a time, and they are then passed through the reeling machine. The object of the machine is to prepare the silk thread for the warp and weft used by weavers. Every now and then a sample skein must be taken from the machine to test its weight, which varies according to the number of threads in it. If this sample is above or below the recognised standard weight the silk reeled will be valueless, showing the importance of the "reelers" being skilled in feeding the cocoons on to the machine at the right speed.

In the testing room more girls examine the skeins for flaws or breaks. The perfect ones are stitched and finally twisted ready for weighing and sending-off to market.

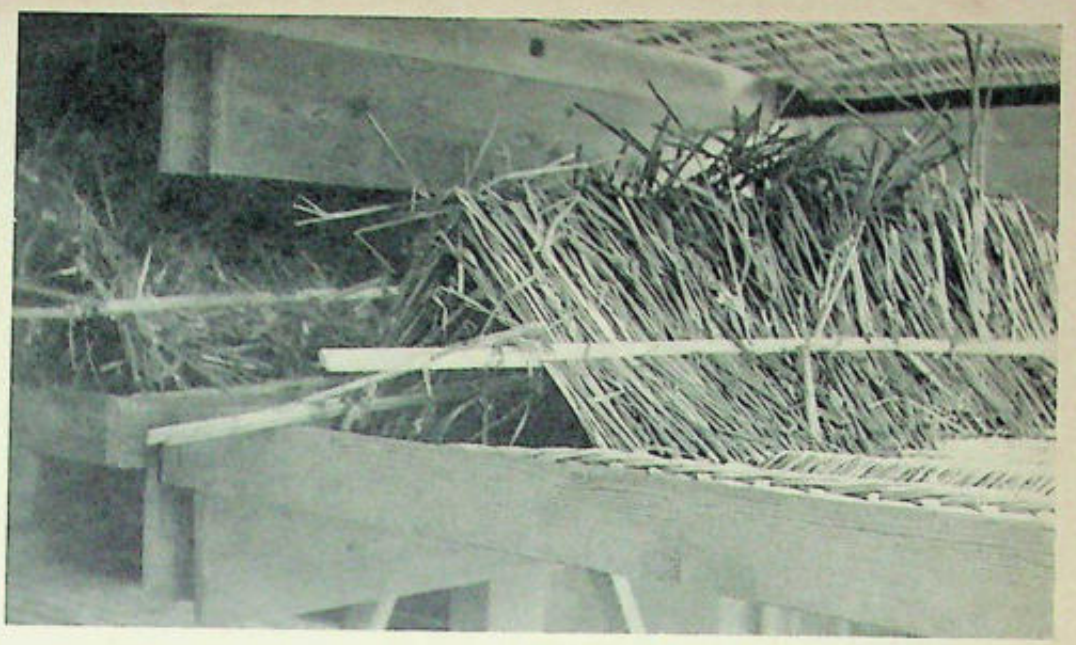
The process of de-gumming, dyeing and weaving the silk is another story. There is one point worth mentioning about the colour of the silk, however, if you have ever seen some of the lovely-coloured cocoons, ranging from pink, gold to pale yellow. These are of no use commercially as they so quickly fade, and so the weavers are always obliged to bleach all silk on arrival, and it has to be dyed the colour required for commercial use.

Her Majesty Queen Mary visited Lullingstone Castle on June 25th, and was very interested in this new British industry. British weavers who have seen samples of "home-grown" silk are amazed at the high quality. With the knowledge that she can supply it to firms duty-free, Lady Hart-Dyke feels she has a great future before her as the pioneer of silk-worm farming in England.

PICKING THE MULBERRY LEAVES IN ONE OF THE SMALLER PLANTATIONS

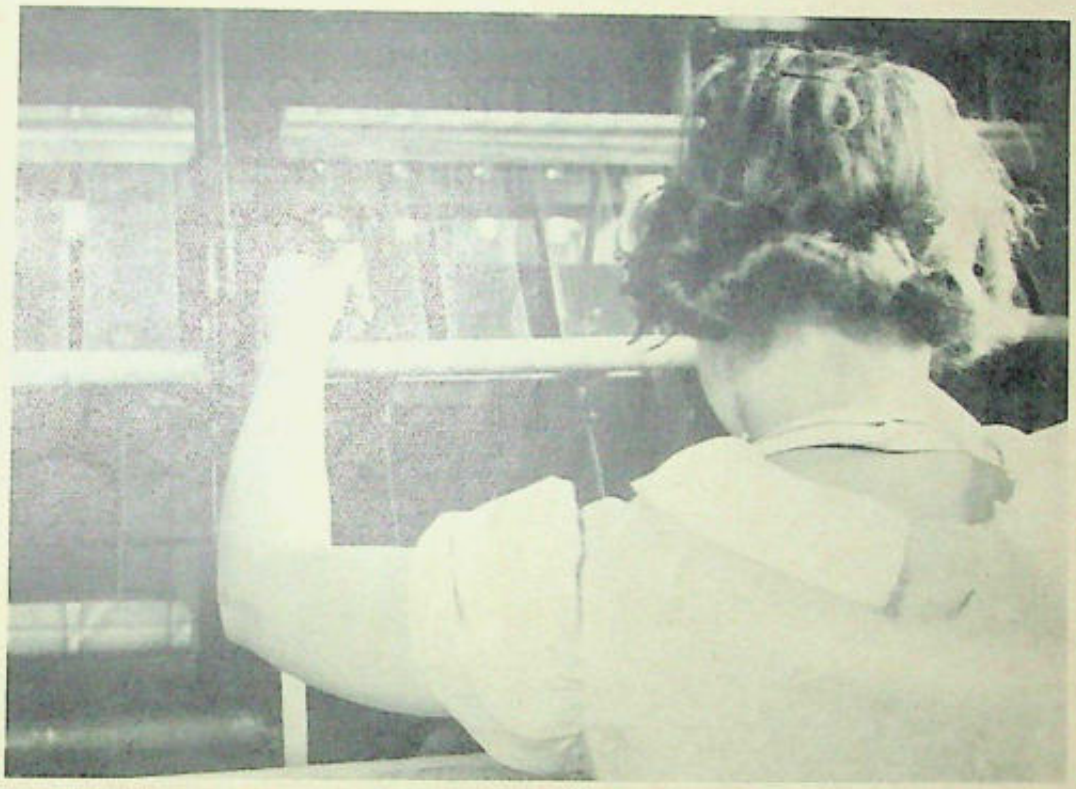


EXAMINING THE SEED. THIS IS THE SMALLEST INCUBATOR IN THE WORLD

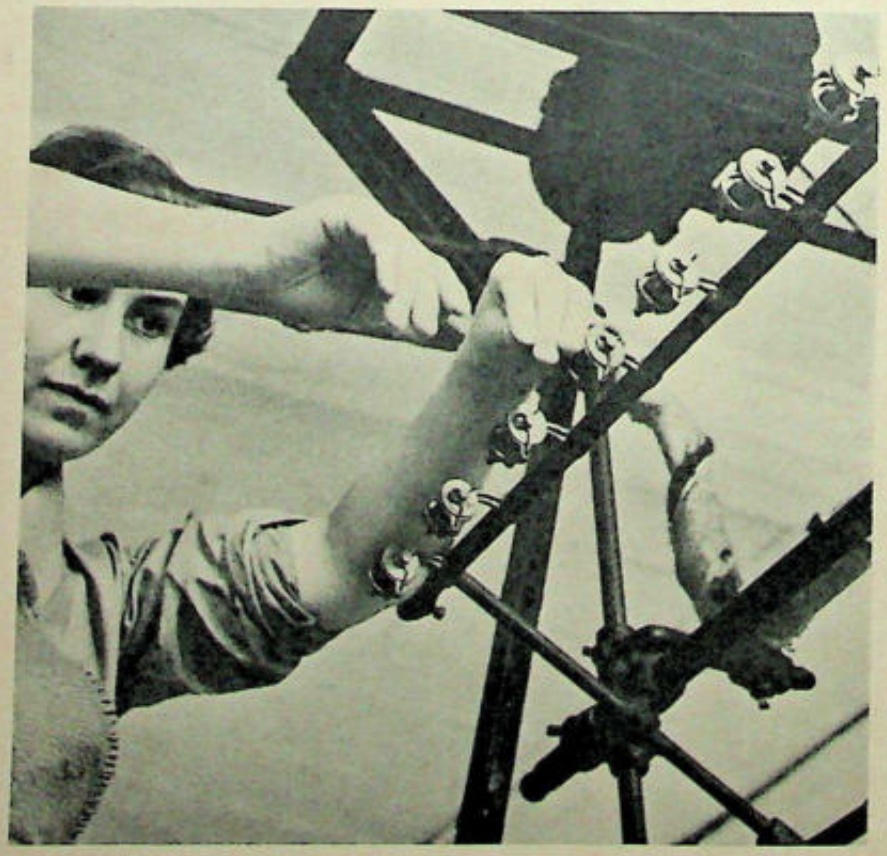


THESE STRAW ARCHES HAVE BEEN ESPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR THE BREEDING OF SILKWORMS

SILKWORMS FEEDING

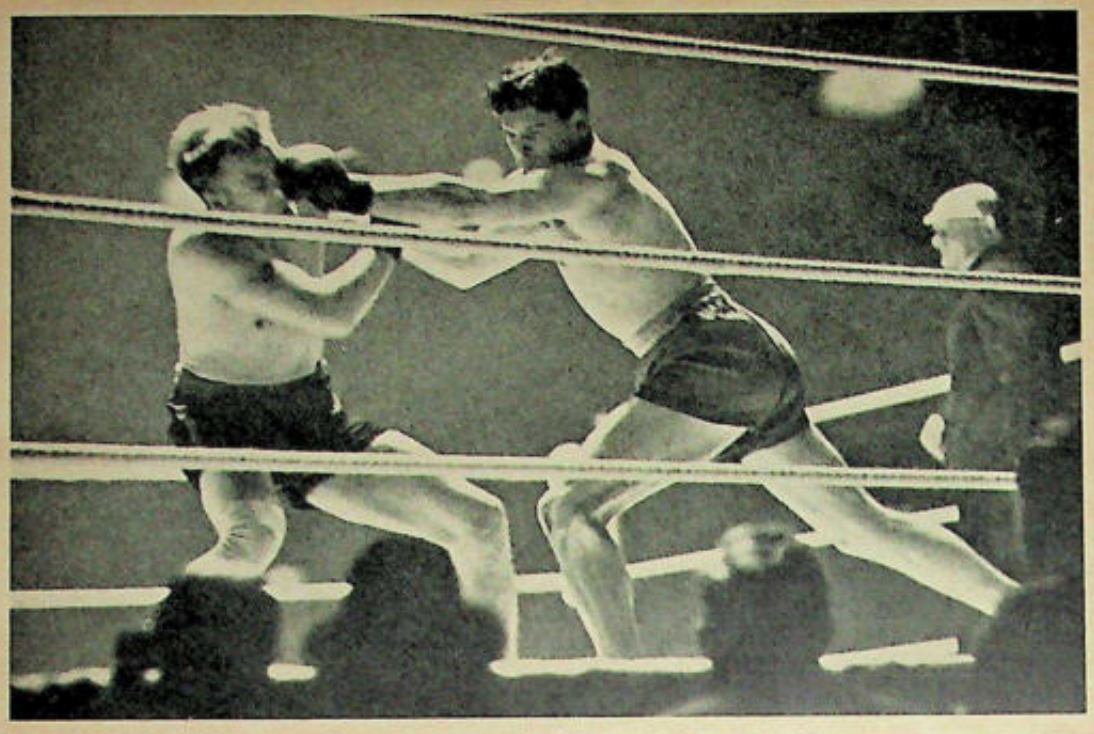


THE REELED SILK BEING EXAMINED FOR LOOSE ENDS



ADJUSTING THE SILK THREAD ON THE GLASS LINED REEL

EXAMINING THE SILK FOR FLAWS



FOORD'S STRAIGHT LEFT GETS HOME WITH POWER

BETTER BRITISH BOXING

A Heavy-weight Champion of Real Promise

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

As all the world knows, Ben Foord, the British champion, lost the decision to Walter Neusel, of Germany, in their bout at the new Harringay arena. Description of the fight would obviously be superfluous. It was, however, the best heavy-weight contest seen in this country for more than 20 years. It thrilled the huge crowd throughout every minute of the fifteen rounds.

The decision must have gone to Neusel by the narrowest of margins. And it did not meet with the approval of the crowd. There was, I think, some justification for their disapproval. A draw would have been thoroughly fair to each man. Foord had certainly earned the majority of points. Neusel was certainly the aggressor for the majority of rounds. Are points still given for boxing? In the absence of any official ruling on the point, which is of some importance, one presumes that they are. It is decisions such as that in which Farr was judged to have beaten Loughran on points, which shake our faith. Obviously aggression nowadays counts for as much as skill. We must adjust our ideas.

I think Foord was unlucky. Perhaps Neusel would have been unlucky had he lost. As it is he must be accounted fortunate. But there was, indeed, very little in it.

The fight itself followed ordered lines. For the first five rounds Foord kept his opponent at the end of a long and straight left. There was sufficient power in these punches to jerk Neusel's head back, but not sufficient to stop him. Following the left there came at times a right, sometimes to the head, but more frequently in the form of a right uppercut to the body just below the heart. This right-hand punch to the body stopped the German every time—dead in his tracks. Moreover, these punches hurt. Neusel's mouth would drop open and his eyes shut. But his pause was only momentary. He would go on again almost at once. In the seventh round, when Foord was leading comfortably, both men fell out of the ring twice. I think Foord was the more hurt of the two. At anyrate, from that point Foord's lefts failed to stop Neusel, his judgment of distance was sadly at fault at times, and though his right hand still hurt it came over with considerably less frequency. Neusel, however, still went on.

This was the second phase of the fight. With the exception of the fourteenth round, which Foord won easily, each round was the same. Neusel boring in, Foord retreating and every now and again lashing out with left or right. The majority of these rounds were Neusel's, but the margin was never large, as was the margin in Foord's favour during the first phase.

Neusel has no boxing skill. He is immensely, incredibly strong. He has developed a rate of short arm punching at close quarters which has never been equalled. He has, with his strength, an inhuman capacity for absorbing punishment. And he uses his weight. He wears his man down by sheer weight and strength and immobility. He has my whole-hearted admiration, for he is truly a man of iron courage. He took punches in this fight that would have put any normal man on his back for minutes, not seconds.

But Foord should have won, and could have won. Inexperience cost him the decision. But he might, had he only followed his excellent left at the beginning with his very damaging right, have finished the fight inside ten rounds. All the same, he put up a remarkable fight, and showed us that we have a heavy-weight who may one day rank with the world's best.

Such a statement may seem optimistic. There is, indeed, already a tendency to slur over his achievement, to classify him as "just another British heavy-weight." I do not know, but I do not think so. And Max Schmeling, who certainly knows a great deal about modern heavy-weights, formed a very high opinion of his capabilities, and was optimistic of his future. No one can accuse Foord of lack of courage. We can criticise his footwork and his fighting brain. But he is young, and he can learn. He has every physical attribute and fighting spirit. He deserves encouragement, at least until he has proved himself a failure, which he has yet to do.

Before the fight there was a parade of former British champions. The temptation to comparison, invidious though comparison be, is almost irresistible. But how does Foord rank? There was Iron Hague and Gunner Moir, who were good average heavy-weights. There was Reggie Meen, who was a lucky and short-lived champion without any pretensions to championship class. There was Frank Goddard, who, had he had a different mentality, might have beaten the world. There was Phil Scott, of whom the same might be said with rather less confidence. None of these men ever held the promise of Foord, perhaps none had his capabilities. Billy Wells was a champion without a fighting heart, but definitely a champion. And so was Joe Beckett. Beckett had no graces, was incapable of acknowledging popular opinion, and so suffered from lack of support. But he was a champion. More recently there was Petersen. Petersen is not a heavy-weight. He was a good champion so long as he did not fight good heavy-weights. That was bad management. At his proper weight—which was the light-heavy—he might (I think would) have beaten the world. As a heavy-weight I would rank him after Beckett. Foord I would put with Beckett at his best, and Foord has many years to go.

Perhaps he has not got fighting brains. That remains to be seen. But we must not discard him (there is a distinct tendency on the part of our less informed boxing critics to do so) because he has lost a fight by the narrowest of margins. Champions are not made in a day. Dempsey suffered defeat on the road to his, as did Tunney and Carpentier. Schmeling, be it remembered, was knocked out in one round by Gipsy Daniels. But Schmeling became champion, and even after losing to Sharkey, Baer and Hamas, came back. In a return he beat Hamas. In a return Foord would beat Neusel. Germany did not lose faith in Schmeling. Must we lose faith in Foord immediately?

BATTING AND BOWLING IN AUSTRALIA

Factors Which Worry the Newcomer

By J. N. CRAWFORD (England and Surrey)

The recent batting failures of several members of the M.C.C. team in Australia need not cause us any great alarm, as I feel sure that they are only temporary. Let me try and give reasons for these failures. Firstly, the pace of the wicket is much faster than the English wicket. The ball is on you before you have got yourself in position, and this causes a hurried stroke, and everyone knows that a hurried stroke is fatal. Now to counteract this, a batsman has to move much quicker on his feet, but this is no easy matter, as in Australia, where the wickets are like iron and have a peculiar shiny appearance, unless properly shod, one is always liable to slip back with the back foot, and this naturally throws the balance all the wrong way. I, therefore, suggest that thin screws with their heads cut off would be much more serviceable than the sparrow-bill spike which is used over here. I personally found that they would bite into the turf better, and did not wear down or drop out so easily, thus giving one a feeling of security.

Secondly, the light and surroundings are vastly different; bright sunshine which causes a peculiar glare is one factor, and huge stands and big crowds are other factors which have to be overcome. This is what one calls "getting acclimatised," and in some cases it takes longer than others.

Thirdly, there is the bowling. Now Australian bowling is quite different to English bowling. Over there they can all spin the ball, and it is this spin which is at present playing havoc with some of our players. Bowlers such as O'Reilly, Grimmett, etc., use their heads to get wickets, as all slow and medium-paced bowlers should do, and you can bet your life that they are the first to pick out the weak spots and, by great command of length, play on these weaknesses until the batsmen feel desperate.

Feeling desperate, coupled with lack of confidence, is an awful sensation, as I well remember on one particular occasion when Warwick Armstrong was bowling and keeping that wonderful length always on the wicket. My legs felt like lead, and I did not feel as if I could move to the pitch of the ball. I pottered about for over an hour and made about ten.

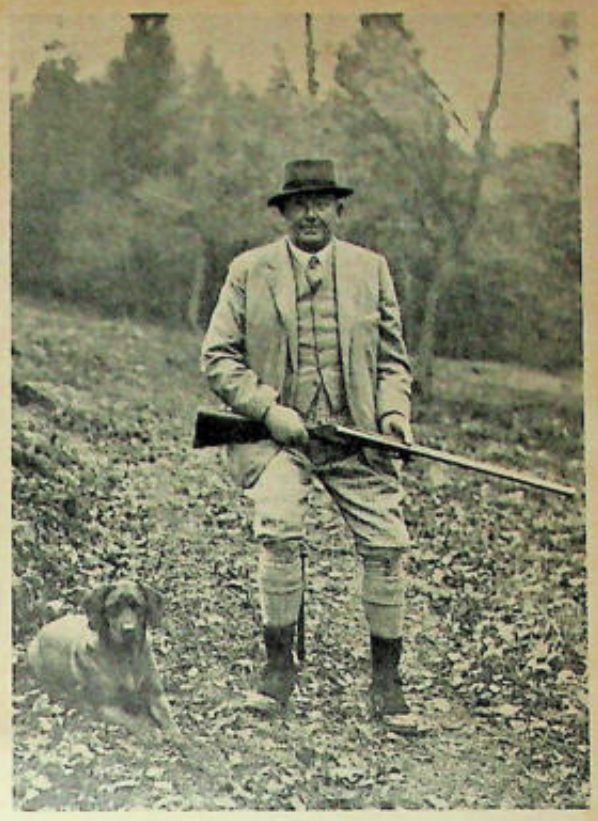
Clem Hill said to me: "Why don't you use your feet, Jack?" and I replied, "I just cannot," so he said, "All right, try and stay there, and I will collar all the bowling I can, and you will be better later." I feel sure this is what is taking place with some of our batsmen.

It is at such moments that a captain and the other members of the team can help by taking every means to talk to these men and help to cure what is nothing more than a temperamental lapse.

I remember Clem Hill being right out of luck once when we were playing together, and he said to me: "Jack, old chap, when I do strike my real form which will be soon—some blighters are going to get 'hell'!" And as a rule they did. This is the spirit which I should like to feel was being driven home to all cricketers who are nervous.

I noticed recently in one of Mr. C. B. Fry's articles that he thought our own bowlers bowled too much at the wicket; well, I am sorry to have to disagree with him, but I most certainly do. My experience on Australian wickets is very considerable as a bowler, and I must say that I was very successful on them. I always found by bowling at the wicket you were making the batsman play at the ball all the time, and it became tiring for him in the end. I found out also that it led to him making a mistake sooner, than by bowling outside the off stump and so giving him a chance to relax his vigilance. This, I may say, was my principle out there; hence I am the only English amateur to be able to claim 30 wickets in a series of Test Matches in Australia, the majority of which were bowled.

Bowling on Australian wickets is very different from bowling on English wickets. Firstly, one has to shorten one's length by about 6in. as otherwise what would be a good length ball on our English wicket would be driven for a four in Australia. Secondly, owing to the rarified atmosphere one has to learn to flight the ball, and flighting can only be done by spinning the ball. This spinning also makes the ball vary the pace off the pitch, but spin is not much use without the ability to command length.



"THE FIRST TIME THROUGH" IN SOUTH OXFORDSHIRE

On the left Sir Frederick Minter is seen swinging to a high flanker, while on the right is the host at Bix, near Nettlebed, Mr. F. M. Bond

PARTRIDGES AMONG THE RUINS

A Day on the Kentish Coastline

THERE are many paradoxes in the sporting world, but one which usually passes unnoticed is the position of the farmer in relation to fox-hunting and shooting. Out hunting the farmer is everybody's friend; the landowner treats him as an equal; those who one day hope to own land treat him with awe; and the majority, to whom all land comes alike provided they can ride over it, either fear or fawn on him. Shooting, his position is different. There are farmers who shoot, there are landowners who ask farmers to shoot, but taking the country as a whole, at a normal shooting party you will not see farmers, nor are they a background to the shooting world. Two reasons for this are obvious. Foxhunting depends for its existence on the goodwill of the farmers; shooting, which can be carried on in a smaller area, does not. If all the farmers who own their own land suddenly took a dislike to shooting and refused to let their shooting rights or to keep game, they would spoil a great many shoots (and the spirit of all), but they would not kill shooting. There are still enough large landowners for the sport as a whole to be independent of them.

One thing at least is certain—farmers are the nicest of all people to shoot with. Mr. A. G. Street has written about the "rightness" of farmers shooting, particularly over their own land; it is easier to feel what he means than to analyse it. Partly, perhaps, it is that to farmers (and a good many landowners must be included there) shooting is so obviously play rather than an accomplishment. Whether shooting on his own land or his neighbour's, a farmer has probably done four or five hours' work before the day's sport begins, and intends to do a good many more when it is over. If he shoots badly it will spoil neither his nor his companions' fun, and if he shoots well he will not think much more of himself; he is taking a few hours off in his natural surroundings and enjoying every moment of them.

One of the least likely pieces of partridge land in the south of England lies among a plantation of factories along the Thames estuary in Kent. It belongs to two farmers, the Government—who run it through a bailiff, and a journalist, who pays a small rent to share the shooting. It looks unlikely because it consists of grass fields eaten very short and covered with derelict railway lines and ruins of army huts and hangars, marshes which are either cut and boggy or overgrown to a height of of 6ft. or more and still boggy, and more though longer grass fields which used to be an areodrome in summer. There are no roots and little else which would constitute normal cover.

As the journalist had not got to bed till 6 a.m. and the farmer was clearing some late hay, the day—it was a Saturday at the beginning of last month—began at 12.30 p.m. Lunch consisted of an apple and a pork pie, which had to be eaten at once or put in a pocket with cartridges; and the team of guns of the journalist—a man of 6ft. 4in. and huge bulk; a farmer, small and saturnine; the bailiff; a well-known Point-to-Point rider, son of a farmer in Yorkshire; and a boy who carried his guns with an innocence that matched his face but was not otherwise reassuring. There were no beaters, but the journalist had a spaniel. We reckoned to shoot till dark.

The day began among the short grass and the hangars. The only other landmarks, besides the railways and ruins, were high dykes, and between these we walked in line. The fields looked as bare as the deck of a ship, and gave prospects of much exercise and minimum sport. The farmer on my right was an optimist, however, and kept running up the side of the bank as we went and peering over the top. There was nothing on the other side except the same type of grass and it seemed a waste of energy. Nevertheless, we had not gone 300yds. before he called out to the journalist on the other flank that there were three coveys in the next field and that they were running like the devil. I went to look and saw nothing even when they were pointed out to me. They decided to cross at once. There was a large group of ruins in front, and the plan was to walk birds into them and then do a stalk.

The birds behaved perfectly, and in about five minutes we reached the ruins and called a halt. I was given the centre group, a concrete hangar and what might have been orderly rooms, and the others took the more isolated buildings on the flanks. We were to comb them and rejoin on the other side. There is nothing particularly odd about shooting in ruins—one of the best partridge drives in this country is over a disused dock belonging to the Admiralty—yet it felt incongruous. I was reminded of a vivid description a man once gave me of attacking a village in the War, and when I peered round the first doorway it was with as much apprehension as if I had been looking for burglars. The result was that when a covey of four rose from the gap where the chimney had been, I jumped with fright and had not even put up my gun by the time they had gone through the roof. I drew the next three rooms blank, and advanced into the hangar. Here the ground looked promising—long grass, reasonably clear of thistles, and enough room to shoot unless the birds broke over one's head. I combed it well, walking from side to side and making clucking noises. When about half-way down a shot sounded a long way off, and with a thud a bird fell within a yard of me. Except that the walls had deadened the sound, there was nothing surprising about a bird falling in the ruins, but it was unexpected, and I had an odd impression that it came from in front of me. A glance through the door at the far end showed some ruins ahead, and remembering that the boy had been next me, I decided to emerge cautiously. The hangar was blank. When I got to the door I peered through. No one was in sight. Relieved, and wondering if I had got left behind, I walked out and headed for the next batch of ruins. My appearance had an electric effect. As I reached the middle of the clearing a shot, two partridges and a curse broke out simultaneously on my right, two more shots—a quick right and left—followed from behind a wall not 10yds. in front of me, and a covey, variously saluted, spattered the remaining buildings on the left. No doubt I should have waited. If I had I should have got an easy shot. But surrounded by comparatively unknown and unseen marksmen I suddenly felt exposed, and ran back for shelter. Five minutes later I was found still busily combing the hangar.

After that tactics were a little simpler. The remainder of the ground was in the shape of a long strip, the grass on the right, the marshes over a dyke on the left. In between the fields were dry ditches full of reeds. The plan was to walk the fields into the ditches, and the ditches, obliquely, into the marsh. The walking turned out to be a formality. As soon as we lined out the spaniel, which though small was untiring, left the journalist, and casting on the sheepdog principle cleared each field of all partridge before we had walked a third of it. He was assisted by his master, who, though he made no pretence of being able to control his dog, refused on principle to give up the attempt, and shouted from the time we left one bed of reeds until we reached the next. The general effect was a race between the dog, the partridges and ourselves. If the partridges settled in the first bed of reeds the dog was almost certain to have finished drawing it by the time we arrived. But if they carried on to the second, then we could usually leave him in the first and reach the next one more or less simultaneously. In this way, covering about three miles, we killed two-and-a-half brace.

Then we tackled the marshes. Here, as the journalist said, the dog came into his own. The going was of the kind where your feet go in a foot to 18in. quickly, and then, just when you think of all the stories you have read about people being bogged on Dartmoor, hold you up by compression of mud. The cut patches produced three snipe. The uncut the most interesting shooting of the day. The reeds average 6ft., and with the "going," put all our heads out of sight. The partridges did not move unless we trod on them, but as none of the marshes were large the best plan was to move in small circles and leave the work to the dog. Any bird which could be seen was over the heads of the

guns, so shooting was general and exciting. In all we killed thirteen brace and pricked eleven.

As we walked home the bailiff admitted he was tired, but the farmer left us to go and have a look at some cattle. The journalist then hurried off. He was working overtime on a Sunday paper and his shift began at 8 p.m. He just had time to change and catch the train. PERDIX.

GROUSE IN SPRING AND AUTUMN

By MAJOR MAURICE PORTAL

REPORTS of diseased grouse found in the early autumn often give rise to the idea that there is a fresh outbreak of disease commencing. That is not so: the birds shot or found dead are those which had disease in the early months of the year, and are really birds which are recovering—as the Committee of Inquiry into the Grouse in Health and Disease (1904–10) so clearly and frequently stated in their report (Vol. I). Throughout the report they lay it down that there is *no* autumn outbreak. An excellent example is shown in a chart giving the numbers of dead cocks and hens received, month by month. All months in the autumn, that is no sign of a fresh outbreak but a sign that in the spring the infestation, though great, was less fatal than it might have been, and that these birds managed to survive. But since more hens die in April and May, if affected by strongylosis, than in any other month of the year, a less number of hens is often seen.

Since the climax of the disease is reached in April, and with the advent of new heather the risk of further infection is past, the birds which die in April probably die from infection in March and those dying in May from infection in April.

The winter infection of strongylosis being attributable to the smaller proportion of heather bearing good feed in the months of February to March, the birds on moors consequently concentrate on small areas where the heather yields most feed, and the birds require more in winter than at other seasons of the year. These congested areas become easily infected with strongylosis from droppings of even healthy birds, which always contain the strongyle in the caeca, and in some cases in vast numbers. The life history as laid down is rapid. The egg passes out, three days later the larva hatches and lives in the droppings, or moist earth; two days later it moults, and about four days later climbs up on to the tips of heather, if wet or damp from dew, where it gets picked up by the bird, and a day later is in the caeca, where it rapidly becomes sexually adult, pairs and lays eggs, which pass out—the whole cycle taking approximately fifteen days,

M. S. Wood

A WEEK OLD GROUSE CHICK

show figures below seven except April and May, when the number of 58–88 cocks is reached, and 28–40 hens.

Many people—including keepers—perhaps overlook the fact that in the early spring of April and May, *diseased* grouse have *well-feathered* legs and toes because, owing to disease, the bird has been unable to accomplish the normal moult and is really some four or five months late in moulting. In April to June both cocks and hens, if *healthy*, have *bare* legs and feet, but in the autumn bare legs are a sign of the disease—as first mentioned above. For October, healthy cocks and hens should have legs and feet thickly covered with white feathers, increasing in thickness.

If the above facts are borne in mind they may be of assistance in diagnosing the cause of death with regard to the birds found in the springtime. The common dictum that bare legs and feet are always a sign of disease is a fallacy and only true in October onwards, when the birds should have the fully-feathered legs, etc., if in perfect health.

In a spring outbreak the mortality to cocks has been found to be eight to one hen in the months of April and May (due to the male being in a lower condition after a period of sexual excitement and maintaining his selected area on the moor when its power of resistance is lowest), while that of the hen bird is at its highest. But after May the male recovers quickly with good and plentiful young heather shoots for feed, and thus few sickly cocks are noted in August, while the hens, taking longer, are not so well recovered and are more in evidence. But however many such there may be then or later and as young heather tips are most sought after the spread is rapid. On dry moors the droppings get quickly dried by wind and sun and the eggs then perish, but not during winter, as cold weather is stated to merely suspend the growth and frost has no ill effect on them.

As no grouse dies of disease *without* loss of weight, it would be a guide if birds found dead were weighed. During the investigations carried out, one infected bird fell from 17oz. to 11¾oz. within eight weeks. In a dead, diseased bird the numbers of strongylosis threadworms varied from 2,506 to 18,332.

The average seasonal variation of weight of healthy cock grouse were found to be (in ozs.): January, 23½; February, 24½; March, 21½; April, 23½; May, 23; June, 23½; July, 23½; August, 24¼; September, 21½; October, 22½; November, 23½; December, 24¼.

Of hens, for same months: 21½, 22, 21¾, 23½, 23¼, 19¾, 19¼, 21, 21, 20¼, 19½ and 21¼, the number of birds weighed being 1,039 cocks and 778 hens. It will be noted that the cock weighs least in the months of March and September, and most in February and August, while the hen weighs least in June, July, November and most in April and May.

Severe snowstorms, causing a wholesale movement in search of food, only bring about more congestion and, when this takes place at a time when birds in perhaps widely-apart areas are "convalescent," it can only increase the risks of a wider spread of disease. It is an unfortunate paradox that the good moor with excellent heather and a stock left requisite for its needs, may well get infected from hordes of surplus hungry birds in search of food from far away. It is feared that the heather on many moors leaves much to be desired in colour and ripened seed, and the seed forms a very considerable proportion of the birds' daily food in November to the end of January.

"URSUS BARDO KIDOGA"

The Facts About the Nandi Bear

THE Nandi Bear is to East Africa what the Loch Ness Monster is to Scotland, except, perhaps, that it has less effect on the tourist traffic. Great interest has recently been aroused by the discovery of a new animal in the Lond, whose skin is now being displayed in the Corydon Museum, and which the *East African Standard* has referred to, rather nicely, as the "Missing Lynx." This may or may not be the Nandi Bear, in the same way that the Loch Ness Monster may or may not have been a great grey seal. But it seems unlikely to lay the ghost of "Ursus Bardo Kidoga" or the wait-a-bit bear. [Bardo Kidoga is the Swahili equivalent of the Spanish Manana.]

On receipt of the rather startling intelligence that the bear had been discovered the *Field* cabled to Captain Ritchie, the game warden of Kenya, and he confirms the fact that what is probably a new species of the lynx class of cats has been discovered. Together with Dr. Van Someren, the curator of the Corydon Museum, he has compared it with two other species of lynx skin. They find that this specimen, which was killed by Mr. E. Jesser-Coope in the Mau forest area, is much bigger, measuring when skinned about 4ft. 3in. from nose tip to tail tip, or about 9in. more than the ordinary lynx, and standing 21in. high, an increase of about 6in. There are very distinct differences in the head, the lynx characteristic of tufted ears being missing, together with a longer and narrower skull.

Dr. Van Someren, in an interview with the *East African Standard*, has further stated that the beast belongs to the tiger-cat species, *Felis* (*profelis*) *aurata*. This species is plentiful from West Africa as far eastward as the Ituri forests, and it was discovered in the Kivu district as late as 1931. Its nearest relatives are *F. temminecki* of Asia, and *F. pardalis* of South America!

The Kivu race is determined as *cottoni*, and this agrees in many respects with the Kenya specimen. What is of particular interest is the fact that the species has not been recorded hitherto from Eastern Africa, and we may well ask the question: Is it the same as the Kivu beast?

Pocock (P.Z.S., June, 1907) states: "As a working hypothesis, it may be held that this group to which *F. aurata* belongs originated in the Europaeo-Asiatic continent and migrated thence in a south-easterly direction as far as Burma; from the oriental region it passed into tropical West Africa."

The American Congo Expedition reports (Bul. Am. Mus. Nat. Hist., 1923) the taking of seven specimens, in two phases of colour, rufous and grey. A live specimen in the Zoological Gardens, London, from Sierra Leone turned from rufous to grey, in four months.

F. aurata is described as "red or grey in colour with the pattern (spotted or striped) evanescent on the head, neck and dorsal area of the body, but generally retained on the sides as small, numerous close-set spots; tail not, or only indistinctly banded."

It is interesting to note that *F. aurata* is described as "red or grey in colour with the pattern (spotted or striped) evanescent on the head, neck and dorsal area of the body, but generally retained on the sides as small numerous close-set spots; tail not or only indistinctly banded." The Kenya specimen is "rufous with a darker line on the mid-dorsum; slight indication of banding on tail; slight spotting on sides; and large black spots on flanks and ventral surface."

This seems to settle the scientific fate of "ursus bardo kidoga." But what is interesting is that the Wanderobo name for it is "Kerit" or "Gerit," which is what they also call the Nandi Bear. When the Londiani forest officer, Mr. Graham, produced the skin at a recent Wanderobo bazara out of 150 natives present only two of the oldest claim to recognise it. They said it was a Kerit, and that it grows "as big as a leopard but shorter in the body." They say it has a long-drawn cry "like a man howling," and in the past it has been known to kill travellers by night who have no dogs to give warning of its presence.

So there is still a hope for the Nandi Bear in the Edgar Wallace sense. It would be bad luck on it if it fizzled out after such a good innings.

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.

METHODS OF FIELD TRIALS

SIR,—I was much interested in Colonel Cecil Elwes's letter in the *Field* of November 7th. Colonel Elwes has been a doggy man all his life; an excellent amateur huntsman in a most difficult country, where all day and every day he has had to consider direction of wind in relation to scenting conditions, and has also shot, and had gun dogs, all his life, and therefore his remarks are from a practical man and are worth considering from every point of view. I am personally more interested in spaniel trials, and have never seen two more patient judges than we had at the last Eastern Counties' Spaniel Trials. Everyone must agree with Colonel Elwes's first two paragraphs and no one can blame judges for eliminating dogs quickly when they see that they are short of game or short of daylight. If the dual judging system came in this would not be likely to occur, as less game would be wanted and the judging would take less time. I, of course, mean two judges walking together in the middle of the line and agreeing at the time on a dog's performances. Can anyone imagine the havoc at a horse or hound or cattle show, if one judge took a class in the morning and another one in the afternoon! Would they (in the evening) ever arrive at a fair decision or a decision at all, and yet why, oh why, is this extremely stupid method generally used at field trials?

I believe I am right in saying that Mr. Reginald Corbet is the only person who has had the force of character to try another system, and everyone told me it was a great success. I saw a spaniel lately, I won't say whether it was a springer or a cocker, as I do not wish to offend anyone and no offence is meant. The said spaniel did wonderfully under the morning judge, wiping another spaniel's eye, etc., and if the two judges had been together, no doubt he would have won the stake; when, under the other judge, some hours later, he failed to find a pheasant, even though we, as spectators, saw him pass it so near that his nose actually passed through the pheasant's tail, and finally gave it up and sat down alongside the pheasant; scent must have been nil. The dog got second in the stake. Surely this was a most difficult decision for the judges to make. One judge says this dog did marvellously under him, and the other judge says he has no nose at all and could not wind a pheasant he absolutely trod on. This could not happen had the judges been together. I am not cavilling at the award, and I think with regard to the dog's work all through he was quite entitled to his position in the awards; it was his only lapse.

I quite agree with Colonel Elwes, that a system of marks when judging would be by far the fairest, whether the judges worked side by side or separately; their books could be handed to the referee who would add up the marks and announce the result. Even the judges would not know which was the winner till the marks were announced; then if there were one or two equal, it could be easily decided by sending the dogs out for an obedience test—such as dropping to whistle and staying down till told to move, or some similar test. I detest an equal award, there is no such thing as a dead-heat amongst dogs. One must be a shade better than another if tested out.

Coming to Colonel Elwes's system of marks and marks deduction, I make no criticism at all, it is eminently sound, but under his "No. 3, conduct as a gun dog," he puts (*a*) control; (*b*) fidgeting. I should like to add (*c*) whining. The latter, I consider, a terribly bad fault and very hereditary. It is particularly bad when shooting over pointers in Scotland, going up to a "point" with your retriever or spaniel at heel, if he starts whining it is liable to unsteady a pointer; young ones are inclined to have their attention taken off and turn to look at the gun and his whining dog. I think all whining retrievers and spaniels at trials should be put out at once. Why waste time, when anyhow the dog has to be eliminated at the end?

Now, as to Colonel Elwes's point about a third dog being sent out. I have written about this continually in other journals. I agree it is pure luck if the third dog finds where others have failed. If he comes in at an angle and strikes the line beyond where the other two dogs have been, then it is possible but not probable. In my humble opinion judges leave the first dog down much too long. We foxhunters know a great deal more about scent than the gun man who has never hunted. I have been criticised for saying this before, but I still stick to my guns. On a bad scenting day if a fox has gone ten minutes it is about all over; on a good scenting day in a grass country, I have seen hounds run fairly well after a fox has gone 20 minutes, but that is rare. Also if a sheepdog has run for fox, that ends matters, as he has cut that wonderful ribbon of scent. Well, then, imagine a dog sent out to retrieve, working backwards and forwards, cutting a much more delicate ribbon of scent than a fox leaves. Personally I would *never* put a third dog down. I would give my first dog five minutes by the watch and then the second dog fine minutes also. If neither found the the bird and it could not be found by a beater, I would not penalise.

I am glad to see that Mrs. Charleswort hand Mr. Wentworth-Smith are both also advocating a change in the methods of field trials. Why does not someone step out and take up a new line? I am asked to judge at some trials shortly. I am certainly not going to do so unless my co-judge will agree that we shall walk together and decide on the number of retrieves and will finish with the dog, unless there are several dogs much of a muchness, when they would be wanted again. I also agree with every word Mr. Wentworth-Smith says in his letter of November 7th to the *Field*. Why cannot we get up a round table conference in London, between gun dog men and judges at field trials and thrash the subject out and come to some decision and uniformity in the matter? There has been so much written about it, but nothing accomplished.

Yours faithfully,
CHARLES MCNEILL.

SIR,—The recent correspondence in your columns about the conduct of retriever field trials has aroused much interest.

The people who make up the field trial world are roughly divided into two categories—the contents and the malcontents; and, of course, there may be others.

The former seem to be, generally speaking, those who are successful in competitions and therefore see no point in changing conditions that suit them admirably. The more cynical amongst them attribute the lamentations of the other faction to their lack of success at field trials and consequent desire to have rules so altered as to give their inferior dogs a better chance.

Be that as it may—I doubt if much will result from oceans of ink and countless words. Practical demonstrations are of far greater value than arguments without end.

My suggestion is this—that the malcontents form a committee and agree on a set of rules for judging trials. If they will do this, then I am prepared to give them every facility for holding a trial next October at Birdsall.

Personally I shall be deeply interested to see their theories put into practice, and I trust that members of the Field Trial Council will come to witness the event.

Let the committee appoint their own judges, not forgetting the extra one to keep an eye on the dogs out of the line, if Mr. Wentworth-Smith's suggestion is adopted—of having all dogs off their moorings during the trials. This gentleman, whose experiences under eccentric judges have been so unfortunate, has generously indicated that he will give £5 towards prizes in the "Experimental Stakes" (shall we call them?), and I hope that others will follow his excellent example.

Yours faithfully,
Birdsall House, MIDDLETON.
Malton, Yorks.

ELECTRIFICATION OF RAILWAYS

SIR,—May I say how much I appreciate the action you are taking in bringing this matter before your readers? It seems that only those who live near London, and in areas where the line has been electrified are able to realise the horror of this exposed "live rail." So far as sport is concerned it is so obviously detrimental that further explanation seems unnecessary, although I should like to point out that if the "fencing" of the railways, as carried out by the Sussex side of the Old Surrey and Burstow Hunt, is carried into effect in all areas, a great deal of the country would be ruined by being divided into small cages.

I am witness of the effects of the electrification of the lines through those areas that still remain rural in Surrey, and only wish I were more able to describe the plight of those, rich or poor, lovers of children and animals who have to live close to these lines. Surely those who are at present not affected, but who live near railway lines, can appreciate the additional anxiety for the safety of their children, dogs, cats, etc., which this exposed rail will cause when, as seems certain at present, it will come to them.

I trust no stone will be left unturned to arouse public opinion to the danger of this thing, which is doubly dangerous in its immobility and silence, and I cannot help thinking that those responsible for its happening must in view of the loss of life already attributable, realise that a safer, even though more expensive means must be found. Would not any one of the directors, having a machine on his own property that had caused the death of a human being, consider himself responsible for removing or protecting it adequately?

Yours faithfully,
Thornden, C. GUY CUBITT
Cowfold, (M.F.H. Crawley
Sussex. and Horsham).

BLACK-GAME IN NEW FOREST

SIR,—Recently, near Fernicroft, I saw a greyhen. The late Mr. Robert Pearce told me that blackgame had been extinct on the New Forest for over 30 years, and that the last he saw were near this place. I have known the Forest for eleven years and have never seen or heard of one before.

Yours faithfully,
Ipley Manor, H. BRANFORD.
Marchwood, Southampton.

AGRICULTURE AND DEFENCE

SIR,—I am writing to you in reference to the article in your last week's issue commenting on the paper read at the Farmers' Club by Lord Lymington entitled "The Place of Agriculture in Home Defence." Mr. Gunther, in his book *Inside Europe*, says: "Bolshevism and Communism, with their antidotes of Fascism and Nazism, all arise through the absence of parental control." As we have escaped these afflictions in agriculture, we may assume that the control in this industry, at all events when it was inaugurated, was control by the parent; furthermore, we should be right in stating that, owing to the introduction of new factors, this control has now become more that of the grandparent than the parent, and the reading of this paper was an initial attempt on the part of the younger generation to alter the form of this control.

Here it is as well to point out that the younger generation of agriculturists have a great advantage over the older generation in that, now, there is a well recognised method of accountancy which enables one system of management to be gauged against another.

Some seven years ago, owing to the work done at some of the costing centres and elsewhere, it became apparent that by an alteration in the system of grassland management, a greatly increased output could be obtained, but it was not clear how this power of increased output should be used in the best interests of the nation as a whole and agriculture in particular.

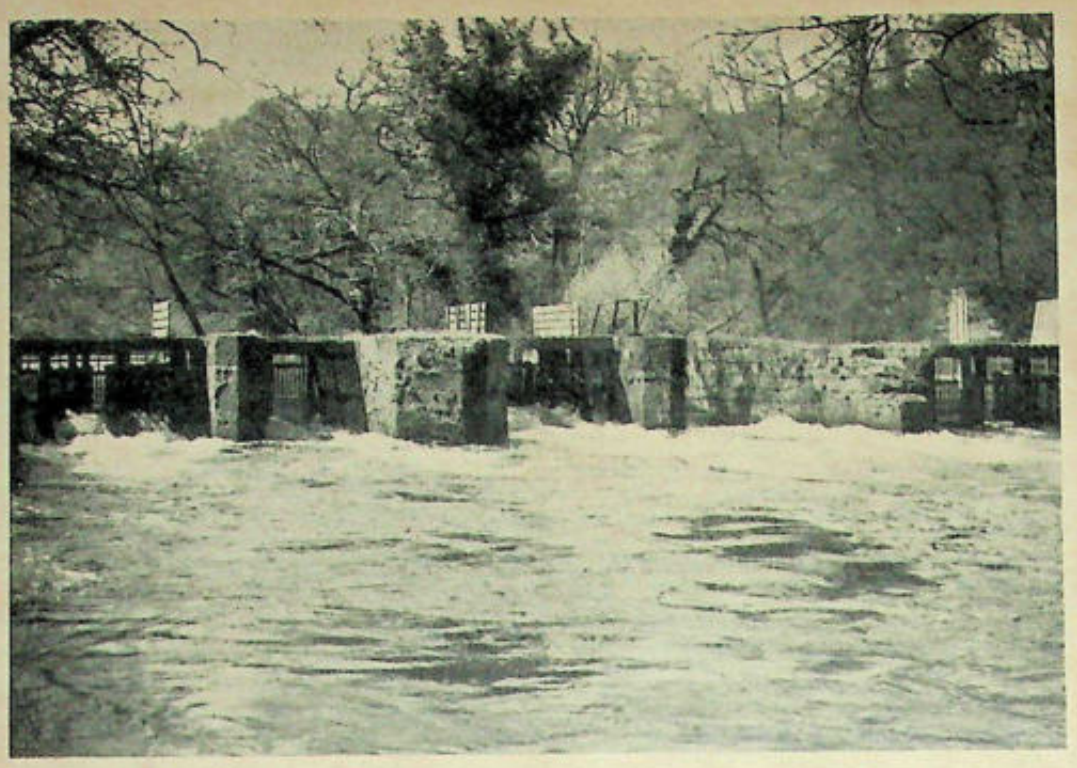
Since then, owing to the work that has been done in connection with human nutrition, it is now known what the potential consumption of various foodstuffs should be in the best interests for the health of the nation. The actual consumption falls far short of this amount. From what has been said in Parliament and elsewhere, it is becoming universally recognised that Government should do what it can to bridge this gap. Hence it gives the agriculturist something definite to aim for in rendering efficient service to the nation.

Now for one word about fertility.

Mr. Wyllie, the Costing Officer at Wye College, is reported to have said that it costs a farmer 17/- a load to get his farmyard manure distributed on his land. The report I saw did not specify whether the manure had been made by the aid of cows or bullocks. Obviously there must be a difference in the cost of the two kinds. But assuming the cost was 17/- a load, and a farmer had applied ten loads to the acre with a view to growing a crop of wheat, he might maintain his fertility, but he would not pay himself very much in the way of cash.

Or, in other words, in order to cash this form of fertility, it is necessary to grow some other form of crop, which has a higher unit value, at the same time the fertility of the corn-growing area can be economically maintained by folding sheep and poultry on temporary fields as explained by Mr. Abbot in a paper he read at the Oxford Conference last year.

Yours faithfully,
Duns Tew Manor, R. DASHWOOD.
Oxford.



SALMON TRAPS ON THE EDEN AT CORBY
(See Letter "Salmon Coops")

SALMON COOPS

SIR,—My picture shows the salmon traps, or "coops," as they are called, at Corby Castle in Cumberland.

Eight hundred years ago Ranulf Meehin, Earl of Chester, granted a charter to the monks of Wetheral Priory to build a "sluice and fishery in the land of Chorkeby."

To-day that same fishing is in use and has been used continuously ever since Henry I's reign; of course, the oak grills are replaced when they are worn out. It only occupies one-third of the river Eden, so as to give those further upstream a chance of taking their share of salmon, too. There have been other sets of coops built in this river, but the ones at Corby are the only ones in use in England now.

During the 800 years the keepers have found some odd creatures caught in them from time to time; one of the things which caused excitement in the earth was the capture of a large sturgeon.

The space between the stone piers is closed by a straight grill across the upstream end and by two grills placed V-shape with a narrow entrance at the apex across the downstream end. Thus only fish that are travelling upstream are caught. Each coop is rather similar in principle to a lobster pot, being just a cage with only one small entrance. The fish could, of course, swim back the way they went in, but they do not because they are on their way upstream and they will not turn back.

Yours faithfully,
12, Emperor's Gate, London, S.W.7. D. B. CURZON-PRICE.

EXPERIMENTS WITH SHEARWATERS

SIR,—There have recently been described some experiments with shearwaters, which were released at long distances from their nesting island in order to discover their powers of "homing." The results of the releases at sea were interesting; and these trials were harmless to the birds, as shearwaters are at home, and safe, in the open sea.

But two birds were released inland, in the centre of England. Shearwaters have, at the best of times, great difficulty in rising from land, even from a smooth slope. It is not pleasant to think of the almost certain end of these unfortunates, accustomed to the open ocean; flying low "through the trees and under telegraph wires" until, bemused and tired, they alight, never to rise again. We well know the fate of most ocean birds when driven inland; it is neither a quick nor an easy death. Deliberately to expose these creatures to such a probable end is, to put it mildly, hardly the action of a bird lover.

These overland experiments seem to me, and to many, ornithologists and others, who have talked or written to me since the article was published, to be entirely unjustifiable. We would like to know, even should these two find their way back to Skokholm, what gain there can be to science.

Yours faithfully,
Compton Park Villas Road, Plymouth. M. TAYLOR.

MORE ABOUT THE SLOTH

SIR,—Some further explanation of the dissimilarity in the coats of wild and captive sloths, mentioned in my article in your Christmas number, seems to be needed. Each hair is finely grooved and these grooves are said to provide lodgment for so many microscopic green organisms as to tint the whole fur. For a lethargic animal with no serious means of self defence, it must be an effective means of camouflaging itself among the leaves.

Needless to say, a wealth of quaint beliefs gathered round so strange an animal in the days when South American forests were even less explored than they are now. It was supposed that when a sloth had eaten a tree bare of its leaves, it began its search for another by dropping to the ground headlong with a thud and a pitiful grunt, and then proceeded on the level at an m.p.h. measured by inches for a day or more. Oliver Goldsmith, writing in the days before evolution was thought of, speculated philosophically as to "how far these may be considered the unfinished production of Nature."

Yours faithfully,
London, N.W. BURGESS BARNETT (Curator of Reptiles in the Zoological Gardens).

WAR HORSES ON THE CONTINENT

SIR,—Two investigators of Our Dumb Friends' League, one of whom was a remount officer serving in France and Flanders during the War, have just returned from a three weeks' tour of France and Flanders, where they have purchased eight, and traced to date 200 more ex-British Army War horses and mules, dragging out a miserable existence on farms and streets in Belgium.

One horse, over 30 years old, overworked and ill-treated, was being sold in the market for further work; another was a blind mule, over 40, with legs quite worn out, weak from starvation, which ate for 30 hours.

The following horses were bought and humanely destroyed:

1. Red roan gelding, aged 30 or over, worn out and emaciated, lame near hind leg, suffering from debility and tooth trouble. He had been overworked and ill-treated, both hind legs were badly strained and he was very weak in the back. This horse had been sold for further work.

2. Big black mule, aged 30, debilitated and in very poor condition. He had obviously been ill-used and had several old scars, as well as two large old collar sores. When killed, crupper galls and collar galls were found on the carcase. He had been sold for further work, although quite unfit.

3. Incredibly old and very emaciated brown mule; he was at least 40 years old. This animal was weak from long starvation and ate ravenously. He was blind in both eyes, and had been so for a long time. His legs were quite worn out.

4. Bay mule, aged about 25 years. This animal was in a shockingly neglected state, infested with lice, and suffering from sarcoptic mange. Hindquarters were practically denuded of hair. He was lame from badly spavined hocks.

5. White gelding, very old and emaciated (age indeterminate, but well over 30). He was lame, completely worn out, diseased and in a dying condition; blind of both eyes, the offside eye suppurating; chronic sore withers with a wound 4in. by 5in. This horse was in great pain and when killed was found to have a large suppurating abscess offside from stifle to point of hip. This was probably an old war wound. He was suffering from ventral hernia, extensive cirrhosis of the liver and lung trouble. Complete absence of food in the body. This horse had fresh harness sores, showing he had been worked recently.

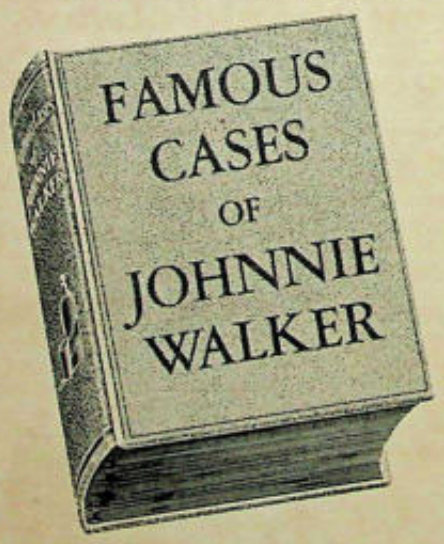
AN OLD CONTEMPTIBLE?
(See Letter "War Horses on the Continent")

But there must be others that have not yet been traced, and it is hoped that the public will subscribe to a special fund that is being raised exclusively for this work, to enable the League to rescue these animals.

Donations, large and small, will be gratefully received for this War Horses Fund by the secretary at the offices of the League.

Yours faithfully,
72, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1. E. KEITH ROBINSON (Secretary).

The Critics' Choice for Christmas



"My famous cases," said Johnnie Walker, "are the cheerfully decorated wooden cases which contain either two, three, six or twelve bottles of Johnnie Walker—and that needs no 'introduction' to those who appreciate good whisky. Johnnie Walker is an old favourite for Christmas presents and is now older and better than ever. *Ask for Johnnie Walker by name.*"

Johnnie Walker
solves present problems
In cases of
2, 3, 6 or 12 bottles.

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ANOTHER HARVEST IN SHROPSHIRE
(See Letter "The Harvesting of Peat")

THE HARVESTING OF PEAT

SIR,—Beyond the activity in the harvest fields there is another harvest, the gathering and stacking of peat sods on the peat moors. This interesting industry with its seasonal work of cutting, drying and stacking, can be seen in many places, but one of the less-known areas is Whixall Moss, Shropshire.

Whixall, a moss of many hundred of acres, is so well hidden from view that it is seldom visited by motorists and is only known as a name to most Shropshire folk.

The country about it is flat farm land, many lanes with high hedges pass round it, but only a few rough tracks lead the would-be explorer on to the great area of peat, bracken and heather. Here is a delightful region far from the noise of hurrying motor cars; it is delicious to lie in the ling, to breathe in the aromatic air, to listen to the hum of bumble bees or watch the little brown lizards, locally known as swifts, move furtively over the ground in search of flies. The pools of clear brown water that collect in the peat cuttings are fringed about with rich green masses of sphagnum moss.

AN ACCOMPLISHED FISHERMAN
(See Letter "The 'Bent Pin' of New Guinea")

A large area of the moss is worked by a company that cuts and processes the peat for horticultural use, but lesser areas are rented to local smallholders.

The deposit of peat is said to extend to a depth of 18ft., but most of the trenches are little more than 4ft. deep. At this depth water is reached and further cutting becomes impracticable.

The cutting is carried out in the winter and early summer, when the peat is sodden with water; the workers harvest the result of their wet-season labour, stacking the sods into neat piles to dry. As the sods dry out they are gathered into larger piles, some the size of hay stacks.

Apart from the peat, the surface soil of peat and sand finds a ready market, and the gathering of sphagnum moss for sale to horticulturists is another useful sideline of the smallholders.

Yours faithfully,
Rosculloe, E. H. DUCKWORTH.
Moorend Road, Cheltenham.

THE "BENT PIN" OF NEW GUINEA

SIR,—There is, no doubt, a certain amount of skill in every kind of fishing, but with his home-made spear and his uncanny eyesight the small boy of British New Guinea would be more than a match for his counterpart, the urchin of the Round Pond with his tiny net and his jam jar.

When one sees a small boy, like the one in the accompanying photograph, up to his knees in the water and urged on by his mates, thoughts fly irresistibly back to London. But whereas no one could possibly eat a "tiddler" these kiddies cook their catch and, as they are all too ready to explain, "'Im 'e number one kai-kai"—or in plain English, they are not too bad. Yours faithfully,
Kwato Island. JAMES BRAGG.

GALLOPING OVER CROPS

SIR,—Over 60 years ago the whole field of the Duke of Beaufort's Hunt galloped across a field of wheat just by what is known as Maude Heath's Monument. The field looked as if it had been ploughed up. The courteous old Blue Duke, as we affectionately called him, at once went to see the farmer, and they agreed that a valuation of the damage done should be made in July by a valuer, who they both would agree upon.

It was getting near the time when His Grace received a letter from the farmer: Do not trouble to come and value the field of wheat, it is the best crop in the country!

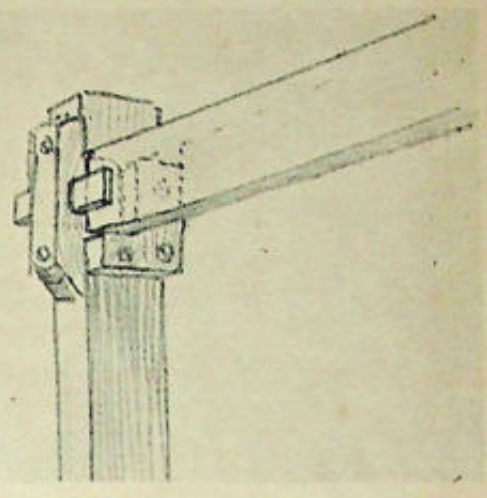
Now I am not writing this letter to encourage young "fellow my lads" to gallop recklessly over wheat or any other cereal, but to bring up the question whether, when the country is very wet and soggy, it does not injure grass and wheat less if you gallop than if you trot. When you trot your horse goes "plog, plog," leaving deep little water holes which the water cannot get out of, and it rots the grass or the young wheat. But when you gallop, hoof marks cut forward and back, and although a couple of hundred horses make the field look more muddy, I do not believe it lets the water stand and rot so badly as the horse trotting. My friend, a young M.F.H., laughed me to scorn when I propounded this terrible theory, but I should like to know the experience of some land owners, agents or farmers who have taken notice when the ground is very heavy.

Yours faithfully,
H. F. C.

MOVABLE TOP RAIL

SIR,—Possibly the following description of a method of making a movable top rail to a jump might be of interest. It was tried at the Bordon Hunter Trials recently with success. We wanted to put up rails which would fall down if hit hard but which would not break if rapped in the way that a hunter will often "rattle" rails out hunting.

The sketch explains most of the idea. The rail rests on an L-shaped block of wood about an inch thick. It could fall off if touched were it not for the fact that it is held in by a projecting lath which is pushed through a slot in a second block of wood screwed firmly to the landing side of the upright.



The laths used are the ones bought from any ironmongers in 6ft. lengths (for plastering, etc.) and are 1in. by ¾in. in section and cost 6d. each. They should be cut into 6in. lengths or thereabouts; one such length will do for three or four breakages, as only an inch or so need project each time. We found that one 6ft. lath did two lots of rails for a whole day; some 100 horses jumping the rails in question. Provided (which is essential) that the uprights are firmly in the ground the device works well, is fair to everyone, and doesn't penalise a good horse for just flicking his fence. The blocks must be made of hard wood well screwed on with long screws. Yours faithfully,
Lindford, Bordon, Hants. H. J. PARHAM.

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(Select Old Ruby or Tawny)
Per Doz. 72/-
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(Finest Old Ruby)
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SANDEMAN
PORT AND SHERRY

A STRANGE ADVENTURE

SIR,—Recently I was out shooting pigeons in this part of Scotland, and, accompanied by a friend, a keeper and dog, took up my stance in a deep ditch running along the side of a cornfield. When we had but four cartridges left between us, it was agreed that my friend should stand on the top of the bank and cast a stone into the midst of the cornfield—where we knew a great many greedy birds were enjoying their fill—and we would hope for the best.

Imagine my surprise when, the instant the stone fell, a large grey-brown "creature," which must have been lying not more than two yards from where I was standing, leaped straight into my face. It then fell into the ditch, and, according to our observer, there ensued the most glorious mix-up of keeper, dog (young and inexperienced), myself and "monster." I do not think that a single one of the three of us in the ditch could fully realise what manner of beast was disturbing us—it all happened at such close quarters.

The hare—as it proved to be—finally jumped upon my back (for the second time) and thence to the opposite bank to another cornfield, and so away, no doubt as amazed at his experience as we were, and with an equally good tale to recount to his friends of the field.

He was, incidentally, a brown hare with a strong "taint" of blue. Yours faithfully,

Invergordon, Ross-shire. WATER MARTIN.

HONEY BEES AND FRUIT

SIR, Mr. Henry N. Mortimer is mistaken in thinking that honey bees are destroying his fruit (Sept. 19th). It is well known that bees do not and cannot attack sound fruit, because they have not cutting mandibles like wasps and some other insects. Bees have been duly tried on this charge and handsomely acquitted, in 1899, by an American jury in the famous case Utter v. Utter, when a fruit-grower alleged that the bees of his brother, the bee-farmer, were destroying his fruit.

But bees will attack fruit that is splitting from over-ripeness, or which has been already injured by birds or wasps. Your readers may be assured, therefore, that fruit on which bees are working had lost its value before the bees began work.

There is another thought—without bees to fertilise the fruit trees in blossom there would be very little fruit. Yours faithfully,

Aberdeen. JOHN ANDERSON.

Ensure good health

Somewhere, among the indispensable possessions which accompany wise men and women through the world, you will find a certain flask of convenient size, of simple yet distinctive shape. Its contents have been known and approved by doctors for more than sixty years. Its purpose, faithfully fulfilled day by day, is to help to prevent constipation—to ensure good health. Its name—trusted and justly famous in every continent and climate—Eno's "Fruit Salt."

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ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE BIG WORLD
(See Letter "Hatching of Common Tern")

HATCHING OF COMMON TERN

SIR, The photograph, which depicts the hatching of the common tern, was taken in June at Blakeney Point, Norfolk, where these birds abound and are strictly preserved.

The eggs, three in number as a rule, are frequently laid quite openly in the fine sand, which is simply hollowed out to receive them, and no nest at all is built; sometimes a few reeds are arranged loosely around the eggs as in the illustration.

The majority of the eggs are dark brown speckled with black, whilst others are blue with black speckling: numerous variations in colour have been described.

Almost from birth the young birds are fed with whole small fish caught by the parents. They learn to fly in about three to four weeks and migrate to Africa, the Cape and the West Coast in the early autumn. Yours faithfully,

136, Harley Street, W. 1. NORMAN HILL.

SIR HENRY SEGRAVE

SIR,—For some time past I have been engaged in my spare moments upon a biography of my friend the late Sir Henry Segrave. Lady Segrave and other members of his family have placed at my disposal such material as they possess to augment my own knowledge of him, and the record, already consisting of 50,000 words, now approaches that period of his life at which he started to become known to an increasingly wide circle of friends and admirers.

It will thus be seen that an effort is being made to render this work a comprehensive study of a life at once glamorous, useful, and an example to others of his generation. I should be grateful if any of your readers in possession of letters, photographs, or authentic information, enabling me to increase the scope of the book, would forward such letters or material to me at 6, Oak Hill Park, Hampstead, N.W. 3. Copies of the contents would be made and the originals carefully returned without delay.

Yours faithfully,

Hampstead. COTTENHAM.

FIFTEEN PUPPIES IN ONE LITTER

SIR,—Susan, the Irish Setter bitch, owned by the manageress of the museum at Wookey Hole Caves, is known to thousands of cave visitors from all parts of the country. She is now fully occupied in attending to the needs of her week-old litter of fifteen puppies, twelve of which are dogs!

Susan of Geddings, as she is entitled to be known, is a three-year-old maiden bitch, sired by Jester of Myre, and her family is strong and healthy.

Is this a record for the breed?

Yours faithfully,

Wookey Hole Caves. FRED PICKETT.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1, plead for £16 10s. towards the cost of a new surgical appliance for a man living in East London. He has been a cripple since the age of two and is obliged to wear a surgical support from the waist downwards. In spite of this handicap he works as a shoe-repairer and goes daily to a local bootmaker. Latterly owing to bad health and age, his earnings have fallen to an average of 18/- or 19/- weekly. He lives with a married sister. The new support costs £28; towards the sum £6 10s. has been granted by a church fund. He will raise £5 from his savings and the Friends of the Poor are very anxious to give the balance, for they know he is well worthy of help.

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IN THE CITY

FIXED YIELDING SECURITIES

AN issue has recently been made of £2,000,000 Gas Light & Coke 3¾ per cent. Redeemable Preference Stock, 1970, which was offered for public subscription at par. It is to be noted that a purchase of this stock would be permitted to trustees governed by an investment clause allowing the purchase of stocks of public utility undertakings incorporated under "Special Act of Parliament or Royal Charter," and under present conditions this new stock would seem to constitute a relatively attractive holding if obtainable at only a small premium. By reason of its fixed date for repayment it may be considered a more desirable holding than most *undated* gilt-edged stocks, especially issues such as Gas Light & Coke 3 per cent. Consolidated Debenture Stock. It is true, of course, that this company's debenture stock ranks ahead of the new preference stock, but it would seem that this factor is more than outweighed by the fixed date for redemption attaching to the new preference stock, which therefore offers the holder better protection of present-day capital values. Dividends on the 3¾ per cent. preference stock are payable on January 15th and July 15th (first payment July 15th, 1937). On the total preference capital in issue dividend requirements amount to £254,084 annually, whereas in the last five years there has been available never less than £1,364,732 or 5¼ times the amount required.

On numerous occasions in the past stress has been laid in these notes upon the advisability of exchanging undated for dated stocks, and of investing new funds, at least for the most part, in dated rather than undated debenture stocks. Examples of fixed-interest bearing securities with a definite date of redemption and available at the time of writing are given below:

(*a*) Investment Trust Company debenture stocks standing around par or at a discount and having a fixed date for redemption. There are usually several such issues on offer in the market to yield 3½ to 3⅝ per cent., *e.g.*, Continental Union Trust 3½ per cent. Debenture, 1957–72, at 98¼ free of stamp, and Southern Stockholders 3½ per cent. Debenture, 1960–70, at 96 free of stamp.

(*b*) Harvey Nichols & Co., Ltd., 3½ per cent. Debenture, 1936–66. Price about £99. This stock is secured by a first charge on the company's freehold and leasehold buildings (including the well-known shop premises in Knightsbridge—Sloane Street) and on its floating and other assets. Interest, which is payable on the last day of May and November, requires £21,000 per annum, whereas for the year ended on July 31st, 1936, there was available over £110,000, and in the last three years the amount available has not fallen below £69,000. Beginning next year the stock will be redeemable through a 1 per cent. sinking fund operating by purchases under, or drawings at, par; it may also be redeemed at 102½ per cent. till 1956 and thereafter at par until 1966, the final date.

(*c*) E. Pollard & Co., Ltd., 4½ per cent. Debenture, 1936–78. Price about £104 to yield 4¼ per cent. The company is well known as shop and office fitters, showcase manufacturers, etc., and is the concern which has supplied the invisible glass windows to several prominent West End shop properties. In recent years profits have been sharply reduced, but for the four years prior to 1932 they averaged £30,000, or over five times the amount required for interest on the comparatively small amount of £120,000 debenture stock in issue, and a marked recovery is taking place, as is indicated by a resumption of dividend payments on the preference shares. The debenture stock is redeemable for a cumulative sinking fund beginning in 1939 to operate through purchases under, or drawings at, 102, and may be redeemed at 105 to December 31st, 1939, thereafter at 103 till December, 1944, and thereafter at 102 till 1978, the final date. Interest is payable on January 1st and July 1st, the first payment next January being a partial distribution.

TURNER & NEWALL

In a few days' time the directors of Turner and Newall should announce the final dividend for the year ended on September 30th last. It is anticipated that the total distribution for the past fiscal year will be raised from 12½ to about 17½ per cent., but even so the yield at present advanced levels around £5½ would be only 3¼ per cent. The shares, however, habitually sell on a low yield basis, and in knowledgeable quarters the opinion is expressed that not only would holders be ill-advised to sell at present levels, but that even now a purchase of the shares is likely to prove a very satisfactory investment, and not unremunerative from the point of view of further capital appreciation even over so short a period as the next six months or so. PACTOLUS.

New Books

THE END OF AN EPOCH

Mr. Lloyd George's Final Volume

ONE cannot close the final volume of Mr. Lloyd George's War Memories without paying tribute to the extraordinary virility, almost unbelievable in a man who has passed his three-score-and-ten, which has gone into their making. A million words in less than five years—it is an achievement hardly less remarkable than Mr. Lloyd George's lead to the nation in war-time.

Most of the subjects of which he writes are still the subject of controversy: Mr. Lloyd George shows no very great desire to lift them from that plane. He lays about him with a great deal of vigour, and the Haig Diaries and the personality and qualities of Lord Haig are perhaps the most persistent target for his attack. Frankly, Mr. Lloyd George has not fully mastered the art of being controversial on paper. Junius has been his model, whereas the methods of a Churchill or even a Macaulay (to take two controversialists of the first water) would be more likely to find general acceptance. It is, of course, a fact that strategy cannot in modern war be said to be solely the affair of the soldier. Nor indeed can that even be said of tactics in these days, for tactics are governed by supply, and supply is a matter for the supreme Government. Most people are agreed that it is the duty of the civil head of the Government to exert his influence and opinions on these points, more especially if he feels he is not being well served. The question is just *how* to exert that influence. Rightly or wrongly, Mr. Lloyd George managed to destroy confidence in his direction of the last stages of the War as far as Sir Douglas Haig was concerned, though both men had the country behind them. Under these circumstances it may be argued that Mr. Lloyd George should have removed Sir Douglas Haig, for mutual trust was essential to their successful conduct of the War. It is true that he had no obvious alternative. But there was equally no obvious alternative to Mr. Lloyd George in 1917.

Perhaps the most interesting part of this very important book are three reflections vital to all future wars. The first is, "Could the War have been averted? The second is: Could it have been brought to an earlier termination by negotiation? The third is: Could victory have been achieved at any earlier date by better handling on either side of the resources at their disposal and the opportunities opened to them? My answer to the first question is in the affirmative. My answer to the second would be in the negative, and to the third in the affirmative." Coming from the only statesman in any country who was in office from first to last, these views are of particular importance. "There was no conference between the parties, and none was suggested until it was too late. Even then it was not made in a form which could be acceptable to any of the disputants, and it was not pressed. Had it been a matter of a railway strike, the two sides would have conferred before proceeding to extremities. War ought to have been, and could have been, averted." This is a thesis which those who believe in the doctrine of the Totalitarian State as opposed to the League of Nations system might well ponder.

The book takes one to the end of the War, and includes, perhaps rather strangely, a chapter of Mr. H. A. L. Fisher's educational reforms. Then why not, for instance, something about the Representation of the People Act? The *Field* has already, in reviews of former volumes, expressed regret that two men who so greatly loved and served their country, as did Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Douglas Haig, should have been temperamentally unable to work together. The controversy need not here be rehearsed. One can pay tribute, and one gladly pays tribute, to the concluding volume of a great undertaking which will always be, whether fully accepted or not, a vital historical document. M. T. S.

War Memories of David Lloyd George. Volume Six. (Ivor Nicholson & Watson; 21/-)

MAKING ATHLETIC CHAMPIONS

THERE can be no doubt that Captain F. A. M. Webster makes a very true remark in the opening sentence of his new book, *Why? The Science of Athletics*, when he says: "More champions are marred than made in the days of adolescence through the enthusiasm of parents, the ignorance of games-masters or the eagerness of the young athlete himself, who trains and trains, striving always after the maximum results, if he is left to his own devices, until he is tired out, both mentally and physically, and becomes utterly stale." That it is possible for a young athlete to be put under a good coach and become a champion is exampled by the author's own son, F. R. Webster, who is now the pole vault champion of this country, and has been trained by his father since he was quite a youngster.

But, to my mind, the true spirit of athletics is found in the passage: "A person's main motive in taking up athletics should be for the health-giving fun which he anticipates getting out of the sport." In due course I firmly believe that an answer will be necessary to the question of how seriously we should play games. To-day there is a very real danger that science is ousting the old spirit of "playing for the sake of the game." This is especially so in certain countries, where winning is the only objective, and being second of no account. To take part in a race chiefly because you enjoy the thrill of controlled action is not correct; your only objective must be to reach the tape first. While agreeing that everyone should strain every nerve to win, surely this should not constitute the be-all and end-all of everything?

Such sentiment is not meant in any way to detract from Captain Webster's well-written book. I have no doubt that he honestly feels the need for a more scientific approach to athletics if Great Britain is to do better—not that she does badly now—in international competitions, but fun is, and always should be, the first essential in all games—and athletics is a game—if they are not to become a mere drudgery to the participants.

To my mind Captain Webster's book will be invaluable in telling athletes how to condition themselves, how to protect their health during training. No writer on athletics knows more about human mechanism or the science of the sport than does this author, and for these reasons alone his book should be carefully read by all those intending either to take practical part on the track or assist theoretically in athletics. The text and excellent illustrations of Captain Webster's book will put many on the road to correct and safe athletic training. W. G. L.

Why? The Science of Athletics. By Captain F. A. M. Webster. (John F. Shaw & Co., Ltd.; 10/6.)

"IN THE HIGHLANDS, IN THE COUNTRY PLACES"

HERE is a book by a gamekeeper, Mr. Dugald Macintyre. It is not a technical book, as is Mr. Hipgraves's *Management of a Partridge Beat*, but a book of entertainment. Few gamekeepers have written books on sport, yet when they *do* "take pen and ink and write it down" the result is, it seems, always good. I think of Mr. Tom Speedy, I think of Mr. James Christie (who wrote in 1817), I think of "The Old Stalker" (if I may call him a gamekeeper), and, most of all, I think of our present author's poet-clansman, Donnacha Ban nan Oran, Duncan Macintyre, "Fair Haired Duncan of the Songs," who was gamekeeper to Lord Breadalbane in 1740, or thereabouts. These four have written books of sporting entertainment which are in every sportsman's library, or ought to be. And I am happy to think that all four authors are as Scotch as the heather.

Mr. Dugald Macintyre now comes, a worthy fifth, to this Highland gathering. He has lived for the most part in Argyllshire and the Islands, his heart is among the high hills, and it always has been. The author's father before him was a gamekeeper who, in 1842, saw the beginning of grouse preservation in Kintyre and was a disciple in falconry of the famous John Barr.

From so intriguing a start Mr. Macintyre takes us through his long life of service to field sports and of devotion to natural history and the legends of his land. Likewise his book is one which is devoted to the dogs of his calling, from Sweep, a retriever (I imagine him a flat-coat), to Sperag, a Cairn of the old otter and tod hunting sort from whom the yapping degenerate of to-day is as apart as the poles.

I think that there is something of interest on every page of this long and happy book. I will quote first an anecdote (in which *Wild Life* abounds), and, secondly, just one of the many, marvellously many, points of note which crowd one on another:

"A particularly strong and robust keeper was laid low by illness, and his wife sent for the Doctor. Donald had boils on his neck, and the Doctor prescribed leeches, which he left with Donald's wife with instructions when and how to apply. It was a few days before the Doctor called again, and, at the door, he asked the guidwife: 'How is Donald? Did my leeches do him any good?'

"'Donald is fine,' said the wifie, 'but your leeches wasna doin' him much good, so I jist pit the ferret to his neck, and he was aff tae the hill next day.'"

Secondly: "The most extraordinary instance I ever knew of water carrying sound was when out fishing for cod at about two miles distance from the beach, off Balochantee, Kintyre. I knew the keeper of the moor, and suddenly his voice came clearly to me: 'Down, Lily!' He was training Lily four miles away—two overland, and two of ocean."

I do not often see eye to eye with a publisher and his blurb, but when Messrs. Allan claim their book to be the equal of St. John's *Wild Sports* and Colquhoun's *Moor and Loch*, I agree.

LAGOPUS.

Wild Life of the Highlands. By Dugald Macintyre. (Philip Allan: 12/6.)

VERSES FROM "CHEVIOT"

ONE book of verse, however small, has more capacity for giving pocket pleasure than many books of prose. If, moreover, that book is a book of lyrics, it has the potentialities of perfection—since a lyric, be it grave or gay, is the one thing in the world which is capable of complete perfection. *Sussex Woods*, by Eric Parker, known to *Field* readers in the past as "Cheviot," is, as its price indicates, a small book. It is a book of lyrics, grave rather than entirely gay, and to one reader at least it fulfils the essentials of the example poetry book I have mentioned above. *Sussex Woods* is a book for a bough, a Thou and, possibly, a flask of wine. It is (I read) the first book of poetry by an author whose other books have given pleasure to many readers, some of whom may surely have guessed, from a prose "which sings of Helicon," the ability here established. Children are in *Sussex Woods*, walled gardens and the primrose coming in lane and hazel copse. Here, in November, Persephone returns to us. My space will not allow of an abundant quotation, yet a verse or so shall, I hope, prove me. What follows is from the poem which supplies Mr. Parker's title:

And there, in a hour of April gone,
From greenery unseen
Rang out a blackbird's orison
To winds in oak and gean.
High over all that morning's choir,
A song of life, a song of fire,
Of light, of sun, of heart's desire.
So sweet a song rang out
That two who listened there stood still
Under the echoing Sussex hill
By happy waters, till
The song filled all the wood about,
An alleluia song, a shout
Of praise, of love, of hearts that fill
Each other's life with single will. . . .

(*Continued on page* 1384)

And here, complete, is a song for a child: "All the Way to Babylon":

When my black hen finds sixpence,
She'll hold her red head high.
And round the sun and round the sun
So far, so fine she'll fly;
Beyond the sun, above the sun
So high, so small she'll be.
The wind will blow her sixpence down
And bring her back to me.

When my white cat goes sliding
On nimbny toes she'll go.
So daintily, so softly
She dips her boots in snow:
A moon of ice and stars of ice
Under the ice she'll see.
And the dog in the moon will break the ice
And chase her back to me.

When my Ann Mary marries
Married in silk she'll be,
With blue petticoats, and new petticoats,
And buds from the apple-tree:
I think she will forget me,
Her hair will be so bright,
And she'll be dancing all in green,
Alone in the moonlight.

When I ride a mile to Babylon,
I'll ride in a daisy chain,
With cowslips in my horse's tail
And marigolds in his mane:
And all the babies in Babylon
Shall clap their hands to see
My horse and his collar of buttercups,
My piebald horse and me.

In another note is the cricketing ballade (of ten years ago) "Windmill Down":

And so where wickets stand or grass is rolled,
From Windmill Down to Sydney, the same boon,
Born of the game, continues. Caught or bowled
The players pass—one law for lord or loon.
The piper changes; who should change the tune?
Le roi est mort. E'en so; God save the King!
For Lockwood's, we shall watch Macaulay's swing,
Hobbs follows Grace, Holmes Hirst, Tate Richardson,
Carr can still show us Jessop's larruping,
When primroses are out at Hambledon.

Friend, 'tis the end begins. The play's the thing.
We win or lose again, remembering:
We shall find sunlit swards by Acheron,
And toss bright obols, each returning spring
When primroses are out at Hambledon.

Poetry is, I have been told, what any reader finds poetical. On this basis I have found "Cheviot" to be a very good poet indeed.

P. R. C.

Sussex Woods. By Eric Parker. (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 3/6.)

"HOW WELL DO I REMEMBER!"

WHO was it started the canard that admirals by nature are dour and grim, that their choler is in proportion to their seniority, and that they must be in essence scarlet of face, brazen of voice and devoid of a sense of humour? Who has encouraged the stage and the screen to perpetuate this canard until we ordinary mortals have almost come to regard the admiral as *un bel type*? Whoever did this evil thing was undoubtedly very wide of the mark, for each succeeding volume of this admiral's reminiscences or that admiral's recollections goes one step further to giving the age-long canard the lie direct. Anyone who reads *An Admiral Never Forgets* cannot fail to be charmed with the author's sense of humour, his wit and his wisdom. Vice-Admiral Humphrey Smith has managed to pack the recollections of 37 years of active service life into 317 delightful pages and achieve his task in such a way that one could wish there had been double the number of sheets. The yarns he tells are good deep sea ones and the majority of them are so obviously true. Moreover, he does not ruin the reader's temper with dashes and blanks in the process: if a sailor has called a spade "an honourably stupid shovel" or whatever it was he did call it the author does not forget to pass the precise pungency of the phrase on to his reader and the story is thereby enhanced in the telling.

Admiral Smith's remarkable memory enables us to travel back down the years with him and serve with him almost in the various ships he graced. Forgotten naval names and events flash through the pages. H.M.S. Victoria and a tragic collision, the troopship Tamar, the old low-freeboard battleship Nile, the sail training squadron and the brig Martin, and so on. Not a page but holds its pleasure and its interest, not only for the gallant band of the admiral's shipmates who again walk the decks with him, but for the reader who is asked to join in the fun. Literally, one reaches the last page with a sense of grievance—there ought to have been more. One puts the book down wishing that it had been one's lot in life to have served with this acute perceptioned admiral, for his ships must surely have been as "happy" as is his book. J. I.

An Admiral Never Forgets. By Vice-Admiral Humphrey Hugh Smith, D.S.O. (Published by Seeley, Service & Co., Ltd., 196, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C., at 15/- net.)

BIG FISH

ON the basis of "what man has done man can do," questions of records have a perennial interest, and "Jock Scott's" new book is very welcome. He has evidently done an enormous amount of work in collecting his data, for not only does he deal with the largest specimens of so-called "game fish" which have been caught, but he has obtained, largely from official sources, an account of the largest salmon and trout taken in individual rivers, and also of a number of good bags which have been made, and has added an account of famous anglers and some of their red-letter days.

One of the great points which the author has achieved is inducing Mr. Percy Laming to allow his catches to be published; as far as I know this is the first time they have appeared. It is no doubt impossible to say who originated light tackle and small-fly fishing for salmon, but Mr. Laming must be well in the running for that honour, since he started it in 1897 on the Aberdeenshire Dee. His method, of which a brief description is given, has been more successful than that of the late Mr. A. H. E. Wood as far as catches are concerned, for he has made an overall average on the Dee of three fish per day for every day he has fished (761 days), and has individual daily catches of 21, 17, 15, 15, 13 and 11 to his credit—an extraordinary achievement. There are "old friends" here, too, whom one is glad to meet again, such as the magnificent record made by Mr. William Radcliffe and his cousin in Norway—1,252 salmon and grilse on 51½ days' fishing—and on seventeen of them only one rod was on the water.

It would be possible, of course, to pick holes in some of Jock Scott's "records." He gives the brown trout record, for example, to a 35lb. fish from Lake Rotorua in New Zealand caught in 1923, though the 39½lb. Loch Awe trout is the true record. The author justifies his choice on the ground that this fish "has been questioned," but the suggestion was simply that it might have been a salmon. The suggestion is not very sound. No fish of such a size would ever be *assumed* to be a trout; it must certainly have been thought to be a salmon when first captured, and the fact that it was classed as trout at all argues careful examination. A mere supposition that it might have been a salmon is quite insufficient to disallow an established record.

This is a very valuable reference book for the angling library. H. D. T.

Game Fish Records. By Jock Scott. (H. F. & G. Witherby: 12/6 net.)

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Those who have enjoyed Mr. Boumphrey's canoe talks on the wireless will welcome his book *Down River* (George Allen & Unwin; 4/6), which deals with his voyages down the Severn and the Thames. The author appears to have learnt, like many others in recent years, that "rivers are the easiest of friends."

Captain Webster's latest novel, *African Cavalcade* (Hutchinson; 7/6) shows the effects of the great events of South African history upon the lives of the Arnolds and the Van Zyls, whose farms lie adjacent in the Transvaal, and in this book he paints a vivid picture of the fortunes of not only two families, but also of two nations. The author faces an enormous canvas courageously.

To those who are interested in the present position in Palestine—and who is not? Mr. L. Farago's book, *Palestine on the Eve* (Putnam; 10/6), will be found both engrossing and informative. It is not a political book and the author states no arguments for either side. Neither case is put in words, but both cases are put in facts, conditions and living reality.

Mr. H. E. Symons is well known to *Field* readers for he has often written in its pages on motoring matters. His book, *Monte Carlo Rally* (Methuen; 8/6) will appeal to many besides motorists for it is at once a travel book on new lines and a tale of adventure describing graphically the motoring conditions in the Balkans, over the Polish plains and on the ice-bound roads of Sweden.

Books about dogs are legion. Books about cats all too few. *Just Cats* (*Country Life*; 10/6) is the work of Lewis Luard and T. O. Beacheroft. It is a marvellous study of feline character. The cat in all its moods is here in clear and classic prose and beautifully delicate drawing. Mr. Beacheroft understands cats, and all admirers of the cat will welcome this book. It is not a companion volume to the famous *Just Dogs*, it is a rival.

The Moray Press have published *Polo*, by Diana Thorne. This book, charmingly illustrated by the author, deals with the history of the game in general and the Hurlingham international matches in particular. It is a book for the looker-on of small knowledge as much as for the expert enthusiast. At the very modest price of 5/- this book should find a place on every polo follower's shelves.

All lovers of the dog will welcome a new *Country Life* book entitled *In Praise of Dogs* (10/6). This is an anthology of prose and verse, and the compiler has included the writings of dog-lovers from the very ancient to the very modern. Illustrated by G. Vernon Stokes, this is a book to pick up and dip into again and again. From the same firm comes *Little Lass*, the story of an Exmoor pony, written by Mary Garland Bullivant and illustrated by Frank Hart. Miss Bullivant is fifteen years old.

Readers who enjoyed Mr. Henry Williamson's *Salar the Salmon* will be glad to know that an edition with coloured illustrations by C. F. Tunnicliffe is now available (Faber & Faber; 15/- net). Though a few technical objections have been raised against Mr. Williamson's story (here and there he contravenes what is now known about a salmon's habits), this is a fascinating study of the underwater existence of a salmon written in the romantic style which was so pleasing in *Tarka the Otter*.

COVERED COURTS AT TORQUAY

A Successful Inaugural Tournament

By J. E. COLLETT

THE opening tournament on the new covered courts at the Palace Hotel, Torquay, was thoroughly successful. The wooden flooring had not quite settled down, but this always takes some time. The great expanse of the roof gives much more daylight than is generally the case, and it is supported cleverly by a method which has not required a network of girders to obstruct lobbing. The game under such conditions has been called "luxury tennis," and the adjective is apt.

The tournament produced some upsets. H. Billington beat C. E. Hare, 3/6, 6/4, 6/3, after looking a certain loser until well on into the second set. Then he suddenly realised that the first essential in attacking a left-hander's backhand is to remember on which side it is. Hare was beaten before he recognised the change of tactics for what it was. Though a plucky effort well rewarded, it was a trap into which a player of Hare's present ranking should not have fallen.

Miss E. N. S. Dickin increased a growing reputation by beating Miss F. James, 10/8, 6/2, and forcing Miss D. E. Round to 6/1, 4/6, 6/4. When Miss Dickin has become whole-hearted in her will to win she will make further progress. Miss R. M. Hardwick, in one of her moods when nothing goes wrong, beat Miss K. E. Stammers, who was out of touch, by 6/3, 6/2. In the first round a local player of promise, Miss J. Curry, was only beaten 9/11, 6/2, 6/4, by Miss A. M. Yorke, and in the second round another local lady of possibly greater promise, Miss E. J. Cox, took three games in her first and four in her second set against Miss Round.

In the final of the ladies' singles, Miss Round took the first set splendidly from Senorita Lizana at 10/8 after being 2/5 down. From the eighth game onwards Miss Round was at her very best, and so was Senorita Lizana apart from a slight backhand weakness. But in the second and third sets the Senorita became smoothly superior at all points. Miss Round scored only one game in each of these sets, but nevertheless she was not playing badly. A noted difference was the greater ease and accuracy of the Chilean when on the move. The value of a less elaborate style of production was ably illustrated.

The men's singles final of the meeting found H. G. W. Lee too well equipped with swift and dipping passing shots for F. H. D. Wilde's volleying to succeed. Lee won in straight sets, and in the second Wilde rather gave the impression that he was reserving himself for the doubles. In the finals of these he won with O'Hare against S. W. Butler and R. J. Ritchie, but lost with Miss M. Whitmarsh to Billington and Miss J. Ingram. He was still below par and must have been a disappointment to Miss Whitmarsh, who had been the more useful partner when they beat Butler and Miss Round in the semi-final.

When Miss Hardwick and Miss Round beat the Wimbledon champions, Miss James and Miss Stammers, in the final of the ladies' doubles, the heroine of the play was Miss Hardwick. H. W. Austin's career was hardly heroic. In the men's doubles, he and Lee went out to Butler and Ritchie; and he and Miss Hardwick were beaten in the mixed by Lee and Miss Dickin. In neither case was Austin in tune with his ranking as (in the absence of Perry) Great Britain's No. 1.

FRIEND OR FOE?

The Case For the Little Owl in England

By ALAN DUNCAN

FROM the time the Little Owl was introduced into this country nearly a hundred years ago it has been the subject of endless controversy as to whether it is a worthy settler and one that should be regarded favourably, or whether it is an undesirable nuisance which should never have been allowed entrance to our land at all, let alone encouraged to obtain the footing it has since done.

The quarrel has waxed in greater or lesser degree; the unfortunate Little Owl, on the one hand, being threatened as a destructive pest against whom every means of extermination should be taken; while on the other, champions hail the species as one of the most useful in every way, and design for it a favoured niche in the ornithological world.

Extremes in argumentative opinions, however, are as little use as no opinions at all; it is not from them that the truth can be discovered.

The Little Owls were first brought to this country from Italy, and released to the extent of five in number in Yorkshire, by Waterton, the famous naturalist, in 1842. Waterton had made a prolonged study of the habits of the birds in Italy, where they are regarded as extremely useful allies of the farmer, and only when he had satisfied himself on their utility and value to agriculture was he made confident in the big step of introducing them to his own home.

Whether the five birds he released established themselves is not known; but following his lead, others, realising the worth of the Little Owl, made further introductions in ensuing years, and it soon adopted its new land and settled down to doing the good work its introducers had expected.

Lord Lilford, however, who freed more Little Owls at Oundle, Northamptonshire, in 1889, really did most to establish it. From there it extended its territory greatly; the earliest counties to receive pioneers being, among others, Bedfordshire, Rutlandshire, Buckinghamshire and Hertfordshire.

It was not long before ill-advised persons, more from suspicion of a bird that was foreign to their ken, than from definite fact, began to complain of the Little Owl and spread reports of its "depredations." Crimes in covert and poultry-yard—in no wise increased since the advent of the bird, and previously and rightly credited to other birds and animals—were laid at its door. That the Little Owl had been specially imported for its agricultural usefulness, and that testimonies to this were to be had everywhere, mattered nothing, and it was trapped and shot at every opportunity by those unwilling to recognise a useful bird because they did not like its foreign looks.

Despite this mass massacre, however, it still continued to flourish—to the gratification of every knowledgeable person.

Much proof of their convictions was exchanged by both factions in the dispute; but significantly, while those against the bird relied always on exaggerating isolated instances of its delinquencies, and carefully added to them other purely trumped-up charges, the pro-Little Owls furnished unquestionably concrete evidence in analysis of the bird's castings, which seldom contained incriminating matter.

It would take too long to deal with all of the manifold points bearing on the case for nearly a century, and one may or may not be willing to accept antique theories.

Modernly, however, we have sufficient evidence to decide upon and prove that the long-prevailing prejudice against the Little Owl is founded on little more than suspicion and greatly exaggerated accounts of the misdemeanours of some few of their family.

That the Little Owls do take game-chicks, and even poultry, may be advanced by breeders and the keeper who looks after the coverts as sufficient reason for wholesale extermination; but what grievance the agriculturalist has is difficult to imagine.

The essential point is not whether the Little Owl does or does not take game-birds, but the comparative values of his deeds as a whole—a valuation which can only be arrived at in one way—by anatomical research; and on that basis there could be no doubt that the harm is infinitesimal in comparison with the good he does.

This irrefutable method has been applied by many naturalists, known and unknown, all over the country; but by none more extensively than Dr. W. E. Collinge, an authority on economic ornithology, who has made a close study of this valuable and far too neglected science.

To eliminate any possible doubt, his anatomical research on the stomach contents of the Little Owl was carried on throughout an entire year, so that in none of the different months and seasons was the diet unrecorded—a loophole which might have been seized upon by the sceptical enemies of the bird.

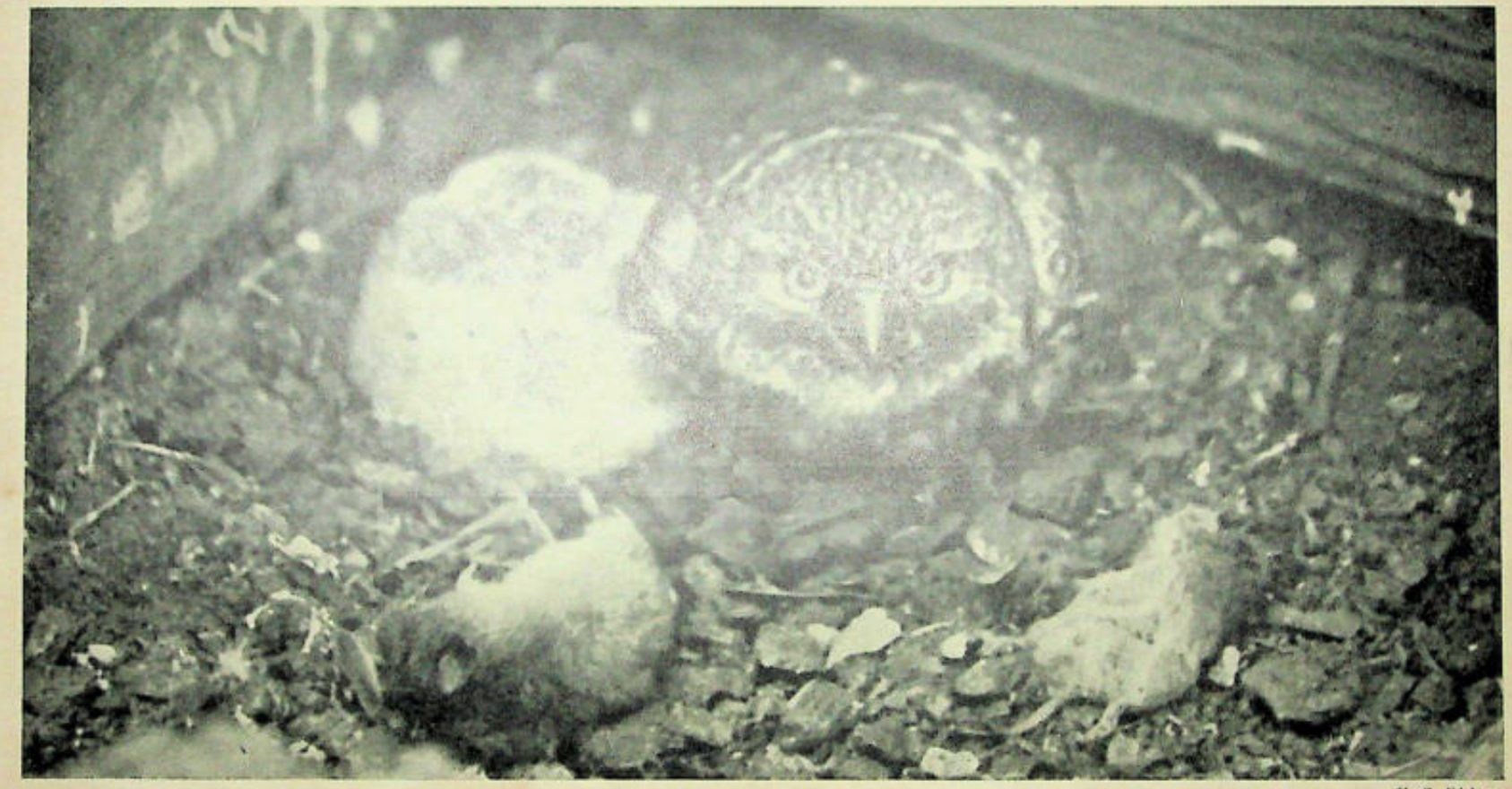
The stomach contents of more than 212 adults were examined from nineteen different counties and 23 separate localities. Eighteen nestlings were also examined, and upwards of 260 pellets, while numerous observations were made on the "hoards" and food brought to the nests.

Of the total amount of food consumed annually by the Little Owls examined, 93.49 per cent. consisted of animal matter—the greatest proportion occurring in November (98.22 per cent.), and the smallest in August (87.85 per cent.), the seasonal variation being much less than in the case of most land birds.

The remains of mammals were found during each month and in 126 stomachs, the highest percentage occurring in November (50.72 per cent.), and the lowest in July (19.29 per cent.). The Long-tailed Fieldmouse was the commonest species met with, remains being present in no less than 86 stomachs. Remains of the Short-tailed Fieldmouse were found in 50 stomachs. House mouse, brown rat, bank vole and common shrew also figured largely in the diet.

Bird remains were found in 35. The total average percentage of wild birds was 4.45 per cent. (nearly all of destructive kinds), and of game-birds, .51 per cent.

Insect food constituted 49.24 per cent. of the total bulk of food for the year, and occurred in 179. It is interesting to note that an analysis of the insect food showed that the greater part of it consisted of injurious insects such as wireworms, weevils and snout beetles.



H. S. Vickers

TROPHIES OF THE CHASE

The Little Owl has spread very quickly since its introduction

Vegetable food occupied 6.51 per cent. of total food consumed yearly, and consisted chiefly of grass, leaves and weed seeds.

The 267 pellets examined from all parts of the country consisted almost entirely of animal remains. Of the total bulk, voles and mice made up 53.5 per cent., insects 41 per cent. (again the greater part being injurious), birds 2.5 per cent., and miscellaneous matter 3 per cent. No trace of game-birds were found in any of the pellets.

In a further 98 birds examined from varied localities in Hampshire (where many game-birds are bred), from the beginning of May to the end of July, out of the total food consumed during May, June and July, animal matter made up 91.57 per cent., of which 1.78 per cent. was of game-birds and poultry; the other 8.43 per cent. was vegetable matter.

It will be readily seen from the foregoing quoted statistics that from an economic standpoint the Little Owl is more useful to us than many birds and animals as yet uncomplained of. In other countries, including the South of France, such tests have been made with unvaryingly similar results.

The Little Owl is a good servant to the farmer, game and poultry breeder alike, worthy of the small hire he but occasionally claims. The whole year round he is engaged in absolutely innocent and definitely beneficial pursuits, satisfying his natural appetite for insects, voles, rats, mice and those other numerous harmful pests who are the real perpetrators of the mischief complained of.

[*A reply to this article will appear in our next issue.*—ED.]

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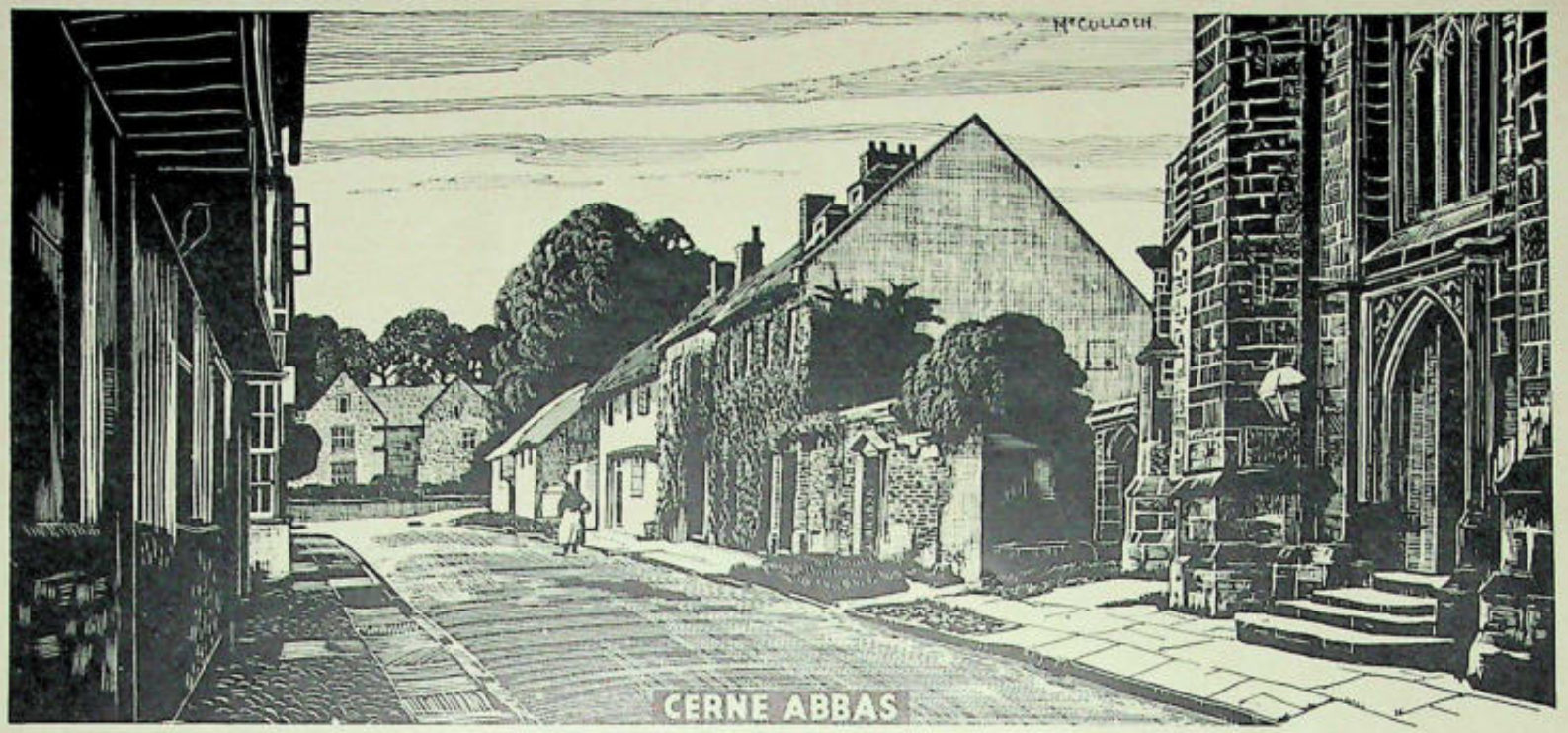

CERNE ABBAS, as the name implies, was once the seat of a famous Abbey. This little Dorset village has a pleasant old-world charm, its streets with their quaint houses and shops are very picturesque, but only a fragment remains of its bygone treasure—the Abbey. A fine church with a commanding tower maintains the traditional religious atmosphere of this lovely old place.

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SPORTING DOGS AT BIRMINGHAM

A Representative Lot

By A. CROXTON SMITH

MRS. F. HIPWELL'S CLUMBER SPANIEL, NEASHAM ROY

As far back as I can remember the National Dog Show at Birmingham has always attracted sporting men and women on account of the strength of its entry in gundogs and the other essentially sporting breeds. Last week those who went to see sporting dogs in the Bingley Hall were not disappointed, for many were there belonging to all the different breeds that fall within this category. We take it for granted in these days that Cocker spaniels will be the most numerous, partly on account of their popularity with exhibitors, and partly because of the extensive classification demanded to meet the needs of the various colours into which they are divided. At one time the blacks were the favourites, then came the parti-colours and charming roans, and later the reds or goldens.

The reds or goldens have been a decided acquisition since efforts were made to fix these pleasing colours in post-war years. At first breeders had to concentrate upon colour, and type was of secondary importance. Having succeeded in this direction they addressed themselves to the task of bringing the type and quality on a level with the others, and they have achieved their object admirably.

Old-timers cannot fail to notice a great difference between the Cockers of to-day and those they remember 30 or 40 years ago. They are a bit more on the leg, decidedly bigger, and have longer heads. Many were present at Birmingham that conformed closely to the standard, and it takes an uncommonly good one that is to go to the top. Mr. H. S. Lloyd's Silver Templa of Ware, the outstanding dog of the day, received another challenge certificate. Mrs. Jamieson Higgens, who confines herself entirely to bitches, took the other with Falconers Candid, which had not previously done a great deal of winning.

On the second day Mrs. H. S. Lloyd's Cocker, Ch. Benet of Ware, won the Gundog Challenge Cup for the best of that section that had won a prize or certificate of merit at a field trial. She is one of the very few Cockers that are entitled to be known as champion in consequence of having earned a field trial qualification.

Although the Cocker entries were the most numerous, they were below the class average set up by Labrador retrievers. An average of just over sixteen a class is altogether exceptional, and it was a great compliment to Lorna Lady Howe, the judge, that she should have made history in this manner.

I believe there were doubts about the wisdom of asking her to take them within nine months of the enormous entry she had at Cruft's. Exhibitors who were unsuccessful there might have been shy of entering so soon, but the result was ample justification for the choice. As I watched the ring crowded with dogs I did not envy her her job, but she has an eye denied to most, and knows exactly what she wants a Labrador to be.

Her challenge certificate dog was new to me. That was the Irish Free State champion Thunder Cloud, owned by Mrs. V. A. Chambré of Newry, Northern Ireland. This is a dog of fine type, and is a good worker as well. He had by no means a walk-over, as the runner-up to him was Mr. G. J. Ridley's Moorside Jock, the challenge winner at Cruft's, and third in the open class was Mrs. Harvey's Worrick of Winscales, another good one. The leader in the bitches was an old favourite, she being Mrs. Harvey's Ch. Bridget of Harpotts. She had to be on the top of her form to beat Mrs. P. Morris's Ch. Woodie of Tibshelf. Third in the open was Mrs. Anderson's Rocktield Laburnum, a yellow bitch that must always be well in the running.

Having disposed of this formidable task Lady Howe proceeded to tackle the golden retrievers before joining Mr. E. Royston Mills later on in the evening to judge the National Puppy Stake of 80 entries. The open dog class in the goldens was so full of good stuff that it must have taken some sorting out. In the end Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. D. Carnegie's Heydown Guider got the coveted card, and the corresponding honour in bitches went to Mrs. Charlesworth's Noranby Dierdre. Mr. H. L. Jenner's bitch puppy, Abbots Mischief, first novice and post-graduate and second in limit to Noranby Deirdre, had many admirers.

One regrets that the flat-coats do not make a better showing, considering how really attractive they are. There must still be a fair number of them in the country if their owners could only be persuaded to show them. What classes they used to fill in the old days! The most successful were Mr. W. J. Phizacklea's Ch. Atherbram Prince and Mr. F. W. Chester's Bridgelea Betty. Efforts are being made to revive the curlies, but only a few were present. Mr. F. A. Harden's Prince Nigger of Motspur and Mr. G. K. MacDonald's Snape Hill Brenda met with most approval.

In an excellent entry of pointers the dog puppy Tiverton Falcon, exhibited by Mr. F. Miller and Miss R. Moir, went through his six classes to the championship, and the principal bitch was Mr. S. Brewin's Maesydd Mona. The star turn in Irish setters, well up to their usual form, were Mrs. M. Ogden's Borrowdale Juan and Mr. J. H. J. Braddon's Moyra of Halcana. The English and Gordon setters, too, were worthy of the occasion. In the former the certificates were won by Mrs. A. W. Rhodes's Bayldone Barrister and Mrs. J. English's Shiplake Silver Lining, and in the latter by Mrs. A. V. C. Bromley's Dawn's Peter of Daven and Mrs. H. Hall's Ch. Clicquot of Daven.

I have seen more English springers at Birmingham, but for all that the major honours were by no means wasted on Mrs. F. A. Santer's Int. Ch. Nimble of Hamsey and Mr. A. Stanworth's Worthen Sunshine. To complete the list the Clumber certificate winners were Mrs. F. Hipwell's Neasham Roy and Messrs. Cape and Cochran's Auckwear Floss, and those for field spaniels went to the Maharajah of Patiala's Nobel Bang and Mr. G. Mortimer Smith's Wribbenhall Whist.

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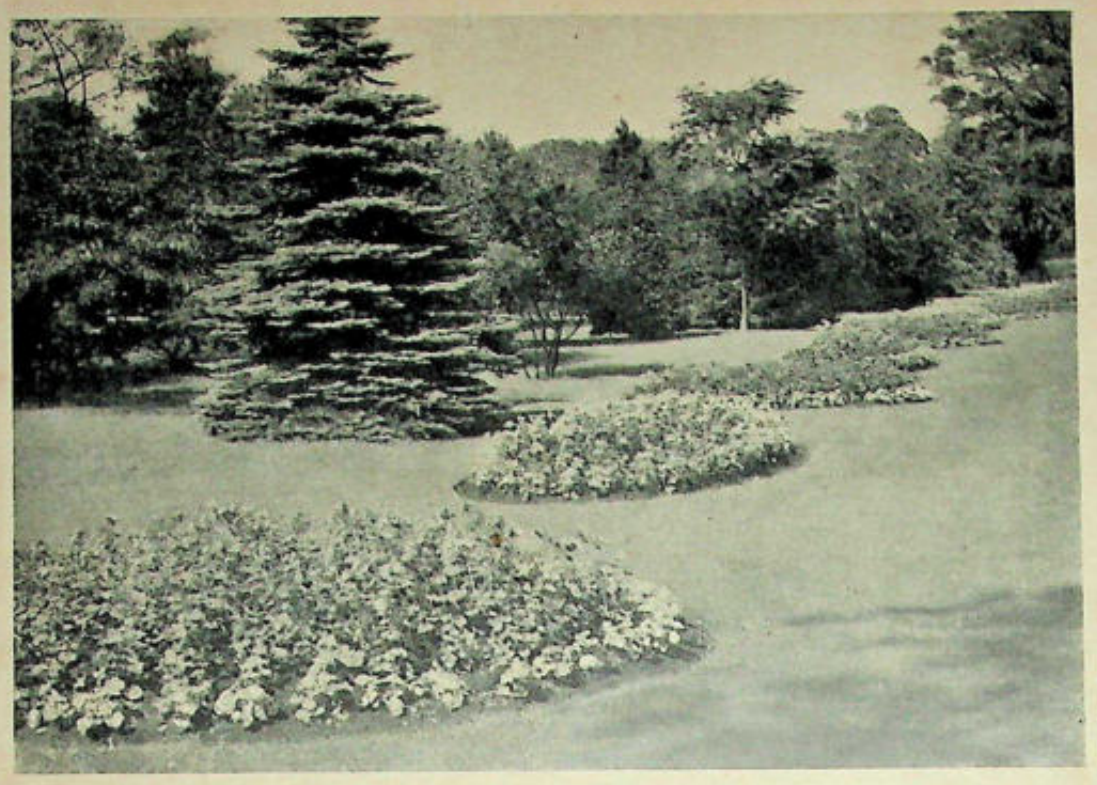

BEDS OF GERANIUMS AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF EVERGREEN TREES AND SHRUBS

The Country House

VICTORIAN GERANIUMS

Plenty of Colour for Indoor Decoration

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

THERE is every indication that the once despised Victorian Geraniums are coming into their own again. At the last Chelsea Show I noticed at least three beautifully staged displays of them, the wonderful range of colourings shown off to perfection. For indoor decoration by artificial light few flowers can compare with their exquisitely clear, brilliant colours. I was at a dinner party not long ago where bowls of the flowers in mixed colours formed the decoration all down the table. The only lights were from candles, and the effect was perfect. In electric light the colouring is cruder, but remarkably beautiful.

Geraniums or Pelargoniums as we ought to call them and rarely do, are amongst our oldest greenhouse flowers, and they are still, I think, the most valuable. Particularly in cold greenhouses leading out of sitting-rooms. A large mixture of plants grown in these is rarely a success, and unless under very skilled care is apt to look a muddle. I would much rather have the place filled with a good collection of Geraniums, both those with beautiful flowers and those one values for the delicious scents of their leaves. The foliage of both throughout the year is evergreen and lovely, and in spring a perfect foil for daffodils, hyacinths, etc., which invariably look rather chilly and bare with no rich foliage for a background.

Geraniums are of such easy culture that the veriest amateur can keep a small greenhouse of them in healthy condition. Cottagers, speedily, a century ago, learnt that the Geranium is an ideal window plant, requiring the minimum of attention. Being South African plants, abundant sunlight, no cold draughts, but plenty of air, are the essentials. In winter they need hardly any water at all. A very little at intervals of six weeks is usually sufficient, and they must not be in a damp atmosphere.

Anyone starting a collection would do best to buy young plants in spring, as these will be better flowering plants by the autumn than those raised from cuttings taken in spring. Cuttings strike at almost any time of the year in very sandy soil, but spring or late summer are the best times. Cuttings struck in boxes are transferred when well rooted singly to 3-inch pots, and subsequently to 5-inch pots. When the plants are in vigorous growth the point of the main shoot is pinched back and the side shoots also. All flower buds are pinched off till the end of September. During July, August and September the plants benefit greatly by being stood in full sun on a bed of ashes in order to get their shoots thoroughly ripened. Long spells of wet weather, however, do them more harm than good. If taken in at the end of September and kept in a temperature of 50 degrees, they flower all through the winter.

In spring they begin to grow vigorously and the branches have to be pruned back to three buds, otherwise they will make straggly, untidy plants. It may be necessary to repot them. This is done when the side growths grow again, and they need very firm planting to make sturdy bushes. The compost should be two parts very fibrous loam and one part leaf mould and sand. They need very little water till established, and even then watering must be on a very moderate scale.

There is a wonderful range of colours in the single, double and semi-double varieties, and the only one I dislike is the popular Paul Crampel. Undoubtedly, first-rate, and gardeners like to have huge beds of it, but why are the others so ignored? It is in a mixture that Geraniums look their best, and for indoor decoration the most vivid colours can be put together with delightful effect.

My real affection is for the scented Geraniums. I shall never forget seeing the late Mr. Vicary Gibbs's collection at Aldenham. He showed me at least 200, and there were standards that measured 5ft. round. There were the old favourites—Lady Plymouth, Purple, Unique and all the fascinating *P. crispum* varieties. The original *Scabrum*, he told me, came from the Cape in an ordinary parcel and arrived in perfect condition. The most charming variety of all was the pretty old Curly, which I have never seen in any modern list. Many of the best kinds are still obtainable, however—*P. capitatum*, *P. crispum* (very lemon-scented), Lady Mary, Scarlet Pet, *Clorinda*, *P. denticulatum*, and Lady Plymouth. The most sweet scented of all is Attar of Roses, but this variety seems rare now. Some scented Geraniums are difficult to grow; notably Schotte, which is tuberous rooted, and the variegated Prince of Orange, one of the aristocrats of scented Geraniums.

We have the old-fashioned *P. tomentosum*, which can be grown either as a pot plant or up a cold greenhouse wall. In our cold greenhouse we have no heat at all, and this Geranium is so hardy that it flourishes in a temperature that in winter drops to nearly zero. I have just chopped off two barrow loads of superfluous growths. All through winter this Geranium supplies abundant green leaves of a texture like fairy flannel and an exquisite emerald green. The flowers are worthless, but the lovely foliage compensates for that. Formerly a jelly was made of the leaves, which taste and smell very strongly of peppermint.

OLD-FASHIONED ROSES

Sweet Scented and Hardy Varieties

By W. L. CARTER

FOR years what are to-day called "old-fashioned roses" were allowed to languish in obscurity and, in many instances, even to die out in gardens. Possibly the reason for this indifference was the fact that the majority of old-world roses are summer-flowering only, although for many of them this period is an extended one.

The numerous groups now classed as "old fashioned" but which, in some cases, furnished the ancestors of modern roses, include all types of habit. Some, such as the alba roses, will form great bushes if left virtually unpruned, the best way to grow them; others, like the diminutive Burgundy and the two De Meaux roses, pink and white, make small bushes usually about 18in. high, which are eminently suitable for edging a rose border or bed and also can be safely planted on a rock garden, for they do not spread rampantly. Smaller still are the tiny Lawranceanas, most of which, although not much more then 6in. in height, are yet perfect rose bushes in miniature. Old roses may not have the almost gaudy hues of the modern varieties, but excel in their perfume and undoubted hardiness, while they are less prone to disease. The old pink cabbage rose is still a familiar sight with its large sweet-scented globular pinkish blooms, and may well be associated with the white form called Unique and Blanchefleur, whose colour is variable. In hot summers it is practically white, but in less taxing seasons the flowers come a very lovely flesh tint.

Two alba roses—Maiden's Blush and Celestial—are easily procurable. There are others, too, of this family, namely, Félicité Parmentier, but as yet they are rather scarce. No little part of the charm of alba roses lies in their foliage. It is a curious cool-looking bluish-green, having a glaucous appearance which acts as an effective setting to some of the most beautiful flowers of the rose world. The merits of the Maiden's Blush have been extolled on countless occasions by poet and writer.

Among the Gallica roses which make nice bushes the selection is a fairly wide one. When shade of some light nature can be given Cardinal Richelieu should be grown. The heavy flat, but double, blooms are a deep royal purple. They seem unreal, as if they had been fashioned from velvet of rich quality. The old apothecaries' rose, which some think to be the rose brought back to France by a noble crusader centuries ago, is the "type" rose of this group and bears large fiery crimson flowers.

For those whose taste prefers the unusual, some of the striped, flaked or marbled varieties should be planted. Perle des Panachées is an example of these curious flowers, having blooms of white that are heavily striped and marked with red patches; Belle des Jardins has white streaks on a purple ground, and there are others, too. An interesting variation is the striped moss rose named Œillet Panaché, which bears numerous white flowers marked with red. The red and white *Rosa mundi*, of the Gallica group, must not be confused—as is often the case—with York and Lancaster, which is a damask rose. *Rosa mundi* is a white bloom marked with pink, whereas York and Lancaster is usually a parti-coloured red and white. All kinds of modifications can be seen on the same bush although self-coloured flowers are rare.

Moss roses, which make an irresistible appeal to most folk, are fairly numerous. The yellow moss rose, sought in vain by the old rose fanciers, is now obtainable and there is a wide selection of colour shades ranging from white through red to purple. Mme. Louis Lévêque, a flesh-pink, is an excellent example of a high-quality moss rose by reason of its perfect shape and mossiness, and the common pink, the founder of this family of beautiful blossoms, has well-mossed pretty buds. Cristata, or the crested moss rose, is even more mossy as its sepals are heavily fringed; Blanche Moreau is a shapely white. Altogether a choice of about 30 varieties is available to-day.

The old blush China rose should certainly be included. This lovely old thing is the rose that inspired the immortal "Last Rose of Summer." Among the more brilliant members of this section, Fellemberg is a good carmine-red, while Cramoisie Supérieure is a fine glowing crimson. A climbing form of this latter rose may be found in lists, but it is rather more of a pillar than a rampant grower. Rival de Pæstum is almost white, but as it is a mid-Victorian some prefer not to call it "old fashioned," although it is fast qualifying for that title, being nearly 80 years old.

Planting and treatment of the old roses is the same as that for modern varieties, but heavy pruning is not desirable and many allow their bushes to grow on untouched save for an occasional trimming to keep them shapely and within bound-.

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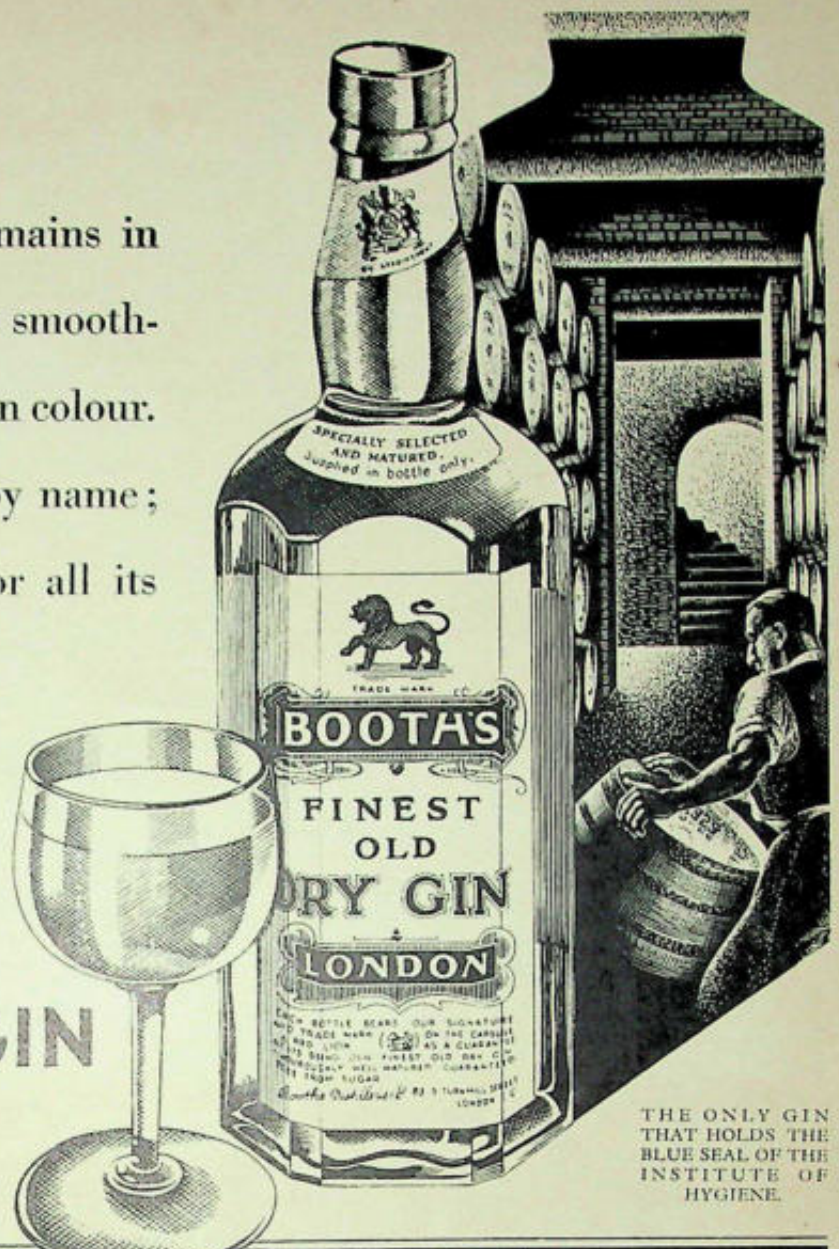

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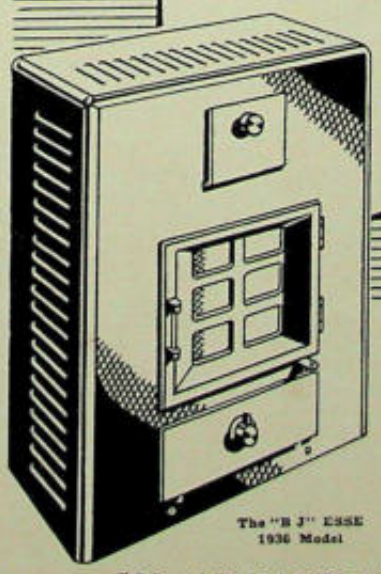

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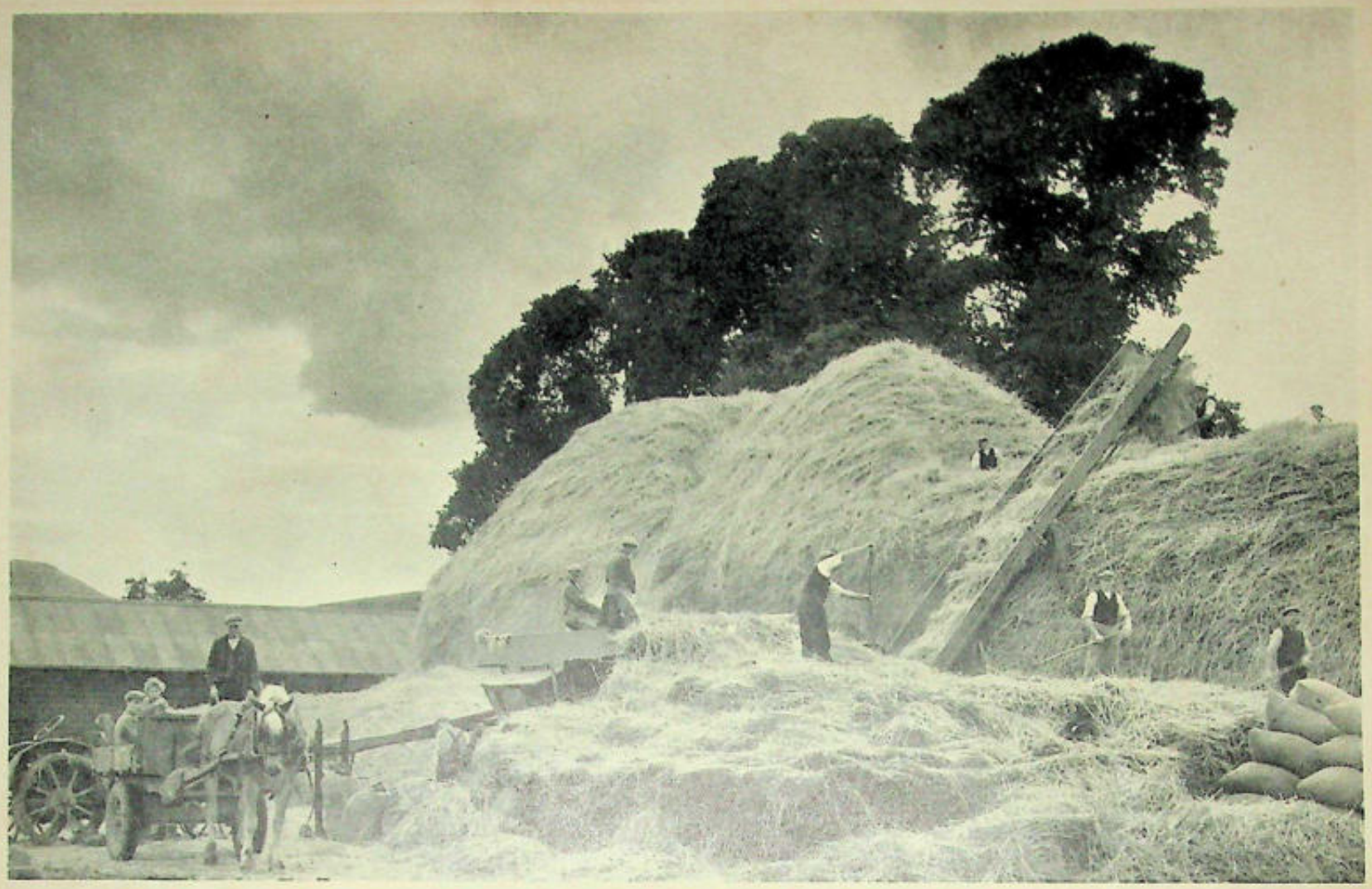

THRESHING WHEAT AT ASHWELL IN HERTFORDSHIRE
Wheat yields are proving disappointing, averaging no more than 6 sacks to the acre on many farms

GRASS KEEP IN WINTER

Ensuring a Green Bite for Stock Until Christmas

SO far this has been a mild open autumn, and the grass in the pastures has kept green and growing well into November. There are, of course, pastures which very soon lose their freshness and green growth because there is not the virtue in the soil to keep the grasses growing, or because a poor type of grass has been allowed to crowd out the more useful species. Travelling across the southern Midlands a week ago the motorist who kept his eyes open must have been struck by the different appearance of the pastures on farms in the same neighbourhood. Some were still providing cattle with a very fair bite of green stuff and others were, to all appearances, dead and providing little but unpalatable roughage.

One field in particular I noticed because of its vivid green appearance. The grass was still growing, and the sheep pastured there seemed to be thriving. There were no troughs in the field, which suggested that they were still finding their living off the grass without any hand feeding. The secret was to be found in the next field. There a row of hen folds was steadily being advanced across the field, and the first field had received the same treatment during the summer. The scratching of the hens and the concentrated application of manure had worked wonders and given the farmer a supply of young grass growing strongly into the winter. It looked as though he could count on an abundant growth of grass until Christmas at least.

More could be done in this way to increase the stock carrying capacity of our farms. Mr. Arthur Hosier, in Wiltshire, has demonstrated the extraordinarily valuable effects of the open-air dairying system in building up the fertility of poor chalk downland and obtaining a vigorous growth of grass through a prolonged season. Others can show similar results. But there are all too many badly neglected grass fields which tell the tale of impoverished farming. We are not managing our grassland as we should to make it fully productive and an asset in the economy of farming. We are spending too much on purchased feeding stuffs and neglecting the most economical and the most natural source of animal fodder.

A good many people must by now be familiar with the grassland improvement work which is carried on from Aberystwyth. The Cahn Hill Improvement Scheme is particularly suggestive of possibilities in Wales and elsewhere. The results where lambs were grazed on Italian rye grass through the winter were surprisingly good. Experimental work on the same problem, but from a different angle, has been carried out at the Armstrong College, Newcastle-on-Tyne. An account of this appears in the *Empire Journal of Experimental Agriculture* (Clarendon Press, Oxford; 7s. 6d.). The laying up of grass for winter keep, that is the enclosure of pasture fields in July or August with a view to obtaining a substantial growth for the maintenance of outlying stock during winter is not as yet common practice. Mr. Brynmor Thomas and Mr. B. M. Boyns suggest that, in view of the present tendency to reduce labour charges and the great decline in the acreage of arable land which has caused a reduction in the amount of straw for feeding, it seems probable that this means of conserving grass for winter keep may find an established place in the farming routine of counties enjoying moderate climatic conditions. In Northumberland the laying up of winter grass appears, they say, to be carried out in haphazard fashion. In many cases only sheep are excluded during late summer, the pasture being lightly stocked with cattle. The primary object appears to be the provision of clean land and a good "lie" for ewes from October to January. Nevertheless, as hand feeding is not usually resorted to until late winter, it is obvious that the quality of the grass is a very important consideration.

The term winter grass may be taken as referring to grass which has been grown during the previous autumn, although such grass may include some growth made during the winter months. The amount of such winter growth may, on some well-managed southern pastures, be of practical importance, but it is negligible in North-Eastern England. The investigators at Armstrong College set out to study the effects of grazing seasonal and other factors on the composition of grass laid up for winter keep. They found that the crude protein content of the grass declined between October and December on grazed and ungrazed plots alike, but rose again in late winter with the resumption of growth. The digestion co-efficients fell consistently to a minimum in January and then rose, the decline being most marked on the ungrazed herbage. On both plots the ash content showed a marked seasonal variation, falling steadily through the period. It is stated that the loss of mineral matter was not due to any decline in the phosphric acid content. It is suggested that the losses sustained by the lime and by the ash constituents can be attributed to translocation and leaching, the latter following possibly on injury due to frost and other causes.

The practical conclusions to be drawn from these experiments are that the feeding value of winter grass as judged by its chemical composition is inferior to that of summer grass from the same pasture and of an age at which it is normally grazed. Nevertheless, the mineral efficiency of the winter grass was comparatively high and it compared favourably in this and other respects with month-old summer grass from inferior Boulder Clay pastures and with hay from one of the best meadows at Cockle Park. This experiment, it may also be noted, did not provide evidence of selective grazing by out-wintered stock. In other words, the stock did not apparently pick out the species richest in food constituents. The analyses showed, in fact, that the grazed plot maintained higher seasonal means for protein, phosphoric acid and lime, and a lower mean for crude fibre than the ungrazed plot. Finally, the suggestion is made that the practice of laying up grass for winter keep affords a useful means of conservation which might be more widely employed in districts enjoying moderate conditions of climate.

This may mean carrying rather fewer stock in the autumn. The farmer cannot count always on a growing autumn which will allow him to carry a full head of stock through August, September and October, and also allow him to shut up certain fields from late summer onwards to provide winter keep. The economy of this practice will obviously depend in part on the amount of hay and oat straw available for winter feeding and the cost of concentrated feeding stuffs. If fodder is abundant and cheap it may pay best to eat all the grass as it becomes available and rely early in the winter on hay and concentrates. In a year like the present, when good hay is not too plentiful and concentrated feeding stuffs have risen in price, the farmer who has managed to get plenty of winter grass in his pastures has an asset that is worth a good deal to him in the feeding of his livestock.

R. F.

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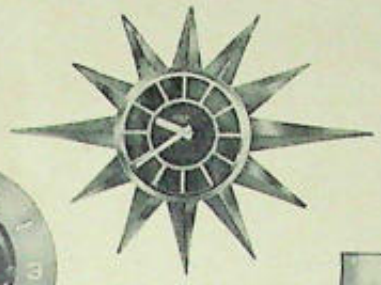

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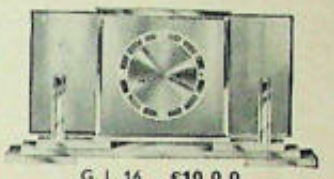

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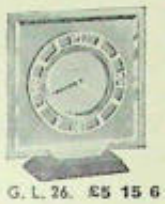

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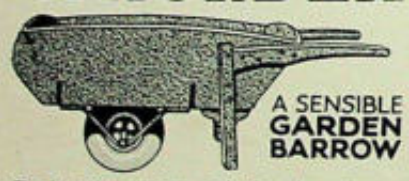

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FARMING NOTES

Norwich Fat Stock Show

FOR the eleventh time, Mr. J. J. Cridlan, the well-known breeder of Aberdeen-Angus cattle in Gloucestershire, won the supreme champion at the Norwich Christmas Show. His winner, this year, was Evergreen 172nd, aged two years and ten months. Another Aberdeen Angus, Ilex of Kirklington, from Lady Robinson's herd, was placed reserve. The best steer was Lady Robinson's Boxer of Kirklington. There were some good Red Polls in the show, including several from the King's herd at Sandringham. The best of them was a steer from Mr. Stuart Paul's herd. Mr. Alfred Lewis again won with Large White pigs and Mr. Stuart Paul's Suffolk were the best pen of sheep in the show.

Silver Fox Championships

The final awards at the Silver Fox Breeders' Association Show in London gave the championship of the show to the Dartmoor Fur Farms, and also the reserve. The champion fox was Dartmoor Cautious, bred by Mr. C. J. Johnstone. His Dartmoor Blanco was also reserve champion dog fox. The reserve supreme champion was Highland Lass from the Highland Silver Fox Ranch. In the classes Dartmoor Fur Farms scored well, taking many of the first prizes. Stack's Fox Farm, Mr. J. M. D. Mackenzie, the Norwich Silver Fox Farm and the Highland Silver Fox Farm, were also prominent in the prize list.

Milk Policy

It is expected that the report of the Milk Reorganisation Commission will be published this week. The dairy industry has been waiting for this report for many months and the Commission's findings and recommendations will be scrutinised with the closest interest by farmers generally. Dairying is now a widespread industry. Almost every county in England has a substantial stake nowadays in milk production. Many of the general public are also concerned to see the milk marketing scheme working to the better advantage of consumers as well as farmers. There is a general feeling that the Milk Marketing Board, a body elected by producers and backed with Parliamentary powers, has not grappled with the problems of milk distribution in a constructive and effective manner. In fact, little has been attempted in the direction of reducing the distributor's margin and bringing producer and consumer more closely together.

Low Produce Prices

Certainly many small milk producers are constant critics of their marketing board. It has not, they say, produced the results expected and they are receiving no better price for their milk than before the marketing scheme came into being. The answer that the Board's backers give is that the Board has never been given a fair chance by the Government. When the scheme was undertaken it was understood that an organised industry would be able to count on effective protection against low-priced imports of milk products. For one reason and another, notably because the Dominions are large suppliers of butter and cheese, it has not been found practicable to give the home dairy industry the protection it expected.

Bacon Pig Contracts

Next Monday is the last day on which farmers can make direct contracts with curers for the supply of bacon pigs through 1937. The terms of this contract are advantageous and it seems sound business policy for everyone able to do so to contract to supply a full number of pigs. Under the present arrangements every pig put under contract keeps out an imported pig. That is in effect how the quantitative regulation of imports works. But this arrangement may not be continued for ever. Only last week the distributive trade sent a deputation to Mr. Runciman and Mr. Morrison asking for an increase in bacon imports. It seems very necessary for home farmers to say once and for all that they will take a bigger hand in supplying the market. When the scheme started only one side of bacon out of every six consumed in this country was home produced. Now the proportion is nearer two out of five. But there is room for considerable expansion yet, and the best way in which farmers can show their determination to regain the home market is to undertake now to supply at least the 2,200,000 pigs wanted as a minimum for next year, and to do better and supply the full 2,400,000 which will secure for them the full price that the curers can afford to pay if they get their factories full.

Beef Cattle Prices

This has been a miserable autumn for graziers who, when the grass fails in feeding quality in autumn are bound to market their cattle off the pastures. Prices generally show a seasonal decline in the autumn, and this year there has been a decided slump. Looking round for the reason there is no clue to be found in the import situation. According to the official returns imports of frozen and chilled beef have been kept in check and the quota quantities have not been exceeded. Has there then been an increased marketing of home-fed animals this autumn? This seems probable and more so in view of the extension of dairying largely on grass farms where barren heifers and other outcasts from dairy herds would naturally be marketed at the end of the grass season. It has to be recognised that beef production is now largely ancillary to dairying. This development means that the production of fat cattle has become progressively more seasonal. We are paying the penalty now in slump prices.

Potatoes in Demand

There is a good demand for potatoes now, and the demand is likely to become keener as the winter goes on. The reason is not any nefarious work by the Potato Marketing Board, but simply that the home crop is not very heavy this year, and that a good many fields suffered badly from blight in the summer and the potatoes are not likely to keep well in the clamps. Growers are, however, well advised to sell as the opportunity to realise a good price occurs. It is possible to hold on to potatoes too long and allow a market scarcity to be created which is followed by an outcry for more imports from the Continent and a possible slump in consequence. We now have a scheme for regulating the marketing of potatoes. The Potato Board does not actually handle potatoes, but it does make regulations fixing minimum riddle sizes which do in effect encourage or discourage the marketing of potatoes. The Board has now reduced the minimum riddle to 1½in. for all varieties of potatoes, and this is the lowest riddle consistent with the proper marketing of potatoes. Tacitly, then, the Board has advised growers to proceed freely with the marketing of potatoes, and not to hold up supplies.

BROADLEAZE.

JUDGING AT THE NORWICH CHRISTMAS SHOW
Despite the depression in the beef industry many very fine beasts were exhibited

SQUASH RACKETS

The Bath Club Cup

THE first half of the Bath Club Cup competition is over, leaving the Conservative Club, in the first division, with a clear lead of two points over their nearest rivals, the R.A.C. The Conservative have gained their twelve points through playing a strong team, consisting of J. A. Gillies, D. M. Backhouse and A. G. Hazlerigg with commendable regularity, but they have done well to gain first place in view of the eminence of F. D. Amr Bey, who leads the R.A.C. The R.A.C. actually beat the Conservative Club by two matches to one, but notwithstanding that they always have the first string match in their pocket, their other strings perform erratically, and P. C. Samuelson has not yet upheld in consecutive matches his great promise.

The Bath Club, who are third with eight points, have failed to score in two of their matches, and unfortunately their team changes nearly every week. When at full strength, with R. Pulbrook, D. O. Wilson and R. C. Greville they are formidable. Prince's Club, with a young side, N. E. Hooper, R. F. Lumb and D. I. Bosanquet, promise well in spite of their meagre six points, and Queen's, with K. C. Gandar Dower in the side and J. N. S. Ridgers in better form, should gain many more than five points in the second half.

The promoted club, the Royal Aero, have done better since W. D. Macpherson turned out to assist P. Q. Reiss. Reiss finds the first string matches a little too much for him, but Macpherson, playing in only two games, has beaten Samuelson of the R.A.C. and Lumb of Prince's.

In the second division there is a very close fight between the R.A.F. (11) and the Bachelors' Club (10). Their margin of victory in all matches is exactly the same, except for the R.A.F.'s win by 2—1 over the Bachelors'. The Naval and Military Club are very weak in this division. M.C.C. lead in the third division with the United Service Club, one point separating them from the Caledonian Club.

JOHN ARMITAGE.

FIELD TRIALS

SPANIELS AT WOODHALL SPA

ON November 13th and 14th the International Gundog League held their 33rd Working Trials, at the Manor House, Woodhall Spa, Lincolnshire, by kind permission of Colonel S. V. Hotchkin. The judges were Mr. W. East and Mr. John L. Marriott, who made the following awards:

No. 1 (GRADUATE STAKES).—1st, H.H. The Maharajah Dhiraj of Patiala's E.S. d. Busy Lad of Ware; 2nd, Mr. H. C. Cumberbatch's E.S. b. Hamptworth Chippy; 3rd, Captain O. P. Traherne's E.S. d. Bryngarw Fire Star; 4th, the Rev. E. J. Nelson's E.S. b. Blendworth Linda. Reserve and Award of Honour, Mr. G. L. Q. Henriques's E.S. b. Chunal Wendy. Certificates of Merit: Mr. F. A. Rottenburg's E.S. d. Duke of Fintry; Captain F. Holford's E.S. b. Whelford Flick; Mr. H. C. Cumberbatch's E.S. d. Hamptworth Turquoise; Mrs. J. S. Calvert's E.S. b. Eromtew Juliana; Lieutenant-Colonel C. D. Horsley's E.S. b. Holefield Sally; Mr. J. H. Hulme's E.S. b. Withington Lottery.

No. 2 OPEN (COCKERS) STAKE.—1st, H.H. The Maharajah Dhiraj of Patiala's b. Racoon of Ware; 2nd, Miss D. M. Fagan's d. Lick Bla Blaze; 3rd, Mr. J. Goddard's b. Nip of the Links; 4th, H.H. the Maharajah Dhiraj of Patiala's d. Stinger of Ware. Reserve and Award of Honour, Miss J. W. Wykeham-Musgrave's b. Poddle Cricket. Certificates of Merit: Mr. H. C. Cowles's d. Burnt Sugar and Dr. W. J. Dawson's b. Grey Dawn of Fews.

No. 3 (OPEN STAKE).—1st, Captain O. P. Traherne's E.S. b. F.T. Ch. Bryngarw Firefly; 2nd, Mrs. J. S. Calvert's E.S. d. Bobble; 3rd, Captain F. Holford's E.S. b. Whelford Flick; 4th, H.H. the Maharajah Dhiraj of Patiala's E.S. d. Busy Lad of Ware. Reserve and Award of Honour, Mrs. W. M. Charlesworth's E.S. b. Porridge of Whiscales. Awards of Honour: Mr. H. C. Cumberbatch's E.S. d. Labes; Mr. E. Winter's E.S. b. Staindrop Staybright. Certificates of Merit: Mrs. P. Kennedy's b. Morn; Mr. C. McNeill's b. F.T. Ch. Donna Susie; the Rev. E. J. Nelson's b. Blendworth Linda; H.H. the Maharajah Dhiraj of Patiala's b. Bryngarw Fireaway; Mr. M. Moreton's d. Sobenhal Spike; Mr. G. L. Q. Henriques's b. Chunal Peggy and Chunal Wendy.

No. 4 BRACE STAKE.—1st, the Rev. E. J. Nelson's E.S. d. Blendworth Martin and Blendworth Reach; 2nd, Miss J. W. Wykeham-Musgrave's C. bs. Poddle Crinkle and Poddle Crusty. Awards of Honour: Captain F. Holford's E.Ss. Whelford Flick and Whelford Nancy; Mr. J. S. Calvert's E.Ss. Bobble and Eromtew Juliana.

No. 5. TEAM STAKE. 1st the Rev. E. J. Nelson's E.Ss. Blendworth Martin, Reach and Jest.

"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, Dec. 26th. 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.

CENTAURAS, THE IMPERIAL AIRWAYS LATEST FLYING BOAT, IN A SHAFT OF SUNLIGHT AS SHE TOOK OFF AT ROCHESTER ON HER FINAL TRIAL FLIGHT

AN INEXPENSIVE CAR WITH A VERY CREDITABLE PERFORMANCE

My Impressions of the Hillman Hawk Sixteen

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

PROBABLY it is only those who were motoring before the War who can really appreciate the amazing progress which the automobile industry has made during recent years. It does not seem long ago that we willingly paid £400 to £500 for a vehicle which was uncomfortable to sit in, noisy and somewhat unreliable, and even when we bought it, we had often to spend a further £50 or so to equip it properly for the road.

Times have changed since then. To-day, for £300 or for much less, we have the choice of a large range of different vehicles which are absolutely reliable, and where comfort and silence leave little to be desired. Moreover, the modern car is so completely equipped that it would be difficult to think of any accessory that had not been included in the original price.

A good example of the above may be seen in the new Hillman Hawk which I took out for a test-run recently. The price is only £295, and for that figure you obtain a really good looking car that has an all-round performance which before the War could not have been equalled by *any* car irrespective of price. The Hillman Hawk undoubtedly represents extremely good value for money, as the engine is a 6-cylinder, and although of a nominal rating of 16.9 h.p., in actual practice it develops 56 b.h.p.

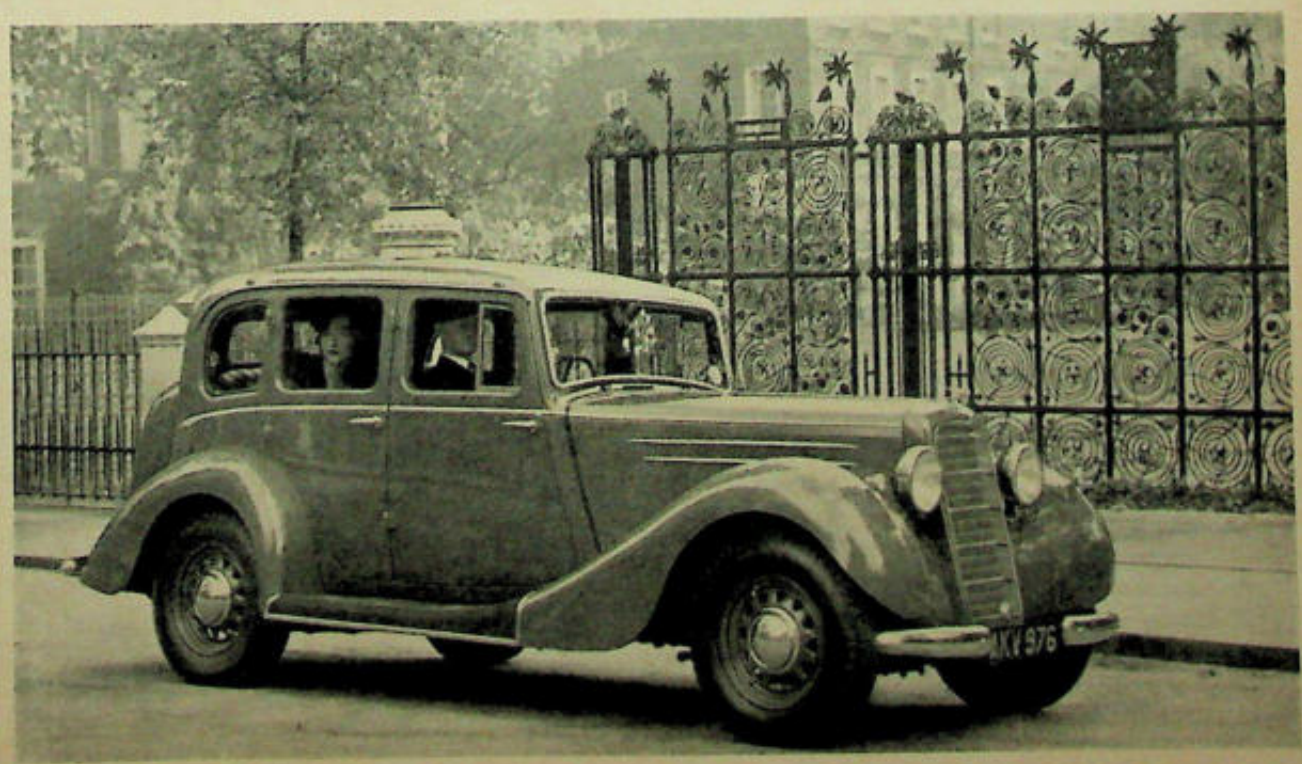
The bore is 67.5 m.m. and the stroke 120 m.m.; the cubic capacity 2,576 c.c., and the tax is £12 15s. per annum. Side-by-side valves are employed, and the cylinder head, which is of cast iron, is detachable. The crankshaft is supported on four bearings and the motor suspended on rubber at three points. The gearbox has four forward speeds, top and third being synchromesh. The ratios are as follows: 1st, 18 to 1; 2nd, 12 to 1; 3rd, 7.16 to 1; and top, 4.89 to 1. On high gear at 70 m.p.h. the engine is turning at 3,836 revolutions per minute.

The water is cooled by the thermo-syphon principle which is assisted by a pump and a fan. Ignition is by coil and battery and the sparking plugs are 14 m.m. The suspension of this car is particularly interesting since the front wheels are independently sprung, a laminated leaf spring being employed and placed transversely. The rear springs are orthodox and are semi-elliptic and particularly long, and Luvax hydraulic shock absorbers are also fitted. The brakes are Bendix duo servo, having direct operation the cables being housed in flexible armoured casings. The emergency brake operates on all four wheels. The petrol tank, situated at the rear of the chassis, holds 14 gallons and the fuel is fed to the carburettor by means of a pump. The principal dimensions of the chassis are as follows: wheelbase, 9ft. ½in.; front track, 4ft. 9⅞in.; rear, 4ft. 11½in. The ground clearance is 6⅝in. and the turning circle 39ft.

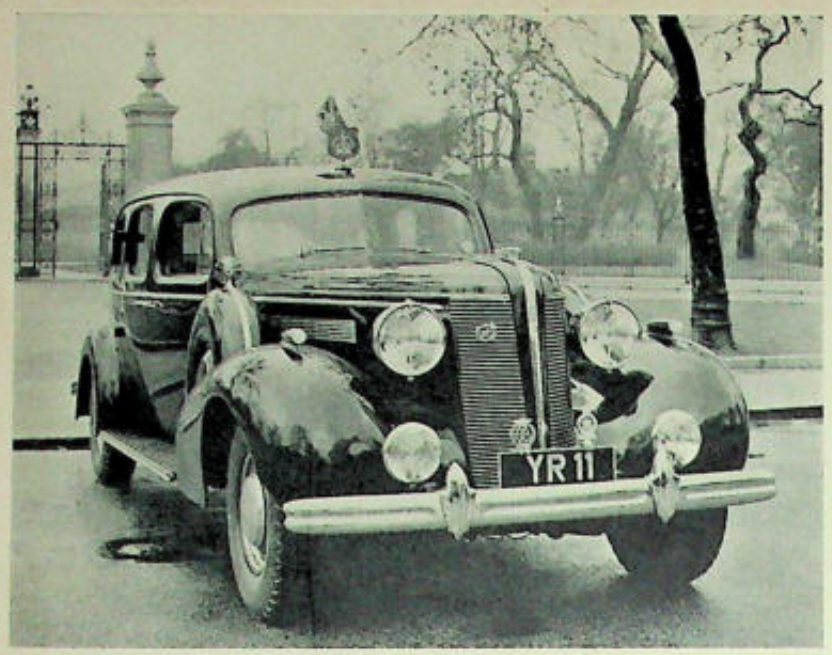
The safety saloon is constructed entirely of steel, with four doors. A special feature is draughtless ventilation for the interior, the forward portion of the front windows being adjustable. Triplex glass is fitted to the windscreen and to all the windows. The rear boot accommodates the spare wheel and there is plenty of room for luggage. Regarding the interior, there is ample head room, the front seats are of the armchair type and adjustable, and the rear cushion can accommodate three adults. There is a folding armrest in the back.

The performance of this car on the road is very creditable. The engine runs quietly and smoothly, and there is ample power available. The maximum speed is in the region of 75 m.p.h. and on third gear between 48 and 50. The steering, which is worm and nut, is fairly low geared, requiring three-and-a-quarter turns from lock to lock, but nevertheless it is light and true in action.

The brakes are certainly one of the very best features of this car, as they are exceptionally powerful, and when applied at full speed even on wet and slippery roads, there is not the slightest trace of skidding or of locking the wheels. The car simply comes to a standstill in a very short distance. The stability of this car is also very good, there being no tendency



A HILLMAN HAWK IN FRONT OF THE BEAUTIFUL WROUGHT-IRON GATES IN LINCOLN'S INN



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, THE DUKE OF KENT'S NEW 37.8 h.p. CANADIAN BUICK LIMOUSINE

His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent has just taken delivery of a Canadian-built Buick seven-passenger Limousine, which the British Concessionaires, Messrs. Lendrum & Hartman, had the honour of supplying. The car is fitted in black with fawn cloth interior, and has special reading lamps which are concealed when not in use

whatever to swing on corners. This excellent feature must be due in no small measure to the fact that the front wheels are independently sprung.

The weight without passengers is just over 31cwt., and the petrol consumption works out at between 19 and 20 m.p.g. on give-and-take roads. The only criticism which I have to offer is that concerning the position of the driving seat. The cushion is so low and the back so straight that in consequence the maximum of comfort is not obtained. The rake of the steering also does not suit a driver of my size, but if the seat was higher it would make all the difference. This defect, of course, could easily be rectified, but I certainly would like to see the body a little wider at this point.

Although the engine is of a reasonably economical size, the Hillman Sixteen provides a very satisfactory road performance, and at the price of £295 is an attractive proposition for anyone requiring a car of its type.

PROGRESS AND PROMISE ON THE AIRWAYS

A Review of Our Empire Position

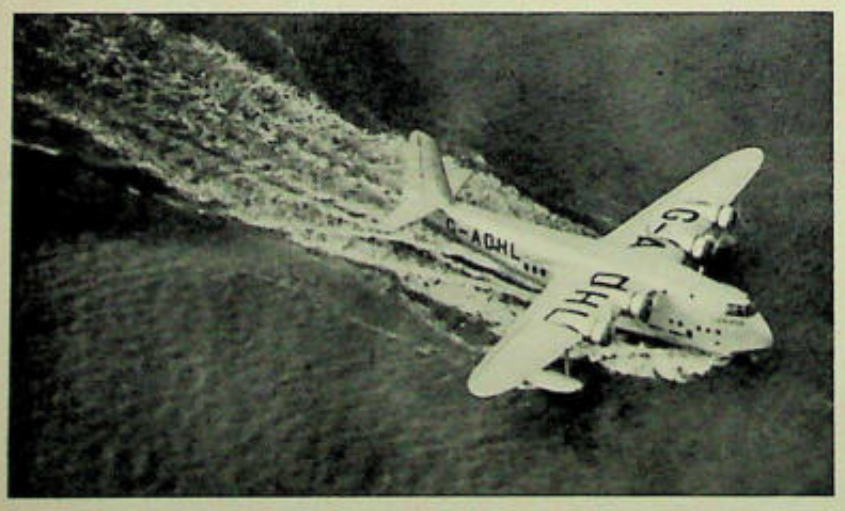
By LORD SEMPILL, A.F.C., F.R.Ae.S.
Aviation Editor of the "Field"

IN the past year or eighteen months a very great deal has been heard of the plans for Empire airways expansion, to which, indeed, several references have been made in these articles. The very magnitude of the scheme, including as it does the operation of large flying boats on a hitherto unheard-of scale and experiments in commercial flying across the Atlantic, has tended to overshadow the good work that has been going on in the normal routine of Imperial Airways.

The annual report of that company, which is, in effect, a review of our position in world commercial aviation, comes therefore as a useful reminder that the foundations of our Empire services are being steadily consolidated and that, in ways less spectacular than the major scheme so widely publicised, useful extensions and augmentations are being made. Furthermore,

EMPIRE AIRWAYS EXPANSION

Centaurus and (below) Canopus, two of the luxurious 200 m.p.h. flying boats built for Imperial Airways Empire Air Service



FOREIGN FLYING

The Stanavo Carnet, which enables the aviator to obtain supplies of aviation petrol and oil on credit terms in all parts of the world, is a most useful innovation of the Anglo-American Oil Co. It might be imagined that when the aerial traveller makes his first landing at a foreign airport he finds himself faced with difficulties of language, etc.; however, the Stanavo agent who meets him will take entire charge of the matter. The organisation also supply details concerning tax refund on petrol supplies in different countries.

it provides an opportunity to assess the growth of air traffic independently of route expansions. This is an important point, for no matter what new routes are brought into being, there can be little encouragement for the future unless the demand for air travel is growing and the operations themselves grow nearer to self-sufficiency in the financial sense.

Taken all round, the report does reveal advances on all these lines. The accounts show that the profit for the past year is greater, and this, in spite of the fact not mentioned in the report that the subsidy paid was somewhat smaller. The amount of traffic continues to grow, for in 1935–36—the report deals with the twelve months to March 31st last—the ton miles were 4,803,427 as against 3,511,528 in the previous year. As compared with 1932–33, the total increase in traffic is more than 100 per cent., a very satisfactory progress in the three-years period.

No less striking is the advance in route mileage, which has progressed from 2,200 in 1928, to 9,300 in 1930, and at the beginning of this year to 19,100; to-day the total route mileage of the main company and its subsidiaries and associates amounts to no less than 27,000.

Yet another indication of the growth of air traffic as the result of new and more convenient services and a growing appreciation of its value is shown by the record of bookings. The proportion of carrying capacity sold to that offered remained, in the year under review, at 62 per cent.—the same as the figure for 1934–35—but this represented a considerable actual increase, for the capacity flown was greater by some 19 per cent.

Some sidelights on the lesser known, but highly important, work of the airways are provided by the report. The West African service, which deals with mails only, and saves between nine and thirteen days on the route between England and Nigeria, has proved successful, and plans are prepared to make this service available for passengers. At the same time, arrangements have been made with a shipping company interested in the West African territories for aviation development within the colonies themselves—a development fraught with great possibilities.

Another branch service brought into use is that between Penang and Hong Kong, which, after a short experimental period, is now on a permanent basis, thus linking an important British centre with the main trunk routes. In Malaya, an agreement with another shipping company foreshadows the inauguration of local services in the territories. Thus, step by step, branches are growing from the central system, and in districts where the need for better transport is very keenly felt.

Other details revealed indicate that the new scheme of replacement of flying stock is not before its time. Most of the aircraft in use have been in service for some years, and their performance, as has been stressed before, falls somewhat below the standards set in America and on competing lines to the East. That the new stock will go far towards rectifying this handicap is shown by the announcement that the full-speed trial of the first Empire flying-boat showed this new machine to be capable of 199½ m.p.h. The new land aeroplanes now under construction, which, it is expected, will be in use early in 1937, are designed for performance of the same order.

Those who believe in the highest possible speed at all costs as the primary feature of an air service will find comparatively little comfort in the chairman's speech at the meeting. No specific mention of night flying, as such, is made, and it was given as the considered opinion of the company that the bulk of passengers have no wish, to quote the chairman's words, "to be rushed over continents at great speed." Nevertheless, considerable accelerations are planned, and, no less important, all-round increases in the frequency of the services.

Thus, when the whole of the present scheme is in operation, there will be five services weekly to India, three to Malaya and two to Australia, while three services will operate to Central Africa and two to Durban—the terminal selected for the flying-boats—each week. The South African route is to be the first to gain these benefits.

Summing up, it may be said that progress in our Empire airways system goes steadily forward. The policy now adopted shows a marked improvement on previous years, and it but remains to be seen whether the promised all-round betterment is fully realised. Little has been said here of the Empire air-mail or Atlantic schemes; those have been discussed in these columns fairly recently, and the report throws little new light on the position. One minor point may, however, be mentioned as an indication of what the expansion involves: it was stated that, when the plans have reached maturity, the flying personnel will have been increased from 96 to 262. Thus the airways seem at last to be offering a career to the many pilots who wish to make flying their life work.

One thing remains to be said. It is clear that the urgent needs of the R.A.F. expansion are not affecting commercial progress; and this is very much to the good, for imperial defence depends to no small extent on the completeness and efficiency of imperial communications.

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"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE

THE TALBOT HOTEL, CHADDESLEY CORBETT

HALF-TIMBER runs riot in the Western Midlands and among a crowd of fine romantic old houses, often patterned more elaborately than zebras, you will find the Talbot Hotel at Chaddesley Corbett. It is probable that this inn dates from Tudor times when Elizabeth Lady Lisle, a Talbot by birth, was Lady of the Manor, and its size and character indicate that in olden days it was an important posting house. In those days, old records state, it was a favourite haunt of highwaymen, who enjoyed pleasant hospitality in the knowledge that in an emergency they could gain the friendly shelter of Chaddesley Wood.

As far as can safely be ascertained from the evidence available the inn was erected as a pair of residences for gentry in 1504. Its timber frame is in the Perpendicular style very popular in the days of Queen Elizabeth, while a horse block at both buildings was a silent reminder of the chief method of travel in those days of tracks rather than well-prepared roads. During some alterations in the latter years of the nineteenth century the northern horse block was removed, but that adjoining the southern porchway remains to-day in an excellent state of preservation.

Fortunately, the Talbot escaped the vandalism of Hanoverian architects and amateur restorers. Its foundation frame received attention about the year 1890, and during the repairs and alterations the ancient stabling was demolished, though the timbers were preserved, some being utilised in building the present porch at the main entrance. This is a faithful copy of the original porch to be seen at the southern end of the inn. Other portions of the old timbers were converted into oak panelling for the present saloon bar. But that illimitable, silent, never-resting thing called Time eventually worked greater havoc with the timber framework, and in 1933 the present proprietor carried out considerable restoration.

Every care was exercised to retain the original design of the structure. With the aid of modern engineering appliances the building was carefully lifted in sections from its foundations and a handsome red stone foundation built beneath it. All defective timbers were removed and carefully copied in new English oak. The perpendiculars were all fitted with iron dowels to ensure security. The wattle and the daub of the interstices were replaced by reinforced concrete mixed with a self-coloured sand that does not need the application of a colour-wash. It was during this restoration that the discovery was made that the inn originally consisted of two buildings, for two complete party walls were found in the centre of the main building and a system of drainage filled the cavity between the parts.

In its earliest years the Talbot was situated in an extensive woodland region. Chaddesley Corbett was a part of the great Feckenham Forest in Shakespearean times, and some folk in fancy try to visualise the immortal bard quaffing ale at the Talbot during an excursion connected with the King's deer. In Stuart times these woodlands had an unenviable reputation for harbouring footpads and bands of robbers, and on many occasions the inn was searched by members of the King's forces when in close pursuit of some desperado. No captures, however, are recorded, and this is probably due to the fact that the local folk feared reprisals and so communicated with the outlaws long before the officers of the law were anywhere near the Talbot.

But Time in his tireless flight changes all things, and he has changed much at Chaddesley Corbett. To-day the inn parlour at the Talbot Hotel is a favourite resort for sportsmen, who discuss not the approach of the King's officers, but the prospects of good sport with the local pack, the Albrighton Woodland. It is pleasant, therefore, to end these slight notes about the Talbot with the thought of rising from one of its beds and leaving behind all the pleasant land of counterpane when

> "The dusky night rides down the sky
> And ushers in the morn;
> The hounds all join in glorious cry,
> The huntsman winds his horn;
> And a-hunting we will go."

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LORD DECIES

Celebrating his birthday to-day, Lord Decies, who served with the Matabele Relief Force in 1896, for many years has been well known in cricket, hunting, polo and racing circles. He is chairman of the new National Sporting Club, which has proved such a great success.

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THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

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

THE ENCHANTED LAND

UNDER this heading Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton are issuing a series of volumes which they describe as a "Modern Doomsday." The series, edited by Arthur Mee, aims at describing the England which those who seek may find to-day. In prose and picture it shows us the tale of church and manor, of lane and lawn, of cove and cottage; an England which is, as it has always been, in a state of constant change, but which we like to think is changeless. The first volume under the heading which stands above this article is introductory and is packed full of legend and anecdote, and it clearly shows how much of history and of beauty even those who live in the very heart of it have missed. The three other volumes issued with it deal with the counties of Lancashire, Warwickshire and Kent. It can fairly be said that this undertaking may be read, in years to be, as a vivid picture of what the England of our time was like. Published at 10/6, and profusely illustrated, they are within the reach of the many, so that this venture is indeed one to which the *Field* would wish to give its *imprimatur*.

The thought that must be foremost in the mind of each of us who has read these books is what of all this can remain. Modern life has piled invention on invention in the last 130 years. The steam engine, the internal combustion engine, the telegraph, the lure of advertisement, the spread of newsprint, broadcasting, aeroplanes, television. As some think, it is the heaping of agony on agony. And there are few who do not ask where it will end. Yet there is no man or woman throughout the length and breadth of this country, no voter on the register, who would not wish that, for instance, a house like Knowle, or a village such as Milton Abbas, in Dorset, or Blanchlands, in Durham, should be preserved as a place for the quiet rest and enjoyment of all the people.

There are vast tracts of England, the Downs, for instance, or parts of the Yorkshire Dales, which are at the mercy of the speculative builder. It is as impossible as it is wrong to prevent houses being built, provided that as far as possible these houses are not an open eyesore, and are likely to endure as wholesome homes. But more and more it is admitted that such building should be planned, and not cast haphazard through our land. And moreover this planning should be on a generous scale. It is difficult for local authorities to take a broad view. It seems that any planning for development in areas scheduled as of national beauty should be carried out by, say, County Councils under the general supervision of the Ministry of Health and the Office of Works. Surely legislation could be brought before Parliament empowering County Councils to make a survey of certain rural areas which should remain unspoilt; not to prevent owners exercising their undoubted right to build, but to see that they exercise it under arrangements co-ordinated by those well calculated to advise.

There remains a second consideration. One by one the historic houses of England must cease to exist as inhabited homes. At worst they will become interesting ruins, at best museums. The crushing burden of death duties renders this inevitable in all but the most fortunate of cases. The remedy appears to be that certain great houses whose continued existence is of national importance should be scheduled to pass free of death duties, subject, of course, to the rights of entrance of the public on certain days. This has been done in France, and nobody can say that the French are a people who allow class privilege undue scope. To visit, say, Knowle, cared for by the family who have owned it for five hundred years, is rather a different matter from a visit to the Victoria and Albert Museum.

These measures are not those of a party platform. They would command the support of nearly all men of goodwill, and they are essential in the course of the next ten years if we are not to lose much of the enchantment of our land, and if the researches of Mr. Arthur Mee and his collaborators will not be, in a few years time, little more than a record.

BOXING TITLES

BEN FOORD, the British and Empire Heavyweight Champion, will fight Jack Petersen at Harringay in January. The contest will be over fifteen three-minute rounds, which is the championship distance, and so obviously the championship is at stake. The Board of Control, however, do not recognise it as a championship contest. The official challenger, so far as they are concerned, is Tommy Farr, the Welsh titleholder, and they maintain that before Petersen can secure recognition he must first defeat Farr. Alternatively, one presumes, they want Farr substituted for Petersen. In the event of Petersen winning, they will not recognise him as champion. There is something to be said for their attitude. Petersen received such a thrashing at Leicester—and his form was so bad before that fight—that there is no reason why he should be given another chance without first proving himself anew. Farr, on the other hand, has done all that he has been asked to do, and has, therefore, some right to be judged the foremost challenger. Yet, should Petersen win (and he has, of course, a faint chance), he will be champion in everything but name.

It would seem that the Board's authority is at last going to be put to the test. Possibly they have sufficient power to assert themselves. And this time, at least, they have right on their side. But it must be said that the trouble is due entirely to their own vacillating policy and supine leadership. And, further, until we have a Board with strength of character, a firm and united policy, and the gift of leadership, such unseemly wrangles as this will continue to the detriment of the sport as a whole.

ITS LAST "BENEFIT"

Home of Dog Shows, Poultry Shows, scene of Blondin's tight-rope walking exploits, of Organ Recitals, of Brass Band Contests and setting for Brock's marvellous firework displays, the Crystal Palace, a shimmering landmark for miles round London, has disappeared in molten glass and ashes. It had passed through many vicissitudes and there must be regret that the end came when, it is said, that its ill-luck as a financial success was on the turn. Except as an architectural curiosity of the Victorian era and as a relic of the Great Exhibition of 1851, when it was hailed as a World's Wonder, there will not be many tears shed at the loss of the Palace. On its initial erection the following verses from *Punch* may be quoted as typical of the clamour which influenced the building of the dome:

> Oh Albert spare those trees!
> Mind where you fix your show,
> For Goodness Sake don't, please,
> Go spoiling Rotten Row.

There is one thing for which we may be grateful. It is, that the Paxtons' inspiration for building gigantic conservatories was not allowed to run riot to the extent of constructing eleven miles of glass boulevards for London under glass domes 100ft. high.

GOOD NEWS FOR POLO

When the unfortunate controversy over the future of the Ranelagh Club was at its height, the *Field* maintained that the most important consideration was the maintenance of the polo ground as such. It is very good news to hear that this policy has been adopted, and that the polo ground has been saved from development as a building estate. If we are to produce sides worthy to compete with foreign countries in this game it is most important that the rather inadequate facilities for playing the game near London should not be further curtailed. Even as things are, the grounds round London are very much smaller in number than those round New York. We applaud the firm and sane reconstructive policy which is now being pursued by the directors of the Ranelagh Polo Club, Ltd.

TREES AT ETON

Nothing endures longer than a clump of trees, or perhaps it is fairer to say that nothing seems more calamitous than the uprooting of a tree which we have come to consider as a permanent part of our landscape. Trees represent continuity, and accumulated wisdom and tradition. So it is very right and fitting that to-day the elms which Provost Rous, a former Speaker of the House of Commons, planted in the Eton Playing Fields should be replaced by trees planted by the 104 Etonian Members of the House of Commons, headed by Lord Hugh Cecil, the new Provost. Limes and chestnuts will take the place of the familiar elms, and these 104 Old Etonians may be assured that, like those beloved trees, they represent continuity and the tradition. It is to be hoped that they can also claim to stand for accumulated wisdom!

ENGLAND'S RUGBY TEAM

Following what has become the usual practice in English Rugby trials, the first of this season's trial matches to be played at Workington to-day, is largely a test of new players in the Possibles team against internationals and other experienced players in the England side. There will be plenty of opportunity for new players, unless some of the old hands improve very much on the form shown so far. Once again the absence of a Blackheath representative in the selected teams is a notable indication of the decline of the famous club, just as the selection of four Coventry forwards for the England pack is a tribute to this staunch Midland club, acknowledged to have one of the strongest forward divisions in the country. Meanwhile it looks as though several of the Oxford and Cambridge players may be knocking loudly at the door of the selectors' conference after the 'Varsity match.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a description of a fine fox: "It had the most magnificent brush I have ever seen, and the animal must have measured five feet from the tip of its nose to the end of its brush."

TRAPPED RABBITS

There should be some interesting reading, when it is published, in the report of the Select Committee of the House of Lords, appointed to consider whether measures ought to be taken for the better protection of agriculture and the land against rabbits. Rather a curious comment was made last week by one of the Committee—if he has been correctly reported—on the evidence given by witnesses. Captain W. H. Buckley, whose views on the rabbit question are well known to readers of the *Field*, spoke of the damage done by the plague of rabbits in Carmarthenshire, where the trapping industry, through increasing the number of rabbits left to breed for trapping, has reduced good farmland into waste common. Major John Francis, of Carmarthen, said that unemployed men refused to catch rabbits, whereupon Lord Ancaster made the comment, "That is why the rabbits increase, because people won't catch them." Captain Buckley's opinion is that they increase because people do catch them. Which view will the Committee take?

ELECTRIFICATION CASUALTIES

Although there are no further human casualties to report on the electric lines, we regret to say that a couple more of the Southdown hounds were killed a short time ago near Berwick (Sussex). We have repeated, and we repeat again, that this electrification of railways under the present system is a very serious matter, not only to hunting people, but to the whole rural community; something must be done about it, and quickly. The British Field Sports Society are making every endeavour to secure information which may lead to a possible solution. Safe methods of electrification are used in other countries. Why not in England?

CRICKET VETERANS

The old gives place to new. A. P. Freeman's long association with Kent cricket has been terminated and J. W. Hearne has retired after an even longer association with the M.C.C. at Lord's. Freeman's star remained brilliant much longer than that of most famous players. Only a couple of seasons back he took over 200 wickets, following similar performances in the previous seven seasons. Lacking in inches—"Tich" was an obvious nickname for the crowd—he deserves to rank among the greatest slow bowlers. He mastered the arts of flight and spin and combined them with accuracy. He retained his vigour remarkably, and there seems no reason why, at the age of 48, he should not carry on for a long time yet in some other sphere of cricket. Hearne is apparently giving up the game entirely, and we may sometimes wonder how best to remember him—for his stolid batting, invaluable in a crisis, or for his wily slow bowling.

SALMON FISHING CLOSES

Once St. Andrew has set his seal on the salmon season and even Tweed has "gone out," there is breathing space to consider dispassionately how the salmon fishing of 1936 has really behaved. There were prophets, and not a few, who hailed its advent as the "ninth year" and predicted a "peak" in salmon arrivals which should make it a memorable season. On the Wye, certainly, they have been right. Though the great 1927 may not have been equalled, it has certainly been a bumper year of no mean order. Tweed rods, too, taking spring and autumn together should have little to complain of on the final score, and the closing week made up for earlier disappointments. There has been one notable exception to the general prosperity: the Dartmoor rivers which empty to the south and west; and West Country fishermen's wounds are too recent, perhaps, to seek an explanation of the ugly pattern woven this year for man by the Fates. But at all events salmon fishers have had the best of it. The unfortunate trout fishermen, most of them, will turn an unsympathetic ear to tales of woe.

BANISHING CHILL

As for those chilly orbs, on the verge of creation,
Where sunshine and smiles must be equally rare;
Did they want a supply of cold hearts for that station;
Heaven knows we have plenty on earth we could spare.
Oh, think what a world we should have of it here,
If the haters of peace, of affection, and glee,
Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,
And leave earth to such spirits as you love, and me.

From Moore's Irish Melodies in *The Months*, a description of the successive beauties of the year, by Leigh Hunt, with drawings by Horace J. Knowles. Published by Ivor, Nicholson & Watson; price 8/6.

Bird Market, Club Row, in 1933

THE R.S.P.B.

Task of the Committee of Investigation

IT is probable that Fellows and Members of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds may be wishing to know what has happened in regard to the proceedings and work of the Society since the Annual General Meeting, held on March 9th, 1936, at the Westminster Palace Rooms. Previous to this meeting there had been decisions on the part of the Council of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, which had led to the resignation of two lady Assistant Secretaries in February. A new Secretary to the Society was appointed in that month.

At the Annual General Meeting of the Society, on March 9th, Captain Adrian Hopkins put before the assembled meeting various reasons for the dissatisfaction which had been felt by many members in regard to the general organisation of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds. As a result, the General Meeting, by a large majority, authorised the setting-up of a Committee of six persons and a Chairman, to investigate the organisation of the Society. Sir Montagu Sharpe, Chairman of the Council, at this meeting promised the Committee the fullest assistance and co-operation by himself and the office at 82, Victoria Street.

Following the Annual General Meeting, steps were taken to get together the Committee of Investigation and the following agreed to serve:

Chairman, Dr. Julian Huxley, Secretary, Zoological Society of London, Life Member.
Mr. Eric Parker, Editor of the *Field*, Fellow.
Captain Adrian Hopkins, Member.
Mr. E. G. Bentley, Fellow.
Major Laurens Sargent, Fellow.
Mr. S. N. Horne, Fellow.
Mr. W. Bellows, Member.

This Committee held various meetings, with Dr. Julian Huxley in the Chair. From March–July, correspondence proceeded between the Committee and the Council of the Society, in which various questions were asked and answered. There was an unavoidable gap as regards Committee meetings during the holiday period, but early in September the Committee issued a printed report and requested the Council of the R.S.P.B. to furnish them with the names of Fellows and Members.

They were unable to obtain these, and suggested that arrangements might possibly be made whereby the reports might be sent out from the offices of the R.S.P.B. To this the Secretary replied that "permission for this to be done could not be given by any individual official of the Society; but the request will be submitted to the Council." He also asked for 30 copies of the report, to be circulated among Members of the Council. To this the Committee replied, on September 18th, asking for the calling of an Extraordinary General Meeting, and stating that they had the necessary number of signatories requisitioning such a meeting; further, that they would be glad to forward the 30 copies when they were able to send the report out to Fellows and Members.

On October 14th, the Committee received another request from the Secretary for 30 copies of the report for the Council, and, in reply to this request, all the printed copies of the report were sent down to the offices of the R.S.P.B. on October 19th. The Secretary then wrote, stating that "A copy of this report has been sent to each Member of the Council." In reply to this letter, the Committee asked for an immediate reply to their request for an Extraordinary General Meeting, to which the Secretary replied: "I have as yet received no instructions from the Council." To this letter a reply was sent, expressing the surprise of the Committee that no instructions as to summoning of the Extraordinary General Meeting had been received, and asking for the reasons for the delay.

On October 23rd, Sir Montagu Sharpe wrote to the Chairman of the Committee of Investigation, asking whether there was any real necessity for the calling of an Extraordinary Meeting, and stating that the expense of such a meeting might amount to £100. It is understood, however, that a good hall could easily be hired for £5 or £10, and that the expenses of printing and circulation should not amount to more than £15.

It would appear that the report of the Committee was circulated to Fellows and Members on Thursday, November 12th, and the Council, in circulating the Report, enclosed in the same envelope their own reply.

It will have been noticed by those who have received the report and the Council's reply, that among the points dealt with have been the amounts of honoraria paid to Members of the Council. According to the Report of the Committee of Investigation, this amounted during the year 1935 to £875. The Council, in their reply, state that this sum is incorrect and that the amount should be £625. But the Council, in reply to questions from the Committee, made in their answers the following statements:

1. Mrs. Lemon's honorarium £210 p.a. (dating from 1926).
2. Another honorarium was granted to a member of the Council, dating from 1932, at the rate of £100 p.a.
3. "It has been arranged that the late Secretary should receive an honorarium of £250 p.a. while she retains the editorship of 'Bird Notes and News' and management of the Bird and Tree competitions."
4. The accounts of the Society show that a gratuity to the Hon. Solicitors in the year 1935 amounted to £315.

The position then to-day is that the Committee of Investigation, beginning with their letter of September 18th, have pressed for the calling of an Extraordinary General Meeting. As we go to Press, the Committee is still waiting for an assurance that this meeting, for which the requisite number of signatories were forwarded to the Council, will be called.

Only this need be added. On August 21st, the Committee of Investigation were informed by the Secretary of the R.S.P.B., that the time taken, after the receipt of a requisition for the calling of an Extraordinary General Meeting, would be from four to six weeks.

On November 12th, in reply to the Committee's letter of September 18th, asking for the calling of an Extraordinary General Meeting, a letter was forwarded to each signatory calling for this meeting, in which the Secretary to the R.S.P.B. stated that he was instructed that there must be some definite resolution formulated before arrangements for summoning such a meeting could be undertaken. In reply to this, a letter was sent by the Committee to the Secretary, asking whether or not the Council accepted in principle the Report of the Committee of Investigation. To this a reply, dated November 28th, was received by the Committee, from the Secretary, stating that "your question will be fully considered at the Council Meeting, to be held on December 11th, 1936, and that he (Sir Montagu Sharpe, the Chairman) regrets that this cannot be done sooner."

It will be seen, therefore, that the earliest date at which the Extraordinary General Meeting, requisitioned by the necessary number of signatories as called for on September 18th, can be held will be the middle of January.

ONE OF THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING A FOOT-FOLLOWER IS THAT ONE CAN GO THROUGH AS WELL AS OVER. THIS OBSTACLE IS A SUSSEX HEAVE-GATE WITH A "LEEPLE ADDITION"

ANCIENT AND HONOURABLE ORDER OF FOOT-FOLLOWERS

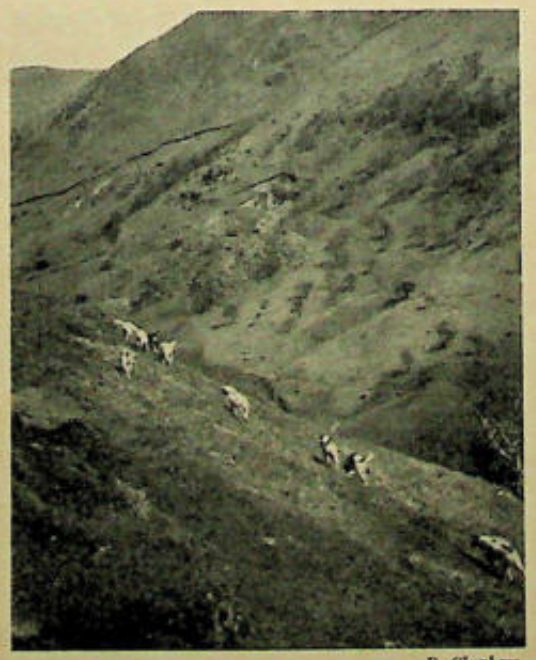
Men and Women of Every Sort who Love Foxhunting for Its Own Sake

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

JOHN MASEFIELD, England's Poet-Laureate, has said that a man wanting to set down a picture of the society of England would find his models at the *games*. He then goes on to enumerate various English games—football, cricket, golf, etc., and, speaking of them, says that the worst of all these games is that only a few can play them at a time. "But," he adds, "in the English country, during the autumn, winter and early spring of each year, the main sport is foxhunting, which is not like cricket or football, a game for a few and a spectacle for many, but something in which all who come may take a part, whether rich or poor, mounted or on foot. It is a sport loved and followed by both sexes, all ages and all classes. At a foxhunt, and nowhere else in England, except perhaps at a funeral, can you see the whole of the land's society brought together, focused for the observer, as the Canterbury pilgrims were for Chaucer."

How true this statement is, and yet I sometimes wonder if some of those men—and women—who come to the meet in their cars, mount their horses just as hounds move off, spend the day in the saddle, and dismounting at the close of the day are whirled away as quickly as they came, appreciate the fact that the foot-follower often plays quite an important part in the day's sport. The discussion which took place in the columns of one of London's daily papers a short time ago brought out the fact that one man at least utterly failed to realise that the man who hunts on his feet often sees and knows far more of the day's sport than the man who sees the day from the back of a horse.

Here in the West of England, where I have hunted for the past eight years, the foot-follower is a very important person. The secretary of the Cattistock has on his subscription list the names of several people who send an annual subscription toward the upkeep of the pack, and who are out as regularly as those who hunt on horseback. But over and above these "regular subscribers" there are several men and women who are often at the meet, and on whose information and "holloas" one can always rely. The first of these is an old retired employee of the railway company—one Dyke—who has followed hounds in the Cattistock and South Dorset countries for over 60 years. He told me the other day that he remembered well the early days when Lord Poltimore hunted the country, and I have often heard him tell of some of the great hunts that took place in those "brave" days before the wire fence and the tarmac road had played havoc with the country. Mr. Dyke is at every puppy show, takes a keen interest in hounds, and his information as to the whereabouts of foxes is often of great help to a huntsman. Then we have an old earth-stopper named Hodder, the exact prototype of Masefield's "Baldy Hill," so wonderfully described by him at the end of his introduction to the illustrated edition of *Reynard the Fox*. Every year at the "Earth-stoppers' Dinner" old Hodder comes and sits next to me (it is his right as senior earth-stopper to sit next the Master, so he says) and tells me stories of bygone days that he has heard from his father and grandfather, stories handed down from generation to generation; and he is as proud of his work as a skilled artist is of his profession. Four generations of his family have been earth-stoppers to the Cattistock Hunt, and when he dies his sons will doubtless carry on after him. I suppose there are many such all over England, though I rather fancy the old breed is gradually dying out, more's the pity!



R. Clapham

A FELL PACK ON THE DRAG

In these countries the foot-follower comes into his own, as it is nearly always impossible to ride to hounds

One of the most regular of the Cattistock foot-followers is a little wiry man named Cox, a tailor by trade, who lives in the Friday country. He is almost 70, but he covers more ground in a day than three ordinary men and never seems tired at the end of the longest day. Many a time I have picked Mr. Cox up on my way to a meet or perhaps coming home at night, and he is always fresh and spruce and apparently ready to go out the next day as keen as ever. He told me once that he came to the Cattistock country many years ago, and that at the time he was not at all a strong man. "The doctor told me that I'd better take regular exercise," he said, "and I began to follow hounds, and now I love it, so I never miss a day if I can, help it." There is hardly a meet within ten miles of his house that he does not attend, often starting before dawn in the early part of the season, for Cox does the cubbing as well as the regular hunting, gets him fit before the regular season opens, he says, and up to this year he was always accompanied by a little white terrier bitch, who, though she is not much at going to ground, always liked

to see the fun with her master. Of late I have missed the terrier, and the other day when I asked him where she was he told me that she had retired on account of old age. Mr. Cox's chief joy is to open gates for the field, and not long ago a certain member of the Cattistock field said to him, "Mr. Cox, I don't wish you any evil, but I do hope you die before I do." Cox looked rather perturbed, but said, "How so, my lord, I don't wish to die." "Well," came the reply, "I want you to get to Heaven before I do, Cox, so that you may be there to open the Gate for me" . . .

Then there is old Dyke's son, who, like Masefield's character, comes "dressed to follow hounds on foot," a fine-looking chap who has won many a cross-country race, and who, like his father, is very keen to see hounds at work. All these characters and many more make up a sort of subsidiary field that are typical of the West Country. It would not be quite fair to close this article without some mention of those exponents of the "fair sex" who are among the members of this little coterie. There are several of them who follow hounds afoot, some who ride one day and run the next—among the latter being two young ladies who have been nicknamed the "Die-hards," the name having stuck to them to such an extent that their mother is often spoken of as "Mrs. Die-hard," to that good lady's intense amusement. These two girls are both as keen as mustard, and both first-class horsewomen, and both may be seen in the forefront (sometimes a little too much in the forefront) of the hunt on days when they have something to carry them. But their mounts are not always sufficient to allow them to come out as often as hounds go, and so they often come to the meets clad to run, and it seems to me that they go just as well one way as another.

I rather think that in the old days, when hounds were not as fast as they are to-day, and when the points were shorter, that there were a good many more foot-people out than to-day, and after all does not Peter Beckford, that Nestor of all hunting men, say, "In every country you can eat, drink, and sleep; in England only can you hunt. I sometimes fancy I should like to run on foot, gaiters on my legs, and a pole on my hand . . . at others I wish to stand upon a hill and follow with my eyes the hunted fox."

The above quotation comes from that little known work of Peter Beckford's—*Letters from Italy*, and was written to a friend during his stay in that country. To me it sounds a bit homesick. Poor old Peter. I am afraid his last days were not very happy ones.

AN INTERESTING QUESTION

Why Do Hounds Change Their Cry with Different Beasts of Venery?

WHY is it that hounds of every sort have a different cry for each animal that they hunt? This is a question which has always intrigued me, and I have never yet been able to answer it; perhaps someone will be able to do it for me. Is the change caused mentally and through that, physically, or is it a purely automatic physical reflex caused by the effect of different scents on the olfactory nerves, and then, in turn, on the vocal chords?

There is no doubt, in my mind, that there is a very definite change. I remember once hearing a pack of foxhounds near York run hard into a big woodland and change on to an outlying deer. The change was very noticeable to anyone with a fairly good ear; the cry became sweeter, more musical, and longer in the note; it was more ecstatic and not so fierce; and it was plain that hounds could not resist the line. The music was superb, but, to put it into musical terms, it was not a "crash," but a symphony.

The cry of beagles running deer is like chimes of all the church bells in a bishopric. When Mr. Bob Hoare was Master of the Trinity beagles I used to whip-in to him, and I remember hounds hunting a Japanese deer on Haddon (by request, let it be added!) at that time he had brought hounds down to Exmoor, where his people then lived. Beagles have a good cry at all times, but I have never heard anything like that, it fairly made the wood shake. The cry of a pack of beagles when they are hunting a fox is quite different again.

I once heard the E.C.H. change on to a fox from a hare in the middle of a biggish kale field. The difference in note was unmistakable; it was shorter, more urgent, and "gruffer" if one may use such a word; on a miniature scale it became more like a pack of foxhounds.

Both foxhounds, otter hounds and beagles, when they are rioting after rabbits, develop a note which is as near as a hound can get to "yapping"! On another occasion I heard a pack of beagles, which hunt a country near London, running the drag of an otter, and the cry again was quite different. They absolutely *screamed* at it, and one could hardly recognise the notes of some of the old hounds that one knew through so often hearing them put the rest right on bad-scenting days.

Foxhounds which hunt the otter seem to develop a note which they would never give on the line of a fox. The Crowhurst Otter Hounds once had a dog-hound called Comrade who had come from the Surrey Union, where his son has bred some excellent hounds, being used extensively. This Comrade was a fierce fellow, and when he was marking an otter, it was quite an adventure trying to get him away from the holt; but that is by the way. He worked like a "beaver" when hunting his otter, and when he hit him off on the water, would roar at him like a lion; no other words describe it. Another foxhound in that pack, called Harper, who, I believe, comes from Fernie's, has the same kind of note on the water—a roar. Once when a fox jumped out of the brook-side under old Comrade's nose, and he gave chase, his note was quite different. Both these hounds were very large and handsome, with big frames, and to hear either of them hunting his otter was worth a long journey

THE LAUDERDALE HOUNDS IN THE GALA WATER HILLS
A fine impression of a misty winter's morning, with the sun just breaking through

On the other hand, it seems to me that a pure-bred otter hound hunting a fox has a distinct change of note; but the change is more subtle and difficult to define.

While we are on the subject of otter hounds, there is another matter which has always been of absorbing interest to me. Why is it that without apparently a drag of any sort, certain hounds in a pack can tell that they have an otter in front of them? I remember another day with the Crowhurst from Robertsbridge in Kent, when, long before they even hit the drag it was obvious to anyone who took the trouble to look that hounds thought they had an otter before them. They had, as events proved, and a most interesting hunt was the result, before they eventually lost him. At other times, hounds never have hit a drag of any sort, and yet they seemed to know that they were drawing up to their otter. I asked a very knowledgeable lady about this behaviour in hounds, which seems almost to amount to divination, and she said that there was no really satisfactory explanation; but that she had seen it happen time and again.

There is so much about hounds that is inexplicable to our coarser physical senses, and I suppose that this is half their fascination; they give one a very precarious and fleeting glimpse into a world where homo sapiens is very small beer indeed, the world of "smell." They can tell you many things second-hand, if you have the wit to understand them; but it is always second-hand.

As one who is very fond of hounds and keen to know the whys and wherefores of their various behaviours, I should be most grateful to anyone who can give a satisfactory answer to the two questions asked in this rather vague conversation with myself; they have been bothering me for some time.

A. H. V. L.

BEST DAYS WITH HOUNDS

Another Brilliant Hind Hunt with the Devon and Somerset

THERE was again a thick fog when hounds left kennel for the meet at Sandyway on Thursday, November 26th, but by the time they reached the meet this had thinned to a heavy blue haze, which, though by no means ideal for hunting, was at any rate serviceable. The hinds which had been infesting Long Wood had moved in the direction of Barcombe Heath, where Mr. Burnell, Jnr., had harboured them in spite of the difficulty of seeing deer on this foggy morning. As there was no certainty that there were no deer in Waterworks Combe, which they had been using for some time, the pack was taken to Longstone Wells to kennel, and the tufters taken down Waterworks Combe. Here only two male deer were found, so Ernest drew up the combe between Barcombe Heath and Tabor Hill.

As he was nearing the head of this combe he was recalled by the Master's horn to the gorse on Barcombe Heath, where the Master had seen a single hind go down towards South Wood. Laid on her line here, the tufters carried it into South Wood, and, in spite of fresh deer, forced her back over Barcombe Heath on to the lower end of North Molton Ridge. Running upwards opposite Darlick, hounds seemed to be making for Sandyway, but swung left-handed into Long Wood. Failing to find fresh deer here, the hind turned out between Shortacombe and Darlick.

In the meantime the second whipper-in had brought hounds forward from Longstone Wells, and the pack was laid on in the Sandy Way above Shortacombe. Turning down over Long Holcombe, hounds came to water in the Sherdon Water, and hit off the line up-stream for a little way, only to have to compete with a left-handed double on to Long Holcombe again before dropping down once more to the Sherdon Water and following it upstream until they hit off the line below Wintershead and turned up over towards Horsen Bog. Here, owing to a new wire fence, they outdistanced horses and raced on across the Barle above Cow Castle and up the eastern side of White Water to cross the Exford—Simonsbath road near Cloven Rocks.

Racing on right-handed over Honeymead Allotment, hounds brought their hind to water in the Exe below Orchard Combe. Casting downstream, Ernest hit off the line over Western Mill Allotment, and hounds ran very fast over this and across the Wellshead—Alderman's Barrows Road on to Wellshead Allotment. From here they ran very fast on to Almsworthy Common and down Embercombe almost into Nutscale. Swinging right-handed over Thurley Combe and Wilmersham Plain, they turned down Stoke Combe and ran down beside the stream to Horner Water. Driving on down the valley past East Water Foot, they came up to their hind in the water under Yealscombe; but she was not yet done with and ran back up Horner Water and Stokecombe and out through Stoke Wood into Ten Acre Cleeve.

Turning back here, she went up Stoke Combe once again before coming down to Horner Water once again below Stoke Combe Foot after a great hunt with a point of twelve miles. Whether this was a better hunt than that of Tuesday, November 17th, is a point which depends on individual taste, but it is certain that it would be hard to find a record of two such brilliant hind hunts following in such close succession, especially at this time of year. PINKERY POND.

A POOR SCENT FOR THE PYTCHLEY

THIS pack has shared throughout the week the vile weather that has maintained in the Midlands. Hounds have been taken to the meeting place and have been sent home twice, on Monday, 23rd, and Wednesday, 25th, without throwing off owing to the most unpleasant kind of cold fog.

On Tuesday, Colonel Lowther decided to put in some woodland hunting, despite adverse conditions, in an area in which it was quite safe to do so. His enterprise was well rewarded for, having given Overstone Park a good drubbing and dispersed a number of foxes which will be of more use in other quarters, he took hounds to Sywell Wood. This is one of the most difficult coverts to manage, for since it was cut down it has grown a dense tangle of briar and bramble and is of a very considerable acreage.

Nevertheless, the mixed pack found and hunted a fox to death after 45 minutes, which gave them the required exercise, and it is hoped gave the other inmates of this woodland cause to think. On Friday, 27th, at Harrington, a feeling of optimism was in the air, for the fog had gone and it felt like a hunting day, and from the way the pack slipped away from Loatland Wood, a scent seemed assured.

The fox was marked to ground a few fields away, and then down came the fog. Foxes were found in and about Waterloo, but in the pea-soup atmosphere little could be done with them on the grazing grounds still knee-deep in grass and which are heavily stocked, of course.

A good hunting run started at Sunderland Wood, indeed, up to Maidwell, the pace was good enough for a very doubtful light. After the fox met a shepherd near that village hounds were hard put to it to carry on and the fox, which was viewed ten minutes ahead in the dales, ran them out of scent on the high ground beyond.

Saturday, 28th, from East Haddon was, it may now be hoped, the worst scenting day that this season will produce. In any case it could not have have been much worse. Foxes were found and lost, always in a few fields because, behaving as foxes often do when scent is hopeless, they never run two fields in anything like a straight line. However, the wind has changed, a few drops of rain are falling, and the fog has gone. EMERITUS.

THE BELVOIR MAKE THE BEST OF IT

IT is hardly a case of picking the best day of the week, rather one of being thankful when able to hunt at all. The pall which hung over the countryside was rather marked in its attentions to just those places where hounds were due to meet. Tuesday's fixture was transposed to Monday in order that it might not clash with Lady Isobel Manners's wedding. On both days visibility was nil, and when Wednesday dawned prospects were hardly better at Buckminster.

Only a trier like Mr. Greenall would have had a go at all, but he had hounds put into the wood at the end of the park with instantaneous success. In the open two horses' lengths was about the distance one could see, and when two or three were together it was a toss-up whether one's own steed's ears were visible! However, by dint of paying great attention and galloping a good deal, it was possible to keep in touch with the proceedings. George trumpeted gallantly whenever there seemed a risk of running out of hearing, and even the small heath fences assumed considerable proportions when they suddenly loomed out of the mist. There was absolutely no scent at all, and although an attenuated cavalcade actually got as far as changing on to second horses nothing could be done from any of the small gorses visited. Such optimism was worthy of better results, but short of being fitted with "blind-riding" instruments on the aeroplane system, it was impossible to continue when Swallow Hole was reached. The tantalising part was that by then the region round the meet was practically clear had one but known.

On Friday the outlook was still far from bright, but a move was made from Newton Hall to the wood nearby, which is usually a good fox preserve and a certain find. Sure enough, hounds soon went away and proceeded to hunt well over a large area of distinctly old-fashioned country for more than an hour. The heavy rime frosts of the past week seemed to have flattened the extensive vegetation in the ditches into an even more deceptive state than hitherto, so horses got constant surprises.

An afternoon hunt from Heydour Southings was always in low gear, and the increasing fog brought the creditable day to a conclusion near Dembleby.

W. A. Rouch

THE CURY FOXHOUNDS NEAR FALMOUTH

This interesting pack were started as harriers in 1860. Mr. Weatherby, the Master of that time, hunted the fox from 1930. The country is loaned by the Fourburrow. It is entirely a farmers' pack, in a country of moorland and banks and small holdings, in the Lizard Peninsular. One can probably hunt and enjoy the day more cheaply with this pack than any other in the country

"COUP, FORRARD AWAY!"

Some of the Old Berks field galloping past the old church at Compton Beauchamp, after hounds had left covert running

The very fact of being able to see the sun again made Saturday pleasant. After Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tonge had added to the general feeling of well-being by their hospitality at Barrowby Grange a fox was found in Casthorpe; there is an inviting vale below this wooded hill, but he never offered to go there and in any case scent was so poor that no pressure could be applied by the hounds, however well they meant. Later from Shipmans they ran rather better up to the ironstone railway and the canal short of Woolsthorpe. A good flight of rails on to the line with a toughish gate as exit showed that the Belvoir field include some trusty timber jumpers, both equine and human; not that there was any hurry, for once through Woolsthorpe Cliffs fresh foxes in Belvoir Park probably destroyed all chance of sticking to the original one.

A long hack to Debdales was trying for ladies riding side-saddle, but a reward awaited them. The right kind of noise proclaimed a fox within: he went away with little delay, and it was great fun to Allington. It is not very far, but the fences on the way command respect and need jumping altogether or not at all. After that, rings round Keeper's Plantation and back to the starting place filled in the time very pleasantly, hounds sticking to their job very well. In a more *blasé* mood we might not have enjoyed it so much, but after the recent deprivations everyone went home quite contented.

UNBRIDLED.

COTTESMORE DIARY

THE beginning of this week has been a most depressing one; Monday and Tuesday, and also Wednesday saw the countryside enveloped in fog, and hunting an impossibility. The gap was, however, filled up on Wednesday by the wedding of one of our most popular followers, Miss Una Fenwick. The wedding was from her home at Luffenham Hall, and was a delightful affair, and needless to say largely attended by Leicestershire hunting folk. Una has attended to the wire in a large district, and no one could have done better work than she has done, and for all she has done we are deeply grateful. We are glad to hear she will still continue to hunt here. The week wound up with one of the most brilliant gallops that have taken place in Leicestershire for some time.

Tuesday, 26th.—Empingham: At last the fog had gone, and though scent was very catchy, we had a very good hunt in the evening. We did not find in the spinney adjacent to the village, but Mowmires held a fox, which was hunted nicely through Normanton Park, past Empingham New Wood, which we held on our left, and we finally lost our fox opposite Luffenham Heath, after a nice 25 minutes.

Then followed a series of blank draws, Luffenham Pastures, Gibbetts and Hamblin Wood, and Lax Hill failing to hold; but Captain Watt had a brace at Gunthorpe. The selected one was hunted over the brook and past Manton Gorse, over the stone-wall and up past Preston Coombs, and on almost to Ayston Spinney; here the first check occurred. Hounds had run really well to here. Our fox now turned right-handed and we hunted down almost to Crow Spinney, and bore left-handed past Jubilee Lodge, finally losing our fox just under Ridlington Village, after a really jolly hunt of 45 minutes.

Saturday, 28th.—Ashwell Station: A very large field including many strangers and, if they were lucky enough to have taken part in and got to the end of the brilliant gallop in the evening, the day should linger long in their memories.

Finding at once in a field of roots, we ran through Westfields and across the Whissendine Road, where we lost our fox. Scent was real bad, and a very hard riding field did not help matters. The Decoy Woods not holding, we went on to Laxtons, and were soon away with a fox, who took us down on to the Burtons Flats. With Berry Gorse on the left we ran slowly up to the Stapleford Road, where scent failed altogether. Finding again by Felstead, we ran back again slowly over the Flats and lost our fox near Berry Gorse. Cottage Plantation and Wymondham Roughs, strange to say, did not hold, and many turned homewards, unluckily for them, as they missed what may likely turn out to be the best thing of the season.

"I'll draw Laxtons again," said the Master. Hounds at once spoke to a fox, but scent seemed real bad, and they did not seem to be able to get on terms with their fox. *All at once the whole scene changed.* Getting to close quarters, hounds fairly drove their fox down the covert and out at the Whissendine end, and at once began to run their hardest: we had to do all we could to keep on terms with the flying pack. Crossing the brook over the plank bridge we ran towards Whissendine Village for about a mile, then bore right, across the Whissendine—Melton Road, and straight on to Rocart, which we left on our left, and ascended the hill opposite Cold Overton Fish Ponds. Here a flock of sheep had run across the line and foiled it, and the first and only check of half a minute occurred—a very welcome one it was, too, as horses were now showing visible signs of distress. The bitches hit off the line again, and ran as hard as ever, with Cold Overton Hall on their left, and marked their fox to ground in Knossington Spinney after a most brilliant gallop of 33 minutes, a six-mile point being made, and not more than eight miles as hounds ran, which itself speaks for the straightness of this brilliant gallop. We will be lucky if we beat it during the season.

FOXY.

HOUNDS RUNNING AMONG BRICKS AND MORTAR

The Holcombe Harriers and a portion of the field during the day from Starling, near Bury

THE COTTESMORE FIELD STARTING TO GALLOP, AFTER HOUNDS HAD FOUND

THE BEDALE'S FLYING HUNT

FROM Spennithorne a good day was enjoyed with these hounds by an average field. After drawing the local cover blank, a fox from Ainsly Wood, evidently an old customer, was away before hounds had been put in. Hounds ran fast for about 30 minutes. The hunt was of horseshoe shape, which went by Hutton Hill, Serog House, Spennithorne Willow Garth and ended at Swarble Hill, where a cur dog was probably responsible for saving the fox's life.

Motor cars were also responsible for making a moderate hunt, as the fox was badly headed on the main Leyburn Road, when everything looked as if our fox had considerable ambitions.

The next fox was found at Studdah Wood, and a good 55 minute hunt ensued. Going past the east end of the Wham, hounds ran fast by Constable Burton, which was left on the right, on to the east end of the Hauxwell Wood, called Obelisk, straight on over the Halfpenny House Road to Newfound England, after which hounds made a big left-handed detour over Barden Fell, coming back by the rifle butts and recrossing the Half Penny House Road just at the point where the Barden Village Road joins it.

They drove on fast, with the fox only about 200yds. or 300yds. ahead of hounds, into Hauxwell West Wood where, at the bottom end below Garriston Village, hounds marked to ground a fox that must have been a beaten one, and can only have saved himself from a kill in the open by yards. During this fast hunt there was no delay that could be called a check. The fox was killed.

Most of the followers had had enough, but a few went on to see Keeper Wood drawn blank, and another fox found in Forty Acres. Hounds started slowly, but after about 20 minutes increased their pace, running nearly to Bellerby, until, bending round right-handed, they reached Barden Moor in fading light and were called off after about 35 minutes. So ended a very good day's hunting.

W. C.

THE V.W.H. (CRICKLADE) CROSS THE THAMES

HOPES of a good scenting day on Saturday, November 28th, did not run very high when bright sunshine followed a sharp white frost, nor were the pessimists confounded until late in the afternoon, when hounds ran as if tied to the brush of their fox. The trysting place was the Three Magpies, a quaint little inn set in a hollow on the V.W.H. (Cricklade) side of the main road between Fairford and Cirencester, which forms at that point the boundary between the two Vale of White Horse Hunts. The sign of the birds of varying fortunes was missing, and in its place hung a notice telling all and sundry that "The Three Magpies" had been among the chosen for the Inn Signs Exhibition in London, which closed at the end of the month.

The customary large Saturday field turned out, with a very fair sprinkling of visitors from the neighbouring V.W.H. (Cirencester) country. Horses were very much on their toes when, soon after eleven o'clock, hounds moved off to draw the little unnamed spinney at the back of the meeting place. Getting no response here, Gilbert trotted them on to Furzey Hill which also registered a blank—a rare occurrence. On reaching Blacklands, however, a whimper quickly swelled to a chorus, as a brace of foxes were roused from their kennel. One was chopped and the other was soon away—a slinking big customer, and very nearly black in colour. As he broke on the Furzey Hill side one foot-slogger said to another: "Did you see the fox?" "I did," came the reply, "but I mistook it for an elephant."

Gilbert cheered hounds on to the line, and the cavalry was set in motion. The strong sun was doing its work only too well, and there was precious little scent, as they just held the line to Dunfield where they marked to ground. Lady Lamb was next tried, and responded with a leash, the selected one setting his mask for Kempsford before turning sharp back over the Fairford—Cirencester Road, hard by the former market town. Just over the boundary of the V.W.H. (Cirencester) country hounds were at fault, but Gilbert made no mistake in selecting Fairford Park as the probable point, and the line was picked up on the far side of the Quenington Road. How much further this hunt would have progressed no one can say, as a shooting party in the park brought it to a close.

So close do the two Vale of White Horse countries lie at this juncture that only a short trot back to Horcutt Hill was necessary. Judging by the holloas in all directions, every fox in Gloucestershire must have collected here. Fortunately, hounds did not divide, but settling on to one, ran the length of Ramsthorns and Cats Lodge to come into the open once more close to Kempsford. Their fox rather unwisely pursued his point into the village, running the cottage gardens on the canal bank down to the churchyard, where on the church door is nailed the shoe cast by the horse ridden by the first Duke of Lancaster as he made his departure from this ancient Thames-side village. To return to the present time, the fox was actually viewed going into the churchyard, but no one ever saw him again, and all "smell" vanished, too.

Gilbert has a theory, I know, that if a fox goes into a churchyard you might as well say good-bye to him. So it proved to-day, anyway, and there the matter must rest. With a somewhat depleted field—many people having decided that it was an impossible scenting day—hounds were taken on to Dudgrove, where in a rough field outside the woods a stout-hearted fox jumped up. No need to ask if there was a scent now; the echoing music providing all the proof that was needed. Hounds raced away to Dudgrove Farm, turning right-handed over the Thames and Severn Canal, down to the River Thames itself, bank high from the recent rains. Fox and hounds were soon over, but the horsemen had a sterner task.

The nearest bridge either way was at least two miles distant, so into the water they plunged. Horses were perforce to swim, the water coming up over Gilbert's waist, while a member of the fairer sex disappeared from all view, but emerged a few seconds later, well soaked, but happily safe. Meanwhile hounds were running on in great style towards Inglesham, but swinging right-handed at Mr. Astley-Bell's farm, pointed for Highworth. Below the hill they turned into Crouch, and giving their fox no respite, drove him the length of this big wood and away into Briary, a little covert perched askew on the next hilltop.

Forcing him through this, too, hounds swung right-handed over the Crouch Brook and Vale, up to Hannington, the village built in the form of a capital Y. Running through the gardens of Hannington Hall, the home of that fine sportsman, Mr. Claude B. Fry, they came through Byde Mill Copse, over the adjoining farm, of which history relates was once let for the princely gift of a single red rose every year. Going on by Hampton Withybeds, the fox was turned by foot people at Swannorough Corner. This is a meet of the V.W.H. (Cricklade) Hounds, and one which often puzzles strangers, as it may be called, Swanborough Corner, the Freke Arms, or Hannington Station! But I digress. Hounds turned with their fox back into Byde Mill Copse, where an open earth welcomed him to safety. This was a four-and-a-half mile point, made in 1 hour and 30 minutes—and all the way at top pace.

J. R.

THE DARTMOOR'S SEVEN-AND-A-HALF-MILE POINT

POSTBRIDGE is one of the most attractive meets in the Hunt, and more than lived up to its reputation on Tuesday, November 24th. The weather was perfect, with just a touch of north wind and blazing sunshine. A short burst soon after the meet whetted our appetite for things to come as hounds raced a fox to ground at Broad Down.

Commander Davey then drew over the trappy ground at Broady Marsh, and before long the bitches raked up a fox which turned out to be a "Dartymoor Hector" with a vengeance. Scent was breast high, and away they flew over the ancient trackway as if for Higher White Tor. Before reaching the Tor, however, they swung left-handed across Archeton Bog, and this gallant fox now set his mask in a bee-line to the outskirts of Chagford, seven-and-a-half miles away.

Over the walls by the East Dart we galloped for all we were worth to Ladle Foot, where, mercifully, hounds checked for two or three minutes, which gave us time to catch them up. Our Master making a forward cast soon put them right, and they raced away again, carrying the East Dart by Brown's House into the South Devon (North) country, and scaled the terrible heights to Sittaford Tor, where it is bellows to mend to some tune. There was no respite, however, as the flying pack gained on our hard-riding thrusters, some of our ladies more than holding their own as we swept along parallel to the North Teign, leaving Mr. Phillpot's Teignhead Farm on the left, over Lang Ridge to Stentor Hill.

Here the bitches, running beautifully together, their music like a chime of bells, bear slightly right-handed to Kestor and carry on at the same great pace to just above Batworthy, where they sink into the jungle at Gidley Park and the Teign Valley. Fresh foxes now complicated matters, and our master, with great reluctance, decided to whip off.

Our fox saved his brush which he fully deserved to do, though hounds equally deserved to kill him. Time, 55 minutes, with a point of seven-and-a-half miles at a pace few could live with. Hounds were about 30 miles from kennels, and it was amusing to see on our way home parts of the field scattered all over the moor.

What a wonderful pack our Master has built up during his seventeen years of Mastership—long may he continue. No matter whether the bitches or dog hounds are out, they invariably show the best of sport, whether on a catchy scent or a good one. The day after the above run, the dog hounds hunted a fox in our in-country for three hours, and killed in the open on a poor scenting day. I am more than sorry to wind up this account with a note of tragedy. On Friday last Air Commodore Herbert, the duchy's bailiff at Dartmoor, was suddenly seen to fall off his pony, and when help reached him was found to be dead from heart failure. He had a brilliant war career, receiving the C.M.G. and C.B.E., and the Russian, Greek and Egyptian orders. The Hunt has lost a great friend to fox-hunting, and we shall sadly miss seeing him careering over the moor on his marvellous pony Film Star. The sympathy of the whole Hunt goes out to his wife and three sons in unbounded measure.

U. B.

WEST KENT HOUNDS WORK WELL

THESE hounds had a really enjoyable hunt from their Ightham fixture on November 21st. After a slight frost overnight, a quickly-rising glass fulfilled its promise, and though Mr. Richard Bragg might have diagnosed possibly "ray-ther too much *san*," the day proved a really good scenting one. A fox found on Cricketts Farm tried to cross the Ightham—Kingsdown Road by Phen Pond, but being unable to face the Motor Show, turned back across the railway. Here hounds were at fault, and a disaster was only averted by the driver of an express train pulling up, as hounds were crossing the line. After a ringing hunt, this fox was marked behind Oldbury House.

Hounds were then taken to Phen Pond, where they found a real good fox in Romsey Wood. A holloa at the far end quickly proclaimed him away, and hounds were racing down the valley over the drag line towards Kemsing. The going, though deep in places, was all on grass, and the pace really fast, hounds carrying a wonderful head and pushing their fox all the way. Gateways had to be ignored by those who wished to see the fun, and the timber that came in the line proved a fruitful source of grief, both to fences and riders. The crack of rails is a sound that must cause mixed feelings in the breast of a Hunt Secretary, but is to be preferred to gates left open, when stock are about. The lady whose horse lay prone in a ditch must be commiserated with on losing the hunt, but to be congratulated when he proved no more than winded, a hearty smack in the right quarter finally setting him going again.

Hounds finally ran their fox into Cocknesse, where they hunted him round the big covert with a rare cry, finally pushing him out over the railway, despite other foxes afoot.

He then took a line up the hill, hounds going on at the same pace as before over the grass fields of Captain Cronk's farm, that gentleman himself, in his capacity of Field Master, being, as usual, in the first flight. At the Broom the fox turned inevitably into the Chart, and though hounds continued to hunt him steadily, the big woodland maintained its sinister reputation, and the fox was finally marked in the main earth.

On being taken back to Cocknesse, another fox provided a late afternoon hunt. This one was viewed away across the line as before, while hounds were hunting another one back in the wood. They quickly came to the horn, however, and picking up the line on the grass, hunted him up the hill and over the Chart to Frankfield, where he turned back across the main road and was marked to ground below Batts Wood. Hounds hunted in splendid fashion all day, evincing rare pace and drive, the way they packed together and drove on being especially noticeable.

HOPLEAF.

FROM LONG COVERT WITH THE LEDBURY

THE day did not look promising when the Ledbury Hounds met at Ham Court Gate on Monday, November 23rd, a thick fog had covered the district from early morning, but had gradually subsided by 10.45, so that hounds were able to move off at the appointed time. After drawing the Stanks blank, hounds found a brace of foxes in a field of kale close to Ham Court, and settling on one ran very fast to the edge of Long Covert, but swung right-handed and ran through the Stanks, over Longdon Heath to the railway bridge at Upton-on-Severn, where hounds marked their fox to ground in a drain.

Finding the next fox in Long Covert hounds ran very fast to Holdfast and leaving Queenhill Church and Poole Court on the left ran up to the Grove, where they checked. Hounds were held round this covert, and hitting off the line ran over Mr. Hemus's Farm to Stone's Osiers, swinging left-handed to Chambers Court and leaving Longdon Hall on the right they ran to Slades Green, bearing right-handed up to the Upton-on-Severn and Gloucester Road.

The fox had ran the road about 300yds, and then nearly to Hartlands Pit, but turned left-handed and crossed the Tewkesbury and Lensbury Road to within two fields of Mr. Hughes's Farm. Swinging right-handed again they ran fast through Blacksmith's Coppice and the Dean, and then re-crossed the Tewkesbury and Ledbury Road over Roberts End Farm, and checked after re-crossing the Upton-on-Severn and Gloucester Road.

Hitting off the line hounds hunted slowly by Chambers Court to Longdon Church, where they got close up to their fox and ran very hard over the Commission Brook and Heathhill Farm. Doubling back over the brook by Stone's Osiers they ran up to the Upton-on-Severn and Gloucester Road again by Longdon Hall, where they checked.

The fox had evidently travelled the road towards Longdon Village, and hitting off the line hounds ran very fast to the corner of Mr. Unwin's good covert, Blacklands, swinging right-handed over the old Longdon Racecourse to Longdon Bank. Crossing the Commission Brook hounds ran straight to Mr. Rayer's Osiers, then right-handed again and recrossed the brook to Longdon Bank, where they marked their fox to ground in the big earths. He had evidently tried to get in the first time he visited these earths, and after a second attempt he was successful. This was a very fine hunt of two-and-a-half hours over an excellent line of country, and was the best day's sport recorded with this pack since the commencement of the season.

A. D.

NOTES FROM THE WEST

J. Power, second whipper-in to the V.W.H. (Cricklade), has left, and his place has been filled by M. Corner.

Miss Mary Mills has resigned the joint-Mastership of the Old Berkshire Hounds. Mrs. Richards joins Captain T. McDougall this season. H. Horbury, second whipper-in, has left, S. Wright fills his place.

Captain A. C. Hext will whip-in to the Cotswold Hounds this season.

A. Welch, second whipper-in to the North Cotswold last season, has left. S. Hardiman takes his place.

The V.W.H. (Cricklade) Hunt Wire and Poultry Fund Ball took place at the Memorial Hall, Cricklade, on November 6th, and was largely attended.

Earl Cadogan, M.F.H., and Major R. S. Moore are the two persons to whom owners must show their horses this season for the purpose of obtaining hunters' certificates with the V.W.H. (Cricklade) Hounds.

Lieutenant-Colonel J. Godman, Lieutenant-Colonel E. T. Chamberlayne and Mr. Charles Fellowes are acting in a similar capacity in the Heythrop Hunt.

The Crawley and Horsham had a very good hound hunt of 2 hours and 20 minutes from Bonnett's Copse last Monday. They did not kill their fox.

A most useful and interesting book has been published by Vinton's, price 21 , entitled 1835 1935 *Centenary of the Heythrop Foxhounds. Hound Breeding Records Covering* 100 *Years.*

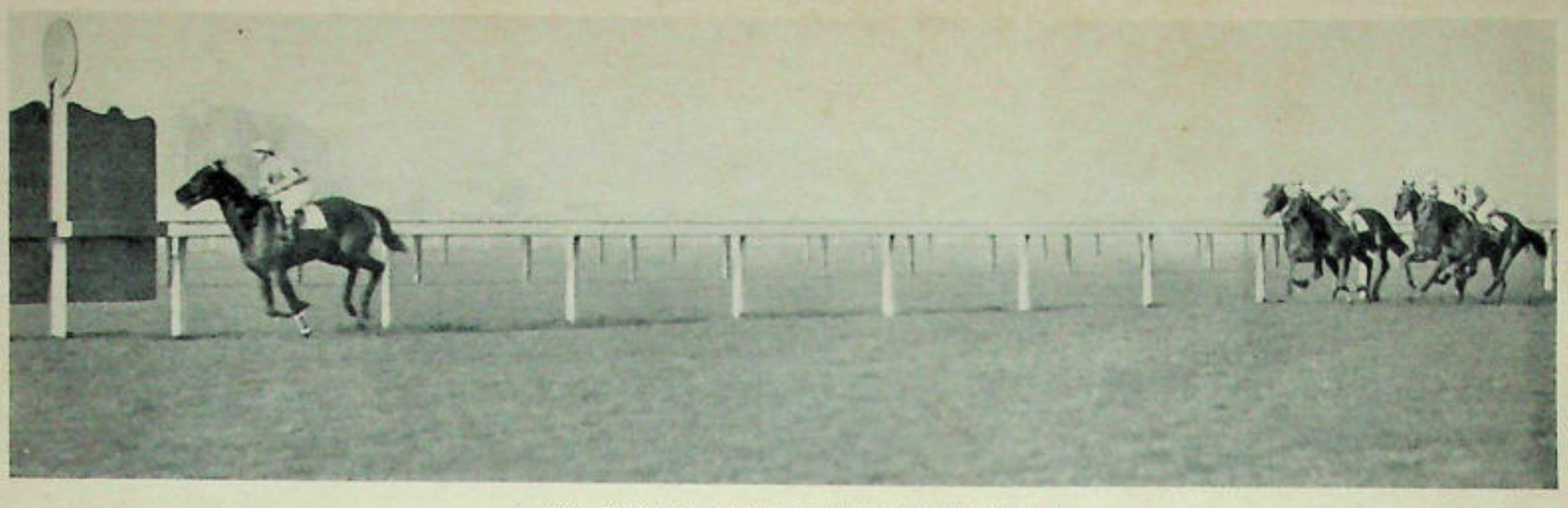
Captain Brassey, its author, was Master of the Heythrop for three seasons (1918-21) in succession to his father, who had been Master since 1873.

Fog stopped many packs in the Midlands and elsewhere last week, and most of those hunts which managed to snatch a day found scent very poor indeed. The Pytchley had easily the worst scenting day of the season so far. Now that the fog has dispersed, scent has improved a good deal.

A MEET OF THE ESSEX HUNT AT NAZEING COMMON, ESSEX

THIS WEEK'S WISDOM

"It is a ticklish business, going to holloa's."—SCRUTATOR.



A LONG FAREWELL TO FLAT RACING AT MANCHESTER
Yorkshireman also says "good-bye" to his field in the Farewell Handicap during the last meeting of the season

FLAT RACING GIVES WAY TO JUMPING

Successful Season Under National Hunt Rules in Prospect

A FAMOUS cross-country jockey of a few years ago, now a successful trainer, remarked last week that he thought National Hunt racing a little short at the moment of really first-class jockeys. He had in mind the professional rather than the amateur side of riding. At the same time he agreed that there is plenty of talent coming along, and he expressed the hope that the present season would help to make several of the younger riders into horsemen comparable with the leading steeplechasing jockeys of the past.

It is generally agreed that the new season should be a good one for jumping. Public interest in this branch of racing was never keener, and the King's practical support of National Hunt sport, marked by the presence of his horses in the stables of Major F. W. Barrett and Mr. Harry Brown, will probably serve as a valuable incentive to other owners.

No doubt it would be of great advantage to the National Hunt if more of the leading owners on the flat were to turn their attention to jumping. Several of them are, in fact, already patrons in a minor way of winter racing. Lord Derby, for instance, usually has a few jumpers and still has the ambition of having one good enough to win the Grand National. It was with this object in view that he purchased Hillsbrook some time ago, and though that horse has fallen short of his main objective he has at all events managed to pick up some minor steeplechases.

Lord Rosebery is another prominent owner on the flat who takes more than a passing interest in National Hunt affairs, and he is an acting member of the N.H. Committee. The Stewards of that committee until May, 1937, are Lord Stalbridge, Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. E. H. Wyndham, Sir Humphrey de Trafford (the senior Steward of the Jockey Club), Mr. Eric Platt, Mr. Gilbert Johnstone and Sir Edward Hanmer.

National Hunt sport still owes much to the support of various American owners. Several recent newcomers to Ivor Anthony's powerful stable are from the U.S.A., and Mr. J. H. Whitney has lately sent two or three promising young horses into the care of Jack Anthony. Perhaps the most interesting recruit to English steeplechasing from the other side of the Atlantic is Mrs. Marion Scott's Battleship, who is in the able hands of Reg Hobbs.

This son of the redoubtable Man-o'-War—the Ormonde of the American turf—is a Grand National winner in his own country, and has taken kindly to the English fences. It is true that he did not complete the course when running recently at Dunstall Park, but he shaped well enough to suggest that he will be a winner before long. He shows quality and is certainly a good looker.

Mr. G. H. Bostwick, who was associated with Mr. J. H. Whitney in the winning team of the American Open Polo Championship, is expected here early in the new year, and the presence of this fine horseman always does something to enliven National Hunt racing.

If we are to judge by the size of the fields at many N.H. meetings so far, the number of horses in training for steeplechasing and hurdle-racing must be larger this winter than ever before. Colours appear in every race which are totally unfamiliar on the flat. Many owners tell you quite candidly that they prefer N.H. racing to flat-racing, not merely because it is less expensive but because they derive considerably more personal enjoyment from the sport.

A glance at the list of members of the governing body of N.H. racing will reveal names which are almost unknown under Jockey Club Rules. In this way steeplechasing continues to be of great strength, and the only barrier to its complete success at many meetings is the uncertainty of the weather at a time when the sport is free from the opposition of flat-racing. Let us hope that the present season will not be unduly unlucky in the matter of frosts and fogs.

THE FIRST FENCE OF THE STEEPLECHASING SEASON
The field in the Covertside Handicap Chase at Lingfield last Saturday

One of the smartest performers among horses running over fences for the first time this winter is the five-year-old Bedale Hunt, the property of Mr. J. T. C. Burn, who bred him at Thirsk and trained him there until sending the gelding, during the present year, to Mr. F. A. Brown, at Moreton-in-Marsh. He is by The Winter King out of the Bridge of Allan mare Lady Traitress. With very few chances his sire, now in Italy, has been responsible for some notable winners, including Barneveldt, the best horse of his year in France.

Bedale Hunt ran, but never won on the flat. In the autumn of 1934 he took a juvenile hurdle race at Wetherby, but subsequently he ran many times over the hurdles without scoring again. Early in the autumn he was saddled for a steeplechase at Shirley and is reported as having been "left." A month later he started at 100 to 8 for a three-mile steeplechase at Uttoxeter and won by fifteen lengths from some useful horses. The speed with which he jumped his fences was remarked on at the time, but it was not until he ran for the Staffordshire Chase at Dunstall Park, on November 17th, that it was generally realised that he might well be something out of the ordinary.

Here his rivals scarcely saw the way he went. Long before the end he had them hopelessly in trouble and he won by a distance. Onlookers were so greatly impressed that they compared him with West Indies and other brilliantly speedy chasers of recent years. It will be of interest to observe how Bedale Hunt shapes against stronger opposition as the season progresses.

According to present arrangements, Reynoldstown is to make his reappearance next week. It is intended to saddle him for the Quorn Chase of three miles at Leicester on Tuesday. He ran his first race last season on this course, though at a later date. The conditions of the race are that winners are penalised according to the number of steeplechases they have won since the beginning of the present year. Thus Reynoldstown escapes the maximum penalty, even though his three successes last season included the Grand National.

Owing to the accident to Fulke Walwyn, the mount is to be taken this time by Frank Furlong, who has taken out a professional riding licence specially for the riding of his father's horse. This procedure is necessary, as young Furlong is now a trainer, and under National Hunt Committee's regulations trainers are not allowed to ride as amateurs. It will be interesting to see this renewal of the partnership which served so well in the Grand National of 1935 as well as in other races. And as Major Noel Furlong's great horse is thought to be tolerably well forward in condition he will probably win, though Royal Mail, who beat Golden Miller at Liverpool, can be in the field against him.

Later in the week it is expected that the King's filly Fairlead will run for the first time over hurdles. This will be in the Milburn Hurdle Race at Sandown Park, and as the daughter of Fairway—Scuttle has been well schooled by Mr. Harry Brown it is hoped that her first appearance under these rules will be successful.

After the second day's programme at the Manchester meeting had been cancelled on account of fog it became unexpectedly possible to finish the season there in accordance with schedule on Saturday. What is more, the conditions have rarely been more favourable for the November Handicap, the light being good and the going in excellent order. Sea Bequest, the favourite, was probably unlucky not to win, as he became unbalanced when hampered less than a quarter of a mile from home.

This enabled Newtown Ford to secure first run, and though the favourite finished strongly he failed by a neck to overhaul the leader.

"THE MORNING FLIGHT SHOULD WITH ANY LUCK PROVIDE TWO OR THREE KINDS OF DUCK"
(Specially drawn by A. Clarence)

The Gun Month by Month

CONCERNING MIXED BAGS

With a Strong Lad to Carry the Game-Bags

By W. G. M. DOBIE

THE south of Scotland is possibly as good a place as any, and the beginning of December as good a time as any, in which to collect, in the course of a day's shooting, an attractive mixed bag. Not there or then, however, will you achieve that mixed bag which is the best that Scotland can offer—a stag, a brace of grouse and a salmon in one day. He who succeeds in killing these (a modern substitute for the deer, eagle, salmon and seal of the Highland proverb) may claim "the hunter's badge"; but perhaps this mythical decoration should be reserved for the man who not only hooks and plays but gaffs his fish and who finds, stalks, shoots and grallochs his stag unaided. Otherwise his success may depend more upon the skill and adroitness of his gillie and his stalker than upon his own. Such a condition would make the test an extraordinarily difficult one, compared with which the most dreaded of examinations purveyed by our universities would fade into insignificance. Outside the ranks of professional stalkers, there must be few men in the country who would have a dog's chance. The examination may be attempted between, say, August 20th and October 14th in any year; and the elusive examiners are to be found—and killed—somewhere north of Perth. A successful graduate may claim with some reason that he is more obviously qualified for administrative work abroad than is the pale student who has acquired an honours degree through the burning of much midnight oil.

Rifles and salmon rods, however, are not the instruments of destruction usually employed in the making of a mixed bag; though the author of *Autumns in Argyllshire* on occasions visited "these happy hunting grounds with a gun, a rod and a pea-rifle, so as to be ready to stalk a blackcock on the peat stacks with the latter weapon, or to get a duck, snipe or plover, or grouse on the edge of the moor, in the intervals of flogging the pool for salmon and sea-trout." But neither that attractive mixture nor the 65 head and ten varieties killed by two guns in one October day, as recorded in the same chapter, can excel an astounding mixed bag which was the achievement not of one skilled in shooting but of a magistrate of a Scottish burgh. He, dealing with a proposal to erect a bridge across a near-by river, thus expressed his views to his brother councillors: "Gentlemen, this bridge has been on the carpet for many years, and before we throw it overboard we must lay our hands on the table, so that the public may put in their oar."

If, however, you hold this mixed-metaphorical bag to be inadmissable, I would refer you to that very attractive last chapter of *Wild Sports of the Highlands*, wherein Charles St. John has described an October day's shooting in a gale of wind, resulting in as pretty a variety as a single gun has any right to hope for. He killed, you may remember, 43 head in twelve varieties—grouse, partridge, woodcock, pheasant, wild duck, snipe, teal, curlew, plover, jack-snipe, hare and rabbit. Mr. Patrick Chalmers has somewhere paid a fitting tribute to the strength, stamina and fortitude of—no, *not* of Charles St. John, but of the unknown "attendant" who carried the burden of the slain.

Some 85 years later we find—as an antidote to gloomy utterances on the scarcity of game in post-War years—that extraordinary mixed bag killed on December 3rd, 1931, on Lord Stair's estate in Galloway and recorded in Sir Herbert Maxwell's *Evening Memories*. Five guns went out to fill every column of the game-book and succeeded to the tune of 148 head in 24 varieties; but not all game or edible. The varieties were greylag goose, grouse, blackgame, partridge, pheasant, woodcock, snipe, golden plover, woodpigeon, stock dove, water hen, sparrow-hawk, mallard, widgeon, teal, shoveller, pochard, tufted duck, golden eye, roe deer, brown hare, blue hare, rabbit and carrion crow. But how many of these are to count as "varieties" for our present purpose? Some critics would classify the several kinds of duck together, counting them as one variety. The sparrow-hawk and the carrion crow must in any event be discounted; our mixed bag must be fit to hang in our own, not in the "gamekeeper's larder." Judged by any standard, however, the bag is a remarkable one; there are few places in these overcrowded islands where so varied a collection could be gathered in one short December day.

In *Record Bags and Shooting Records* Mr. Hugh S. Gladstone devotes an interesting section to this subject; and there one may read, with wonder and with envy, of Lord Walsingham's 21 varieties in one January day (1889), and of the various species of birds, beasts and fishes which have been killed—though not in one day—within 600yds. from the front door of Mr. Gladstone's house in Dumfriesshire.

Although, among the famous mixed bags which have been mentioned, only the Galloway collection was achieved in early December, this time of year holds as good prospects as any. The chances of killing a wild goose—surely the most desirable item in any mixed bag—or at least some of the migrant ducks are better now than earlier in the season; grouse and blackgame may yet figure in the list; and, since the object is not to kill large numbers, but to ensure what Charles St. John called "quite a picture" when the game is laid out at the end of the day, it is important that our mixed bag be made when all the birds are in their most magnificent winter plumage.

Harassed parents will soon be busily engaged in devising fresh interests and amusements for their offspring, home on holiday. Here is a suggestion. Let a keen and energetic youth test his woodcraft, his shooting skill and his endurance in collecting the most attractive mixed bag he can achieve between dawn and dark. He should be the only gun; but he should have the assistance of a steady spaniel and—since there is precedent for it in St. John's "attendant"—of a strong lad to carry the game-bag. If there is any hope of killing a goose, the three of them should start an hour before dawn. Even if—as is likely enough—that hope is not fulfilled, the morning flight should, with any luck, provide two or three kinds of duck; and just after dawn is as good a time as any—on a "poaching" day—to make certain of a cock pheasant. If, in this manner, a satisfactory beginning has been made before breakfast, there is still—even in December—a long day in which to collect partridge, snipe, woodcock, hare, rabbit and such other varieties as the place provides and as are still in season. (Alas, when Christmas holidays begin, the opportunity of adding grouse and blackgame to the bag has gone for another nine months.) Half an hour at the edge of a fir wood in the late afternoon should account for a few pigeons; and the evening-flight may—to round off the day satisfactorily—bring some variety of duck which escaped in the morning.

Two varieties killed with one shot—that is another type of "mixed bag," and on this subject also Mr. Gladstone has collected much interesting detail under the title *Remarkable Shots*. My only experience in this direction consisted in the killing of a rabbit and a grouse (the latter unseen and, incidentally, just out of season) with one shot. One learns, however, from Mr. Gladstone, that almost every conceivable partnership of fur and feather has, at one time or other, been killed by this economical method. Barnacle and white-fronted goose, hare and quail, hare and snipe, hare and fox, rabbit and pheasant, rabbit and woodcock, rabbit and jack-snipe, teal and snipe—one of the partners in each case was the victim of an unfortunate accident. Only last winter a schoolboy, participating in his first grown-up shooting party, achieved a "double" which possibly is worthy to be included in future editions of *Record Bags*. He fired at and killed a snipe; but across the marshy hollow from which the snipe had flown there died, with noisy ostentation and in a cloud of feathers, a farmyard hen which had wandered unseen among the rushes. A disconcerting experience, for the slayer as for the slain; but the massacre of a snipe and a White Wyandotte with a single 20-bore cartridge must, one imagines, be unique.

THE WILD KINGDOM OF THE PHEASANT

Will Man and Bird Lose the Use of Their Legs?

By THE HON. HENRY DOUGLAS-HOME

So much attention is paid to the technical aspects of rearing, presenting and shooting pheasants that I often think we are apt to visualise the species in an unfair light. We deprive the pheasant of its natural intelligence and habits, and offer in exchange an existence of pampered and regal integrity. In return for so costly an affection we expect the bird to renounce a pedigree of pedestrian antiquity and fly to its death at a considerable height.

Throughout a short life, the reared pheasant has learnt no fear of man—rather that man is the mainstay of its being. Since May, its food has been prepared by man, a human whistle calls the pheasant to each meal. Vigilant guards have watched over every hour with guns and traps primed against the pheasant's enemies.

ACROSS THE RIDES
A scene at Colonel W. Selby Lowndes's Shooting Party in Buckinghamshire

It is regrettable in so safe and luxurious a life that the tame pheasant loses all personality. There comes a November morning when the cock pheasant surveys the line of guns with feelings of mild surprise. Instinct, for the first time, hints of man's duplicity, and as with Icarus that first attempt at flight may prove the last, while man will complain that this expensive protégé showed a deplorable disinclination to singe its virgin wings against the wintry sun.

No murderer's remorse haunts me after a big covert shoot, but only the fear that the pheasant may be in danger of losing its place among the sporting birds of this country, by reason of the reared bird's lack of character. There is no bird so cunning as the wild pheasant, no bird can better employ its wits for its own protection. Squatting, hiding, running, flying, with the eyes and ears of wild geese, wild pheasants avoid many schemes for their downfall.

Days of wild covert shooting are rare, but each time the pheasant takes his chance with the woodcock, pigeon, snipe and others, it is to the pheasant that the prize for self-preservation is given. There are days that I remember when no keeper could have forced the pheasants into a favourite covert—when the gun with the beaters had all the shooting—and no trustworthy birds wandered through the "guns" on foot! January days, when in the snow fresh tracks account for the pheasants' absence from the covert and dark against the background, specks run swiftly past the frozen "stop" on the other side of the hedge.

I think of a spruce wood in Scotland of over 700 acres, a jungle holding roedeer and pheasants which are seldom seen save on a ride in an August evening, or feeding near the edge of the wood—alert for the slightest sound. Some years ago, we had enticed the pheasants by a trail of food to wander each dawn to a patch of rough ground some distance from the wood. In the stillness on the morning of attack, it seemed impossible to creep between the birds and their sanctuary without giving the alarm. A few wise old cocks, feeding at the end of the trail, scuttled in haste to the safety of the trees. In complete silence we moved into position, and never have pheasants flown better than on that morning. As if infuriated at being outwitted, they hurtled high and fast to the wood behind us. Nothing could have turned them, and as they drew near, they found a greater, more determined, speed of flight.

I remember another day where a few arable fields are bounded on one side by a small strip of woodland and on the others by deep heather and the moorland. Upwards of 200 pheasants were feeding in these fields, and usually with two guns in the beat, the majority could be persuaded to run forward to the strip. That day, from a point of vantage, we watched 20 or 30 pheasants run forward to a wire fence between two ploughed fields, where they squatted in the bare frosted grass. As the line approached we expected to see those birds move to the covert ahead, but no bird moved as the beaters climbed the fence. It was hard to believe that so many pheasants could remain hidden or avoid being trodden on in so narrow a space. We advanced again to deal with those rebel birds, when they rose as one almost out of shot.

We all dream sometimes, some of us even of covert shooting; and in my thoughts I steal away from this land of fog and shooting sticks and loaders. More lucky than the dreamer of Patrick Chalmers's poem, in reality I travel "the gold burnished rails that run out to the pines and the larches."

I *leave* Euston at 7.15. Were it but to see the sunset of to-morrow on the mountains of those northern isles the journey would not be in vain. Memories are apt to glide into dreamland, but I wake again with the curlews crying from the shore, and the wigeon whistling before the dawn.

I am in an open lorry with a friend and ten shag-smoking children of the island. Day breaks as we drive, while to the east lie dim banks of mist—grey shapes that writhe and change under the sun as if fearing to disclose a distant land of civilisation. We two are to command a wall beyond which rough ground holds pheasants, partridges, woodcock and snipe. The wall is the limit of our vision, but looking through we see an unforgettable sight. A clump of bushes, dripping from the frost, is covered by cock pheasants, preening and sunning themselves—resembling birds of a tropical clime in the hard new light. I forget whether we fired a shot or if a distant keeper called out some command, but suddenly we were looking at the empty dripping bushes.

That day, with one gun each, we killed over a hundred pheasants, 20 woodcock and many other varieties. While we stood waiting for the last small drive of the day a great flock of Bernacle geese rose from the sea loch below us and pink-winged in the dying sun flew to their land of night.

It is hard to choose one day for remembrance when for a fortnight each hour was full of the beauty of nature and the enjoyment of shooting, but I think there is one which will remain ever aloof as the perfect day of wild covert shooting in the most lovely surroundings. We were five guns, and the first covert sloped down to an inland loch. The first shot was fired and out in the loch a party of wild swans rose, trumpeting and circled high above the water.

Woodcock were the main objective of that day, and yet we killed 250 wild pheasants, 64 snipe, as well as 47 woodcock.

As the lorry returns homeward on the last frosty dusk of that fortnight, I think that here is the wild kingdom of the pheasant. I think of pheasants in the bogs among the snipe, on the flats stalking royally amid the wild geese; of pheasants feeding with blackgame at the moorland's edge, pheasants and woodcock at the end of some steep glen.

We are in danger of enslaving the pheasant of our Age, but these are the true pheasants; they are the birds which escaped from Cæsar's Legions to find refuge in the untamed acres of our land.

WHOSE BIRD? A WHADDON PROBLEM
A general view at one of the stands

FRIEND OR FOE?

The Case Against the Little Owl in England

By H. L. ELWELL

ALIEN feathered vermin. That was the conclusion arrived at after some investigations prior to the end of 1905, when there were not the opportunities of close investigation owing to the comparative scarcity of birds. Closer study has been possible from 1928 onwards. For twelve months of this period a monthly dissection and examination of the stomach contents was carried out. Nests and larders were visited. And finally a bird was kept in a fruit cage measuring 60ft. by 30ft. by 9ft., where it was fed and given selective foods.

Examination of the stomach contents and of pellets showed that beetles predominate, especially during August and September, earwigs, mice, short-tailed and wood mice, earth worms, quantities of grass (probably taken for cleaning out the walls of the stomach), flesh in various stages of digestion which was impossible to identify, and quantities of grit presumably taken to grind up the larger wing cases of the beetles.

From this only one conclusion is possible, and that is, that the little owl is apparently doing no harm. But this is the wrong conclusion, as when we come to examine the content of the larders of these birds and the food which they have brought to their sitting-mates on the nests, the wholesale destruction of our wild birds is apparent, and this when the breeding season is in full swing and the source of supply for the continuance of our song birds, is being seriously curtailed, to say the least of it.

Any bird, from the missel-thrush size to the wren, is decapitated and the head and brains eaten, or it is plucked and the breast torn to shreds while the victim is still alive. The little owl takes the sitting birds off the nests, or takes the fledged nestlings one by one from the nest until the slaughter is completed.

The result of this systematic slaughter is already becoming noticeable, as in the case of the red-backed shrike, or Butcher Bird. In the county of Gloucester, fifteen or so years ago, this bird was common. To-day it is a very distinct rarity, as is also found to be the case in other counties where the little owl is not controlled by gamekeepers. Not only does the little owl kill these nestlings and the parent bird, but during the winter it takes the beetles from the rabbit holes, and other places where they hibernate, and thus affects the food supply of the shrike.

It is species of this description, the less common birds—as the spotted flycatcher, wryneck, shrike, etc.—that are the first to show one of the results of the introduction of this bird. The following is a very incomplete list of birds that have been found at the nests or in the larders of the little owl: missel thrush, song thrush, blackbird, starling, nightingale, warblers, pied wagtail, spotted flycatcher, petrel, etc., not to mention poultry of all description, partridge chicks and pheasant poults, and in three cases partridge eggs.

Added to this list of unfortunates, which varies in different localities, should be young hares, rabbits, rats, mice, voles, lizards, small snakes, and one instance is reported where the little owl took fish that had been washed up from the river and left stranded on the bank.

It is quite clear that the little owl is omnivorous and in no danger of eating itself out, as did the mongoose in the Fijis. With these conditions one cannot reasonably look for an outbreak of disease, as their condition in the worst months of winter is astonishing. Their bodies and organs are covered in thick fat, and to skin a little owl in January and February would be a very difficult task, as there is a thick layer of fat lying on the skin itself. Of all the specimens I have dissected there has only been one case of disease, and this of avian-tuberculosis, from which the bird had died; its intestines in general were covered with the nodules of this bacillus.

There is beyond the decimation of our small birds, another and more serious effect upon our bird life as a result of the introduction of the little owl into England. The census taken in recent years of that aristocrat of British birds, the barn owl, shows that this most useful bird, the friend and benefactor of all who live in the country, is on the decline in the Midlands and spreading in the northern and southern countries, where as yet the little owl is not well established. This movement from its ancestral haunts coincides with the increase of the little owl from its centre in Northamptonshire. Not only does the little owl drive the barn owl from its haunts, but by day and night kills the mice which are the main food supply of the British bird, which is not omnivorous, as is its aggressor.

Two notes in connection with the little owl kept in captivity are of interest. It has been alleged that this bird cuts off the heads of its victims and carries the carcasses to the bank of a stream to act as beetle baits. On account of this habit it was alleged that the little owl was superior in intelligence to our native owls. What actually happens—and it has been conclusively proved by the captive bird—is this. The carcass is dropped at the foot of the post where the bird had been decapitated and the brains eaten (the brains are not identifiable in pellets). In due course the beetles get to work and draw the carcass into the ground and leaves cover it up. When the little owl, searching for beetles in the debris, finds the harvest of beetles, he visits the carcass regularly.

Rats were provided as food. The first remained untouched when the owl was fully fed. The second, three-quarter grown, was given with no other food; the flesh from the side of the throat only was taken. Carcasses placed near the perching poles, erected in an open space, were dragged away by rats unmolested by the little owl, who was kept on a very meagre diet during this experiment. Young rats, about one-quarter grown, were eagerly taken on all occasions.

The main plank in the case in favour of the little owl is the results of stomach and pellet examinations. But the statement that "anatomical research is an irrefutable method" cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged. In the first place it is impossible to prove the identity of digested and semi-digested flesh that is found in the little owl's gizzard; and secondly there is a concrete case in connection with the crop content of adult partridges where both experts and others are at complete variance.

The increase in the population of the little owl in the last few years has been astonishing. I know of a place near here where there are no fewer than twelve little owls in a 300yds. circle, and when looking out for them one evening there were five pairs within earshot. Round about my house seven birds were killed in the early spring, there are now as many again, plus all their young ones that have been hatched this season.

O. G. Pike

VIEWING THEIR ADOPTED LAND

Young Little Owls not very long out of the nest

O. G. Pike

AT THE FEEDING POST

A fine study of the Little Owl over whose head controversy rages

It has been stated that the little owl is doing a certain amount of good in killing off rats, mice, beetles, etc., but nature has already supplied us with our own birds and animals for this purpose, such as the barn owl, kestrel, hobby, shrike, night-jar, weasel, stoat, fox, etc., but does not allow predatory species to be as numerous as the little owl, as it would defeat her own object of preserving the correct balance of all birds and creatures. Although it is too late to eradicate this bird and confine the species to its proper place in aviaries and zoological gardens, we can at least protect the bird life in the country to the best of our ability by destroying the eggs of the little owl.

A sane outlook is necessary. To preserve the balance of nature are more predatory birds and mammals needed in this country than has been the case throughout the past?

[*At the present moment an inquiry into the whole question of the little owl is being undertaken by the British Trust for Ornithology. The* Field *will be pleased to receive any relevant information, which will be forwarded to the proper quarter, that may assist this inquiry.*—ED.]

HOW TO TIE A FLY

A Description of the Process for Beginners

By H. D. TURING

A CORRESPONDENT exiled in an outpost of the Empire recently suggested that the *Field* should publish something on the "anatomy of fishing flies," not the ephemeral insects which sail gaily down the surface of the stream, but the more substantial creations of the fisherman—his fancy. "If," he said, "you were to draw diagrams of fishing flies and name their various parts, rightly or wrongly I feel that many other unversed, notwithstanding keen, fishermen would be the wiser for it"—adding that he wanted to try his hand at flies for his own district, in which no doubt the professional article is not obtainable; and might easily be no use if it was, for insects from the home streams are not necessarily—or even probably—those of "far Cathay."

FIG. I.

Most of our angling readers know all that they require to know about these creations of fur and feather—almost as much about them as the Hampshire trout—but our correspondent is, no doubt, right in suggesting that all readers are not quite so well versed in the wherewithal of the fly fisherman, so with apologies to the expert (and a hide specially hardened to the shafts of his criticism) I propose in this article to give the general principles of tying an artificial fly, which will deal incidentally with its anatomy as our correspondent suggests.

The first requirement of the amateur fly dresser is a vice in which to hold the hook. In the old days the hook used to be held in the fingers; I tied my first fly that way, I remember, a straddle bug I think it was, under the tuition of the late H. A. Rolt, the author of a notable book on grayling fishing; and I suppose with a large hook it can be done. But I certainly do not recommend it with the small flies tied on 00 or 000 hooks now commonly used. The vice is fixed by an ordinary clamp to a table. There are several excellent types made specially for this purpose, but for anyone out of touch with tackle shops, a small watchmaker's vice with, say, half-inch jaws, will serve well enough.

The hook is gripped by its pointed end, the point itself should not protrude or it may catch and cut the silk, but the greater the length of shank which stands out the better, as it is easier to dress the body if the vice is not in the way.

It may be assumed, I suppose, that everyone nowadays will used eyed hooks. Gut links bound to a hook will deteriorate and cannot be changed either for a finer or stouter link when the clearness of the water or size of the fish render such a change advisable. The hook fixed, a piece of fine silk about 12in. long, which has previously been well waxed, is laid against the shank and bound down closely toward the gape end of the hook with three or four turns to hold it tight. This is known as the tying silk or simply "the silk." In some patterns it does not show at all, being under the body, so the colour does not much matter, but in others it is used as part of the body, either as the main part or as a "ribbing" (explained later), so the colour may be important, which explains why it is mentioned in some dressings (Fig. I). To prevent the silk unwinding while both hands are required for some other purpose, it is convenient to hang a pair of hackle pliers on the loose end.

Then comes the question of a body which represents the abdomen of a natural fly, but before the body is put on there are two other features to be bound in—(1) the hackle which represents the legs of the insect; (2) the whisks which represent the tails or *setæ*. Hackles are the small feathers from the neck of a fowl or other bird (Fig. I). Two are generally used, one in front of and the other behind the wings (if wings are used). They are, of course, of various sizes on the neck. The size wanted will be one in which the individual fibres forming the feather are, at the longer end, about the length of the hook shank, but the lower, longer fibres can always be pulled off so the size of the actual hackle need not be exact. Strip off with the thumbnail the fluff from the butt end together with any unwanted fibres, lay the hackles along the hook pointing over the eyed end, and bind in the stubs with a few turns of the tying silk.

E. A. Barton

BELOW FULLERTON MILL

Trout fishing on a picturesque reach of the Anton

Whisks are usually single strands pulled from a large feather, a pheasant tail feather, for example, but it is not a very important part of a fly, and often enough no mention is made of them in a "dressing." Take two or three of them and bind them in pointing over the gape end of the hook. Then trim off the stubs of the feathers and the loose end of the silk (not the end you are using for binding) lying along the shank.

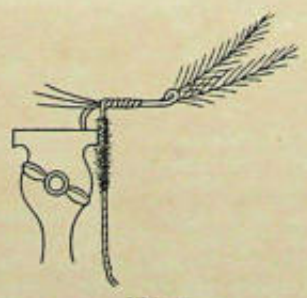


FIG. II

Bodies, of course, may be of half a dozen or more different materials, but let us assume this is to be of fine, short strands of fur pulled or shaved off a skin—hare, mole, or what you will. A pinch of this is taken and rolled between the fingers until it assumes the shape of a thin, elongated sausage. Add some more wax to the inch or so of silk next to the hook. Then, holding one end of the sausage against the silk close to the hook, spin it round and round the silk with the thumb and finger of the other hand to make it adhere. The silk should look like the hand-grip end of a church bell rope. The fly will now appear as in Fig. II.

The silk with its coating of fur must now be wound on in the opposite direction, towards the eye of the hook. It will help if you hold the end of the fur against the hook shank until you have made one or two turns so that it does not slip up the silk. Do not carry the binding too far. At least one-third of the hook should be left bare to take the hackles and the final whip finish. The bindings of the fur body should be a fairly open corkscrew so as not to make it too bunchy, unless a very fat body is desired. Any surplus fur can be pulled off.

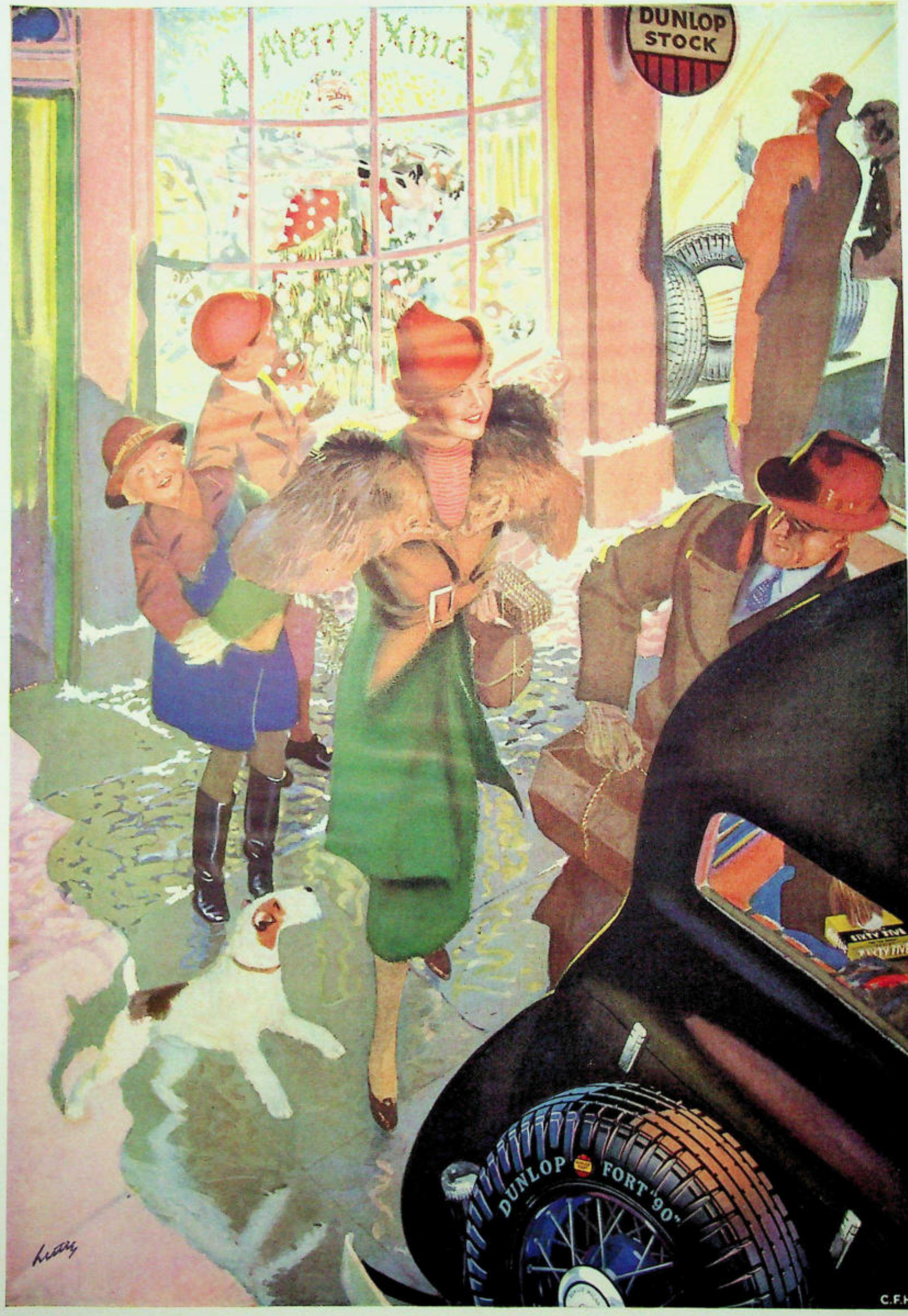
If you are making a hackle fly—and this is to be recommended until some facility has been gained—it only now remains to wind on the hackles. For this a pair of hackle pliers is necessary. Take hold of the pointed end of one hackle with the pliers and bind it *clockwise* (the opposite way to the tying silk) back towards the body with very close turns—about three turns will be all that is necessary. Secure it with three or four turns of the silk, working it in and out among the strands of the hackle so as not to tie any in. The hackle strands should stand out from the hook all round and not be bunched together. This is why it is so necessary to wind the hackles on a bare hook. If they are wound back on the body they will have a bad appearance as the body is too thick to allow the strands to stand out properly. Then treat the other hackle in the same way, winding it forwards towards the eye. When the hackle is secure the end can be cut off.

Then for the finish off. If the fly is to be a "dry" fly, *i.e.*, one that stands up on its hackles on the surface, all that is necessary to do is to make the "whip finish." To do this put the end of the silk under the last turn and forming a loop (Fig. III). Then take hold of the loop and bind it over and over the loose end of the silk, three or four times, and pull the end through. You have thus a secure finish with the end of the silk lying under three or four turns against the shank and you can cut it off close, preen the hackles and body with a pin, and put a drop of varnish on the "whip finish" to hold all secure; and your fly is finished.

FIG. III

But if it is to be a "wet" fly, one used under water to represent the larval stages of the natural insect or some small grub or fish, it is usual to tie back the hackles with a few turns of the silk over the root of the fibres so that they slope backwards to give the fly a good "entry" when casting. It may be mentioned here that in modern fly tying for wet-fly work where something nearly resembling (in general shape) the nymphal stage of an insect is desired, it is usual to dress with only one hackle and cut the fibres short. The "dry-fly" dressing is to make the fly float (stand on its hackles) properly, and these long fibres are not necessary in wet-fly work unless something resembling a small fish is desired.

(To be continued)


A Merry Xmas
DUNLOP STOCK
DUNLOP FORT "90"
C.F.H.

ACROSS COUNTRY WITH AN ARTIST IN THE SADDLE

THE CATTISTOCK : *A Cub-Hunting Morning near Cattistock*

Of the Cattistock cub-hunting picture, here reproduced, Mr. Higginson writes: "Mr. Stewart has caught the spirit of one of these early days to perfection—the leaves are still on the trees and, although the hazel covert is still thick, the foliage has already begun to turn. In the distance one can see the church at Cattistock where the carillon plays 'John Peel'—so far as I know, the only church in the world where this time-honoured hunting song rings out across the country over which the hounds have hunted since Peter Beckford's day." In the painting the Senior Master is hunting hounds, Mr. Ruxton, the other Master, is explaining the topography of the country to a visiting sportsman from across the water, and a small keen field is coming up from the valley led by Miss Theresa Digby. The Hon. Ruth Dawnay writes with knowledge of the West Norfolk, and remarks that "Those who live on the land over which these hounds hunt are those who hunt with them. And it is for this reason that the problems of wire, forbidden farms and vanishing foxes are much smaller than those unfortunately suffered by many other hunts these days. Norfolk being a county of large farms and large landowners, is happy in having the comfort of its local hunt well cared for." Shown in Mr. Stewart's picture are Miss Ruth Dawnay, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Birkbeck, Colonel Oliver Birkbeck, M.F.H., Captain R. G. Buxton (in cap), Colonel N. Arnold, Mr. Toby Buxton, and Arthur Johnson (huntsman).

THE WEST NORFOLK : *From a Find in Kipton Kale after a Meet at the Kennels*

(Colour Reproductions from "'Cross Country with Hounds," by F. A. Stewart, published by Collins, price 21/-)

EVERY year Mr. F. A. Stewart anticipates the hunting season by holding an exhibition of his paintings at Messrs. Vicars Brothers' Galleries in Old Bond Street. He is now following this up at Christmas time by issuing excellently produced books of sketches and colour reproductions of his pictures, showing hounds and well-known members of the hunts he depicts in familiar settings. Last year we had "Hunting Countries," and now following it up comes a companion volume, "'Cross Country with Hounds" (Collins: price 21/-), containing twelve coloured plates dealing with the Atherstone (North), the Belvoir, the Cattistock, the Duke of Beaufort's, the Earl of Berkeley's, the Essex Union, the Grafton, the Old Berkeley, the Old Surrey and Burstow, the V.W.H. (Cricklade), the West Norfolk and the Zetland. Each picture is a gem, showing a stretch of country that will be familiar to every follower of the hunt it deals with, and, to add to the interest, has its accompanying letterpress from a contributor who is an acknowledged authority. For example, Mr. A. H. Higginson, M.F.H., who supplies a Foreword to the book, deals with the Cattistock; Lieutenant-Colonel F. G. D. Colman, O.B.E., M.F.H., with the Belvoir; the Rev. Jack Gibbs with the Duke of Beaufort's; Mr. S. G. R. Barratt, M.F.H., with the Old Berkeley; Captain T. G. Du Buisson with the Grafton; and the Rev. R. F. Drury with the Zetland. Every friend who hunts will prize "'Cross Country with Hounds," as an outstanding gift.

This England . . .

A Landscape near Broadway, Worcestershire

"NEW-FANGLED things," to make living easier, penetrate but slowly to the life of our lovely countryside. Yet does it breed its centenarians. Still is it held that threescore years and ten is not, properly speaking, *old*. Their rules of health are simple and few, sprung of wise habit rather than new-won knowledge. Exercise in the open, a regular rhythm of toil and rest. Breathing deep and drinking deep . . . of good ale. Good ale, in true proportion to his way of life, is indeed a fount of health, not dissimilar to man's daily bread. And of ales, none more subtly nourishing than his Worthington.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

'VARSITY RUGBY

Can Oxford Upset Cambridge Team Work?

IT may seem trite to say that next Tuesday's University Rugby match at Twickenham—the 61st of the series—promises to be of unusual interest; but the way in which the sides have developed this season has been unusual. Cambridge have definitely been the surprise team of the season. The proposition that faced C. D. Laborde, the Cambridge captain, was that he was left with only six of last year's side, and had lost the famous Welsh backs, C. W. Jones and W. Wooller, the Scottish wing three-quarter, K. C. Fyfe, and that fine full-back, G. W. Parker. To many it may have seemed that the bottom had thus dropped out of Cambridge back play. In the pack, Laborde had only two other forwards who played last year. Yet from the very first the players selected to fill the vacancies moulded themselves into a first-rate team. I don't think I have ever seen more promising form so early in the season as that shown by Cambridge on their first visit to London, when they roundly outplayed the Harlequins at Twickenham.

The side finally chosen to meet Oxford has been hardly changed at all. Laborde has made one or two experiments with his backs during the season, but has now very wisely reverted practically to his first choice. Actually there are only five old Blues in the selected side, and at the moment of writing there is a doubt whether J. R. Rawlence, right wing three-quarter will be fit to play. I think that I should put team work among the first of the side's virtues. The forwards as a whole are exceptionally lively, playing well up to the ball and backing up with unceasing dash and vigour. So far they have held to their own fast pace well, and certainly look capable of standing up to the extra gruelling of the 'Varsity match without cracking.

The smooth working of the Cambridge back division has been pronounced. J. D. Low and T. A. Kemp became a *pair* of half-backs almost from their first association, and the combination is carried on by W. H. Roden and J. G. S. Forrest at centre three-quarter. All these players are resourceful too, and while we cannot expect them to reproduce the brilliance of Jones or Wooller, they play even better together than did last year's mid-field backs. If Rawlence does not play, his speed and cleverness will be missed. E. D. E. Reed, who will take his place, and J. A. MacDonald are strong rather than really fast runners.

Oxford seem to me the sort of rugged side that has often risen to the occasion and upset the more finished play of their opponents in the 'Varsity

THE CAMBRIDGE CAPTAIN AND SECRETARY
C. D. Laborde (Harrow) and J. D. Low (Dover)

match. Frequently this season their forwards have been slow, their passing bad and their tackling poor. Against that they have sometimes shown brilliance, and their victory over Major Stanley's team of internationals and other star players showed something of the latent quality of the side. Their forwards are undoubtedly a strong lot, with a very clever hooker in N. F. McGrath, also a tireless

THE OXFORD CAPTAIN AND SECRETARY
M. McG. Cooper (New Zealand) and P. C. W. Disney (Cheltenham)

worker in the open. There is plenty of individual skill among the backs, but whether they can make the best of it is another question. Versatile as is C. F. Grieve, he does not seem to make an ideal stand-off half-back in combined attack, though he can be brilliant individually. M. Walford and E. L. Button are both clever, thrustful centres always on the look out for chances, but, of course, Oxford hopes have again been largely centred on A. Obolensky. At the moment of writing he, like Rawlence of Cambridge, is a doubtful starter owing to injury.

If H. D. Freakes reproduces his recent form at full-back, Oxford will have nothing to fear here, but the tackling generally will have to be a lot better and less aerial than it has been. F. I. W.

HANDICAPPING IN LAWN TENNIS

A New Scheme Before the L.T.A.

By J. E. COLLETT

AT the annual general meeting of the L.T.A., to be held at River Plate House next Friday, a laudable effort will be made to establish a co-ordinated system of handicapping. In the absence of any better "bogey" than the scratch player no scheme can be devised which will be equivalent to that operating in golf. The scratch player is necessarily a more variable pivot than "bogey," but however variable he may be the player above or below him has a right to know, as far as possible, where he stands in relation to him.

In tournaments, under the present system where differing scales are used, after a month's consecutive competition in handicap events a player may end up with only a foggy idea of what his handicap really is. The L.T.A. committees concerned have been at pains to develop a system to remove this and to take in on an equitable basis everybody worthy of a handicap. The result of their labours is expressed in the following drastic resolution:

> "That the existing handicap scales be abolished and the handicaps extended to the allotment of receive 40 and owe 50, it being understood that no player would receive more than 30 from any opponent.
>
> "In order, however, to compensate as far as possible players in receipt of a handicap of more than 30, a player who is giving points shall give, by way of owed odds, the additional points to which his opponent is entitled, up to a limit of owe 50. For this purpose two owed points to be reckoned as the equivalent of one received point."

Whether this is a "far, far, better thing" than the L.T.A. has done before in connection with competitive play, and whether it will tend to revive the waning entry for handicap events in tournaments remains to be seen. I am inclined to believe that factors other than dissatisfaction with handicapping are more to blame. I think that the new system is undoubtedly simpler than the old, and would pan out better in practice. As such, it will, if approved at the annual meeting, work out its own salvation. It must be understood clearly that the handicapping by classes and the handicap scales now printed in the L.T.A. handbook would disappear, and a new single-range handicap table from owe 50 to receive 40, with a table of owed odds on the same range, would be substituted.

The meeting will be enlivened when informed by the honorary treasurer that in place of the loss of £25 there is a profit of £2,627; but there may be misgivings. Some may grieve to find that £1,050 has been saved by cutting out public school coaching, whereas under the affiliated organisations scheme of coaching £2,080 has been spent—£120 more than in 1935. The summary of coaching expenditure under the latter head shows that out of 5,692 persons coached 883 were over 25 years of age. It is to the credit of Cambridgeshire, Cheshire, Gloucestershire, Kent, Lancashire, Northumberland and Surrey among the counties, that they refrained from exceeding the 25-year limit. Northumberland coached 54 players under eighteen, and none over that age.

GOLF CHAMPIONSHIPS

Smaller Field for Final Day's Play

By E. R. TIPPLE

AN important announcement has been made by the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, which will affect future Open and Amateur Championships. Next year the number of qualifiers for the Open event will be increased to 140 from the present number of 100, and for the final two rounds reduced from 60 to 40 players. Although the playing conditions for the Amateur Championship remain unchanged, in future all amateur golfers possessing a club handicap of one or better will be eligible to compete, the old system of keeping a list of eligible golfers having been abolished.

The changes regarding the Open are particularly welcome. For some years it has been obvious that the present system entailed much work and a great amount of unfair hardships. Last year at Hoylake the ultimate winner, Padgham, had to break open the professional's shop in order to get his clubs and be ready to start his third round about 8 o'clock. Now that the final day's play is to be restricted to 40 players, reasonable starting times can be allotted and bigger gaps provided between the couples. Thus the great problem of congestion and controlling of the vast crowds has been solved. Next year's events at Carnoustie will show the benefits of this decision.

The reason why the Professional Golfers' Association requested the increase of 40 in the number of actual qualifiers is not quite so clear. If a golfer cannot finish among the first 100 after two rounds he is not likely to do well in the actual championship, and, indeed, does not deserve to do so. Probably one will find that the number of amateurs who will qualify will be increased by this display of generosity and whether that will be a good thing is very debatable.

The last time that alterations were made concerning the Open Championship was in 1926. For that year's event sectional qualifying competitions were held throughout the country, but the experiment was unsatisfactory.

To many the alteration governing the entry for the Amateur Championship will occasion surprise. The scrapping of the "eligibility list," which was arranged in conjunction with the four golf unions and which has been in force only since 1935, and the substitution as a qualification of a handicap of one, it has been stated, will cause a great increase in the number of entries. Such will not be the case at all. The old list was based on a handicap of two, and handicaps have not been drastically raised during the past two years. Those whose names were not included on that list were allowed to apply for permission to play, and this was merely declined. Just as the former system of national handicaps was unnecessary, so this "eligibility list" has been proved pointless.

This new qualification seems fair and simple. What is now needed is a general overhaul of all club handicaps. The unions after a great deal of work evolved the present system, which, naturally, has its critics, and its future depends on it keeping right up to date. There is plenty of time before next year's championship for the authorities to check all amateur handicaps, for consistency is essential.

Highly exaggerated forecasts of the entry for next year's event have been made. If by any chance the entry becomes unwieldy, then further alterations will have to be made. Those who want to see the championship made a real test of skill are disappointed that qualifying rounds have not been instituted. But it must be remembered that every entrant pays 2 guineas for the privilege, and as money both definitely matters and is required, an increase not a decrease in the numbers participating is the aim. With the coming of the New Year further alterations are hinted at—perhaps in connection with the ball and with the clubs.

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

A Summary for All Tastes

IN choosing books for Christmas, or to recommend to others for choice at Christmas, one is bound to by the two conflicting desiderata of personal predilection balanced against price. Personal predilection may run to First Folios; but they are hardly a Christmas Gift. This list attempts to ring the changes; it gives a catholic selection, at varying prices, and it tries to strike a balance between the purely technical and the book written to amuse rather than to instruct.

FOR THE HORSE-LOVER

"*Bridleways Through History.*" By Lady Apsley. (Hutchinson; 16/-.)
"*The A.B.C. of Foxhunting.*" By D. W. E. Brock. (Philip Allan; 5/-.)
"*First Hints for Horse Owners.*" By Major W. E. Lyon. (Constable; 8/6.)
"*The Devon and Somerset Staghounds.*" Illustrated by Lionel Edwards. (Collins; 21/-.)
"*The History of Hunting.*" By Patrick Chalmers. (Seeley Service; 21/-.)
"*The Sweet Cry of Hounds.*" By E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross. (Methuen; 7/6.)
"*Polo.*" The Lonsdale Library. By the Earl of Kimberley and others. (Seeley Service; 25/-.)

SHOOTING WITH GUN AND RIFLE

"*The Shooting Man's England.*" By Patrick Chalmers. (Seeley Service; 8/6.)
"*Grouse Shooting and Moor Management.*" By Bernard Cazenove. (Country Life; 7/6.)
"*Rowland Ward's Records of Big Game.*" (Rowland Ward; 3 guineas.)
"*Stalking in the Himalayas and Northern India.*" By Lieutenant-Colonel C. H. Stockley. (Herbert Jenkins; 15/-.)
"*Partridges.*" By Captain J. B. Drought. (Philip Allan; 5/-.)
"*Woodcock and Snipe.*" By T. W. Seigne and E. C. Keith. (Philip Allan; 5/-.)
"*Fair Game.*" By Martin Stephens. (John Murray; 9/-.)

PRESENTS FOR FISHERMEN

"*The Book of the Fly Rod.*" (New Edition.) (Eyre & Spottiswoode; 15/-.)
"*Trout Heresy.*" By P. B. M. Allan. (Philip Allan; 8/6.)
"*The Happy Fisherman.*" By Stephen Gwynn. (Country Life; 10/6.)
"*Sea Trout and Trout.*" By L. J. M. Menzies. (Arnold; 10/6.)
"*Angling Fine.*" By Marshall Hardy. (Jenkins; 2/6.)

BOOKS ABOUT GAMES

"*The Par Golf Swing.*" By A. H. Padgham. (Routledge; 3/6.)
"*Rubs of the Green.*" By Bernard Darwin. (Chapman & Hall; 7/6.)
"*Golf.*" By Henry Cotton. (Eyre & Spottiswoode; 10/6.)
"*The Inns and Outs of Cricket.*" By R. E. S. Wyatt. (G. Bell & Sons; 7/6.)
"*Cricket.*" By D. R. Jardine. (Dent; 6/-.)
"*Squash Racquets.*" By Arthur Barker. (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 5/-.)

FOR THE NATURALIST

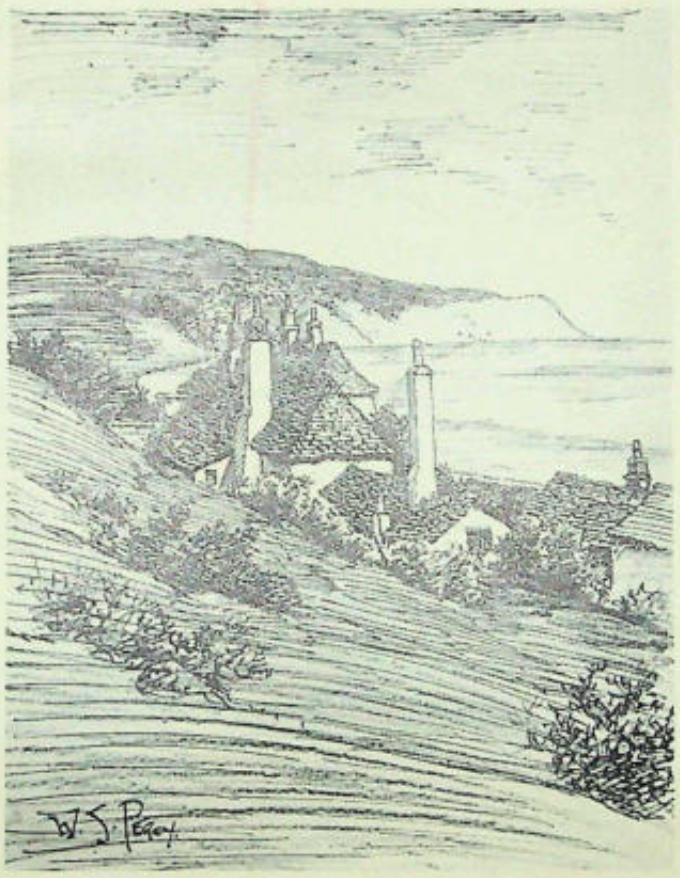
"*A Bird in the Bush.*" By E. Hilton Young. (Country Life; 10/6.)
"*Bird Flight.*" By Gordon Aymar. (Bodley Head; 12/6.)
"*Bird Migration.*" By A. Landsborough Thomson. (Witherby; 5/-.)
"*The Junior Bird Watcher.*" By E. Fitch Daglcish. (Routledge; 6/-.)
"*Nature in Britain.*" (Batsford; 5/-.)

BOOKS ON MOUNTAINEERING

"*Scrambles Amongst the Alps.*" By Edward Whymper. (Sixth Edition.) (John Murray; 10/6.)
"*My Climbs in the Alps and Caucasus.*" By A. F. Mummery. (New Edition.) (Black; 5/-.)
"*Nanda Devi.*" By Eric Shipton. (Hodder and Stoughton; 15/-.)
"*Snow Structure and Ski-fields.*" By G. Seligman. (Macmillan; 25/-.)
"*Everest the Challenge.*" By Sir Francis Younghusband. (Nelson; 12/6.)
"*Attack on Everest.*" By Neil Macintyre. (Methuen; 5/-.)

BIOGRAPHY

"*Honoria Lawrence.*" By Maud Diver. (Murray; 16/-.)
"*Arthur James Balfour.*" By Blanche E. C. Dugdale. (Hutchinson; two volumes, 18/- each.)
"*Parnell.*" By Joan Haslip. (Cobden-Sanderson; (15/-.)
"*Matabele Thompson.*" Edited by Nancy Rouillard. (Faber and Faber; 12/6.)
"*Autobiography.*" By G. K. Chesterton. (Hutchinson; 10/6.)
"*Lancer at Large.*" By F. Yeats-Brown. (Gollancz; 10/6.)



OLD COTTAGES AT SWANAGE

One of the many charming illustrations in colour photogravure and line to "Cottage England," a pleasant book about pleasant places, which will find friends among "Field" readers. The letterpress and pictures are both by W. S. Percy. (Collins; 7/6)

The "Field" Choice for
THE BEST OPEN AIR BOOK
published during November, is
"THE MEYNELL OF THE WEST"
By A. H. Higginson (Collins; 12/6)

TRAVEL AND THE OPEN AIR

"*Three Deserts.*" By Major C. S. Jarvis. (Murray; 10/6.)
"*News from Tartary.*" By Peter Fleming. (Cape; 12/6.)
"*Land of To-morrow.*" By R. W. Thompson; (Duckworth; 16/6.)
"*Going Native.*" By Eric Muspratt. (Michael Joseph; 12/6.)
"*Gold Fever.*" By L. M. Nesbitt. (Cape; 7/6.)
"*Canoeing.*" By W. G. Luscombe. (Philip Allan; 5/-.)

ILLUSTRATED SPORTING BOOKS

"*Dogs Licence.*" By Paul Hubner. (Methuen; 3/6.)
"*The Maltese Cat.*" By Rudyard Kipling. Illustrated by Lionel Edwards. (Methuen; 7/6.)
"*Ships That Have Made History.*" By Gregory Robinson. (Peter Davies; 15/-.)
"*British Ponies.*" By Allen W. Seaby. (Black; 12/6.)
"*More Bandobast.*" By Snaffles. (Collins; 21/-.)
"*Sport and War.*" By Lionel Dawson. Illustrated by Lionel Edwards. (Collins; 30/-.)

LIGHT ARTICLES ONLY

"*Such Things Happen.*" By Brendon Moore. (Jenkins; 3/6.)
"*Through Darkest Pondelayo.*" By Serena Livingstone Stanley. (Chatto & Windus; 6/-.)
"*They're Off.*" By Riff and Raff. (Hutchinson; 5/-.)
"*Die? I Thought I'd Laugh!*" By Nicholas Bentley. (Methuen; 5/-.)
"*The Luck of the Draw.*" By Fougasse. (Methuen; 5/-.)
"*The Perfect Pest.*" By Adrian Porter. (Collins; 5/-.)

FOR GARDENERS

"*Gentians.*" By David Wilkie. (Country Life; 12/6.)
"*The Gardener's England.*" By Eric Parker. (Seeley Service; 8/6.)
"*Hardy Fruit Growing.*" By Sir Frederick Keeble and A. N. Rawes. (Macmillan; 16/-.)
"*The Gardener's Companion.*" Edited by Miles Hadfield. (Dent; 7/6.)
"*Old Garden Roses.*" By E. A. Bunyard. (Country Life; 15/-.)
"*Herbs and Herb Gardening.*" By Eleanour Sinclair Rohde. (Medici Society; 8/6.)

YACHTING BOOKS

"*Sailors' Knots.*" By Cyrus Day. (Sedgwick and Jackson; 12/6.)
"*Ocean Racing.*" By A. Loomis. (Bodley Head; 21/-.)
"*Midget Magellans.*" By Eric Devine. (Bodley Head; 12/6.)
"*American Sailing Craft.*" By Howard Chapelle. (Kennedy Bros. Inc.; 16/-.)
"*Rough Passage.*" By Commander R. D. Graham. (Blackwood; 7/6.)
"*Sailing Troubadour.*" By B. Klitgaard. (Seeley Service; 10/6.)

HISTORY

"*A History of Europe.*" By the Right Hon. H. A. L. Fisher. (Arnold; 10/6.)
"*The War in Outline.*" By Liddell Hart. (Faber and Faber; 5/-.)
"*Ordeal by Hunger.*" By George R. Steward. (Cape; 12/6.)
"*Europe in Crisis.*" By R. B. Mowat. (Arrowsmith; 3/6.)
"*War Over England.*" By L. E. O. Charlton. (Longmans, Green; 12/6.)
"*Portrait of an Unknown Victorian.*" By R. H. Mottram. (Robert Hale; 12/6.)

FOR THE FARMER

"*Farming Past and Present.*" By Lord Ernle. (Longmans, Green; 15/-.)
"*Gentlemen of The Party.*" By A. G. Street. (Faber and Faber; 7/6.)
"*Agricultural Landowners' Handbook.*" By Central Landowners' Association. (7, Charles Street, St. James's Square, London, S.W. 1; 6/-.)

SIX GOOD NOVELS

"*South Riding.*" By Winifred Holtby. (Collins; 8/-.)
"*Sparkenbroke.*" By Charles Morgan. (Macmillan; 8/6.)
"*Return of a Heroine.*" By Margaret Stein. (Gollancz; 7/6.)
"*The Harp in Lowndes Square.*" By Rachel Ferguson. (Cape; 7/6.)
"*Lords and Masters.*" By A. G. MacDonell. (Macmillan; 7/6.)
"*Faster, Faster.*" By E. M. Delafield. (Macmillan; 7/6.)

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

"*Sampson's Circus.*" By Howard Spring. (Faber and Faber; 5/-.)
"*The Book of England for Young People.*" By G. E. Mitton. (6/-.)
"*The Adventures of Doctor Dolittle.*" Written and Illustrated by Hugh Lofting. (Cape; 7/6.)
"*Animal Favourites.*" By D. Seth-Smith. (Country Life; 5/-.)
"*A Son of the Sea.*" By Vice-Admiral Gordon Campbell. (Warne; 6/-.)
"*Pamela and Her Pony Flash.*" By Antonio Fachiri. (Barker; 10/6.)
"*Daniel the Spaniel.*" By Joan Penney. (Methuen; 6/-.)
"*The Pearl Fishers and Other Stories.*" (Raphael Tuck; 2/6.)
"*Cocky and Co.*" By Violet Methley. (Raphael Tuck; 2/6.)

New Books

TUAN ULYSSES

Mr. Bruce Lockhart Goes East

TO return after 20 years to the scenes of one's youth: that is difficult. To return to stir the ashes of a dead romance: that is unbearably difficult. Yet this is just what Mr. Bruce Lockhart has done in his *Return to Malaya*, and he appears to have "got away with it" very well indeed. His book is most readable, full both of sense and sensibility, and with just that touch of delicacy which separates the true romanticist from the man merely in love with the idea of his own first love. Mr. Lockhart found many changes in the East, but though in some degree *laudator temporis acti*, he never loses a sense of prospective and present realities. Officials all the world over, and those from whom these officials are drawn, would do well to read what he has to say about the changes in our administrative classes, and the inevitable future that awaits every great empire on which decay has set its hand. Mr. Lockhart does not suggest that such decay has set in. But he insists that there is no divine law which absolves the British from it.

But the charm of this book to me is its journalistic *flair*. The author has nothing very new to tell us. He has made a journey which thousands and hundreds of thousands of other Englishmen have made. He visited no place that anybody else was denied admittance to. His was simply the three months' tour of an ordinary globe-trotter. Yet he manages to invest even the voyage to the East with interest: to have something new to say about it. I have made that journey at least a dozen times, yet I have never seen the place, for instance, where Murat was shot in Calabria. Mr. Lockhart invests it all with interest, even with glamour. Does he owe this to his years in Fleet Street? I doubt it. The ordinary Fleet Street man could look out from his lattice and see Lady Astor walking arm in arm with Gog and Magog without being able to say anything particularly enlivening. Familiarity with sensation deadens sensibility.

The apotheosis of this pilgrimage was his brief meeting with Amai, the beautiful Malayan girl whose romantic flight with him is told in "Secret Agent." Their meeting is very brief, and the story could hardly have been told with greater feeling and delicacy. It is a moving tribute to one who must be a woman of great and simple dignity. I did not read it without emotion. It shows us that Mr. Lockhart is more than even a first-class reporter. He has "the eye within an eye" which has given us most of the passages of beauty in the best of English prose.

This book tells nothing new, but it tells it very well indeed, and I for one intend to keep it.

M. T. S.

Return to Malaya. By Bruce Lockhart. (Putnam: 10/6.)

AMERICAN METHODS FOR PIKE

MR. SIDNEY SPENCER'S new book is frankly propaganda. He wants English anglers to adopt the American system of using a multiplying reel for light spinning with the short rods used in both countries for overhead casting. The multiplying reel has a curious history. It was originally a British invention. Several books of about 100 years ago, such as Palman's *Vade Mecum* and March's *Jolly Angler*, have something to say, pro or con, about the multiplying reel, which was then evidently more or less a novelty, though tackle-makers' announcements date it considerably further back. Although it became the standard type of spinning and coarse-fishing reel in America, it was never a success over here.

Mr. Spencer seems to imply that this was due to lack of skilled workmanship in those earlier reels, but it is much more likely to be the inherent defect in the design which made it unsuitable for this country where anglers have always had to use comparatively fine tackle to get any great measure of success. The fact is that gears in any reel have one fatal defect: they destroy almost entirely that delicate sense of touch which enables an angler to detect instantly the very beginning of the plunge of a heavy fish.

He urges, which is to some extent true, that the small diameter drum has little inertia, so that a light bait can start it revolving easily; but it is equally true that the larger drum of the single-ratio reel gives twice as much leverage for the line to work on, so in the matter of starting there is really very little advantage in the small, quickly-revolving drum. A 2⅝in. diameter single-ratio reel of the best English designs, fixed underneath the rod in the usual way, gives excellent results in overhead casting and has none of the objections in playing a fish which are so annoying with multipliers.

But, putting aside the question of the suitability of American methods for English waters, anyone who wants detailed information about spinning as practised in America will find it here. Most of the best-known makes of reel are described in detail; the question of fishing lines for hard service is discussed and personal experiences with the different makes is given; and a good word will be found for the steel rods which are favoured by many anglers across the Atlantic.

Also, what is of more interest, perhaps, to English anglers, some space is devoted to the American "plug" baits: wooden baits which do not themselves revolve in the water. It is probably true to say that most anglers who have tried these baits in our own waters have not had any great success with them, but in heavily-weeded lakes they can be dropped into places where a cast with the ordinary spoon is almost useless, and they are, moreover, much less trouble to the angler; so they may yet prove a boon to spinners in this country.

H. D. T.

Pike on the Plug. By Sidney Spencer. (Witherby; 6/- net.)

FROM PAVILION TO WICKET

CRICKET, like association and Rugby football, has been a subject for many writers. There have been good, indifferent and bad books, but there can be few that deserve more careful reading than Mr. D. R. Jardine's *Cricket*, published in Messrs. Dent's "Modern Sports" series.

Regarding the game as a profound and subtle art, the author wields his pen with the same skill as he was wont to use his bat during his playing days. While many realise that the finer points of cricket are hidden from quite a number of players and the majority of spectators, there are few writers who can so easefully portray what these inner workings constitute as does the former England captain.

Mr. Jardine commences his book on the question of equipment, laying great stress on the importance of suitable footwear, and from this topic takes his readers to that of fielding. "There are two old sayings," he writes, "the first to the effect that 'It is easier to save runs than to make them': the second, 'Don't drop a catch and you won't lose the match.' A good fielding side is a joy to behold, and any side worthy of the game should take pleasure in proving just how true these old sayings can be."

The chapter on batsmanship is complete. The questions of placing the feet and distributing the weight are covered as thoroughly as are those of the open-chested stance, holding and lifting the bat, back play and all other points connected with this side of the game. A small though useful chapter on running between the wickets separates those on batting and bowling, and the careful survey on the importance of setting fields correctly will interest even the most knowledgeable captain. Mr. Jardine deals cleverly with this latter problem by playing an imaginary match and changing his bowlers and fieldsmen as occasion demands.

Perhaps, however, the true spirit of his book can be caught in one of his final paragraphs. "The life-blood of the game," he says, "depends upon the farm or factory hand who bicycles hurriedly from his work with barely time to get a bite before taking part in a half-day game." In Queensland the writer remembers being introduced to a great heart from the 'way back' who had recently travelled a thousand miles in each direction

(Continued on page 1431)

PAGES FROM TWO BOOKS FOR HORSE LOVERS

On the left is one of the illustrations by Anne Bullen to Joanna Cannan's Book, "A Pony for Jean." (The Bodley Head, 8/6). We do most heartily recommend this book for all pony club members, or those who would like to belong, but haven't the luck. To understand the mind of a horse or the mind of a child is a fine thing. To understand both, as this book does, is sublime. The right hand illustration shows how Cecil Aldin made his inimitable sketches, one of forty impressions from his pencil in Hunting Scenes (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 30/-), with a Memoir and descriptive notes by Sabretache

(covered 200 hundred miles each way on horseback) in order to take part in a game, a game in which, incidentally, Fate ruled that he should not trouble the scorers. Whether the wicket be of the billiard-table variety or a lamp-post in a cul-de-sac—the plays the thing."

This new book on cricket as been written round the author's conviction that "the play's the thing." It should be valued by players and spectators alike, not only because it deals with every problem imaginable from pavilion to wicket, but because it is a great player's tribute to a great game. There are, too, 45 pages of instructive photographs and 21 diagrams to explain some of the text. W. G. L.

Cricket. By D. R. Jardine. (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.: 6/-.)

G. K. C.

THE writer of *The Napoleon of Notting Hill* has added his last page to the book of life. From the story of his birth at Camden Hill to his vindication of the Catholic faith, G. K. has executed a picture of amazing humour, astuteness and clearness of insight. The narrative is witty and didactic and full of the warmth of good fellowship. It is an extraordinary account of Victorian and post-War observation of a man who has drunk life to the full.

Chesterton tilts against injustices of state. "It was my instinct to defend liberty in small nations and poor families." But perhaps the greatest of his many paradoxes is his acceptance with such optimism of the "religious system that does really profess to get rid of peoples' sin," the Catholic belief.

With charm and tolerant good humour he tells of the origin of Father Brown, of "The New Witness," "The Marconi Scandal," of Hilaire Belloc, the love of friends and the defence of foolery. His pen pictures are glimpses of literary astuteness. Yates, "the Man who knew the Fairies"; Shaw, "at his best when he is wrong. I might add that he is generally wrong"; Wells, "one of the best men in the world with whom to start a standing joke"; Ramsay, who "looked much more like an aristocrat than most aristocrats do"; and Alice Meynell, "alive to an immortal beauty."

How refreshing in these times of social unrest and economic distress to read of one who protests the joy of life, will we only accept and live it, and a masculine faith in the goodness of being alive. "I have grown old without being bored. Existence is still a strange thing to me, and as a stranger I give it welcome."

The reader is, indeed, assured of a literary faith who lives with Chesterton for an hour or two, for his life is one colourful adventure, and prophetically he disclaims: "For me my end is my beginning." *Autobiography* by G. K. Chesterton. (Hutchinson; 10/6.) J. P.

MAKING A TROUT STREAM

THERE is something very attractive about a book which tells of the creation of a trout-fishing water; it is what every fisherman wants—more fishing and better fish—and the intriguing possibilities opened up by a man—or men, perhaps; there were two of them—who have created a trout stream where no trout stream was, is like the realisation of most fishermen's dreams.

Perhaps it is slightly inaccurate to say "where no trout stream was," for it was the capture of a fat trout while spinning for pike which first gave one of the collaborators in the scheme the idea that a trout fishery might be created. It was in Norfolk—that county of meres, where the slow-flowing streams of the flat windswept fenland are renowned for their bream and roach, and pike—in Norfolk, of all counties, in which the experiment was made; and Mr. E. C. Keith, the owner of the water, has made a most attractive book of the venture and its outcome.

Actually, as he says, several of those sluggish Broadland streams contain trout in their upper reaches, and there seems no reason why more of them should not be made into trout fisheries if the energy is forthcoming. Mr. Keith's stream, nameless when he found it, and to which he has given the name of Whitewater, was evidently of much the same character as the others—some current but not swift, heavy with accumulations of fine silt and mud, full of food though lacking much apparent fly life, shared between coarse fish, principally the ubiquitous roach, and trout in the proportion of 100 to 1 in favour of the roach, its banks rush-lined and steep, and open to all the winds of heaven.

Were these streams originally veritable trout streams where sea trout ran (a few still come in), and established a freshwater colony which held its own till man, with his cultivation of waste spaces, caused silt to cover the bottom and offer a better harbourage to the bottom-feeding species? If so, this is a story of resurrection—but whether of creation or resurrection it has an abiding charm; the first tentative trial; the great reward; the extinction of the reward owing to pollution from a septic tank due to the carelessness of a repairing contractor; the weary, plodding renewal of effort and the final success. It is all told here simply and with humour which carries one on from page to page, intent on seeing the fishery in being once again.

Incidentally, the author touches upon several of those problems in fish life which men love to discuss. There is little fly on this water, yet not only are the fish well fed but they rise persistently at something—that "invisible something" which has mystified three generations of anglers, and remains undiscovered. Yet the fish take the angler's offerings passing well. Then there is the puzzle of the fat native trout which grow slowly, and the almost equally fat importations which grow fast. It would be interesting to see whether a selection of big eggs from the natives would provide the desired rapidly-growing fish and still retain the qualities of the native trout.

This book will appeal to all anglers who dream of creating some time a trout stream of their own.

Trout in Norfolk. By E. C. Keith. Illustrated. (Philip Allan; 10/6 net.)

SHIKAR TALES

"SKENE DHU," under which title we have hitherto known Colonel Lang's writings, is a name which carries weight in the fishing world of India; a country where there is still so much to find out about what fish to catch, where and how—in spite and because of what he has taught us. He now has produced a series of short stories, in each of which he takes one of the better-known jungle creatures as hero, for the purpose of describing its adventurous life. The book is dedicated to his son, and is presumably written for the young. Most healthy boys will love it, as they follow the adventures of buffalo, wild dog, bear, boar and other creatures, from the day of their birth to the time when they pass to the happy hunting grounds. All the stories give a faithful account of what might be the adventures of the creatures described. The reader is taken to the waters of the fast-flowing Indrawati, the jungles of Coorg and Mysore, and the scrubby ravines where the cattle graze in the Deccan—the home of pig and wolves. The author is at his best, as is to be expected, in giving his account of the fight of a mighty mahseer. Here he obviously writes with the deep feeling of personal experience rather than of the imagined life of his heroes. Not that he lacks knowledge or descriptive powers; his account of a hog hunt carries the reader from prickly pear, through scrub, over fearsome nalas, and along the fairway of cultivated ground with the distant covert in view. But, I must confess, with very different feelings to those usually associated with hog-hunting. Such are his descriptive powers, that my feelings on this occasion are entirely with the boar.

This book for the young is simply written even to the extent of explaining exactly what "parting brass rags" means. Presumably for the same reason the female of the wild dog is delicately called a "she dog," and not the Anglo-Saxon "bitch." One or two additions are needed in the glossary. The picture of a buffalo's head on the cover is wrong if it is meant to be an Indian buffalo. Is *Babulus arni* the latest name for the creature?

But these are minor criticisms of an excellent book which is commended to parents and uncles as a suitable Christmas present for boys from the age of twelve upwards. J. W. B.

Boda: The Buffalo. By Lieutenant-Colonel Lang. (Herbert Jenkins; 6/-.)

TWO ROYAL CHRISTMAS CARDS

The King's choice for a Christmas Card this year is the above marine picture "the white walls of old England," by Bernard Gribble, while Queen Mary has chosen a garden scene by Edith A. Andrews, shown on the right. Both these Christmas Cards, together with those of other members of the Royal Family, are prepared, as in former years, by Messrs. Raphael, Tuck & Sons, Ltd., by whose courtesy, and with the permission of the Royal Family, they are reproduced here.

WITH A CANOE IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA

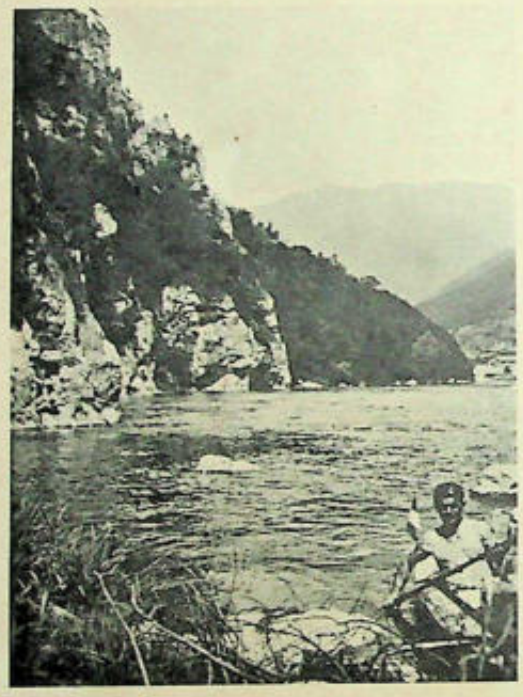
Plenty of Thrills and Fine Scenery

By MAJOR R. RAVEN-HART

IT is curiously convenient that the Vltava and the Vah, the two best rivers of Czechoslovakia from the canoer's point of view, flow one northwards and the other southwards, so that one or the other fits into a tour in either direction. Also they both connect with other rivers of first-class interest, the Vltava (Moldau on old maps) being the north-flowing link from Danube to Elbe, and the Vah (Waag as was) providing yet another way of commencing a Danube cruise, besides being itself a very interesting river both navigationally and as regards picturesqueness in scenery and costumes.

The nearest point on the Danube from which to reach the lower Vltava is Linz, but only extreme shortage of time or money should lead the canoer to prefer this to Krems, since by doing so much of the best of the Danube would be lost. From Krems, then, the railway brings you to Budejovice (Budweis), to Tyn (Moldauthein), or to Jetetice, the only points where the rail is convenient to the lower river.

In passing it may be added that the river above Budejovice is liable to be short of water, but can as a rule be done from Elenorenhain, with many weirs, mostly shootable, and an eight-mile unnavigable section where fortunately a railway is handy; or from Hohenfurt Stift at the lower end of this gap, giving a very beautiful run to Budejovice. This last would take about two days, with 24 weirs, of which about sixteen can as a rule be shot, using the "raft-gaps" left in them. It is, however, necessary to add that these gaps are often closed in the later summer, and are in any case not for beginners.



IN THE VAH GORGES ABOVE ZILINA

From Budejovice to Jetetice is one or two days, with eighteen weirs, of which fifteen are usually navigable; a start at Tyn reduces these to eight weirs, six usually shootable. The warning must again be repeated that many more portages may be necessary if the river is low, or if the canoers are not experienced.

From Jetetice to Prague is two or three days, with only four weirs, two probably being shootable and two demanding portages, and then with about a dozen half-weirs, blocking half the river only, and never involving portages. This part can be recommended to anyone but the absolute beginner, since the rapids, though most impressive, are quite harmless and conceal no rocks; the first group, just below Jetetice, are the fiercest, lasting for five miles almost without giving you time to wipe the water out of your eyes or take breath; and the last group, just above Brunsov, are nearly as long though not so large—and there are lots more between these two groups.

The scenery of this part is superb, like my imaginings of Canada, with steep pine-clad banks and black water and log cabins, and you have the feeling that you are in virgin forest, a feeling quite erroneous, by the way, as you have only to climb out of the gorges to see villages all over the cultivated plateau.

After Prague the river is definitely dull until it joins the Elbe, at Melnik, and there are five locks in addition to two in Prague itself, at all of which portages will probably be necessary since solo canoes are not locked. Most canoers take the rail from Prague to Litomerice on the Elbe, avoiding all those seven locks and also three on the Elbe itself, and having then only two more, and magnificent scenery to Dresden—or to Meissen, to Magdeburg, to Berlin, or to Hamburg!

The other river, the Vah, is decidedly more difficult, especially above Zilina, where several of the many rapids have awkward diagonal waves. You could start at Sv. Mikalas or, perhaps better in lowish water, at Ruzomberok: from either of these it is a day's run to Zilina (Sillein), through imposing gorges and the rapids just mentioned.

CANADA IN EUROPE—THE VLTAVA

Below Zilina there are about 150 miles to reach the Danube, the navigation getting easier and easier. The scenery for the first day, as far as Puchov, is still mountainous (with some really breath-taking corners) and there are many ruined castles perched on the hill-tops. After that it is rather like the Loire, a multiplicity of narrow arms between willow-islands, and the amusement of trying to guess which is the best channel to take.

Much of the charm here, especially near Zilina lies in the survival of the old costumes, the women wearing very ample short skirts over dozens of petticoats, and bright-coloured embroidered aprons, and with puffed white sleeves emerging from darker bodices. Their head-gear is usually a handkerchief printed with jolly designs. The men wear curious felt-like stuffs, while the herd-boys along the banks seem rarely to wear anything at all, and tan to a rich mahogany.

Camping on both rivers is easy, and necessary on the Vah, where hotels are scarce. On the Vltava preference should be given to the official sites, open to British Canoeing Association members. Language is a difficulty. German served me as a rule on the Vltava, especially as soon as the people realised that I was not myself a German; but on the Vah it was practically useless, and Esperanto proved my salvation. Guide-books: *Moldau, Hohenfurt - Budweis, Budweis - Melnik*, (about three marks each) and *Waag*, (about three marks fifty) are obtainable from Meckel, Diez/Lahn, Germany.

There is no Customs deposit or other formality on taking a collapsible into Czechoslovakia.

SHOOTING A "RAFT-GAP" ON THE VLTAVA

On this river one sees as many Canadian canoes as collapsibles

ON LEFT: THE VLTAVA. ABOVE: THE VAH

As one river flows northwards and the other southwards, one or other fits into a tour in either direction

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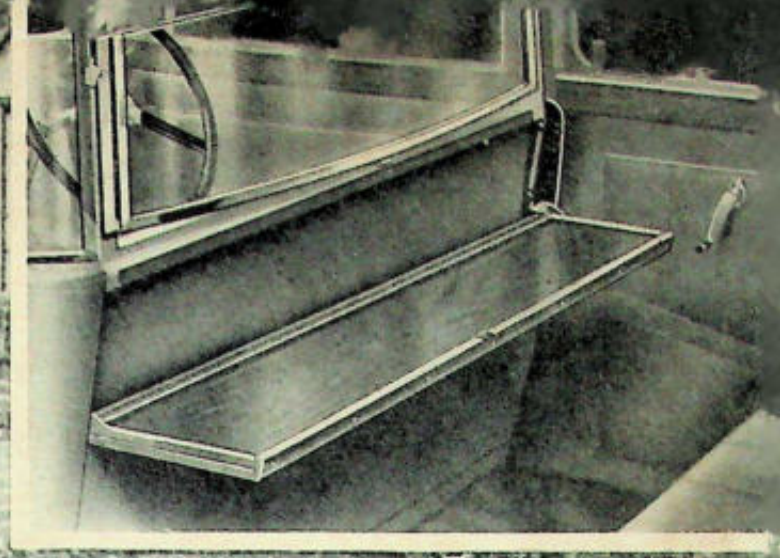

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Trial Eights Give Reason for Optimism

By E. E. D. TOMLIN

LAST Saturday the Oxford Trial Eights Race was decided over the Henley course, being rowed downstream. It had been decided to start at Marsh Lock, as in previous years, but when, after getting away to a good start, one of the engines of the umpire's launch failed, the crews were stopped a little above Henley Bridge, in order to prevent the race proving a complete fiasco.

A second start was made a few hundred yards from the bridge, "A" crew being given about half a length's start. As far as Remenham the struggle was keen, and there was little to choose between the crews, but "B" crew, stroked by Winser, the Old Blue, drew gradually away, and rowing comfortably won without being unduly pressed by about one-and-a-quarter lengths in just under 12 minutes 41 seconds. But although the mere story of the race is soon told, the crews themselves provided a contest of more than average interest this year.

In the first place, both eights employed swivel rowlocks and long slides of some 17in. This is the first occasion on which a genuine swivel rowlock has been used for the Trial Eights of the Oxford University Boat Club, yet despite the drastic change in the mechanical features of the rowing, the style of both crews seemed far more reminiscent of that of previous years than the adoption of swivel rowlocks might lead one to believe. The fact is that it is illogical to assume that a change in the method of pivoting the oar to thowl pin will drastically alter the body form of those who have been used to other methods. Indeed, most of those oarsmen to whom the swivel rowlock must have been something of a novelty seemed perfectly comfortable under different conditions; in fact it would be true to say that the very men to whom such rowing ought to have come naturally—the Oriel oarsmen—seemed sometimes more uncomfortable than their more "orthodox" companions. Secondly, the two eights that took the water this year were by far the most balanced and controlled trial crews that the Isis has produced for some time. The boat control was outstandingly good, and even paddling light it was very exceptional to see blades flicking the water. I noticed this particularly when the crews were paddling back from Hambledon; although tired, they did not lose their balance, and this fact seemed a most satisfactory feature of the rowing generally. No doubt the long paddles they have had contributed largely to this result.

In dealing with the crews in greater detail, it was obvious that the superiority of Winser's crew lay largely in the greater steadiness of the stern oarsmen as compared with Hodgson's eight. Winser himself rowed with a confidence which he has seldom displayed to greater effect. From start to finish he had his crew thoroughly under control, and the excellent rhythm he set made the work much easier for the men behind him. It was largely through lack of good rhythm that Hodgson's crew could not produce the pace necessary to win. On more than one occasion both crews were striking the same number of strokes in the minute, yet while Winser's crew were unhurried and rowing confidently, Hodgson's men were straining and showing obvious signs of distress. This was particularly noticeable above Temple Island. I have rarely seen the benefits of good rhythm exploited to greater advantage than I did in the race at this point.

Where Winser's crew gained was in the fact that the men were given time to swing over at the back stop, and so made the last part of the forward swing the steady de-acceleration it ought to be. This allowed a far firmer stroke to be achieved. On the other hand, Hodgson allowed his men to slide forward before their shoulders had really swung in front of their slides, the result being that in many cases the beginning was taken with bodies in an upright position, and the slide bearing the weight of the bodies instead of the stretchers. Hodgson is a very fine fighting stroke, but he has yet to learn to control the last part of his sliding coming forward when he is losing a race. When he does this, the exceptional length of his forward swing will be a very great asset indeed, whereas at present it is more of a handicap, in that the last few inches of swing are completed by swinging over the front stop. It is in the relative shortness of his swing that Winser is at a disadvantage, but he uses every inch of that swing to such effect that he can afford to be shorter than many other strokes of his weight. As a stroke Oxford have in Winser a man of great experience who knows what good rhythm is, and, what is more, who can impart that rhythm to his crew. These qualities alone, apart from the courage of his rowing, would be a very great recommendation for so important a position.

Both Burnell and Huse backed up their respective strokes very gallantly; both cover their blades, though Burnell's is longer in the water; in fact, his blade was one of the longest in either crew, and undoubtedly made up for any slight shortness that Winser may have shown. Probably Rowe, at "6" in Winser's crew, did more than any other individual in the crew to win the race. He rowed with complete confidence throughout, and was never guilty of scratching the top off the water as so many of the men were inclined to do at times. In addition to this he has an enormous reach, which he can use with advantage because his slide is under control; and, further, he is one of the few men who really finish the stroke home. In this latter respect Mynors, Burrough and Fox were outstanding among many who, although they caught hold of a good beginning, did so with an air of "hoping for the best" at the finish. They hoped throughout the race.

The lack of a powerful finish was one of the outstanding deficiencies of the crews as a whole, with the possible exceptions mentioned above, yet lack of determination there was none. Mynors was a tower of strength to the losers, and if towards the end his blade was rather light, it was never idle. Burrough, who rowed at "6" in front of him, is still rather stiff, but moves a great deal of water, as indeed does Young, who stroked the Trinity Four so ably earlier in the term.

In the winning crew Waldron was probably the best oarsman after Rowe, and amply demonstrated the power of his blade throughout the race; he is also holding the finish far more strongly than before. Fox at "5" completed a combination in the stern end of the boat which proved incapable of being rushed, and he kept a fine length in supporting Burnell at "7." No member of either crew can be described as ill-chosen for his place, and even among the losers the fighting spirit displayed was most encouraging. In neither crew did the rate of striking drop much below 32.

To the spectator one of the interesting features of the race was the appearance of a cox who must surely be the smallest and lightest seen in a University racing eight for a very long time. Despite his diminutive size, Massey showed that he can control his crew, though his steering was rather erratic on two occasions when a foul between the crews seemed imminent. If he found difficulty in steering his eight he had indeed some excuse, for owing to his light weight the rudder of his boat was only submerged to a very small extent, and this fact became more apparent when, in waves, the rudder remained completely out of the water for some seconds at a time.

Merifield steered a thoroughly good course and made the most of a light stream. He must have added nearly half a length by careful steering between the Regatta start and Temple Island.

The Oxford Trial Eights this year give every reason for optimism as to the result of next year's Boat Race. Each crew was thoroughly trained, and far better together than many of former years, and despite defects—and these were only to be expected—the general standard displayed was very high. One would like to have seen the finish held longer, and one is tempted to speculate as to the result of changing the crews as they stood to fixed rowlocks; it could hardly have been detrimental and might have added those extra inches of length that are so valuable in a long race.

Optimism is increased when it is remembered that neither the president, J. S. Lewes, nor Ashby, the secretary, nor Cherry, the Oxford Olympic oarsmen, have been included in this rapid survey of possibilities. With their help Oxford should be able to produce a most useful combination next spring.

AT HAMBLEDON LOCK DURING THE OXFORD TRIAL EIGHTS

"B" crew, stroked by Winser, the old Blue, are seen leading. They eventually won fairly comfortably by about 1¼ lengths in just under 12 minutes 41 seconds

The order of rowing was:

"A" Crew.—J. C. Philpot (Radley and Worcester) (bow), K. J. Motz (Marburg University and Oriel), R. R. Stewart (Eton and Magdalen), M. H. Young (Westminster and Trinity), D. R. B. Mynors (Eton and New College), J. P. Burrough (St. Edward's and St. Edmund Hall), G. Huse (Hammersmith and Oriel), A. B. Hodgson (Eton and Oriel) (stroke), H. P. V. Massey (Upper Canada College and Balliol) (cox).

"B" Crew.—J. Taylor (Blackburn G.S. and New College) (bow), J. L. Garton (Eton and Magdalen), J. M. Blair-Fish (Dauntsey's and New College), F. A. L. Waldron (Shrewsbury and Trinity), J. C. Fox (Haileybury and Corpus Christi), R. G. Rowe (Eton and University College), R. D. Burnell (Eton and Magdalen), D. M. de R. Winser (Winchester and Corpus Christi) (stroke), C. J. P. Merifield (King Edward School, Southampton, and St. Edmund Hall) (cox).

Cambridge Trial Eights

By DENIS GUYE

CONDITIONS at Ely last Saturday for the Cambridge Trial Eights race were as near perfect as could be, and with little or no wind, a fast time was naturally recorded.

Strange to say, the thrills of the afternoon were not provided by the oarsmen but by the equestrians on the bank, one incident being more reminiscent of Aintree rather than of the "canal-like" Ouse when the coach took the water.

The race itself was disappointing, as "B" crew, well stroked by R. J. L. Perfitt, was so vastly superior that the result was never in doubt after the first minute.

It would seem "B" crew, who rowed a much faster stroke throughout the race, just felt like racing, whereas "A" crew definitely had an "off" day. Their enforced change at stroke through the illness of Langton two days before the race completely upset them. The President, having in mind that "A" crew had proved themselves

30 seconds faster than " B " the previous Saturday, probably thought that a change would bring the two crews closer together, as except for one alteration in " B " crew he made no drastic changes.

Except to show that Cambridge rowing was still in the top class, the race cannot have been very illuminating to the authorities concerned. It seems that the President's greatest problem will be whom to leave out, rather than searching for talent. Including himself there are three Old Blues, the secretary, Cree of Jesus, and Mason of Trinity Hall, a possible stroke. If Langton makes a quick recovery he will also be a contender for that position in the University eight.

There is no dearth of material for the other positions, and the men who stood out on Saturday were R. T. Coulton and J. Turnbull of Jesus and M. Bradley of Pembroke. The latter, it will be remembered, gained a trial cap two years ago, and is the most improved oar at Cambridge at the moment. It is obvious that his sculling has helped his rowing, as his forward sliding is much more controlled. P. C. Kirkpatrick of Queens worked hard and should be a useful heavy-weight for the middle of the boat.

The questions of rig and coaches are still matters of speculation amongst the less informed. At one time it seemed likely that the President might revert to fixed pins, but in view of the popularity of swivel rowlocks with the college boat clubs this now seems hardly likely. With the exception of Lady Margaret, First and Third Trinity, all the colleges at Cambridge have their boats fitted with swivel rowlocks, and the expense involved in changing back would be too considerable for most college finances. Of course the University Boat Club could well afford the expense, but it would not be practicable to have a University eight rowing on fixed pins while the rest of rowing Cambridge were using swivels.

It will be disappointing to Cambridge supporters to hear that Mr. Charles Rew will not be assisting the University, in view of his two recent successful efforts. His probable successor may be Mr. Kenneth Payne, who did wonders with a scratch Leander crew in Berlin this year. It will be remembered that he assisted Oxford in the early stages of their training last year.

Squadron-Leader Hellyer, who has been up at Cambridge quite often this term watching the crews, will probably take the eight for the early stages, as he did last year; while the intermediate period may be shared by Mr. Findlay Best, of Pembroke, who was unlucky not to gain his Blue while at Cambridge, and B. C. Johnstone, who helped last year. As some of these coaches are said to favour fixed pins, it will be interesting to see how this Cambridge crew fares. Of course, Squadron-Leader Hellyer has had great experience with swivels, while Mr. Best is definitely a devotee to them. Mr. Kenneth Payne, however, with the exception of a period when the Olympic Eight this year were cogitating over the form of rig to be used, has done most of his rowing and coaching on fixed pins.

There seems little doubt that, no matter what rig is used or whoever are the coaches, the University eight next year will again be of the highest class. The news that Oxford may use swivels for the first time will mean that both crews in the race next March will be using the same sort of rig.

The order of rowing was :

D. S. M. Eadie's Crew.—T. A. Jones (Hereford Cathedral School and First Trinity) (bow), R. T. Coulton (Dulwich and Jesus), A. Campbell (Barrow G.S. and Selwyn), M. Bradley (Monkton Combe and Pembroke), R. Hambridge (King's School, Parramatta, and Lady Margaret), P. C. Kirkpatrick (Monkton Combe and Queens'), A. E. B. Williams (St. Paul's and Jesus), D. S. M. Eadie (Oundle and First Trinity) (stroke), T. H. Hunter (Harvard and Trinity Hall) (cox).

R. J. L. Perfitt's Crew.—A. Burrough (St. Paul's and Jesus) (bow), R. V. Symonds (Bedford and Lady Margaret), W. R. Milne (Geelong and Jesus), D. M. W. Napier (Eton and Magdalene), W. F. M. Clemens (Bedford and Christ's), J. Turnbull (Geelong and Clare), O. M. Taylor (Radley and Lady Margaret), R. J. L. Perfitt (K.C.S. Wimbledon, and Trinity Hall) (stroke), D. H. Bolam (Whitgift Middle and Selwyn) (cox).

Messrs. Charles Letts & Co., Diary House, London, offer this year an even larger selection than usual of diaries. These useful books range in size from the large self-opening diary with a whole page for every day, to the tiny pocket diary which, though only a few inches square, holds a quantity of valuable information. All tastes are catered for: gardeners, motorists, boy scouts, girl guides, anglers, animal lovers, ramblers and business men will find books especially designed for their work and leisure, while the *Ladies' Year Book* contains many pages of recipes, hints, travel and legal notes, with plans of London theatres and a section specially devoted to housekeeping accounts.

FIELD TRIALS

LABRADORS AT IDSWORTH

ON November 25th and 26th the Labrador Retriever Club held their All Aged Stake. They had been very kindly invited to hold the stake at Idsworth by Lorna, Countess Howe, it having been unfortunately necessary to abandon the arrangement by which the trials were to have been held at Brandon, owing to the death of the Duke of Grafton. The judges were Major J. Wormald, Mr. H. Saunders and Mr. D. Black.

On the first day the weather was wretchedly raw and cold, and scenting conditions were so bad that it actually happened on one occasion that a bird was missed by four dogs, who went within a few feet of it. Throughout the day, however, six dogs stood out in their work. These were Major Despencer Robertson's b. F.T. Ch. Quest of Wilbury; Major M. Bebb's d. Hiwood Shimey, handled by Mrs. Hill-Wood; Mr. C. H. Kennard's d. Pettistree Dan; Lord Effingham's d. F.T. Ch. Ming; Mr. G. Hallett's d. Larchwood Nigger; and Miss M. Evans's b. Sally O'Fon.

On the second day Miss Despencer Robertson's Painted Lady of Wilbury came into the running, but the morning's work was somewhat undecided owing to lack of scent in the bracken. The morning was a pleasant contrast to the day before, with bright sun at intervals. In the afternoon all the work was done in a large field of roots, and the judges were able to separate the leading dogs owing to some good pieces of work in retrieving and marking. Ming brought back a runner which had crossed a road through a hedge. In the end the judges made their decision as follows :

1st, Ming; 2nd, Quest; 3rd, Sally O'Fon; 4th, Painted Lady; Reserve and Award of Honour, Pettistree Dan; Award of Honour, Hiwood Shimey. Certificates of Merit were awarded to Mr. R. G. Heaton's b. Cheverells Bustle, Mr. G. Hallett's Larchwood Nigger and Messrs. Clouston and Ruffell's b. North Dyke Kirtsie.

At the conclusion of the meeting Lord Effingham expressed the thanks of the club to Lady Howe for her kindness in making it possible for the stake to be run at Idsworth, and for the hospitality which she had extended to all those present.

Lady Howe, in reply, said that she was always glad to see Labradors at Idsworth, and would shortly be welcoming members of the club at other meetings, particularly at the Gamekeepers' Stake in January. E. P.

GOLDEN RETRIEVERS AT NORTH PERROTT

These trials for Novice Dogs with Novice Handlers were held at North Perrott Manor, Crewkerne, on very good ground, kindly given by Mr. H. W. W. Hoskyns. The judges were Colonel H. M. Wilson, Major Benson and Mr. W. East.

There were fifteen runners, eight of which were whelped in 1935. Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Douglas Carnegie's Noranby Juniper, although she appeared to tire towards the end of the day, was a comfortable winner. She made no mistake, except at a duck, found a difficult bird far back that two others had failed at, and got two birds well over water with good delivery, seeing that the banks of the stream were most difficult. She answered well to her handler.

Captain D. W. Roche's Anningsley Yarty was second, and did quite useful work on a hare and birds; he has nice style and drive, but only a very moderate delivery. Mrs. Charlesworth's Noranby Ranter was third, and worked hard, but rather independently. He was not lucky in what opportunities he had. Dr. E. D. Wolff's Zani of Bears, fourth, did just about the same work. He retrieved two birds very well over the stream, and was under good command.

Mr. H. Venables Kyrke's Anningsley Loader, Reserve and Certificate of Merit, might have collected a duck, but made up for it by picking up two birds well, and then failed rather unluckily at a very strong runner over the water. No dog in the stake tried harder. Lord Stavordale's Melbury Cæsar did two excellent bits of work in kale in the morning, but later got out of hand; one could have forgiven this if he had been one of the 1935 lot. Miss Cuff's Rakelands Rajah picked a duck across the water extremely well that Loader failed at, but then, unfortunately, ran in. The noticeable features in almost the whole of the dogs were poor delivery and a disinclination to get out especially over fences. Hubert Wilson.

SPANIELS AT ABERFOYLE

By kind permission of Captain Will and Captain Ralph Joynson, the Scottish Spaniel Club held their thirteenth field trials at Drumlean and Ledard Shooting, Aberfoyle, on November 18th and 19th. The judges were Mr. D. Johnston and Provost A. M'Nab Chassels. The awards were as follows :

No. 1 (Open Stake).—1st, Mr. A. Byrne's d. Tedwyn's Ticket; 2nd, Mr. F. A. Rottenburg's d. Prints of Fintry; 3rd, Mr. S. C. Jones's b. F.T. Ch. Style O'Vara. Reserve and Certificate of Merit, Mrs. L. A. Culvert's d. Bobbie. Certificates of Merit: Mr. J. Elphinstone's b. Robinhood Jill, Mr. A. Byrne's d. Tedwyn's Trews, Mr. S. C. Jones's b. Sue O'Vara, Mr. G. Henriques's b. Chunal Peggy, Mr. E. Winter's b. Staindrop Staybright, Mr. J. C. Dalton's Dainty Damsel, Mr. G. Clark's Cruiser of Blair.

No. 2 (Novice Stake).—1st, Miss E. J. Brooke's d. Belt of Fearn; equal 2nd, Mr. A. Byrne's b. Tedwyn's Tonic and Mr. H. White's b. Priceless Sally. Reserve and Certificate of Merit, Mr. F. A. Rottenburg's d. Duke of Fintry. Certificates of Merit: Captain R. Joynson's d. Joburg of Chrishall, Mrs. L. R. Calvert's b. Eromtew Juliana, Mr. G. Henriques's b. Chunal Wendy, H.H. the Maharaja of Patiala's d. Trusty of Malwa.

No. 3 (Open Cocker Stake).—Equal 1st, Dr. W. J. Dawson's b. F.T. Ch. Jig-Time of Fews and Miss D. Hardy's b. F.T. Ch. Carramore Avril; 3rd, Captain R. H. Rhodes's b. Dalshangan Silver. Reserve and Certificate of Merit, Miss I. M. Macrae's d. Drubdalg Prince. Certificates of Merit: Lady Hollins's d. Geordy Boy, Major G. S. Nelson Scott's b. Browster Basher, Mr. J. M. Bannerman's d. Ilie, Miss E. J. Brooke's d. Belt of Fearn, Mr. E. J. Stibbons's d. Another Pat, Mrs. Scott Moore's b. Blair.

AT GLENASSEL, GIRVAN

On November 20th and 21st the Gamekeepers' National Association held their Fifteenth Field Trials for Spaniels at Glenassel, Girvan, Ayrshire, by kind permission of Mr. George Clark. The judges were Mr. J. Girdwood and Mr. J. Dinwoodie. The awards were as follows :

No. 1 (Open Stake).—1st, Mr. G. Clark's d. F.T. Ch. Rex of Blair; 2nd, Mr. S. C. Jones's b. F.T. Ch. Style O'Vara; 3rd, Captain E. W. Brook's d. Kinmount Paddy; 4th, Mr. J. C. Dalton's b. Dainty Damsel. Reserve and Certificate of Merit, Mr. G. L. Q. Henriques's b. Chunal Peggy. Certificates of Merit: Captain R. Joynson's d. Joburg of Chrishall, Mr. A. Byrne's b. Tedwyns Tonic, Mr. G. Clark's b. Grock of Blair, Mrs. W. R. Calvert's d. Bobbie, Mr. J. Elphinstone's b. Robinhood Bustle, Mr. J. C. W. Simms's b. Kingsham Kittiwake, Mr. A. Byrne's d. Tedwyns Ticket, Mr. S. C. Jones's b. Sue O'Vara, Mr. C. A. Phillips's d. Rivington Grit, Mr. F. A. Rottenburg's d. Prints of Fintry, Mr. E. Winter's b. Staindrop Staybright.

No. 2 (Cocker Stake).—1st, Miss D. Hardy's b. F.T. Ch. Carramore Avril; 2nd, Mr. J. Scott's b. F.T. Ch. Jig's Bairn; 3rd, Mr. C. A. Phillips's b. F.T. Ch. Rivington Hopalong. Reserve and Certificate of Merit, Mr. N. M. Clarke's b. F.T. Ch. Beat. Certificates of Merit: Lady Hollins's d. Geordy Boy, Major G. S. Nelson Scott's b. Browster Basher, Mrs. Scott Moore's b. Golden Hill, Mr. C. C. F. Addie's d. Yoredale Dapper.

No. 3 (Gamekeepers' Stake).—1st, Mr. J. Scott's F.T. Ch. Jig's Bairn; 2nd, Mr. H. Bunten's b. Barbal Sadie; 3rd, Mr. H. White's b. Priceless Sally. Reserve and Certificate of Merit, Mr. G. Blacklock's d. Patmackay. Certificate of Merit, Mr. T. Ellis's b. Solar Girl.

No. 4 (Novice Stake).—1st, Mr. G. Clark's b. Tot of Blair; 2nd, Mr. A. Byrne's Tedwyns Ticket; 3rd, Mr. G. Clark's b. Bridget of Blair; 4th, Mr. F. A. Rottenburg's d. Duke of Fintry. Reserve and Certificate of Merit, Captain E. W. Brook's b. Kinmount Trixie. Certificates of Merit: Mr. J. C. Dalton's Dainty Damsel, Captain R. Joynson's b. Altskeith Fan, Mr. A. Byrne's Tedwyns Tonic, Mr. B. Rickford's d. Globe Trotter, Mr. G. L. Q. Henriques's b. Chunal Wendy, Captain R. Joynson's Joburg of Chrishall.

AT BIRDSALL

By kind invitation of Lord Middleton, the Spaniel Club held their 34th Open Field Trial Meeting at Birdsall, Malton, Yorks, on November 25th, 26th and 27th. The judges were Lieutenant-Colonel C. D. Horsley and Lieutenant-Colonel N. E. Tilney, who made the following awards :

No. 1 (Open Stake).—1st, Major H. Beaumont's b. Butter of Stronds; 2nd, Captain N. W. Tredinnick's b. Newburle Valerie; 3rd, Lieutenant-Colonel J. Downes-Powell's d. Montezuma of Four Clovers. Reserve, Mr. J. Amphlett's b. Priceless. Certificates of merit: Major H. Beaumont's b. Brush of Stronds, Sir Clive Coates's d. Qui Hi of Helperby, Mr. J. Kent's d. Ben of Chrishall.

No. 2 (Open Stake).—1st, Mr. S. C. Jones's b. F.T. Ch. Style O'Vara; 2nd, Lieutenant-General H. H. the Maharaja Dhiraj of Patiala's b. Bryngarw Fireaway; 3rd, Mr. E. A. Walker's d. Dene of Balcary. Reserve, Mr. S. C. Jones's b. Squib O'Vara. Certificates of merit: Captain O. P. Traherne's b. Bryngarw Dainty; Captain F. Holford's b. Whelford Flick; Mr. E. Winter's b. Stalndrop Staybright; Mr. C. McNeill's b. F.T. Ch. Donna Susie; Mr. C. A. Phillips's d. Rivington Grit, Mrs. W. R. Calvert's d. Bobbie, Mr. F. M. Prime's d. Wakes Wager, H.H. the Maharaja Dhiraj of Patiala's d. Dignified of Ware, Mr. R. Cank's b. Turbary Swift.

No. 3 (Novice Stake).—1st, Mr. S. C. Jones's b. Squib O'Vara; 2nd, Mr. A. Byrne's d. Tedwyns Ticket; 3rd, Captain O. P. Traherne's d. Bryngarw Firearm. Reserve, Mr. A. Byrne's d. Tedwyns Trews. Certificates of merit: Mrs. W. R. Calvert's b. Eromtew Juliana, Mr. F. M. Prime's d. Wakes Wager, Mr. C. McNeill's d. Hornets Sting, Mr. E. A. Walker's d. Dene of Balcary, Mr. R. Cank's b. Turbary Swift.

No. 4 (Open Stake for Cockers).—1st, Mr. C. A. Phillips's b. F.T. Ch. Rivington Hopalong; 2nd, Mrs. V. Berdoe-Wilkinson's d. Patch of Silverlands; 3rd, H.H. the Maharaja Dhiraj of Patiala's d. Dusk of Malwa. Reserve, Mrs. G. Scott-Moore's b. Blare. Certificates of merit: Major J. T. North's d. Flush of Silverlands, Lady Mary Hollins's d. Geordy Boy, Mrs. V. Berdoe-Wilkinson's d. Spider of Silverlands, Mrs. V. M. F. Farrer's b. Floss of the Fell.

No. 5 (Novice Stake).—1st, Mrs. V. Berdoe-Wilkinson's d. Patch of Silverlands; 2nd, Major J. T. North's d. Flush of Silverlands; 3rd, Mrs. G. Scott-Moore's b Golden Hill. Reserve, Captain O. P. Traherne's b Bryngarw Kate. Certificate of merit: Mrs. V. M. F. Farrer's b. Floss of the Fell.

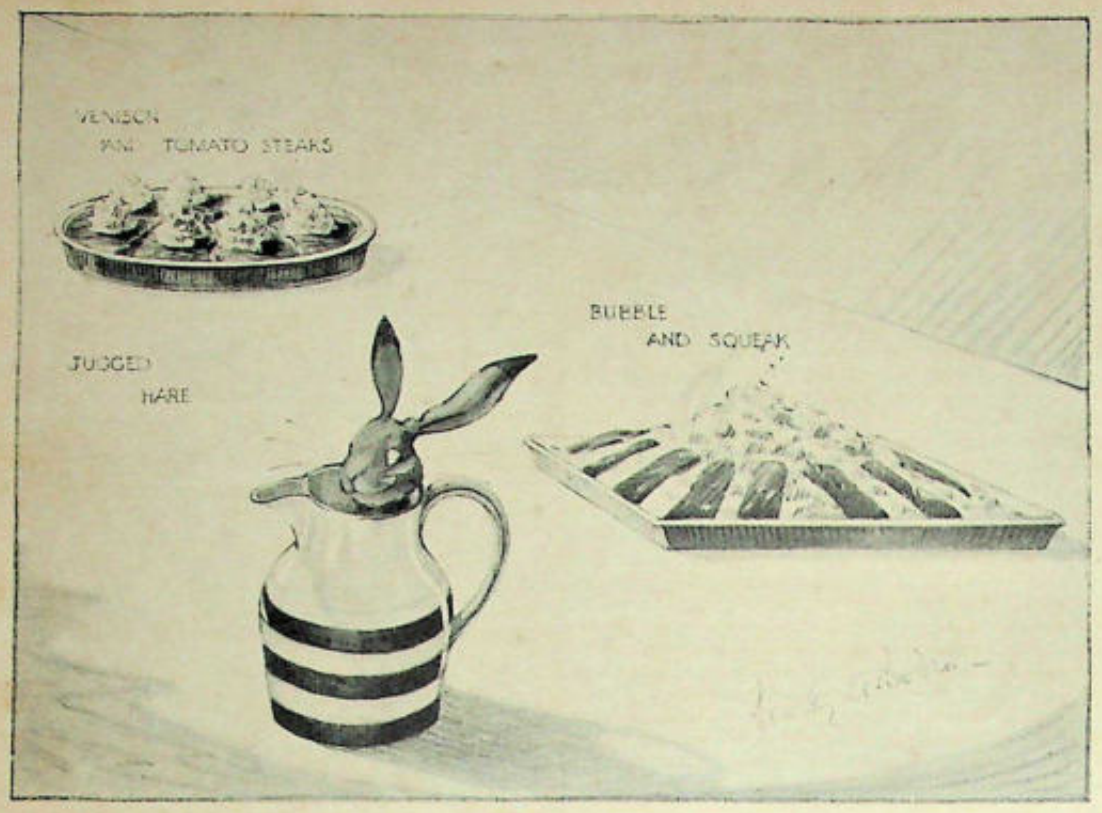
No. 6 (Brace Stake).—1st, Mrs. V. Berdoe-Wilkinson's Spider of Silverlands and Patch of Silverlands; 2nd, Captain F. Holford's Whelford Flick and Whelford Nancy; 3rd, Mrs. W. R. Calvert's Bobbie and Eromtew Juliana.

AT WILDERWICK, EAST GRINSTEAD

By kind permission of Mr. Ian Anderson, the Surrey and West Sussex Branch of the Utility Gun Dog Society held their fourteenth annual Field Trial meeting at Wilderwick, East Grinstead, Sussex, on November 23rd. The judges were Messrs. T. M. Daintry, J. Blackburn and E. H. Garner. The awards were as follows :

No. 1 (Ordinary Members' Stake).—1st, Mr. W. T. Turner's L. d. Ben of Fullers; 2nd, Mr. L. H. Curtis's d. Breaker; 3rd, Mr. S. J. Ling's L. d. Beeding Daniel. Reserve and Certificate of Merit, Mr. S. A. Jackson's L. d. Swanthorpe Major. Certificate of Merit, Mr. W. Ecrott's L. d. Starters Boy.

No. 2 (Honorary Members' Stake).—1st, Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. D. Carnegie's G. R. d. Ch. Heydown Guider; 2nd, Mr. H. G. Davies's b. Nutcombe Sally; 3rd, Mr. J. A. Rank's d. Tombuie Joker. Reserve and Certificate of Merit, Mr. H. L. Uring Clark's L. R. d. David of Laglands. Certificates of Merit, Mr. A. H. Allen's L. b. Bit of Claridges, Mr. C. McNeill's E. S. d. Hornet's Sting, Mr. E. P. Hands's E. S. b. Shenandoah of Arduduwy.



"I HAVE KNOWN MANY A DISMAL PARTY RESURRECTED BY A GOOD LUNCH"

FINAL VARIATIONS OF THE SHOOTING LUNCH

A Selection for the House or the Keeper's Cottage

By ELSIE TURNER

WE assume by now that picnic lunches are things of the past, though if a few outlying pheasants are going to be shot early in October "for the pot," any of the earlier picnic lunches will suit. But for cold days from the end of October till the end of January, something really warming is required, as it is a cold job waiting for the birds to come on a wet or frosty morning. If it is a very wet day and the birds won't fly as anticipated the host and keepers are naturally disgruntled, but I have known many a dismal party resurrected by a good lunch.

An ideal dish which can be eaten in the house, in the shooting brake or in the keeper's cottage, is jugged hare; I have never met it in a jug, and suppose it was served in a jug before casseroles or hot pots were introduced. This is a very old Derbyshire recipe, but in these days more casseroles and hot pots are to be found in local potteries than there are hares to fill them. The hare must be skinned and cleaned and cut in pieces, and each piece wiped on a dry cloth, never washed. Season with salt and pepper, and dip each piece in flour, fry until nicely browned in butter. Chop up a little thyme and parsley and two boned anchovies, a little grated nutmeg, ground mace, pounded cloves, and half a teaspoonful of grated lemon peel. Line the bottom of your hot pot or casserole with thin slices of bacon, and put the fried pieces of hare on it forming another layer.

Next put a thin layer of seasoning and cover with another layer of bacon, continue till all the hare is used and pour over half a tumbler of old ale. Put a strip of paste made from flour and water round the edge of the hot pot, and press the lid down. Stand the jar on a tile or thin piece of wood in a saucepan with cold water up to about two-thirds its height, and cook for four hours, adding water as it boils away. When the hare is cooked, and it must not be over-cooked or it will fall to pieces, make a good sauce by melting 1oz. of butter, and stirring ½oz. of flour into it over the fire until bubbles show. Pour in some of the gravy from the hare and skim off all the fat, add ½ pint of port wine and a teaspoonful of mushroom ketchup. Now wipe the joints of hare free from fat and dust with mushroom powder, put into your sauce and add a little browning, cook again over the fire and stir very gently till it boils. Have ready some fried forcemeat balls, and put them round the top of the hot pot. Red currant jelly is essential, but frequently forgotten.

The occasion may arise when lunch is eaten by the roadside in cars, and something very simple required. A large thermos flash containing thick ox tail soup or mulligatawny soup, followed by a piece of cold pork pie, or any small individual pie or pasty is easily passed round, a few sandwiches or stuffed rolls for those who do not eat pastry. Almost everyone can find a corner for a mince pie!

I think we have now had quite enough lunches in the three articles for eating away from the house, and will have a few inspirations for a comfortable and quick lunch in the house. Whatever happens, the menu must not be a long one as the days are very short by now, and all keen shots will agree it is a great pity to miss birds at the last stand because the light has gone, owing to the extra course at lunch. Curry is nearly always popular, and can be made of pheasants or rabbits, which are quite as good as chicken when curried, and as both are usually very plentiful it is a most economical dish. So are partridge and pheasant puddings, with a little good beef-steak added for the gravy.

For partridge pudding, take two brace of old partridges and cut them into neat joints, season with two teaspoonfuls of salt and a teaspoonful of pepper, some chopped parsley and herbs, and add a few mushrooms if you have them. Line a greased pudding basin holding 2 quarts with a thick suet crust, and lay a thin slice of rump steak weighing about ¼lb. at the bottom, then a layer of partridges and seasoning up to the top; place another slice of rump steak rather larger but quite thin over this. Have ready about 2 pints of good stock (flavouring it with two glasses of claret is an improvement but not essential), and pour this over your partridges in the basin. Cover carefully with your suet crust and pinch the edges together. Tie a pudding cloth over the basin, place in boiling water and keep boiling for quite three hours till ready. This pudding is big enough for eight guns.

It is advisable, if possible, to order dishes for lunch which do not spoil if they are kept waiting; it is almost impossible for the best-run shoot to be punctual for lunch as lost birds and "runners" must cause delay, consequently stews and hashes are better than joints, as they do not spoil by longer cooking and are easier to serve than joints. Any birds can be stewed up in a casserole with plenty of vegetables, not forgetting a few shallots or small onions.

Hashed venison is greatly improved by the addition of a little fat ham and a little port wine and red currant jelly in the gravy.

Venison steaks with tomato are simple, and if prepared as follows they do not get over-cooked if kept waiting. Cut up your venison into steaks not thicker than ½in., leave them to marinade in oil all night after beating them well and seasoning with salt and pepper. Fry them lightly in oil or deep fat, and when partly cooked put them in a saucepan with a good handful of breadcrumbs and about a dozen tomatoes which must have already been fried in butter with seasoning and herbs and a few chopped chives. Moisten the contents of the pan with white wine and good stock in equal parts, and cook for 20 minutes. If lunch is late add more stock and white wine: serve with the sauce in the pan on the top of each steak, and shake a few drops of tabasco sauce on each.

Bubble and squeak or corned beef hash, as it is known in America, is now a celebrated dish at one of the fashionable night clubs in London. I cannot say I think it is an ideal dish at 2 a.m., but it certainly is towards 2 p.m. Boil a good cabbage for ten to fifteen minutes and squeeze dry, also a few potatoes, and chop all together. Fry in hot butter some slices of cold boiled salt beef, or cut some corned beef in cubes, and fry them a little; do not let them get hard. Take out of the frying pan, and keep them hot on a plate over a saucepan of hot water. Pepper and salt the cabbage and potato, and toss it about in the frying-pan for about three minutes: if it gets at all dry add more butter. Pile the cabbage and potato in the middle of a hot dish and surround with the frizzled beef.

Everyone has their own ideas about puddings and sweets, but 75 per cent. of men never eat them nowadays. They will enjoy a slice of ham, tongue or brawn, cold pigeon or game pie, and certainly pork pie, which is greatly improved if accompanied by damson pickle.

Bakewell tart is quite one of our most celebrated Derbyshire dishes, and here is a good old recipe. Line a baking-tin about 8in. across and 1½in. high with rich pastry, cover the bottom with a layer of strawberry jam—no other jam can possibly be used according to Derbyshire tradition! Put a ¼lb. of butter into a pan and let it boil up, skim carefully, and while still boiling add a tablespoonful of ground almonds, the yolks of four eggs and the whites of three, and a ¼lb. of castor sugar which must have been previously beaten well together; again beat together, with the hot butter and pour over the jam. There should be about a ¼in. of jam and 1in. of this mixture to fill the pastry case. Bake till a nice light brown and serve hot or cold. The same mixture can be used in small patty tins.

Mrs. Turner's Booklet "Fifty Ways of Cooking a Pheasant" is now sold out, but a larger edition is being issued by the author from The Cottage, Shipley, near Derby.

"WHAT TIME DID I COME IN, HAWKINS?"

"*I really couldn't say to the minute, Sir. After the Milk, if I may say so, Sir. But definitely before the first post.*"

"Then why do I feel so jolly fit, Hawkins?"

"*That, Sir, depends upon what you—er—consumed.*"

"I stuck to the Gin and Lime pretty faithfully last night and I feel as though I'd gone to bed at 10 o'clock on a glass of milk."

"*Well they do say, Sir, that lime juice—er—as it were—neutralises the—er—what would have been a nasty hangover, Sir—*"

"I say, it's a bit of a discovery though—what? Oughtn't we to have some by us? I mean, Summer is coming and all that — to say nothing of the party tomorrow."

"*Very good, Sir. Two cases of Rose's Lime Juice. I will order them at once.*"

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.

AGRICULTURAL LABOUR AND FOOD SUPPLY

SIR,—At the present time, when we are strengthening our Navy, Army and Air Force, we might pause for a moment and think also about strengthening our rural population, in order to provide the best man-power for the fighting forces and to increase our home-grown food supply for the safety of the country in case of war.

Many schemes have been put forward for these ends, but in spite of them all the population of our countryside is still rapidly diminishing, and families continue to migrate from the country to the town. To my mind, there are two very strong reasons for this.

Firstly, there is the matter of education. Children educated on the same lines and brought up in the same environment will naturally tend to drift towards similar kind of work. If, therefore, there were two different systems of education, one type for the urban schools and another for the rural, the children on leaving the village school might be more inclined to remain in the rural areas, taking up some form of country work, than to migrate to the already overcrowded towns.

Secondly, the general depression of agriculture means that landowners and farmers alike employ as little labour as possible. Any observant man motoring through the countryside cannot fail to notice how much land has gone back, even out of cultivation, during the past 20 years. There are fields full of thistles and docks, badly-kept hedgerows, and land that requires draining to be seen everywhere. It is generally admitted that the country districts as a whole are neither employing as much labour nor producing as much food as they might do.

Most farmers would like to put on more hands, if they could afford to do so, but in these hard times of agricultural depression they can only see their way to employ the very minimum number of men that will enable them to keep their farms under cultivation.

I have often wondered whether it would be possible to decide broadly what would be the least number of men that would be required to work a given area of land. This number would, of course, vary according to the class of land and to the kind of farming that was carried on.

As a guide to this, the Ministry of Agriculture already have at their disposal figures for many years back, giving the numbers of men, women and boys employed on every farm. Farmers have to show this in their annual returns.

To illustrate my meaning, say, for example, it was decided that in a certain district a minimum of one man was needed for every 50 acres of land, the farmer with 50 acres must employ one man, with 100 acres two men, and so on.

Would it not be feasible to arrange a scheme by which the farmer paid a portion, say, half the wage of any extra men that he kept over the bare minimum number, and that the Government paid the other half, or, alternatively, that the Government paid up to whatever sum a single unemployed man would draw from the dole, and the farmer made up the difference to whatever the minimum agricultural wage happened to be ruling in his district at the time?

I maintain that such an arrangement as this would help the farmer, and that it would mean a very considerable saving to the Government. In cases where the labourer happened to be a married man, and still more in the case of a married man with children, the dependent doles would all be saved.

The townsman might say, If agricultural labour is subsidised, why not other labour? The answer to this question is, The nation as a whole would benefit by an increased production of food, by a larger and healthy rural population, and by lessening the flow to the already congested towns.

Yours faithfully,

Kingston, Somerset. WILLIAM MCGOWAN.

THE MOST DIFFICULT BIRD

SIR,—Surely the elements, stand and distance bird has flown, control the above question. When a boy my tutor seldom missed, yet he could not explain in words, why.

After many years of observation of good shots, which does not take much time, I have come to the conclusion that each is a law to himself.

The only real test of a first-class shot is to stand him under a nut-bush (not in the open) in a very thickly populated wood of tall oaks in the month of December.

Let the birds (pheasants) stream over and through to tops of the trees. Twenty consecutive rights and lefts without a miss, plus not having a runner, not until this has been accomplished has a person any right to be ranked a first-class shot.

Thirty-five years ago I remember seeing 66 driven snipe picked up to one gun, the number of cartridges fired being 67.

Maybe the "snipe" Lord Dorchester refers to are a different species. Walking-up rabbits with a D.B. .410 gun, 50 rabbits without a miss, in my youth, did not seem to be a subject for comment.

We did get a shock when, in early September, a South African on his first visit to this country got so disgusted with his efforts with a D.B. 12-bore (walking-up partridges), he asked permission to use his Colt revolver. To our astonishment he killed ten straight off, and we stopped any further exhibition owing to the danger. Yet this same person with the ordinary shotgun was quite hopeless.

Why do not some of the gun schools, who profess to teach shooting, get permission to film some well-known shot, selected as almost faultless with driven partridges? Showing the film in slow motion would show perfect action, style, and the real reason of success, "slowness."

Yours faithfully,

The Stone House, H. BARLOW.
Aldringham, near Leiston, Suffolk.

SIR,—In answer to your question about the most difficult bird to kill, may I say a word after 55 years' shooting.

There is no difficult bird to kill if you consider only partridge, grouse and pheasant. There may be difficult conditions in which you are invited to kill any of the three. But that has absolutely nothing to do with the difficulty pertaining to the bird in itself.

No fast bird is difficult, no heavy bird is difficult, so long as you get room enough. The faster the bird, the heavier the bird, the more regularly he will fly, the more exactly you may calculate the allowance. After all, the speed is almost certain to be, in any case, between 30 and 60 miles an hour. A heavy bird is bound to be fast, but cannot swerve in a short space, and so is not difficult for any man knowing how to handle a gun.

Of course, I leave out of discussion the questions of distance or obstacles of any sort; you cannot call difficult a bird passing at a distance out of possibility of shot or passing through a narrow space, where it is out of the question to shoot it. These are conditions not facts.

Yours faithfully,

Montevran. VISCOUNT EDMOND DE PONCINS.
Chaumont-sur-Tharonne, Loir-et-Cher.

NIGHT-BLINDNESS IN HORSES

SIR,—Mr. K. D. Barbour's experiences of night blindness in horses in South Persia and India, recounted in your issue of October 10th, are of much interest to me as I have several times come across horses of the Palestine Police similarly affected. The disease has developed after their being enrolled and, in some instances, has been confined to one eye.

The disease is officially recognised here and horses are specially tested for its presence before enrolment.

The causes of the disease are generally considered to be:

1. Lack of green fodder.
2. Internal intoxication of the central nerves.
3. Gazing, at close proximity, at whitewashed stable walls.
4. Sudden change of diet from dry to green or green to dry food.
5. Chronic inflammation of the eye as the result of certain diseases.
6. In cases of horses born with the disease, special formation of the eye.

I do not think that Mr. Barbour's suggestion that the glare of the day is so great as not to allow of sufficient contraction of the pupil during the hours of night can account for the disease.

Cause No. 1 is, I think, the usual cause of the trouble, and probably accounts for the rarity of the disease in England where green stuff is plentiful.

Night operations are certainly out of question with horses so afflicted and to so employ one would be unfair both to the horse and rider, and to the success of the operation.

Yours faithfully,

Palestine Police, Hebron. R. J. C. BROADHURST (Assistant Superintendent of Police).

SIR,—Some years ago while in New Mexico, I had a sorrel gelding, a well-mannered and good cow horse, eight years old. This horse, after a certain degree of darkness had fallen, could not see at all. In the daytime he could see perfectly. If riding him at night he would blunder into any obstruction, and I often watched him grazing after dark, and he didn't know where to go, and generally stood still. His eyes seemed quite all right. It was the only case that came to my personal notice, but I heard of other cases.

Yours faithfully,

Wilton Hall, Ross-on-Wye. DUDLEY SMITH.

SIR,—I had a colt in Australia that suffered from this affliction, but only in the dusk, just at the time between requiring the headlights of a car and not quite wanting them. At this time of day he was so blind that if allowed to he would walk into a gate. In real dark and daylight he was normal. His eyes were ordinary in any light to look at.

Yours faithfully,

Higher Holditch, South Chard. C. B. SHIELDS.

ELECTRIFICATION OF RAILWAYS

SIR,—The suggestion of your correspondent, K. Kneller, that the solution for the live-rail danger is the provision of "some kind of over-rail," by which I presume he means a guard, is one which has been engaging the attention of the British Field Sports Society for some time.

Our difficulty has been to find a firm which has been accustomed to this kind of work. We are, however, in touch with a large concern which informs us "that it is a considerable time since any covers of the kind were made." They are, however, working on prices at the present moment, so that we hope shortly to know the approximate cost.

It remains, then, to approach the authorities once more, but to do this we want all the backing we can obtain from individuals, hunts, agriculturalists, and, indeed, all concerned.

Sometimes it is asked: "What does the British Field Sports Society do?" In this connection I think it is safe to say that had the society been in existence when the Southern Railway commenced electrifying its system, the position might have been very different.

As your readers may be wondering what is happening on other railway systems, I should like to assure them that we are keeping a constant watch on events, and do not intend to let a start be made with the third-rail system elsewhere without some practical attempts to deal with the matter.

Yours faithfully,

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

MIGRATION OF HIRUNDINIDAE

SIR,—I have been studying the migration of birds between Littlestone and Dungeness since last May, and have come to some conclusions which are in opposition to those which are generally accepted. This applies chiefly to the swift and the *Hirundinidæ* (swallow and martins). I have watched many of these start off on their seaward journey to France from Dungeness, always against the wind, even on one occasion a gale. Would anyone who has actually seen these birds start off from the south coast when *definitely migrating* kindly let me have details as to the exact direction they flew in relation to the wind? I would also like the same details with regard to other birds which are seen migrating. Starlings have been coming over from France by the hundred lately.

Yours faithfully,

Westridge, Littlestone, Kent. NORMAN H. JOY.

HYSTERIA IN FERRETS

SIR,—Eight ferrets belonging to a rabbit catcher here were taken with hysteria recently. They behaved in exactly the same manner as dogs, running blindly about, falling over, and so on.

I have never heard of a case before.

Yours faithfully,

Gallowhill, Morpeth, Northumberland. FRANK B. ATKINSON.

APPROACHING THE ISLAND AND A TERN ALIGHTING AT THE NEST
(See Letter "The Bird Sanctuary of Norderoog")

THE BIRD SANCTUARY OF NORDEROOG

SIR,—One of the most interesting bird sanctuaries in the world is to be found on the Island of Norderoog, which lies just off the coast of Schleswig-Holstein. Here countless numbers of seabirds breed every year, terns and oyster-catchers outnumbering all other species, and here during the migration periods many birds pause on their way north or south.

The sole guardian of this sanctuary is old Jens Sorensen. Year in year out he keeps watch over the birds, his main duty being to prevent fowlers, poachers and collectors from landing. But he must also keep an eye open for any encroachment by the sea, a very real danger, as the island is almost at sea level.

Jens Sorensen lives in a simple wooden hut built on piles at one end of the island—and he is, except for privileged visitors from time to time, the only human being on the island. Yours faithfully,

London, W.C. P. T.

A FALLEN KING
(See Letter "A Big Royal")

A BIG ROYAL

SIR,—This royal was shot on Auchnacraig, Isle of Mull, on September 28th of this year, and weighed 17st. 12lb. It had been reported by the shepherd during the summer, but I never saw it till Saturday, September 26th, when I failed to get in.

I looked for it again on Monday, the 28th, and managed to get a comfortable shot. At close quarters, all I could say was "What a stag!" The measurements sent to me by Spicer & Son are length 33⅞in., circumference 4¼in., spread 34⅞in.

Yours faithfully,

Cavalry Barracks, J. B. DE KLEE
Windsor. (Lieutenant-Colonel).

A TAME KINGFISHER

SIR,—Recently I enjoyed a delightful experience whilst fishing out of a boat with a man holding it. On every occasion, about three days a week, when fishing a certain pool, a kingfisher came at intervals and settled either on a rock or branch, quite close to me, within a few yards. He continued to fish for himself, quite unconcerned at my presence. Even when I had made a cast the bird did not move. On two occasions he actually settled on my rod; on the last occasion within a yard of my hand, and with a minnow in his mouth. He frequently flew between my rod and line and the water. For many years kingfishers have been seen, but they never come to close quarters. This bird when fishing made a noise like a stone falling into the water. He seldom missed his prey. He never stayed very long with me, about five minutes, and then flew away, usually to the opposite bank.

Yours faithfully,

PISCATOR.

FROM WITCH TO WHEELWRIGHT

SIR,—In its issue of November 17th, 1934, the *Field* published an account of the arrival at the Abbey Folk Park, Park Road, New Barnet, of a four-in-hand drag, presented by Lord Furness, and readers will no doubt be interested to hear of the progress which has been made at this, the only Folk Park in the British Empire. The Abbey Folk Park was opened in 1934 with nine show buildings and some 10,000 exhibits, to-day there are no less than 40 show buildings and over 40,000 exhibits. Not bad going in two years.

The Folk Park now falls into two sections, the English and the Ethnographical. The former traces the evolution of home and the social life of our nation from the old Stone Age down to the death of Queen Victoria, while the Ethnographical Folk Park is doing a similar work for the Empire. In this section the most interesting item, perhaps, is the African village of fifteen structures, furnished with native furnishings.

But to most readers of the *Field* the English section will make the greatest appeal. Recent additions include a sixteenth-century witch's cottage, with an open hearth in the centre and a delightful reed-thatched roof. Near by is the Oratory of the Angels with a series of stained glass windows representative of every century from the 13th to the 17th inclusive, and not far off is an old-time smithy. But perhaps it is the arcade of old-world shops which is the most popular recent addition. It contains no less than eleven, of which the earliest is a sixteenth-century armourer's. The front is half-timber and herring-bone brickwork, and the stock consists of Elizabethan armour, helmets, swords, halberts and the like. Next to it is a seventeenth-century pottery shop, likewise half-timber work, but with square instead of diamond-shaped leaded lights. Here we see Lambeth delft and Fulham stoneware jugs, many of which were used in the fields by the harvesters for their beer.

Opposite there is an eighteenth-century china shop, with pine panelling and attractive examples of Worcester, Derby, Bow and Chelsea, while the early nineteenth-century costumier's with its crinoline skirts, poke bonnets and tiny parasols always attracts a crowd of visitors. There are also Victorian china and glass shops, a knick-knack shop, an old curiosity shop and, above all, a Victorian jeweller's, where visitors always linger, partly no doubt because of the interesting collection of Victorian knick-knacks which are here on view, and which were specially presented to the Folk Park by Her Majesty Queen Mary.

The latest addition is redolent of the countryside, but, alas, of the countryside which is passing. A month or two ago the old wheelwright's in New Barnet closed down, and the Folk Park acquired the whole of its stock, tools and so forth, and is now busy rebuilding the shop in the grounds, so that future generations may see with their own eyes how one of the most interesting of the country craftsmen plied his trade. Even the great iron plate on which the wheels were tyred has been rescued. It weighed over a ton and a half, took eight people to lift it and three hours to hoist it inch by inch, by means of blocks and trestles, until it could be slid on to the waiting lorry. Once more it is in position near the spot where the wheelwright's shop is re-arising, and on it demonstrations are given of how they tyred a wheel in New Barnet in days of old. Yours faithfully,

The Abbey of Christ the King, J. S. M. WARD.
New Barnet, Herts.

THE THIRTEENTH-CENTURY TITHE BARN WHICH WAS FORMERLY AT BIRCHINGTON, KENT
(See Letter "From Witch to Wheelwright")

DUCK COCKEREL

SIR,—In a letter in your issue of August 22nd you have a photo of what you term a "Duck Cockerel" and a short account of its peculiarities. Does the writer, Mr. L. Hugh Newman, imply that this bird is a cross between the domestic fowl and duck species? I have what I consider conclusive proof that such a cross is possible. While residing some years ago on Okanagan Lake, my brother, a few miles away, had a bird (female) which had a head similar to that in your photograph, and which was obviously a cross between a white wyandotte hen and white drake. It had a long low body, short legs, not webbed feet and waddled as a duck does.

What I think the most absolute proof of this cross-breeding is, that it spent most of the day paddling in the shallows of the lake shore and occasionally sat down in it: a habit which no hen, so far as I know, ever acquires. It was hatched out of a hen egg. This was some years ago, but there are still many people living there who can verify what I have written above. Do any of your readers know of similar cases? I forget whether or not it laid eggs. Yours faithfully,

500, Transit Road, Victoria, B.C. H. LECKIE EWING.

BEES IN THE OPEN AIR

SIR,—In a gooseberry bush on an allotment near Scarborough a swarm of bees have lived in the open air from the beginning of July to the present time—end of September. They built a comb and stored honey all through the wretched weather which prevailed during July and August last. There are now four parallel combs, the largest of which

UNDER THE GOOSEBERRY BUSH
(See Letter "Bees in the Open Air")

measures 11in. in length. The bees were active most of the time, and after several days of almost continuous downpour we failed to find a single dead bee near the comb. I am herewith enclosing a photograph of the comb as it appears on the bush.

Yours faithfully,

38, West Bank, Scarborough. T. N. ROBERTS.

MIGRATION OF DUCK

SIR,—This may be of interest to those of your readers who are interested in the migration of duck. It will be seen from these figures that the pochard tribe only remain in Egypt for a short period and that teal arrive in large numbers about the end of December. Yours faithfully,

Somerset House, Shorncliffe, Kent. C. SWIRE (Lieutenant-Colonel).

A WONDERFUL BULL

SIR,—There is at present a most remarkable bull at Jodhpur. It lives for the greater part of the day just inside the Nagori Gate of the city, but sometimes it is taken to the residential quarter of Jodhpur by its owner, who reaps a rich harvest by showing it off to the large crowd which invariably collects on these occasions.

The owner is a "Jogi" or religious beggar from Agra, and he asserts that the animal possesses supernatural powers. Be that as it may, it performs tricks, or whatever one may describe them as, which would do credit to any so-called thought-reader.

I was an interested spectator at one of its performances recently. The usual crowd gathered round and the bull and its owner were in the centre of the circle. We were told to ask it any question relating to someone in the crowd, and the question would then be repeated by the "Jogi." Questions were put to it such as, "Who is the richest man here?" "Who is the oldest man?" "Who is holding a rupee in his hand?" In each case it walked up to the right person and pressed its head against the man's body. We went even further. A pin was hidden in the handkerchief of one of the spectators, who stood on the outskirts of the crowd. The bull pushed itself through the others until it stood in front of the person with the pin.

It appeared to take little interest in the proceedings and would occasionally sit down until called upon to answer another question. Except for repeating the questions to the bull, the "Jogi" himself made no movement to help the animal towards spotting the right person.

Yours faithfully,

Jodhpur, Rajputana. R. C. DUNCAN.

WITH SUPERNATURAL POWERS?
(See Letter "A Wonderful Bull")

TWO CURIOUS INCIDENTS

SIR,—It has been suggested to me that the two following incidents might have interest for some of your readers, and that perhaps an explanation of one or the other might be forthcoming.

Some years ago I was after black buck near Dhond in the Deccan. I got to within some 90yds. of a good buck, unseen, and was able to take a careful shot at the shoulder (Westley-Richards .318). The buck dropped stone dead to the shot and never moved another muscle. On reaching him neither the shikari nor myself were able to find the slightest trace of any mark anywhere on him. While examining him, my attention was caught by a movement some 50yds. further on, and there lay a doe kicking out her life, shot through the throat. I had not even seen her when I fired, but she proved that the bullet had passed on. The killing of two animals 50yds. apart with one shot was unusual in itself, but the really curious thing was being unable to find any mark on the buck. When brought back to mess and skinned there was still no sign. We particularly examined the head thinking that, as I was lying in long grass, the bullet might have been slightly deflected; also death was so definite and immediate. There was no mark on the horns.

The other incident was apparently a case of "shock." Three of us, shooting in Bihar, were resting under a mango tree when a hare elected to pass by. One of the party seized his gun and fired. As he did so something fell out of the tree behind him, some five or six paces away. Picking it up we found it to be a common green bee-eater, apparently dead. As we examined its beautiful plumage, speculating how on earth it had been affected by the shot, it slowly began to show signs of returning consciousness. In a minute or two it pulled itself together and flew quietly away from my hand. As the shot was fired away from the bird, which was behind the firer and above him, it must have been a case of shock. Has anybody experienced a similar incident? It would be very interesting to know. Yours faithfully,

Whittington Barracks, Lichfield. N. M. HUGHES-HALLETT (Captain).

SHOOT No.	DATE.	GUNS	Mallard	Pintail	Gt. Grey	Gadwall	Teal	Shoveler	Pochard	Tufted	W.Eye	R.C. Pochard	Shelduck	TOTAL	Snipe
1	1928 Oct 21	4	-	4	-	-	20	-	-	-	-	-	-	24	-
2	Oct 28	4	-	15	2	-	19	2	1	-	1	-	-	40	-
3	Nov 4	4	-	1	1	3	49	7	-	-	1	1	-	63	1
4	Nov 11	4	-	20	6	-	57	3	2	-	-	-	-	88	-
5	Nov 18	4	-	19	5	2	82	7	-	-	-	-	1	116	-
6	Nov 25	4	-	5	15	5	41	7	12	5	3	-	-	93	-
7	Dec 2	4	3	7	15	31	43	14	39	15	7	-	-	174	-
8	Dec 9	4	-	20	11	26	29	3	46	23	-	-	-	162	-
9	Dec 16	4	1	14	7	13	66	28	23	18	-	-	-	172	-
10	Dec 23	4	1	6	5	8	119	67	18	15	-	-	-	239	1
11	Dec 30	4	1	4	3	19	192	108	7	-	-	-	-	334	1
12	1929 Jan 6	4	1	9	12	24	217	88	4	7	1	-	-	363	1
13	Jan 13	4/5	2	7	9	12	71	64	2	-	1	-	-	168	2
14	Jan 20	4	2	5	3	8	73	73	1	-	-	-	-	165	3
15	Jan 27	4/5	-	2	7	3	49	14	-	-	-	-	-	75	-
16	Feb 3	3	-	3	5	-	31	6	-	-	-	-	-	45	-
TOTALS:-			11	141	106	156	1160	491	167	83	14	1	1	2331	9

STATISTICS FROM THE PYRAMID ESTATE SOUTH SHOOT FOR THE SEASON 1928-29
(See Letter "Migration of Duck")

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A FORMICARIUM

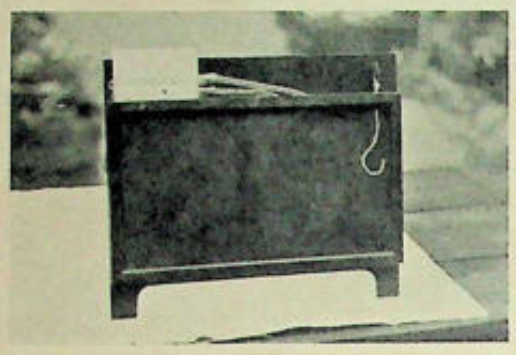
SIR,—Dr. Burgess Barnett, the Curator of Reptiles at the Zoo, has in his laboratory a new type of formicarium, or ant citadel, which is shortly to be put into use at the Zoo.

Briefly, the formicarium, into which a colony of wood ants will be put, resembles a picture frame. The ants, in a small quantity of mould, will occupy the space between the front glass and the wooden back.

The two glass tubes at the top are the ants' dining room and cemetery respectively.

The curly object (right) is string, which, obtaining moisture from a small cup above, will keep the interior of the formicarium damp.

Zoo visitors have never yet been able to study



A NEW ZOO EXHIBIT
(*See Letter "A Formicarium"*)

ants at close quarters. This invention will provide them with the opportunity of doing so.

Yours faithfully,

23, Queen's Gardens, Lancaster Gate, London, W. 2. CHARLES P. PARSONS.

[On July 4th an account of the "ant-palaces" which are now common in American shops appeared in the *Field*. The formicarium described in this letter is on the same lines with one or two modifications.—ED.]

A WHITE CAMEL

SIR,—This photograph of a white camel was taken at the annual fair held at the shrine of Goga Meri. The camel in question was a true albino,

THE CYNOSURE OF ALL EYES
(*See Letter "A White Camel"*)

but its eyes were not red, though they were an unusual light blue. I was unable to discover anyone, even in this land of many camels, who had ever come across such a case before.

Yours faithfully,

Bikaner, Rajputana. HAMILTON HARDING.

RINGED GROUSE IN DURHAM

SIR,—The grouse referred to in your issue of October 31st as having been found on Wellhope Moor, Weardale, bearing the ring marked "Aberdeen University, 18496," was ringed as a young bird in the spring of this year at Allendale, Allendale, Northumberland.

May I draw the attention of your readers to the Aberdeen University Grouse Ringing Scheme, which, during the last five years, has been responsible for ringing some 16,000 grouse. The object of the ringing has been to elucidate the movements of grouse from moor to moor and from one area to another, but we have had great difficulty in getting rings returned after the birds have been shot. The assistance of any of your readers in returning Aberdeen University rings to me (with particulars) would be greatly appreciated.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES RITCHIE
(Professor of Natural History, University of Edinburgh).

University of Edinburgh.

Unusual Marking of a Hare.—On November 14th a hare was shot at Brantingham, East Yorks, with a pure white face, and the right foreleg white nearly to the top. It had one peculiar eye with a blue tinge; otherwise perfectly normal. I do not know whether it is worth recording, but I have shot for over 50 years, and never seen the like before.—CHAS. O. F. SANER, Cottingham.

Egret in Berkshire.—While shooting on November 7th, near Reading, I happened to put up a heron, which was fishing in a pool in the marsh. It was immediately followed by a smaller bird of the heron family, snow white in plumage, which I think undoubtedly was a cattle egret. I have seen many of the latter in Andalusia so had no difficulty in recognising it. It would be interesting to know whether this species has ever been recorded at so late a date. I sincerely hope that it will not suffer the same fate that befalls so many rare visitors to our islands.—Yours faithfully, C. F. DENNISTOUN WEBSTER.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1, ask for £8 to help the widow of a mining engineer. Her husband and her only son were killed when their house was demolished by a landslide 20 years ago, whilst she and her twin daughters escaped with injuries. They returned to England and ran a boarding-house until 1929, when the mother became seriously ill with blood poisoning. She is now an invalid after eighteen operations. Her daughters just manage to keep themselves by dressmaking, but she has only a small allowance from a beneficent fund, which just covers necessities. In March, 1937, she will be eligible for her Old Age Pension. The Friends of the Poor wish to help her until that date.

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WITHERBY

IN THE CITY

HOME RAILWAY STOCKS

An Estimate of Dividend Payments

THE year is now sufficiently far advanced for it to be possible to give some indication of the dividends likely to be distributed by the four Home Railway companies to the holders of their various classes of junior stocks in respect of 1936. The only factor which is *not* taken into consideration in this connection is the pending repayment of some £10,000,000 in respect of the over-payment of freight rebates by the companies in the last five years—for obviously it is impossible to say what the companies will do with the money when it has been repaid to them, and to include any allowance in the dividend estimates for the distribution of such payments by way of dividend would grossly distort the probable results of the year's working.

In order to maintain payments at the rate of 3 per cent. on its ordinary stock during the last five years the Great Western Railway Company has had to draw very heavily on its reserves, to the extent of some £4,200,000 together with an additional £1,125,000 representing profits on the sale of investments. Even last year, and including a profit on investments of £123,000, there was a balance for dividends equivalent to only 1¼ per cent. on the ordinary stock, and consequently an increase over and above 3 per cent. is quite out of the question. It seems likely, however, that earnings this year will be equivalent to about 2¼ or 2½ per cent., or nearly sufficient to cover the 3 per cent. distribution, and the maintenance of the 3 per cent. rate can be anticipated with some confidence.

Last year the London Midland & Scottish Railway resumed dividends at the full rate on the 4 per cent. preference stock of 1923, on which the interim dividend in July was also paid in full, and there is no doubt but that the full distribution on this issue will be forthcoming again this year. This stock is now quoted at 82½ to yield 4¾ per cent. Indeed traffics on the L.M.S. have increased notably, and it seems probable that the company will report profits for 1936 equivalent to 1–1½ per cent on the ordinary stock on which a dividend of 1 per cent. seems a reasonable expectation.

L. & N.E.R. AND SOUTHERN

THE London & North-Eastern Railway Company last year only paid 3¼ per cent. and 4.0625 per cent. on its 4 per cent. First and 5 per cent. Redeemable Preference stocks respectively, which rank *pari passu*. Last summer the directors again deferred the consideration of a distribution on these issues until the accounts for the whole year are available, but the company's traffics have improved considerably over last year, and it is confidently anticipated that holders of these two issues will receive the full distribution this year, in which event the stocks would show a yield of about 5 per cent. at present levels. In fact, the question now in doubt is whether holders of the 4 per cent. Second Preference stock may expect to receive a dividend. Based on traffics to date it is estimated that the accounts this year should show a balance equivalent to about ¾ to 1 per cent. on this issue, and the payment of ¾ per cent. is perhaps a fair estimate, although in this case results are hard to predict owing to the special methods adopted in respect of maintenance charges. The preferred and deferred ordinary stocks remain holdings attractive only for the young and hopeful.

Last year the Southern Railway resumed distributions at the full rate on its 5 per cent. preferred ordinary stock, and, although revenues were not quite sufficient to cover the distribution, there is no doubt but that the full rate will be earned and paid this year. The stock stands at 97 to yield fully 5 per cent. On the deferred ordinary it seems that there may be a balance equivalent to about ½ per cent.

A table is appended of the border line stocks, showing the yields calculated at the current offered price on the basis of the estimated dividends for 1936:

	Estimated Dividend. (per cent.)	Offered Price.	Yield. £. s. d.
Great Western Ordinary....	3	61½	4 15 0
L.M.S. Ordinary	1	33	2 18 0
L.N.E.R. 4% Second Pref...	¾	29	2 9 0
Southern Deferred Ordinary	½	26	1 16 6

Of the above stocks the ordinary stock of the Great Western is not an unsuitable purchase for those seeking a fairly high rate of income return. It seems unlikely, however, that the distribution will exceed 3 per cent. for some years even with bumper earnings, for the directors will doubtless wish to rebuild the reserves when earnings permit.

The three remaining issues, although of course more speculative, possess much more scope for, and better chances of, capital appreciation during the next few years. PACTOLUS.

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VIOLETS IN MID-WINTER

In Frames and in the Open

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

THE scented flowers of December and early January are few, but so rich that they are suggestive of summer rather than winter. Notably the scents of *Chimonanthus fragrans*, *Viburnum fragrans*, and *Lonicera fragrantissima*. But the favourite scent is still that of violets, a scent that holds in its essence the secrets, not of summer but of spring. Few scents are so fleeting, for we can enjoy the clean, exquisite perfume of these flowers but for a moment. A characteristic noted long ago by Shakespeare, when he described the scent as

> "Sweet, not lasting,
> The perfume and suppliance of a minute,
> No more."

He also seems to have noted another characteristic which was not generally known till Sprengel, the great botanist, drew attention to the fact that the violet is one of the few flowers that holds its head upside down. Shakespeare included "the nodding violet" amongst the flowers on Titania's bank. That accurate observer described the violet as "nodding" in the sense in which the word was used then, *i.e.* downward bending. The violet does not nod its head in the modern sense, but wags it if blown by the wind, as Shakespeare noted in a passage in Cymbeline.

There are certainly few flowers to which we look forward so eagerly as the first violets. In mild parts, especially where there is abundant sunlight, violets may be gathered in the open in mid-winter, the earliest to bloom being *V. sempervirens*.

In most parts only from plants grown in frames can flowers be gathered from January onwards. The best plants are those that had ample moisture in a cool spot facing north or east during their growing period, *i.e.* from April to September. After being shifted into frames in September the main object has been to secure the maximum of sunlight and air, and excluding fog, frost, cutting winds and heavy rain. The soil throughout winter has to be frequently stirred with a little hand fork and all decayed leaves removed. A point that is frequently neglected is keeping the glass brilliantly clean. There is little enough light during the shortest days of the year, and the little there is will be further curtailed by glass that is only

TINA WHITAKER, THE LARGEST OF CULTIVATED VIOLETS, HAS AMETHYST BLUE VERY SWEETLY SCENTED FLOWERS

moderately clean. Further, it must be rubbed perfectly dry, especially on the under side, for damp hanging about is injurious. It is a good plan to sprinkle charcoal round the plants, for charcoal absorbs moisture. It should never be necessary to water after October, for it would be decidedly injurious to shut up the frames with excessive moisture. Whilst the roots must have sufficient moisture, the leaves must be kept dry. As the weather becomes colder extra protection is necessary in the way of mats at night. Packing round the frames makes for early flowering.

The cheapest method of securing a good stock of violets is to buy rooted runners from a good violet nursery in April. Flowering clumps sold in September are naturally more expensive. Amongst the most reliable hybrids Prince of Wales is still a prime favourite. Under good cultivation these long-stemmed, deliciously scented flowers, of the richest violet blue, are incomparable, and both in frames and out-of-doors this variety is a vigorous grower.

For indoor decoration a large bowl of violets in mixed colours is delightful. Cœur d'Alsace is a good rose pink. The deep wine-coloured Admiral Avellan is very hardy, and prolific, but rather late-flowering. Princess Alexandra is an improved Admiral Avellan, with longer stems and larger flowers. Sulphurea is a pretty buff yellow, but a far from vigorous grower. Biflora is a very prolific yellow, but the flowers are small. House White is a very free-flowering white violet. Mrs. R. Barton is a rather attractive white, for the flowers have violet-blue flecks on them. The largest of all is Tina Whitaker, with amethyst blue, very sweetly scented flowers. Mrs. Lloyd George is a striking rosette-centred violet that always attracts attention at shows. It is very prolific.

The purplish pink violet that is sold so commonly in markets in France is Lianne. The flowers are small, but this variety is hardy and very free flowering.

Violets grown in the open deteriorate rapidly if left undisturbed. Every year a fresh plantation should be made, choosing runners from the most prolific plants. Some of these will make air roots, and it is necessary to peg them down in a surface soil of sand and leaf mould. They can be transplanted in two months to a position in part shade.

We treasure violets too much nowadays to use them as our ancestors did, though I know two houses where violet leaves are included in the salads. John Evelyn, in his *Acetaria*, described fried violet leaves served with orange or lemon juice and sugar as "one of the most agreeable of all the herbaceous dishes." In those days syrup and conserve of violet were commonly made. Violet honey was a much esteemed delicacy, and even in my childhood I remember seeing violet tablets made. The flowers were steeped in lemon juice, then strained sugar added, allowing a pound of sugar to a pint of juice and boiled till when cold it set hard.

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Niall Rankin

RED POLLS IN A NORFOLK FATTENING YARD

TROUBLES OF THE CATTLE INDUSTRY

Why Fewer Farmers are Rearing Stores of Good Quality

WHEN the Smithfield Club's Show opens at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, on Monday, we shall see again as fine a collection of fat stock as can be found at any show. There may be bigger shows, but nowhere is the supreme quality of the beef breeds demonstrated to better advantage. The breeder and feeder in the United Kingdom knows his job well and he excels in producing the primest of prime beef. The sheep breeder and the pig breeder also come well into the picture, showing again that the types developed through many generations in this island will stand comparison as meat animals with those to be found in any part of the world. Just as the Argentine draws on British pedigree blood for the development and maintenance of a high standard in her beef herds, so New Zealand has built up her lamb and mutton trade on the foundation of our pedigree sheep. There is, then, good cause for national pride in the spectacle that the Smithfield Club's show presents each December.

The total entry for this year's show is 1,098, which is 116 fewer than last year, when the entries were a record. Live cattle entries number 349, sheep 183 pens and pigs 265 pens. It is, perhaps, significant that the entries in the beef carcase competition are bigger this year. Feeders are paying more attention to the commercial requirements of the meat market and less to the fancy points that are sometimes over-emphasised in the show-ring. The Smithfield Show, like the Dairy Show, is essentially a commercial show. It is performance and not pedigree that counts when the butcher is selecting what he wants to buy for his shop. Among the cattle entries are 27 exhibits from the King's farms. These will come from Sandringham, where Red Polls are bred; Windsor, where Aberdeen-Angus cross-breds as well as Herefords and Shorthorns are bred; and from the Duchy of Cornwall farm at Stoke Climsland, where the King has a herd of Devons. The encouragement which sovereigns through many reigns have given to cattle breeding is followed by many others prominent in public life as well as by plain farmers who are in the business of cattle breeding and feeding for their livelihood.

It has been a hard living in recent years. For all the brave words spoken in Parliament the beef-cattle industry remains depressed and does not offer farmers a return that can be considered satisfactory. When fat cattle are selling in the markets for 32s. a live cwt., a 11cwt. bullock making £17 12s., there can, even with the assistance of a Government subsidy of £2 15s., be nothing in beef production in this country. Argentina may be able to manage well enough at current prices, but her climatic advantages and large scale production costs there are far below those incurred in this country. It is not surprising that the beef cattle industry has lost ground.

Not everyone, perhaps, realises how serious this decline in the breeding of beef cattle has been in the last two or three years. According to the Ministry of Agriculture's returns, the number of fat cattle marketed have increased rather than declined. But these extra cattle are not beef beasts in the true sense of the term. They are the outcasts from dairy herds. Dairy cattle will never make prime beef as we understand it in this country. When we travel on the Continent we avoid as far as possible what they call beef, which comes from milking animals past their useful life in the dairy. We are producing more beef of this kind now in England, and it does not bode well for the reputation of English beef.

Knowing this fact, it is not surprising that the demand for home-killed beef, which might have been expected to rise in view of the improved purchasing power of the consuming public, does not keep pace with the market supply. The British public which can draw on all quarters of the globe for its foodstuffs grows fastidious, and when butchers pass off cow-beef as "prime home-killed," it is not surprising that the housewife turns to other kinds of meat, including Argentine chilled beef.

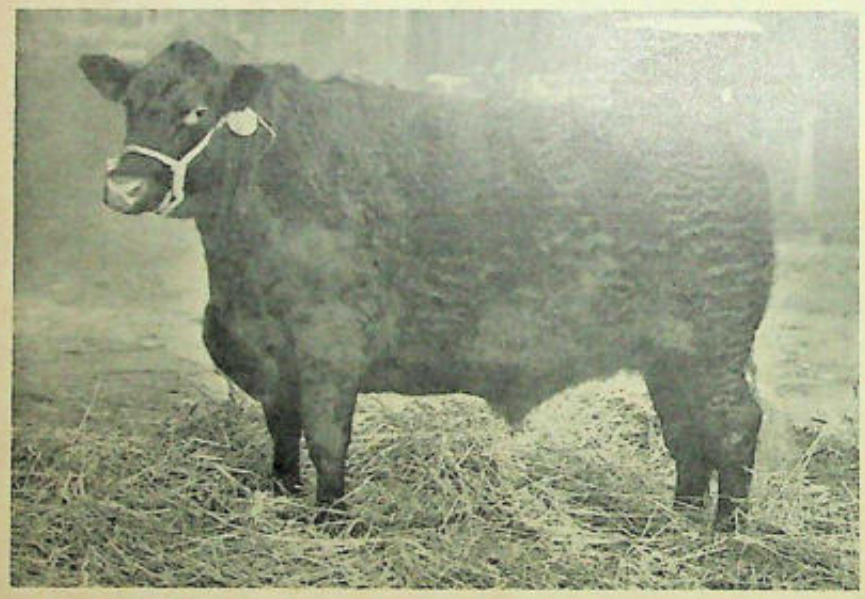
Those who know the hill districts of Wales and Devon and Cornwall can point to one reason for the decline in the breeding of beef cattle of good type. These hill farmers formerly made butter and used the skim milk for calf rearing. They brought in some good store cattle of real beef type for the grazier in the Midlands, the Sussex marshes and elsewhere, and also the Norfolk feeder to finish into prime beef. It was the weekly sale of butter that kept them going financially. Calf rearing gives a slow return and the stores are not sold until they are yearlings and they may be as old as eighteen months before they are fit to go on to strong grazing. Now farmhouse butter-making has become a hopelessly unremunerative business for most small farmers. The free importation of vast quantities of butter from the Dominions, in addition to the imports from Denmark and foreign countries, has knocked the bottom out of the butter trade so far as farmhouse makers are concerned. When the milk made up into butter realised no more than 5d. and 6d. a gallon, they were losing money every week they continued in the business. Another factor in the decline of farmhouse butter-making is the disinclination of farmers' wives and daughters to work in the dairy as they did in former days.

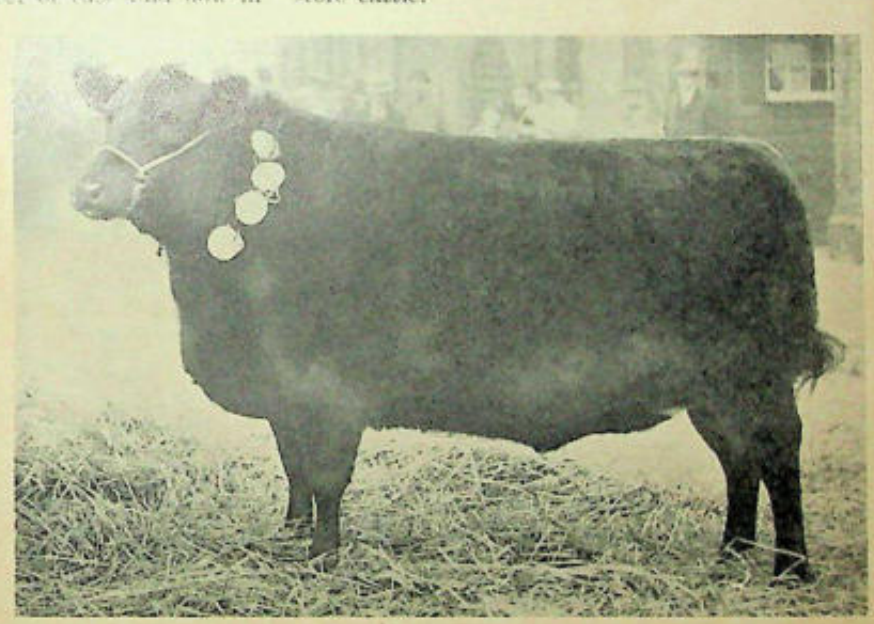
It is not, then, surprising to find that when the milk marketing scheme came into operation and the Milk Board offered to buy every gallon of milk produced, many farmhouse butter-makers decided to cash their milk as milk and take the Board's regular monthly cheque. This has meant a big increase in milk selling, if not in milk production, in Devon and Cornwall. The milk that was formerly made up into butter on farms now goes through the Board to factories, where it is manufactured into butter, often being blended with imported butter. This butter manufacture in factories has been returning only 4d. and 5d. a gallon into the Board's pool, and the product does not stand comparison with the better kind of farmhouse butter. No one has gained, and certainly the beef industry has lost many thousands of store cattle formerly reared on skim milk, the by-product of butter-making. The unbalancing of the dairy industry has thus had a serious effect on the beef industry not only in the extra number of poor quality fat cattle marketed from dairy herds but also in the decline in the number of decently reared store cattle.

Is there any prospect of effective measures being taken to enable the hill farmer to go back to his proper business of butter-making and calf-rearing?

It is suggested, so one hears, that the lowest rate of subsidy would be paid on cattle imported as stores from Ireland and Canada which, as fat beasts, passed the ordinary grading standard. Then there would be a medium grade into which the best imported cattle would come and ordinary home-bred cattle and a top grade for home-bred cattle of good quality. If the subsidy rates were fixed at 2s. 6d. a cwt., 5s. a cwt. and 7s. 6d. a cwt., it may be reckoned that a home-bred animal of decent quality, weighing 10cwt., would, by reason of the subsidy, stand at a premium of 50s. over an ordinary Irish animal and 25s. over the best Irish beast. This advantage would, once the principle were definitely established, accrue to the rearer of good quality stores in the United Kingdom. If the Welsh hill farmer knew that his well-bred store animal would command a premium of 50s. over the ordinary run of Irish cattle, would he go back to the business of calf rearing? He might, and he probably would, if at the same time the Milk Marketing Board can arrange, as is now proposed, that some assistance is afforded to the farmhouse butter-maker in the same way that assistance has been given to the farmhouse cheese-maker in the past season. The business affairs of the farming industry are inter-dependent to an extraordinary degree, and the balance between the various sections is all too easily upset, as we have known to our cost in the last few years.

R. F.





MODELS OF THE ART OF THE BREEDER AND FEEDER

(Left), Mr. Stuart Paul's Red Poll steer and (right), Mr. J. J. Cridlan's Aberdeen-Angus heifer Evergreen at the Norwich Christmas Show

SNAKING TIMBER

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WHERE THE TRACTOR SCORES

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IT has been computed that last year 6,400 tractors were sold in Britain. This figure compares with 3,800 tractors sold in 1931. It is a big increase, which indicates that at any rate on larger farms, say, 500 acres and over, the tractor does offer the farmer definite advantages in working his land. There are comparatively few large farms, except in the moorland and hill districts, where one or more tractors are not in use.

The tractor scores over horses nowadays in a number of ways. First of all, horses are dear to buy. A pair of sound farm horses, not boasting any fancy breeding, costs fully £100 if they are of an age to have a good many years of useful work ahead of them. When sound horses could be bought for £20 each, which is not so many years ago, there was less inducement to mechanise cultivation. In this country we have taken to light-weight tractors and it is this type of tractor that most readily replaces horse teams. In America, so it is said, farmers are requiring a heavier type of tractor than is generally used here. In this country where arable agriculture is mechanised throughout, the more powerful type of tractor is employed, but generally speaking the farmer who is now using tractors prefers the light-weight type, which he regards as an economical substitute for horses.

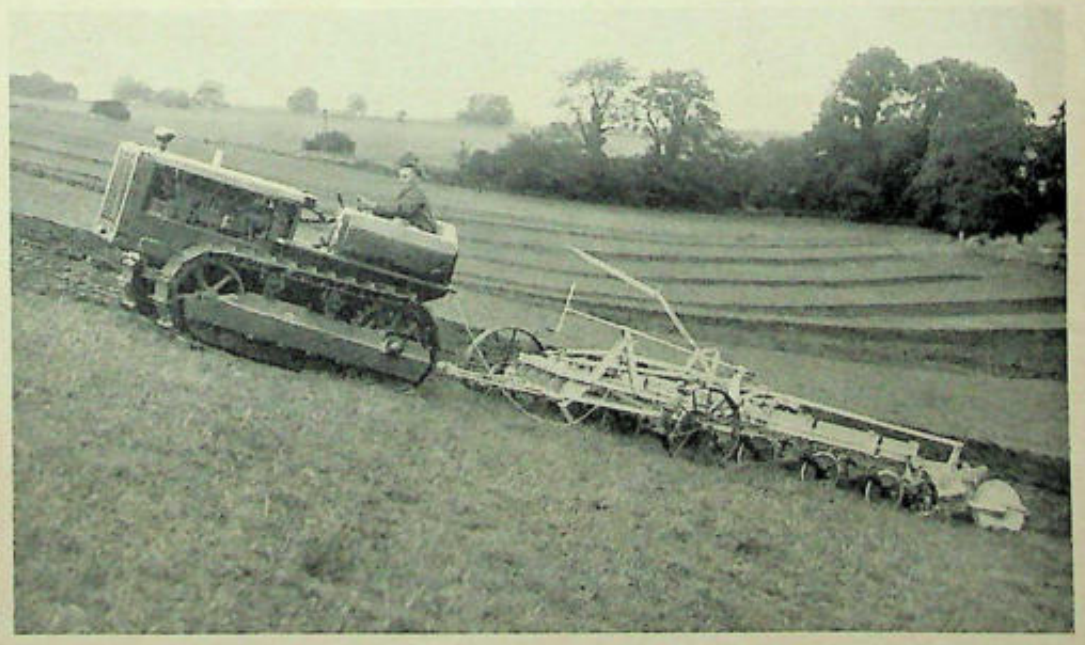
FORDSON TRACTOR WITH A ROTAVATOR
"In this country we have taken to light-weight tractors"

The shortage of labour for farm work, which is now a consideration in many districts and especially near to residential areas and where the Government is undertaking the construction of aerodromes and other public works, makes the tractor more highly valued as a means of getting through urgent operations with the minimum of labour and yet with reasonable speed. A Northumberland farmer was saying recently that he has purchased two new tractors this autumn to enable him to overcome the labour shortage particularly in early summer for root hoeing. He means to do all the preliminary work with tractors and reduce as far as practicable his dependence on casual labour at the busy season.

The introduction of pneumatic tyres for tractors has unquestionably added much to their usefulness for grassland work as well as arable cultivation. Rubber tyres may not prove ideal for arable work on land that is liable to become greasy in wet weather, but strakes can be fitted to give a grip. For grassland cultivation in winter, an art which has until lately been sadly neglected in this country, the pneumatic tyred light tractor is an ideal source of power. So is the track-laying tractor which many farmers who can afford the higher initial cost consider the best design for general farm work.

This development in mechanisation and the more general use of tractor implements calls for a new type of farm labour. The tractor driver holds a responsible position and much depends on his skill and dependability. It is a class of farm work which commands a good wage and a type of employment which has attractions for lads with mechanical gifts who prefer life in the country to existence in an urban factory. The need for more skilled tractor drivers and men capable of keeping tractors and the other machinery of modern invention in good running order has been recognised by some of the agricultural committees of the county councils. They are now organising winter classes in tractor maintenance and repairs which are being attended by both farmers and tractor drivers. Where such facilities are available, they should certainly be used, for there must be many keen young fellows who would benefit by a course of expert instruction which will make them more valuable to the farmer who employs them.

In the past it has been a weakness in the course of instruction at agricultural colleges that virtually no practical work was done with tractors or indeed with any type of machine. The theory of engineering principles was perhaps expounded, but the student was not encouraged to find out how a tractor worked or how to put it right if it does not work. Happily this has been changed and the generation of farmers who are now going through agricultural colleges should gain more than a smattering of practical engineering and the mechanical knowledge that they will find almost essential qualifications for successful farming to-day.



A CATERPILLAR DIESEL TRACTOR TAKES A RANSOME SIX-FURROW PLOUGH UP THE BROW
"Where agriculture is mechanised throughout, a more powerful type of tractor is employed"

One development deserves particular mention at the end of this year. It is the introduction of grass drying on a commercial scale. The tractor takes its part in this, being the source of power most generally used for the actual cutting of the grass and for hauling the grass to the drier. Indeed, without the tractor grass-drying would hardly be feasible. It is a development which the present year, with many wet days through the summer, has shown to have great possibilities in this country. The essence of the matter, of course, is to preserve young summer grass in its prime for winter feeding. This the engineer and the chemist between them have now made possible. Recently a farmer whose land is not particularly good was telling me that he had such a wealth of grass growing persistently all through this summer and autumn, following the folding of hens over several fields, that he had decided that he must invest in a grass-drying plant before next summer. The strong growth of young grass after the hens had been folded over the land and had manured it was, he said, most striking, and he felt sure that he had something there which should be preserved for the winter ration of his milking cows. Farming may be steeped in tradition, but the industry never stands still. The era of the tractor has brought many changes, and the change in the mentality of the farmer and the farm worker is not the least marked.

MILK COMMISSION'S REPORT

A National Milk Supply

FARMERS seem so far to be bewildered by the report of the Milk Reorganisation Commission. The N.F.U. has been in a great hurry to condemn the report lock, stock and barrel, but the opinion of the London office of the N.F.U. can hardly be taken as the last word in farming opinion. Farmers as a body have hardly yet begun to assimilate the ideas of the Commission and it will be some weeks before a considered opinion is expressed.

The Commission's point of view throughout the report is that the milk supply is of supreme national importance and that at the present time too many poor people are deprived of the fresh milk they need by reason of the high retail price that is charged. Farmers say, and they can prove their case, that they cannot afford to take a lower net price for milk, so the Commission, sensibly enough, has recommended that the liquid milk price should be reduced and the loss which farmers now incur on milk sales for manufacturing purposes should, instead of being included in the liquid price, be met by the State. In fact, that £5,000,000 a year should be made available, preferably by a small import levy on butter and cheese, to relieve the liquid milk market of the burden of low manufacturing milk values. If it is accepted that an ample supply of fresh milk at the lowest economic price is a national necessity, the Exchequer can properly be expected to foot the bill involved. The alternative to a substantial subsidy on manufactured milk products is a stiff tariff on imports or rigid quotas to restrict supplies and raise prices. Neither of these policies is desirable.

The Reorganisation Commission takes away our breath by its proposal for a Milk Commission, appointed by the Government, which is to have the sole power of fixing prices and deciding how much farmers in the different districts shall receive for their milk. Milk would no longer be a commercial product sold at the best price that can be realised, but a necessity like water in the big towns which is supplied as a public utility service. The Government Commission, it may be assumed, would direct policy to ensure that cheap and reliable milk was available everywhere.

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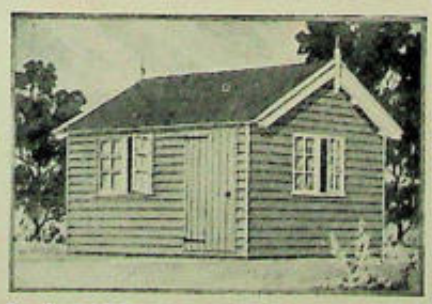
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TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

TRAFFIC PROBLEMS IN THE COUNTRY
A Lanchester in a wintry scene in the New Forest

HORSE-POWER AND WEIGHT

Are the Cars of To-day Too Heavy?

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

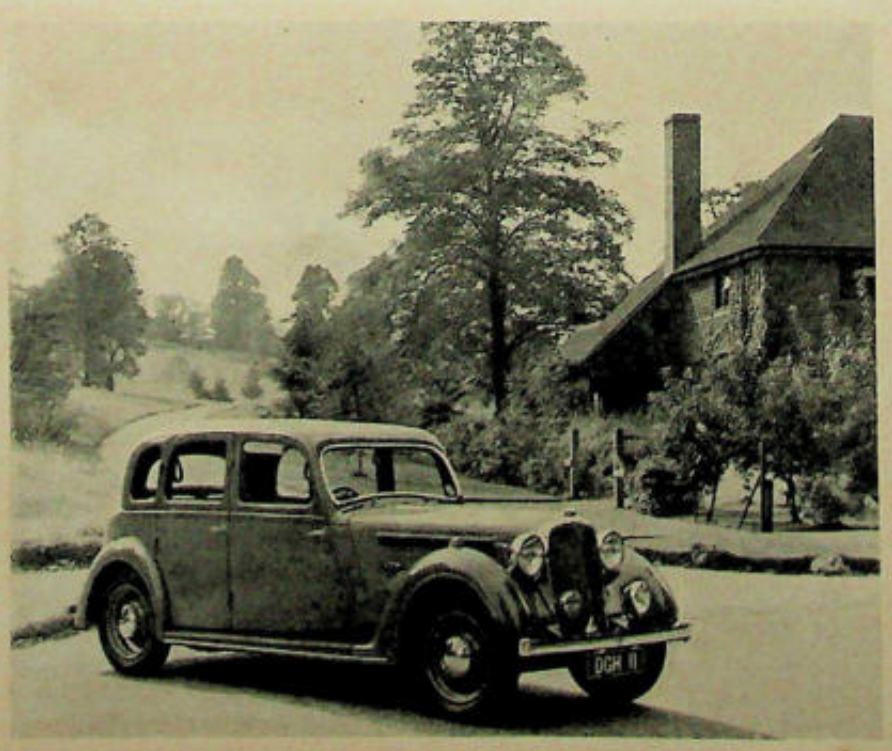
EVERY motorist, I should imagine, would like to own what is termed a lively car; one that accelerates quickly; but I often wonder how many, when selecting a new car, ever take into consideration that one vital factor, "weight," when the choice is being made. The acceleration and, to a large extent, the maximum speed of any car, must always depend upon what is known as power to weight ratio. In other words, the more power that is available for a given weight, or, to put it differently, the lighter a car is for a given horse-power, the better will be its general performance.

The same formula for defining the units of power which was established by James Watt at the time he was experimenting with steam engines is still used. In arriving at his calculation he took as a basis the power which could be exerted by a heavy draught horse and found that the power that one such animal was capable of developing was equivalent to 33,000 foot pounds per minute, or 550 foot pounds per second. Thus, if a weight of 550lb. was raised 1ft. vertically in 1sec., 1 h.p. would have been exerted in so doing. Conversely, it would take 1 h.p. to raise a 1lb. weight vertically through a distance of 550ft. in 1sec.

Now if we were to go hill climbing with two cars, the one being twice as heavy as the other, we would find that the heavier vehicle would require twice the horse-power of the lighter one to achieve the same performance, since the weight of each car would have been raised through the same distance during the same period of time. It will, therefore, be seen what an important part weight plays in the performance of a car, and it can also be readily appreciated how essential this factor becomes when viewed from the standpoint of running costs.

Before the War, and for several years after that period, the majority of motor manufacturers were accustomed to building the chassis only, and the client was obliged to make his own arrangements in regard to the coachwork. In consequence the coachbuilder, who was principally concerned with turning out a good-looking job with ample comfort, did not concern himself overmuch whether the body weighed 8, 10 or even 12cwt. In many cases, too, the road springs were overloaded, and no wonder, therefore, that the car of those days gave trouble. As far as I can remember, there was only one firm at that time who insisted upon supervising the construction of coachwork that was being built on their chassis by outside firms, and they would never allow too great an overhang, nor permit their chassis to be overladen. It was certainly a pity that other manufacturers did not follow that example.

To-day, however, the position has completely altered, since practically every manufacturer builds his own coachwork and therefore this point of overbodying the chassis no longer arises. Some years ago, in order to keep the weight of a body down to certain limits, fabric was introduced instead of aluminium or steel panels, but after a while this material was not found satisfactory and was used no longer. To-day, for the most part, the all-steel type of body is employed, since apart from possessing the maximum strength, it is lighter than wooden framework with aluminium panels, and is much cheaper to construct.



A 1937 ROVER "FOURTEEN" IN MOOR PARK
This attractive 6-cylinder saloon sells at £305

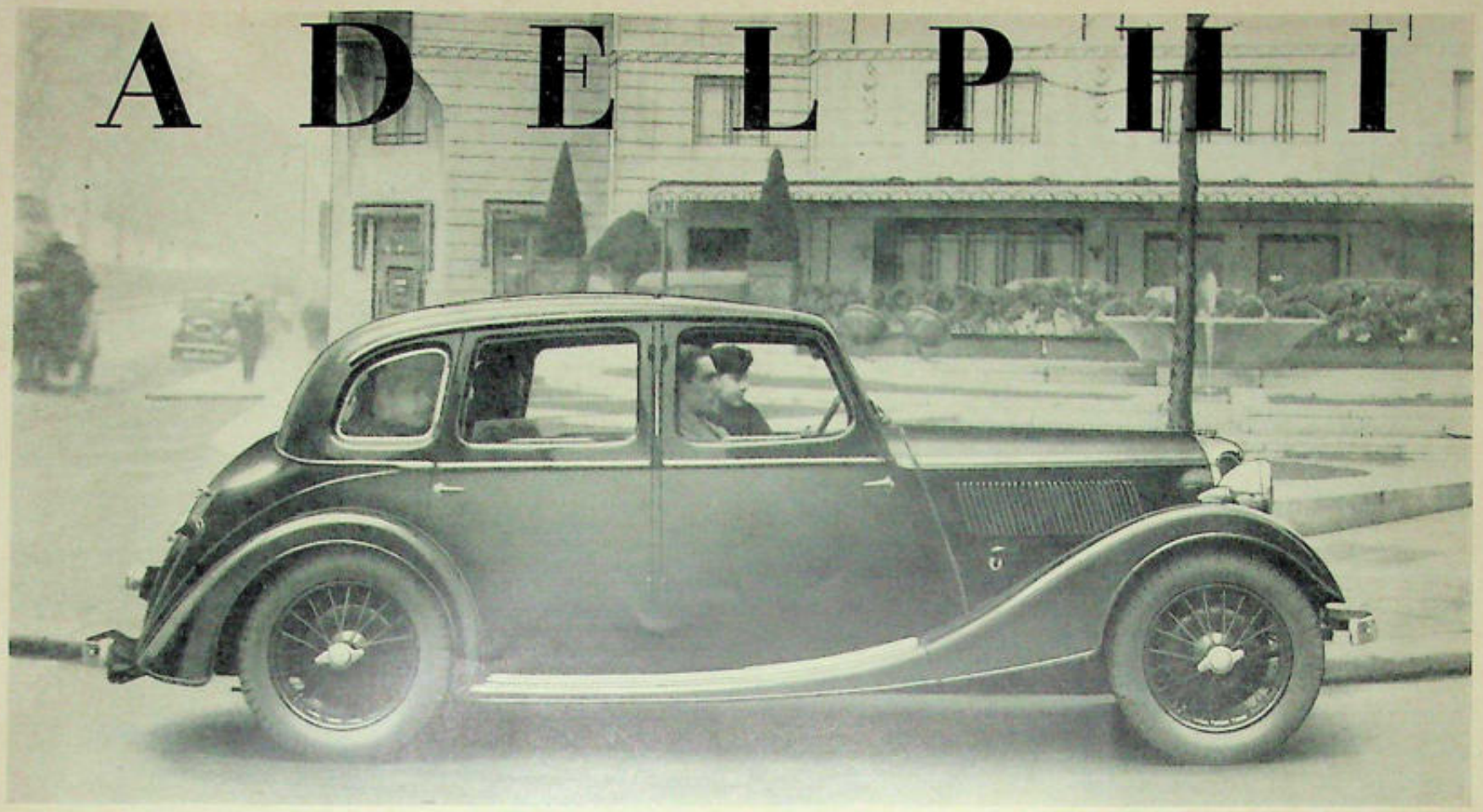
Until somewhat recently it was thought that stability could not be obtained without proportionate weight, but this idea has now been completely exploded. The points that really matter are, correct distribution of weight, suspension, low centre of gravity, and many other factors which all contribute very materially towards that end. Racing has played a most important part in settling these problems, and many valuable lessons have, in consequence, been learnt.

To-day the world's record for a 750 c.c. car stands at over 140 m.p.h., and I should imagine that the total weight employed when that record was set up was not above 10cwt. A few years ago it would not have been thought possible to achieve such a high speed with a car so light as this.

Apart from materially affecting acceleration, weight also plays an important part in relation to maximum speed, although at ultra-high speeds, however, other factors such as wind resistance have to be considered. For a long while I have held the opinion that the modern car is far too heavy and I am firmly convinced that the automobile of the future will be built much lighter than it is to-day.

One of the difficulties that manufacturers have to face is that the motoring public are for ever demanding more spacious and commodious bodies, with the consequence that when these demands have been met the weight of the vehicle is increased. In order to give the same performance with the additional weight, it has been necessary to increase the power output of the engines and this is usually effected by raising the compression. Manufacturers, however, will be able to reduce the weight of cars when they employ four-wheel independent suspension, and a still further reduction

ADELPHI



NO car is more admirably proportioned; few cars—and these only at a much higher price—possess such an outstanding all-round performance. Moreover, its part exchange value in a few years' time will be pleasurably high, and while that is perhaps an unusual way of advertising a car it is after all the best yardstick today's buyer can use. 1½ Litre £350. 6-cyl. 15 h.p. £380. Dunlop Tyres and Triplex Glass all round. Riley (Coventry) Limited, Coventry.

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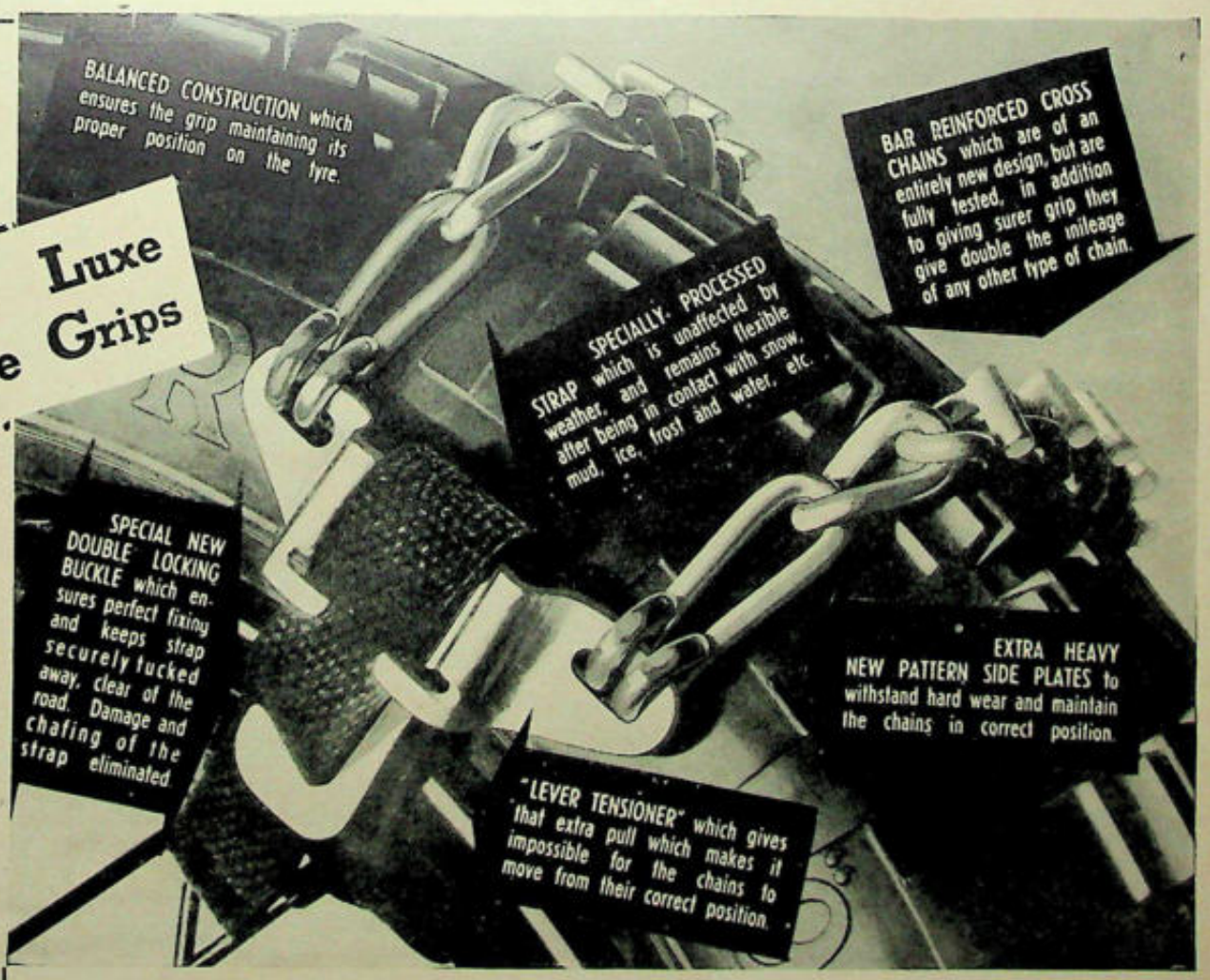

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will be made when the engine is placed at the rear of the chassis.

It is our aero engine manufacturers, however, who have made such vast strides in recent years, since they are obliged to study most carefully this power to weight ratio when designing their motors. It is interesting to remember that at the outbreak of War the Beardmore engine, which was in the front rank at that time, weighed 6½lb. per b.h.p., and the Rolls-Royce engine, which was designed for the Schneider Trophy race in 1931, and which gave off something like 2,500 h.p., weighed only 10oz. per b.h.p.

Still further improvements have since been effected, and I believe I am correct when I state that this famous firm have now been able to obtain nearly 3,000 b.h.p. from this same engine without in any way increasing its weight, which is really a marvellous achievement.

As regards the automobile, taking them as a whole, the American car has a better power to weight ratio than the British, and on looking up data that has been compiled on this subject, I find that all of the former have more than 2 h.p. available for every 100lb. of weight, whereas there are many British cars with power weight ratios below 2 h.p. per 100lb. There are, however, several British cars which have slightly over 3 h.p. per 100lb., and consequently their road performance is well above the average.

NEW ROLLS-ROYCE APPOINTMENT.—The chairman and directors of Rolls-Royce, Ltd., have appointed Mr. Hugh K. M. Kindersley, managing director of Messrs. Lazard Bros., and Co., Ltd., to fill the vacancy created on the Board by the death of Lord Wargrave, P.C.

SHOULD WE HAVE ANOTHER AERO EXHIBITION?

The Need for Showing Progress to the Public

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

RECENTLY held in Paris, the fifteenth International Aero Show has attracted widespread attention this year, not only for the variety and technical interest of the exhibits, but for the interesting British participation, particularly in aero engines and accessories. At a time when so much of the industry's attention is being directed to the expansion of the Royal Air Force, it is satisfactory to find that the possibilities of the overseas markets are not being neglected, and there can be no doubt that the British aircraft industry's prestige will benefit from what was shown in Paris. It is, however, a matter for regret that the country was not more fully represented by complete aircraft.

These Paris shows are always well attended, not merely by trade buyers but by the general public, and it is not without interest to ask whether an aero show on similar lines is not overdue in this country. The last was held in Olympia in 1929, since which year the public at large has had little opportunity of seeing what the home industry is doing and how it is progressing. There has, in fact, been no comprehensive review that could demonstrate, as the Motor Show does, how British aeronautical engineering is marching forward.

To a very large extent, the function of the old Olympia Show has been replaced by the S.B.A.C. Exhibition, which is held immediately after the R.A.F. Display in the summer, a near-London aerodrome being selected as a centre for both a flying and a ground demonstration. It would be absurd to deny the very great value that this show has been to the industry. Held at a time when many likely foreign buyers are in London for the display, it has proved invaluable, for it is something more than a mere static display and gives an opportunity for test pilots to demonstrate what machines can do in the air.

But it has to be remembered that this exhibition is very much a trade one; it is not intended for the general public, and, indeed, its particular usefulness might well be restricted if it were thrown open to all.

Rightly looked at, an aero show of the Paris type is something more than a mere trade exhibition; it is propaganda for the air in the broadest sense, just as the Motor Show is for motoring and the Radio Exhibition for wireless. Not everyone who goes to these shows is an immediate buyer of either motor cars or radio sets; but no one who visits them can come away unimpressed by the ingenuity and excellence of the modern product, coupled with a growing conviction that modern life is incomplete without either a motor car or a radio set. In other words, they are educative; they reveal contemporary resources in a special field; and it is certainly a question for consideration whether aviation can dispense with such educational effort.

Since the public last had an opportunity of seeing not merely British aircraft in all categories at close-quarters, but foreign products as well (for the Olympia Show was international), there has been an immense advance in aircraft design. The field of private aircraft, for example, has been greatly enlarged; the ultra-light aeroplane has made its appearance in a practical form; commercial types provide greater comfort and space than ever before; and both engines and equipment reveal comparable advances; but this progress is known to the public primarily at second-hand.

FINAL PREPARATIONS FOR THE PARIS AERO SHOW

A general view of the stands at the Grand Palais, where the show was held last month

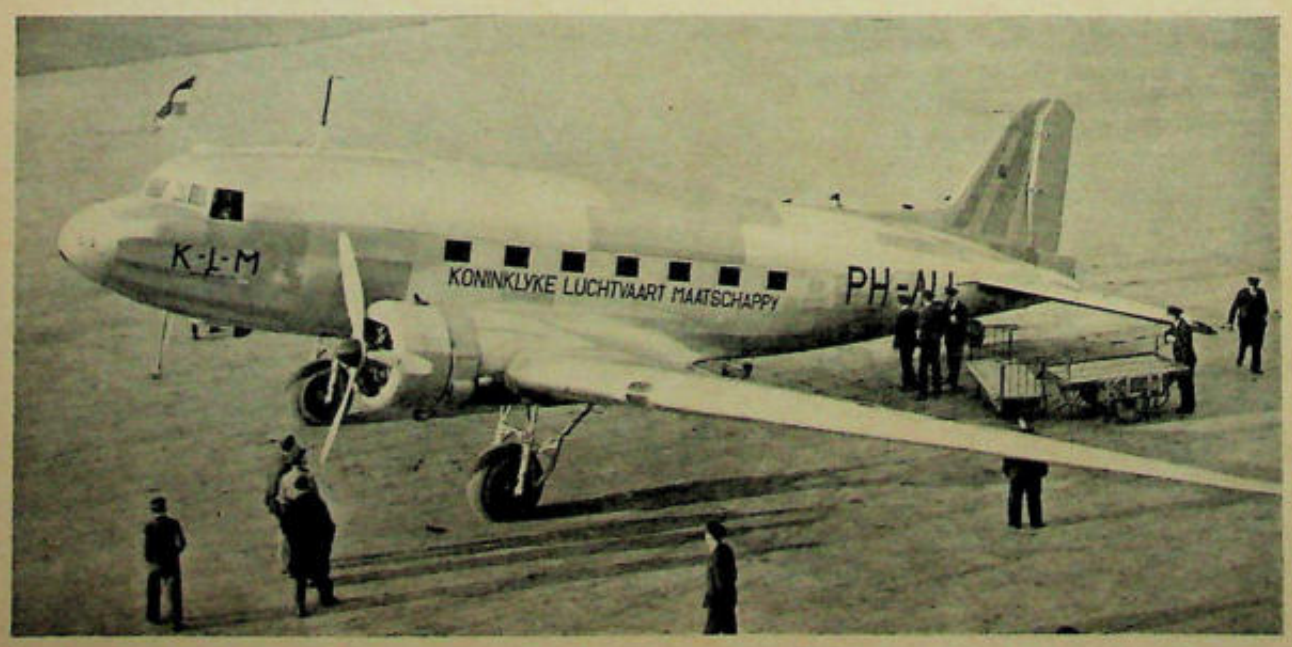
There is nothing so convincing as ocular demonstration, and the widespread publicity for British aircraft, so marked recently, would be made doubly valuable if the public could have an opportunity of seeing for themselves what is being done.

It was revealed, as the result of a correspondence discussion not so very long ago, that the trade itself is in two minds about the desirability of another Olympia Show. It is argued, for example, that the S.B.A.C. Exhibition fulfils all the needs of the industry. Possibly it may do so, from the point of view of immediate orders and attracting the interest of potential buyers. But the time for relaxing propaganda for flying is not yet; indeed, it is only now that flying is beginning to be taken in earnest by the people as a whole that this propaganda should be intensified.

One point on which emphasis was laid was that the attendance at the 1929 Olympia Show was not up to expectations, and that the risk involved would be too great. Investigation might show that this view is no longer justified. Interest in the air is greater to-day than seven years ago, and the desire to see aircraft close up, to be able, as one might say, to make them part of normal experience, is demonstrated very forcibly by the huge attendances at the aerodromes thrown open to the public on Empire Air Day. That this interest would be no less in regard to a more general display including civil machines is shown by the striking success attained by the small Airways Exhibition held in the Science Museum, South Kensington, just about a year ago.

THE NEW DOUGLAS AIR LINER

Twelve of these planes have been ordered by the Dutch K.L.M. Company. They carry 21 passengers and have a top speed of 213 m.p.h.



A RIVER CRUISE THROUGH SOUTHERN SUDAN

Seeing Uncivilised Africa in Comfort

By C. W. DOMVILLE-FIFE

FEW rivers or regions are there in the world of to-day which exercise such a strange fascination over the traveller as the White Nile and the Southern Sudan. It appeals not only to the explorer and big game hunter who desires to get away from the beaten track, but also to the connoisseur whose travels are undertaken solely for pleasure and interest, and whose first demand is that he, or she, shall be transported in reasonable comfort through a realm of both novelty and interest.

A CHAUFFEUR WITH CHILDREN OUTSIDE KHARTOUM

Note the water-shed with petrol cans on the right

A cruise by river liner from Khartoum—reached nowadays in luxury either by way of Egypt or through the country's front door at Port Sudan—southwards to the Great Lakes of Central Africa, affords what is really the only practicable way of seeing the savage Africa of Baker, Stanley, Livingstone and other of the early explorers, while enjoying the same degree of comfort as is afforded by the ocean-going cruising ship. Only a thin line of civilisation, bordered by the river banks, even now extends through this vast land, which is as large as British India.

The real starting point of this strange voyage is the modern city of Khartoum, capital of the Sudan, with a winter season that may be likened to that of Cairo in miniature.

When once the White Nile steamer leaves Khartoum and rounds the Mogren Point—the meeting place of the White and the Blue Niles—and heads into the African "blue," the last link with civilisation is broken, although at Kosti, some considerable distance further south there is the end of the steel road in North Africa. Ahead lies only the tawny desert, tinged by the sweep of the African sun from the pearl-grey of dawn to the orange of sunset and the misty purple of the after-glow, the grass-jungles and forests, roamed by countless thousands of primitive natives and of big game; the villages of queer huts; and the vast lakes and rivers, with their crocodiles and hippopotami.

For the first few hundred miles the surface of the White Nile shines in the blazing sunlight like a lake of molten gold, ruffled here and there by geese, pelicans and thousands of water-fowl. The banks are low and flat, with the sandy wastes of Kordofan all around. Then the banks become high and the curious mud villages of Jaalin and Danagla Arabs are passed. On the west bank there are narrow strips of *safra dura*, a large-grained millet, one of the staple foods of the people of the Northern Sudan. About 130 miles from Khartoum the little steamer stops at El Dueim, a busy native town from which, in 1883, the ill-fated expedition of Hicks Pasha left for the Kordofan Desert.

Two days by camel from this place, Ril antelope can be shot by enterprising sportsmen, and here it may be remarked that there is no difficulty in obtaining local *shikaris* as well as baggage and riding camels. The hire of the latter costs from ten to twelve piastres a day for each animal.

After passing Kawa and Aba Island, where the Mahdi originated his Holy War, Kosti and the White Nile Bridge are reached. From here onwards there is no sand or riverain cultivation, and no sign or semblance of civilisation. Dense forests are frequent and patches of tall papyrus fringe the river, now a typically equatorial stream. Crocodiles, greyish-green, yellow-striped and loathsome, sprawl on every mudbank, until a shot from the deck sends them tumbling back into the murky waters which seem their only appropriate home.

This, too, is the land of the wild Baggara, the black cavalry of the Mahdi. These nomadic cattle-owners and erstwhile slave-raiders of the Kordofan wilds can still be numbered among the most turbulent peoples of the Southern Sudan. They can often be seen carrying their hunting spears and sitting astride gigantic bulls. 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 before the traveller.

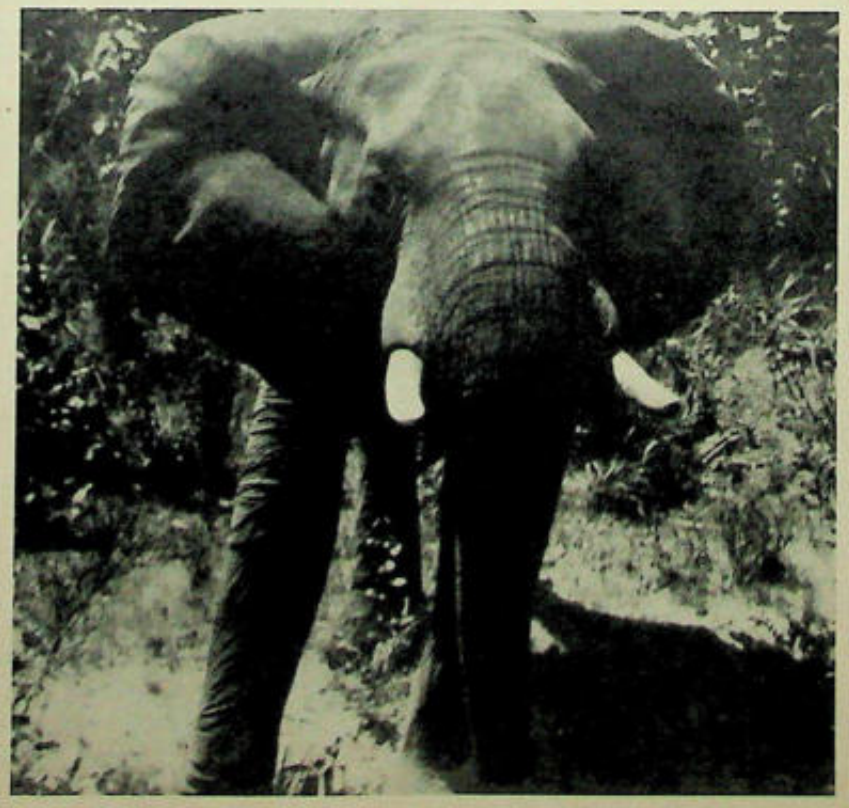
A SUDAN STEAMER ON THE NILE

"Only a thin line of civilisation, bordered by the river banks, even now extends through this vast land, which is as large as British India"

The banks now become more swampy and reed-covered. Great patches of *um sûf* float on the surface, and a sharp lookout must be kept for the python. On its few solid islands are the villages of savage tribes, and when at last the ground becomes more solid after the Shambe lagoon, about 865 miles south of Khartoum, we approach the elephant country.

The banks are no longer obscured by papyrus, for tiger grass and *um sûf* takes its place. When the Dinka village of Bor is reached there is much unloading of rifles and equipment belonging to the hunters, who are going into the interior to obtain ivory. It is here that what is known as the great Bor herd of elephants is to be found. It has been estimated that, in addition to lion and other big game, there are at least a thousand of these beasts in this comparatively small area of country. Hereabouts there are lion, rhinoceros, leopard, cheetah, hyena, wart-hog, duiker, gazelle, eland, roan antelope, reed buck, white-eared cob, hartebeeste and such game birds as the bustard and guinea fowl.

THE BLACK RHINOCEROS TURNS TO ENQUIRE



AN ELEPHANT IN THE DINKA COUNTRY

"It is here that what is known as the great Bor herd of elephants is to be found"

Hippopotami and crocodiles are so numerous as to be a danger to the little *ambach* (light wood) rafts of the natives. The reeds, aquatic plants and muddy waters around Lake No, which form the world's greatest equatorial swamp, are the true homes of the great herds of wild game for which this portion of Africa has become famous.

Just over 900 miles from Khartoum, Lado is reached. From here onwards the river banks are high, and are lined with giant forest trees. Shortly after passing Mongalla and Gondokoro, Sir Samuel Baker's old station, standing on a high bank and still showing some traces of occupation, although long since abandoned, can be clearly seen.

Only when Juba has been reached 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 Uganda and Kenya Colony. Perhaps the most pleasurable way of seeing Africa is to enter the Continent at Port Said or Alexandria and, after passing through Egypt and the Sudan by the 3,000 miles of the Nile system, to cross the beautiful Kenya highlands to Nairobi and reach the sea and ships at Mombasa. It may be of interest to note that this extensive tour through primitive Africa can now be accomplished for an inclusive sum of about seventy pounds.

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SCOTLAND

ANGLING on HELMSDALE RIVER.—Spring Fishing, 1937. Booking now; tariff on enquiry; under personal management.—Craiglea Hotel. D. R. FRASER, Proprietor.

"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE

A CORNER OF THE LOUNGE AT THE CHACE HOTEL

TO wander freely through peaceful gardens, flanked by equally pleasant woods and fields, is a privilege which the country cousin is usually assumed to monopolise. That these things are possible within two miles of the centre of Coventry is remarkable, but then the difficulties and disadvantages so often associated with hotels situated on the fringe of industrial areas have, in the case of the Chace at Willenhall, been most successfully overcome, and the very nature of these problems serves but to make their conquest the more interesting.

Obviously the Chace bears the external stamp of a very charming residence and was, in fact, built as such in 1897. "The City of Spires" being in those happy days only partially mechanised, it is fair to assume that the very name of the house conveyed the owner's interests, to the majority. To-day, however, many would have to turn to their encyclopædia to discover that the Chace is defined as a place where horses were formerly rounded up for inspection by dealers and buyers generally. But the late Dr. Charles Webb Iliffe did much more than build himself a magnificent house and breed horses and ponies. A number of examples of his foresight and industry remain in Coventry to-day, such as the Gulson Road Hospital.

The conversion of the Chace from a private house to a most excellent modern hotel must have involved very considerable expenditure, and most certainly the problem has received a great deal of thought and attention to detail. The results are highly creditable to those responsible, and throughout the whole building one finds those qualities which stand for the best type of English country guest house. There are eighteen bedrooms, all of which are equipped with hot and cold running water. Comfort upstairs as typified by modern beds, attractive furniture and efficient bathrooms finds its counterpart on the ground floor, where a most luxurious lounge, with large fireplace and secluded corners, seems to produce a sense of physical well-being seldom enough achieved these days.

Outside the hotel the standard is maintained. Garage accommodation is entirely adequate with additional parking for more cars than most people would feel disposed to count. Then there is the garden with its hard lawn tennis court, a lazy old-world stream and several pleasing outbuildings. Thus the prospect from the fine stone-mullion windows —through one of which, for a wager, Dr. Iliffe once jumped his favourite hunter—is exceedingly fair. A short distance away is the Chace Snack Bar, where one may eat at 4 p.m. or twelve hours later with equal facility. This shows how the management have considered those who retire for their night's rest in good time, for there is no fear that belated revellers will disturb their slumbers, though these same revellers can always be sure of a meal before retiring.

You will find the food good and wholesome, while the wines have the gift of developing delicacy of taste and spiritualising the pleasures of the table. After all, the quest of the perfect wine is truly a fascinating pursuit, but the wine-lovers' pleasure lies not only in the quality of the wine itself, but also in the circumstances in which it is drunk. At the Chace Hotel there are two spacious dining rooms each capable of seating 40 guests at separate tables without any suspicion of overcrowding. This, too, is a feature of the hall, where one can dance in perfect comfort.

The proprietors of the Chace Hotel, it would seem, have taken a line from Henry VIII for their guide, so that for all their guests there is always "good wine, good welcome."

London

¶ 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.

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THE FIELD

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HUNTING WITH THE BICESTER

Lady Stanier is the wife of Major Sir Alexander Stanier. Before her marriage in 1927 Lady Stanier was Miss Dorothy Miller, the elder daughter of the late Brigadier-General Miller. Lady Stanier is not only a keen foxhunter, but a well-known follower of the Hawkstone Otterhounds, the whole establishment often being put up at the Citadel, the family place near Shrewsbury

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FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

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BRITISH AFRICA

ELSEWHERE in the current issue of the *Field* will be found some account of farming and the farmer's life in the Southern Highlands of Tanganyika, and of the carefully-planned efforts that are being made to attract to them men and women of British stock. The subject of white settlement in Africa is one which arouses the fiercest controversy. The *Field* has always supported overseas settlement in every form, no less in the Highlands of Africa than in the great Dominions, nor have we ever countenanced the doctrine, based alike on ignorance and false sentiment, that the opening up of unoccupied lands in Africa by Europeans is inimical to native interests.

If white settlement is to be criticised it is on the plain economic question of whether or not it offers a decent livelihood to the settler. As the result of the slump from which the world has only just begun to recover, there are too many returned settlers in Britain to-day who were unable to weather the storm. Any future scheme of settlement must eliminate the difficulties which broke on the wheel men who in the vast majority of cases were essentially decent and hardworking.

What were those difficulties? First, a lack of markets. Second, and in corollary to the first, a glut of production. Third, inability through lack of capital to procure certain essentials of husbandry. And fourth, perhaps, a lack of hope engendered by complete isolation from the amenities of their earlier homes, together with a lack of expert advice in the first and critical stages of settlement.

The scheme which Lord Chesham is launching aims at eliminating all of these drawbacks. A central stock farm will provide the new arrival with advice, with such advantages as trained teams of oxen, and some of the more expensive requirements of husbandry will be pooled. Marketing schemes are prepared through which the settler's produce can be sold, and though the known internal markets can absorb a very considerable output, when once saturation point is reached no further farmer will be accepted. And the amenities of a corporate life, with a club, polo grounds, tennis courts, and golf links are to be provided in the centre of the Highlands.

Backed by the resources of the company it is not unreasonable to hope that this scheme will be of lasting benefit, not only to those settlers whom it attracts, but also to the great cause of overseas settlements. It will start with small beginnings, but high hopes, just as Cecil Rhodes himself began. But its promoters, believing as they do in the future of Eastern Africa, and the ability of men of British stock to make good overseas, look forward to the day when a virile, patriotic and successful community of our countrymen may have made good on these magnificent highlands, and in their aspirations they must surely have the good wishes of all Englishmen everywhere. For from the reign of Queen Elizabeth to that of King Edward VIII, even allowing for the short and fatal miasma of post-war years, the great majority of our people have faith in our Imperial mission, and believe that it is in ventures such as these that there is best shown the genius of our race.

TEST CRICKET

IT is often said that to win the toss in a Test match in Australia is worth at least a hundred runs. Certain it is that no captain looks forward with pleasure to playing the last innings on a wicket that has seen several days' play. One might almost say that in winning the toss in the first Test of the present series, at Brisbane, G. O. Allen, the English captain, enjoyed his first piece of real luck. In the previous State matches some of the English batsmen had shown a diffidence against slow bowling; three quick wickets to McCormick now told a tale of seeming diffidence against fast bowling, though the effects of the blazing light and heat of Brisbane cannot be discounted. How far McCormick's withdrawal through a strain influenced the subsequent English batting is a matter only of conjecture. Leyland's hundred saved the day, and the only other bowler with impressive figures was O'Reilly, whose thirteen maidens out of 40.6 eight-ball overs, with five wickets for 102, was sufficient tribute to his retention of all his old accuracy. Critics in Australia have apportioned both praise to the English bowlers and blame to the Australian batsmen for the collapse of Australia's first innings. But you do not dismiss batsmen like Bradman, Badcock and McCabe nor keep subsequent batsmen tied down as the Australians were tied down without thoroughly good bowling. It seems clear that O'Reilly's accuracy was at least equalled by that of Voce and Verity. If England in their second innings failed to drive home their advantage to the extent we should have liked, they were able at any rate to show again that the tail-end batting is comfortingly capable of rising to the occasion. No captain has ever served his side better than did Allen in his splendid innings, admirably adapted to the varying circumstances of the play.

FIGHTING SPIRIT

One great point about this first Test match is that we have seen the English team emerge from some rather unimpressive play in earlier matches, and exert a superiority of spirit over the Australians. The latter part of England's first innings struck a definite note of defiance, and the laboriously slow scoring of Fingleton and the later Australian batsmen in their first innings was eloquent testimony to the hostility of the English attack. Apparently Voce did not owe his success to any particular form of leg-theory bowling, which paid so well on the last tour. Reports speak of his attack as being mainly directed to the off-side, primarily with the ball breaking away from the batsmen. Reading these reports, together with others which have referred to the liking of Australian batsmen for playing their strokes off the back foot, gives one possible explanation of Voce's success. So far as can be seen, the Australians have no left-hand bowler of similar type to give them experience of Voce's methods, and as Voce has always done well on Australian wickets he should continue to be a constant menace when he is properly in form. Praise for the team work of the English side in the field during Australia's first innings was another welcome sign that the fighting spirit is there. Confidence in the attack for the remaining Tests would certainly be enhanced by more stability in the earlier batting, and the problem of the opening pair seems still to be a tantalising uncertainty.

DECEMBER PICTURE EXHIBITIONS

Visitors to London will like to know that, at the Stevens & Brown Gallery, 27, Park Lane, W. 1, there is an exhibition of water-colour drawings and oil paintings of wildfowl and game birds by a painter who has adopted the name of "Fish-hawk." These drawings are characterised by a pleasant sense of design and of the balance of black and white. Only one painting is in colour, and that is a small drawing which well illustrates the life and movement of a golden eagle alighting. An oil painting entitled "Moonlight" has a distinctive pattern of cloud and light on birds' wings, and there is vigour and action in the drawings of a grouse crowing, and of a raven on the head of a rock.

Among other exhibitions dealing with the country life and sport are two galleries devoted to the work of Mr. Roy Beddington at Messrs. Arthur Ackermann & Sons, Ltd., 157, New Bond Street, W. 1. Mr. Beddington's favourite subject is moving water, and his landscape has sharpness of outline and an admirable clarity of colour. "The Test Valley, Stockbridge," "Spring on the Dee," "Rogie Falls," "River Blackwater, Ross-shire" and "Barnard Castle, River Tees," illustrate the range of his subjects, and two oil paintings in particular of "Kitzbuhel" and "Le Parc Royale, Bruxelles," are distinguished in their lighting and vividness of colour.

ENGLAND'S RUGBY TEAM

Though one hardly expects to discover the England Rugby team ready-made from the first trial of the season, the match at Workington last Saturday, in which the team labelled England beat the "Possibles" by 14 points to 8, showed very little sign of any great revival this season. True the weather was very bad and on the whole the players overcame the conditions well. But the more experienced England team held little superiority. They scored one more try than the Possibles—three to two—but the Possibles were going very strong in the second half when, after gaining a lead of two points, they lost their best three-quarter, B. E. Nicholson. The addition of two tries by England was then not surprising. B. E. Nicholson looked something like a "find." A member of the comparatively modest Old Whitgiftian team, he has made his mark this season by his talent and versatility as a centre three-quarter, and he showed plenty of confidence in this, his first, trial match.

WINTER ON THE POND

Cold showers driven by a north-west wind have made the pond an unkindly place for the winter fisherman, but an occasional gleam of sunshine between the showers has brought a momentary cheer when it seemed that the pike lurking, as one always hopes, at the edge of the dying rush bed might be stirred to action by that flashing spoon which shows so clearly in the winter water, shorn of its cloudy growth of summer algae which vanishes with the sinking of the leafy coverlid that autumn throws upon its surface. Though pike in rivers have been feeding steadily at times this autumn, not yet have the fish of the still waters seemingly recovered from their lassitude which follows on the dying of the weed. But three parts of December, often the best month of all for winter pike, has still to run, and in those 20 days there surely will be some which will add sunshine and a stillness to the silence of the woods.

WITHOUT COMMENT

Following a description of changing a lady's saddle: "For instance, during a long hunt I would change over the saddle during the luncheon break."

LIVESTOCK POLICY

The Government has now presented its policy for the cattle industry in a Livestock Bill. This follows the lines that had been anticipated. A Commission will, as now, allocate a Treasury subsidy on fat cattle, to a maximum sum of £5,000,000 annually. This money will mainly be found by a levy on foreign chilled and frozen beef, the maximum duty being ¾d. a lb. on chilled beef. Reliance is also placed on the regulation of beef imports to be arranged by an international conference, representing Argentina, Brazil, Uruguay and the Dominions interested in beef production, as well as the United Kingdom.

The import quotas so far have not achieved the purpose of maintaining a steady, remunerative price for beef cattle, as graziers have known to their cost this autumn. The joint efforts of all interested in the British market may be more successful in balancing supply with demand. The Livestock Bill furthermore provides for the establishment of a few modern abattoirs in this country where it will be possible to gauge the economies that can be effected by centralised slaughtering on a factory scale such as exists abroad.

LADY GOLFERS VERSUS JOCKEYS

One of the first meetings many well-known jockeys attended after the close of the flat racing season was on the course of the Romford Golf Club. For once they were not out to beat each other, but a strong side of ten international lady golfers. Several of the jockeys play golf regularly, and a few are very useful with the clubs, though the majority have long handicaps. The match originated after some private discussions, and was such a success that it is likely to become an annual affair. Certainly the captain of Romford and his fellow helpers deserve praise for the manner in which the event was carried out and played. With four exceptions the ladies conceded fourteen strokes and played off the men's tees. Quite a unique experience for them, and one rather feared! However, the jockeys found that golf clubs are more difficult to control than even the most temperamental thoroughbred, and the match ended all square. The champion jockey, Gordon Richards, despite a lot of friendly barracking, won his game on the last green, and despite his size, hit the ball a long way and frequently straight besides! Yet with a card and pencil he says he cannot break 140! The top match between Miss Enid Wilson and Bobby Jones—with a name like that he should have been inspired!—was played on a level basis, but the result was an overwhelming victory for the great lady golfer, who went round in 74. So Bobby Jones found that there is a lady golfer who can beat him level.

CROSSBILLS, JAYS, WOODPIGEONS

Last year, it may be remembered, was remarkable for two extensive "visitations"—one of crossbills, which arrived in large numbers in July, and the other of jays, in late autumn. The crossbills frequented their chosen haunts in various parts of the country—there were large numbers in Surrey—and remained throughout the winter, but only to nest in very few places. That is one of the puzzles of these visitations; why should birds adopt new quarters for the usual breeding time, and then not breed? As for the jays, they seem to have travelled not much farther than the confines of the New Forest, and then to have disappeared. Some, of course, were shot by gamekeepers. But during this summer and autumn there seem to have been no similar migrations, or wanderings, either of crossbills or jays, and we are left still speculating as to the impulses which urge birds to travel oversea in so strange and irregular a fashion. A point arises. We are now in mid-December. Has there been noticed, in particular localities, any large influx of woodpigeons?

COURT BALL

The sky on winter nights is like a palace
Lit up for a ball,
And Cassiopoeia sits in her sparkling Chair
The Queen of it all—
Or so you would think, till you hear far-away, silver trumpets
And catch the first bars
Of that tune you can never remember—and up sweeps the Moon
On her stairway of stars.

MARY HOLDEN.

August on a Yorkshire Moor

INSPECTING SHOOTING PROPERTIES

A New "Field" Service to Readers

EVERY established newspaper provides certain services to its readers. Those that the *Field* offers are fairly wide, and fairly representative. They range from testing cartridges to identifying snake skins, and from expounding the laws, both the coded and the moral, of sport to diagnosing the cause of death of an ageing parrot. A day's post-bag at Bream's Buildings covers a range of subjects connected with sport, which are always diverse and occasionally perplexing, and not the least infrequent of these are requests for advice on the renting or purchase of shootings.

Letters are received asking what Glen Gralloch is likely to be worth this season, or if Strath Pilbroch is likely to yield a limit of 35 stags. Others ask us to fix a fair rent for a small mixed shoot in the Midlands, or adjudicate between landlord and tenant in a dispute about bags which fell below expectations. While we are glad to give every assistance in our power, it is extremely difficult to arbitrate unless we are in possession of all relevant facts and unless we have made a personal inspection of the shooting in question.

As, however, the demand for this service remains steady, we have decided to institute a system of inspection of shootings which will be at the disposal of our readers.

We have prepared a list of persons qualified to undertake this work in any part of the United Kingdom. These individuals are recommended subject to the guarantee of the *Field* as to their fitness to carry out the job and their impartiality in fixing a price. We anticipate that most of the demand will be for the inspection of Scottish properties, but we are equally prepared to recommend persons to visit English or Irish estates. Naturally we expect the demand to cover chiefly those shootings with a fairly high rental, as it would hardly pay the intending tenant of a bit of sheep ground in Caithness to employ an expert who has to come from London.

As regards the cost of each individual inspection we have fixed a rate which seems to us to be fair to both the expert recommended by the *Field* and the reader who has applied to us for his services. In the case of a let this fee will be 5 per cent. of the price asked. This covers all expenses of any sort whatever in any part of the United Kingdom. The reader, therefore, knows before ever he writes to the *Field* for advice what the inspection will cost him, and he is relieved of the often embarrassing necessity of checking hotel bills and the costs of travel. We have decided on a percentage on the price *asked* as in these circumstances our representative cannot be said to have any personal interest on the figure he suggests as a fair one. In the case of valuation for sale, this would be the ordinary valuers' rate as laid down by the Auctioneers' and Estate Agents' Institute which, of course, varies according to the price paid. In the case of (say) a Scottish property, we can arrange that this valuation includes not only the shootings, but also the lodge, farms and woodlands.

In making this offer of service to our readers, we cannot in every case guarantee 100 per cent. satisfaction to both owner and tenant. We can, however, guarantee an independent and expert opinion which is unbiased. Anything that makes for honesty of judgment must in the long run be in the interests of everybody concerned in a business deal, as it must most certainly be in the interests of sport.

There are, of course, certain provisos which must be borne in mind as regards "vetting." The *Field*, for instance, is no bulwark against the hand of Providence. We can only suggest that a certain type of property inspected (say, in April) may be expected to yield so many brace of grouse if properly shot, and that such and such a rental would be a fair one. If between April and August there descends on this particular property the climatic upheavals which seem to form so frequent a preliminary to the English shooting season, we can but bow to the inevitable, and we feel our readers will realise this point, too. Again, as regards fishing, anybody who has experience of renting a beat on any river will understand the difficulties which beset the man who is inspecting it in advance. He can really only judge by the game books of past years, and his own personal knowledge of angling. What the water is likely to produce next season is beyond him.

There is one other point which might be made. At first sight it might seem that such an inspection is made with a view to "beating down" the owner to a lower rent. This is very far from being the case. The object is to determine a fair rent. In the event of there being any dispute subsequently, the report of our inspection will be of as much value to the owner as it will be to the tenant, and if the price suggested is fixed upon it would seem that the possibility of acrimonious discussion at the end of the shooting season is very much reduced. An owner whose estate has been inspected can have the benefit of the expert report for future years, and there are few of us who know so much even about our own properties that we are not at times glad to have some outside ideas.

Besides this the *Field* can arrange to have grouse moors, partridge manors or covert shoots inspected purely from the point of view of suggesting improvements, either for the increase of stock or the showing of birds. In every case we hope to satisfy ourselves that the work is likely to be satisfactorily carried out by a man who really understands the subject.

WHEN THE FOG LIFTED JUST IN TIME
The Whaddon Chase moving off after hounds had met at Shenley Park

A PORTRAIT OF PERFECTION

Introducing Jack Meredith—the Follower With Only One Fault

THE huntsman came out of the thick gorse covert into which he had gone on foot to see what the muffled voices of hounds denoted, and walked over to where my host—the Master—and I were sitting our tired horses. "He's to ground, sir," he said. "Biggish place; we'd better leave him, hadn't we; there aren't too many hereabouts." The Master nodded. "Yes, Charles," he said, and he looked at his watch. "I think we'll call it a day, gentlemen." He added, "Good-night." There came a chorus of "good-nights" from the few who had managed to get to the end of the long hard run, and one of them added, as we turned our horses' heads toward home: "Thank you for an extra good day, Master; we don't get many poor ones with you, but to-day was a real topper. Good-night!" My host drew rein for an instant. "Glad you enjoyed it, Jack: the old horse seems to be going as well as ever. I saw him jump that big bit of timber we had in the first hunt to-day as if it had been a sheep hurdle. How are the puppies getting on?" adding, as an afterthought, "Come and have a bit of dinner with us to-night, won't you? I want to have a chat with you about that Jeffords chap that has just taken over the Down Farm near you. You will? Fine! See you at eight o'clock, then!" and we jogged on.

"Who was that chap?" I asked the Master. "I saw him going rather extra well to-day; always seemed to be in the right place, and never in a hurry." My host turned to me with a smile. "That," he said, "is Jack Meredith, the Perfect Follower, I call him." "My dear chap," I said, "there's no such animal; at least, I never thought there was. Tell me about him."

And so on the way home that frosty night, as we jogged along the country lanes, he told me something of the man who had come into the Blankshire country two years before, knowing no one, and taken a small hunting box in the village where the kennels were situated, and who, in the short time that he had lived there, and hunted with my friend's hounds, had endeared himself to everyone in the Hunt, and to everyone in the countryside as well, by the never-failing kindness and courtesy and consideration shown to all with whom he came in contact. My host had a gift for description, and the word picture that he drew of Jack Meredith's character was so clear that it has remained in my mind to this day. Perhaps I can repeat it to you—I think I can, almost as he told it to me that night.

"About two years ago," he said, "my secretary came to me one day and told me that the cottage in which Mrs. Baily had lived for so many years had been bought by a stranger whom no one knew, but who evidently was a hunting man, as he was building a small stable as well as doing the whole house over. I caught sight of a stranger once or twice when I was in the village, and once I passed the same chap when I was at hound exercise, but except for that I never had a real good look at him until we went to Peterborough in July.

"We had a nice young dog that year, and were lucky enough to win with him in an easy class, and when I went out to congratulate Charles I found Meredith standing in front of our pen, chatting with him. He stepped aside as I came up, smiled and said: 'May I congratulate you, Master? You don't know me, but I'm Meredith who bought the Baily house, and I'm hoping to hunt with you this season. I've been watching your young hounds this spring when they were walking out, and I hoped you'd have some luck with Janisary—he's a lovely-looking youngster. He certainly is beautifully bred; I knew his sire well—in fact, I hunted with him a few years ago, before I went abroad.'

"I pricked up my ears on hearing that, because my young dog's sire was a noted stallion belonging to Sir Herbert Mason, whose pack, as you know, hunts a grand country in the North, and I was trying hard to place this Meredith chap. But I couldn't, and after a short chat and an invitation to him to go up to kennels and look over the hounds one Sunday, we parted. Well, he came up to kennels a few Sundays later, and I was greatly impressed by the intelligent interest he took in the hounds, and by his real knowledge of their bloodlines. He was a real hound-man, and it was easy to see that *hound-work* was his greatest interest in hunting, though somehow I suspected from the 'cut of his jib' that he would take a bit of stopping across a country if hounds really ran.

"The summer slipped by very quickly, and before I knew it we were cub-hunting again. Meredith was often out with us in the early mornings, and I soon found that he was very observant of what hounds were doing. He was never in the way, and never got over-excited, as so many men do when foxes break covert early in the season. Of course, for the first six weeks hounds never were allowed to go away; the country was very blind, and moreover, we were out for business purposes, but one morning toward the end of September I saw an old fox leave Carruthers's Gorse, up in the Saturday country, and take such a lovely line of country that I signalled Charles to let 'em go. Meredith was out that morning, riding a young horse that he had just bought from Frampton, the sporting farmer who lives at Steepleton, and I shall never forget the way he took that youngster by the head and sent him at a stiff flight of post and rails that came to us in the second field. It was a big fence to ask a green five-year-old to take on, but there must have been something in Meredith's hands that communicated itself to that young horse that gave him courage, for he never hesitated but took it in his stride as if he'd been doing it all his life, and moreover he kept it up throughout the hunt, which was quite a nice one for that time of year. We killed our fox at Bradley's Farm—quite a nice point for an early hunt—and Meredith was always up and, as I say, never in the way. I watched particularly to see what would happen when hounds killed; so many men are apt to be over-keen and bring their horses too close, and you know how often a young horse will kick at hounds with the smell of blood around. Meredith evidently knew this as well as I did, for much as he was interested in the young hounds he rode directly away and did not come near them until he had given his horse to a farmer's lad, who turned up, seeming out of the ground, as they often do when a fox is killed.

"The landowners in this country of ours are a good lot on the whole, and I think I might almost say, as Peter Beckford did, 'In the country in which I hunt most of the gentlemen are sportsmen,' but there are one or two who sometimes make things a bit difficult; men who sell their shooting rights to city people, who neither know nor care what happens to the foxes. Of course, often these men are sportsmen who, realising that one sport is as good as another, plan their shooting with due consideration to the hunting; but this is not always the case, and it gave me a very pleasant feeling when, one day, I had a letter from Meredith telling me that he had taken the rough shooting on a certain farm whose owner had always been a difficult customer to deal with, asking me to let him know at my convenience when I wished to draw the coverts, so that the foxes might not be disturbed by his shooting, which he said he wished to arrange to suit me.

I was grateful for that little act of kindness to the Hunt, only one of the many that came to me, always from outside sources, for Meredith was never one to blow his own horn. One week it would be some widow in the country who would tell me of his kindness to her children; the next week some farmer would inadvertently tell me that Meredith had found a buyer for his hay or oats, and from the Hunt servants I was continually hearing of his consideration in the field. I saw a great deal of that myself, too; he was always the one who was off his horse if a chained-up gate needed opening, or someone's horse got in trouble; and in spite of that he was always there if hounds really ran; the sort of man who seems to be going easily until you try to follow him.

"When the regular season came round Meredith turned out on the opening day in a black coat, but his well-polished mahogany tops and the cut of his breeches betokened the old hand at the game, and it wasn't many months before I told him that I

"HARK! HE IS FOUND—NOW, WHERE ARE ALL YOUR SORROWS, YOUR CARES, YE GLOOMY SOULS?"
Some of the Crawley and Horsham field, after hounds had found

and the committee would feel honoured if he wore the Hunt button. He thanked me, and said, with a smile, that it would be nice to be properly turned out again, and that he had not worn scarlet because he feared that, being a stranger in the country, he might not go well enough. 'You see, Master,' he said, 'I used to hunt with Sir Herbert Mason a good deal in the old days, but I had to go to China for business reasons, and I wasn't quite sure of myself.' Well, you saw him go to-day, so you know that he has no need to worry on that score.

In the spring, when the kennel-field was dotted with puppy houses, Meredith used to come up with me on Sundays and look over my whelps, and, of course, we gave him a couple to walk. He wouldn't take the best, although he was particular as to how the ones he took were bred, saying that it was 'the walk that made the young hound,' and that he'd rather have a couple of backward ones that needed looking after. He certainly looked after them, too, and though he didn't win at our Puppy Show last June it wasn't because the youngsters he sent in were undeveloped. He's got a couple now, and I'm glad to say that one of them looks like going to Peterborough next July."

My host had warmed to his subject, and we were almost home before I had a chance to get a word in. When I did I said to him: "Well, Jim, this chap seems to be about perfect; has he got any faults?" He laughed. "Yes," he said, "he has one, but I suppose it is perhaps a good one, if it is a bit annoying—he won't talk about himself; and to this day I don't know who he is, where he came from, or why he lives by himself. The girls all adore him; they say he is the most polite and courteous man they've ever met in any hunting field, but that he won't go out to dinner, and he won't play bridge. However, from my point of view, he *is* 'the Perfect Follower'!"

LINCOLN.

BEST DAYS WITH HOUNDS

The Pytchley Mixed Pack Excel Themselves

MONDAY, the 30th, from Holcot, ended what may be considered a most satisfactory month's hunting, its one distressing feature being the accident to Captain Macdonald Buchanan. The standard of sport has been good as opposed to brilliant; hounds have made the most of rather moderate scenting conditions and have caught a good number of foxes in the best style, which is the one way to obtain sport. On this occasion a good hunt and a nice gallop were the best items of an extremely moderate scenting day.

From a field of kale near Holcot a fox ran, not by any means straight, over a bold tract of country, mostly grass but denuded of stock, mercifully, to opposite Badsaddle Wood, near the Kettering main road. Hounds pulled up when, after 30 minutes, they looked like killing, at a deep ditch full of thorns and a drain in it. A complete circular cast carefully made produced no solution, nor was the fox marked; but if he runs the same line again what matter: hounds are not short of blood, and good foxes do help to make good seasons.

A good start into the wind from Old Pooks produced 20 minutes' fast to Old, thence back past Faxton Hamlet. Here hounds had to contend with ground which had been well foiled in a preceding hunt, and quite a good one, from Scaldwell Oaks, and from almost racing pace the hunt deteriorated to a walk. With a chain of woods ahead, with fresh foxes in them all, hounds were quietly stopped, not a difficult task as scent seemed then, as throughout the day, extremely volatile.

With four good days in the current week to report (and no two opinions seem to be alike as to which was really the best), yet no one of them entirely outstanding, mention must be made of all. On Wednesday, the 2nd, the bitches killed a fox found in Kilworth Sticks, not far distant, after ten minutes at top pace. They ended the day by hunting for two hours on a catchy scent from Thornborough, till they were stopped near Stanford Park—an interesting as opposed to an exciting hunt, though there was pace at times and much fair country crossed.

On Friday, the 4th, the mixed pack, as is their wont, excelled themselves by hunting for 75 minutes in Harlestone Heath and catching their fox. Now this performance is worthy of note, for the heath is planted almost entirely with conifers and pine needles are known to be a deodoriser of the best. Then from a strip near Blackthorn they pushed another fox (a good stout fellow) over a fine riding country full of incident, to Hollowell and back, where he got to ground by inches almost, after 60 minutes, having made almost a four-mile point in his going and return. This has been voted a good day's fun and hunting.

The question of scent, its effect on foxes, and so of course on sport, is always interesting. This week, as evening has approached on each day, it

"HE'S AWAY! I CAN HEAR THE IDENTICAL HOLLOA!"
Another picture of the Crawley and Horsham day from Warnaighurst

has become obviously worse. Saturday, the 5th, proved no exception, although hounds were hunting steadily on till real darkness fell. From Naseby they were away from the local covert at once, ran fast and straight through the Hills, more slowly with Farndon on the left, then fast again and lost this or another fox at Oxendon, 40 acre grass fields all the way.

This and the return to Naseby Reservoir occupied what may be called the morning, the hunt one hour. A twisting fox found there was lost not far from Winwick Lodge, but the bitches hunted another found near Firetail, past Thornby, Pursers Hills, and so on, towards their kennel, so persistently and well, and with such a lovely cry, that Colonel Lowther had not the heart to have them stopped. At Pitmore Hill even Stedfast, and she is almost white, was barely visible among the leaders, which is her usual place, and so the end.

EMERITUS.

TWO GOOD DAYS FOR THE BELVOIR BITCHES

BEFORE the alarming appearance of snow (which is regarded as essential in the autumn for the removal of superfluous herbage in the ditches, but viewed with grave disfavour when it comes), the Belvoir ladies had two most useful days, Wednesday's hunt being particularly praiseworthy. The start was none too propitious; Harlaxton is not popular, and after a completely unfruitful morning deservedly so. A Denton fox started a rather languid ball a-rolling and patience was required until Lawn Hollow in Croxton Park was drawn. Finding here at once, the Charlie roused first called at Ling's Gorse, then went back across the park towards Beseaby Oaks.

Everyone thought he must have gone in, but George held them out to the right and hit off the line at once. Passing Sproxton, proceedings were rather stately up to Lord Dysart's plantation, then the pace mended and, although there were checks here and there to Garthorpe, they hunted every inch of the way across the brook and over the brow of the hill, looking for all the world as if the goal were Stapleford. But a right-hand turn brought them to Saxby village, and here information of the hunted fox in front was forthcoming.

He must have become homesick and decided against visiting the Cottesmore, for he turned up-wind and from there went as fast as he could go to Newman's Gorse, where a comrade probably took over. A holloa away on the Stonesby side carried on the good work for a bit; they ran through the Ashes and on to the Gorse, but by that time the light was failing and the complication of fresh foxes too great. Unlike most hunts, this one had the good nose-work first and the quick thing at the end, therefore one finished with a most heartened sensation which a petering-out run can never give.

Harby is deservedly a star meet, being admirably placed in the middle of the vale, so that any fox found there must run over some of the delectable country surrounding it. Therefore it was not surprising to find an extra large Saturday field there, all looking very full of purpose and hard riding. A great many visiting "collars" were present and welcome, and there were high hopes of the first proper exploitation this season of all that good grassland. These expectations had a setback as first Harby covert and then the Langar Spinney failed, and everyone's blood was distinctly tepid by the time Kaye Wood was reached. The wind had got up and what with this and the animated conversations, it was hard to hear what was going on inside.

One false start made the crowd even more unwieldy, and in the turmoil Sir Edward le Marchant's good bob-tailed fox went away whilst the pack were competing with one of his relations at the other end. Ultimately a hurroosh in practically every direction ended in a logical way and the fox was headed back into the earth. Subsequent eviction did not improve his morale and, after he had been flustered into a few fields, he returned to Colston Bassett village to die with no one to mourn him.

The osier bed by Hose Thorns was the next call and the hounds immediately made the most enthusiastic remarks. The accompanying squall seemed to make little difference, for once they had safely navigated the Harby road in the face of much opposition, they set off at a good pace as if for Harby, but the magnet of Kaye Wood was too strong and a left turn brought them back; away again, and then an excellent bit of hunting continued over the Smite into Quorn country, nearly to Kinoulton.

Short of Hickling the fox seemed to be nearer lost than anything else, when by an inspired cast, George picked up the line and they proceeded most enjoyably into Sherbrookes. Rather a stop, look and listen afternoon, or should have been if the field had been addicted to such pastimes; one could see by the way the fox had weaved about that he knew little pressure could be brought to bear on him, and hounds hunted every yard of the way over the large grass fields dissected by cut and laid fences as inviting as any in England. Had it been a bit quicker, this long hunt would have come into a high-class. It proved, if further proof were needed now, that Mr. Greenall's good temper and his vocal chords are out of the ordinary.

UNBRIDLED.

"CESS! CESS! BACHELOR, LAP AND LIE DOWN"
The New Forest Buckhounds at feeding time in their kennels at Brockenhurst

A COTTESMORE DIARY

THE past week has, on the whole, been a moderate one, scent being very bad every day, and foxes hard to find on two days.

Monday, November 30th.—Stretton: We did not find in Stretton Pastures or Adder Wood, but a fox from Little Haw Wood was hunted over the railway, where scent failed. Pickworth Wood, not responding, we drew Turnpole, our fox breaking at the top end, and shortly returning to covert, was hunted through the covert and East Wood, and through Tolethorpe Oaks and across to Holywell, where we lost our fox.

Tuesday, December 1st.—Langham: A very large field and one of the worst scenting days of the season. There were a brace in Ranksborough Gorse, hounds hunting one up to Cold Norton Fish Ponds and across almost to America Spinney, where they caught their fox. Orton Park Wood was blank, but we found in Lady Wood, ran through Orton Park Wood and down by Betsys Barn and right-handed to Wilson's Wild Gorse, where we marked our fox to ground.

Finding again in Little Owston, we ran through Big Owston, and out nearly to Martield, where hounds checked on the Somerby Road. Hitting off the line again by Owston Village, we ran down almost to Tilton Station, where scent failed. Big Owston then provided a fox, which ran through Little Owston and out towards Knossington, where hounds were stopped. I regret to say Lady Pole-Carew had a bad fall during the day, fracturing a pelvis. A gallant lady to hounds, we all wish her a speedy and complete recovery.

Thursday, December 3rd.—Edith Weston: A large field out for this side. We had a most disappointing morning, Jebbs Spinney, Hambledon Wood, Gibbett's Gorse, and Lux Hill all failing to produce a fox. A long jog ensued to Cottesmore Gorse which did not hold, but there was a fox in Banow Thorns just close by which, unfortunately, ran into the Gorse Covert and got to ground. We then drew a kale field just over the Ironstone Railway. There were a brace or more of foxes here, and hounds, quickly killing one, hunted another past Barrow Thorns, and leaving Barrow Village on the left, we ran to Market Overton, where we turned left-handed and stopped hounds below Cottesmore Gorse after a nice gallop of 30 minutes.

Saturday, December 5th.—Glaston: The morning looked bad, but the day cleared up and we escaped the wetting, which at one time seemed a certainty. Scent, with a cold wind and snow in the offing, was really bad all day. We did not find in Glaston or Scott's Gorse, though there were plenty of foxes in there last time we drew them. Manton Gorse and Miss Wilson's Gorse did not oblige either, so we went on to Prior's Coppice. Finding here, we left Leigh Lodge on our right and ran on to Jubilee Lodge, where we turned right-handed and ran nicely to Launde Park Wood, 30 minutes. Forcing their fox through here, we ran back to Prior's Coppice via Swinley Lodge, and out again past Swinley Lodge and back to Launde Park Wood and out past College Farm, and marked our fox to ground near Alexton, after a good fox hunt of two hours. As I write we have had a fall of snow, which, let us hope, will improve scent.

FOXY.

A WOODLAND HUNT WITH THE V.W.H. (CRICKLADE)

THE thickly-wooded Thursday country makes no universal appeal to the majority of people who follow the fortunes of the V.W.H. (Cricklade) Hounds. In part, no doubt, this is due to the Braydon mud, which sticks with relentless persistence to horse and man, and also in the memory for ever of those who have galloped through the heavy clay soil. Yet it is a country where actual hound-work is often seen at its best and where one can learn more in a single day of the real art of foxhunting than in a fortnight spent elsewhere. The long chains of woodland and gorse form a part of what was once the Royal Braydon Forest, described in old records as being four miles long, two miles broad, and four score miles from London.

The small field on Thursday, December 3rd, that gathered at Braydon School was still more reduced than usual by the counter-attraction of the second day of the Newbury Autumn Steeplechase meeting.

Those who came "fox-catching," however, were rewarded with a capital, if somewhat gruelling, gallop of two-and-a-half hours. Braydon School, that seat of learning for the children of that sparsely-populated area, is situated at the side entrance to Red Lodge—the old hunting lodge of the Royal Forest. Punctually at eleven o'clock Gilbert brought the bitch pack along, and soon afterwards they were thrown into the lower end of the big wood. To-day when the presence of several foxes in Red Lodge is a foregone conclusion, it is not an easy matter to believe that less than half a century ago Mr. C. A. R. Hoare, M.F.H., actually took the shooting of Red Lodge and the nearby Webb's Wood to ensure that foxes were preserved.

Not more than ten minutes had gone by before a trusty bitch spoke, and soon the whole pack broke into a melodious chorus and, driving their quarry the length of the big wood, held Red Lodge itself—the home of that capital sportsman, Captain Harold Ward—on the left. Turning sharp left-handed, they crossed the Braydon Road into Gospel Oak Wood. The old tree from which the wood takes its name has long since disappeared, yet it

remains an undisputed fact that portions of the Gospel were once read at this spot.

As hounds pushed their fox through the undergrowth, swinging left-handed to Maplesales, it became obvious while scent was by no means bad, it was only sufficient to permit them to carry on with occasional help from the huntsman. But how well they stuck to their task; back over the Braydon Road into the bottom end of Red Lodge again, through the length of the big wood and left-handed towards White Lodge. Close to the house their fox was headed, and here the first serious check occurred.

"See! How they range
Dispers'd how busily this way and that.
They cross, examining with curious nose——"

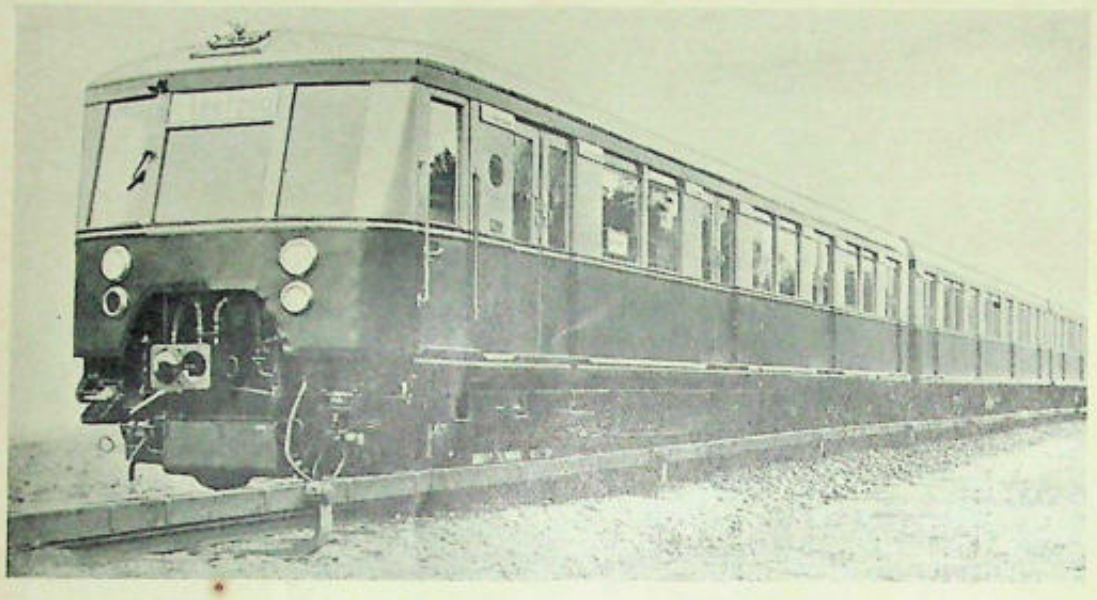
A clever cast back was made and, with the line regained, hounds hunted on prettily with Coxhill in a good hunt after an afternoon fox, hounds being stopped at dark.

Mr. Hamlyn's bottomless covert at Cocknesse as usual provided a fox from its clayey depths who ran out towards St. Edith's, where he was headed on the road and returned to his sanctuary. Meanwhile another had been viewed stealing away towards the Malthouses, and hounds being laid on, he took to the hills over Kesters, turning right-handed to Summeryards and on to Drane Farm, beyond which he ran into forbidden territory and hounds were stopped.

We then returned to the vale, and Romsey Wood maintained the reputation gained the previous week, the fox it held going away in a hurry at the western end, and taking the drag line towards Kemsing. This time, however, the thrusters were not to enjoy their paradise for long. Declining to face the wind, he turned sharply right-handed by the slant of the shadows cast by the westering sun. Recrossing the Heaverham Road, hounds had to hunt slowly for a field or two over stained ground, but working up to their fox in Martin Springs they got on good terms with him, hustling him past Yaldham Manor, to Phen Pond, and over the Ightham Road on to Mr. Glyde's farm. Here hounds were stopped owing to failing light, and the only disappointment of the day lay in the fact that the hour had cheated them of a tired fox they richly deserved.

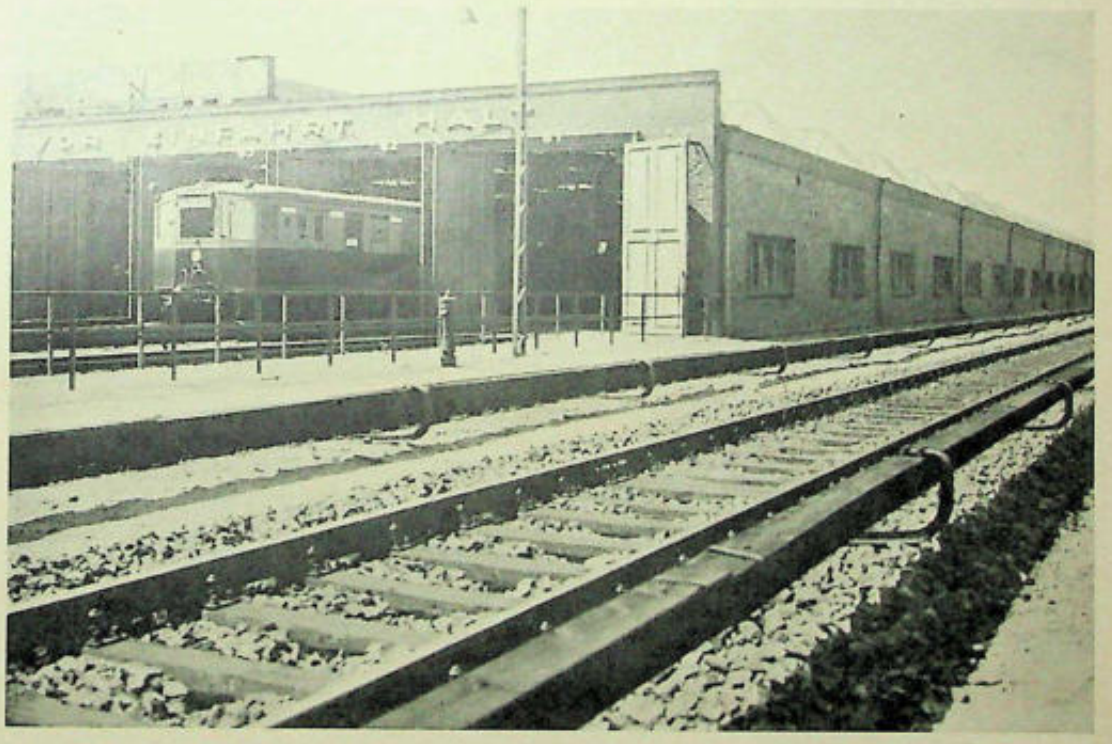
Certain farmers and landowners in this part of the country must soon begin to regard our visitations as a matter of routine. It is curious that the foxes recently have taken to run this line down the valley. Mr. Hamlyn, Mr. Hooker and Mr. Fife are old friends of foxhunting, while Mr. Aitkenhead, a new friend at Lower St. Clere, extends his hospitality, when we leave our card on his fences, in the same spirit of sportsmanship. It is but a small return to see that gates are shut.

HOPLEAF.



THE DEATH RAIL MADE HARMLESS—HOW THEY DO IT IN GERMANY

These two pictures show how the live rail is protected on the German electrical railway systems. There is no danger to man or beast as the contact is made under the guard. With the proposed extension of electrified railways throughout the English countrysides and the evidence we now have of casualties suffered owing to the bare live rail, it is imperative that measures should be taken to adopt a similar form of protection in this country



Photographs by courtesy of German State Railways

on the left back through the Red Lodge coverts. Their pilot decided no longer to dally and, coming away by the lower lodge, crossed the Pavenhill Road and Common Farm as if for Brockhurst. Disdaining the shelter of this stronghold, he turned over Lydiard Plain and then to Flaxlands. A heavy-riding bit of country this. The fences are "big 'uns," and wide ditches yawn on either side. For all their bigness they are not, however, to be compared with the obstacles encountered here less than 100 years ago, when the country, still half wild forest land, was intersected with strips of thorn covert often 20ft. thick, and were only got over or through by barging and pushing, and at the expense of considerable loss of blood from the face and hands.

Hounds were close on Flaxlands when a false holloa was responsible for a short check. The line was picked up on the far side of the wood and carried over Greenhill, past Frith Copse towards Lydiard Plain once more. Turning sharp back, Morris's Copse was held on the right, and after passing Coped Hall, the Wootton Bassett—Purton Road was crossed. Hounds were now working superbly, and some pretty work was seen as they held the line past Midge Hall into Lydiard Park, the ancestral home of Viscount Bolingbroke. Some useful information was now volunteered by a farmer, who told of having seen the hunted fox but four minutes in front of the pack, and properly cooked into the bargain. This was news to cheer the heart of the huntsman, but such are the chances of foxhunting that no fox is beaten until he is dead. And so it proved once more, an open earth depriving hounds of well-deserved blood.

R.

WEST KENT HOUNDS STOPPED AT DUSK

FOR a country in which lack of scent is a proverbial grouse, sport during the last few weeks has been exceptional. Hounds have been running consistently well, and foxes, finding themselves hustled, have proved correspondingly enterprising. On Saturday, after the meet at Kemsing, a varied and enjoyable day's hunting can be chronicled, terminating, for those who remained, Martin Springs, past St. Clere House, crossed the Pilgrim's Road, and went up on to Drane Farm like his predecessor, being eventually given best in the Birches.

A long jog ensued, which brought us to Captain Cronk's kale field, which this time proved blank, despite a prolonged draw in a snow shower. Patch Grove, on Mr. Hooker's land, however, held a fox, who went away to the Willow Beds, only to return whence he came. Hounds were not to be denied, and hustled him round the covert till he broke a second time, running out towards Noah's Ark, where he crossed the railway. (Long may electrification be delayed in this vale!) Hounds hunted determinedly parallel with the line, the drag fences serving the field handily till they reached the bridge. Here the fox crossed the Heaverham Road and made for Cocknesse, round which hounds chivvied him with a clash and clamour till he broke back towards the railway, where he was headed back. This proved fortunate, however, as a second later an express came along. Returning to Cocknesse he was pushed out a second time, and now decided to "go," as go he did, straight down the vale, following right, parallel with the Sheriff Hutton—Terrington Road up to the Bulmer Bret; leaving North Ings Farm on the right, swung left across Dalby Carrs, swinging right, breasted the hill, where there was a momentary check, but his Lordship, on his famous First Venture, put them right at once.

Leaving Flat Top House on the right they crossed the Dalby Road, when the fox was viewed one field ahead, driving on through Scackleton Moor; leaving the village on the right, down through Mill Hill Wood, hounds were stopped with difficulty at Hovingham High Wood after a really good hunt of 50 minutes, during which hounds covered seven-and-a-half miles and made a point of five miles.

After a long jog back to Whenby Thorns another fox was found, but he was a poor substitute for our first gallant one. He refused to go straight for more than one field at a time, and a slow, twisty hunt took place, first to Farlington, then round Cornborough Hall, finally losing him on the Sheriff Hutton—Farlington Road after 40 minutes.

This ended a capital day's sport.

JASON.

THE MIDDLETON'S FIVE-MILE POINT FROM WHENBY THORNS

THERE was a large field at Dalby on November 30th, and they were rewarded by the best hunt of the season up to date. After drawing Stearsby Hag and the Fish Pond blank, a move was made to Mr. Frank's popular covert, Whenby Thorns.

A stout fox went away on the north side, and the dog pack at once settled down to drive ahead as though there was a great scent. This expectation was not disappointed, and after a turn towards Wolfield they swung right to Farlington High Covert; skirting the corner of that covert, they bent left-handed and crossed the Farlington Vale; leaving Cornbrough Hall on the right at a great pace, crossed the Whenby Road. Hounds were now two fields ahead of the leading horsemen. Running with great drive, leaving Cheseflat Farm on the

THE WARWICKSHIRE'S TWO HUNTS FROM LADBROKE

FOR the first time this season the Warwickshire have earned the coveted right to a place in "Best day of the week." Sport has been good here, though scent has not been consistently so; but though the field have enjoyed themselves and a most satisfactory quantity of foxes have been accounted for, no day as yet can be described as really "super"—until last Thursday, December 3rd.

The meet was at Southam, and, of course, the picturesque little market square of the town, which always strikes me as made for the background of a Cecil Aldin picture—was crammed to overflowing with horses, human beings and cars. The Welsh Road Gorse was the first draw, and here hounds found, but did nothing much with the fox, beyond hunting in the direction of Southam; then on to Windmill Hill, where scent failed.

Now came the turn of the celebrated Ladbroke Gorse. Here they found, and were soon away, and ran hard to Radbourn Spinney, pointing towards Marston Doles. The fox was headed at the spinney, but hounds soon hit off the line again for themselves and ran on well to the Welsh Road Gorse. A little time was spent hunting in covert, and then they were away again at the far right-hand corner, and ran on up to the main road leading to Napton, us though for Stockton; but swinging left-handed, ran up to the Welsh Road, to some allotment gardens close to Southam Town, and killed there. This was a four-mile point, and the time was 30 minutes, which, allowing for some minutes spent in the Welsh Road Gorse, goes to show that the pace was good on the whole throughout the gallop.

Ladbroke Gorse will usually stand drawing twice in a morning. It was called on again, and again produced a fox. Hounds went away, but their fox was soon headed more than once, and they had to work for him until they reached the Welsh Road Gorse, into which he did not go but ran the length of the covert between it and the road, then beat right-handed and set his head straight for Stockton, pace improving about here. Arrived at the house of that good sportsman and supporter of fox-hunting, Mr. George Blyth—whose health, alas! does not allow him to ride at present—hounds coursed the fox all round the outside of the house, then crossed the Rugby Road on to the hills, dykes and escarpments of the Stockton Cement Works, where Gillson solved the difficulty of sticking to his hounds over such inappropriate riding ground by dismounting and following them on foot.

They stuck to the line up to the railway, which they ran, and then turned back under the railway bridge which spans the road near Birdingbury Wharf. Here the fox swam the canal and went straight to Broadwell, hounds running at a nice holding pace. They left Broadwell Gorse one field on the right, and ran over Montgomery's Rough Field, on to a farm near Sawbridge, where the fox ran into a barn whence he was driven forth by the owner, and ran a hedgerow into Sawbridge Covert, where he got to ground.

The time, up to the cement works, was given as 25 minutes, and the point as four miles. On from Birdingbury Wharf to Sawbridge is said to be another four miles, and the time of the whole hunt was an hour and a quarter. There is a difference of opinion, I believe, as to whether hounds changed foxes at the Stockton Works, but it seems quite possible that they ran the same fox all the way. The dog pack had the honour of this day, and eighteen-and-a-half couples took the field.

PATIENCE.

THE CATTISTOCK'S FIVE-AND-A-HALF MILE POINT

IF one follows the main arterial road which runs from Salisbury to Exeter, one passes through, after leaving Dorchester, a lovely bit of hunting country which lies to the west of the road, toward the sea. At the highest point between Dorchester and Bridport, on the hill above Askerswell village, is Asker's Road House, where the passing tourist can rest and find comfort and a bite to eat. Here, on Friday, December 4th, came the Cattistock hounds, at the invitation of Mr. Maitland, the genial host of this establishment. It was a bright day, much too pleasant, I thought, for good hunting conditions; but it was a delightful day to ride about, and a large field followed hounds when they moved off to draw the Coombe Gullies in the valley below.

We found our first fox in Hodder's, but so soon was he able to lose his pursuers that I feared that my prophecy of an uneventful day would come true. We drew along for a half or three-quarters of an hour without finding again, and then, just as I was chatting with a farmer, who assured me, with the true Dorsetshire desire to be helpful, that he had seen a fox "one day last week," out of the covert, not 30yds. from where I stood, came "Mr. Charles," slipping noiselessly across the lane and then settling down to really run, as he heard the "holloa" behind him. The first ten minutes, over the open to the thick gorses below Hamilton Hill, were fast enough, and made me hope that this fox, perhaps, might carry a better scent; but once he reached the gorses, scent seemed to fail again, and it was at least fifteen minutes before hounds were able to force him out of his sanctuary. But when he did break he set out for Catholes with a determination that somehow gave me the feeling that we were in for a good hunt.

I knew that the country was well stopped and that if scent was good he would have to run; I think that fox knew it, too, for he did not pause at Catholes, but ran on towards Bredy Farm, turning square left-handed and setting his mask up the Litton Vale, with hounds behind him driving on at a pace that gave little time to those who were left behind to get up. A mile short of Berwick Copse hounds divided, 6½ couple going straight up the vale, and the body bearing to the left through the Brickyard covert.

Luckily I had seen my hunted fox turn and knew that they were right, so we swung with them, as they crossed the open fields and skirting the covert, drove on past "Isle of Wight," and through Berwick Copse, where they were joined by the "independents," which had luckily been stopped in time to get them up. Beyond Berwick Copse they checked again, but Waitress hit it off left-handed and away they went down the Litton Vale, never faltering as they raced past Hodder's and Litton Cheney in the valley below them. As we crossed the Litton Cheney road we caught sight of our fox heading for Stonewall Gorse, and Mrs. Symes, who was on the hill above, told me that he looked pretty tired as he crossed the stubble. He left Stonewall Gorse on his left and as he ran past Shells, without even trying the main earths—which I knew were open—I felt sure that he was out of his own country and did not know where he was; and so it proved, for hounds raced him over the Kingston Russell downs and almost to Bridehead without faltering, and always ahead of me I could see my first whipper-in, Jack Hewlett, with his cap in the air.

A quarter of a mile short of Bridehead covert the cry stopped and hounds swung back towards the gorses. Beyond them Jack was signalling to me that our quarry had turned. Hounds swung with him and then I heard old Burglar speak, and an instand later a very beaten fox broke out of the gorse, only to be rolled over 100yds. beyond. It had been a really nice hunt over a beautiful line of country, and the going all that could be desired; with hounds in sight all the time during the hour which it had taken to cover the ground; a five-and-a-half mile point and about nine as hounds ran, in just three minutes under the hour.

The Cattistock ended a very good week of sport with a hunt from North Perrott that will be hard to equal this season from a hound-man's point of view. There may be plenty of faster runs, there will undoubtedly be longer points, but the hound work on Saturday was outstanding, and the handling of hounds during the hunt a great credit to Holland, who was hunting them. At half-past one, however, a fox was holloaed away from East Lees Plantation which, thanks to the generosity of our hon. secretary, Captain Pass, is now kept quiet throughout the year, and hounds getting well away settled to the line and forced their pilot through Matravers' and on towards the Gifford Farm at a rattling good pace. Mr. Gifford holloaed this customer over the railway line, and hounds raced him into the Holts, which made it very difficult to stay with them. I was not out myself that day, but I had the story from Major Hayward who saw it all, and also from Holland, who was hunting hounds. Many of the field, in fact two-thirds of them, never saw hounds after they went into the Holts, but the little group who did tell me it was one of the best hunts for many a year. The story runs as follows.

Hounds ran through the Holts and over the road to Western Gullies, where their fox, finding himself

(*Continued in column* 3, *page* 1487)

IN THE GRASS COUNTRIES

Followers of the Quorn going on to their second draw

A FRENCH OWNER'S VIEW OF THE ENGLISH TURF

M. Boussac's Plea for More International Races

ACCORDING to his own statement, the speech which M. Marcel Boussac made at the Gimcrack Club dinner at York last week in reply to the time-honoured toast of "The Winner of the Gimcrack Stakes" was the first he had ever made in public. Yet his remarks, delivered in the French tongue, revealed a wealth of philosophy and keen insight to the inner meaning of racing.

Does not the Turf, as he pointed out, teach us to judge fairly and to lose well, and further to realise the uselessness of regrets? Who among us is not the better for the honest enthusiasm of strife and victory, finely referred to by the owner of Goya II and many other good horses? And who shall doubt the sincerity of M. Boussac when he remarked on the example set by the Jockey Club since its foundation in the rules of honour, probity and straightforwardness?

As a prominent French owner who has raced in this country for many years, he was looked to for suggestions by which our racing methods might possibly be improved. Apparently M. Boussac is well satisfied with the general conditions of the Turf in this country, though he made a strong plea for more races of an international character. He would like, for example, to see a big international race at Ascot over the classic distance of a mile and a half, to serve as a counterpart of the Ascot Gold Cup of two miles and a half.

AT THE GIMCRACK DINNER

M. Marcel Boussac, who replied to the toast "The Winner of the Gimcrack Stakes," proposed by Lord Feversham, and Lieutenant-Colonel Brock

This, he suggests, should be a weight-for-age affair with entries closing only two or three months beforehand. He believes that such a race would attract the classic winners of other countries to compete against the classic winners of England.

We do not wish to throw cold water on the scheme, but it is clear that the question of the dates of running would be a drawback to it. For example, the Prix du Jockey Club, the French equivalent of the Derby, was run this year on June 14th, and the Ascot meeting was begun only two days later. In these circumstances it would be foolish to expect the winner of the French Derby to be sent across the Channel to run at the Royal meeting in the same week, especially as the Grand Prix de Paris a little later would be a strong counter-attraction.

We are convinced that a new mile-and-a-half race at Ascot would not be a success from the international point of view. But there are plenty of other races at Ascot in which French owners can run the best of their stock, as M. Boussac himself realised last summer when winning the Hardwicke Stakes with his great mare Corrida. There are great possibilities for this owner's other suggestion, that another international race should be established at the Newmarket Second October Meeting on the lines of the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe.

M. Boussac had a clear vision of what may happen in the future when he spoke of the transport of racehorses by aeroplane from one country to another. When the air service reaches this stage of perfection aerial horse-boxes may become a matter of general use, and this would go far towards solving the difficulties of establishing a new international race at Ascot.

Lord Astor need be in no way perturbed because his colt Early School, although undefeated, has not been placed at the head of the Free Handicap for two-year-olds. The son of Felstead's chance of winning the Derby is not belittled by the fact that Foray has been reckoned 1lb. in front of him. Compilers of the handicap for this race at the Newmarket Craven Meeting have to allow for its distance, and as this is merely seven furlongs they are obliged to give preference to the brilliant sprinters rather than to colts and fillies who promise from their breeding and characteristics to make genuine stayers.

Time after time the Free Handicap has been headed by a colt or filly who was subsequently found to be completely incapable of staying the mile-and-a-half at Epsom or on any other course. That the leadership of this handicap is not a stepping-stone to success in the Derby is plainly evidenced by the records of the past. As a fact, only one horse who stood at the head of the compilation during the past ten seasons went on to win the Derby, that being the unbeaten Bahram. Early School's weight is exactly the same as that allotted to Mahmoud twelve months previously, and perhaps Lord Astor will accept this as a happy augury.

It will be of interest to recall the fate of some of the leaders of the Free Handicap during the past decade. The melancholy case of Bala Hissar is fresh in memory. In 1933 nobody could quarrel with the official view that Colombo was the best of the two-year-olds. Only a few, perhaps only his trainer, could have foreseen the vast improvement in store for Windsor Lad, who was no higher than 8st. 3lb. in the Free Handicap.

A year before the non-staying Myrobella was given pride of place, Hyperion being handicapped at 9st., which put him 7lb. below the National Stud filly. In 1931, Orwell and Mannamead were bracketed as equal champions. The latter colt did not run at Epsom and Orwell was a badly beaten favourite, success resting in the Derby with April the Fifth, for whom no place had naturally been found in the Free Handicap, seeing that he had been unplaced in each of his two-year-old outings.

Much the same result followed the handicap of 1930, which was jointly headed by Jacopo and Portlaw. Cameronian had been out but once that season, and it follows that the compiler of the weights did not include him in his calculations. Diolite, the leader of the Free Handicap in the preceding year, won the Guineas, but in the Derby he was only third to Blenheim, who had stood 7lb. below him in the official estimate of the two-year-olds.

The season of 1928 was among those in which a filly has been placed on top. Tiffin received the honour that year. The following Derby was won by Trigo, a colt who did not appear in the Free Handicap for the simple reason that his two-year-old activities were confined to Ireland. The handicapper found himself in something of a quandary in 1927, the last season in which the policy of making 9st. the maximum weight was followed. Fairway, The Hermit II and Buland were selected to share the distinction of being top weight. Excepting for his lapse in the Derby, the first named can be held to have justified his choice; but the Epsom race was again won by a colt who, outside the stable in which he was trained, had never been considered in connection with the premier prize of racing—Felstead.

In the previous year The Satrap, who has lately returned to England after some years at the American stud, was at the head of the Free Handicap, but Call Boy, at 8st. 9lb. in that compilation, was the Derby winner. The results of the ten seasons with which we have dealt are sufficient to show that the chief classic winner does not necessarily come from among the colts who hold the highest reputations as two-year-olds. It may even be that the next Derby winner, like April the Fifth and Felstead at the corresponding stages of their careers, is still a maiden.

The Free Handicap for three-year-olds, also published last week, can be taken as a compliment to Mahmoud. Despite his failure in the St. Leger, Mr. Arthur Fawcett deems him worthy by reasons of his performance in the Derby to rank at the head of the handicap. Taj Ajbar, second to him at Epsom, remains in training, the Aga Khan having rescinded his decision to send this son of Fairway to the stud in the coming season.

BEST DAYS WITH HOUNDS

(*Continued from page* 1486)

unable to beat his pursuers, swung right-handed across the Toller Down Road, and sinking the hill below Cheddington made for Banks's. He was too hard pressed to try the earths there, however, and driving on, hounds forced him through the edge of Little Fir Tree covert, and on over the road past Cox's Gorse, where they swung left-handed across the road again to Erles Farm, near Corscombe Gullies. Holland told me that he was very much afraid that his fox would get in somewhere there, but hounds were forcing him pretty hard, and he kept on. Hounds, however, checked here and were unable to hit off the line again, but Major Hayward told me that Holland picked them up and, making a long forward cast towards Benville Manor, went away from the Milking Barn Covert, with a good line again. Running on by Crocky Moor, they forced their fox through Clarke's Gorse, and went away over the open on the far side at an increased pace, and here several of the field whose horses had had enough were forced to pull up and watch them driving on for Pen Wood.

When foxes get to Pen Wood in the Cattistock Saturday country, we are all apt to pull up and bid them "good afternoon," and Holland told me that when his hounds ran into Pen Wood on Saturday he despaired of ever handling his fox. But for once luck, or perhaps I had better call it scent, was with him, and a mile beyond he saw his fox break from the covert with hounds close at his brush. Near the Oxenbury Farm they killed him, bowled him over in fine style, after a hunt which lasted 2 hours and 35 minutes. I have measured the point on the map carefully, and though I cannot make the point over five miles, I think I am not exaggerating when I estimate that hounds ran more than three times that distance during this excellent day's sport.

LINCOLN.

A RED-LETTER DAY WITH THE NORTH COTSWOLD

THE morning of December 3rd broke dry and fine, while an anxious tap on the barometer showed it to be rock steady—neither too high nor too low. A fresh westerly wind blew, sufficient to encourage a fox to travel down-wind, although, as later events bore out, "Charles James" made little bones of turning whichever way the spirit or the urgency of the occasion demanded. Punctually at eleven o'clock the Master arrived at Quinton with the bitch pack looking in tip-top condition and as hard as nails.

The impatient field had not long to wait before a fox was away from Hiatt's Thorns. The pace was a cracker from the "off," as the fox set his mask for the vale and Mickleton, surrounded by its deep set orchards.

The quickly scattered field, with here and there an empty saddle, told its own tale of the pace at which hounds were travelling. Short of Mickleton itself their pilot turned, and with Long Marston held on the left, Sheepleys was gained.

The boundary road dividing the North Cotswold and Warwickshire Hunts loomed into sight, the fox slipping over without meeting any interference. The pace had told, however, and, as it always will be with a rapidly tiring fox, scent became less and less, and the bitches found an increasingly puzzling task.

And at Grimscote Downs defeat came after a gruelling 90 minutes with a point close on five miles, and with at least twelve miles of country covered from start to finish. More was to follow from Welshman's.

Hounds came away from the wood as if tied to the brush of their fox, and only the boldest and the most fortunate rider could hope to live with them. Close to Dorsington the fox was viewed—tired, and brush dragging in the mud, and the end came in the open after a first-class gallop of 57 minutes.

J. R.

THIS WEEK'S WISDOM

"Rome wasn't built in a day—Constantinople nouther."—JOHN JORROCKS.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE EIGER

Mistaken Ideas of Glory in Mountaineering Which Lead to Disaster

By C. F. MEADE

ONE of the most deplorable of Alpine accidents which have occurred this year was the disaster which befel the climbers who attempted to ascend the north face of the Eiger. It ranked as such if only on account of the infatuated rashness of the young men who laid down their lives so needlessly in carrying out this desperate enterprise. The story of the persistent attempts at rescue made by heroic guides deserves telling.

The four assailants of the Eiger left the Kleine Scheidegg on Saturday, July 18th. Two were Austrian and two Bavarian. One of the latter had already had a fall of 120ft. during a preliminary reconnaissance in which he owed his immunity merely to chance and to the excellence of his rope. [The party were competing for the Olympic medal awarded for the most important feat of climbing during the year.]

On the first day, a Saturday, they made rapid progress in spite of the bad weather, which caused streams of snow and water to flow down the face. They succeeded in circumventing the formidable cliff named the Rote Fluh, which was overhanging, glazed with ice and swept with falling stones. They passed the night at a height of about 10,500ft.

Next day, Sunday, during a momentary break in the bad weather, they were observed through telescopes from Grindelwald ascending an ice-slope and securing themselves to a *piton* (a ringed metal peg hammered into the rock). On Monday, also, they were observed, at first advancing and subsequently descending. They had reached a height of nearly 11,000ft. before turning back. It was almost identically the point reached by the two Germans who perished in the attempt of 1935. Again, on Tuesday, the fourth day of the fatal journey, they were seen halted, one of them apparently with a head wound. They were attempting unsuccessfully to return by reascending the rocks which they had descended with the help of *pitons* when circumventing the Rote Fluh.

Meanwhile a railway ganger had heard their cries for help and seen them through an opening in the wall of the tunnel of the Jungfraujoch Railway that ascends inside the Eiger. He gave the alarm, and four guides arrived by special train—Adolf and Christian Rubi, Hans Schlunegger and Arnold Glatthard—all men in the very front rank of their profession. The four of them at once climbed out through the opening in the wall of the tunnel, and began the desperate task of traversing the face of the precipice to get to the four climbers.

As the latter found it impossible to climb up the rocks that they had descended at the Rote Fluh on their way up, the only alternative was to fix a rope and swarm straight down it over the overhanging precipice. The first man attempted to do this, but found that there was not enough rope for the purpose, so the second man, above him, had to take off the rope in order to pay out more of it. In doing this he slipped and fell into the terrible depths of the precipice overlooking Grindelwald.

Some loose coils of the rope, dislodged by his fall, lashed themselves like a whip round the second man and instantly strangled him, at the same time hurling the third man against the rock and mortally injuring him. A youth called Kurz was the sole survivor, and shouted down to the guides that he was now alone, linked to two dead companions, and with one arm useless from frostbite. Volleys of stones and masses of snow raked the precipice repeatedly. Glatthard narrowly escaped destruction, and the guides crept on towards the precipice to which Kurz was clinging, but now night came on, and they were obliged to retreat, Kurz declaring that he could not hold out for another day.

On Wednesday, the fifth day, the guides recommenced the struggle, but it had become evident that Kurz was too far up for them to reach, so he was asked to try to use his axe to free himself from the rope linking him to the dead body nearest to him. With incredible fortitude and perseverance he eventually succeeded, and the body narrowly missed sweeping the guides down with it in its flight into the abyss. Then three terrible hours passed while the crippled Kurz heroically contrived to knot the ends of the rope and lower it to the guides so that he could draw up *pitons* and implements which he could fix so as to enable the guides to lower him from below on a sort of pulley.

Kurz's will power and courage seemed inexhaustible. At one moment a snow avalanche swept over the whole party, and later a huge stone narrowly missed striking Schlunegger. Yet now success seemed almost within reach, for Glatthard, standing on Rubi's head and held against the precipice by Rubi's arms, could almost touch Kurz's feet with the tip of an axe. It was at this moment that the culminating disaster supervened: the knots tied by Kurz in the rope jammed in the ring that he had fixed higher up the mountain so that the unfortunate man was caught in a trap and was unable to lower himself any further. His indomitable courage and that of the guides could no longer avail, but his sufferings were at length at an end, for in making the final effort his strength gave out, and he breathed his last at half-past eleven in the morning of the fifth day.

Now that the last victim had succumbed, the guides returned by the same perilous way, and a rescue party of the dead climbers' comrades took over the dangerous and terrible work of cutting the bodies loose and dropping them down the remainder of the precipice. It is significant of the difference in skill that it took these devoted men four hours to negotiate the traverse that the guides had negotiated in 45 minutes.

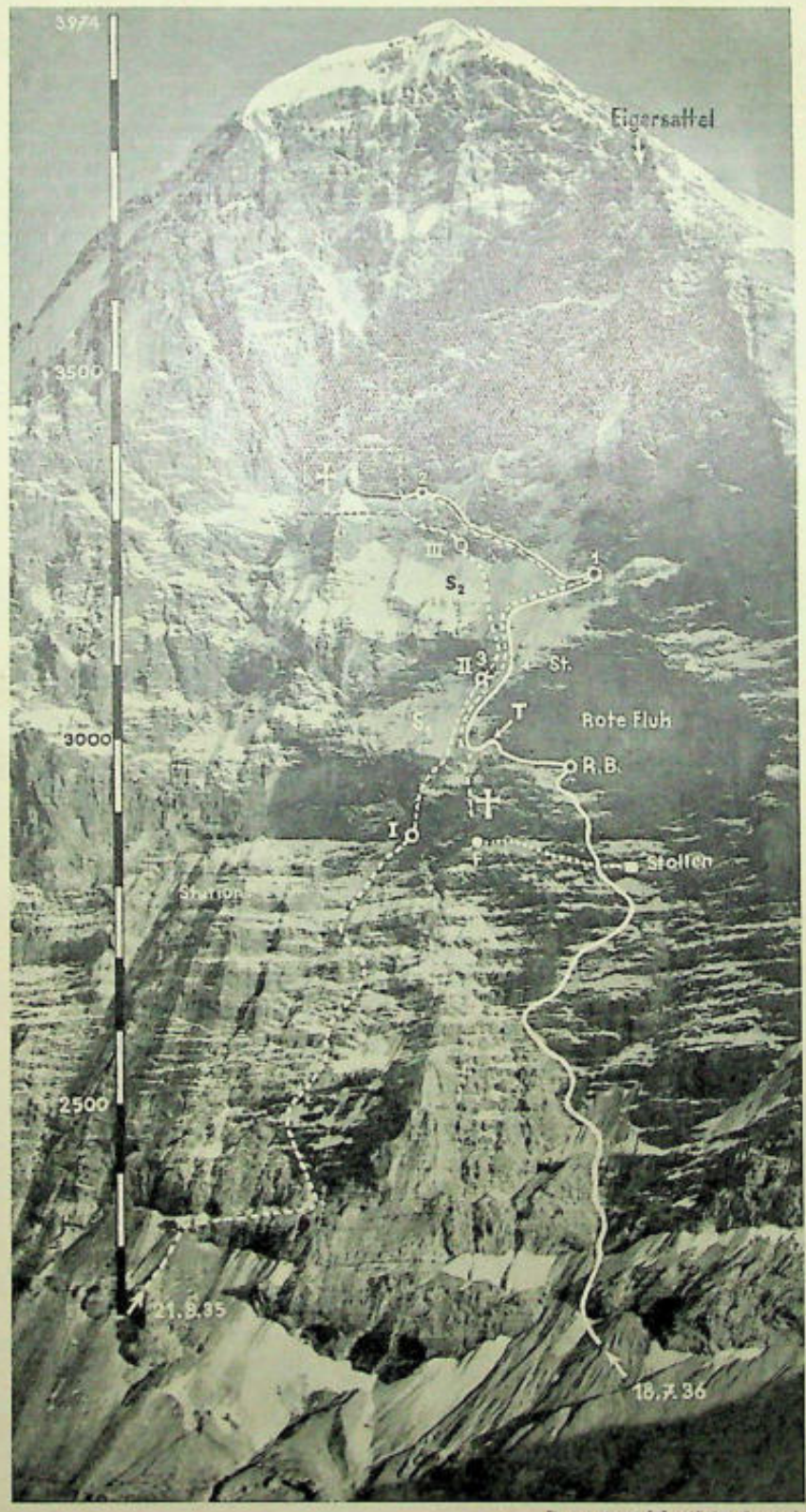
There are many criticisms of such an ascent as this that occur inevitably to mountaineers. Such a route up the north face might conceivably be successfully completed; nevertheless, the most consummate skill, strength and endurance can avail nothing without luck. In fact, pure luck is essential to prevent stones and avalanches from hitting the climbers when they are slowly and laboriously grappling with constant difficulties and are helplessly spreadeagled on the face of the precipice. Persistent luck, too, is necessary to ensure four or five days of continuous fine weather. In this case, even at the outset of the enterprise, the weather appears to have been bad.

Probably these exploits of young men inspired by an ambition to earn an Olympic medal, or with a mistaken idea of winning glory for their country, could be appreciably discouraged by a word from the leaders of the countries they come from, leaders whose approval they are eager to secure. In this particular case the commanding officer of one of the young men had telegraphed to forbid his taking part in the expedition, but, unfortunately, the prohibition arrived too late for the party had already started.

Certainly in such an expedition the prolonged siege operations with engineering tools and methods that may be applicable in the Eastern Alps are far too hazardous to be practicable in the greater altitudes characteristic of the Western and Central Alps. Moreover, it is not possible, in addition to the necessary engineering tools and ropes, to carry adequate food or clothing for a climb lasting day after day high up on a really big peak. The Bernese Oberland, too, is a different proposition from the Dolomites or the Kaisergebirge, and in the higher Alps a shower can instantaneously change gloves, ropes, rocks and clothing into paralysing ice.

The Swiss Federal Government are trying the remedy of forbidding this particular ascent, and it has even been suggested that climbers who may be contemplating exploits of a similar kind should bring their own rescue parties with them. The latter remedy, however, would not solve the problem of who is to rescue the rescue parties.

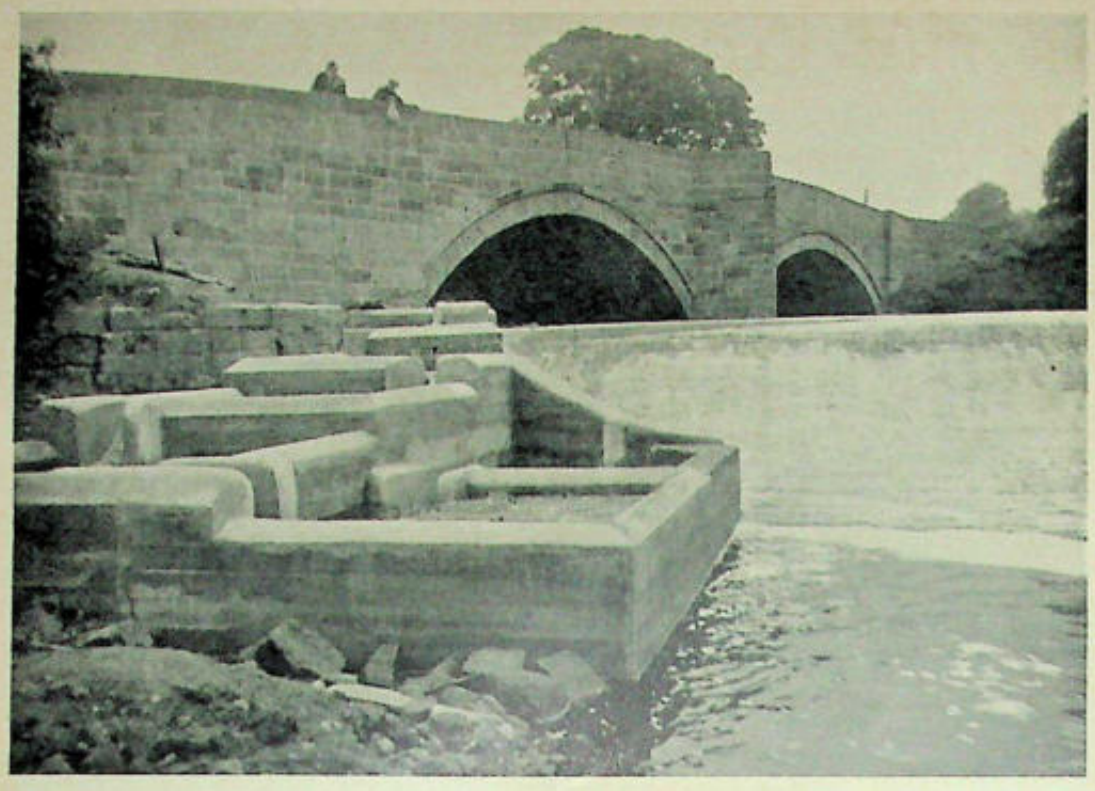
[For the details of this deplorable affair and the account of Alpine misfortunes of the year which appeared in the *Field* of October 31st, I am indebted to the Editor of the *Alpine Journal*.]



By courtesy of the Alpine Journal

NORTH FACE OF THE EIGER

-------- *Line taken in* 1935, *also line of descent in* 1936. ———— *Line of ascent in* 1936. ..... *Track of guides' rescue party.* Stollen, *exit shaft to tunnel where guides emerged.* T, *Dangerous traverse which the retreating party in* 1936 *were unable to ascend.* St, *Steps cut.* R.B. *reconnoitring bivouac.* S1 *and* S2, *Steep snow patches ascended.* †, *Places where fatalities occurred in* 1935 *and* 1936. *Nos. I to III, bivouacs in* 1935. *Nos.* 1 *to* 3, *bivouacs in* 1936. *Gallery of railway station just above word* Station. F, *place where Kurz died. The scale is in metres*



BRIDGE AND FISH PASS AT GARSTANG
Showing the weir and the entrance for fish into the pass

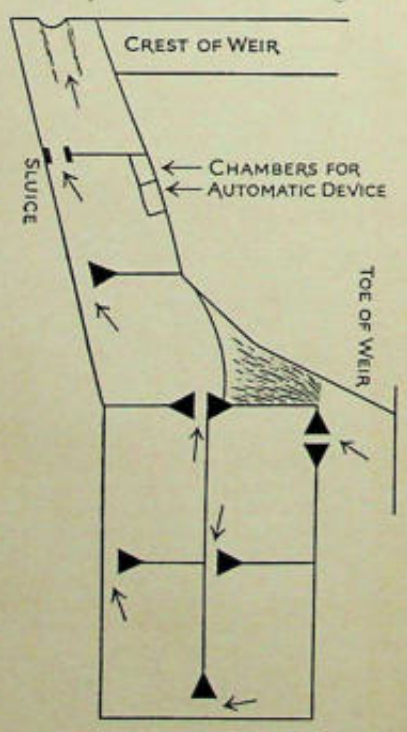
A NEW SALMON LADDER

How the Old Pass at Garstang has been Replaced

By G. D. McDOUGALL

IT has recently been found necessary to replace the old wooden fish pass which for many years did service of a kind in facilitating the passage of migratory fish over Garstang weir to the upper reaches of the Wyre. That fish pass was superimposed on the weir structure and was in consequence cramped, narrow, and therefore difficult for fish to pass through, each pool having a slanting bottom with little or no provision for fish to rest.

The flow of water into the old pass was limited to that which flowed over the crest of the weir, as no notch was provided therein owing to the fear



SKETCH PLAN OF THE PASS

of lessening the head of water for milling purposes. Consequently only when the river was in high spate was the influence of the stream through the pass felt by the fish in the pool below, where they had often to remain for many weeks until a flood large enough came down and enabled them to pass through the series of boxes. The entry, too, was very unsatisfactory. In medium-sized spates the fish had to jump to gain access to the first pool on their upwards journey, and very often missed the notch and landed on the weir apron outside the pass.

Garstang weir adjoins a bridge which spans the Wyre (on the main road leading from Garstang to Preston) on the one side and a corn mill on the other. The practicability of having a fish pass built into the weir structure being ruled out, and the equal impracticability, owing to the proximity of the bridge, of constructing some of the pools into the dam or pool above (this was very successfully done in the construction of the Roeburn fish pass, where all the pools with the exception of the lower one are built into the bank above the weir), recourse was had to the only additional available space near the toe of the weir.

The Lune Board of Conservators retained Mr. Thomas Rook to design the new pass. There are seven pools, each having an average depth of 3ft., the four lower being 10ft. in length and 8ft. in width. The three on the weir face are made on similarly generous lines. The material used in the construction of the pass is reinforced concrete with stone paving. The thickness of the walls at the points where the notches or lips leading into the pass from the pool below the weir, and also into each successive pool in the pass, is approximately 3ft. This extra thickness allows for a skilfully designed lead which reduces white water to a minimum.

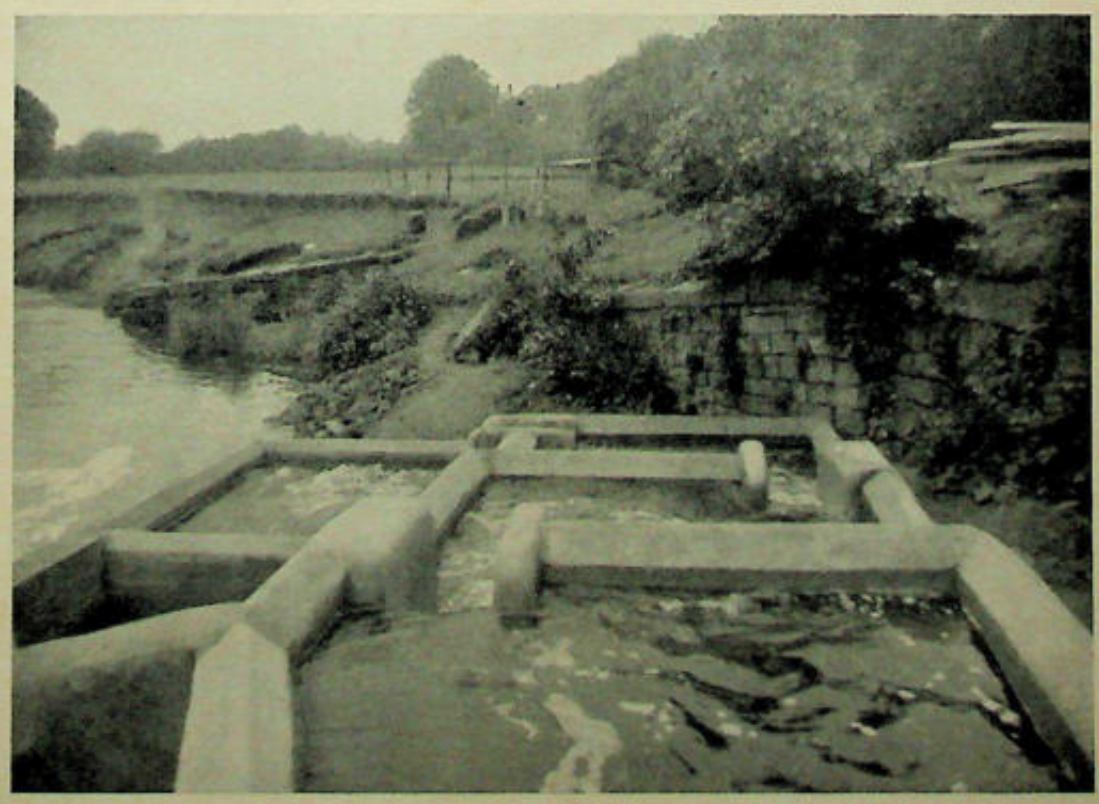
The water as it flows through each successive lead into the pools below pushes its way under the level and does not fall on the surface. There may be a very slight white curl or ripple showing but this is almost negligible; in short, there is an ample depth of green water for the fish to swim through. It will therefore be noted that fish have to travel 3ft. in negotiating a height of 1ft. 3in. between each pool. The leads are fluted in shape and do not run in a true "line-level" from top to bottom, but are ingeniously shaped so that fish can get all the necessary purchase in propelling themselves from one pool to another.

The entry to the first pool for ascending fish is within a few feet of the toe of the weir. After entering this pool they face down-river to reach the second pool, then to the third, where they turn their heads up-river again, and so on up as shown by the sketch which is only given to convey a rough idea of the plan.

By arrangement with the owner of the mill a semi-circular channel was cut through the crest of the weir, taking the place of the level inflow of the old pass. This channel is 9in. deep and has a generous width and extends through for some 5ft. or so. At No. 7 lip a sluice gate or clough is fitted; this is worked by hand—a chain with weight attached in connection with a pulley keeps the clough open when the mill is not working or making use of the water. During spates the clough is fully open as there is at such times ample water and some to spare for all purposes. The clough is, of course, shut during milling hours, when there is any fear of lessening the head of water required by the wheel.

It will be noted that by this fortunate arrangement a good volume of water through the pass is provided and gives the new construction an attraction to travelling fish which could not and never did exist in the old.

In pool No. 7, that is the one next the crest of the weir, the outer wall is made at a height which allows surplus water to spill over the side and on to the weir, lessening to some extent the possibility of flooding, but the latter is unavoidable when an abnormal flood comes down. Reference should be made to two chambers or compartments which are provided and are reserved for an automatic operating device in connection with the clough if it is found expedient to adopt it. So far operation by hand has been satisfactory. These provisional compartments for the automatic opening and



AN EASY ASCENT FOR SALMON
The new ladder on the Wyre from the bridge

closing of the clough will be noted on the outer side of pool No. 6. Another thoughtful provision is a ledge extending alongside pools Nos. 6 and 7, which to some extent shelters fish and prevents their being frightened when passing through these two pools which are directly under the road wall and commencement of the bridge—a favourite place for sightseers.

FLY TYING

II.—Winging an Artificial Fly

AN artificial fly does not always require wings, even if it is to be used on the surface to represent the dun or spinner stage of the natural insect. The disadvantage of wings is that it is difficult to make sure that the fly "cocks" properly—*i.e.*, that it stands upright on the water and does not fall over with one wing touching the surface. It is probable that a good half of the flies "refused" by a trout in dry-fly fishing are disregarded simply because the fly is not properly cocked—that its body is dragging in the water or that it is lying on its side—so that the deception is apparent to the fish. Hence many men prefer to use hackle flies only, since it is almost impossible to be sure that a winged fly is cocked; a hackle fly looks much the same whichever way it floats.

Wings are made from a small section of feather—the wing feathers of a starling, for example. For making the wings both a "right-hand" and a "left hand" feather is required. Cut each feather in two pieces longitudinally by slitting the midrib with a penknife, leaving a small slither of quill on each. The larger side of the feather is the best for wing making (see Fig. 4). Divide a section of the fibres of suitable width and snip through the quill with a pair of scissors. You have thus two small sections of feather each with a slither of quill at its base. Lay them on top of one another, the underside of the feathers facing.

To tie in the wings pick up these slips of feather between the finger and thumb of the left hand and, parting the quilled ends with the blade of a penknife, slip them over the hook, one on each side of it, as shown in Fig. 4, and hold them there with the finger and thumb. Now take hold of the tying silk, slip it under the forefinger of the hand holding the hook, and bring it down under the thumb, leaving a loop. This is also shown in Fig. 4, though the finger and thumb holding the hook are omitted. Now pull down on the silk until it is tight, and take a couple of extra turns close in front of the wings to secure them. The object of this loop is to prevent the wings slipping round on the bare hook which they will almost inevitably do if you try to bind them on direct.

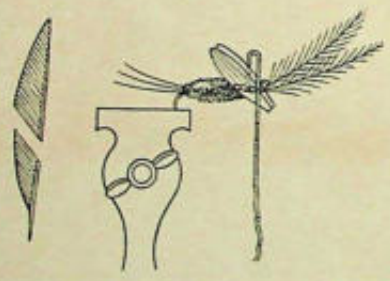


FIG. 4

Next take a couple of turns behind the wings, but if you are tying a dry fly the wings must first be pulled upright and the turn taken very close behind them to hold them up; after which a couple of turns should be made diagonally between the wings—each way—to hold them apart and produce the shuttlecock effect which helps to make the fly cock properly. After the wings are secure, trim off the quill ends and then wind in the hackles, one behind and the other in front of the wings, and finish off with the whip finish as before. The wings here described are single wings, but double wings are stronger and do not fray out so readily. If double wings are desired four pieces of feather (two right hand, two left hand) must be cut, each pair being laid back to back as before and then one pair laid on the other; the tying-in is exactly the same.

The body of the fly illustrated is made of fur, and this, it may be remembered, is spun on to the tying silk, which is then whipped round the shank of the hook; but most bodies have to be tied in separately. A "quill" body, for example, is made from a single strand of a large feather. This consists of a single strip of quill with fluff along both edges, having a long edge and a short edge, just as the wing feathers have a wide and narrow edge to them. It is tied in at the same time as the whisks; the tying silk is then run forwards in wide spirals along the hook and the quill wound in close spirals the opposite hand to the silk (*i.e.*, it is wound clockwise when looking from the eyed end, like the hackles) and tied in with a few turns when sufficient length of body has been made. As a rule, the fluff is first removed with the thumbnail or the back of a knife, but sometimes a more effective body can be made by leaving one edge on. A macaw quill, for example, gives a very effective blue and yellow body if worked in this way.

FIG. 5

Other materials, and they are endless, are usually tied in in the same way—floss silk, peacock herl (quill from the tail feather with the fluff left on), gut, wool and a dozen more. Flies can be built with a slender abdomen, such as quill, and a hairy thorax close to the wings. There are plenty of variations which can be used in getting an impressionist likeness to a natural insect, but the same general principles of dressing can be made to apply.

Ribbing (of flat gold, gold or silver twist, or other materials), mentioned earlier, is simply an open spiral ribbing put on the top of the body. It has the effect of imitating the segmentation of the body of the natural fly, and is tied in with the whisks and wound on and fastened in the same way as the body. Fig. 5 shows the completed fly.

H. D. TURING.

FLICKING A FLY UNDER THE BUSHES ON AN EXMOOR STREAM

QUILL HACKLES

Their Use on Moorland Streams

EIGHT years ago I started experimenting with various patterns of hackle flies, for use on West Country streams. The river I fished most happened to have a great deal of deep, quiet, overgrown water, where casting was impossible. Thus there was at hand an easy means of trying out my flies, by dapping for the good fish, which haunted the still, clear pools amid trees and bushes. I argued that a fly which would pass muster, when offered on tranquil, crystal-clear water, should prove equally killing on riffles and runs.

The blue upright has a widespread fame as a deadly fly in Devon, so I devoted most of my efforts to the evolution of a satisfactory tying for this dun hackle. It soon became apparent that certain characteristics were eminently desirable. The hook had to be small and fine in the wire. After trying several patterns, I found the balance of advantage to remain with a "model perfect," having a tapered shank and small turn-down eye. These little hooks are so very fine in the wire that they are apt to break occasionally, if the point chances to meet a hard part of the jaw, and so does not go properly home.

It soon became patent that the average shop-tied blue uprights are much overdressed; also that the fibres, instead of slanting aft, should stand well up at right angles to the body. This is easily managed by giving a few turns of silk behind and hard up against the roots of the hackle. Experience also showed the immense importance of the quill body. The turns of the quill should be perfectly even, and and as it is the belly which the trout see, the hook should be turned with the point upwards in the vice, so that one can make sure of getting the spirals quite even underneath.

Another desirable feature is to make the quill body somewhat fat, tapering from the centre towards the tail. The whisks should cock up nicely, so that there is no chance of one of the fibres getting hitched under the bend of the hook. It is scarcely necessary to stress the importance of using stiff little natural hackles, which stand out in lively fashion, and do not become limp and water logged.

The preference of educated trout for diminutive flies is a real difficulty, for with 000 hooks a large proportion of fish get off. I have been frequently compelled to use these minute sizes, finding that the trout at certain times persistently rise short at larger patterns. Often after a fly hackled at the head only has been declined, one exactly similar, except that the hackle is carried palmer-wise halfway down the body, has been taken greedily. To keep the turns of the quill absolutely firm, the body should receive a coat of celluloid varnish before the hackle is tied on. An attractive fly can be made by using two hackles tandem, with fibres of different length, the shorter hackle being behind, and close up against the longer.

Having worked out the most successful pattern of blue upright for dapping on still pools, the next thing was to try it for ordinary casting. As in this fishing the fly is cast either on a ruffled pool or a run, it may be tied a size or two larger, and patterns evolved on the above principles proved to kill very well indeed. Winged patterns were also thoroughly tested, but seemed to have no advantages over hackles, whether fished wet or dry. A curious point came out in dapping, viz., that the fly is taken best when the lower hackles are below the surface film, while the body and upper hackles are above it. Totally submerged flies were seldom taken in still water.

The normal shade of a blue upright is a sort of rusty slate. The tint may be varied widely, paler or darker according to the light, day and water. Dark-blue hackles can be altered to a much better colour by soaking in peroxide of hydrogen for 12 to 48 hours, according to the shade desired. Though the coch-y-bonddu is often a useful fly on the cast, especially as a dropper, I have never found it good for dapping. The Kennedy imitation, however, seems fairly effective.

An extremely useful fly is a lightish blue upright hackle with a yellow mohair or silk body. The body should be rather fat, and turn greenish when wet. In high water a large blue upright is often made more attractive by a single turn of narrow silver tinsel at the base of the whisks.

I have sometimes taken trout on a small tup fished wet, after they had persistently refused my quill hackles. Both the pheasant tail and the half stone, as usually tied, have little to recommend them. If you have tups of different sizes, the half stone is superfluous, while if you fancy the pheasant tail, or think the trout do, it is easy to tie something less bunchy than the conventional pattern.

In ruffled water several yards away it is impossible to arrive at any definite conclusions regarding the trouts' attitude towards your flies, whereas the test by dapping on still pools will show exactly what happens when your pet creation is presented to a feeding fish.

FLEUR-DE-LYS.

THE OSPREY AT HOME

THE MALE ARRIVING AT THE NEST WITH A TWIG

THE osprey, once a British resident, no longer nests with us. These magnificent photographs by Herr Stig Wesslen, of the osprey in Sweden, give a very clear idea of what the younger generation of ornithologists is missing through the faults of their predecessors.

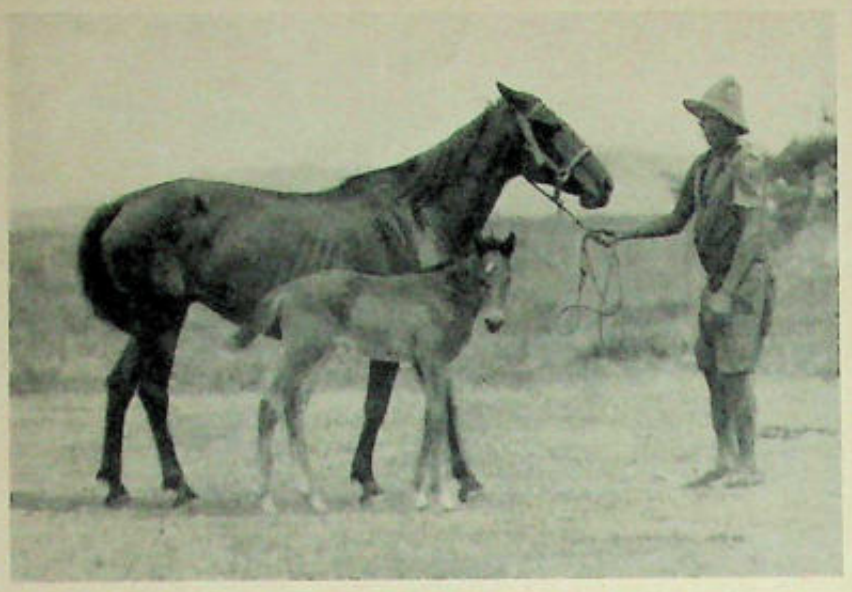
THE MALE LEAVING THE NEST DURING THE NESTING PERIOD

A FINE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MALE DROPPING DOWN TO THE NEST. THE POWERFUL TALONS ARE PLAINLY VISIBLE

THE MALE LANDING WITH A LARGE TWIG

THE MALE BRINGING A FISH TO HIS MATE

THE OSPREY FAMILY ON THE NEST



LEFT: THE FIRST FOAL TO BE BORN ON THE STUD FARM, WITH THE DAM LADYBIRD (BY FALCONER DAM BY FROISSART). THE SIRE WAS RUY BLAS (LEMBERG—BARINA). ON THE RIGHT IS MAJOR JOHN DEW, MANAGER OF IHEKA FARM

FARMSTEADS OF TO-MORROW

A Visit to the Southern Highlands of Tanganyika

FOR seven days the train and the aeroplane had been carrying us southwards. Paris, Brindisi, Athens, Cairo, Khartoum, Juba, Nairobi. Each had reported the Spanish Civil War after its own manner: each had proffered gin and vermouth of a remarkable similarity. But on the eighth morning we reached Tanganyika, for those of us who knew our history pointed to Kilimanjaro and reminded each other that it was a birthday present from Queen Victoria to the Kaiser. And two hours later I had said good-bye to my fellow-travellers at Dodoma and had set off down the long and dusty ribbon of the Cape to Cairo road.

It was not my first visit to Africa, and so I was scanning less than I might have been the neighbourhood for lions and elephants, nor was I stepping like Agag for fear of the attack of snakes. It had been a long journey, and the unending miles of bush held little to rivet the attention. But as it began to grow dark we came to Iringa, and the air grew sharper, and I smelt the thyme-sweet tang of downland, no less like "dawn in paradise" for all that it was South of the Equator. And at eight o'clock we passed over a little river, took the bump beyond the bridge in our stride, and came to a long low house upon a hilltop.

This was Iheka Farm, shortly to be the centre of a considerable scheme of white settlement, where I was to have the good fortune to stop for a month and see something of the nature of farming in Tanganyika, and something of the way in which this scheme is to work. My first impression was of the farmhouse itself: a verandah, lights within, and then a great low room with a huge fire of logs, the sort of chairs that receive one gladly, sporting prints, two splendid kudu heads, and perhaps I should add the same welcoming potion as at Nairobi, Juba, Khartoum. . . . The amiable Mr. Gordon is definitely a League of Nations in himself. Behind a dining room, bedrooms, a couple of bathrooms with hot water laid on such as Nero would gladly have laved in; a smoking room, kitchens. And out in front the great sweep of the downlands curving away to the Ruaha, and the high mass of Deterru six miles off standing sentinel in the moonlight. My first impressions were good.

Yet this delightful house, which is the gradual achievement of seven years, is only the sort of home that any not very well-to-do settler could achieve, for those who are bitten with the bricks and mortar germ should certainly try Tanganyika. It has been created bit by bit and has never been a source of capital expenditure.

My first introductions next day were to the stud farm. Major Dew, the manager of Iheka Farm, has been interested in the breeding and indeed the playing of polo ponies for a number of years. He has now established a stud farm at Iheka and he intends to breed polo ponies and farm hacks. He hopes to re-establish firmly the fitful polo that has been played in the Territory. He has a first-class thoroughbred polo pony stallion bred by Mr. Thesham Gilbey, and six well-bred brood mares. On the night of my arrival—oh! happy augury—the first foal was born, and after two anxious days, during which William, the Cape boy stud groom, whose large round eyes seemed always to be filled with tears, hardly slept, the foal flourished exceedingly. Will he appear at Hurlingham in the 1942 Westchester Cup matches?

My next sample of the farm's activities was the cattle dip. That, perhaps, is not, strictly speaking, correct, for we sampled the farm's butter and cheese at lunch and very good they were, too. But in the afternoon we saw the work oxen being put into the arsenical dip through which all cattle must be passed to counteract East Coast fever. One by one they marched down the gangway, solemn, disinterested, bovine. One by one they plunged into the water, swam through more in sorrow than in anger, and emerged more bovine than ever at the further side. Occasionally one more spirited than the rest would refuse, eager hands would urge him forward, eager voices roar encouragement or abuse, and he, too, would take the plunge.

The cattle on the farm are grade red polls, and imported bulls are being crossed with the native cattle with surprisingly good results. These cattle find a ready market, and form the basis of the work of the farm, for they manure the land. All over these well-watered downlands there are an abundance of excellent grasses, and I found that, with Italian Legionaries eating their way to glory, and Lupa miners eating their way to gold, the cry at Iheka was not how to sell their stock but how to find more stock to sell. While I was on the farm two new bulls arrived in the company's motor loose-box, and emerged after their long journey in much the same frame of mind as I did after my own travels. But they seemed to like the place no less.

CATTLE GOING INTO THE DIP

Everywhere I found houses going up, barns being built, trees being planted (for in six or seven years the Australian black wattle has quite a spreading chestnut-tree effect, and it makes a good wind break in a couple of years). Extensive fencing was also being carried out, for one of the first cares of the new settler must always be fencing. The various crops had already been harvested, but I was taken to see the tobacco fields, which were regarded with great affection, as there has been a fine demand for tobacco this year, and the arable land which grew wheat. (This crop, too, showed a profit of a shilling or so a bag: it struck me as very extraordinary that a country like Tanganyika which is wholly agricultural, if one excepts the Lupa Goldfields, imports £30,000 worth of wheat a year, more especially as wheaten flour is beginning to be consumed by the natives. There is a market for Iheka to capture.) The crop had been harvested and immediately there had sprung up all over this vast stretch of arable land thick and luscious grasses which would make admirable grazing. The Director of Agriculture remarked that it was a shame to put such grazing under the plough; yet when the same thing happens wherever one ploughs, what is one to do?

All around Iheka these magnificent downlands stretch in a great circle, watered by innumerable streams, with the keen fresh breeze blowing across them. As day succeeds day one feels hourly more and more fit in mind and body, one's breakfast holds an increasing message, one's bed the prospect of an earned repose. One is looked after by the usual horde of Africans whose only office is one's comfort: one forgets that there are such things as the gold standard, the Nazis, the National debt; and even when one is reminded of them over the wireless they seem to be particularly unimportant. After all, has not the new bath arrived for C's house?

One could not possibly say that this is the "free life of the great open spaces" without loud cheers from the ribald, shouts of "well rowed, Balliol" and the unfurling of the old school tie. Yet that is exactly what it is. For if ever God made great open spaces He made them here, and if there is a freer life I should like to meet it.

This brings me to the point of all this verbiage. Lord Chesham has formed a company to encourage settlement on these lovely downs. He believes—and who who knows them could not believe?—that they are eminently suitable as a home for British settlers. He feels certain, with the assurance of what he has seen at Iheka, that these settlers can produce the goods. And he has satisfied himself that there is an internal market for those goods. And I myself feel from what I heard and saw that what has happened at Iheka justifies the view. But he realises how lost the settler from England may have felt on his first visit, and so he hopes to provide him with a really first-class start. There is to be provided at the company's central stock farm competent advisers who will help the settler in his first few difficult months. They will help him, too, in the provision of cattle dips throughout the area, and other expensive items which might be a

THE BROOD MARES RETURNING FROM ONE OF THE NEW PADDOCKS

drain on the type of settler expected, with a capital of £2,000–£3,000 and a small pension. So it is felt that if he is willing to work and to be advised his production is assured.

Next, they must find him his markets. This is the rock against which so many schemes have foundered. Yet mixed farming—for such this scheme caters for—offers a lesser dependence on one market; all the eggs are not in one basket. And the internal market of Tanganyika to-day offers a very fertile field for expansion. Butter, wheat, cheese, maize, bacon are all imported. The company propose to establish central marketing schemes under trained experts for the selling of the main products. They are setting up central dairies, and they have bought the first-class bacon factory erected by Lord Delamere at Uleti. Thus it would seem that the settler is offered a more than reasonable hope of marketing what he grows. And, finally—and this to my mind is the chief beauty of the scheme—when it is seen that the settlers are producing to the capacity of existing markets no more will be accepted.

It should perhaps be emphasised here that while the company provides these facilities, and while they are willing and anxious to give advice, none of the settlers under this scheme are being dragooned into a sort of Bolshevik collectivised farming area. If the settlers wish to follow out their own ideas they are at perfect liberty to do so. And if there are any younger settlers who feel that they should first go through an apprenticeship before venturing untried into the difficulties of farm-ownership, it can be arranged for them to go as pupils to Iheka Farm. The promoters of the company wish the settlers who come out under the scheme to have the best possible chance, and the resources of the company will be utilised to this end.

So much for the material side. There remain the amenities which are so often left behind for good, but which in a settlement of this sort must be an essential part of the life of what it is hoped will be a fairly large community. A first-class club with modern sanitation and electric lighting is being erected. If plans and sketches mean anything it should rival the Muthaiga Club at Nairobi. The company are also laying out a polo ground, golf links, tennis courts. They are stocking the streams with trout though the result of this experiment remain to be seen, while of the big-game shooting I will write later. They are arranging for an aeroplane landing ground. A European school is being considered, though, as one of the promoters remarked, that will depend on the efforts of the settlers. So no settler coming to this scheme need suffer from a feeling of isolation.

It seems to me a great chance for the younger retired officer who wishes to farm, and the older one who wishes to have a pleasant and a peaceful life. In my mind's eye I can see them laying the bricks of their houses, erecting their first boundary fences, ploughing their first furrow, and buying their first head of cattle. With them I am living through those first few anxious months of hope and uncertainty and renewed hope. And with them I shall rejoice when their efforts prove to have been not without reward. Iheka has so many happy memories for me, so much of hope for a project which I firmly believe is in the best of our imperial traditions, that with a kindling affection, I follow those settlers in my mind's eye down the same narrow road that I travelled that star-lit October night. I follow them past John's Duka, over the bridge, past the boys' quarters, over —with infinite care—the bump at the bottom of the hill, to the welcome of the farmhouse. And I hope they will be as happy as I was. M. T. S.

IHEKA FARMHOUSE

TWO STAGES OF SETTLEMENT

On the left we see the first stages in building a four-roomed house (which incidentally cost £60!), and on the right is the big sitting-room at Iheka. The kudu, partly shown on the right, was shot by Mrs. Dew near Iringa and measures 59¾ ins., almost a record

INTER-UNIVERSITY CONTESTS

The Rugby Match and the Relays

UNDER conditions which favoured the strong forward play that has been their chief virtue this season, Oxford were perhaps a little unlucky to lose to Cambridge at Twickenham on Tuesday by a goal (5 points) to two tries (6 points). And yet it is impossible to deny that Cambridge merited their victory because they, primarily a team built for open play under fair conditions, adapted themselves so well to the wet ground and fine, driving rain. In fact, the Cambridge forwards were never really outplayed—though for that they may have owed something to an injury to J. A. Brett, which rendered him a passenger in the Oxford pack for the whole of the second half.

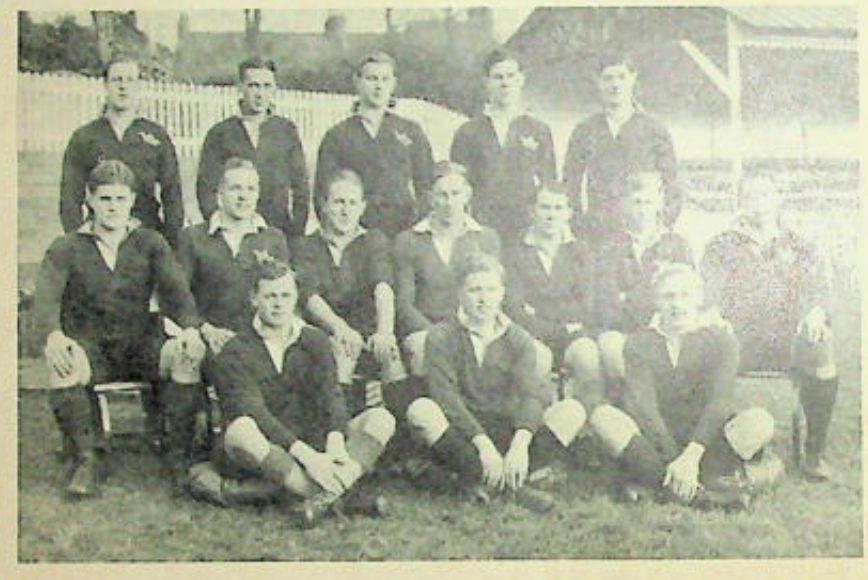
The strength of these Oxford forwards was apparent from the first. Without being overwhelming in the scrummages they obtained the ball the more often. In the loose they brought off powerful rushes of real old Scottish flavour. Cambridge were seldom out of their own half for a long period, and with anything like adequate scoring ability behind the scrummage Oxford must have gained more than the one try which gave them the lead. For all their strength the Oxford forwards failed to master the art of quick, clean heeling. They took scrums in place of lines-out and tried the 3–4–1 formation, but without consistent success. The loss of Brett after the interval—he did not go off the field but was unable to shove in the scrums—proved a very heavy handicap and served to show how finely the Cambridge pack were standing up to their job. At any rate, the seven Oxford forwards were gradually worn down until Cambridge dominated the scrums, though even then the Oxford men were desperately good in the loose. There are surely one or two new internationals among these two packs—from among such players perhaps as R. M. Marshall, M. McG. Cooper, G. A. Reid and H. M. Hughes, of Oxford, and C. D. Laborde, W. B. Young and D. A. Campbell, of Cambridge. But all of the forwards did so well on the day that it is a fine distinction to pick out even these.

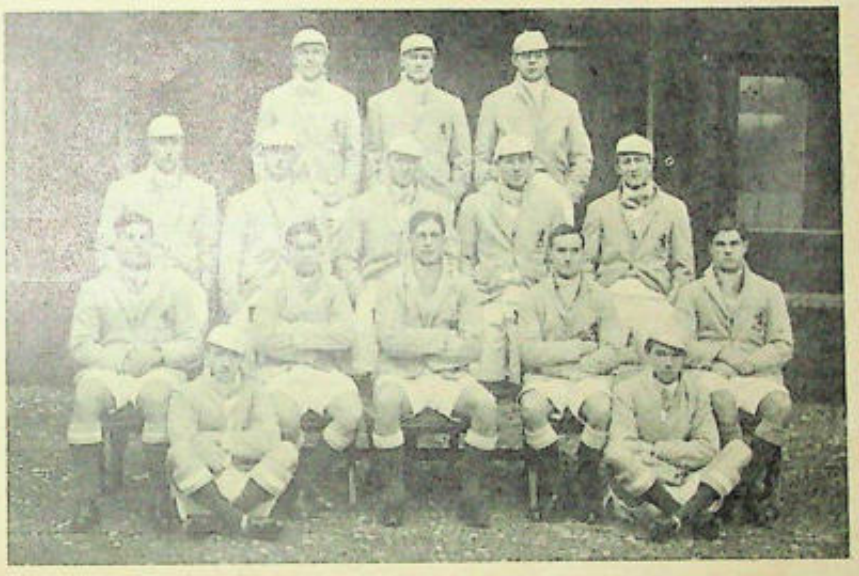
The back play was naturally subdued by the conditions. But the Cambridge backs retained just enough of the attacking combination they have developed so well this season, to give them the stronger hand. Flaws in defence had previously been shown by J. G. S. Forrest at right centre three-quarter, while K. D. Downes, normally a three-quarter, had never looked quite as safe at full back as H. D. Freakes, of Oxford. As it happened the Oxford backs were never able to muster a sufficiently thrustful attack to bring about any vital errors in the midfield defence of Cambridge, and though Downes made one or two slips, he played extremely well. Thus two weak spots that Oxford might possibly have exploited profitably proved practicaly non-existent.

Considering the conditions, both sides opened out the play more than might have been expected and the passing was good. The form worked out much according to previous experience. That is to say the Cambridge half backs were the better as a pair and the three-quarters the better as a line. J. A. MacDonald, on the Cambridge left wing, showed himself of the true opportunist type, always looking for opportunities, but J. R. Rawlence, whose last minute inclusion in the side, after doubt about an injury, was thought likely to be a big advantage to Cambridge, scarcely had any chances. J. G. S. Forrest and W. H. Roden lived up to their form as strong running centres, and with T. A. Kemp, at stand-off half, formed a better mid-field combination than Oxford's. J. D. Low, the Cambridge scrum-half, also had a very good match.

It was a significant commentary on the inability of the Oxford backs to carry out many combined movements that H. R. G. Percy, the left wing three-quarter, finished the game with hardly any considerable mud marks apparent upon him. W. N. Renwick, on the other wing, had a busier time and made the most of his limited chances. The centres M. Walford and E. L. Button were always trying but were simply held in check. C. F. Grieve, at stand-off half, served his side extremely well in the conditions. Not too happy in his service of passes from the scrummage, he could not get his three-quarters going easily, but his kicking to touch was as accurate and valuable as ever. And at full back H. D. Freakes justified the reputation he has made for himself this season. His fielding and kicking of the wet ball were outstanding.

F. I. WATSON.





THE RIVAL RUGBY FIFTEENS

Oxford.—Left to right, standing: H. M. Hughes, H. D. Freakes, R. M. Marshall, W. N. Renwick and G. D. Roos. Sitting: J. A. Brett, C. T. Bloxham, N. F. McGrath, M. McGowan Cooper (captain), C. F. Grieve, M. M. Walford and G. A. Reid. On ground: P. Cooke, H. R. G. Percy, and E. L. Button

Cambridge.—Left to right, first row: J. A. MacDonald, J. G. S. Forrest and C. W. Wilton. Second row: W. H. Roden, T. A. Kemp, F. M. N. Heath, W. O. Chadwick and D. A. Campbell. Sitting: W. M. Inglis, J. D. Low, C. D. Laborde (captain), J. R. Rawlence, and W. B. Young. On ground: T. R. Parry and K. D. Downes

OXFORD beat Cambridge in the seventeenth annual relay races held at Cambridge on December 3rd by five events to two. The result came as a great surprise, the majority of forecasts favouring a decisive victory for Cambridge. The Cambridge run of successes in these contests has been so impressive (twelve victories out of seventeen) with a 6—1 margin in 1934 and 1935) that any other result is apt to be regarded as unlikely.

Cambridge were expected to win all the running events, Oxford the two hurdle races. As things turned out Cambridge lost one of the hurdle events by inches, and but for the fact of one of their hurdlers almost coming to grief when his team had a good lead, would have won the other. Cambridge won the 880yds. (four by 220yds.) by default, and the one mile (four by 440yds.), in which they gained the easiest victory of the whole afternoon.

Though Cambridge were potentially the better team, and may be counted unlucky in losing M. M. Scarr (their second best sprinter), who injured himself a day or two before the contest and could not compete, Oxford gave of their best throughout, were a good balanced side and thoroughly deserved their victory.

The first relay meeting was held on December 3rd, 1920, so that this year's meeting took place on the sixteenth anniversary. The contests were originally arranged owing almost entirely to the enthusiasm of B. G. D. Rudd, the 1920 Olympic 400 metres champion, and at that time President of the Oxford University Athletic Club.

At this first meeting the two teams included in all ten internationals, and it is an interesting fact that although the combined teams last week only fielded two men who have gained international recognition, the performances in 1936, in every event, were superior to those in 1920. In the one mile, for example, the time this year was over 5sec. faster, while in the two miles it was as much as 25sec. better.

Oxford gained a victory in the first event, the four by 100yds., and the psychological effect on their team was a marked one. I think that when A. G. K. Brown found that he had to substitute another runner for M. M. Scarr, he would have been wise to have run last in this relay instead of first. An early lead in a sprint relay is not an unmixed blessing, and undoubtedly a runner of Brown's calibre (he is indeed British record-holder for the 100yds.) is much more likely to produce something of his best if he has to make up lost ground. As it was he gave Cambridge a lead of 4yds. over the first stage, which was reduced to about 3yds. when A. Pennington set off over the last 100yds. against Scarr's substitute. Pennington was given a task well to his liking, and Oxford won by 2 or 3 yds.

Oxford promptly won the next two events. In the four by 880yds., again, I think Cambridge would have been better advised to run W. M. F. Hudson last instead of first. Hudson gained a couple of yards or so over E. B. Teesdale (the Oxford President) in the first stage run in 1min. 57.8sec.; but Oxford were on level terms at half-distance, and had a 3yds. lead when J. T. H. MacNair set off ahead of his Cambridge rival. Oxford won by 6yds. in the record time, for the meeting, of 7min. 56sec.

In the 480yds. hurdles, contrary to all predictions, Cambridge had a 4yds. lead at half-distance; but their third man fouled the seventh hurdle, knocked down the eighth, and practically stopped dead to scramble over the ninth. A 5yds. lead was turned into a deficiency of about the same distance, and Oxford were three events up.

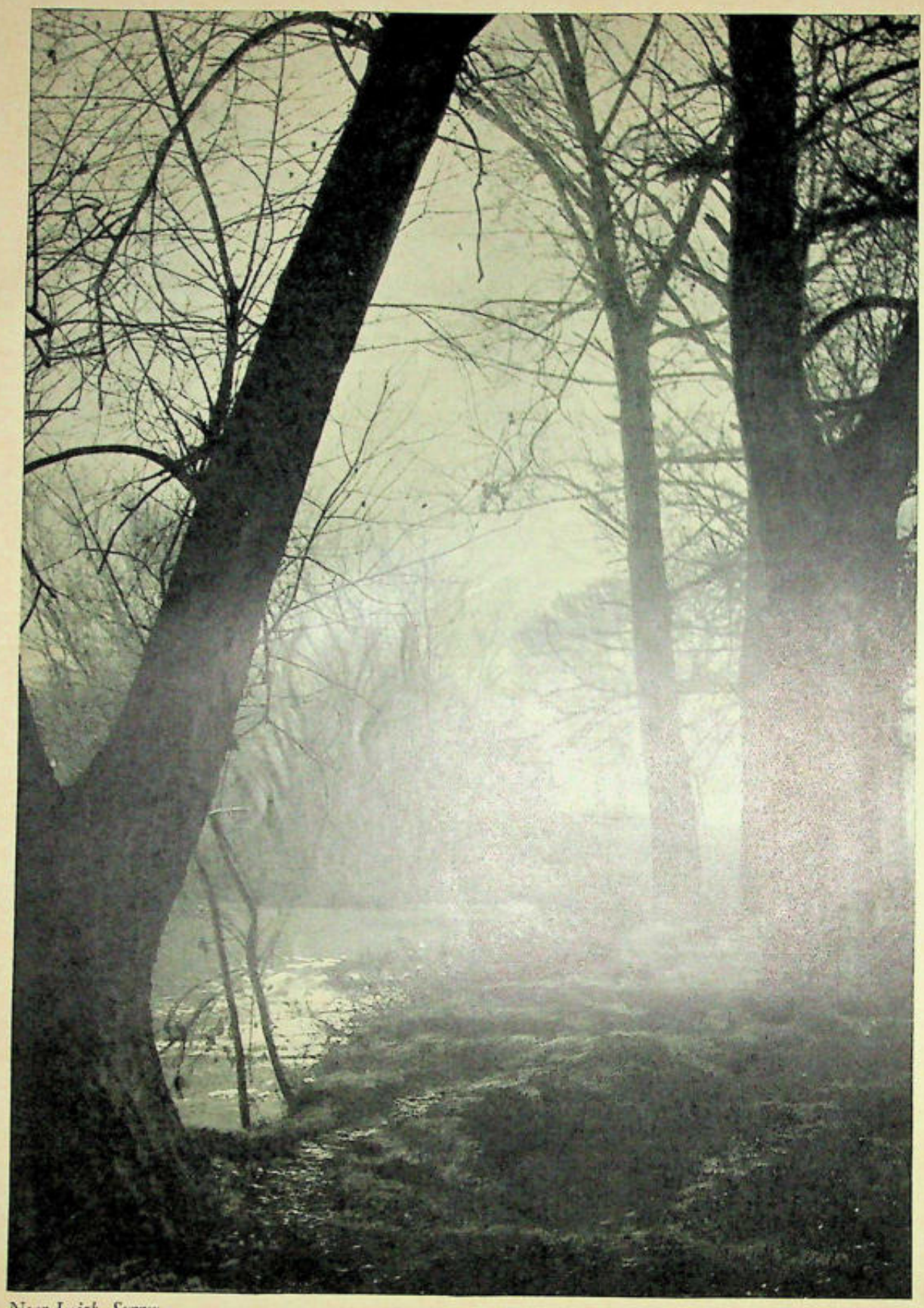
The first Cambridge victory followed, and though it was gained by default, there can be little doubt that Cambridge would have won in any event. At the end of the first stage when Cambridge had a slight lead, Oxford dropped the baton and the Light Blues finished alone.

The 880yds. (four by 220yds.) low hurdles produced the best finish of the day. Oxford led over the first two stages, and their third man finished 5yds. ahead. Then J. P. S. Daniell started very slowly, with the result that D. L. Nichols (Cambridge) was on level terms with five hurdles to go. The two raced almost level for the last 100yds., and Daniell (who won this event for Oxford against Cambridge last March) got home with less than half a foot to spare.

This gave Oxford the match, and the last two events were, therefore, rather of an academic interest. The four miles produced four rather indifferent mile performances (all outside 4min. 33sec.), and Oxford led from start to finish. The last Cambridge man showed poor judgment, and, to late, reduced a 15yds. lead to half the distance in the last 100yds.

In the four by 440yds., the last minute of the day promised a duel between Brown and Pennington, but Brown had such a long lead that no contest resulted. He ran over in round about 47sec., a performance which confirmed the opinion that he will lower the British 440yds. record next year.

H. M. ABRAHAMS.



Near Leigh, Surrey

This England

IT is curious that the "vile weather of our winter day" should lose its vileness in the country. The wind that whistles down a city street to paint the nose and chill the wame, is elsewhere a majestic, tree-tossing frolic of the gods. And the damp chill of dusk that sends coughs echoing in the urban train brings to the rustic nostril the sweet incense of burning wood and decaying leaf. But in city or shire, damp is always a danger in our England. Beer was a protection evolved by our fathers for the nourishment and warmth-against-chill that it conveyed. And beer of a type they favoured centuries ago you enjoy — and profit by — in your Worthington today.

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A STRANGER WITHIN THE GATES

Impressions of a Field Trial at Idsworth

By PATRICK R. CHALMERS

OUR HOSTESS
Lady Howe here seen with Major Maurice Portal judging at a Field Trial

"WOULD you," the letter said, "care for an invitation to the Labrador Club's Trials at Idsworth on November 26th? If so, I think I can get you one; possibly you would find it interesting to discuss the dogs out, and the day's doings, as they strike an ordinary shooting man unaccustomed to gundog trials." Both suggestions were very agreeable, and at 9.30 a.m. I was at Idsworth, in Hants, that Mecca of trial men, where the gundog of all kinds is Prophet and King.

The 26th was the second day, and on the 25th some six of the 24 competitors had been tried and found wanting. It was a lovely winter morning, blue and gold, and I walked, one of about 100, to the first wood. I was told that I might do as I liked and go where I wished. Other spectators were segregated apart, under the orders of an official who bore a large red banner. There were six guns and three judges. Each judge was responsible for his quota of the competitors. The last were, I was informed, the very cream of the working Labradors in the kingdom.

The wood (it was a big, flat wood, full of sunshine, golden bracken, golden oak and fir plantations) was driven in short, staccato drives. Different to the customs of ordinary shooting, the drives were taken piecemeal. By this I mean that when judges considered that enough test pheasants were down, the beaters' line was halted, sometimes for 20 minutes at a time, while the dogs worked under judgment. A judge would indicate to a handler the fall of a bird. The handler would indicate the fall to his dog and bid him "hie lost." An official with a long pole (there were officials for this purpose attached to each judge) hoisted the dog's card number on a metal plate such as is used on scoring boards at cricket matches. And now I noted another difference from the ordinary. Were I, at a shooting party, asked to pick up a bird I should take my dog to a few yards of the fall. Here it seemed correct for the handler to direct his dog (by voice, arm or whistle) at 50yds. range.

A dead pheasant lay in an open avenue, a beautiful black dog, called Shimey (who started the day a favourite) took three or four minutes to find it; it could have been gathered in ten seconds.

Another difference in ritual seemed to be that obviously dead birds were as much to a judge as an obviously strong runner. In ordinary picking-up I should take my dog, at the first possible moment, to the runner's fall and there lay him on. Dead birds can be hand-gathered. Not so here. To my fancy, judges, handlers and dogs were all a bit coy about runners. I presume that the almost certainty of a find was preferred to the gamble of trying for a pinioned cock pheasant in cover and with five minutes start. As a result of this pusillanimity, throughout the day, I saw only one runner retrieved and that was the work of Lord Effingham's Ming. It was not a strong runner and it was on easy ground. It would have been a black (or rather a pale yellow) disgrace had Ming failed on it. He did not, for he picked it in a hedgerow, and I fancy that it was the memory of his performance which eventually decided the judges to place this handsome yellow dog first. There must have been a dozen or so runners lost, most of which, on an ordinary day's shooting, would certainly have been gathered.

The morning was almost done before I mentally chose the dog which most nearly conformed to my own ideas of a game-finder. She was a small black bitch called Sally, and she was owned and handled by Miss Evans. I noticed her when she was asked, as second dog, to find a strong runner on which the first dog had failed. Sally acknowledged its line and had she had first chance might have made good. I noticed her because she was the only dog out that I saw able to own to a runner. Sally is a fearless and fast huntress even in thick stuff and is, of course, rock steady. I fancy, however, that she could soon be taught *not* to be steady since she is a little dog of spirit. After that I kept a patronising eye on her.

We went to lunch and, on the way, I saw Shimey and Quest fail to gather a woodcock. There was also a hen pheasant gathered by hand after four dogs had failed to find. She was shot, poor thing, in the head and had clapped into a tussock of grass and, tight-feathered, had apparently no scent. The very large company had a very ample and quickly served lunch in the racket court.

The judges had by this time eliminated all but a few of the dogs. Sally was still in, so was Dan (who had done very good service on very dead stuff), so, too, were Ming, Quest and one or two more. We went to a great dark acreage of roots which was walked in line. Here it was that Ming got his runner. Here it was that several other dogs did not get theirs. Here I saw Sally cross the road and get a good deader. Here, too, I saw her exhibit her steadiness and a hint of her common sense. She was out hunting and a gun crumpled up a bird to fall near her. She stood and considered the fall and (I am sure) said to herself: "Were that a runner I, being a sensible Sally, would make sure of it and go and get my own dead bird afterwards, but it is as dead as door-nails, so—." And she carried on. Her delivery, too, on another occasion was delayed for a like reason. "Here's your damn, dead bird," said she, "*you* can pick it up now; I'll fetch —"; but she did not. I wonder what a dog thinks when he sees a rival fail to gather a bird whose fall he has marked to an inch? But, beyond a quick tail thump and a cock of a handsome head, these dogs make no sign.

It was in the root field that I saw the best bit of work of the day. Two or three dogs had failed on a runner. A judge then sent himself out in person and a fine turn of pace led to a spectacular retrieve. When the chevy was in progress and the quarry running to view (a sight which at a shoot in my own county would have been the signal for each dog in the line to run in like ramrods) not a Labrador stirred a hackle. The pheasant and its pursuer were the cynosures of all eyes but the dogs were, as Black Auster, "graven images."

And so the day was done and (the judges pooling their opinions) the prizes were awarded to champions Ming and Quest, while Sally justified my quiet faith in her by taking third place. There was a speech or so in the frosty evening light. Lady Howe, by whose generosity all this was, and is to be, was thanked, and she (a Griffon under her arm nearly as big as a bumble bee) briefly responded. We went to the road, to the line of cars on which headlights were already winking.

And of what were the stranger's thoughts as he went home? Firstly, of the failure to find runners on the part of champion dogs, combined with their general antipathy to brambles. Secondly, of the beauty and rock steadiness of the dogs in question. Thirdly, of the obvious dislike of lady handlers to handle dead game. They accepted delivery as a Rugby three-quarters accepts the ball from the half-back and they passed the corpse, as though red-hot, to a supporting male. Fourthly, and most of all, he thought of the work done by Lady Howe's head-keeper, Walter Witcher, and his men. It must require a consummate skill in organisation to be able to regulate a "beat out" so that fifteen-minute intervals occur between flushes. And Witcher did this so miraculously well that it was only when the day was done that the miracle of it got me. Wanting Witcher the judges' task would have been a difficult one indeed.

I have only one regret, which is that no Idsworth champion—except Banchory Painter, who was out of form—was in the field to show me how Gaunt, the Idsworth handler (and the Firr or the Freeman among those who hunt gundogs), handled him.

P. R. C.

FIELD TRIALS

RETRIEVERS AT IDSWORTH

Kennel Club Trials: Open Stake

THERE cannot be many owners or tenants of shooting in the country who are able and willing to undertake the responsibility of giving their ground in the month of December, and at the same time being confident of providing sufficient game for an important stake of 24 dogs. There may possibly be a few who could if they would and there are certainly some who would if they could. The Kennel Club were indeed most fortunate to have been invited by Lorna Countess Howe to hold their open stake at Idsworth on December 3rd and 4th, where they were ensured of success from the start, for the reason that no one knows better what is required than she herself nor how to carry it out more successfully than Witcher, her head-keeper, who has had as much experience of these matters as anyone. His cheerfulness under all circumstances and his enviable temperament might well be studied by many of us.

Owing to the plentiful supply of game, luck did not play a prominent part nor favoured any competitor. Good work should, under these circumstances, carry any dog through to the final test. Luck may, of course, take a minor part in the final scene, but nothing will stop the really well-broken dog from appearing there except faults of his own making. Luck may certainly then come into the argument, one dog being more favoured by this than another, but unless he is properly finished and had sufficient experience he will never get through to the end on ground like Idsworth. So long as judges are not hampered by rules and regulations governing their methods, the best performers will always hold their own, but change this system and you will get results that will assuredly lower the standard that is now so good, and that must discourage the training of high-class performers.

The card was as follows:—

OPEN STAKE (No slip), for 24 dogs and bitches: 1st prize, £25; 2nd prize, £20; 3rd prize, £12; 4th prize, £7; 5th prize, £5.

Mr. G. C. Wood Hosmer's *Black Druce* (Interbred), b. Born May 27th, 1933. (Handler, owner.)

Colonel P. K. Wise's *Raithburn Kate* (Labrador), b. Born March 4th, 1933.

Major J. Despencer-Robertson's F. T. Ch. *Quest of Wilbury* (Labrador), b. Born March 9th, 1930. (Handler, W. Buckell.)

Miss A. Bruce's *Benjamina* (Labrador), b. Born Oct., 1933 (Handler, the Hon. Mrs. F. Baring.)

Miss Newton Deakin's *Silence of Tone* (Golden), b. Born Jan. 8th, 1931. (Handler, owner.)

Mr. C. H. Kennard's *Pettistree Dan* (Labrador), d. Born Jan. 9th, 1934.

Mrs. H. H. Hextall's *Arishaig Brush* (Golden), d. Born June, 1933. (Handler, owner or C. Legg.)

Mrs. L. G. Hartmann's *Cinecrack Stain* (Labrador), d. Born May 1st, 1933. (Handler, Mr. R. McDonald.)

Miss A. M. Bickerton's *Shelsey Niky* (crossbred), d. Born April 1st, 1934. (Handler, owner.)

Mr. R. E. Birch's *Brymasaph Quickstep* (flat-coated), d. Born March 20th, 1935. (Handler, owner.)

Miss K. L. Despencer-Robertson's *Painted Lady of Wilbury* (Labrador), b. Born Jan. 9th, 1934. (Handler, W. Buckell.)

Colonel P. K. Wise's *Bob of Risley* (Labrador), d. Born July 29th, 1931. (Handler, A. Wilson.)

Mr. R. Corbet's *Adderley Tigh* (Labrador), d. Born Dec. 29th, 1934. (Handler, owner.)

Captain F. G. B. Stephen's *Blackhambleton Minnow* (Labrador), b. Born Jan. 29th, 1932. (Handler, owner.)

Mrs. M. Radclyffe's *Zelstone Jill* (Labrador), b. Born April 1st, 1933. (Handler, owner.)

Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. D. Carnegie's *Ch. Heydown Gunder* (Golden), d. Born Jan. 27th, 1933. (Handler, J. Stone.)

The Hon. F. Baring's *Northington Jewel* (Labrador), b. Born April 20th, 1934. (Handler, owner.)

Lorna Countess Howe's *Balmoto Heroldo* (Labrador), d. Born Feb. 20th, 1932.

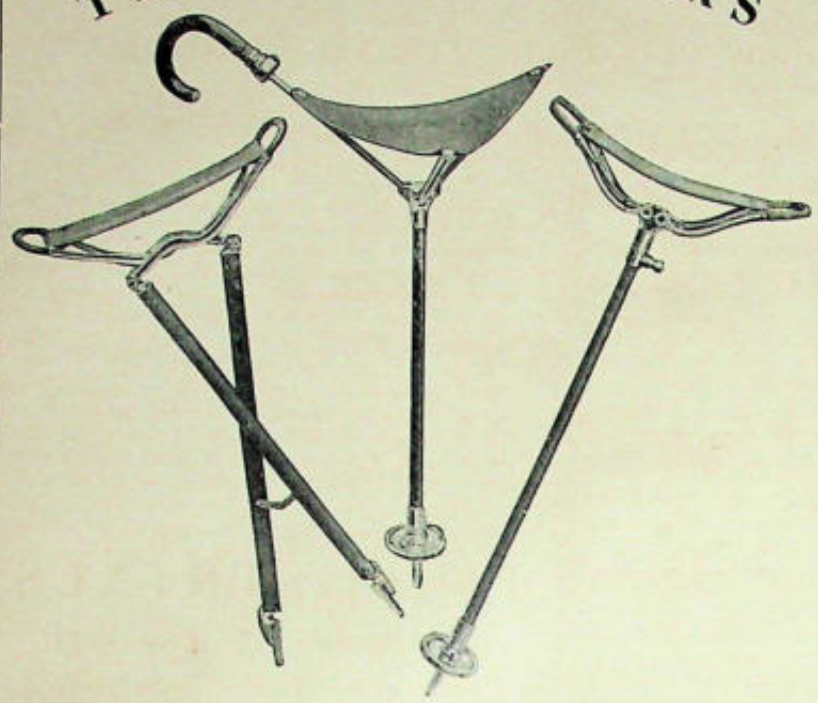
Captain H. F. H. Hardy's *Melange Jane* (Interbred), b. Born May 10th, 1932. (Handler, owner.)

The Earl of Effingham's *F. T. Ch. Ming* (Labrador), d. Born July 9th, 1933. (Handler, F. Clarke.)

Lorna Countess Howe's *Banchory Brend* (Labrador), d. Born May 11th, 1934.

Mr. R. S. Lochl's *Heslee Sheila* (Labrador), b. Born April 29th, 1935. (Handler, R. Buckell.)

THREE WINNERS



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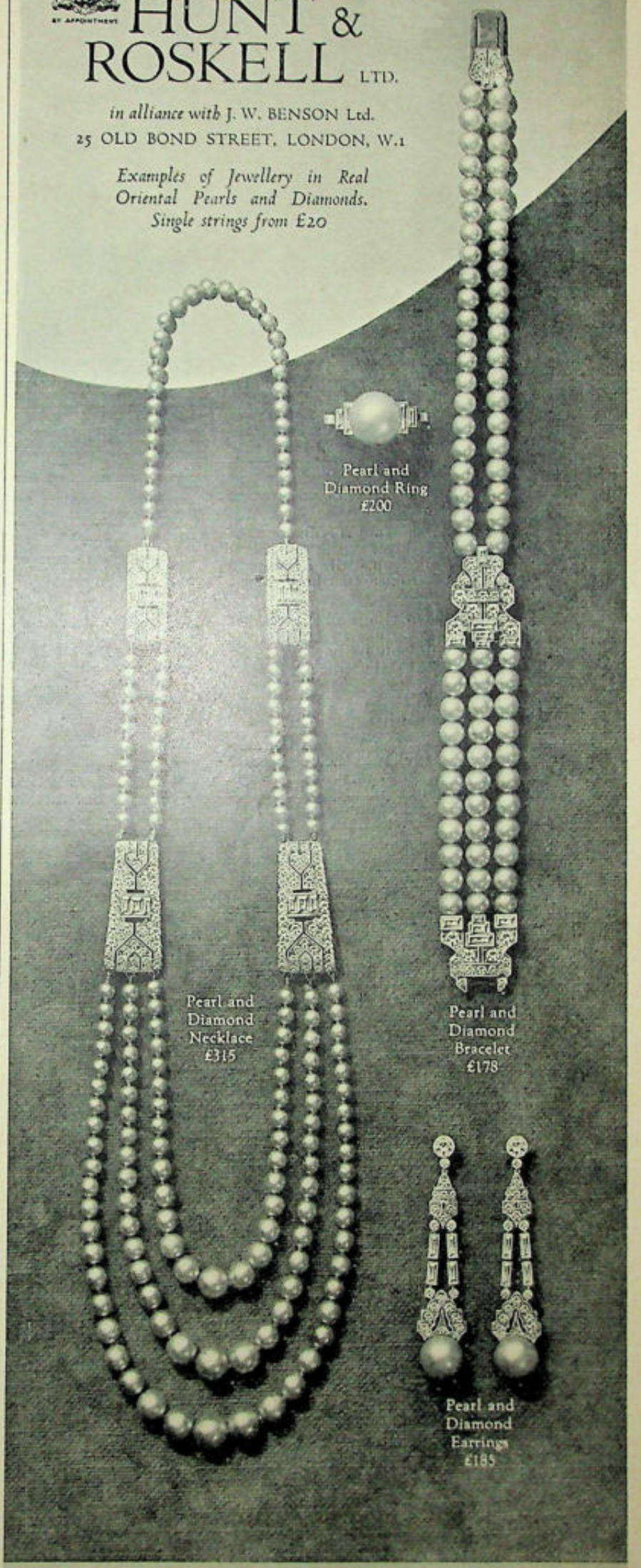

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The Hon. Mrs. Hill-Wood's *Banchory Trex* (Labrador), d. Born Feb., 1932. (Handler, owner.)

Miss A. M. Evans's *Sally O'Fon* (Labrador), b. Born Sept. 18th, 1932.

The judges at this meeting were Colonel H. M. Wilson, Lieutenant-Colonel Heseltine and Mr. J. Kent, who awarded the first prize to Painted Lady of Wilbury, belonging to Miss Despencer-Robertson. This bitch was admired by all who saw her work, merry and busy all the time; she has been running well all the season and deserves to win a good stake; she is an example of patient training on the part of her handler, Buckell, who has evidently given her much attention and care. A very nice dog was placed second, Blackhambleton Minnow, with plenty of drive and initiative. He can be sent out when required and works with intelligence—a very well-broken dog. Balmuto Hewildo (third) invariably gets near to winning without actually doing so; perhaps he has not sufficient confidence in himself. He quarters his ground as well as any of them and is ready to continue hunting as long as his handler desires and never seems to tire, but does not go with the same freedom as his kennel mate, Banchory Brend, who, though only reserve in the awards, might have won the stake if he had not failed at the last stage, but in his case it was the lack of experience. He is only in his first season and cannot fail to be a top-notcher next year. He is most attractive and stylish. Mrs. Hill-Wood's Banchory Trex (fourth) is a dog that can be depended upon to do a lot of work and most reliable—just the dog to lend your friend or neighbour without any fear of him being spoilt. Black Druce, a very consistent performer this season, might have been higher than fifth had he been a bit better under control on one occasion—thereby losing any chance he had.

Certificates of merit went to F.T. Ch. Quest of Wilbury, Pettistree Dan, Gimcrack Stain, Shelsey Miky (whose dam was a spaniel), Brynasaph Quickstep, Ch. Heydown Guider, Banchory Brend and Hesloe Sheila.

It was a most enjoyable meeting and the weather perfect. Expressions of gratitude to Lady Howe were heard on all sides, not only for her hospitality but for all her kindness to the whole retriever world.

ERNEST TURNER.

SPANIELS AT UGBROKE PARK

On December 3rd and 4th, the Western Counties and South Wales Spaniel Club held their eighteenth field trial meeting at Ugbroke Park, near Chudleigh, Devon, by kind invitation of Colonel H. S. Follett. The judges were Mr. G. H. Turner and Mr. W. East. The awards were as follows:—

STAKE No. 1 (ALL-AGED).—1st, Captain O. P. Traherne's b. Bryngarw Kate; 2nd, Mr. J. Goddard's b. Nip of the Links; 3rd, Miss J. Wykeham Musgrave's b. Poddle Cricket. Reserve, Miss J. Wykeham Musgrave's b. Poddle Crinkle. Certificate of Merit, the Hon. R. W. Bingham's d. F.T. Ch. Simon of Corran.

STAKE No. 2 (NOVICE).—1st, H.H. the Maharaja Dhiraj of Patiala's d. Stringer of Ware; 2nd, Mr. O. Ellis's d. Nurscombe Tim; 3rd, Capt. O. P. Traherne's b. Bryngarw Kate. Reserve, Miss J. Wykeham Musgrave's d. Poddle Crock.

STAKE No. 3 (OPEN STAKE).—1st, Captain O. P. Traherne's d. Bryngarw Firearm; 2nd, Mr. S. C. Jones's b. F.T. Ch. Style O'Vara; 3rd, Mr. S. C. Jones's b. Squib O'Vara. Reserve and Award of Honour, H.H. the Maharaja Dhiraj of Patiala's d. Busy Lad of Ware. Certificates of Merit: H.H. the Maharaja Dhiraj of Patiala's b. Bryngarw Fireway, Mr. H. C. Cumberbatch's d. Labes, Mr. O. Ellis's d. Nurscombe Don, the Rev. E. J. Nelson's b Blendworth Linda, Mr. W. D. Edwards's d. Hillhampton Spark, Mrs. W. M. Charlesworth's b. Porridge of Winscales.

STAKE No. 4 (NOVICE).—1st, Mr. S. C. Jones's b. Squib O'Vara; 2nd, Mr. O. Ellis's b. Nurscombe Molly; 3rd, Mr. H. C. Cumberbatch's b. Hamptworth Chippy. Reserve and Award of Honour: Mrs. W. M. Charlesworth's b. Porridge of Winscales. Certificates of Merit: The Rev. E. J. Nelson's b. Blendworth Linda, Lieutenant-Colonel J. Downes Powell's d. Montezuma of Fourclovers, Mr. M. Moreton's b. Sobenhal Spangle, Mr. S. C. Jones's d. Speck O'Vara.

STAKE No. 5 (MEMBERS—ANY VARIETY).—1st, Mr. W. D. Edwards's d. F.T. Ch. Pierpont Splint; 2nd, Miss J. Wykeham Musgrave's d. F.T. Ch. Poddle Crunch; 3rd, Captain O. P. Traherne's b. Bryngarw Dainty. Reserve, Rev. E. J. Nelson's b. Blendworth Linda. Certificates of Merit: Mr. H. C. Cumberbatch's d. Labes, Captain F. E. Reiss's b. Napper of Dowdeswell.

STAKE No. 6 (BRACE).—1st, Rev. E. J. Nelson's Blendworth Martin and Blendworth Jest. Reserve, Miss Wykeham Musgrave's Poddle Cricket and Poddle Crusty.

STAKE No. 7 (TEAM).—1st, Rev. E. J. Nelson's Blendworth Martin, Jest and Roach.

HAMPTON COURT

On November 30th and December 1st the Welsh Springer Spaniel Club held their fourteenth annual meeting at Hampton Court, Leominster, by kind permission of the Viscount Hereford. The judges were Mr. J. L. Marriott and Major G. Davey. The awards were as follows

No. 1 (OPEN STAKE).—1st, Mr. C. McNeill's b. F.T. Ch. Donna Susie; 2nd, Mr. S. C. Jones's b. F.T. Ch. Style O'Vara; equal 3rd, Mr. S. C. Jones's b. Squib O'Vara and Mr. W. D. Edwards's d. F.T. Ch. Pierpont Splint. Reserve, H.H. the Maharaja Dhiraj of Patiala's d. Busy Lad of Ware. Certificates of Merit: Mr. O. Ellis's d. Nurscombe Don, Mr. W. D. Edwards's d. Hillhampton Spark, Captain O. P. Traherne's b. Bryngarw Dainty, Mr. E. Winter's b. Staindrop Staybright, Mr. H. C. Cumberbatch's d. Labes, Mrs. J. G. Calvert's d. Bobble, H.H. the Maharaja Dhiraj of Patiala's b. Bryngarw Fireaway, the Rev. E. J. Nelson's b. Blendworth Linda, Captain F. Holford's b. Whelford Flick.

No. 2 (NOVICES' STAKE).—1st, Captain O. P. Traherne's d. Bryngarw Firearm; 2nd, the Rev. E. J. Nelson's b. Blendworth Linda; 3rd, Mr. H. C. Cumberbatch's b. Hamptworth Chippy. Reserve, Mr. S. C. Jones's Squib O'Vara. Certificates of Merit: Mr. O. Ellis's b. Nurscombe Molly, Captain N. W. Tredinnick's b. Newburie Jonquil, Lieutenant-Colonel J. Downes-Powell's d. Montezuma of Four-Clovers, the Rev. E. J. Nelson's b. Blendworth Tocka, Captain F. Holford's b. Whelford Flick, H.H. the Maharaja Dhiraj of Patiala's d. Dignified of Ware, Mr. S. C. Jones's d. Speck O'Vara, Mr. M. Moreton's d. Sobenhall Spike, Mrs. J. G. Calvert's b. Eromtew Juliana.

No. 3 (OPEN STAKE).—1st, the Hon. R. W. Bingham's d. F.T. Ch. Simon of Corran; Captain O. P. Traherne's b. Bryngarw Kate. Reserve, Mr. J. Goddard's b. Nip of the Links. Certificates of Merit: Mr. E. Brace's d. Western Electric and Miss J. Wykeham-Musgrave's d. F.T. Ch. Poddle Crunch.

No. 4 (PUPPY STAKE).—1st, Captain N. W. Tredinnick's b. Newburie Valerie; 2nd, Mr. R. MacDonald's d. Rockstead Footman. Certificate of Merit, Mr. G. W. Herne's b. Gaiety Hit.

No. 5 (NOVICES' STAKE).—1st, Captain N. W. Tredinnick's b. Newburie Valerie; 2nd, Mr. R. MacDonald's d. Rockstead Footman; 3rd, Mrs. M. Mayall's b. Rockhill Rough. Certificate of Merit, Mr. G. W. Herne's b. Gaiety Hit.

No. 6 (OPEN STAKE).—1st, Mrs. R. James's d. Shot of Canonmoor; 2nd, Captain N. W. Tredinnick's b. Newburie Valerie; 3rd, Mr. R. MacDonald's d. Rockstead Footman.

No. 7 (BRACE STAKE).—1st, the Rev. E. J. Nelson's Blendworth Roach and Blendworth Jest; 2nd, Captain F. Holford's Whelford Flick and Whelford Nancy.

No. 8 (TEAM STAKE).—1st, the Rev. E. J. Nelson's Blendworth Roach, Jest and Martin.

AT KILMARTIN

By kind permission of Sir Ian Malcolm, the Argyllshire Field Trials Association held their fourteenth annual spaniel and retriever trials over Poltalloch Estate, Kilmartin, on December 1st and 2nd. The judges were Dr. James Wilson and Mr. Thomas Tait, who made the following awards:

OPEN STAKE (FOR ALL AGES).—1st, Mrs. Macpherson's b. Braeroy Ruddy; 2nd, Mr. A. Campbell's b. Roxana; 3rd, Mrs. P. F. Morris's b. Lochar Nessie; 4th, Mr. W. Ponton's d. Sweepson. Reserve, Mr. D. McDonald's d. Lile Birkie. Certificates of Merit: Captain J. F. Hodges's d. Glenravel Jock, Captain J. F. Hodges's d. Glenravel Nimrod, Mrs. R. Bathurst's b. Saucy Sue of Tyreonnel, Colonel P. Kinnear Wise's d. Bob of Bisley.

OPEN STAKE (FOR RETRIEVING SPANIELS).—1st, Mr. F. A. Rottenburg's Prints of Fintry; 2nd, Sir James R. Wilson's d. Jester of Invertrossachs; 3rd, Sir Ian Malcolm's Poltalloch Rex. Reserve, Mr. A. Byrne's d. Tedwyn's Ticket. Certificates of Merit: Mr. G. Clark's b. Crock of Blair, Captain R. Joynson's d. Joburg of Chrishall, Mr. G. Clark's d. Cruiser of Blair, Major G. S. Nelson Scott's b. Seann of Triubhas of Fews, Miss D. Hardy's b. F.T. Ch. Carramore Avril.

NOVICE STAKE (FOR ALL AGES).—1st, Captain R. Joynson's d. Altskeith Grant; 2nd, Mr. G. Clark's b. Bridget of Blair; 3rd, Captain R. Joynson's d. Joburg of Chrishall. Reserve, Mr. A. Byrne's d. Tedwyn's Ticket. Certificates of Merit: Sir James R. Wilson's b. Sue of Invertrossachs, Mr. A. Cameron's b. Norenmar Pen, Major G. S. Nelson Scott's b. Brewster Bride.

OUR AMATEUR GOLFERS' YEAR

Where Are Our Future Champions?

By E. R. TIPPLE

FOR the third successive year English amateur golfers have been disappointing. Indeed, it would seem that the low-water mark has been reached and that a general improvement is long overdue. Very few of the established "stars" came through the season with enhanced reputations, and the number of future champions discovered was even fewer. Only Jack McLean, H. Thomson, J. D. A. Langley and H. G. Bentley will remember 1936 with pleasure.

After more than eight years' experience of first-class golf, Bentley at last won a national championship—the English title, at Deal. He has always figured among the leaders of the various tournaments and had won several Continental meetings, but his efforts in this particular event had always been unsuccessful. Not a pretty stylist, he is, however, very effective in his methods, and usually very consistent. At Deal his long game was not spectacular, but his short approach shots and putting thoroughly upset his opponents. A visit to Henry Cotton improved his game tremendously. Although beaten in the final, young John Langley played some of the best golf of the year, and he is undoubtedly the most promising amateur in the country. A natural ball game player, Langley had the distinction of playing in the Walker Cup match and receiving his Blue at Cambridge. Like Bentley, he has been coached by Cotton, and one can see the former Open Champion's influence on his methods. A very fine stylist, Langley wastes little time before hitting the ball, and next year should see his reputation confirmed.

Although he won the President's Putter at Rye for the second year in succession, Roger Wethered failed in his first bid for the English title. One of the very finest iron players in the world, he is still terribly erratic and uncertain off the tee. His old partner of 'Varsity days, Cyril Tolley, did not make his expected come-back, and it is obvious that new blood is required if amateur golf is to regain its former standing.

The chief event of the season—the Walker Cup match—resulted as usual in an overwhelming victory for the Americans. So much criticism has been made regarding the management of this year's match that nothing further need be added now. The British team appeared quite capable enough on paper, but with few exceptions the internationals failed to justify themselves. If interest is to be maintained in this bi-annual encounter drastic alterations are needed. First-class sport to-day demands first-class organisation, and nothing less is any use.

Jack McLean's performance in the American Amateur Championship was some consolation for the Pine Valley débâcle. He only lost the title by a putt on the 37th green and actually should have won long before that. Putting lapses allowed his opponent breathing space and then came a stymie which altered the whole situation. Once again the question of the abolishing of the stymie was raised, but it is extremely doubtful whether this will come into operation.

The Scottish team brought off their usual victory in the home international matches played at Prestwick. The old familiar weakness in foursome golf was apparent among the English representatives. Lucas who, owing to an injury, played little competitive golf had a disappointing year. He seemed to possess no confidence in himself, but with more practice this winter he should do better next season and lead Cambridge to victory again.

The Amateur Championship was held at St. Andrews and a Scotsman won it. Hector Thomson thoroughly deserved his success. In a thrilling final he produced the match-winning shot at the very end like the real champion he is and the danger of the title going overseas to Australia was over. For once the American entry was almost negligible, but Ferrier and Locke by their presence added much interest to the season. The former does not create a favourable impression at first sight. He appears to be a typical slogger. However one can criticise his style one must pay tribute to his superb fighting qualities. Modern championships mean a series of closely fought eighteen-hole games, and to emerge successful after nearly a week's play means that the individual has courage in plenty.

Locke, on the other hand, is a definite stylist and, although he was beaten in the first round of the Amateur, he finished as leading amateur in most of the stroke-play events. He is to return next year with a team of South Africa's best amateurs and he will have to be watched.

Bentley and Langley, of the English players, Thomson and McLean, of the Scottish, have shown the way to the amateurs. They have practised and had help from leading professionals. It would be well if their example was followed by the others. Then, perhaps, the coming season would show the hoped-for improvement.

"YOU LOOK SURPRISED, HAWKINS!"

"*Well, Sir, if I may mention it, Sir — I heard you come in — after four it must have been, Sir —*"

"So you've come to view the body — what? Well let me tell you Hawkins, I never felt better in my life. All comes of sticking to Gin and Lime — remember that, Hawkins!"

"*An excellent drink, Sir. The Lime Juice, I understand, neutralises certain — er — unpleasant consequences — such as —*"

"Enough, Hawkins. Why rake up the past? Today begins a new era. This Lime Juice, I suppose, is easily obtainable? I didn't just *dream* about it?"

"*Certainly not, Sir. I will order a case.*"

"Better get it in time for luncheon. We may have to cope with a largish party, Hawkins."

"*Case of Rose's Lime Juice for lunch, Sir. Very good, Sir.*"

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.

EXAGGERATED TYPES

SIR,—The letters which have appeared in recent issues of the *Field* have greatly encouraged me in my mission to call attention to the degeneration of certain of our most cherished breeds of dogs, owing to persistent exaggeration of type and over-accentuation of certain minor points at the expense of a general balance and symmetry such as in almost all breeds have been so carefully and meticulously drawn up by the original protagonists of each as respectively compiled.

Taking the strictures of Captain Ralph Toynson first, I am glad that he does not adopt the prevailing trend of Communism and shout "down with the Kennel Club." Such has always proved an abortive slogan if and when put into practice.

If the Kennel Club is to blame for the appalling transmogrification of certain breeds it is only indirectly; namely, by reason of their choice of judges, which is inspired by the lists thereof drawn up by the various "specialist clubs" or societies, which in the case of almost every breed were founded for the purpose of improving (*sic*) and fostering the breeding and exhibiting of their respective charges, but which, in far too many cases, has resulted in the evils which have befallen the latter.

The fact is that these "specialist clubs" are "close boroughs"! It is true that the names of some "free lances," whose expert knowledge of the breed in question is indisputable, are added to the schedule; but when it comes to "recommending" a judge of these particular classes for an important show, a member of the club interested therein is almost invariably chosen. One breed may be burdened with several such bodies, each holding diametrically opposite views as to the fitness of the other's judges to officiate. Thus these "faction wars" become personal and social affairs; the progress of the breed, for the welfare of which each was supposed to have been founded, becomes of negligible importance.

It is certainly advisable that "new blood" should be seen in the ring in the judicial capacity, but that blood, unfortunately, generally flows in the "body corporate" of a member of one of the societies devoted to the particular breed which is to be dealt with.

The Kennel Club sub-committee which deals with the fitness of any judge selected by his or her society to officiate has a rather illogical method of conducting their inquiry. If the name of a "recommended" judge does not appeal to them they inquire if he or she has ever judged the particular breed in question. If the answer is in the negative, whether the candidate for judicial honours is a member of a society or a "free lance," the fiat goes forth that he or she cannot be accepted before he or she has previously judged such breed. Naturally the question arises: "Surely every potential judge must have an initial venture vouchsafed him or her?" Otherwise how in the name of all that is wonderful is a budding genius in the judging department to be discovered?

I am at one with Captain Toynson except in one particular, which pertains to the English springer. He writes: "When they" (springers) "have got this certificate" (of a certain measure of steadiness) "what practical field trial breeder would ever select one of these dogs to mate with a real good working bitch?" Now, for my own part I would as lief use a springer or any other gundog, were he as "wild and undisciplined as a hawk," to my best working bitch, provided that he possessed a good nose, a tender mouth, high intelligence and unremitting perseverance. The matter of perfect "steadiness, to wing and shot," and to the restraining or encouraging whistle or word of command is a matter of education tactfully inculcated. The progeny of such a sire is no more likely to inherit its dam's excellence as a worker than those begotten by one, the wildness of which is induced by over-keenness and inefficient handling.

Turning to the letter of Mr. A. Macdermott *re* an extension of my list of "degenerates." I quite agree; but were I to draw up such a dismal schedule, I think that you, Mr. Editor, would cry "Hold! Enough!" long before it was complete, lest the valuable space in the *Field* columns should be swamped.

Yes; most of the breeds of "big" dogs sadly lack soundness and action, especially as regards their "understandings," "cow" hocks, weak pasterns and "splay" feet being, alas, more often the rule than the exception! The truth is that the craze for enormous height and bulk by which breeders of these "colossi" seem to be obsessed has resulted in bodies so bulky, and heads so massive, that the said "understandings" are unable to sustain the onus thereof without corresponding weaknesses where the latter are concerned.

Now it so happens that I have accepted the office of judge of mastiffs (*D.V.*) at "Cruft's Canine Carnival" next February. I can only hope to find a certain percentage of the exhibits free from the dreadful faults so prevalent in the breed. When judging sundry other breeds it is, with me, generally a case of "Out you go!" when an obvious "cow hock" is displayed; but in the case of Mastiffs, St. Bernards, Newfoundlands and such like I am constrained to temper my own temper in accordance with the unfortunate circumstances as they exist, and so to make the best of a bad job!

Yours faithfully,

The Garrick Club. HARDING COX (Major).

METHODS OF FIELD TRIALS

SIR,—I have read with great interest your different correspondents' criticisms of dog trials and think, as they do, that it is about time that something was done to improve these trials. At present many of them which I have witnessed are hardly worth calling a trial. I will give an example of the last one in which I entered my curly. I was only asked twice during the day to show what the dog could do. First of all, it was to fetch a pheasant which was lying about 20yds. away. This it did. The second thing was this: there were about eight or nine birds lying on the ground: the judge asked me to get one of them, which he pointed to. I told him there were about eight on the ground and that it was hardly fair on the dog, so he told me to remove a couple or so of them, and even then there were several left. The dog did not bring the one he indicated at first, and consequently he took no further notice and walked away.

The award was given to a dog who retrieved a runner, and as far as I could make out, it was the only runner during the meeting.

My object in writing this letter is to try and induce the judges to give every dog an *equal* chance. For example, every single dog entered should certainly retrieve a live partridge or pheasant either from a potato, mangel or swede crop (a severe test), and I suggest for this purpose winged birds should be put down, so that every dog has the same chance.

I submit a much higher standard should be aimed at, which should include as far as possible everything a dog should know for shooting purposes. Each item should be divided and subdivided and separate marks given for each item. I submit that a properly trained dog should at least do the following:—

1. Retrieve game from water (or failing this a ball may be used).
2. Sit and remain sitting while the trainer walks away.
3. The dog should be made to jump a fence at least 3ft. high, carrying a bird or rabbit in its mouth.
4. He should be made to "over" or go through a fence when directed to do so.
5. Come back instantly to the whistle whether hunting or not.
6. Walk properly to heel. This is a very important point in these days with cars about.
7. To be made to lift a snipe.
8. To travel in a car without being sick (an awful habit if they are liable to do this).
9. To deliver game properly, with its head right up, and the dog sitting erect.
10. To find game in thick undergrowth or thorns and bushes and deliver it.

I have seen so many dogs absolutely refuse under these conditions of undergrowth and thorns, etc., and this should be an essential feature of dog trials. Then, again, the swimming test should be made compulsory and I suggest the following: The dog should readily enter cold or warm water without persuasion, he should swim left or right by direction of the hand, cross to the other side and work ahead. He should deliver the game before shaking himself, as many dogs put their game down to do this, picking the bird up afterwards if it has not already flown away. Points should be given for fast or slow swimmers. If any certificate was allotted it should include these and other items and marks allotted for each item. If this was done we should have a reliable record of the dog's capabilities and something to produce for selling or breeding purposes to prove the dog's capabilities.

Yours faithfully,

25, Berkeley Square, W. 1. W. WINDHAM.

THE LIVE RAIL

SIR,—I am not an M.F.H., but if I were, and hunted a district where the live rail was a danger, I know what I should do, and what I believe would be 90 per cent. effective or more. Near my kennels, in a convenient gateway, I should have a rail set up, and once a week or so electrify it to a safe extent. I feel sure that hounds after a touch or two would be very careful about touching the real article. Simple, and probably very effective.

Yours faithfully,

Elmestree, Tetbury. G. F. H.

MISTAKEN IDEAS ON WILDFOWLING

SIR,—I note in the article entitled "Mistaken Ideas on Wildfowling," published in your issue of October 17th, the writer states: "I have spent many days punting on the Wash, and have only once seen a wounded duck, and so wonder if many are wounded." Surely any wildfowler knows that, were there 50 "wounders" on the mud after a night's flighting, before the tide had covered it ten minutes there would not be one upon the water.

Any "wounder," whether a diver or surface feeder, goes ashore with all speed and hides in seaweed, bent or rabbit hole or any thick cover that is near.

Grained birds will be found in ditches and streams that surround the estuary, the reason being, I presume, that the salt water smarts the open wound.

I have known a man with a good dog collect as many as ten "wounders" by searching round the shore after a night's flighting, when the shooters themselves bagged but four or five.

To see a "wounder" at all upon the estuary the following day is as rare an occurrence as it is to see the lee shore clear of dead birds half-eaten by the crows and gulls.

I cannot agree with the writer, when he begs us to be lenient with those who pepper high birds, because they get no chance of shooting at one within range. No one can say it is a sportsmanlike pastime.

The fact that now and again one comes down only goes to show that those that do not are pricked all the harder.

Yours faithfully,

Correen Castle, Ballinasloe, Co. Galway. FRANCIS C. COBBE.

REASONS FOR RIDING

SIR,—In recent years I have enjoyed the privilege of instructing many people of all ages and both sexes in the art of riding, and the question has often crossed my mind: "Why do these people wish to learn to ride?"

In some cases the answer to the conundrum has been obvious, *e.g.*, "In order to hunt," "For love," "Doctor's orders," etc.; but there have been many instances in which I have not been able to unravel the mystery.

It would be of great interest, and also of great assistance to myself and many other equitation instructors, if your readers would set forth their reasons for wishing to learn to ride, either through the medium of your columns or direct to me at your address.

Yours faithfully,

Minehead, Somerset. "BETTER RIDING."

SWARM OF QUEEN WASPS

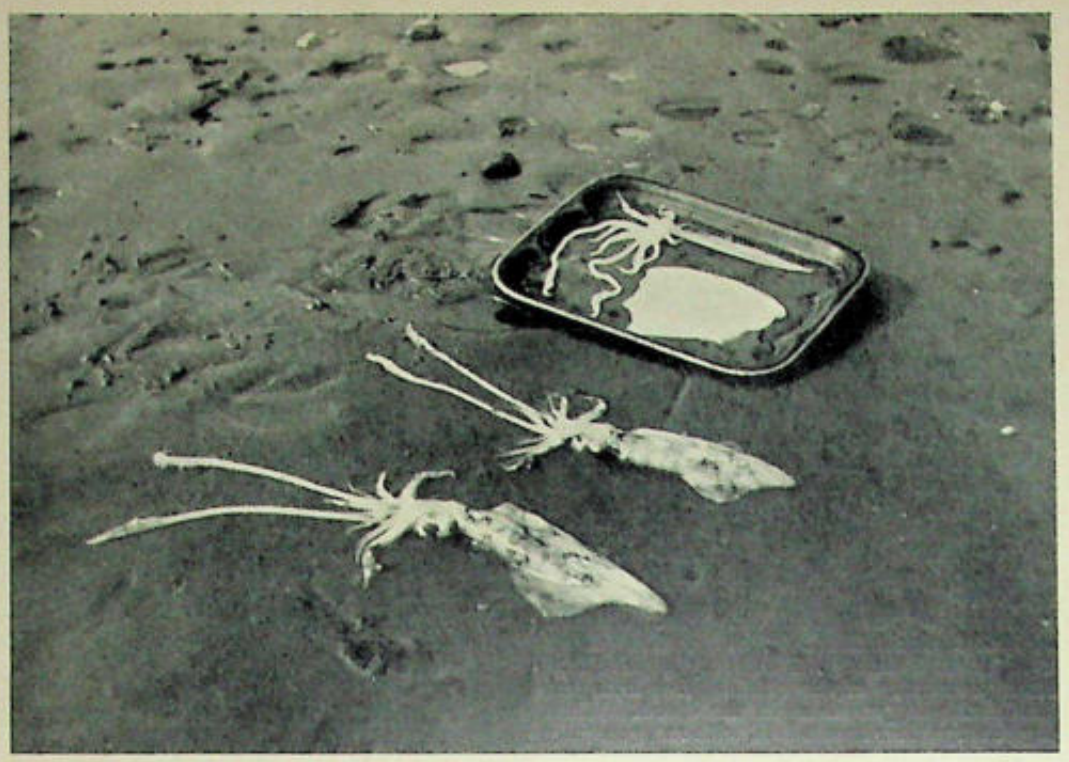
SIR,—With reference to Mr. Purefoy Fitzgerald's letter in your issue of November 7th, the following should be of interest:

This spring I observed an almost identical case of a swarm of queen wasps which, curiously enough, were also hovering around a cotoneaster bush alongside the porch of my house. Fearing a pest of wasps would result, I hung a jar containing beer and sugar on the bush, but failed to trap a single wasp.

Last year I took two wasps' nests from my garden, but this year I have found none and have seen very few wasps.

Yours faithfully,

K.H.M. House, Invergordon, Ross-shire. L. G. A.



QUIDDLE DEAD—CUTTLE ALIVE
(See Letter "Quiddle and Quiddle-bait")

QUIDDLE AND QUIDDLE-BAIT

SIR,—In common with other visitors here, I have been very puzzled by references in the Press and elsewhere to quiddle and quiddle-bait. Inquiry at a fishmongers elicited that it was "quiddle dead—and cuttle alive." An old inhabitant said that its flavour was delicious and resembled that of lobster. Another said that when boiled the water became inky.

Certainly it seemed to be cuttle-fish. But why called quiddle? A chance remark cleared up matters. Someone recalled that they were also known as "squids"—and reference to natural histories proved this to be correct.

This small species of cuttle is a summer visitor only to the Channel Isles and Southern England, the attraction being the smaller fish, mainly sprats and whiting.

Yours faithfully,

Weymouth. MYSTIFIED.

MASTER OF PIE-DOGS

SIR,—I would like to say something about these outcasts. The name Pie dog suggests a mixture of breeds which in the sum is pie-dog. As a lover and fancier of dogs, I pen this letter in praise of some of my pie friends. These poor animals in India might be styled the animal democracy for they are in a large majority. You come across them in streets, roads, gullies, half-starving, covered with mange, paralysed, and on railway stations, with their legs cut as a result of passing trains. They are nobody's property yet, in spite of neglect and more kicks than half-pennies, they guard sweet shops, streets, and at night people's homes. A half-bred cur is more faithful than a human being. When writing this I am reminded of a saying: "The more I see of men the more I love my dogs."

I have seen pie-dogs look like pointers, fox-terriers, foxhounds, a mixture of pointers and fox-terriers, Alsatian and Great Dane, and so on. When it is a pie of breeds I don't see why they should not have the qualities of their varied and prolific ancestors. They should possess a good nose, eyesight, speed and all that makes a dependable dog. From my own experience I have found pie-dogs very clever and good for hunting. I admit they are useless for shows, and the eugenic enthusiasts would add, so are many charming humans, but for sport I think nothing can beat them. They will tackle anything from a jackal or a fox to a pig or a panther. I have kept all kinds of dogs, from the very best to the very worst, and have come to the conclusion for the reasons assigned that nothing can beat a pie-dog.

A well-bred dog costs about Rs. 200 and the chances are that the hot weather kills him. The care and expense, necessary for their welfare, sending them to hill stations and putting them in special hands does not pay. The casualties, because of distemper, tick fever, canker, are devastating. For people who are fond of hunting, a pack is a costly thing. Firstly, the buying of a dog is a business, and the keeping still worse. A master of foxhounds is never at rest. There is some kind of trouble most days.

The kennel boys in India are terrible. One was fairly recently sent out for a stroll with one of my well-bred Cocker dogs; the boy kicked the dog so severely that it died in a few hours. Once, when going out to my kennels, a dog boy slammed the heavy kennel door on a Great Dane of mine and broke its leg. In a country like India, with trying weather, I am in favour of well-bred dogs being kept in the hills, but in most places, irrespective of geographical position, if anyone desires to enjoy the company of dogs for hunting or for guarding purposes, I would suggest the selection of strong, healthy pie-dogs. Hunting is a very old Indian sport and the pastime of kings and nobles. One often sees pictures of a rider with a hawk and dogs at heel, but the breeds one comes across on old carvings to me look like the pie-dogs of to-day.

Feeding, kenneling and bringing up of pie-dogs is very cheap. Heat does not affect them, and as they are very hardy one can use them in all seasons. There was a case of a pie-dog in my place. Two pie-dogs were playing near a jungle; a panther stalked them and caught one. The other chased the panther for about 50yds. The panther was so terrified that he dropped the dog and both ran back to safety. Wandering tribes keep these dogs with their caravan and nobody dare go into their tents at night. I have hunted pigs with them and found them very plucky. A veteran at the game is like an old hero and he knows the right way of tackling a pig. A pack of pie-dogs will chase anything. I have known village dogs pull down a sambhur. If one were to select strong and healthy dogs with a good head, a strong jaw and black nose, I am sure they would make a very fascinating pack for sport.

I had a pie-dog which used to retrieve just like a Labrador. A hen once fell into the moat; it was a cold day and a large crowd was watching, but none had the pluck to go into the cold water. I happened to pass by with "Buff," and sent him into the moat, and he safely brought the hen out without damaging a feather. Any scraps from the table suffice, and while in camp no animal can approach the tent. He is "an armoury of faithful soldiery." His speed is not very great but he will give one a good run for one's money.

"A master of pie-dogs" may sound unusual and will raise a laugh amongst the Masters of foxhounds but, acknowledging that it takes all kinds to make a world, if they hunt with a pie pack, they will realise it is glorious fun. When the temperature is 115, with the hot wind blowing in one's face and the powerful sunrays beating down, my Curly toils, brave, loyal, obedient, undaunted and, with tail up, says, "Master carry on." The air is full of world reforms; might we not apply the word to ourselves and reform our erstwhile prejudice and let the pie have his chance. In this doggy connection I might alter Hamlet's reflection to run as follows:

"Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, the pie will have his day."

I will close with Goldsmith's:

"And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound
And curs of low degree."

Yours faithfully,

Brijnagar, Rajputana. MAKHMOOR.

SALMON RUNNING THE SHIN FALLS

SIR,—The enclosed photograph of a salmon attempting to negotiate the famous Shin Falls on the River Shin, Sutherland, will, I hope, be of interest to your readers. On the afternoon of September 29th I counted 147 salmon in 32 minutes attempting to reach the river above. Not one succeeded.

A few seconds after the photograph was taken

A GOOD LEAP
(See Letter "Salmon Running the Shin Falls")

the fish, a fine clean run hen, was dashed on to the rocks at my feet. She eventually reached the water again but left behind her a silver patch of scales and carried away a large red and white scar the whole length of her body. Immediately afterwards she was swept into the shallow water at the side of the pool, where many others lay apparently too exhausted to face the violence of the current.

On this particular water there is no form of ladder to help the fish. Many hundreds of fine salmon must, therefore, be destroyed annually through injury and through consequent disease. Surely in a case like this your famous paper could produce evidence to prove that the cause of humanitarianism and salmon fishing alike would benefit by the introduction of some means of by-passing the falls to allow easier passage to fish which are, after all, only obeying the strongest urge in the whole of nature.

Yours faithfully,

142, Wigmore Street, W.1. C. W. R. HILL.

"I'll be 'round' for Christmas as usual"

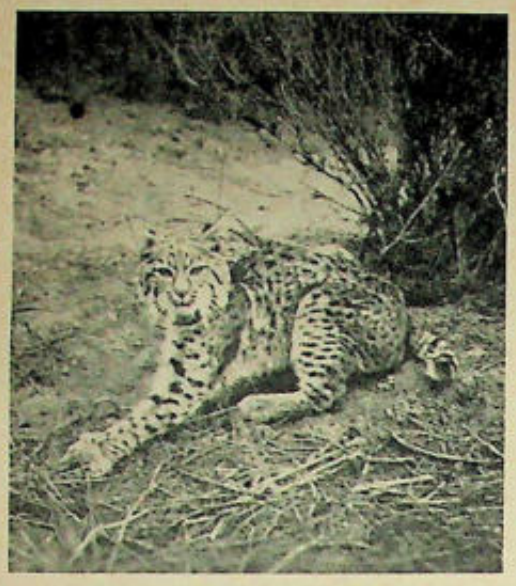
—said Johnnie Walker

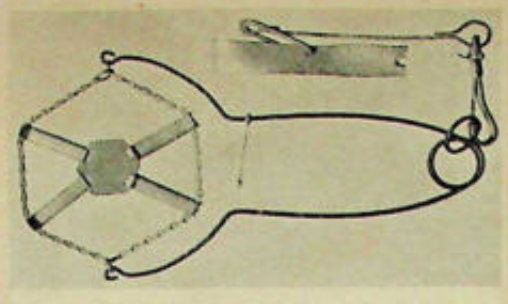
"Round," said Johnnie Walker, "is the word used in Scotland to describe a completely successful blend without any rough edges. The whiskies from which Johnnie Walker is blended are good in themselves: harmonious blending changes them into a vastly better whisky.

"If you are giving little parties at home this Christmas, add to their enjoyment by ordering the round whisky in the square bottle—Johnnie Walker. And when you and your friends meet outside—*always ask for Johnnie Walker by name.*"

Johnnie Walker

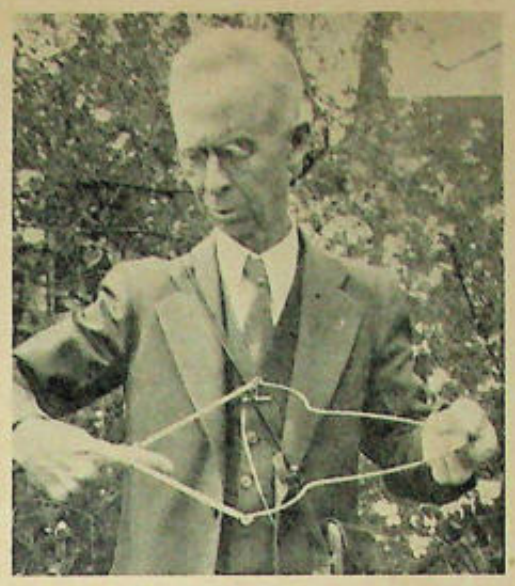
Born 1820—still going strong





A TRAP THAT DOES NOT LACERATE OR MAIM

Above: The trap in the set position
On the left: A bobcat in the trap
On the right: A finger caught without pain
(See Letter "A Non-injurious Animal Trap")



A NON-INJURIOUS ANIMAL TRAP

SIR,—Animals snared in this humane leg-hold trap, recently invented by Dr. V. Bailey, a noted zoologist of the United States Biological Survey, have no lacerated or maimed or broken legs, as is the case with animals caught in the savage steel jaws of conventional traps. The trap operates so painlessly that a loop strong enough to hold a wolf can snap shut on a man's hand or finger (see photo) without causing the slightest discomfort. It works somewhat like a small boy's snare, and can be built strong enough to hold a grizzly bear. The trap consists of two simple parts, known as the bow and the pan. The bow is made of very strong spring steel wire. The ends of the bow are connected by two separate chains. Each chain has a slip ring at one end. The two chains are threaded into each other, through the slip rings, to form a double slide noose. The pan is detachable from the bow, and consists of a metal plate with four hinged arms. When opened these arms swing below the level of the plate, but when the trap is sprung they rise and carry the chain upward. In the set position (see photo), the bow chains are placed in notches in the ends of the four arms. When the tension of the bow is taken up by the chains the pressure thus exerted holds the arms open, but the weight of the animal's paw on the pan causes that part to drop below the level of the hinged arms, which then instantly rise carrying the chain with them and drawing a noose around the leg or ankle of the animal. The action is as fast as that of a conventional steel-jawed trap.

The pan with its hinged arms drops clear of the spring bow, which holds the animal securely in the noose with a tension that resists all struggles and yet does not injure or maim. The harder the animal pulls the firmer the noose holds. All potentially injurious shocks caused by sudden leaps or lurches are absorbed by the spring. Not suffering any pain or injury, the trapped animal soon ceases its struggles (see bobcat photo) and is removed from the trap in good condition. The humane trap is also considerably surer to hold the catch, as only animals in great pain will pull their foot off or perform a self-amputation by gnawing.

Yours faithfully,
208, Hill Street, P. C. HOLAHAN.
Chicago, Ill.

KESTREL FISHING

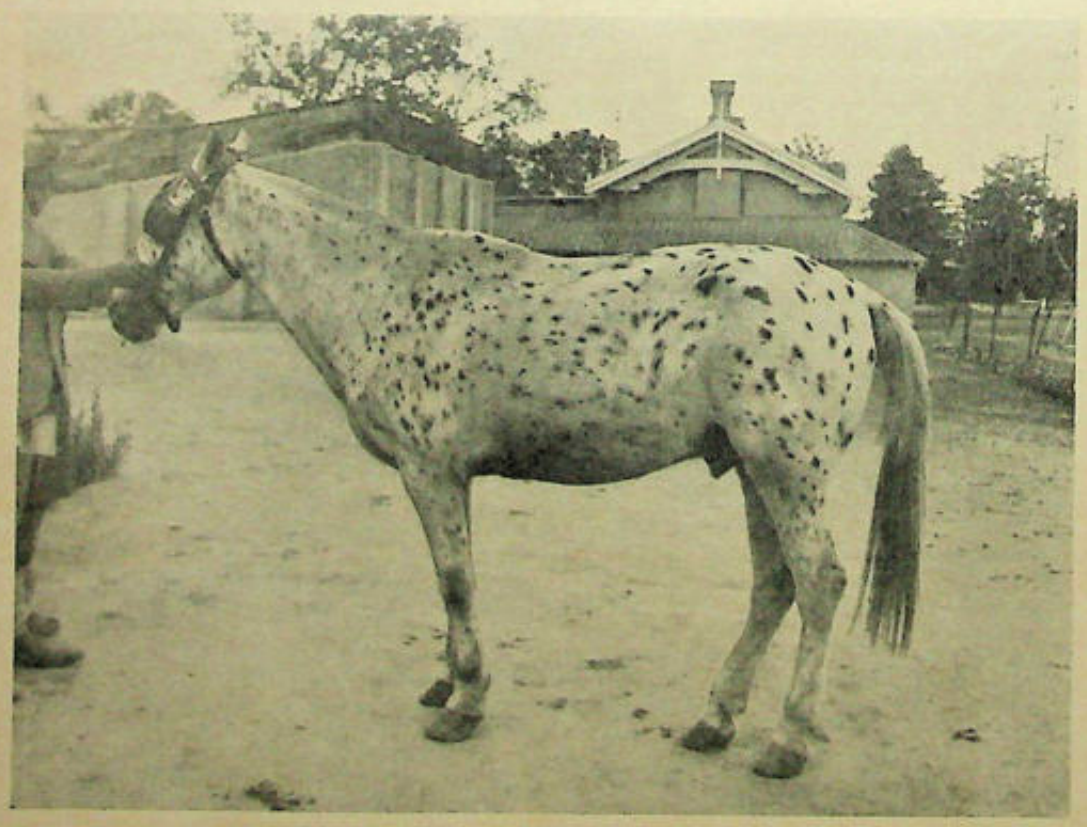
SIR,—Two years ago I caught 28 Golden Orfe from 1lb. to 2lb. each (rod and line) in Sussex, brought them back and put them in the garden pond at "Fridays" here. The pond is situated under a large oak, 20yds. from the front door of the house, from which was clearly seen a kestrel swoop down over the pond, seize one of the largest fish and despite being shouted at, flew away with the fish in its talons. Has it been known for a kestrel to eat fish?

Yours faithfully,
Syrings, C. T. ANGELL.
Ockley, Surrey.

COLOUR IN HORSES

SIR,—This photograph was taken in Rawalpindi and is of a tonga pony. The spots are black. I have seen thousands of tonga ponies—in many widely separated districts of India—but I have never seen another even approaching a similar colour.

Yours faithfully,
Lovat House, N. M. HUGHES-HALLETT.
Cheltenham.



A DISTINCTIVE DRESS
(See Letter "Colour in Horses")

AUTUMN SALMON AND THE SPEY

SIR,—I can fully endorse Mr. Percy Laming's remarks in his letter with reference to the peaty water on the Spey and its disastrous effect on the fish. I have fished the Brae water for years, and also Easter Elchies in July. The peat was not so apparent in the former beat in June, but this year Easter Elchies in July was completely ruined by the colour of the water. The river was full of fresh fish, particularly in the deep pools; but due to the colour of the water, it was impossible to see even brogues when wading in 18in. of water, and the only hope of getting the fish to take was catching a fish just as it entered the pool, and it would rise to a size six or even seven greased-line fly. Such fly was hopeless, as the fish that had been in the pools for a few days seemed sickened and lifeless.

The main cause of this seems to have been the prolonged drought in the previous two months, followed by a heavy spate in early July. The peat is washed down from the moors around Tomestone and comes down the Avon, as in Grantham and the upper reaches the water was quite clear. The water was black on July 15th, and remained so until well into August.

I feel that Mr. Laming is perfectly correct when he assumes that the red fish get so sick that they will not face the peaty water, but gradually drop back to the sea.

It is quite feasible that a succession of years like the present one, with similar conditions, will have a marked effect on the autumn run.

Yours faithfully,
Munden House, T. S. L. LOSCO-BRADLEY.
Sherwood Rise, Nottingham.

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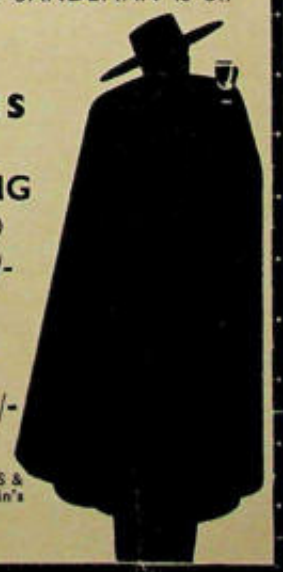

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APITIV
(Extra Dry Pale)
per doz. 72/-

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SHERRY

THE MIMOSA TREE

SIR,—The enclosed photograph may be of interest, as the young tree in the centre is grown from seed I gathered in Tientsin or Peking, in 1926, and sowed in my garden here in May, 1933; it, therefore, being now over three years old and measuring slightly over 6ft. in height. In China it is generally known as the mimosa tree, but its proper name, I understand, is *Albizzia Julibrissin*.

I am disappointed that, so far, it has not flowered, but am led to believe that it is rather a triumph to have grown it entirely in the open in this country, and should be interested to learn if any of your readers know of any specimens existing here. At Kew, I understand, they have specimens grown in tubs in order that they can be brought in under cover until the spring frosts are over. In the photograph two young hibiscus (I think they are *H. coccineus* and *H. mutabilis*) may be noticed nearby; one has already lost all its leaves except a small bunch at the top.

Yours faithfully,

ALAN W. M. CAMPBELL SKINNER
Woking. (Lieutenant-Colonel).

BREAKING A SPANIEL

SIR,—I have a young spaniel dog that has just been broken and is perfect in every way, but refuses to retrieve fur or feather. He has a grand nose, finds his birds well, and after mouthing them, sits down beside them.

He has had the example of an experienced dog to follow, but nothing will induce him to pick up his game. In the case of a runner he puts his foot on it and waits for you to come up. He retrieves any artificial thing perfectly.

I should be very grateful if any reader who has had a similar experience and overcome it could help me.

Yours faithfully,

Colne Place, T. BENNALLE BROWN.
Earls Colne.

FISHING GUTS

SIR,—An urchin called at my place a short while ago to beg a long piece of string to make an eel line. Rather amused at the request, I gave him a length of suitable line. Seeing him fumbling with the hooks and old line, I asked him if he had any gut to fix the hooks with.

The lad shook his head. "No, sir, I've no guts, but they gave me a big lump of liver at the slaughter house," producing it for my approval.

Yours faithfully,

Norwood, Exeter Road, E. KNAPP.
Tavistock, Devon.

A HORTICULTURAL TRIUMPH
(See Letter "The Mimosa Tree")

GARDEN CLUB FOR THE BLIND

SIR,—In the letter which you kindly inserted in the *Field* of October 31st, I regret that I did not make it quite clear that the prizes awarded to the Garden Club for the Blind at the Royal Horticultural Society's Show last May was in the section for blind gardeners, and I should be much obliged if you would mention this in your next issue.

Yours faithfully,

Tressillian Lodge, GERALD HEWITT.
St. John's, S.E. 4. (Chairman).

A LARGE CHAMOIS

SIR,—It would be very interesting if E. M. Abercrombie would be so good as to give the actual measurements of his magnificent trophy, *i.e.*, the length over the curve of the horns, base to tip; the girth at the base; and the width between the points of the horns.

This new method of giving a figure of merit is no doubt excellent as a means of judging heads in the competitive exhibitions regularly held in Austria, but it only gives the merit of one head as compared with another. The measurements given in Messrs. Rowland Ward's *Records* enable anyone to make a rough sketch of a head and see what it is really like.

I was told the last time I was in Austria of this new method. I forget how the figure is arrived at, but I saw then that it gave no information as to the size and proportions of the individual head.

Yours faithfully,

Shenley Cottage, J. HAMILTON LEIGH
Bagborough, Somerset. (Colonel).

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1, earnestly plead for donations to help a woman worker aged 64. By profession a milliner, she developed acute chest trouble, and had to abandon a good business and go to South Africa for her health's sake. Though her chest was cured she developed arthritis, and had to return to England three years ago. Since then she has tried hard to earn a few shillings, but after several weeks of severe bronchitis she realises she must enter a home. Her income is 22/- weekly, and a charitable society has raised another 8/- weekly, but the fees at the home where she would be happy and comfortable are 35/- weekly. The Friends of the Poor need £20 to cover the fees and provide a little pocket money.

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COMPANY MEETING

HAWKER SIDDELEY AIRCRAFT

PROSPECTUS ESTIMATES EXCEEDED GRATIFYING INCREASE IN TURNOVER

The first ordinary general meeting of the Hawker Siddeley Aircraft Company, Limited, was held on November 25th, at the May Fair Hotel, London, W.

Mr. Thomas O. M. Sopwith, C.B.E., F.R.Ae.S. (chairman of the company), said: Our revenue for the year amounted to £502,919. The board recommend to-day the payment of a cash dividend for the period ended July 31st, 1936, on the 4,000,000 ordinary shares issued prior to June last of 30 per cent., less tax, and a bonus of one fully-paid ordinary share for every ten of the said ordinary shares, carrying forward £10,633. The forecast of increased profits made in your company's prospectus has been justified, and the turnover of subsidiaries shows an increase in excess of anticipations.

Your company exercises control over a number of operating companies engaged in widely varying activities. The major portion of the output of these subsidiary companies is in connection with the expansion and rearmament programme laid down by Parliament. The rate of profit earned thereon is controlled—and rightly so—by official costing experts, but while the average percentage of profit is lower, the aggregate is higher than in the past by reason of the greatly increased turnover. I am, however, pleased to say that a gratifying increase in turnover is shown in other branches. Your subsidiary companies manufacture aeroplanes, aeroplane and other engines for naval, military and air force purposes. They supply civil and commercial aircraft and engines ranging from light training types to the new air liners under construction for Imperial Airways, and details ancillary to high grade engineering work.

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY CARS

The Armstrong Siddeley motor-car is our own product and in addition we derive revenue from our training schools for air pilots and operators. We cater for a considerable commercial market, and I can assure you that your directors devote unremitting care and attention to this side of our activities. The Armstrong Siddeley motor-car is increasing in popularity, and while the results for the last financial year have been satisfactory, I anticipate the necessity for additional output in the current year and arrangements have been made accordingly. The world-wide reputation for reliability gained by these cars will be further enhanced by the attractive lines of our new models. The export business of subsidiary companies shows marked improvement, and further efforts will be made to expand in this very important direction. The total number of hands employed by our group of companies is very much greater than at the same period last year and is steadily increasing.

As I indicated at our last meeting in June, we have had under discussion the question of making an offer for the portion of the Hawker Aircraft Company's Ordinary capital not at present owned by your company. The subject has received mature consideration, and we are within a few days formulating proposals to this end.

CURRENT YEAR'S PROSPECTS

Your directors are aware of the advisability of further widening the sphere of activity of your company as and when a suitable occasion arises, and negotiations are in progress in one or two directions which should afford an opportunity for further development in the future. While it is hazardous to endeavour to foreshadow profits ahead, I am satisfied that the increased turnover of the subsidiary companies during the past year, which has enabled us to provide what I hope you consider a satisfactory dividend, should, by reason of the additional facilities available, show a further advance during the current year, and although the actual percentage of profit will still remain comparatively low, the aggregate should be higher.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted; the dividends and capital bonus were approved; and the proceedings terminated with a hearty vote of thanks to the chairman, directors and staff.

IN THE CITY

COMPARATIVE VALUES IN "ROPES"

ATTENTION has previously been drawn, on the last occasion in April, to the 7 per cent. non-cumulative preferred ordinary shares of 10/- each of British Ropes, Ltd., which were then obtainable at 12/3 to yield 5⅝ per cent.

For the year ended on December 31st, 1935, there was £113,373 available to meet the dividend on these preferred ordinary shares, which requires £44,006 per annum, and a dividend of 12½ per cent. was paid on the ordinary shares of 2/6 each. The rearmament programme and the recovery in shipbuilding, etc., will have a substantial effect upon the company's business, and that this is generally recognised is indicated by the fact that the 2/6 ordinary shares have risen to 15/9, a level more than six times their nominal value. If the ordinary shares are worth this price—and they are not considered to be very extravagantly valued—it would seem that the 7 per cent. preferred ordinary shares are relatively undervalued. The object of this note is to point out that these preferred ordinary shares, which changed hands at 13/6 earlier this year, are once more obtainable at about 12/3 to yield 5⅝ per cent., and as was stated last April "there seems to be no reason for advising a sale at any figure substantially below 14/-, at which price the yield would still be 5 per cent."

IND, COOPE & ALLSOPP

The £1 units of ordinary stock of Ind, Coope and Allsopp, Ltd., can be bought at about 125/9 to yield over 4¼ per cent. on the distribution of 27½ per cent. declared in respect of the year ended on September 30th last. This yield compares very favourably with that obtainable on the shares of the other leading brewery companies, and yet by many well-informed investors the ordinary stock of Ind, Coope & Allsopp is regarded as one of the most attractive of the best grade equities.

As its name implies this concern represents a merger of two of the better known brewery companies. The combine is one of the largest in the trade, and its sphere of operations, unlike that of many other breweries, is not confined to one particular district; on the contrary the present undertaking has very widely spread interests and stands to benefit not only from the recovery which began to take place some considerable time ago in the South and Midlands, but also from the more recent improvement in the heavy trades in the industrial North of England. The issued capital of the company consists of £3,657,634 in 5 per cent. consolidated mortgage debenture stock, £1,888,965 in 6½ per cent. cumulative preference stock, and £1,745,698 in ordinary stock. The excellent record of Ind, Coope prior to the slump and the good recovery which has taken place in earnings subsequent to it and to the amalgamation is reflected in the following figures:

Year to Sept. 30th.	Ordinary Stock. Available.	(per cent.) Earned.	Paid.	Ordinary Capital.
1926	£226,633	40.6	25	£699,374
1927	233,171	35.5	25	874,218
1928	234,485	33.5	25	874,218
1929	283,897	40.6	25	874,218
1930	289,970	42.8	25	874,218
1931	237,613	35.8	22½	874,218
1932	179,697	27.4	19	874,218
1933	185,112	28.2	20	874,218
1934	338,831	33.2	22½	1,475,698
1935	417,472	36.5	22½	1,475,698
1936	528,828	39.7	27½	1,745,698

It will be noted that the company has earned for many years past considerably more than it has distributed in dividend payments. The undistributed profits have been put back into the business and have enabled the company to build up a general reserve fund of £950,000 and a public house improvement reserve of £250,000, and to carry forward £380,000. Seemingly the only factor in the outlook for the company of an unfavourable nature is the possibility of additional taxation on beer, and this factor is mentioned not because an increase in the tax is considered a probability but because consideration to it must be given in an appraisal of any brewery concern. In view of the necessity for raising additional revenue to cover the cost of the rearmament programme it is conceivable that the tax on beer will again be raised next April, but it appears reasonable to assume that, if an increase is made, it will be very moderate, for it has already been proved that a higher tax is uneconomic from the revenue producing aspect, since it brings into effect the law of "diminishing returns."

The £1 units of ordinary stock of Ind, Coope and Allsopp at current levels around 125/9 to yield fully 4¼ per cent. should prove a satisfactory investment whether the taxation on beer is slightly increased or whether it is not, and the units appear undervalued at present as compared with those of many other brewery concerns.

PACTOLUS.

New Books

HUNTING IN THE WEST

Lord Bathurst Looks Back

A VALUABLE contribution to foxhunting literature has been made by Earl Bathurst in his latest work, *A History of the V.W.H. Country*, complete with illustrations and a map. At the commencement of the book the author rightly draws the attention of the reader to the fact that he has lived in the Vale of White Horse country for 58 years out of the 102 years that the Hunt has existed. In doing so he establishes his own claim therefore to be in a more knowledgeable position as to the inner history and welfare of the country over the past half century than any other person.

Assisted by old records (happily preserved), and newspaper cuttings, the author has been enabled to go into considerable detail as to the actual formation of the V.W.H. Hunt. The country, he tells us, was carved out of the Old Berkshire Hunt, whose territory previous to 1835 embraced an enormous area now hunted over by no less than five separate packs of foxhounds. The story of the many vicissitudes through which the Hunt has passed since the Hon. Henry Moreton, afterwards Earl of Ducie, first took command, is told in a delightful manner. Records of exceptionally good runs, old customs and habits of the countryside are mingled with the apparently ceaseless friction and ill-feeling between the Hunt and outside influences as to make every page of the book thoroughly readable. That up to the close of the last century, anyway, there were fewer foxes, and consequently, exceptionally long points were of frequent occurrence, appears to be an accepted fact, although to many people to-day the idea of scarcity of foxes in Red Lodge and Webb's Wood will come as something in the nature of a surprise.

Exactly how far modern foxhunting has changed in the course of years is shown by the record of the opening meet in 1875, at Bibury Court, when after a first-class run of 1 hour and 20 minutes, terminating with a kill, the whole company returned to the Court and partook of a handsome luncheon. Should the unfortunate, and often stormy incidents seem to predominate, it is well to remember that a faithful history, whether it be of a nation or of a pack of foxhounds, is bound to record both good and evil. The seemingly endless disputes over boundaries and covert rights reached their climax in 1886, when the division of the Vale of White Horse into two distinct Hunts, with kennels at Cirencester and at Cricklade came about. The full story of that unpleasant interlude is told, and coming as it did after years of constant bickering, one is left marvelling that foxhunting in the Vale of White Horse ever survived.

Foxhunting in England owes a tremendous debt of gratitude to Earl Bathurst for this book the very nature of which must have entailed an enormous amount of patience and research. It will be read and enjoyed by everyone interested in the best of all English sports, whether or not the pleasant pastures of the Vale of White Horse are known to them. J. R.

A History of the V.W.H. Country. By Earl Bathurst, C.M.G. (Constable; 24/-.)

HARRY PRESTON

THE late Sir Harry Preston never kept a diary, an omission which explains the title he chose for his memoirs. As he himself admitted, he has written "a rambling record, largely innocent of dates," and in fact it is this very artlessness that makes this book such good reading. The reader who has been properly brought up according to the nursery rule of bread-and-butter before cake will, of course, start at the beginning and go right through to the end. Those who like reading the last chapter of a book first (and this vice seems most prevalent) will be able to do so with equally happy results. Those who "haven't got time to read books, you know," but wish to see whether their names are mentioned, can turn to the excellent index and satisfy their curiosity in a second. In short, this book is just as hospitable as was its author.

"The truth is," wrote Harry Preston in his foreword, "I have kept a swing door for more than half a century, and through it have passed all sorts and kinds of people." This is, however, only a fraction of the truth; he was much more than a good hotel-keeper, he was also a Corinthian. "What is a Corinthian?" he was once asked by an American. As examples, Preston suggested "Lord Lonsdale as a typical representative of the elder generation, and the Earl of Westmorland as a representative of the younger generation."

"I see, sporting gentlemen," nodded the American. "Better make it gentlemen sports," said Raymund de Trafford. "Sporting gentleman is what the judge calls a bookie when he gets him in the box." So that question was settled. On the same subject, Harry Preston tells an amusing story of an American boxer who was interviewed after a successful European tour. "Well, boys," said the manager, "Spike had a wonderful time in Europe. He was interjuiced to all the Corinthians, like Lord Harry Preston, Sir Derby, the Oil of Westmoreland, and the Dook of Lonsdale; met 'em all, didn't you, Spike?"

"Yeah," replied the pug, "an' licked 'em all, too."

Though Harry Preston was a lover of all forms of sport, boxing was his greatest joy, and a good deal of his book is devoted to stories of his own fights and those he witnessed. Yet the ring does not predominate; indeed, his range of contacts was so wide that "everyone who is anyone," from the present King to Horatio Bottomley, and every subject that is of any interest to "gentlemen sports," find a place in this book. His unpretentious style makes excellent reading. A. R. L-M.

Leaves from My Unwritten Diary. By Sir Harry Preston. (Hutchinson; 12/6.)

"YOUNG ULYSSES"

I DO not know how old Mr. David Haig-Thomas is, but he is a young man still, and his adult life has been post-War. His name is familiar, both for its own sake in aquatics and for that of his father, the famous rowing coach, who is annually engaged in the instruction of one or other of the University crews. Mr. David Haig-Thomas, in the family tradition, was a member of the victorious Cambridge crew in 1932.

His book is happily named *I Leap Before I Look*. It is an autobiography, and it is interesting in several ways. Firstly, it interests me because it gives in a naïve and ingenuous manner a healthy and wealthy young man's reactions towards his own times and present-day seasons. Secondly, because it is a first book, and its composition is of two pleasant and becoming things—Simplicity and Enthusiasm. Thirdly, it relates adventures, many of which are of madcap worth. There is no sort of doubt as to the author's adventurousness, from the time we find him, an Etonian, breaking into the printers' offices, to obtain a "pull" of his "trial papers" prior to Trials (a delightfully successful adventure in the Raffles manner), or, still an Etonian, poaching an ibex in the Pyrenees under the noses of the Carabineros, until we see him, a fully-fledged young Livingstone or Stanley, on caravan in the Arussi mountains. Best do I like the adventures at home. I like the breakneck, moonlit steeple-jacking on the roofs and pinnacles of King's College Chapel, undertaken for no better suicidal purpose than to tie an open umbrella to the topmost spire. I like, best in all the book, the adventure of the Solway. Here the author (wild-fowling at night), having tempted Providence, is caught in a quicksand on the banks of the Nith. The whole short story of his escape from a mighty unpleasant, premature and well-deserved demise is excellently told and convincingly enough to "gar a body grue."

Mr. Haig-Thomas, in his short life, has done much worth doing, and seen much worth seeing, both at home and abroad. The strangest thing about the book, about its author, rather, is that he who finds so much of vital enjoyment in the lighted match and dynamite modes loves best of all, I think, the comparatively mild excitements to be found in the photography of wildfowl.

The book, which has pleased me throughout, is illustrated by many of these excellent photographs. P. R. C.

I Leap Before I Look. By David Haig-Thomas. (Putnam; 10/6.)

ANIMAL ODDITIES

MR. GRANT WATSON is deeply interested in the behaviour of animals, and in these short essays he describes the ways of life of a number of animals, more particularly those with strange life histories. He deals with few vertebrates; invertebrates, especially insects, engage his attention. There is nothing new in this book for the professional naturalist. There is little personal observation. But he is none the less interesting for that, and for readers whose acquaintance with the world of nature is not that of the professional much, if not all, of his writing will be of absorbing interest. For Mr. Grant Watson has gone out of his way to collect the amazing. Further, the author, who is a man of scientific training, and who began as a convinced evolutionist, finds, when he examines associations between species (as, for example, stoat and rabbit) that doubts and speculations creep into his thoughts. He has had the courage to put his doubts and speculations down. That is the correct attitude, and they are worthy of note. But I confess myself unable to see any reason to doubt, if plenty of cause for speculation. The writing, which is a quaint mixture of literary English and scientific nomenclature, is attractive. The woodcuts are good. Print and format are excellent. An excellent Christmas present for those whose knowledge of nature is limited, whose appreciation is unlimited. B. V-F.

Enigmas of Natural History. By E. L. Grant Watson. (Cresset Press; 6/-.)

BOOKS IN BRIEF

No one is better qualified to write on Badminton than Sir George Thomas, and all players of the game will appreciate a book—*Badminton* (Seeley, Service; price 2/6)—which will not only give them advice from an expert on making their shots, but also tell them all they want to know about the game.

Keep Your Eye on the Ball (Collins; price 6/-) is a book of sketches by J. E. Broome with verse and prose by John Adrian Ross. Every ball that figures in a game receives its humorous treatment—from the young lawn tennis ball who in tournament week found that

> "To call their game 'Tennis' was such an effrontery,
> I just couldn't stand it, and left for the country,"

to the sad tale of the unfortunate golf ball that was holed out in one. There are a dozen laughs on every page.

We much regret that in our notice of Miss Lucy Dawson's charming book of sketches, *Dogs as I See Them*, the publisher's name was incorrectly given. It is issued by Collins. From the same house comes *Sport in War*, by Lionel Dawson, with illustrations by Lionel Edwards, priced at 21/-, and *More Bandobast*, by Snaffles, which costs 25/-. These are alterations of the prices originally listed. Both books have been reviewed in the *Field*, and we recommend them to the notice of our readers.

The English Scene

THE SHOOTING MAN'S ENGLAND
Patrick Chalmers 8s. 6d.
"A perfectly delightful book—a masterpiece of its kind."—*Field*

THE GARDENER'S ENGLAND
Eric Parker 8s. 6d.
"This is an excellently varied book. Mr. Parker is one of those fortunate mortals in whom Nature has found a master."—*Sunday Times*

The Lonsdale Library

XXIII
THE HISTORY OF HUNTING
Patrick Chalmers
Fully Illustrated 21s.
"An apparently effortless triumph . . . a rich feast of information and entertainment."—*Sunday Times*

XXIV
RIVER MANAGEMENT
Towner-Coston, Pentelow and Butcher 15s.
"It is no exaggeration to say that, with the help of this book, any water, however unpromising, can be brought up to reasonable sporting standards."—*Yorkshire Observer*

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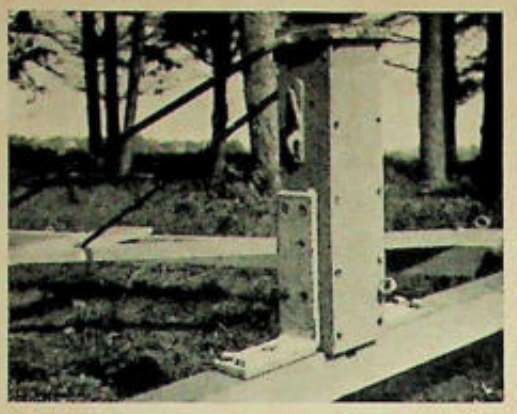
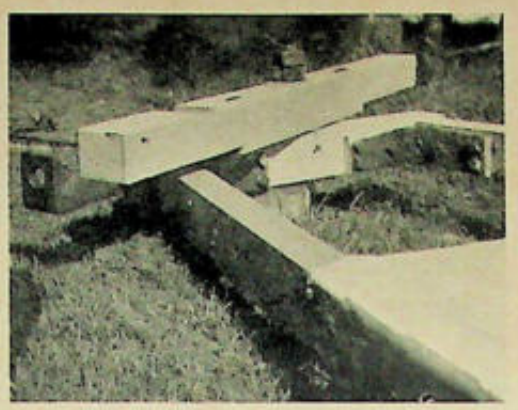




1. METHOD USED IN FIXING AND STAYING TABERNACLE. 2. REAR AXLE FITTED TO CHASSIS, IRONWORK TO TAKE WHEELS, AND ANGLE PLATES FOR ASSEMBLING CHASSIS. PART OF CANVAS SEAT IS SHOWN BUT TILLER BAR NOT FITTED

HOW I MADE MY LAND YACHT

By CHRISTOPHER WALKER

AN account of my experience with a land yacht, which appeared in the *Field* a short time ago, has aroused a certain interest, and some readers who have wished to build a similar craft have asked for details of the yacht I built. The following notes, I hope, will be of some help:

Two qualities were essential in the chassis: strength and stability. The chassis I designed had a wheel span forward of a little over eight feet, and young ash was used in the construction. Five lengths of this timber of varying dimensions were cut out for me. Two of the lengths were 10ft. by 3in. by 2in., one was 8ft. by 3in. by 3in., and the fourth measured 2ft. by 3in. by 3in. These were assembled with the aid of angle plates made from iron strip 2½in. by ¼in., and coach screws, the result being a framework of ash 10ft. along each side, and 8ft. and 2ft. respectively at the ends

The remaining piece of ash, 3ft. 6in. by 3in. by 3in., was used, I might say, as the back axle. It carried the stern wheels. A hole was bored through the middle, and bushed, to take a 1in. bolt which had been driven through the middle of the after end of the chassis. When assembled, with the chassis below the axle, it was possible to move the axle either to the right or left. This solved the problem of steering, and the necessary movements were affected by using a tiller bar screwed on top of the axle and at right angles to it.

Sidecar wheels, so far, have proved successful. There is considerable difficulty in fitting motor cycle wheels, and the light car type are on the heavy side. Aeroplane wheels were not tried.

The sail plan decided upon was that of a sloop; a jib possesses splendid pulling qualities and does help a mainsail. With a chassis of the described dimensions, 200 sq ft. to 250 sq. ft. of canvas can be carried comfortably in an ordinary weight of wind. The canvas should be on the heavy side unless one is using a very light chassis.

The difficulty of stepping a mast, a bamboo 15ft. long, was overcome by making a tabernacle. This was fixed to the forward part of the chassis by ½in. angle plates, and further support was added by stays of ½in. iron rod, as shown in photograph No. 1.

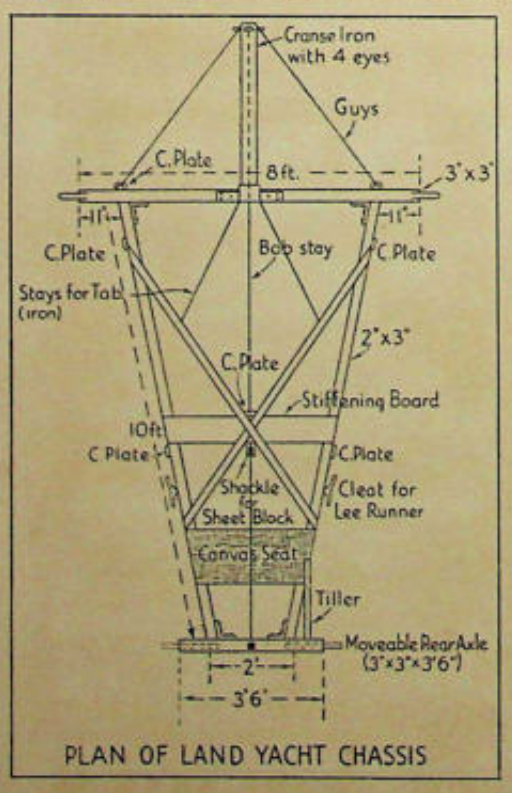
The heel of a bowsprit, 4ft. long, was attached by coach screws immediately beneath the mast step; and an iron stay (not shown in photograph) fixed to the top of tabernacle was bolted to the spar and had a span of about 18in. The iron spreader for bobstay will be noticed below tabernacle.

Standing and running rigging was precisely the same as carried out in small sailing craft. In a land yacht backstays are rather important; there is a tremendous thrust on the mast when running up a slight incline. A "leg of mutton" shape mainsail, the luff laced to a yard of 11ft., and the foot to a boom 13ft. in length, was hoisted by a flexible steel wire. A small block was spliced in the end of this halliard which enabled one to have the necessary purchase.

I used 1in. cotton rope for the mainsheet. This had a standing part on the boom end, passed through a block which travelled along an iron horse fitted on the axle, and then back through a block at a suitable place along the boom.

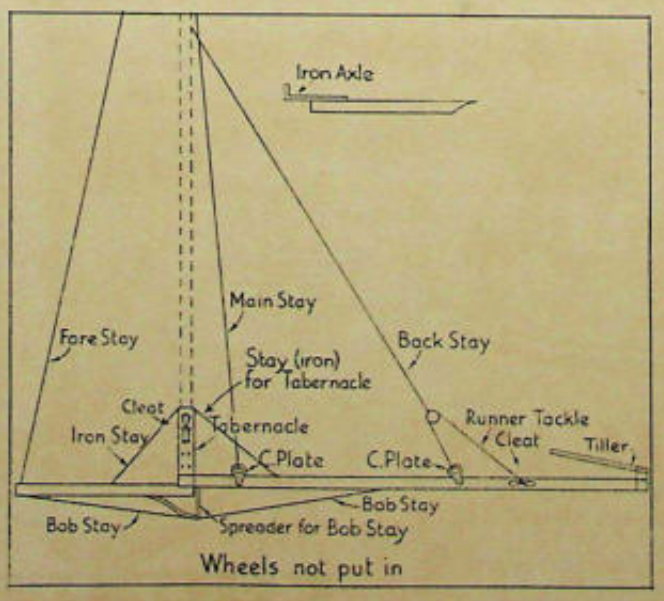
I have previously described the land yacht as an experiment. It had to travel over uneven surfaces—and it worked! There is little doubt that tubular steel would be lighter material for the chassis, possess the necessary strength, and have the advantage of requiring less effort to propel. It might be more costly.

MATERIAL USED.—Lengths of ash of described sections. 6ft. of iron strip, 2½in. by ¼in. (for angle plates). 6ft. of iron strip, 2in. by ¼in. (Axles were made from this and fixed to woodwork by coach screws.) 12ft. of ½in. iron rod. A 1in. bolt, 9in. long, and two nuts for same. Three-and-a-half dozen coach screws. Seven channel plates (3in.) for setting up standing rigging. Four galvanised cleats for use with 1in. rope. Mast, yard and boom. The sails were made by a Weymouth sailmaker and cost £4. Spars were bought, secondhand, for £2. Standing and running rigging cost about £1 10s. Secondhand sidecar wheels should be obtained with tyres for £1. Cost of the other items are not at hand, but I think they brought the total somewhere near £12. The land yacht I designed and built is the property of Mrs. Harris-St. John.



PLAN OF LAND YACHT CHASSIS

PLAN AND ELEVATION OF THE LAND YACHT



Wheels not put in

INTERNATIONAL AMATEUR BOXING

Sweden Defeat The Army

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE Swedish team of amateur boxers, when they appeared at the Albert Hall on December 2nd, in aid of the Duchess of York's Maternity Clinic of the Royal Free Hospital, seemed to be a little unlucky. There were eight cups to be won. The Swedes won only one of them: but they did much better than that on the actual boxing. Three times they lost a fine fight only on the casting vote of the referee. Two of these decisions at least might have gone the other way without injustice.

F. J. Simpson was fortunate to beat Eric Agren. Agren is a tough handful, and it was a fine fight. Simpson, indeed, boxed better and with more confidence than I have yet seen him show, but he must have felt very relieved when the referee named him the winner. Able-Seaman Knight was also fortunate. His opponent, G. Borg, had a big advantage in reach (of which he did not make full use) and was the better boxer, but Knight's hefty and, for the most part well-directed, swings were accounted to have won the day.

The Swedish fly-weight, Harry Larsson, defeated A. Russell, a swift and brilliant little boxer who is thought by many to be our best man at the weight, in the most convincing manner. Larsson is a frail-looking little fellow, but the punch with which he put Russell on the floor and which caused the referee to stop the fight was beautifully executed, and would have done credit to a great professional.

On the Friday the Swedes journeyed to Maidstone to meet the Army team. Perhaps the Army team is not composed of men of the same standard as those whom they met in London. But I am not certain, myself, that this is the case. Army boxing has improved vastly of recent years, and has almost, if not quite, closed the gap that used to separate it from the best club standards, even if it has not yet reached the level of police boxing. Be that as it may—and it is obviously a matter of opinion—the Swedes won by four fights to two.

Firstly, there was a great disappointment. Eric Agren could not box, and so Private Spears boxed a contest with a willing and courageous last-minute opponent who was not of the same class. That fight between Agren and Spears should have been the fight of the year. For Agren was a bronze medallist at Berlin, and Spears is one of the very best men of his weight in Europe. The Swedish welter-weight, Petterson, was also unable to box. But the Army did not take the "walk-overs," and so the match was restricted to six fights.

Harry Larsson, looking even more frail than usual, gave away a lot of weight to Driver Allday, a last-minute substitute, and won with something to spare. Larsson is really good, with a dangerous right hand. He is very fast on his feet, and knows how to use the ring. Allday's rubicund features were even more flushed than usual at the end, but he put up a good fight.

The Army drew level in the second contest, in which Driver Gibson, a former Army fly-weight champion, received the verdict over H. Cederfeldt. This was a bad decision. Gibson has a nice left hand and a heavy punch for his weight. He won the first round. The second was perhaps even. But the third was all the Swede's, and Gibson was very tired at the end. If he boxed with a stance less straddled he would become quite a force in amateur circles.

Private J. March, a southpaw, beat O. Lundgren easily enough. March is good. He should go very near to winning the Amateur Championship this year. Lundgren had no guard against his powerful left hook, and must have been thankful when the final gong sounded. And so, at the interval, the Army led.

But the heavier men were not good enough to consolidate the position. Lance-Sergeant Anderson, who is quite up to the best amateur standard, found Borg's reach too much for him, and was having a bad time of it at the end. Private Waring, who resembles a tank in his methods, and is about as solid as a mountain range, does not believe in defending himself. A. Andersson gave him a rough time. Andersson can box, and Waring will probably change his ideas about defence one day. And in the final bout O. Taudberg put Lance-Bombardier Markwick on the floor, and dealt out heavy punishment generally. Markwick put up a gallant fight against a much more skilful boxer.

So the Army lost. But the result does not matter. The occasion does—and it was a great occasion. The crowd was appreciative, the refereeing excellent, the boxing exciting and the the hospitality both generous and enlivening. It was a most enjoyable evening, and, since the object of international sport is to encourage good relations, a most successful evening.

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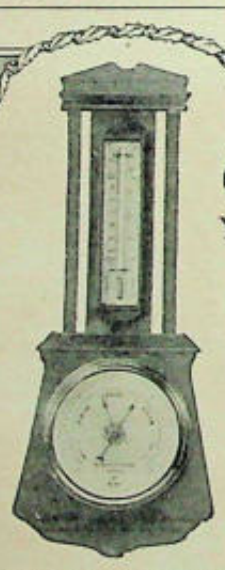

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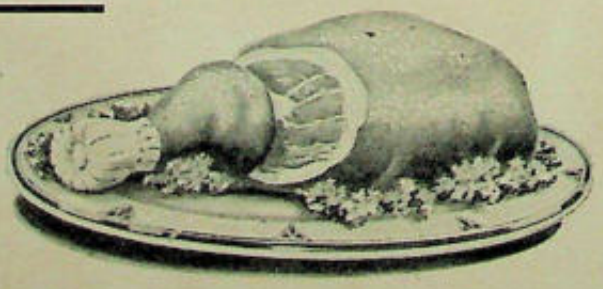

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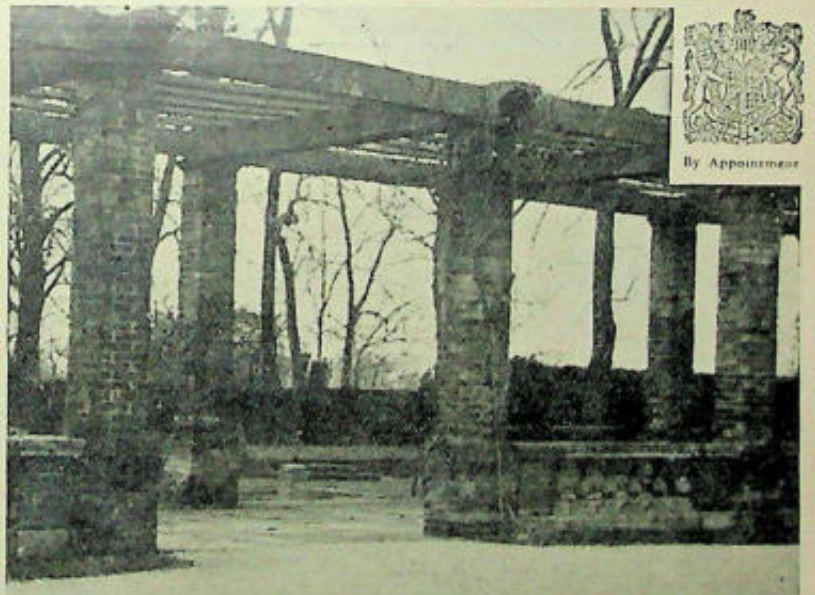

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The Country House

SMALL FRUITS

Now is the Time They Should be Planted

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

MOST of the small fruits, notably Raspberries, Loganberries, Gooseberries, Currants and Blackberries can be planted any time from now onwards in open weather. It always strikes me as odd that Blackberries are so seldom grown in gardens, for grown in cultivated ground they are amongst the most delicious small fruits. I think their lack of popularity may be due to the fact that the decorative Parsley-leaved Blackberry and Himalayan Giant, with its very large berries, are advertised so much. Their fruits are tasteless compared to the best of our native Blackberries—*Rubus macrophyllus*. This species is listed by most firms as Edward Langley. Its flavour is first-rate, it crops heavily and early. In one comparatively small garden I know, they gather on an average 60lb. a year of this fruit, and the owner asserts that in her household Blackberry fool vies with Strawberries in popularity. Pollards is a good late-cropping kind, but the flavour is not to my thinking as good as that of Edward Langley.

The Veitchberry, with fruits about twice the size of a Blackberry, is a cross between a Raspberry and Blackberry, and as it ripens after the Raspberries are over and before the Blackberries ripen, it is a useful fruit to grow, especially for households where berried fruits are appreciated. The Veitchberry, like the Blackberry, does best in full sun. Both should be planted about 10ft. apart. Cut back the canes half-way after planting. The only pruning required subsequently for both is to cut out all old wood that has fruited.

If a new plantation of Raspberries is being made it is a good plan to plant both summer and autumn fruiting kinds. The autumn fruiting kinds will give fruit their first season. The canes of summer fruiting kinds have to be cut to within 2ft. of the ground when planted, and to within a foot in spring, and consequently the summer fruiting kinds do not bear their first season. Some gardeners cut to within a foot of the ground at the time of planting, but this may shorten to dead buds whereas in spring it is possible to see the live buds. In subsequent years the canes that have fruited are cut to the ground. Autumn fruiting varieties fruit on the current year's growths. They are cut to within a foot of the ground when planting. In subsequent years every cane is cut to the ground in February.

One of the commonest mistakes in planting Raspberries is to plant them too deeply. The white

THE VEITCHBERRY RIPENS AFTER THE RASPBERRIES ARE OVER AND BEFORE MOST BLACKBERRIES

buds on the top roots must not be more than 2in. below the surface soil. If buried, the young shoots which spring from them may fail to make healthy growth but rot instead. It is essential to tread the soil very firm over the roots after planting. In common with most surface rooting subjects, Raspberries are apt to suffer badly in a long spell of drought, such as we sometimes get in early spring. Watering in that case is essential, and if a mulch is given them the watering should be done before the mulch is laid along the rows.

There is a vast difference between Gooseberries sold in shops and home-grown fruits. The former are so frequently gathered before they are really ripe, presumably on account of transport. In the opinion of at least one well-known authority, the best Gooseberries picked when fully ripe equal peaches in flavour. The old-fashioned Greengage Gooseberry is deliciously flavoured, and so is Langley Gage. Neither of these have the large fruits so much in demand now, but flavour is better than size. I have frequently noticed that whereas the red and yellow-berried Gooseberries need full sun for flavour, the white and green are peculiarly good when grown in part shade. Leveller is the huge-berried Gooseberry so largely grown for sale. About six berries fill a punnet, but the flavour always seems to me poor. The small yellow Gooseberries are noted for their exceptionally good flavour. Amongst the red-fruited kinds the old Crown Bob is still hard to beat. Of the late red kinds, Warrington is excellent. The custom of eating green Gooseberries in tarts, fools, etc., always strikes me as curious for the flavour of unripe fruit, even drowned in sugar and cream, is as disagreeable as that of ripe fruit is delicious.

When grown as bushes—and this in many ways is the most satisfactory method—it should be so pruned that each bush develops at the most ten good strong branches evenly round and the centre kept as open as possible. Gooseberries are greedy feeders, and possibly this is why cottagers in old days grew them so well, for cottagers always seemed to enjoy feeding their plants lavishly. Farmyard manure is ideal for these fruits—given in the form of a mulch either late in winter or in early spring. Basic slag or bonemeal are also good. Liquid manure when the berries are swelling is helpful. This should be done once a week.

In the case of exceptionally fruitful bushes it is a good plan to increase the stock by taking cuttings from them. The shoots should be of the current year's growth and about a foot long. If possible, pull off with a heel. If it is required to grow a bush with a "leg" all the lower buds and spines must be removed, leaving only half-a-dozen buds at the top end. The cuttings are put in 8in. deep in very sandy soil and about 6in. apart and made very firm. Beyond hoeing and weeding they need no attention till next autumn, when they will be ready to transplant to their permanent quarters.

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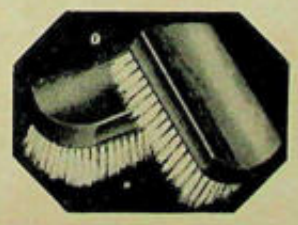

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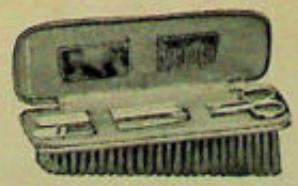

Pigskin Clothes Brush with manicure fittings and comb contained in zip fastening compartment on back. 15/6

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A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SMITHFIELD FAT STOCK SHOW AT THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL

SMITHFIELD SHOW'S CHAMPION

A Cross-Bred Steer Takes the Honours

SCOTLAND has claimed the honours of the Smithfield Club's Show again this week. The Scot is a shrewd judge of a beef beast, and the art of breeding and feeding the best has not happily been sacrificed so entirely to milk selling as has been the case in England. The champion is a first cross steer bred by an Aberdeen-Angus bull from a Shorthorn cow. The breeder is Mr. Grant, of Boat of Garten, Inverness-shire, and the successful exhibitor Mr. G. G. Reid, of Ballindalloch, Banffshire. In 1928 Mr. Reid's father took the Smithfield and the Edinburgh Championships, as his son has now done. This steer is a magnificent specimen, full of meat and not coarse in the bone. At the age of two years and ten months he weighs 15½cwt.

The reserve is a pure-bred Aberdeen-Angus heifer of the same age, bred and exhibited by Sir P. Prince-Smith, who farms near Driffield in Yorkshire. This heifer is another perfect specimen. Her weight is 12cwt. This difference of 3½cwt. in two beasts of the same age is interesting. Both must have been done well since birth and the difference gives support to the opinion of those who hold that the first cross is for the farmer the most economical beast. Actually many butchers would prefer to have the 12cwt. heifer in their shops. Neither extreme heavy-weights nor extreme light-weights are favoured to-day. The demand is mainly for cattle weighing 10cwt.-12cwt. In ordinary commercial practice Mr. Reid's 15cwt. steer would of course either not have been done so well as a young animal or would have been sold six months ago at a lighter weight. Reserve to Mr. Reid's animal in the steer championship was Mr. R. L. Smith's cross-bred, coming from Aberdeenshire, and reserve to the champion heifer was another pure-bred Aberdeen-Angus, Mr. R. W. Honeyman's Geranium from Derculich in Perthshire.

In the junior class for steers above fifteen months and not exceeding two years old, Mr. A. W. Hewison, yet another Scot, won, and Sir Edmund Findlay's steer was reserve. With heifers in this section, after Mr. Honeyman's winner came Mr. J. V. Rank's Shorthorn Bapton Eliza 7th from his herd at Edenbridge in Kent. This heifer is a daughter of the bull Bapton Crocus Leader.

The baby beef championship also went to Scotland. The winner was Lord Rosebery's cross-bred which, at the age of twelve months, weighed 9cwt. This is a very nice-quality little heifer, and so is the reserve, Miss E. M. Reith's Shorthorn steer, Rothes Roman, another winner for Scotland.

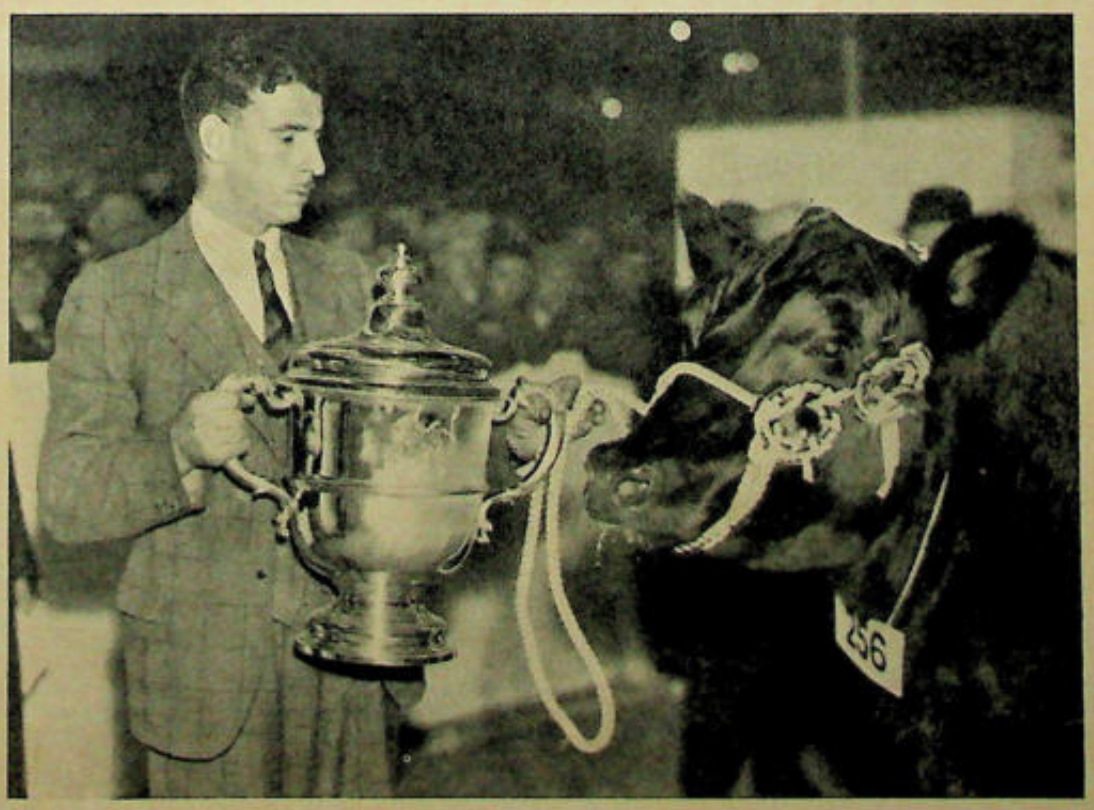
The King won with cross-bred cattle from Windsor and also with Red Polls, Shorthorns, Devons and Highland cattle. The best of the Red Polls was a heifer from the herd of Sherriff & Sons in Hertfordshire, and Mr. Stuart Paul, who took several prizes in the Red Poll classes, had the reserve steer. The Devons were led by Mr. F. Beadle's steer Stowery Fromedary, a good specimen of the West Country's beef breed weighing 13¾cwt. at two-and-a-half years old. Sir John Leigh showed the reserve breed champion. Highland cattle found their leader in Mr. F. W. Walker's Jock of Leys, a magnificent animal bred in Inverness-shire. The King's heifer from Sandringham was reserve breed champion.

In the Shorthorn classes, which were led by Mr. J. V. Rank's steer and Miss Reith's baby beef heifer, Mr. Richard Stratton, the veteran breeder of Shorthorns, was well in the running with steers under two years old. Mr. F. T. Barker, Lord Exeter, Lord Cawdor, and the King were other successful exhibitors.

Messrs. R. Silcock & Sons were very well represented in the Aberdeen-Angus classes. Mr. Cridlan was another prize winner, with Mr. A. W. Howison, Lady Robinson, Lord Durham and Mr. H. R. Pelly. Sussex cattle had their champions in a steer from Mr. Edward Hurtley's herd, and a heifer from Mr. P. R. Mann's herd. There were some good Galloways in the show. Mr. A. B. Duncan took the breed championship and Mr. W. B. Donaldson the reserve honours. Lord Penrhyn secured the Welsh breed championship and the reserve.

For the last two years the plate for the best pen of sheep in the show has been won by Hampshire Downs from the Burnham Grove flock of Mr. E. Clifton Brown. This week Mr. Clifton Brown was also showing cross-bred lambs, bred by a Southdown ram from Hampshire Down ewes, and he won with this pen. It must be a unique record, at any rate in recent times, for the sheep championship at Smithfield to be won three years in succession by the same breeder. His shepherd certainly knows his job. Reserve to this pen were Messrs. John Langmead & Son's pure-bred Southdowns. This was another well-matching pen, but they had not as good backs as the champions. With long-woolled sheep, Mr. Ernest Addison, the Lincoln breeder, won both the championship and reserve.

The best single pig in the show was Mr. Charles Spencer's Middle White, and reserve, Lord Dartmouth's first cross pig (Large White x Large Black). In the competition for the best pen of two pigs



MR. G. G. REID WITH THE STEER WHICH WON THE SUPREME CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE SHOW

in the not-exceeding-five-months-old classes, Mr. S. D. Player won well with Berkshires. This was an exceptionally nice pen, thick and yet neat. Reserve came Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's Large Whites, which showed nice quality and no excess of fat. In the above-five-months classes the best pens were from Mr. D. W. P. Gough (Large White x Middle White) and Colonel C. J. H. Wheatley, who showed Tamworths. In the porker classes the honours went to Messrs. S. T. Brunt & Sons with Large White x Middle White, and Mr. John Crowe with Berkshires.

MARKET GARDENING BY TRACTOR

A Hampshire Grower's Experience

MECHANISATION of the farm has been growing in popularity and practice for a number of years, and on the larger scale corn farms, costs have now been reduced by this means as to make profits possible. The market gardens have presented a greater problem for the mechanisation enthusiast owing to the variety of crops produced, and to the fact that they are of the type that require cultivation between the rows during the whole period of their growth.

Much has been learnt of this work from the United States of America, and the experience gained there has been invaluable to the pioneers of mechanised market gardening in this country. The difficulties of formulating a scheme by which all the crops grown by a market gardener can be brought to maturity without hand labour are considerable, and a very great deal of thought and planning ahead is necessary before embarking on this modern process. The spacing of the row crops must be borne in mind relative to the type of tractor to be employed, and to the implements it will be required to pull. The ultimate height of the plants must not be overlooked, and a tractor with sufficient ground clearance must be employed if the rows are to be straddled. Another, and perhaps the most easy pitfall for the beginner, is the method of drilling or planting.

Mechanical cultivation is only possible without damage to the plants if the rows are straight and spaced accurately. By this I do not mean that of necessity they must be spaced equidistant. It may be desirable in the case of some crops to drill two rows 3ft. apart, followed by three rows at a lesser distance apart, and so on. Whatever the spacing decided upon, it must be rigidly adhered to, and it is, therefore, essential to give this problem adequate thought beforehand. One of the most satisfactory methods is to drill the seeds with a machine wide enough to cover a number of rows. Even the best of tractor drivers is liable to err in his straight lines, but with a rigid drill covering a number of rows at a time the error occurs simultaneously in all the rows in that particular section. When cultivating afterwards, a wide cultivator working the same number of rows as were drilled can be safely steered without any damage to the crop being done. Planting machines can be obtained which speed up this work on the market garden which in the ordinary way absorbs so much hand labour.

Quite apart from the saving of labour, this complete mechanisation enables greater use to be made of spells of favourable weather, which is of even greater advantage to the market grower than to the farmer. It must, however, be borne in mind that depreciation is a heavy item, and the prospective convert to these modern methods must satisfy himself that there is sufficient work to ensure the profitable use of these machines.

The photographs are taken on my fruit and vegetable farm at Fareham, Hants, where complete mechanisation has taken place. No livestock is kept at all, and all the operations of bringing the crops to maturity are done by five tractors and their implements. No hand hoeing is done except for tending the seedling plants prior to planting out. No doubt in a few years this market garden will be typical of others as progress is rapid and the saving in production costs compels attention to these methods.

LIONEL KNIGHT.

CULTIVATING PEAS FOUR ROWS AT A TIME
The implement behind the tractor is a combined cultivator and weeder

ARE THERE TOO MANY AGRICULTURAL SHOWS?

No Fusion in the Southern Counties

By THE HON. JAMES W. BEST

FOR the second time in the last few years the two largest and most influential agricultural societies in the South—the Bath and West and the "Royal" Counties—have, after long negotiations, failed to come to an agreement on the subject of their projected amalgamation. Each society has reason to be proud of its achievements, in one case going back over a hundred and fifty years.

Agricultural societies differ much in their size and objects aimed at, so much so that it is incorrect to say that many are redundant. If two of them join up it frequently happens that a local need is ignored, resulting in a vacant space which is soon filled by a new organisation. Some had simple beginnings, such as a bet in the local "pub" between two farmers on the skill of their carters. Such was the origin nearly a hundred years ago of a now flourishing society in Dorset. Others, begun in a very small way under the control of a capable and energetic secretary, have grown into much larger affairs. Indeed, it can be said with truth that the fortunes of agricultural societies depend almost entirely on the energies of their secretaries. For this reason they have their ups and downs. So far as the smaller local societies are concerned, the post of secretary is honorary and held usually by some public-spirited person of leisure, or more often by a business man with a local office and staff capable of dealing with the office work involved. Estate agents and auctioneers in close touch with the farmers are ideal for this work, and if in the end it brings more influence and business to their firm, few will grudge them the advantage in exchange for valuable services rendered. Under a good man the day comes when his office staff cannot cope with the rush of work before a show, when the question of a paid whole-time secretary has to be considered. The society is then no longer local.

That, roughly, is the history of many agricultural societies. Others fall on evil days when the original secretary or founder passes on.

One often hears it said that there are too many local shows. What is meant is that there are too many agricultural societies each with its separate show. Is this really the case? Local societies run ploughing, hedging, thatching, and root-growing competitions. Again, since the larger migrant societies take entries of pedigree stock only, the local shows fill a great need in arranging classes for locally bred cattle, pigs and sheep, regardless of pedigree. They cater for the small man who has concern for the class of animal that he breeds on his farm. And since the tendency is for more large farms to be split up into small holdings, the need for local classes for their encouragement increases in spite of the fact that many small societies have difficulty in attracting this very type of exhibitor whom they wish to encourage. It is true that with modern quick transport some local shows could be abandoned without loss, but even if the members of two neighbouring societies are in agreement on the subject of amalgamation, the difficult question at once arises of that essential person, the secretary. A local man can run a show in his own district, but he cannot be expected to do so elsewhere.

When it comes to the running of a show—and many agricultural societies are purely show societies—some sort of appeal has to be made for public funds. In the case of the smaller societies there is a lengthy list of vice-presidents, an office the sole qualification for which is often the willingness to subscribe the necessary number of guineas. In the case of the larger itinerant societies, when a show comes to a neighbourhood a subscription list is opened to help. Of course, these big shows bring trade to the district, but when, as happened not long ago, there are three appeals in the same area within two years, subscribers begin to rebel. They say that there are too many shows.

Exhibitors, without whom no show can be held, have to be considered as much as the public. Implement showers do not like too many shows. The staging of their exhibits is expensive, more so than stock exhibits, and the better class of implement exhibitor can reach his public by showing at two or three of the bigger shows in different parts of the country. Stock exhibitors are different. Not only are their exhibits advertisements of their produce, but they often gain prizes which go some way to paying their expenses which have often been further assisted by their breed societies. There is no need for the Devon cattle man to exhibit at the Highland Show, nor is there any use in the exhibitor of Highland cattle showing at the Bath and West. In other words, while the implement exhibitor has to cover the whole country, the stock shower is restricted in his area, and likes plenty of shows inside his sphere of influence. In the South he goes after the Devon Show to the Bath and West and from there to the Royal Counties and the Three Counties, the dates of which all run pretty consecutively.

But it is a mistake to think that agricultural societies are all of them purely show societies. Apart from local competitions run by the smaller organisations, the larger societies arrange for the organisation and publication of research work. A study of the journal of the "Royal" is an education in what can be done in this way, and the 150 years' record of the Bath and West shows what has been done in the past and is still being carried out by that old society.

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RULES.—1. The latest date of entry for the next of these competitions is Saturday, Jan. 30th. Envelopes must be marked "Photographic Competition" and addressed to The Editor, The "Field" Newspaper, Field House, Breams Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, E.C. 4. 2. Only amateur photographers are eligible to compete. 3. Photographs should be sent unmounted, and no prints will be returned. 4. No correspondence will be entered into concerning the competition, and the Editor's decision will be final. 5. Any photograph reproduced in the "Field," apart from the winning entries, will be paid for at the rate of 10/6. 6. Description and name and address must be written on the back of each print.

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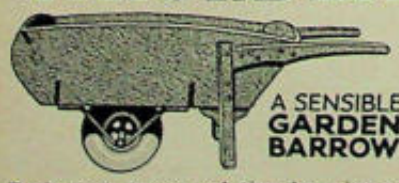

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THE NEED FOR STANDARDISATION

Where America Sets Us a Useful Example

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

IT is definitely a fact that many accidents have been caused by a driver not being accustomed to the controls when taking over the wheel of a strange car for the first time. Often, after an accident has occurred, the driver has stated that he had placed his foot on the accelerator, mistaking it for the brake pedal.

It is difficult for anyone who has been accustomed to driving all kinds of different cars to reconcile the truth of this contention, yet, on the other hand, we must remember that there are literally thousands of drivers whose experience has been limited to driving one particular make of car only, and as some have the accelerator in the centre, whilst others are placed on the right-hand side, it is quite easy to see how mistakes can be made by an inexperienced driver if an emergency arises.

I consider that the position of the pedals should be standardised, and I cannot understand why all manufacturers have not come to an agreement in regard to this question long ago, for I feel that it is rather a serious matter. It is of little importance whether the accelerator is placed centrally or at the side, provided all cars are alike in this respect. For my own part I am inclined to think that the outside position is the better, since the foot has a more instinctive tendency to turn inwards than outwards when driving, and thus comes a little more automatically to the brake.

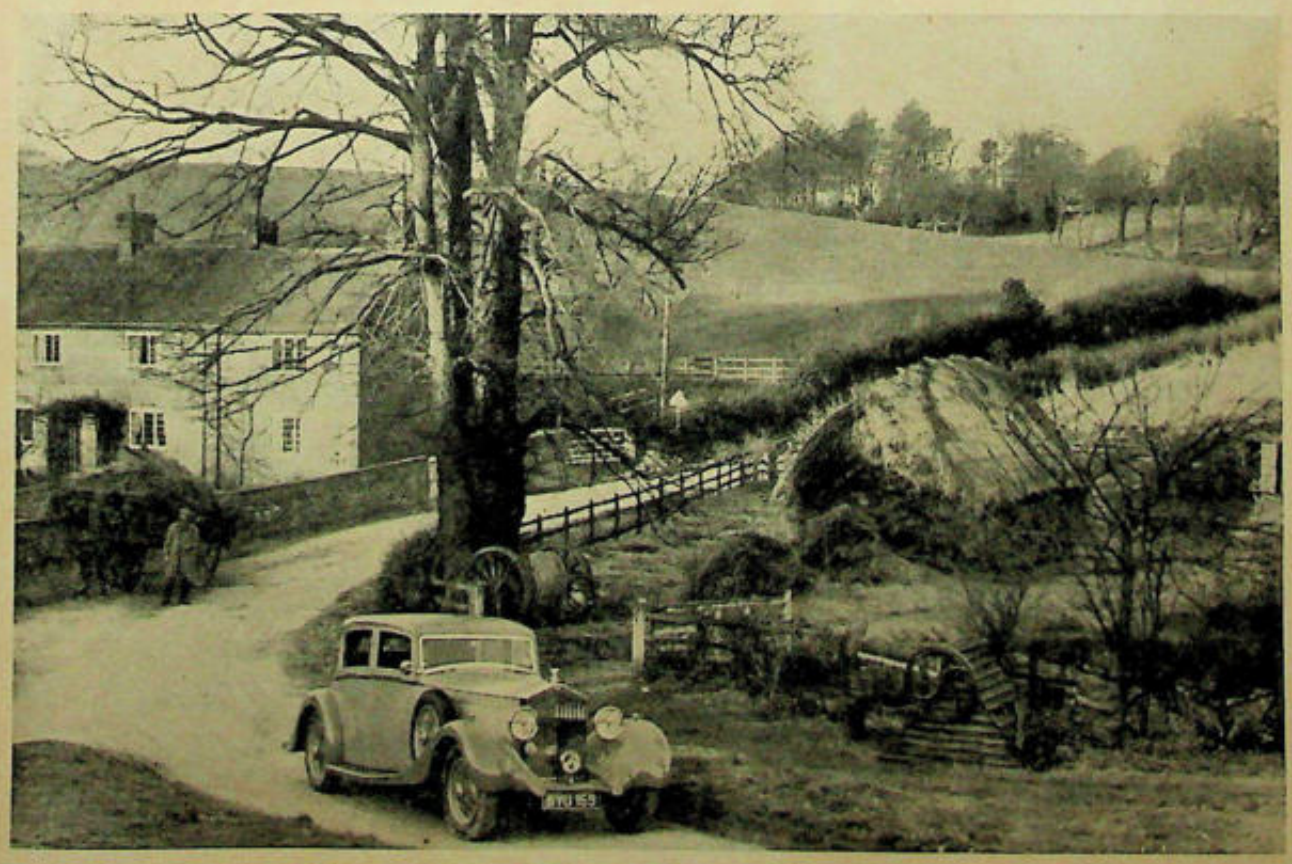
The Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders have on more than one occasion recommended that manufacturers should standardise the position of the accelerator pedal, but they are unable to force their recommendation. On the other hand, I consider that in the interests of safety the Minister of Transport should introduce legislation to make this standardisation compulsory.

There is a great lack of uniformity as regards the way in which detail work is carried out on British cars, whereas the reverse is the case with the American manufacturer. When taking out a new car for a test run, I have often experienced difficulty in immediately locating the starter button, and sometimes it is no easy matter to find the windscreen wiper switch or the lever operating the signal arms. Sometimes the starter button is fixed to the floorboards, sometimes it is fitted to the dash in an obscure position, whilst on some cars it is to be found on top of the steering wheel in the place where the horn button is usually located.

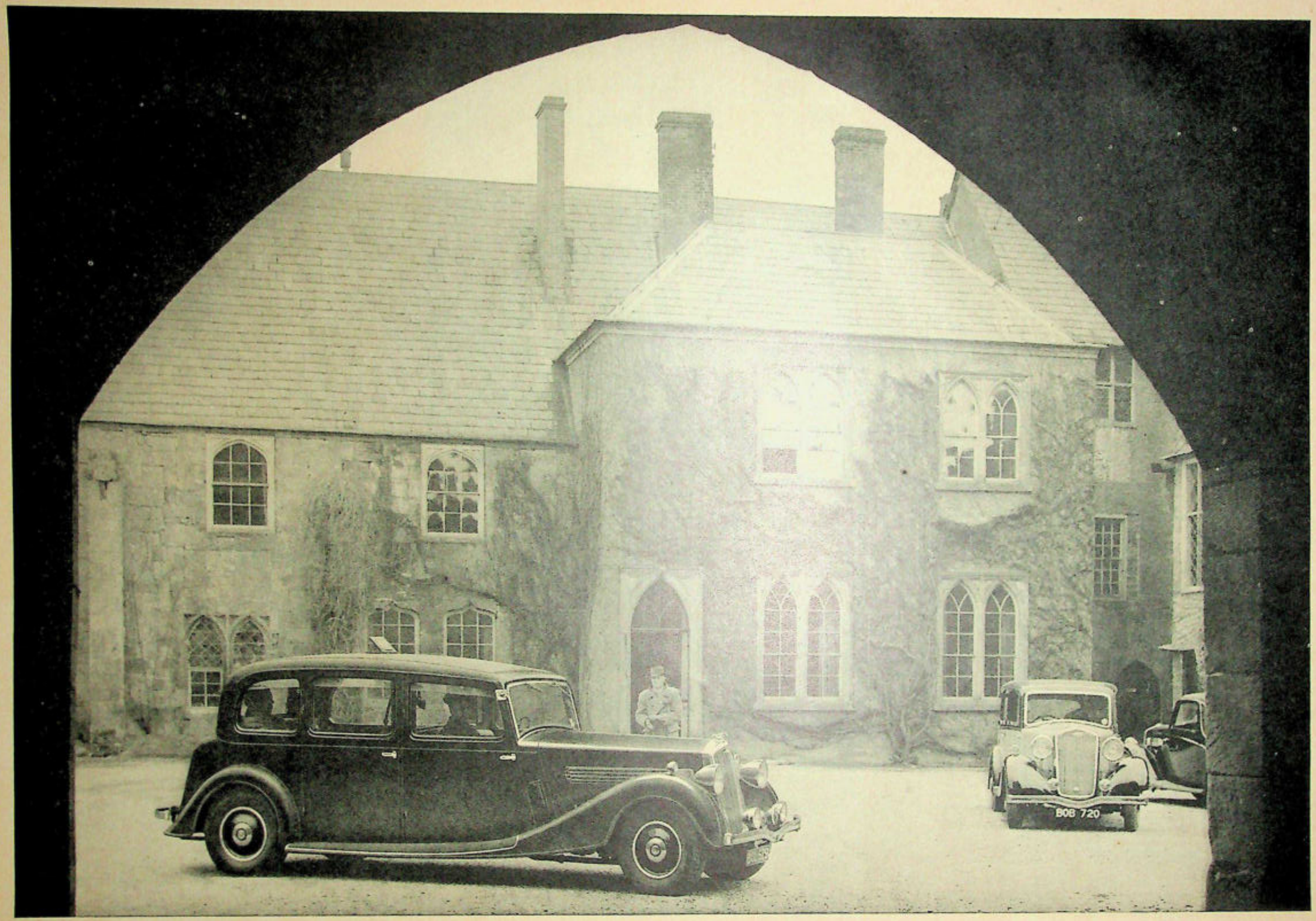
Then, dealing with the signal arms, we sometimes find the switch operating them is fixed under the dash, on top or underneath the steering wheel, whilst often it is located in the centre of the dashboard. To me it seems that our people are ill-advised when they persistently refuse to take a leaf out of the book of our American cousins, who have brought standardisation down to a fine art. In the States practically everybody can drive a car, and having learnt how to handle one particular vehicle, owing to the position of the controls of all cars being practically the same, that person can consequently drive any other American make of car with equal ease.

This system of standardisation of controls has many advantages apart from the safety angle, since the staff of any hotel can park your car without the necessity of the owner having to explain where the various controls are located. The position of the gear lever, the method of gear operation, and the location of the accelerator pedal are always the same on every American car, no matter at what price it may sell.

I appreciate to the full that the



A HOOPER 25 H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE, NEAR HAWRIDGE, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE



This is one of a series of attractive photographs now being used by Wolseley Motors Ltd., to illustrate the 25 h.p. Wolseley Limousine.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT
One of the £222 M.G. Midget "T" Series with the Houses of Parliament in the background

British car-buying public possess a different outlook to that of our American cousins, since we over here from first to last are individualists and we like to own something different to that belonging to our neighbour.

There is, however, no reason why the controls should not be standardised, and it would be most convenient if such things as the fuse-box, central lubricating system, the head-lamp controls, and the lever operating the signal arms were always located in the same position.

I feel, too, that much headway would be made if only motor manufacturers would consider more the question of accessibility. The other day one of my staff burnt out the clutch lining on one of my cars, and before the necessary repairs could be carried out we had to remove the gearbox as well as the back axle!

FOR PIPE SMOKERS.—A pipe that is cool and light is a pipe for the connoisseur and will always have a good reception. Such a pipe is the Kennett briar. The bowl is fluted and holes are drilled down the wall of the bowl, while the mouthpiece is of a pleasant fish-tail shape. To the purchasers of two of their pipes, the makers are offering a morocco pipe rack container.

FROM THE HIGHLANDS.—Shetland and Harris tweeds to make up into a range of delightful garments for ladies are the speciality of Messrs. A. Sanderson & Sons, Ltd., 16, Bridge Street, Aberdeen. Patterns of these fine hand-woven materials will be sent on request. They also supply ranges of hand-knitted Shetland jumpers, dressing gowns in alpaca, and a wide selection of soft light and warm Shetland rugs, etc.

FOREIGN AIRCRAFT ON BRITISH AIR LINES

Should Their Use Be Encouraged?

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

THERE has been a considerable amount of pointed comment on the news that the operators of the airway between Great Britain and Scandinavia are ordering a number of American Lockheed Electra machines for the conduct of the service, which is, of course, in receipt of a Government subsidy. The criticism has been chiefly concerned with the latter aspect, it being urged that it is not in the public interest that State money should be devoted to supporting a service flown by foreign machines; indeed, it has even been suggested that the airway should be held up for a few months until British machines are available.

While it is clearly desirable that British subsidies should be spent to the greatest possible advantage of British industry in general, implying that equipment used to earn an operational subsidy should be British as far as is practicable, the validity of the whole of the criticisms brought forward in this case cannot be admitted. Indeed, while everyone will regret that no British machines were immediately available of a type considered suitable for this route, the use of foreign aircraft can surely be justified on several grounds.

The first point to be considered is the *raison d'être* of the subsidy. Operational subsidies are paid not primarily for the encouragement of the manufacturing industry, but to promote better communications between this country and the Empire and abroad. From this point of view, it is clearly the duty of those who receive such subsidies to make use of that equipment which seems to them to ensure the maximum efficiency of operation in the way of speed, safety, and reliability. If mature reflection shows that, in any individual case, home manufacturers cannot supply a type that fulfils the requirements, it is surely to the advantage of the taxpayer (who ultimately finds the money for the subsidy) that machines of non-British origin should be employed.

In this connection, it is worth remarking that until comparatively recently, British opinion was wholeheartedly against State subsidies to commercial undertakings, the view being held that such subventions encouraged inefficiency. It would be truly ironic if, now that the principles of subsidies are more or less generally accepted, no responsibility for maintaining the utmost efficiency were implied as a condition of acceptance of State assistance.

A close analogy is provided by the position in Holland, where the K.L.M. are now using American Douglas machines on the East Indian airway. The principle of subsidy has long been recognised by the Dutch authorities, and to it is to be ascribed largely the remarkable growth and efficiency of the Dutch airways. Yet, in spite of the fact that Holland has her own aircraft industry and has produced at least one designer of first class international prestige, it was recognised that nothing but the highest efficiency was good enough in maintaining communications between Holland and the Dutch East Indies; as a result the Douglas machine was adopted on account of its outstanding performance at the time of re-equipment.

Wherever efficiency is the first and foremost aim, considerations of narrow nationalism are sacrificed. Thus, the Royal Air Force selected the Irvin air chute as standard parachute equipment, though stipulating that it should be produced as soon as possible in this country. Not long ago the Army selected a new machine gun of Czecho-Slovak origin. The first installations of traffic lights on the roads were American, as was the original automatic telephone system adopted by the Post Office.

This larger conception proves ultimately of benefit to British industry, for either the imported product is manufactured in this country under licence, thus providing employment for British workers, or British concerns working in the same sphere are stimulated to introduce a competing design that is not merely the equal of the foreign article, but superior.

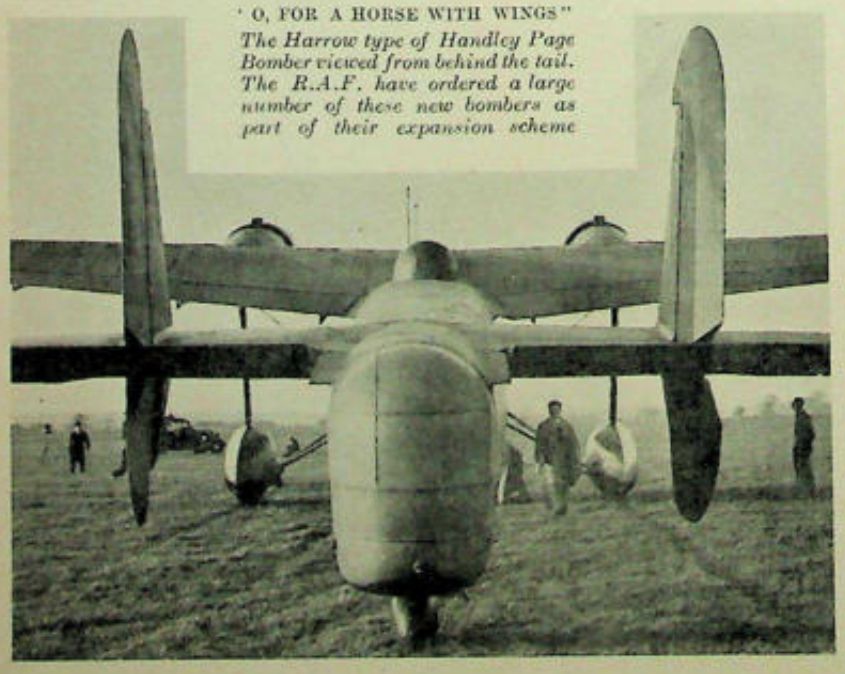
In 1923 and 1925, the U.S. Navy won the Schneider Trophy in a manner that established the superiority of then existing American aircraft and engines beyond all dispute. The Curtiss Racers used were more streamlined and cleaner than any previously seen, and the Curtiss D.12 engine represented a great advance in aero-motors. There was an outcry when a British manufacturer introduced the D.12 engine into this country and fitted it to a machine with the same features of design as the Curtiss aircraft. But there can be no doubt that that motor unit stimulated British designers to new efforts, thus leading them to evolve the engines that now give Britain world leadership in the liquid-cooled class.

British airways are judged by the traveller on their efficiency as compared with foreign lines. If, then, British lines were forced to confine themselves to the use of machines of inferior performance simply because they were British, our world prestige would suffer.

It would seem, then, that the mere use of foreign aircraft should not be made a condition for disqualification for subsidy. British air lines must, above all, be as efficient as possible; and if that implies the temporary use of foreign machines, the fact is regrettable, but must be accepted. Moreover, there is no valid reason why British designers should not produce high-performance types comparable to any built elsewhere; the new Empire flying boats prove that.

Chas. E. Brown
"ABOVE THE SMOKE AND STIR OF THIS DIM SPOT, WHICH MEN CALL EARTH"
An aerial view of Le Touquet with the Royal Picardy Hotel in the foreground

"O, FOR A HORSE WITH WINGS"
The Harrow type of Handley Page Bomber viewed from behind the tail. The R.A.F. have ordered a large number of these new bombers as part of their expansion scheme



HAWAIIAN HOLIDAY

A Land for Lotus Eaters

By MARTIN RAYMOND

"ALOHA-OE!" If you have heard them sing that haunting melody on the sun-lit quays of Honolulu you will do as the song bids—return to Hawaii and a welcome of jasmine leis, of pineapples fresh from the red volcanic earth, or papaya and open-air breakfasts with the rhythm of the ukelele echoing along the beach.

DIAMOND HEAD AT WAIKIKI BEACH

The Hawaiian group deserves more than a fleeting visit, for Honolulu is but the fringe of this South Seas Aladdin's Cave. It sounds a far cry—Honolulu via 'Frisco or via Panama, but with the dollar slightly below par the expense is not prohibitive. The hotels are good, the roads magnificent, and the climate as near that of the Garden of Eden as any descendant of Adam has a right to expect.

Not even American civilisation has destroyed the South Sea aspect of these islands, and both Hawaii itself and Oahu, upon which is Honolulu, contain scenery that in grandeur vies with New Zealand.

Few pure-blooded Hawaiians remain in the capital nowadays. They have been ousted by the white man and by the greater virility of Japs and Chinese, whose gaily coloured shops line the streets. But across the island at Haleiwa, where glass-bottomed boats take you over the fairy caverns in the coral reefs, you will find Hawaiian life as it was in the days of Captain Cook.

By way of incongruity there is here a Mormon Temple, and a very striking building it is. They say that the Mormons have done a lot of good work, and in Hawaii at any rate a multiplicity of wives is not a rider to the proposition of their religion.

What of the scenery? All the islands are volcanic—tops of colossal mountains that rear up from the bed of the Pacific. These Sandwich Islands are the most isolated group in the world—nearly 2,200 miles from California, 2,300 miles to Tahiti.

* * *

The great precipice of the Pali is the top of an extinct volcano, whose further side has been gnawed away by the sea. Down below, where the soil is rich and red, fields of pineapples stretch as far as the eye can see. They are as serried ranks of grey-green infantry standing rigidly to attention, not at ease and swaying in the mid-day breeze like the tall sugar canes. Yet about these neat plantations there is a strange beauty of form and colour.

Beyond the huge crater to the east are rice-paddies reflecting in their placid waters luxuriant hula-palms, whose leaves make skirts for the dancing girls. Behind Pearl Harbour, America's Gibraltar in the Pacific, are wide acres of sugar cane, the islands' staple crop until the advent of pineapples.

There is polo and riding, and the famous walk from Waikiki beach up to the dead fumarole of Diamond Head, but the *pièce de résistance* is the surf bathing.

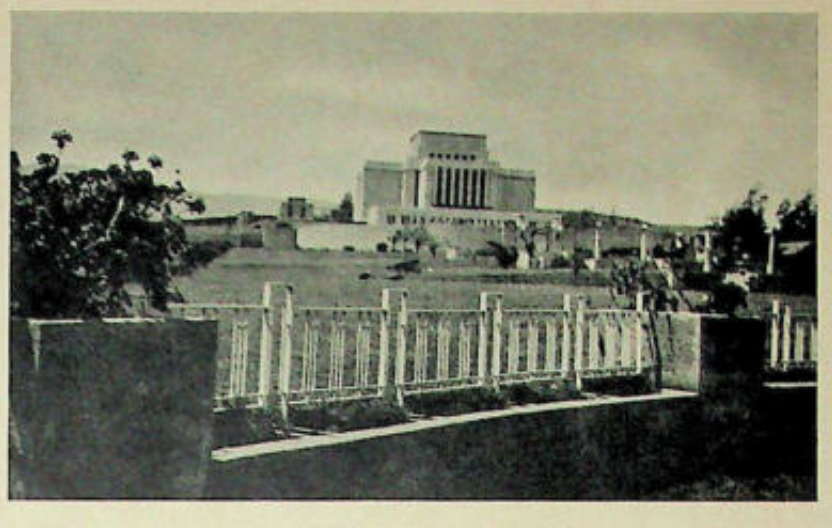
The indolent hire Hawaiians to take them in out-rigger canoes to the coral reef where the surf breaks. But heroes struggle along with their heavy boards and then, as the crest curls over the reef, leap on to the board and pray. If the prayer is answered the breaker bears board and bather racing towards the shore. There is no danger for the water is shallow with a sandy bottom. The surf rider is shot high up on to the beach, there to lie on the warm sun or to return to the reef. This time he may stand on the board, but whether he will remain upright is a question. Some have done so after a fortnight's practice, but at the cost of a chest much bruised by the heavy board.

* * *

A night's journey away is the island of Hawaii itself, largest of the group. The approach is disappointing and not to be compared with the grandeur of Honolulu's setting in an amphi-theatre of rugged hills clothed in velvet clouds. Here in Hawaii the mountains slope gradually up to the great snow-capped peaks of Morna Loa and Morna Kea, each nearly as high as Mont Blanc. It is said they are the biggest mountains in the world for the slopes continue right down to the bed of the Pacific—32,000ft. from summit to foot.

RAINBOW FALLS AT HILO ON THE ISLAND OF HAWAII

"The shimmering iridescence of that river tumbling into space is a sight never to be forgotten"



THE MORMON TEMPLE AT HALEIWA

From Hilo, Hawaii's little capital, a wide modern road sweeps up through the virgin forest to Kilauea, the residence of Pelé, the goddess, whose name oddly enough is the same as Mont Pelé, the terror of Martinique.

Pelé's habits are strange. She seldom resorts to crude violence. She has no cone, like Vesuvius, and she usually gives ample warning of bad temper by hurling black cricket balls into the air or knots of finest stream jet lava, like tangled hair.

Kilauea is desolation—a great black crater where cliffs plunge down 400ft. from the dark forest. Across the glistening floor run ribs of lava or serracs, black and shining in the tropical sun. The fire-pit, about a quarter of a mile wide, lies on the far side of the crater, its lips crinkled and burnt by the constant fury of the bubbling lava.

As you peer over the edge the sight is hell without qualification. Yellow, green and orange flames lick round the cauldron and crackle with evil intent. Huge crimson bubbles burst and fling back great clots of molten lava with a wicked thud. A breath of wind catches the sulphur fumes, you cough and retreat, determined that Dante was sufficiently accurate.

A few yards along the lip of Halemaumau are "the ovens"—weird luminous excrescences, that glow and puff with the venom of the nether regions.

Nature appears to take pride in patching up her evil works. Through the forest runs a lava river. It is solidified. Years ago it raged flaming through the trees. It met the cool wind and its onslaught was checked, but the breeze blew in the molten lava cove, forming a tube. You can walk through the tube and where the roof has crumbled ferns and flowers fight for sun and rain.

In Hawaii they burn the sugar crop. It sounds drastic, but the leaves would choke the water flumes and the hills are too steep for road transport while water is abundant.

It is an island of cascades and crystal streams, singing through dark gorges and bounding out into the sparkling sun. Watch Rainbow Falls from the dark shade of a mango tree. The shimmering iridescence of that river tumbling into space is a sight never to be forgotten.

Maui, Kauai, Lanai and Molokai and the astonishing Haleakala should all be spared time—and last a native feast in a great marquee where bronzed Hawaiians sing to the tune of the ukelele and nearly break your heart when you realise that the white man is relentlessly obliterating the island race to which this fine figure of man belongs. There is a haunting spell in that dirge. It wells up in restaurants, on the radio, at dances — and a mirage quivers in the air — Hawaii, the mountains, the flowers, the people, "Aloha-oe."

TO SOUTH AFRICA VIA THE ATLANTIC ISLES

Las Palmas—Ascension—St. Helena

By J. P. M. BROWN

OUR first port of call on the voyage out to South Africa was Las Palmas, a straggly but clean-looking town with a background of high sandhills and mountains behind them. The harbour is small and well protected by a very long sea wall.

On going ashore it is possible, with the aid of a government guide and a pony cart or taxi (I recommend the former as it gives a better chance to look about), to see the main sights in quite a short time. Most of the streets are cobbled but clean; there is, however, a perpetual smell of new cement and a feeling of living on the edge of a desert, due no doubt to the sandhills behind the town.

The chief places of interest include an old Spanish fort, the fruit market, a vast covered area, and the casino. The law courts and town hall are both fine buildings of the Spanish style, but the finest of all is the cathedral. It is the highest building in the town, and from the top there is a wonderful view of the harbour and town.

The numerous cafés with tables on the pavements in the cool shade of trees, the women in their white or black mantillas, and civic guards in their picturesque uniforms all give a Continental touch to the otherwise Eastern atmosphere.

I was pleasantly surprised to find the ponies and mules well cared for. Harness might be badly worn, but I saw no sore backs, and the ponies did not plod along in that dreary shambling jog so often met with in the East, but stepped out briskly as if glad to be alive—a sure sign of good fodder and careful handling.

The effect of the Revolution may be of interest to readers. The rebel forces have gained control, and although many armed soldiers (some of them in very ragged uniforms) patrol the streets, there is an atmosphere of comfortable relief and happiness, as if they were glad it is all over.

* * *

On a bright September morning a bare rock appeared rising out of the sea. Gradually the contours of its cliffs and inlets took shape, as the early morning sun shone on the various shades of red and brown rock. That was our first glimpse of Ascension Island.

Long Beach appeared like a white streak in the distance, and as we drew nearer stood out as the one smooth patch of coastline. Unfortunately the highest peaks were at first covered in mist, a thin driving rain with the smell of damp earth coming as a welcome change after the sting of salt spray.

Ascension Island was discovered on Ascension Day in 1602 by the Portuguese. It was formed by volcanic action, and although this has ceased on the island, it is still very desolate and vegetation is practically non-existent except on Green Mountain (2,000ft.), the highest peak.

Once a naval base, it is now only a cable and wireless station with a population of about 40 whites and 120 or so natives, most of whom are labourers from St. Helena. The cluster of houses round the cable and wireless station stand out clearly against the hillside, and below them the remains of the old naval station, abandoned in 1922. The roads are well defined by long lines of white boulders—a picture of neatness.

During the afternoon the mist lifted and the heights of Green Mountain were seen for the first time; its green slopes and clumps of fir trees looking like a fairyland compared with the desolate wastes of the rest of the island. Near the summit there is a farm, the only one on the island, which supplies the population with fresh vegetables, fruit and eggs. Cattle also are kept and the dairy is important.

Except for myriads of gulls, a few wild goats and land crabs, there is little animal life on the island. Long Beach, however, is a favourite breeding place for turtles, and in January the females come to lay their eggs in the sand, some two to three hundred each, which are hatched out by the heat of the sun.

There is a great variety of sea birds, including the bosun bird, man o' war bird (which has a wing span of 8ft.), and booby bird. But Ascension Island is chiefly famous as a breeding place of the Arctic tern. In spring millions come to breed on Wideawake Plain, a small plateau well inland. The islanders collect many of the eggs which are said to taste like plovers'.

There is also excellent deep-sea fishing for shark, albacores, barracuta and yellow-tail; also great sport can be had fly-fishing off the rocks for silver fish, which weigh up to 2lb. and are caught on light trout tackle.

* * *

Our next port of call was St. Helena. The cliffs here are higher and steeper than those of Ascension and, although the island is volcanic, it is not so barren. The island is seamed with steep gullies which wind in and out among the hills and end in small sandy beaches. The various tints of colouring in the rocks are wonderful.

We anchored outside Jamestown and went ashore in a dinghy rowed by two Cape Malays. It is a picturesque place, and from the town there is a vista of flint and cobbled streets and white colonial houses basking in the sun in the sleepy atmosphere of an English Sunday. Unfortunately one is also conscious of the extreme poverty of the place.

The principal buildings are the Castle, an old seventeenth-century building, once a fort of the East India Company, and now the Government headquarters. Next door are the gardens, beautiful with a maze of tropical flowers. Opposite is St. James's Church, the site of which was the original Portuguese "post office," where letters were placed under stones for passing ships to collect. Higher up the valley is the Pavilion, a house in which Napoleon was lodged whilst his house at Longwood was being completed, at a cost of about £30,000, but which was never occupied by him as he died before its completion.

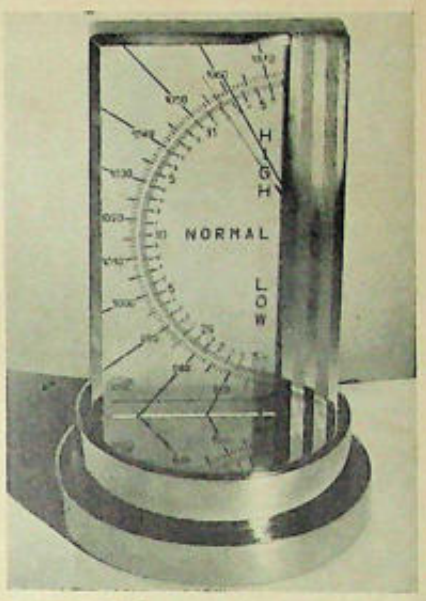
The view one gets as the ship leaves on the last stage of the voyage to Cape Town is one of beauty and grandeur—the high cliffs with their stratas of different coloured rock, the rounded hills of the interior with their steep-sided valleys and little clusters of houses, gradually fading away until all are swallowed up in the short tropical twilight.

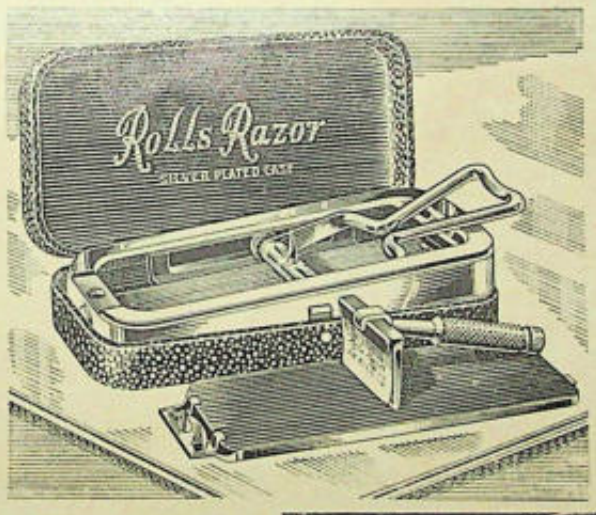
* * *

A few days later the ship steamed into the blue waters of Table Bay and straight ahead lay the narrow entrance to the harbour. All around were the modern buildings of Cape Town, their red roofs glinting in the sunlight. To the right—Sea Point, and above it Signal Hill with its long line of fir trees, dominated by the Lion's Head. Above and beyond rises the sheer face of Table Mountain, its summit hidden by a fleecy white cloud known as the Table Cloth, which seems roughly draped from Devils Peak on the east to its western extremity.

MORE GIFT SELECTIONS

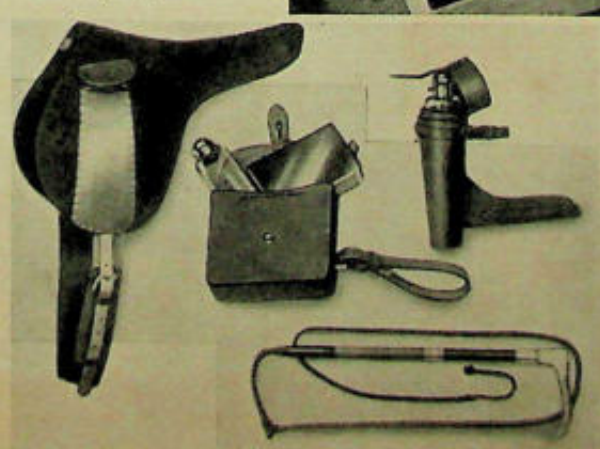
The two photographs above show the effects of a remarkable photographic invention, the "Herotar" polarising filter, invented by Professor Bernauer, which is placed on the lens like an ordinary yellow filter. It completely eliminates reflected images which are a source of great trouble to the photographer. The first picture, showing the reflections on a shop window, was taken without the filter, and the second with the filter. Made in sizes to fit various lenses (£2 15s. to £5 13s., according to size), the "Herotar," made by Messrs. Carl Zeiss, of 37-41, Mortimer Street, London, W.1, is an admirable gift for the keen photographer. Priced at 3 guineas, the Zeiss table barometer, shown on the right, is a present which will always be appreciated.





On the left is one of the famous Rolls razors in its case. Its hollow-ground blade, with its permanently fitted guard, is a revelation in easy shaving, and, by the unique honing and stropping device working in the case, a keen cutting edge is always assured. Prices vary from the guinea model to outfits with plated or stainless metal cases and spare blades, and De Luxe outfits at from £2 to £3 3s.

A Baby Brownie camera set at 7/-, the "Jiffy" V.P.K. set at £1 9s., or the "Six-20" Junior set at £2 15s. 6d. (here illustrated), these are some of the welcome inexpensive Kodak gifts in attractive packings. A really fine present is one of the new Kodascope 8/35 projectors at £12 12s., with screen, and three Kodascope films.



For hunting gifts of all sorts for young and old, Messrs. George Parker & Sons (12, Upper St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.2), have a vast selection. Here shown are a child's saddle (52/6, or covered lambskin 20/- extra), a child's hunting canteen (60/-), a hunting flask in leather case (35/-), and one of Parker's selection of hunting whips.

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"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE

THE SWAN HOTEL, TEWKESBURY

ONE hundred years ago a writer who had paid Tewkesbury a visit recorded that: "More than 30 stage coaches, including the mails, pass through the town daily, besides a number of wagons, vans, etc., to and from London, Birmingham, Bristol and other towns. Twenty years ago there was not a single coach from Tewkesbury to Cheltenham, and now there are ten which travel through it to that resort of fashion. . . . The letters from London, Oxford, etc., are brought by the Gloucester mail to Cheltenham, and are from thence forwarded by a four-horse mail-coach which arrives at 'The Swan' at a quarter before nine in the morning, and continues its route to Ledbury and Hereford at which place it arrives at half-past twelve. . . . The mail from Bristol to Birmingham passes through the town a little after twelve at night, and that from Birmingham to Bristol a little after one in the morning."

One hundred years of progress, however, changes many things, and so to-day motor cars and steam trains convey the mails to all parts of the countryside. But the tide of change has left one thing at Tewkesbury as a memento of the coaching age. The Swan Hotel stands as it has stood for centuries, and though it has seen many changes since it was built in the fifteenth century, still retains that atmosphere of old-world courtesy so pleasant to discover in the hurry-scurry of our modern world. There is, perhaps, nothing in the commodious present-day structure to tell of bygone days, though, adjoining the hotel is an ancient four-storeyed building, now an ironmonger's shop, crowned by two time-worn gables, a fine specimen of Tudor architecture. This "Ancient house next 'The Swan,'" was the coach-office of the inn. From its structure it is obvious that "The Swan" must always have been an important hostelry. The spacious cellars beneath the hotel, and the traces of capacious table room, to say nothing of the long Queen Anne frontage, speak eloquently of the days when the coach-horn, the clatter of horse-hoofs, and the rattle of iron-shod wheels on the vanished cobbles where now the motor cars pull up so smoothly and so frequently.

We find a passage in *Malvern Chase*, the historical novel written by the Rev. W. S. Symonds, which reads: "Near the Cross at Theocsbury is a fine new hostelrie with the tabard of the de Guyse, and their device of *The Swan*, and at this hostelrie the men-at-arms halted, but apparently for short time only, as they called for manchetts of bread and flagons of ale without dismounting." One regrets, perhaps, that to-day no picture remains to us of this "fine new hostelrie," and that little save the mellow brick front and the eighteenth-century staircase of the hotel has been left of the inn as it stood, say, on July 24th, 1788, when "His Majesty King George III, with the Queen, Princess Royal and suite, passed through the town, in their way to and from the seat of the Right Honourable the Earl of Coventry at Croome." A smart triumphal arch was erected across the High Street from "The Swan," which was ornamented with the royal arms and suitably decorated.

Yet the traveller of 1936 cannot fail to appreciate the modern spirit which prevails at "The Swan" to-day, the up-to-dateness that exists behind the stately old front with the friendly Trust House sign hanging over the entrance. If you wish to stay at Tewkesbury on business or pleasure, or for any purpose whatever, you cannot do better than put up at this impressive and comfortable house, and whatever the object of your visit, you will almost certainly look back upon your stay within its walls as a happy holiday in pleasant and friendly surroundings.

London

¶ 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.

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THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

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Vandyk

THEIR MAJESTIES KING GEORGE VI AND QUEEN ELIZABETH

SILENT GEARBOX

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FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

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

GOD SAVE THE KING!

DURING the past ten days England and the Empire have travelled in thought through history. Within a few months of one hundred years ago Queen Victoria succeeded to the Crown and already, under her predecessor, the Throne had tottered. Only because his people recognised a kindly heart had William IV somewhat raised the Monarchy from the contempt into which George IV's vices had brought it. "*He* the first gentleman in Europe!" as Thackeray wrote when Victoria was still a young Queen, and added, in the last sentences of *The Four Georges* a tribute to his Sovereign—"I think we acknowledge in the inheritrix of his (George III's) sceptre, a wiser rule, and a life as honourable and pure; and I am sure that the future painter of our manners will pay a willing allegiance to that good life, and be loyal to the memory of that unsullied virtue." It was Queen Victoria with her Consort who re-established the Monarchy in the hearts of her people, and her reign of sixty years was followed by that of a King who earned the title of the Peace Maker, and by that of his son, the echoes of whose Jubilee still ring from London through the Dominions over Seas. And the Queens of our Kings have helped them; none more gracious than Alexandra, "Sea-King's daughter from over the sea," in whose memory men and women every year buy roses to aid English hospitals; none more beloved than Mary the Queen Mother, who is still with us, and whose message "to the people of this nation and Empire" issued a week ago to-day touched every heart more deeply than any other since those that were spoken to us by her illustrious husband during the last few months of his reign.

It was a message which every subject of the King understood to the full. Only eleven months ago a Prince came to the Throne in hope and promise. Once more the people of the realm acclaimed their Monarch; once more they prayed that he might be granted in health and wealth long to reign over them. It was not to be. He who was our King—to be known henceforth as the Duke of Windsor—has decided that, alone and apart, he could not face the duties of kingship, and he has left us. But in doing so he leaves behind him a successor whose qualities secure the traditions of the land. The Monarchy through the centuries has become enthroned, not only before the sight of the people of this nation and Empire, but in their hearts. Even the abdication of a King could not shake its safety. A new King follows; follows as a matter of course; what else could happen in England?

We pass from the reign of King Edward VIII to that of King George VI; from the cloud that shadowed the last days at Fort Belvedere to the sunlight opening on Royal Lodge and Buckingham Palace. The new King comes among his people proved in their affection and esteem, with a record of public service as fine as that which any Heir has carried to the Throne. In the ships of His Majesty's Navy he has sailed the seas of the world; he is a King who as sub-lieutenant was on duty with the Fleet in the Battle of Jutland; he has served in war in France with the Royal Naval Air Force; he has passed out from training at Croydon as a Pilot, and has been promoted through succeeding ranks from Flight Lieutenant to be Air Chief Marshal in the Birthday Honours of last June.

His work during days of peace in promoting objects of social welfare has been no less strenuous than his career during the War and after. As President of the Industrial Welfare Society he has interested himself in the practical work of improving conditions in the working life of factories, in schemes of thrift and pensions, in every possible method of bettering the lives of workaday people. He has toured industrial districts and examined for himself the surroundings of miners below ground and in their homes. As President of the British Empire Cancer Campaign, he has encouraged by every means in his power research into the causes and possible eradication of that incalculable scourge; and as Chairman of the Advisory Council appointed to assist the administration of King George's Jubilee Trust, he has helped to bring into existence numberless projects of clubs, gymnasiums and playing fields. Above all, in the public mind, the name of the King will be associated with the annual institution of the Duke of York's camp. Each summer, for the past fifteen years, two hundred boys at work in towns have shared a week's camp by the sea with two hundred public schoolboys, and the Duke of York has made it his practice to spend two days with them living the ordinary life of the camp, bathing and joining in games. Six thousand boys in this way have taken back from the camp a sense of common brotherhood which has surely been strengthened into a knowledge of common citizenship inestimably valuable to the country as a whole.

The country remembers with gratitude this record of practical and unobtrusive work for objects which King George VI plainly has always had at heart. But "the people of this country and nation," to whom Her Majesty the Queen Mother in her message has commended him, recognise in the King more than a mere worker. They know that in his house in London and the Lodge at Windsor there is the life of an English home at its best. For thirteen years the married life of the Duke and Duchess of York has been watched with affectionate admiration, increased by the knowledge that, in the little Princesses, Elizabeth and her sister, the family circle is completed by two unaffected, happy English children. For years past, and for years to come, the family life of the occupants of the Throne has been and will remain the pride and delight of the country. Long Live the King! Long Live the Queen!

AUSTRALIA'S TEST FORM

AUSTRALIA'S cricket Test team selectors have never lacked courage in their choice of players, and they showed it once again when, immediately after the English team's big victory in the first Test match at Brisbane, they announced that they would rely on the same twelve players for the second Test at Sydney. On the face of it, this would seem to mean one of two things. Either the selectors regarded the form of the side in the first Test as too unworthy to be true and the luck hardly likely to run so heavily against them again; or they have no other players who were likely to do better. By the time these lines appear in print, we shall have some idea whether the luck still runs with the England team. First victory is a moral as well as material advantage to a touring side, and the England team will do well to view the remainder of the series in that light. But luck is often a bigger factor in Australia than in this country. Play-to-a-finish matches, lasting five or six days, only serve to emphasise it in the winning of the toss and the chances of changes in the character of the wicket.

TEAM COMPARISONS

Not often has an English cricket team won the Test rubber after being defeated by one of the Australian State teams, as the present side were defeated by New South Wales. But the side had not then found its full strength, nor the fine team spirit it developed in the first Test. Team for team, the English side has more than one advantage over the Australians. Its bowling is more varied and does not leave the side with so pronounced a "tail" in batting as seems inevitable in the Australian team. England can field a team capable of making runs down to the last man. Allen, Voce and Verity, in form, are at least equal to any three Australian bowlers. In addition, Robins is liable to come off with a big feat at any moment, and Hammond's bowling is by no means negligible. We cannot doubt the strength of Australia's early batsmen when they get set, and here perhaps chief uncertainty centres in the English outlook. A failure by Bradman is an event; he will make plenty of runs before the tour ends. On the other hand, G. O. Allen has shown himself a captain of strategy and ideas—a leader capable of getting the best out of the team. If he continues to do that, we can ask no more but a fair share of luck.

LONDON'S RIVER

Fishermen who possess those intriguing decorated maps of salmon rivers which have been devised by Miss Maude Parker will be glad to know that another may now be added to their collection. The new one is of the Thames—the Royal River as she has happily named it—and like the others it is decorated with those delightful inset sketches which show glimpses of Father Thames's entourage from Oxford to the sea. There is something particularly attractive about a map that recalls so many days of leisure or attainment, be it of fish or speed or mileage, of crowded locks or empty, silent reaches, which its sketches invoke. Its price of 6/- on cloth with a stiff board cover suggests that it may solve in many cases that little problem of Christmas presentation which so often obtrudes itself as a minor but pressing worry at this time of year. The complete series, which includes the Dee, Spey, Tay, the Tweed and Wye, must surely be unique in the annals of cartography.

GRADED LAWN TENNIS

As arising from the discussion of handicapping at the L.T.A. meeting, it might be worth while to give some consideration to the French system of grading players. A large number are ranked each year, and placed in several classes, from the lower of which there is a prospect of ascent. It amounts to a national ladder, and is an automatic classification for the guidance of handicappers. The much greater number of players with competitive records in this country would probably debar the adoption of a system on the same lines, but it might be possible to adapt it to our conditions for practical experiment.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a provincial daily: "Allen took advantage of Ward's departure to hit Chipperfield to the on boundary with a well-timed square-cut which took his score into the twenties and the total to 170. Ward struck another staggering blow when without addition to the score he had Robins caught. The batsman attempted to hit a spinning ball to the on, failed to connect properly and the ball ricocheted in fantastic fashion to Chipperfield at short slip."

HOUND POISONING REFUTED

It is in one sense good news that the investigations of the Ministry of Agriculture into the deaths of fifteen-and-a-half couple of the Craven Hounds have attributed them to anthrax and distemper. It was believed that the casualties occurred through hounds running over land recently planted with corn and treated with a mercurial seed dressing. Owing to the dryness of the soil it was feared that dust containing the dressing had got into the hounds' throats. For a minimum fatal dose it is said that the hounds would have had to *eat* the whole of the dressed seed from an acre of land. The findings of the Ministry will be welcomed in view of the value and increasing use of mercurial seed dressings.

ARROW THROWING

Apparently the Viennese game of Arrow Golf, recently described in the *Field*, if introduced to this country will be nothing new as far as the arrow throwing is concerned. A reader sends us a cutting from the *Yorkshire Evening Post*, in which a correspondent recalls having seen in his youth arrows projected from a piece of whipcord with a knot at one end which was placed about two-thirds up the arrow. These arrows were about 30in. long, made of red deal, and sold in little shops at a penny each, a small size for boys being retailed at a half-penny each. A good thrower could throw an arrow 400yds., says the writer, and adds that the sport had its dangers. Many times when an arrow struck hard ground it would splinter, and on squally days it could actually be blown back over the thrower and spectators. The latter were lucky if they did not get hurt, as the writer knows to his cost, having once got one in the back of his car.

SALMON IN SUFFOLK

A provincial paper recently recorded the slaughter by a farm labourer of a fish which had "a peculiar hook seen on its lower jaw"—and the accompanying illustration shows it to be a salmon kelt. It seems to be the regular fate of any strange fish to be executed out of hand by the first person who happens to see it. In this case, however, there is an interest in the occurrence since the Deben is a coarse-fishing river only some 30 miles or so in length, and since the fish measured 47in. and weighed 28lb. in its emaciated condition it had been apparently a 40-pounder before it spawned. Had this fish really spawned in the Deben or was it a kelt which had come down from some more northerly stream and has accidentally got into the Deben on a high tide?

BLOOM IN DECEMBER

How obscure are the causes which govern the blossoming, early or late, of the first flowers of the year—the snowdrops and aconites and crocuses which vary in their first appearances so strangely from year to year. There are Decembers when by the middle of the month the snowdrops are thrusting white petals from their heightening spathes, and when Christmas Day sees bells already hanging open. In other years, such as the present, in many South Country gardens in mid-December there is no more to be seen above the mould than stout green spikes here and there, with no hope of bells shaking in the wind until the New Year is a week old or more. Do the bulbs prefer summer drought for early flowering in December? Perhaps so, for snowdrops were early in the winter of 1934, and this year, after a cheerless July, they are later than usual. They make a strange contrast with the roses, which are late in another sense, in that they are still opening buds into frost and rain.

HOUND SONG

Lift up your heads and sing,
Sing to the winter sky
Of glories past and glories still to come.
What are you singing, hounds?
In tenor, bass and counter.
That frightens men, quietens their majesty.
What savage song, echoing from your throats
Of packs and pullings-down, of blood, of death
Tells us we are intruding on our masters?
Up, up it goes, and down, then dies away
Till some wise, ancient, wrinkled chorister
Takes up the tale with reminiscent note.
Old Dexter, Wrangler, Contest and their like,
Sang to the stars as you; and Fallible who e'er
belied that word,
And Madrigal, so sweet a singing name
In serenades to skies long blown away.
Praising their gods, and caring nought for men.

A. H. V. L.

With His late Majesty King George V. and Queen Mary at Cowes

THE QUALITIES OF A KING

George VI and His Work for the Country

"I HAVE no doubt you will go on praising this King as you praised the last one," was the comment of a republican member in the House of Commons. He was quite right, we shall do so. And it is a very fortunate thing for the British Empire that we are able to do so with every justification.

Some very plain words have been written and spoken during the course of the drama which last week reached its culmination at our own firesides, and there is no need for pompous language to adorn a situation in which the issues at stake have made every one of us a participant and with which modern science has brought us into intimate contact. Our former King was a man of great personality, his alert interest in social conditions, his progressive ideas concerning commercial activities (he applied them to the Duchy of Cornwall estate), and his ceaseless endeavours to further the cause of his fellow ex-Service men, brought him a well-deserved popularity.

Praise for these qualities was merited, and the public built their hopes for an auspicious reign upon them. There is no need to stress the disappointment and very real grief which ensued upon the impossibility of their fulfilment, but there is every need to stress the courage and sense of duty which prompted a brother to take up the burden which had been relinquished. That in itself would merit praise and the support and allegiance which King Edward himself gave his brother in the full knowledge that with his long training in the public affairs of this country and his fine qualities he would be able to take over his duties forthwith without interruption or injury to the life of the Empire.

The country has found the man for the hour at hand, but a man who, from his retiring nature and modest bearing, has not, until the hour arrived, found the real measure of appreciation of his worth. We can congratulate ourselves upon the fact that at a troubled period of the world's history we have found a King with all the characteristics that endeared his father to the nation, a King who will carry on traditions which we have always venerated and which cannot be so lightly cast aside as a small minority would have us believe.

Lack of progressive ideas, however, cannot be linked up with traditional observances where our present King is concerned. Though less travelled than his brother, he has visited many parts of the Empire. During his early service in the Navy he made acquaintance with the West Indies, Newfoundland and Canada. In 1924, accompanied by the Duchess, he visited Kenya, Uganda and the Sudan, and, in 1927, they made a memorable tour of the Dominions of Australia and New Zealand, when the Duke opened the new Australian Parliament buildings at Canberra. In the course of these post-War travels the future King and Queen left behind them an ineradicable impression of their kindly and homely natures upon all with whom they came into contact. And one may be sure that upon the intensely inquiring type of mind which King George VI possesses nothing would be lost which could be noted as of possible future use, for he possesses the retentive memory for facts and faces which has been a family inheritance and is never satisfied with explanations which leave anything in doubt. This has been demonstrated time and again during his visits to industrial centres where he has been quietly gaining knowledge of conditions of labour and improvements which can be made for the workers. In fact, he was brought into close contact with this when he became President of the Industrial Welfare Society, and by no means regarded his title as an ornamental one. When at Cambridge he fitted himself for such work by taking a course in history, economics and civics. To charitable works he has given willing aid and in addition has associated himself with the most valuable form of medical research in becoming President of the British Empire Cancer campaign.

To-day we have a call for a leader for our Youth Movement. Who could be more fitted for that post than our present King? The Duke of York's camp, to which passing reference has been made in our leading article, has become a byword in a social campaign for healthy recreation and enjoyment combined with eradication of class consciousness. Two hundred boys from working districts are combined with a similar number from Public Schools, and no one who has seen the King participating in their camp life can fail to be aware that here is something in which he revels. There is whole-hearted enthusiasm in the manner in which he throws himself into their play; he is seen laughing unrestrainedly with a crowd of boys who do not regard him as anything else than the joyful companion he is with his children and his dogs. In the following pages we give some particulars of the King's activities in various spheres of games and sport. With the time to spare the King, when Duke of York, would have become a player of a high order in ball games. Here we have a leader for National Physical Fitness and our Youth who can back his leadership by personal example.

Like his brother, he saw active service during the War, having fought at Jutland on the Collingwood. From the Navy he went to the Air Force, where he passed out as a pilot: and this year, in birthday honours, was appointed Air Chief Marshal. His experience in this direction should be of the greatest value when the air service has become of paramount importance to the Empire. He has shown courage and devotion in time of national need, that courage and added will-power was again evidenced in his ability to conquer a slight impediment of speech and to deliver an address slowly but distinctly.

To our Kings for three generations we have been able to apply the title of "King, Countryman and Sportsman"; we can still do so with equal aptitude, for our present King has every bit as strong an interest in the countryside and country pursuits as his predecessors.

Such, in brief, is the character of King George VI based on deeds alone, and a record of achievement which merits all the praise we can give. To him and to his Queen, who brings to the throne a fresh link with Scotland, we offer a loyal wish for long life and a happy reign.

HUNTING WITH THE QUORN AND PHOTOGRAPHED AT A LORDS AND COMMONS POLO MATCH

"A COUNTRYMAN BY INSTINCT"

King George VI as a Sportsman and Games Player

OF all the four sons of King George V and Queen Mary none has better claim to the title of countryman than his second son, who now succeeds him as George VI. The sporting achievements of his eldest brother, now the Duke of Windsor, gained him the greater glamour in the public eye; the Duke of Gloucester as a keen serving officer in an historic regiment of cavalry of the line was able better to enjoy one side of open-air life than he. But it was Prince Albert who inherited the most strongly those characteristics and affections of the countryman which were one of the dominating influences in the life of his father. King Edward, the Duke of Gloucester, the Duke of Kent went out into the world and found new interests, fresh enthusiasms, though they never forgot their old homes. But it was to the Duke of York that Sandringham and Balmoral, the private country places of the Royal Family had the strongest appeal. It was not only that he was a man naturally domesticated, devoted to his father and mother. It was not only that he was by instinct and sentiment loyal to the past. He was, and is, a countryman by instinct, and with the strongest instincts of the countryman.

There are certain traditions which we like to consider are particularly those of rural life among all classes. Grit, simplicity, patience, loyalty, a certain dignified reserve, a strong sense of duty, and a becoming modesty. They are not the only qualities of the countryman, nor do all countrymen possess them. But one thinks of so many shepherds, and Scottish stalkers, and farm labourers; yes, and lairds and squires and holders of historic names that possessed them. And it is just these qualities that our new King has. He is a man after the manner of his father, a man of infinite reserves of character, and a man with little that is showy about him, a man who needs time to make his effects. The Throne of these islands gives him, as it gave his father in such full measure, those possibilities, and we are quite certain that while no royal duty will be shirked and no obligation shelved, the background of his reign and the pattern of the ideal home life which will be so much a feature of it, will be the simple life of an English country gentleman.

King George VI lacks some of the extraordinary personal charm that his brother the Duke of Windsor could exert on people of all classes, and something of the quickness of sympathy, though none of the sympathy itself. But he has, too, some of the qualities that his brother perhaps lacked, and many of the qualities which the public have never attributed to him. In truth, the two brothers were in certain senses complementary to each other, and to the Duke of York it seemed natural and right to take a modest place on a stage on which the Prince of Wales occupied so conspicuous a part.

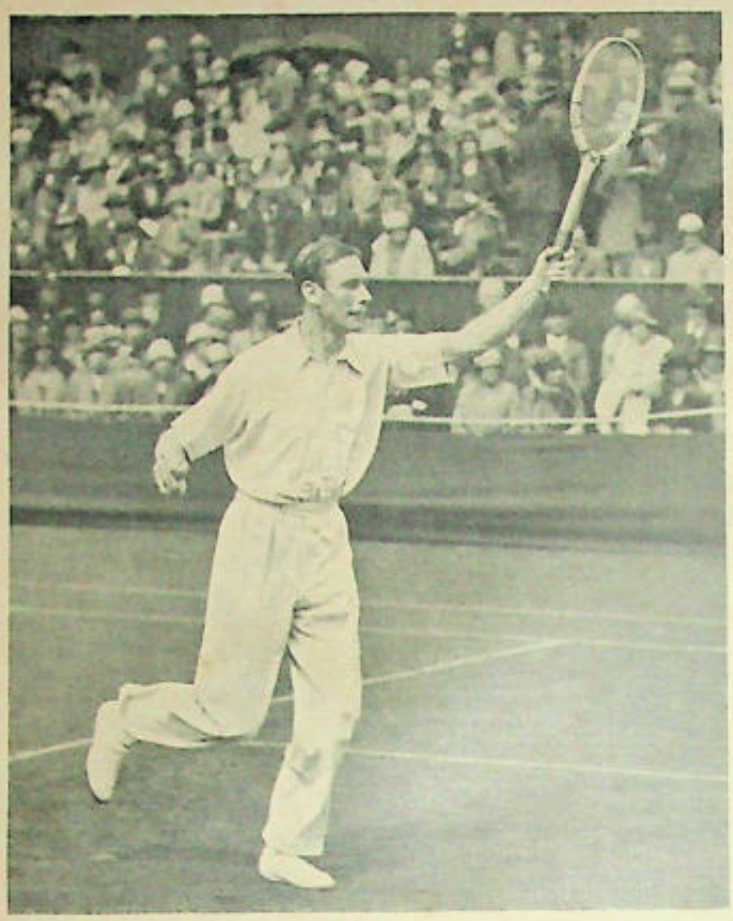
This very modesty means that his great prowess in certain sports and games has passed with little notice. He is in the first place a really good shot. In the next few years if he can find the time, he may well step into the very front rank. A very good judge has told me that he sees no reason why he should not be as good as his father. He shoots regularly with a party in Hertfordshire over the Strathmore estates there. He is a pretty shot to watch, as are so many natural games players, and on an ordinary day he will often be the star performer, while he can hold his own in the very best company. He is, too, a naturally modest shot. He would never wish to find himself always in the best butt; he is perfectly happy to take his golden Labrador over to help find anybody's lost bird. He has shot regularly at Balmoral, and also at Glamis, while for the last three years he has regularly been the guest of Mr. Pierpoint Morgan in Scotland, while he has also shot with Sir Harold Wernher, and on other Highland estates. He takes all birds with equal ease and freedom, but I have been told that perhaps his best days have been with driven grouse. The King has done a certain amount of fishing, but fishing is not a passion with him, as with the born angler.

Both the King and Queen are keen big game shots. On their East African tour in 1924 they showed themselves to be big game hunters of the best type, anxious to secure worthy trophies, and willing to work for them. One or two fine specimens were all that they wanted, and they saw to it that these were good ones. Indeed, if the Duchess got a better head than the Duke—well then something had to be done about it! King George V, whose big game experiences were Indian, and who like so many Indian shikaris had a strong prejudice against shooting elephants, had told the Duke before he went on his African trip that he should not shoot an elephant—he should regard it as a charger. Later on in Uganda there was an "incident" with an elephant. "Nothing like my charger about that one," said the Duke.

Among the heads he shot on this occasion were a 32-inch waterbuck in the Semliki Valley, a 32-inch Nile Lechwe, a 27-inch impala, a 28-inch roan, a 31-inch oryx, a 43-inch buffalo and an 80-pounder bull elephant. On his return from his Australian tour he was keen enough to stop at Great Hanish Island, in the Red Sea, and shoot a specimen of Arabian gazelle which has been of considerable scientific value.

As a horseman he can hold his own in most company. He has excellent hands and good judgment, and he unites courage with common sense—"cold courage," as it has been put to me—and that is the highest of all. For a number of years he had a hunting box in the Pytchley Country, but he has now given up hunting. As a married man he never rode in Point-to-Points but in his younger days he made a few appearances at polo.

As yet he has shown no active interest in racing, but we now know that he will continue the royal



COMPETING AT THE JUBILEE WIMBLEDON IN 1926 AND PLAYING-IN AS CAPTAIN OF THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT GOLF CLUB AT ST. ANDREWS IN 1930

connection with the Turf that meant so much to his father and grandfather.

As a games player the new King is definitely above the average, and he plays his games in the right spirit. He has, as is not perhaps generally known, a pronounced sense of humour, and nobody with that invaluable asset ever falls into the worst excesses of the modern games players. He has a naturally good eye and the technical ability, but lacks the temperament required to take one to the very front in games to-day.

He is a good squash rackets and lawn tennis player and a good golfer with a handicap of 8. In 1930 he was captain of the Royal and Ancient, and in 1926 put in an appearance at the Jubilee Wimbledon meeting, then partnering Wing-Commander Louis Greig in doubles. Some pluck was needed to participate in a championship meeting with the knowledge that all eyes would be concentrated upon him. A left-handed player, he acquitted himself well when he and his partner took six games off such seasoned campaigners as A. W. Gore and H. Roper Barrett. The champions of 1909 were no easy proposition, for whatever they lacked in activity—and this was not much—they could make up in guile calculated to upset many young and far more vigorous opponents.

The new King has not as yet come to the front as a farmer, but this is largely because he has not as yet had any extensive agricultural estates to administer, for he has in fact been up to the present a comparatively poor man. But he takes a keen interest in matters agricultural, and visited the Royal Show in 1922 at Cambridge, the year of his Presidency, and he visited this year's show at Bristol with Queen Elizabeth. There can be no doubt that he will take the same keen interest in administering the royal estates as did his father and as the Duke of Windsor did in those of the Duchy of Cornwall.

Such, then, is the man to whom all countrymen have rallied at his accession. Happiest by the coverts at Sandringham, or on the hills above Balmoral or Glamis, and happiest of all perhaps where all the best elements of country life of all classes find happiness, enjoying the simple pleasures of the open air with his wife and children at his side.

A COLLECTION OF MERRY FACES AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S CAMP

Marcus Adams

A FAMILY GROUP

The King and Queen with Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose

The yachting world will watch with keen interest whether the new King revives the royal patronage of Cowes, and they are hopeful that, as one whose early training was on the sea, this may be so. Naturally, it is too early yet to predict what may happen next July, but it is believed that the new King will give the same lead to yachtsmen as his father did before him. He has not as yet shown a tremendous enthusiasm for sailing, though the new Queen was often afloat with King George on Britannia, and King George VI has paid many visits to Cowes.

Both the King and Queen are fond of travelling, and now that it may be possible for them to tour the Empire without upsetting their home life, it may well be that they may make a Royal Progress through those Dominions—notably India, Canada and South Africa—that they have not visited. One cannot but feel that Princess Elizabeth would not say " no " to such an idea ! G. S.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

" Better than a Born Royalty ; she is a Natural One "

IT is now nearly fourteen years since Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon became engaged to the Duke of York and stepped in one moment from the sheltered and secluded life of a young Scottish gentlewoman into the full glare of that bright light which beats unceasingly upon a throne and all who surround it. To-day we take our Royal Family so much for granted that it seems almost out of place to say that not in all that long fourteen years has there been one single public occasion on which Queen Elizabeth has failed to play her part as one who was born and bred to it. " Better than a born royalty," it has been said " she is a natural one."

And yet in fact it is not strange. The daughter of a house as ancient as any in these islands she has been taught from earliest youth the lessons of service and of love which we like to think have distinguished our governing classes through the centuries. And yet there are other reasons which those associated with country life like to think have played their part in moulding a character which has so endeared itself to the peoples of the Empire. What was the background of an ideally happy childhood, a childhood reflected to-day in every movement and action of her two small daughters ? Hertfordshire, Teesdale, the Scottish Highlands. The quiet lanes of Waldenbury with the song birds and flowers ; Streatlam with its historic connections with the Turf of an earlier day and with Wemmergill beyond, where so much of shooting history has been made ; and above all Glamis with traditions no less ancient than those of Windsor itself, tradition of service and of duty. It was then as a lover of the open air that the Queen was brought up. A lover of the open air she remains to-day.

Although Queen Elizabeth has never been a horsewoman she is devoted to horses and dogs, and her two young children are already accomplished riders. During their visit to Kenya and Uganda she was every jot as keen a big-game shot as her husband, and shot on the former territory under the tutelage of Captain Keith Caldwell, in the latter under that of Captain R. J. D. Salmon. Nor was hers in any sense the type of feminine safari that has become regrettably common. She set an example that any lady who essays to shoot big game should be proud to follow.

She has a fondness for fishing, and she loves her garden, and will now find much fuller scope for her activities in this direction. Hers are the simple tastes of the countrywoman. She likes the quiet things and the quiet places, and has no desire to ride high Leicestershire or handle a gun herself. But love of the open-air and of the country is one of the dominating interests of her life, and it is a satisfaction to many simple people to think that such an influence as this will be exerted over King George VI's successors.

Our new Queen's charm is a matter of world-wide knowledge. What figure other than Queen Mary was quite so unforgettable in the Jubilee procession ? Whose smile is better able to kindle warmth in surroundings that are cold and drab ? And she is, too, possessed of a lively sense of humour and a strong character. A Queen Consort must be gracious and winning. But she must also know when to say " no," when to be unwaveringly firm. Those who know the Queen's dislike of eye-wash, of shams, or of a lowering of those high standards—hers by birth and by marriage—can have no misgivings for the future. G. S.

BIG-GAME FISHING IN THE BAY OF ISLANDS, NEW ZEALAND, IN 1927, AND WITH THE QUEEN, MR. F. I. PITMAN AND LORD DESBOROUGH AT HENLEY REGATTA

THEIR MAJESTIES AT A HOUSE PARTY AT EASTNOR CASTLE, THE RESIDENCE OF LORD AND LADY SOMERS, ON THE OCCASION OF THEIR VISIT TO THE THREE COUNTIES SHOW AT HEREFORD IN 1934

From left to right: Lady Lettice Cotterell (sitting), Lady Somers (standing), the Duchess of Beaufort (sitting), the King and Queen, with the Hon. Thomas Coke and Lady Helen Graham behind them, Mr. J. P. L. Thomas, M.P., Mr. Richard Cotterell, Lord Somers and his daughter, and the Duke of Beaufort

WITH HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARY AT BALMORAL IN 1924, AND ON A VISIT TO THE ISLE OF SKYE WHEN THE KING AND QUEEN WERE GUESTS OF McLEOD OF McLEOD AT DUNVEGAN CASTLE

Photographs by Dennis Moss, Cirencester

"ROUGH GRASS FIELDS, DIVIDED BY BANKS, AND DEEP, HANGING COVERTS UP THE VALLEY OF THE TORRIDGE"

THE STEVENSTONE HUNT

A Flourishing and Friendly Establishment in the West Country

TO start out on the 5.30 train from Paddington on a villainously murky morning is not the best beginning to any expedition; yet that is what the writer had to do when he visited these hounds. The flying wheels took to themselves the voice of some ghostly and gigantic huntsman, endlessly reiterating "Forrard Away! Forrard Away! Forrard Away!" and varying it with "Coup, Forrard Away!" whenever the rhythm changed; and lulled into a thoughtful coma, several speculations passed through his mind. What would the country be like? What would the people be like? What would the hounds be like? Would he be given a gentlemanly horse that would not disgrace him in *coram publico?* How these questions were answered is the story told below.

After lunching with my kind and charming host and hostess, who live on the banks of that lovely river, the Torridge, a move was made to the kennels in an honest and venerable car of a vintage year. The kennels are at Stevenstone Park, at one time the home of the Hon. Mark Rolle, the founder of these hounds, who changed his name from Trefusis when he succeeded to this property. He was a fine man, by all accounts, and one of those rare people who have not an enemy in the world.

Mr. Rolle started to hunt the country with his own hounds in 1859, and they were then known as "Mr. Rolle's." The history from that date is as follows:

1883–92.	Sir William Williams, Bart.
1892–95.	Hon. Mark Rolle (Sir Hugh Drummond, Huntsman and Field-Master).
1895–98.	Mr. J. Paton.
1898–1900.	Mr. R. W. W. Eyton.
1900–07.	Hon. Mark Rolle (Mr. Horndon, Huntsman and Field-Master).
1907–14.	Mr. D. Horndon.
1914–15.	Mr. J. O. Clemson (who was killed in action in Gallipoli).
1915–19.	Mrs. Clemson and Mr. D. Horndon.
1919–20.	A committee.
1920–21.	Lieutenant-Colonel B. C. James, D.S.O., and Mr. D. Blew Jones.
1921–22.	Mr. D. Blew Jones.
1922–30.	The late Lieutenant-Colonel B. C. James, D.S.O.
1930–31.	Mrs. James.

And then, by request of Mrs. James and all and sundry throughout the countryside, Mr. Horndon again took on.

Mrs. James signalised the close of her Mastership by an act of great generosity. For reasons, only too well known nowadays, Stevenstone Park had to be sold and broken up, so Mrs. James bought the kennels and their immediate surroundings, and presented them to the Hunt. Mr. Horndon is still Master, and it is the wish of the country that their "shepherd" may lead his flock for many years to come. Mr. Horndon gave up hunting hounds in 1914, but they are still his great interest, and much care and thought are lavished upon them.

THE PRESENT MASTER

Mr. D. Horndon at Ash Cross. Since this photograph was taken, Mr. Horndon has had a nasty accident, being kicked out hunting, but is going on well

We were met at the kennels by Higman, the huntsman, who has been in service at Stevenstone for 27 years, and is a West Countryman, which is as it should be. Also at the kennels were two ladies of a very rare and valuable sort. The first, Mrs. K. F. Channer, is one of the secretaries, and details mentioned during our visit showed that she knew the intimate history of every hound in the pack practically from its birth. The other lady, Miss Tod, not only very often takes on the Master's horse to a meet, but also takes him home again; in addition, she has raised a very great number of puppies on the bottle, and anyone who has done that knows the amount of care and patience which is necessary in the work, and the sleeplessness and midnight alarums which are workaday features of it.

But now the first dog-hound has been drawn for inspection, and it is obvious that he is regarded as the G.O.M. of the kennel. His name is Granby ('30), by Landlord ('26) ex Gaylass ('26), and his appearance well supports his position. His one fault is that he is a trifle long in the back, but this does not seem to affect his "get." He is a really "noble"-looking hound, with the typical head of a hound bred to Brocklesby. Next comes Granby's son, Chorister ('33) ex Careful ('28). He is a beautiful quality dog, with all his sire's best points, and was the Champion Doghound at Aldershot this year, where the Stevenstone had a notable triumph. Next came Sampler ('36), Chorister's son ex Satin ('30). He is an active-looking hound, with excellent ribs.

Lawyer ('35), by Archer ('27) ex Lavish, was very good behind, I thought, and is a hound with a good back, but his shoulders appeared to be a little straight. Apparently some of his forebears outside this kennel are apt to have the same fault. Paladin ('34), by Barrister ('30) ex Penitent ('30), is a very neat quality dog, with excellent neck and shoulders. Like very nearly every hound in this pack, he goes back to Thankful, by Lord Fitzwilliam's Druid ('98) ex Rufford Twilight ('99), a bitch which Mr. Horndon bought in an unentered draft at Rugby in 1903.

I will admit that I quite lost my heart to the next hound that came in, Topthorn ('33), by Tomboy ('25) ex Blackmore Vale Worthy ('29). He is a very hard-looking hound, with beautiful balance and symmetry and not an ounce of superfluous material anywhere. Personally, I liked him best of all the dog-hounds, Chorister not excepted.

HOUNDS, STAFF, MASTER AND SOME FOOT-FOLLOWERS POSE AT ASH CROSS

in the kennel, notably Worcester Hannibal ('25), a noted dog in his work. This Thankful has quality, substance, a beautiful front and excellent legs and feet. Her namesake, Thankful ('03), accomplished a remarkable feat out hunting. Hounds ran up to a five-cross roads, with a beaten fox before them, and as they were being cast Thankful was heard speaking on the adjoining plough. By the time the rest of the pack had reached her she had killed the fox, which was almost as big as herself, having taken the line out from the five cross roads, which was crowded with steaming horses. One may say that she was good in her work.

Araby ('34), another Granby, is a light, fast-looking bitch, full of quality, with a lovely neck and shoulders. Out hunting she has a funny, hoarse note and is extra good on a road. Treacle and Twitter, two half-sisters by Granby, and winners of the class at Aldershot this year for the best couple of unentered bitches, are very nice indeed; though, personally, I liked Treacle the best of the two. She is a beautifully short-coupled bitch, with great depth through the heart and an excellent back.

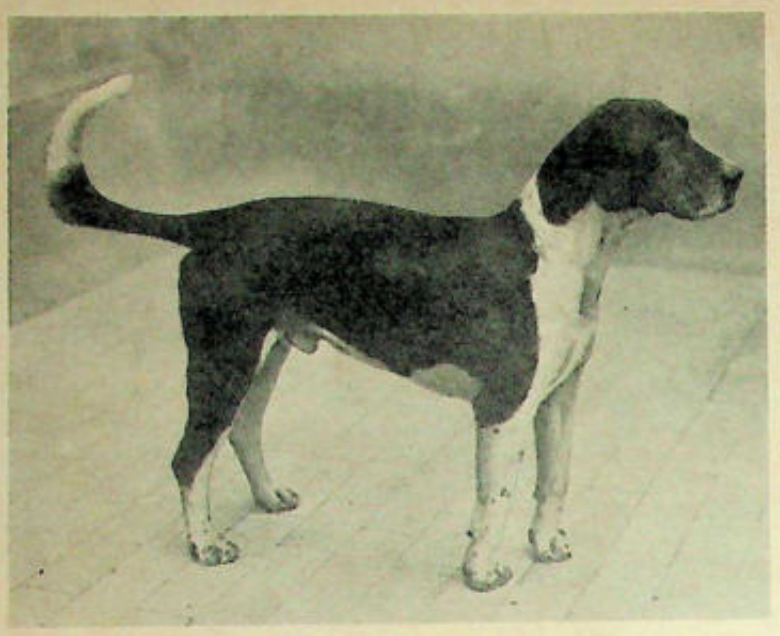
JIM HIGMAN, THE HUNTSMAN WITH THE HOUNDS, AFTER MEETING AT ASH CROSS

His dam Worthy came from the Blackmore Vale, and since she has been at Stevenstone has never been known to do wrong. His sire Tomboy was a wonderful marking hound, and could be heard marking his fox a mile away. He was so well known for his wonderful carrying note that he was lent to the East Cornwall, in which wild country his exceptional marking was much appreciated.

We now passed on to the bitches, and before dealing with them I should like to pay a tribute to the handling of Higman and his whipper-in when showing hounds. There was no noise, no whip, and the word "back" was only heard once, or possibly twice, during the whole afternoon. Of these hounds it can be said that "their habit was to come when called," and not before. This was particularly remarkable with the bitches, who are generally so "quicksilver" in movement and temperament.

Thankful ('32), by Worcester Tempter ('28) ex Lavish ('28), is a really perfect type of matron. By the way, there is a good deal of Worcester blood

STEVENSTONE HOUNDS LEAVING THEIR LORRY
"That Niagara-like rush" in rather a different context



STEVENSTONE GRANBY

He is evidently regarded as the G.O.M. of the kennel, and his appearance supports that position. This hound is by Landlord ex Gaylass, and has a great deal of Brocklesby blood

One would like to go through the whole kennel but it is impossible, for obvious reasons. Yet mention must be made, before leaving the kennels, of what are known, I believe, as the "little black 'uns." These are 2½ couple of real flyers, all by Granby, and I thought the best of a good lot was Tranquil. Also the story of Harkaway must be told; he killed his fox in the middle of the Torridge, when that river was pretty high and brought him to the bank. He looks a strong dog all over, and he must be to have managed this.

Outside sires who have played a prominent part in the building up of this pack are South Stafford Stentor ('06), Blackmore Vale Samson ('05), Belvoir Ragman, Four Burrow Whipcord and Oakley Gordon ('15), Lord C. Bentinck's Burton Pedlar ('20) and also Craven Valesman ('95 ?).

And so we went home, after a very pleasant afternoon, in weather that looked as if it were going to snow for a week. But next day broke fine and the sun shone, which was all very pleasant but boded a little ill for sport. The meet was at Ash Cross, and on the way to the meet one was able to form a fair idea of the country. Great hanging woods cover the steep valley of the Torridge, and in them hounds have to do it all themselves, as the huntsman often has to go a long way round to be with them. Above the valley rough fields, divided by banks, mostly with a little growth on top, rise and sink in desolate hills and valleys, with woods and plantations of greater or lesser extent. In these little valleys there are frequently boggy "moors," and above them the fields stretch up till they melt in real heather-clad moorland. On the whole it is a bad-scenting country, and hounds generally have to work for it.

This hunt is extremely lucky in covert owners and farmers. Perhaps chief among the former are Lord Clinton, who is chairman of the Hunt, at Heanton, and Mr. Scott-Browne at Buckland Filleigh. Most of the day we were hunting over Lord Clinton's land.

After arriving at the meet I made the acquaintance of my mount for the day, which had been extremely kindly lent to me by a member of the Hunt. May I here thank him again for giving me a very pleasant ride on a good and clever horse; just the stamp for the country, I should imagine.

Let it be said at once, that the day was just about as bad as it could be, judged by accepted standards; and yet I enjoyed it immensely. Why? I think the first reason was that the hunt belonged to the country, not the country to the hunt. Here were people who went out foxhunting as part of their ordinary lives; there was nothing exotic about it, and the whole thing did not stink of money and "value for money." Everyone was friendly, and everyone took it for granted that the best possible sport would be provided, and if there was no scent to-day, well, perhaps it would be better next week. *I did not hear a single person grumbling all day.*

Here is an account of the day, given with due humility by a stranger. Hounds found at once in Ash Covert, and began with a good burst of music for a minute or two, but directly their fox turned it was evident that scent was of the very poorest; I have seldom seen a worse scenting day. As hounds found, I followed a gallant Captain who is old only by arithmetic, down the far ride, accompanied by one other. As hounds checked, we all separated without a word to watch different rides. As the day went on, and it became evident that something would have to change before much happened, I was much struck by a variety of things. Members of the field did their best to help the huntsman in positive as well as negative ways. The huntsman remained calm and cheerful under most trying conditions. Mr. Horndon never said "Hold hard" once in the whole day. Hounds stuck to it marvellously well, and never became listless and uninterested; Granby took the whole pack through one quarter, the only hound able to speak to it, and Sailor, a this year's entry, drove on and hit off the line in front when hounds ran a little ring inside the covert.

After a time, Ash Covert became so foiled that a move was made to Fox Covert; but there was only a stale line in this; by the way, it is a pleasure to hear Higman drawing woodlands, he has a beautiful voice; in addition, he does not go too fast through the thick stuff, and as a result his hounds are always drawing in front of him. The North Country whipper-in must be mentioned; I do not believe he cracked his whip all day, and seemed to be in the right place without making a to-do about it.

Hounds found again in Gravel Pit, but could do nothing with him whatever; scent seemed to have become worse if possible. All this country consists of marshy fields, dotted with plantations and bigger coverts. Even on a good scenting day, I imagine, a fox has to be pressed to make him go; and to-day it was quite impossible to do so. Seeing this, Mr. Horndon wisely decided to send hounds home. Among those out were Miss Tod, Mrs. Channer, Major Lomas, Captain Starkey and Colonel Bassett (Colonel Bassett is hon. sec. of the Point-to-Point). Major Barclay Black, the joint secretary, was unfortunately ill, so I did not meet him. There were also five or six farmers. Mr. Parnell, the very efficient secretary of the Damage Fund, was not out.

So ended a delightful visit to a part of the country where foxhunting is quite literally hunting the fox, and pretty large stout ones they are, too. May I thank the Stevenstone Hunt for their hospitality and kindness to me, a stranger in their midst, and hope that a century hence the Stevenstone Foxhounds will still be hunting the "Land of the Two Rivers."

A. H. V. L.

A GROUP OF DOGHOUNDS

Including Chorister, Sampler, Lawyer, Topthorn and Paladin

JUST AFTER HOUNDS HAD MOVED OFF

Miss Tod, a well known follower of the Stevenstone Hounds

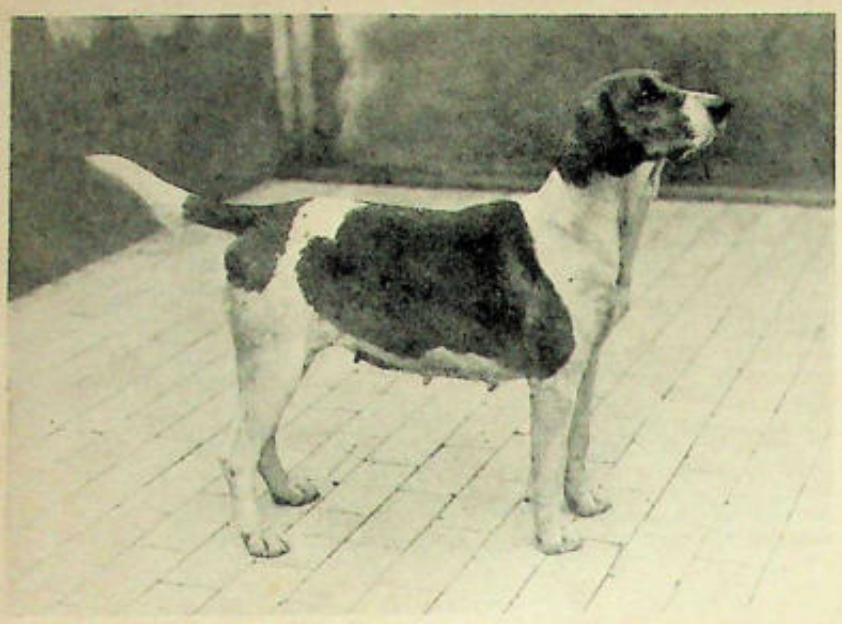
BEST DAYS WITH THE HOUNDS

"Stolen Fruit" for the Pytchley

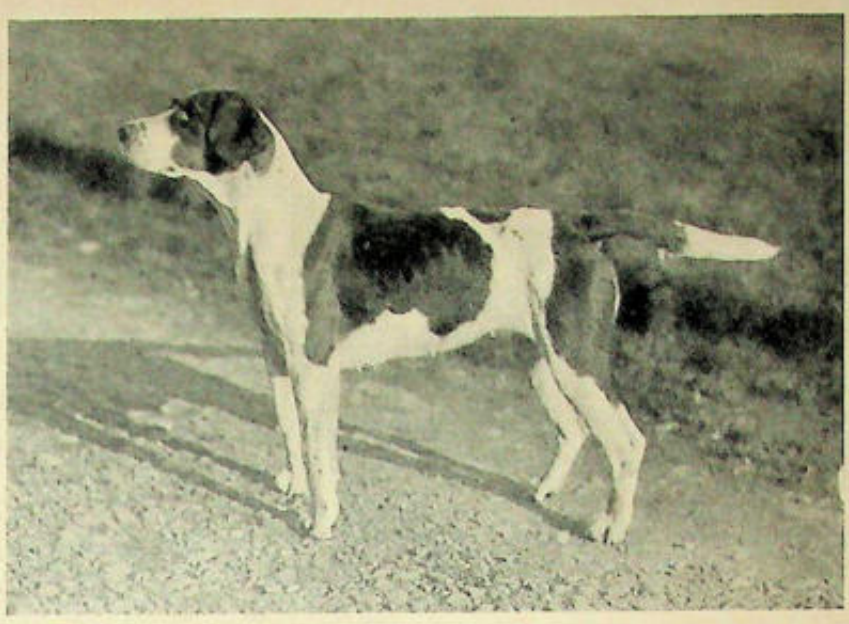
IF the weeks are going to give us alternating pleasure and discomfort, as has happened during the last fortnight, then for many reasons let us be thankful that this one is passed. It matters not so much if definite arrangements can be made, but for the Masters for the kennel staff, and for the telephone exchanges when hunting is just not possible, it is exasperating to a degree. This has been the case throughout the week, and only enterprise and early rising, added to great experience has allowed of two days literally snatched, when many Masters—and no one could blame them—would have cancelled hunting from within their doors.

On Wednesday Badby Wood was drawn with

ON THE FLAGS AT THE KENNELS, STEVENSTONE PARK

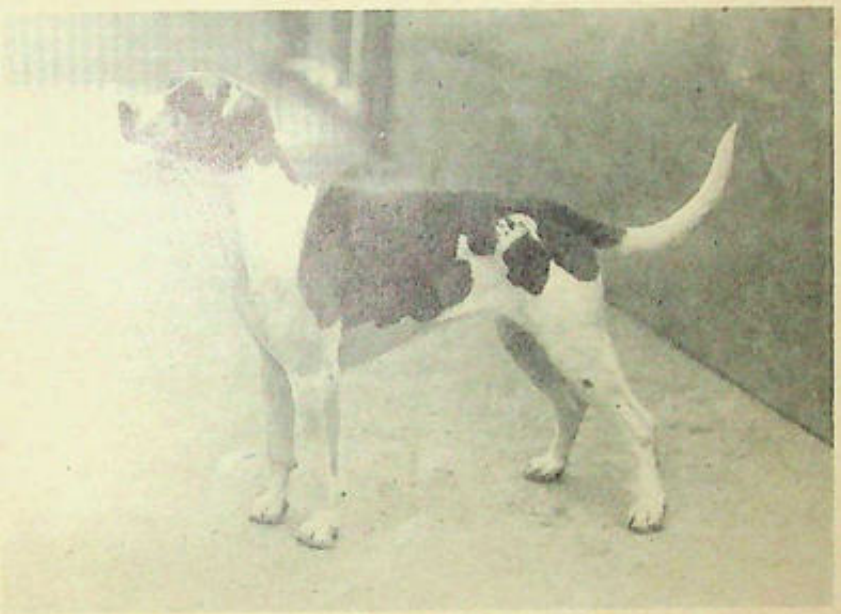


THANKFUL

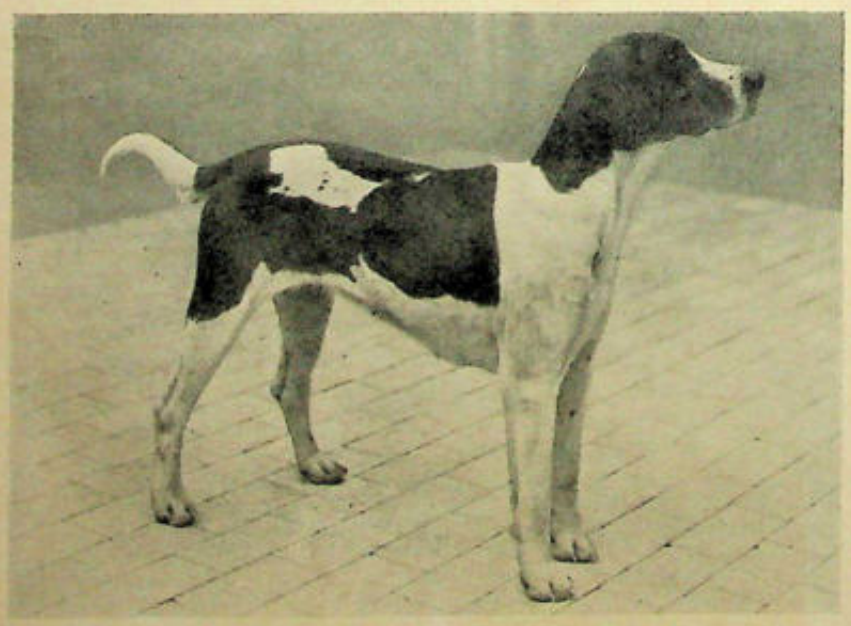


ARABY

TOPTHORN



TREACLE



TWITTER

CHORISTER

time upon the ground and elements of fog about, and anyone could tell that scent was nil. However, hounds ran rather nicely for a little while, and caused the field to jump the brook which takes its name from Everdon, then hunted slowly on up the Newnham Hill and back, where they were out of scent.

Scent lasted not much longer with another fox in Badby Wood again, and this one kept inside, and soon the ground got foiled and left him master of the situation. But all this time hounds were getting exercise and the foxes in this covert can stand, indeed they want, a lot of hunting to instil some enterprise. From Staverton in brightest sunlight, hounds began to run as though scent had improved, when suddenly down came a fog as thick as night, and all looked lost. But scent was really not so good, and soon the pack came back in ones and twos and were sent home.

Friday was nearly good enough, and yet the gateways and the north rides were a menace, and no attempt was made, and Saturday the 12th, at Yelvertoft, looked worse. The death of a well-known and well-liked farmer caused an alteration of the draw, and so to Crick and on to lower ground a move was made. A fox from here was hunted for the first mile at a sufficient pace to beget confidence.

The going was surprisingly good in this flat country, and almost everyone began to leave the ground. Scent served enough for hounds to hold the line past Clayeoton, but as they got near the River Avon, as often happens on this sort of moderate scenting day, it gave out on the marshy meadows near the Catthorpe crossing. The fox had done his best, so had the hounds. Not one member of the field could have supposed that even this could happen at the meet. Lilbourne was close at hand, and held a fox. The Dunsmore Road was cleared and over it he went as though for Crick, with hounds hard at him. But alas! his courage failed and, running through Lilbourne

Village, he crossed the Avon near a ford. The rails were stuck, a jump most uninviting, and so between these impediments, and hounds having got on into moderate light and incipient fog, everyone was out of touch. The pack were seen near Stanford Park, and then were lost. Captain Macdonald Buchanan recovered them at length, marking their fox to ground after some 30 minutes of wandering and despair.

The Twenty-four Acre Covert produced a fox, but again the marshy fields around it carried no scent at all, and nothing could be done. And so the Hemploe was drawn. The hounds had started from the Fishponds, and were hunting nicely on the tops from which by now the frost had gone, when fog once more compelled a stoppage. All stolen fruit is sweet, and despite this glaring platitude, it is fair to say that on account of unexpected hunting a field of fair proportions went home content.

EMERITUS.

FROST AND FOG WITH THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S

LAST week's hunting was marred by the tragic happenings uppermost in everyone's mind, and by the equally gloomy weather. On Monday, at Lyneham Green, the frost was so hard overnight that few people thought that hounds would leave the meet. However, though the going in Great Wood was bad, the Vale rode quite well and the small field thoroughly enjoyed a long twisting hunt on a catchy scent over the Dauntsey country. Lord Westmorland and Mr. Baker were enjoying themselves, and Miss Dolly Miles, on a five-year-old just purchased from a local farmer, was going over her old home country in her old style. By the way, it is a pity more people do not buy horses from hunting farmers in their own country.

On Tuesday, from Leighterton, the mixed pack first drew Silk Wood, and divided on the abundance of foxes therein; six-and-a-half couples getting away by themselves and killing a fine dog fox in Mr. Timmin's stable yard, to the accompaniment only of a few "toots" from passing cars. Later, the re-united pack picked up an outlier on Colonel Mitchell's Farm, and ran an amusing, if circuitous, line between Estcourt and Elmstree before he was lost in the outskirts of Tetbury. Thick fog descending put an early end to the day's sport, as it also did to the following day from West Kington.

On Friday, the Duke took the bitch pack to Rodbourne. Finding the first fox in Angrove, hounds ran very fast in a wide circle by Gorston, through Bincombe and back by Seagry Wood, losing him after a good hour's hunt near Rodbourne. The next fox was marked to ground in the Bottom, and then from Stanton Park a good hunt ensued past Leigh Delamere, and Sevington to Grittleton, where hounds were stopped from Dunley late in the afternoon.

On Saturday Fred Brown was hunting hounds as the Duke was in London attending the Proclamation ceremony. Meeting at the kennels, hounds first drew Alderton Grove and went away at top speed over the Alderton Lane, by Dunley, turning back alongside the railway line towards Badminton Station, where their fox turned again sharply, running a nice line towards Burton Village, where a fresh fox jumped up and hounds divided, thus spoiling a first-rate hunt.

Later a Dunley Bottom fox provided the usual "roundabout" exertions, and a Sevington fox set a twisting course for Stanton Park, where hounds divided, and one lot, running on through Stockwood, were stopped as the rainy mist turned to fog and darkness.

V.

THE CATTISTOCK HAT-TRICK

ONE of my friends who came down to get a day's hunting with the Cattistock said to me on his arrival: "It certainly is good to live in a country where, as far as I can see, you're never stopped by frost, or fog, or anything else, and where sport is always good." . . . Perhaps that is a bit of an exaggeration, and yet when I remember that the Cattistock missed only four days last season, and has missed none so far this, in spite of the fact that many of the northern packs have been stopped recently, I must admit that the climate of Dorset seems made for fox-hunting.

We had an excellent week's sport, although Tuesday was below the average. On Wednesday hounds met at Rampisham, one of the most picturesque little villages in the Cattistock country, and a goodly field was gathered in front of the Tiger's Head when hounds moved off to draw Rampisham Wood. One well-known figure I missed at the meet—the genial face of Mr. Jeans, who farmed the country round about Rampisham, always was a strong supporter of foxhunting, and whose activities I remember mentioning in the *Field* about a year ago. Alas, he has gone to join that great band of sportsmen, who, I feel sure, are hunting in that land that the Rev. Cecil Legard once described to a little girl as "a beautiful grass country." But hounds are moving off, and we must go with them.

Hardly had Holland cheered the dog pack into Little Rampisham Wood when there came a "holloa" from Jack on the far side, and we galloped round the edge of the covert to see hounds streaming away over the open toward Benville Bridge, heads up and sterns down, running at a pace that told us that scent was good, and that we were in for a fast burst. Running parallel with the Benville road for a mile they swung back left-handed, and running through Hare Moor to Green Linnet, they crossed the road again and finally killed their fox close to where they had found him after a good hunt of 70 minutes.

A move was then made to Ridge, that thickly wooded covert on the edge of the Crewkerne Road, and finding a fresh pilot in the gorses on the far side, hounds went away again at an even better pace, toward Hook. Leaving Westcombe on their left they ran fast to the Hook Withybed and here their fox, evidently hard pressed, tried a bit of strategy twisting and turning in the thick undergrowth in an attempt to defeat them. But it was no use, scent was excellent, and presently he was forced to take to the open again with hounds close at his brush. He had no chance, but to do him justice he chose a nice line of country for his final burst, and after a couple of miles across the downs above Hook hounds killed him in a garden just above the village at the end of 40 minutes with hardly a check.

Two fast hunts like this had reduced the field a good deal, and another hour without a find left only a dozen out; but those dozen had what turned out to be the best hunt of the day. An outlier from a double hedge near Ridge went away over the Crewkerne Road, and hounds settling to the line in the lovely grass fields beyond ran at the best pace of the day straight as a string for Benville Plantation. There was a nasty drop into the Benville Road, when the flying pack crossed it, but there was no other way across, so we all hardened our hearts and luckily everyone got over without mishap, though once across we had to ride hard to catch hounds as they ran on toward Chelborough Park, where they turned right down the valley to Benville Bridge just short of which they re-crossed the road and ran hard to Ridge, where they were finally stopped at the end of 50 minutes after the best hunt of the day.

Friday's sport was equally good, and I wish I had space to describe the excellent hunt in the stone wall country which ended only when hounds had to be stopped at the end of 50 minutes on account of failing light. But good as our sport has been I feel that readers of the *Field* will have had a sufficiency of Cattistock hunting, and I must stop, though not before I tell them something of the good hunt which the big field had on Saturday evening, after the dog hounds had met at Red House. There was a fast scamper—about 25 minutes in the early part of the day—and then a long and disappointing draw, culminating in further disappointment when a fox found in Coker Wood refused to run at all. It was getting on toward three o'clock when hounds crossed the Halstock River and were thrown into Major Budden's covert at Closworth Firs, but it was only three minutes later when we saw our pilot steal away from the far end and heard Jack's holloa.

Holland had the dog hounds away on his line in a jiffy, and away we went over a lovely line of country past Closworth and then right-handed over the river and Yeovil Road only to swing left again past Ryme and on into the Blackmore Vale country. Hounds were running as if tied to their fox, and we had a hard time to stay with them when they ran on past Cliffton Wood, and almost to Bere Hackett before turning back into the Cattistock country again. They swung back to Yetminster Village, where the fox was seen just ahead of them, and on through the quarries to Jericho, and so over the road back to Prince's Place again, swinging left-handed to Holt Mill and on to Melbury Park, where with their fox twisting and turning like a polo pony, finally managed to bring them to their noses and gain a much needed start. I should like to be able to record that they had "run into their fox" at the end, but truth compels me to state that Holland came up to me at the end of an hour and 20 minutes and said: "I think he has me beaten, Master," and Mr. Ruxton and I reluctantly decided to call it a day.

As we rode home my guest, who had been going hard all the afternoon, gladdened my heart with the remark: "Do you always have days like this in this country?" And I replied: "Yes—always."

LINCOLN.

ONE OF THE V.W.H. (CRICKLADE) HOUNDS KILLED

THE Thursday side of the country has been productive of some capital sport this season so far, and December 10th is certainly worthy of record. Actually, the second and the best run of the day, was enjoyed by no one after a very fast 25 minutes from Prior's Withybed to Eight Acres. Here hounds gave the huntsman and the field the slip, running on unattended to Oaksey in the V.W.H. (Cirencester) country, where eventually they were found.

The meet was at the Three Horse Shoes Inn on the Minety—Cricklade Road, serving the scattered population of The Leigh (pronounced Lie). The road running past the inn formerly was a rough cart track, but is now a recognised 'bus route of the Bristol Tramways Company. The Leigh found a place on the map solely through the enterprise of would-be settlers, who, years ago, bought what the Australians would call "a square inch of meadow" and thereon built a dwelling. When hounds moved off from the meet a field of quite 100 strong was in attendance. The fog of the early morning had given way to misty conditions, and visibility was considerably restricted.

No one was more delighted than Mr. Hussey when a fox was viewed away from Dutchy Rag. During a season so far conspicuous by its absence of really good scenting days, this particular occasion could only merit the description of a burning scent. Certainly the bitches found it well to their liking, as they raced over the Great Western Railway line, on by Lodge Hills into the big woods at Red Lodge, which was reached in ten minutes—a brilliant performance. Their fox came away at the bottom end and making a small circle of Battlelake Farm returned to the wood where the presence of fresh foxes complicated matters, the pack dividing into several lots, and being eventually stopped on badly soiled ground.

Trotting back to Prior's Withybed and finding at once, hounds settled down to run their hardest over Flowers Farm, and crossing the Ashton Keynes—Minety Road, pointed for Swillbrook; which was held on the left. Following their fox over the River Thames, Eight Acres was gained, and from this point very little is known of the exact line hounds took. From Lord Knutsford, the popular joint-Master of the V.W.H. (Cirencester) Hounds, comes the most useful information. His Lordship happened to be out in his car in that part of the country, and forsaking four wheels for Shanks' pony, saw something of this great hound hunt. His description tells of them leaving Somerford Keynes on the right, and running beautifully with a glorious cry.

"You could cover them all with an old woman's shawl
And there was nobody with them—nobody at all."

It was by the side of the Great Western Railway line close to Oaksey Station that the Hunt staff found them—at least a four-mile point from where they slipped away in the mist at Eight Acres. Unfortunately a tragedy marred this wonderful run, hounds, having crossed the line in front of a train. All but one got safely over—Fatima, by Duke of Beauforts Fencer—Aimwell, a valuable second season bitch, being killed.

R.

A SIX-AND-A-HALF MILE POINT WITH THE V.W.H. (CIRENCESTER)

IT would be difficult to say exactly which of the already several good days in the Friday country tops the bill, but it is certain that from Somerford Common, on Friday, December 4th, sport equalled any previous occasion this season.

The uninitiated probably hold Somerford Common in imagination as a vast stretch of common land given over to the inclinations of the public. In fact, it is nothing of the kind, but rather an immense woodland forming part of the property owned by the Earl of Suffolk in the old Braydon Forest. A typical Braydon Lane cuts the wood in half and serves as a boundary line between the two Vale of White Horse countries. To say it is a popular meet would be stretching a point, and small fields are the rule rather than the exception. It would be interesting to know if there is any record of Somerford Common being drawn blank—I know of none—but possibly my memory serves me false.

On this particular occasion hounds were soon throwing their tongues, and little time elapsed before half the pack came away with a fox, going through Big Withy into Braydon Pond, where the whole lot were got together. A full-voiced holloa, doing immense credit to the lung power of its originator, set the ball rolling again, and hounds now ran on well towards Brinkworth; an ever-increasing scattered field following them as best they

"HOW, NOW, DAME!"
Lord Knutsford and one of the V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) hounds

might. This Braydon country takes a deal of crossing, and horse and rider are bound to go straight if they wish to keep in touch with hounds. The main Malmesbury—Swindon Road cutting through Brinkworth Village was doubtless responsible for the fox deeming discretion the better part of valour and turning back from whence he came. No respite was given him in Somerford Common, however, and it was not until Webbs Wood, in the V.W.H. (Cricklade) country, was reached that he was able to puzzle his pursuers. Hounds were eventually stopped in the wood, the climax to a gruelling one hour and 30 minutes through the choicest Braydon mud.

There followed a long blank draw until Andover's Gorse came to the rescue with a bold fox.

He made but little ado in quitting, and hounds bustling him along with a grand cry brought him to within a stone's throw of Five Lanes. Close here they got their heads up, and a field drain was naturally a matter of suspect. Small wonder they checked as "Charles" had tried it, and with the cunning peculiar to his species had turned sharp back on his own line. Matters looked like becoming complicated when a reliable holloa from Charlton Park saved the situation.

Lord Knutsford quickly had hounds on the line, and after crossing the park a view was obtained of the fox as he left Garsdon Withybed with little enough to spare between him and his foremost pursuers. A short delay occurred in Garsdon Village, but hounds puzzled out the wiles of their pilot, and were soon away as if for Braydon Pond. Short of the wood—in Woodbridge Lane—he was headed, but the pack turning with him held a great head across the Vale to Ramps' Hill. Hard pressed as their pilot was, he held one more card, and that was Somerford Common. And in these big woodlands he passed his responsibilities on to other foxes, hounds being stopped at Drill Farm, when running on as well as ever.

They had been barely two hours in making a six-and-a-half-mile point over some of the best of the Vale, and had covered an enormous amount of country—probably doubling the distance as they ran. J. R.

THE TIVERTON'S GRUELLING HUNT

THE Tiverton Foxhounds met at Mudford Gate on Saturday, December 5th, and brought off two very enjoyable hunts. The morning was wet with a strong wind blowing, but as the day wore on rain ceased and scent was good between the occasional storms. Finding in Looseland almost at once the pack got busy on a leash of Mr. Crewy's foxes, and after some fifteen minutes drove one away down wind and ran fast over Witheridge Moor Farm and Witheridge Moor. On entering the big expanse of Hilltown they turned right-handed in Alworthy Plantation and crossed the road into Hilltown Moors, which they ran right through before wheeling to the left and hunting on almost to Bulworthy Farm.

From there they turned once more to run down wind over Takkerson Moor. Then at a somewhat reduced pace hounds skirted Mr. Tarr's brake (close to Bulworthy Knap), crossed the Tiverton—Rackenford turnpike road, and hunted nicely over Willicroft Moor and Meadown, pointing for Sydeham, short of which they made a sharp left-handed turn. They entered Rackenford Moor and ran fast down to North Plantation, where they marked to ground and accounted for their fox after a very nice gallop of three-quarters of an hour from the time they left Looseland.

The Master, who was hunting hounds, was moving off to draw again when a holloa back from near North Plantation brought the pack back again post haste, but after running nicely up through Foxes Covert and up to the Haresdown road and back over the moors by North America, they had to own defeat by Mr. Gold's brake at Little Rackenford, after 20 minutes.

A move was then made to draw Bulworthy Moor, but hounds did not find until Mr. Tarr's brake was investigated. Though the morning's hunt had led us very close to the brake, a brace of foxes were soon on foot, and hounds went away on a big dog fox and, instead of going to Hilltown, reynard led us a good hunt over Little Tidderson and straight through Mr. Conibear's brake (which lies near Royal Oak), to check on Mr. Mindham's farm near Deepaller Covert whilst pointing for Pantaeridge.

It was some time before Mr. Amory was able to set things going again, but when he did it was a clever cast that enabled hounds to hunt on over Mr. Reed's farm at Lower Way and kill their fox in the open in Kitterbury, near Mr. Greenslade's farm, after not too fast a hunt of 75 minutes and, thank goodness it was not faster, for the morning hunt was a grueller. GYPSY.

FORTY-FIVE MINUTES WITH THE HERTFORDSHIRE (NORTH)

THESE hounds had a wonderful hunt from their Travellers' Rest meet on December 5th. The morning was most disappointing, as Combe Hole and Crabtrees were blank, and the Rushy Meadow could not be drawn owing to shooting arrangements. However, the terrier soon bolted a fox from the Slapton stick-heap, but he was one of the scentless variety, and hounds could only hunt slowly between Slapton and the Rushy Meadow, where he eventually made himself scarce.

The next draw was that grand fox covert Billington Osiers, and a big dog fox was away directly hounds were through the gate. Samways soon had them on the line, and dropping their sterns they screamed away over the brook towards Stanbridgeford Station. Here, they swung right-handed and crossed the Eaton Bray—Stanbridgeford Road, and ran on towards Totternhoe. Keeping the village on their left, they went on very fast parallel with the brook towards Eaton Bray. But short of here, hounds turned left-handed, and after crossing the Eaton Bray—Totternhoe Road, they raced on across Church Farm to Doolittle Mill.

Keeping straight on, with the mill on their left, hounds now crossed the lane at the back of the plough and went on nearly to the mound, and running on with a wonderful cry, they crossed the Icknield Way into the Dagnall Brook. Here hounds were coursing their fox, and going on over the big badger earths, they almost caught him in the right-hand branch of the brook, but he managed to double back, and going away left-handed took them to Valence End Farm.

Here he turned on to the road, which runs below the Zoo, and after running along it for about a mile he turned up left-handed to Whipsnade Green. Here a fresh fox nearly complicated matters, but hounds were not to be denied, and sticking to their hunted fox, they brought him back right-handed, and bowled him over on the road. This was a brilliant hunt of 45 minutes, a five-mile point, and quite eight miles as hounds ran. M. J.

THE SOUTH DEVON'S WONDERFUL DAY

EVER since the first Sunday in November, when the season was so successfully launched at Buckland Court, sport has been good, the Saturdays in particular being outstanding. But Saturday from Jane's Grave gave us the best gallop to date, and, moreover, it crowned a week of brilliant sport, on each day of which good points resulted, and kills in the open were registered.

Upon the high moorland, on the day in question, a nor'westerly gale was raging—60 miles an hour, they reckoned—whilst storms of hail and snow with great frequency almost obliterated the countryside. The first notes of the day rang out in Heatree Plantation, but the fox concerned suffered from an inferiority complex and hastily disappeared below ground. For some considerable time a shivering and wind-battered field watched a fruitless search on the part of hounds on the eastern and southern slopes of Hamel Down, the tension being at length relieved as a hat went up at the head of Natsworthy Goyle. Its owner was Mr. Hurn, the popular host of the Warren Inn, to whose watchful eye we owe the inception of more than one stirring gallop.

Ned Chapman soon had hounds on the spot:

"Raging they came
Like a torrent of flame—
There were seventeen couple and over,
And a huntsman grey
Who blew them away
With the note of a true hound lover."

In the wake of a veritable Dartmoor "Hector," and in the teeth of the gale, they set out for Hameldon

THE HON. MARK ROLLE
A photograph of the founder of the Stevenstone Hunt, reproduced by kind permission of Mrs. Herndon

Tor, bending right to Grimspound and Hookner Tor, beyond which a right wheel by Leapra Newtake and Coombe Pond led to the silver fox farm at Heathercombe. By keeping up the goyle to Hameldon Tor, a fast ring of nearly four miles was

soon completed. For barely a moment hounds wavered on its summit, and then, turning down-wind, raced at terrific pace along the western slope of Hamel's great ridge in a hailstorm with that "wisht" scream which you hear only when scent is breast high on a wild, open moorland. They seemed to have wings as they sped over Blackaton Down, sank the hill to the Challacombe Road, and pointing for Black Hill, swung left below it to Gamble Cot.

At this point the pace began to tell on the pilot, as was indicated by the short and frequent turns he made from now onward. Blackaton Manor was on their left as they pierced the plantation and tumbled down to the West Webburn. Splashing through it they crossed Grendon in their climb to Cator, to wheel left above the gorse and sink the hill to Lower Cator. A colossal hailstorm broke on them here, and the hunt seemed in imminent danger of collapse, when Rallywood, to the fore as ever, put matters right, and the chase proceeded merrily down the valley to West Shallowford.

Hounds skirted the farm buildings, veered right on to the common, and left again through Shallowford Bog to Corndonford, where a left wheel brought them to Jordan Brake. By the cry they were now tight on their quarry, whose point was evidently some rocky fastness in the Lizwell woodland. But his strength failed him sadly, and as a last shift he swam the Webburn above Ponsworthy hamlet, turned sharply up the valley to Jordan, and there entered the gardens at Oldwalls. Hounds viewed him as he crept over the drive, and quickly rolled him over.

It was an hour to the second since this gallant dog fox left his heathery couch on Hamel Down, and during this period hounds covered ten miles of country and registered a five mile point. *What* a scent there was, and how little we expected it on such a day! With his field well satisfied, Mr. Stabb wisely gave the homeward order, and so the curtain was rung down on a perfect day.

PAGAN.

shire, and finding at eleven, hounds raced through the dry bracken above the mouth of the railway tunnel on the Carmarthenshire side. Scent was good and, running along the hillside above the railway for half-a-mile, hounds turned up over the end of Brynnichol to the Llwynor Valley, and climbed the end of Fwng Mount. They then turned sharply left and ran back to Brynnichol, where they took an unusual line, crossing both railway and main Sugar Loaf Road.

We had a bad moment when they were crossing the railway, as a passenger train was coming up from Llandovery, but thanks to the prompt action of a member of the hunt who galloped down the precipitous hill, hounds all got clear of the line. The fox then ran to Clynsaer Valley and up the opposite hill across to Cwmerychan, where he went to ground in the big earth in Clynnoch Covert at 12.45. This was a fast run, and gave us a good deal of hill work to follow hounds. The huntsman, leaving his horse at the bottom, climbed up the rocky steep hillside to the earth, and as he reached it a fresh fox went away.

Scent now was not so good, and a ringing hunt followed up and down the hills round Cwmerychan, and was finally lost at 2.30. A third fox was found on Nantllyndin, and we had another slow ringing hunt, hounds being called off at 4.30.

On November 21st we had a real good hunt of one hour and 20 minutes. Meeting at Glantran Arms, in Carmarthenshire, in our low-lying country, hounds, at 10.45, drew the old Deer Park of Glantran and found at once. Scent was good, and, the fox running fairly straight over a comparatively easy bit of country, the six of us who made the field were able to keep in touch. After crossing Cwmerychan below Clynnoch hounds climbed Garth Mountain, which we were able to go round, and then headed past Castell Craig-Derwyddon (an ancient Druidical sanctuary) for Maesybwlch Wood.

We were now in Breconshire again, and the fox turned down Cwmy-glyn to near Half-way Village on the main Llandovery—Brecon Road, and we

UNFORTUNATE PREDICAMENT OF A GENTLEMAN WHO HAS BEEN ASKED BY THE MASTER TO "STOP THEM"!

THE IRFON AND TOWY HOUNDS HUNT TILL MIDNIGHT

THIS small farmers' pack has had some good runs in October and November. We are never able to begin hunting before early October, owing to the lateness of the harvest in this district, also, as most of us are sheep farmers, the dipping, marking and sales have to be considered. Our huntsman, Tom Williams, is now in his 25th season with the Irfon and Towy, and with plenty of foxes we hope for a real good season.

On October 13th we had a good run from Brynffoi, on the Carmarthenshire border, for after hunting two or three cubs in the deep dingle below the house, hounds went away on an old fox. Going round the new forestry plantations of Cwmerychan, they ran over two hills and valleys to Maesybwlch Wood in Breconshire. From this wood only three hounds ran on alone over the mountain of Bwlch-y-groes (1,350ft. high), and next day news was brought that they had killed their fox in Llandilo-Fann Village. This was a point of six miles, and ten as hounds ran, on a very warm day, hard for horses and hounds alike.

Our opening meet at Llangammarch Wells, on November 7th, was very poor, owing to wind and rain, but the 10th made amends. We met on Brynnichol, the mountain west of the Sugar Loaf Pass between Breconshire and North Carmarthen-left him in the big earth there. This was well out of our country, being in that of the Pantyscallog Hunt.

Another good day was that of the 28th, when we met at the kennels, our host being Mr. R. Jones, our joint-Master. After a white frost hounds found at eleven on the Dinas behind the house, and we had a slow hunt on the mountains above the house and up the Irfon Valley, and finally lost at 2.30. We had a good deal of bad bog country to cross, but luckily the hills rode better than expected as there had been no rain for a week.

At three a fresh fox was found on Spion Kop, near Llanwrtyd Wells and opposite the kennels, and as scent was good the frost having gone, hounds ran very fast. A big ring was made up Cwmhenag and back over the mountain, and then hounds headed south towards the Sugar Loaf. Near Esgair Dafydd Rocks the fox turned back for Spion Kop, and crossing the Irfon and road near Dolecoed Hotel, ran straight up the Garn Mountain, eventually coming down near the Cambrian Woollen Factory on the Beulah Road. Hounds crossed the road and made a large circle in the boggy fields towards the Abernant Hotel Golf Course, and coming back to the road again took the hills for Llwynmadoc. By this time it was dark, and the field had to turn for home, but as it was luckily a brilliant moonlight night the huntsman went on in a car. At 7 p.m. hounds came back again over the Garn, crossed the Irfon, and till 10.30 p.m. were hunting hard by themselves on Spion Kop and the neighbouring mountains. It was fortunate they were so close to the kennels and the huntsman was able to see, or rather hear, a good deal by car, on horse and on foot. Hounds were all back at the kennels next morning, having probably killed their fox and having hunted continuously for nearly twelve hours, for the last part of which they were quite by themselves.

BRECONIAN.

A BELVOIR LAMENT

This week a mournful tale we tell
Of winter's latest frigid spell;
In vain we listened for the sound
Of huntsman's horn or cry of hound.
The only note across the vale
Was Melton's melancholy wail
As, day by day, each hopeless dawn
Found fox-hunters upon the lawn
Attempting to embed their heel
In ground of imitation steel.
Alternatively, through the mist
(As at last Wednesday's Freeby tryst)
A few determined sportsmen grope,
Hoping against a fruitless hope
That sunshine will dispel in time
The grim obscurity and rime.
But, as a supplementary blow
Is dealt by thin veneers of snow:
The crackle of the ice beneath
Is drowned by gnash of Belvoir teeth.

With muttered oaths on every lip
As horses skid and slide and slip,
The more intrepid start to ride
Back to the fire's soothing side.
Whilst car-loads of the not-so-tough
Cry with redundant cause "enough!"
Those who have Christmas lists undone
Speedily adjourn to London.
Though, when defrauded of one's sport,
It would be bitter to be caught
Enmeshed in urban toils before
One heard there'd been a sudden thaw.

We must not fail to pity those
Whose early leave comes to a close;
The soldier who will soon go hence
Having incurred as much expense
As if a five-mile point or more
Had been his lot from every draw.
He can but kick his heels and dream
Of all the Wednesday country's cream,
Of Coston, Newman's Gorse and those
Delightful darts which start from Hose,
So much enjoyed on Saturday.
(When going the expected way
To Sherbrookes, there are those who see
In hounds a superfluity.)
This reprehensible stampede
Is cured by Master "Toby's" need.
To see that matters get no worse:
He puts the culprits in reverse.
The week was not entirely blank,
For Tuesday morning, cold and dank
Found hounds (dog pack) at Rauceby (North);
A meagre concourse sallied forth
And cautiously pursued the pack
To Boiling Wells, though there and back
To whence they found was far too near,
And as the speed was bottom gear
We gladly learnt the Master's view
Was "home for all" by half-past two.

Alas! we cannot yet decide
When next it will be fit to ride.
Horses most certainly will be
Fiends of impetuosity;
But let us pray we keep our seat
When Belvoir hounds again do meet.

UNBRIDLED.

HUNTING NOTES

Three couple of hounds belonging to the Llandebie and Penllergaer Hunt, were trapped in a disused coal level, into which they had followed their fox, at Rhydyfro, in the Swansea Valley, a short time ago. There they remained for 50 hours, until the huntsman recovered them with the assistance of local men who knew the ground.

Frank Morris, the Berkeley huntsman, had a very nasty accident on Monday, after hounds had met at Patchway. He had a bad fall over wire, and broke a collarbone. It is to be hoped that he will make a quick recovery.

The gale on Monday seemed to improve scenting conditions for, contrary to expectations, many packs ran hard in the most tumultuous weather.

THIS WEEK'S WISDOM

"My vig! Wot a vind! A'most blows the 'orn itself!"—JOHN JORROCKS.

AT THE NEWMARKET DECEMBER SALES

"The results were distinctly satisfactory, the total for the week being 239,032 guineas, as compared with 217,229 guineas last year"

ALL IS WELL WITH BRITISH BLOODSTOCK

Satisfactory Results of the Big Sale at Newmarket

ALTHOUGH the catalogue was remarkably long at the Newmarket Sales last week, it was by no means above the average so far as the general quality was concerned. In these circumstances the results were distinctly satisfactory, the total for the week being 239,032gs., as compared with 217,229gs. last year. No individual prices could be described as sensational, yet business was steady all through.

An interesting example of the fluctuating values of bloodstock is the mare Lost Soul, foaled in 1931. As a yearling this daughter of Solario—Orlass made 1,800gs. and showed good form, seven furlongs being probably her best distance. Last year Mr. R. F. Watson bought her at the December Sales for 1,000gs. It proved an excellent bargain. He sent the mare to be mated with Blenheim and she appears to be in foal. She fetched one of the top prices of last week's sales, Major L. B. Holliday buying her for 4,000gs. Her prospective foal may be worth the greater part of her purchase price. In any case Mr. Watson is to be congratulated on the profit the young mare brought him.

Actually the highest figure of the week was 4,500gs., the sum at which Mr. Fred Darling purchased Aloe out of Lord St. Davids's stud for one of his patrons. This mare, believed to be in foal to Cameronian, is nearly eleven years old. Apart from the important fact that she is sister to Foxlaw, the daughter of Son-in-Law can already claim a good record in the paddocks. All her offspring so far have won races, and they include that good filly Feola, one of the best of her age and sex during the past season.

Another substantial price for a Son-in-Law mare no longer in the flush of youth was the 3,800gs. which Mr. H. E. Morriss paid for Sister Anne, who is thought to be in foal to Apelle. The fact that she is a grand-daughter of Pretty Polly adds to her value. A French owner, the Vicomte de la Mettrie, secured 4,100gs. for the six-year-old mare Vingt Mille, by Papyrus out of Treize, who is sister in blood to Myrobella. She is in foal to Blenheim and was one of the few high-priced lots sold to Italy.

Among the three mares sent up by Lord Astor, the most successful breeder of the year, top figure was made by the five-year-old Cattewater, by Solario out of Plymstock, purchased for Lady James Douglas at 3,100gs. Among the foals the filly by Loaningdale out of Safe Return, bred at the Lavington Stud, made the top figure of 1,200gs. Most of the young Loaningdales show considerable quality, and it is fairly safe to predict success for him at the stud. It may even fall to him to make up for the lamentably early death of his own sire Colorado.

A proportion of the horses-in-training which changed hands last week are to be put to jumping, and thus the resources of National Hunt racing will be considerably strengthened in the New Year. Most notable among the recruits is Corpach, who, being a gelding, will almost certainly be put to jumping before long. If he is as good over the obstacles as he was on the flat he should become a champion. Mr. Arthur Stubbs bought him at 3,200gs. on behalf of Mr. Græme Whitelaw, whose enthusiasm we would like to see rewarded with some high-class winners.

For Lord Astor six races off the reel were won by Corpach last season, and he is of the right make and shape for the jumping game. Another of the drafts from Lord Astor's racing string, the Biribi colt Jubie, went to Mr. Reg. Day at 2,500gs., and will presumably carry Sir Abe Bailey's colours. The two-year-old Davy Dolittle did not appear to be dear at 2,500gs., given for him by Captain Cyril Kirk, as he stands fairly well up in the Free Handicap at 8st. 9lb.

W. A. Rouch

CELEBRATING THE EVENT

Mr. L. E. Stoddard on his Blue Banner II. The horse (trained by Ivor Anthony), won the Ewell Handicap Steeplechase at Sandown on the same day that Mr. Stoddard was married in New York to Miss Barbara West

Top price among the horses-in-training was made by Fairhaven, who as a son of Fairway and Dritt has an obvious value for the stud. An interesting purchase for Canada was Sweet Polly, one of the fastest performers of the past season. It is understood that she will have a year in training in her new home before being retired to the paddocks, and if she retains her speed she may well carry all before her on the Canadian tracks.

We are fortunate in having lost only one day up to the end of last week, racing being stopped by fog on the first day at Gatwick. One of the most important races over fences run to date was the Sandown Handicap Chase on Saturday. A notable absentee from the field was Reynoldstown, who will probably not make his first appearance this season until the Leicester meeting next month, though this depends largely on whether Fulke Walwyn will be sound enough to ride him.

Buckthorn is another good jumper who did not turn out at Sandown. He strained a tendon when winning early in the season, and the Master of Gray is wisely giving him ample time to get right again. Brienz, who had run over two miles two days previously, was expected to win the Sandown Chase, but to the dismay of those who had helped to make him favourite he came down at the second fence. Brienz so seldom falls that his lapse came as a surprise; apparently he was baulked at the jump.

In spite of a 10lb. penalty Cooleen was a gallant winner in the colours of Mr. J. V. Rank, whose jumpers have started the winter season well.

Perhaps the most interesting steeplechase winner at Sandown was Battleship, this being the first success in this country of the American Grand National winner of 1934. The course over which that race is run does not compare in severity with the Aintree country, and it is improbable that Battleship will shine in our Grand National. This opinion we base on the fact that he does not possess the scope and range which we look for in the typical Liverpool horse. He is short-backed and small, measuring scarcely more than 15 hands 2in., which means that he is smaller than many of the ponies played nowadays in international polo. But he has rare forearms and second thighs.

Further, he is undoubtedly stout of heart and a clever jumper. It may not be generally known that Battleship never ran from the time of his success in the U.S. Grand National until he was saddled at Nottingham in the autumn. His owner, Mrs. Marion Scott, will be here to see him perform later in the season. His success gave Mr. Bruce Hobbs his seventh winning ride.

It is now generally agreed that this lad, who will not be sixteen until May, is the most promising young rider under National Hunt Rules seen for a long time. Over hurdles and fences he is equally good. He shows a happy combination of dash and judgment, and when he becomes a professional, as he is likely to do after he has ridden his fifteenth winner, he will probably go to the top of the tree. From an early age young Hobbs was supreme in riding competitions at Olympia and elsewhere. We can assuredly describe him as a chip off the old block, seeing that his father and his grandfather before him were first-rate men to hounds.

STALKING IN SOUTHERN TANGANYIKA

Sable of the Open Hillsides

A VIEW OVER A TYPICAL PIECE OF OPEN SABLE GROUND

DURING a recent visit to Tanganyika, which I described in an article in last week's *Field*, I was able to make a short safari into the plains below the Mufindi escarpment. This escarpment lies some 70 or so miles south of Iringa. I had originally hoped to shoot sable here and kudu on the higher ground near Iringa. Unfortunately to do this would have necessitated taking out the full £75 licence—there is no *à la carte* in Tanganyika as can sometimes be arranged in Kenya—and this I thought was too high a figure for two heads. So I decided to take a short trek of about a hundred miles to see the country and what game it held. I travelled very light with an ancient tracker, a personal boy and four porters. I took no camp kit, no tent or any superfluities whatever. The entire cost of the safari was under 40s. This, I think, shows that a week's shooting in Tanganyika is not expensive.

At my first camp below the escarpment I was in sable country. Here it was that the most interesting feature of the shooting became apparent to me. I had always regarded the sable as a bush animal—at any rate, not a beast of the open hillside. Yet here I was in a country of open and undulating downlands, with, at that season (October), the grass burnt low. There was little or no cover on the hills at all except the slopes of the hillsides. It was like the lower ground of a Scottish forest. If one sat down to spy these hillsides one might see—perhaps a mile off—a black blob. This was a bull sable. And one then had to stalk him under conditions of some similarity to those of a Scottish forest. It was stalking pure and undefiled, and the stalking of a worthy and a wary quarry. It was certainly something that I had not expected. I do not know if the same conditions prevail elsewhere in the southern parts of Tanganyika—I am informed that they do not—but of this I am quite certain: That the stalking of these sable would offer the very best of sport, and as good stalking as I have seen anywhere in the world.

The old bulls are extremely wary. They place themselves, I found, just under the top of a ridge with the wind behind them and an extensive field of view in front. And then, as one crawled forward to see how near one could get, they would throw up their lovely heads and, with that extraordinary combination of pride and grace, they would canter off over the hill. In my reckoning a fair shot once in five stalks would have been quite useful work. I still wonder if I have ever seen an animal that impressed me more with its beauty than those sable, and I watched them through glasses for many hours. The heads average just under 40in.: a few run round 43in. or 44in.

In all, on that short trek I covered about 100 miles, and in that particular area I saw also lion, elephant, bush buck, reed buck, buffalo and eland, while I found leopard spoor. There were two or three bull buffalo that I saw that were over 40in. The eland I saw were small, but there are other eland farther on carrying good heads. Had I gone down on to the greater Ruaha River I would have seen an even greater abundance of game. I should say that a month's trip between Lake Rukwa and the greater Ruaha offers the best chance of a good all-round bag in Africa. One could get in that area four of the "big five" African antelopes—roan, sable, eland and kudu. One could get buffalo, lion and elephant. One could bag some of the interesting varieties, such as puku or situtunga, and a large number of less important kinds. In the hills near Iringa there were a number of really big kudu reported, and here Mrs. John Dew shot one of 59¾in. There must be several heads there of over 55in.

I understand that commissioned officers of the active list are treated as residents for the purpose of licence. This means that their licence would only cost them £15. A month's trip would only cost some £40, I should say, if they were prepared with simple arrangements, and might be done for less. It seems to me that it is a marvellous opportunity to begin shooting in Africa.

By early next year the club on the Iheka estate will be in being, and this could be used as a base. Major John Dew, of Iheka Farm, Sao Hill, Iringa, will be glad to help any officers who might come over, and will get porters, English-speaking boys and trackers for them. He will help them as far as he can with supplies, but he is not an outfitter, and most officers have their own tents and camp kit. He will, of course, give the same advice and help free, gratis and for nothing to others, but it is to officers on the active list that I think this shoot should appeal most owing to licence facilities.

There was one further point that one could not help but notice in Southern Tanganyika—the prevalence of native guns. One constantly saw them; one constantly heard them. One is fully aware of political considerations, and the difficulty of enforcing the Arms Act, but it is clear that a very large number of natives have guns which they use for killing meat. Well, one cannot have it two ways; one can either kill and eat the animals or keep them. My own experience in one part of one locality seems to confirm much of what I have heard reported of Southern Tanganyika and Northern Rhodesia. The question of native guns must be tackled, or there will be no more game.

September and October are the best months to shoot probably, and these months coincide with the Indian lean season, and are, incidentally, bad months for shooting in most parts of India. One could easily learn the essential hundred words of Swahili on the boat, and a man with some knowledge of shooting should be able to manage perfectly well by himself. I have put a month's shoot at £40. I am not sure it could not be done for less. My own camps were extremely modest, but in that supremely pleasant climate one can well dispense with tents and many generally essential comforts. Now I want to make it clear that this would not do for everybody. But to a young officer who does not want too much comfort, and is anxious to shoot in Africa—a thing he probably put down as beyond his pocket—I do think this is a great chance. He cannot expect the results he would get with a first-class safari. But I see no reason at all why he should not make a really remarkably representative bag of African animals.

M. T. S.

(LEFT) "MY CAMPS WERE EXTREMELY MODEST," AND (RIGHT) "THE REASONS FOR DIMINUTION OF GAME WERE NOT FAR TO SEEK"

CROSSBILL ON NEST. AWARE OF THE PHOTOGRAPHER, BUT UNAFRAID

COCK CROSSBILL AT NEST

OBSERVATIONS ON THE CROSSBILL

A Bird whose Habits Puzzle Ornithologists

By B. D. MORETON

A CONSIDERABLE irruption of crossbills (*Loxia curvirostra curvirostra*) took place in 1935, and in the autumn I came upon a flock in a larch plantation near my home in Surrey. Such opportunities being rare for the ordinary bird-watcher, I visited it as often as possible, gaining hours of endless entertainment from these most interesting birds.

Against a dull sky they were inconspicuous in the tree tops, and on several occasions I had concluded they had gone, when the sound of a larch cone falling in the grass caused me to look upwards to see a crossbill in the branches. On sunny days, however, they were more active, and it was impossible to miss their presence; the roof of the plantation was filled with their loud ringing calls as they passed in helter-skelter flights overhead, and flitted and swung about the branches as they sought the cones for their food. In sunlight the plumage of the males was a glowing red against the green foliage of the larches, or the golden brown of the cones in winter.

Thoughout the day they were occupied with feeding on the seeds extracted from the larch cones, and the latter were nearly always first detached and taken to a firm perch. Here the crossbill held the cone down by its claws, prised open and split the scales with its strong crossed mandibles, and drew out the seeds. These were cleaned of their membranous wing before being swallowed, the bird hitting its head at each one and working its jaws, while fragments floated downwards. As many as fifteen minutes were frequently spent in this manner on one cone, although one apparently sound was sometimes dropped after a few moments, in the prodigal fashion of birds in plenty.

The fact that the cones were detached before being used was an outstanding and unvariable feature. It might at first be thought that they were cut as by a pair of scissors, or simply plucked from their attachment; but their stalks were too strong for this, and the crossbill acted as follows. It swung inverted below a slender twig, one foot grasping a cone, and made a few picks at the base of the pedicel; then gripping this in its mandibles, gave a sudden sideways twist, and in one neat movement had the cone free, flying with it in its beak to a firm branch. It then showed a shearing scar to its pedicel, indicative of this action, which can be easily imitated with a pair of strong forceps. It is probable that cones were occasionally hacked off, for a few could be found with jagged stalks. Where one grew on a stout branch it could be attacked without previously being detached, and I sometimes watched this happening. After feeding the bird might be seen to wipe its bill on the tree, probably to clean it of resin.

Soon the grass below the trees became littered with fallen cones; and these, with split scales and a shearing scar to the foot of the stalk were characteristic evidence of the crossbill's presence.

They were quarrelsome and greedy birds, for one would drop its own cone to attack another that was feeding, when nothing was gained, for both cones fell and were not recovered. Birds of the tree tops, they rarely came to the ground. While hanging inverted below the twigs they were tit-like, but often they would sidle along their perches like parrots. They suggested parrots in another way, in their harsh cries of anger when quarrelling or fighting over mates in January.

The cries were at once reminiscent of the peculiar confused chattering and squawking sound that comes from an aviary of budgerigars, and this is the best description I can give of them. The ordinary call was a loud and clear "wick wick!" rapidly repeated, varying in intensity according to the pitch of excitement; it was heard continually in fine weather from the birds, whether feeding, in flight, or perched in the sunshine. Sometimes a male in the summit of a larch would give voice to a long utterance mixed with fragments of song, which I heard in all months of the winter. The song became more prevalent in March. I watched one bird perched in a pine tree, with its feathers fluffed, making its song at short intervals. This was composed of a brief phrase of vigorous chattering notes, somewhat harsh yet of good quality, terminated by a bubbling "tooee," which has the sharp sweetness of the linnet's song. This last note was unmistakable, and I have never heard such a one from any other species.

The nomadic urge which brought the crossbills to England did not leave them, for parties would suddenly fly from the plantation away over the countryside, and at different times I came upon them in most of the coniferous woods of the district. By April, however, they had vanished, and I found no nests; it is possible that they went to the Continent. But no one as yet knows why they come or whence they go.

On one occasion I entered the plantation, hearing a great outcry of excited calls, and found a dozen crossbills mobbing a pair of carrion crows in the top of a larch.

The crossbills were remarkably indifferent to human presence, and I could manœuvre for a vantage point directly beneath their trees without disturbing them.

CROSSBILL BROODING IN ABSOLUTE CONTENTMENT

HEN CROSSBILL FEEDING YOUNG

BY CABLEWAY TO FISH

Sea Angling off the South African Coast

By F. W. NEWDIGATE

A SOUTH AFRICAN SEA ANGLER
Casting from the famous rock ridge at Hermanus

THE ANGLERS' SUICIDE
One of the S. A. sea fishers' cable-ways

WHILE the South African angler has some of the finest fishing at his disposal, there are few places where armchair angling may be had, and in the majority of cases he is put to considerable trouble, though with minimum expense, to reach the summit of his ambitions. The section of the Cape coast affording the richest harvest for the surf angler is the rock-strewn area of the Agulhas Bank, which extends from Cape Agulhas to Algoa Bay, a distance of some 300 miles.

All the bays, of which there are about a dozen, are blessed with sandy beaches, where shelter may be found and surf boats are able to put out to sea. These boats, manned chiefly by Cape coloured people, ply their trade throughout the year, and provide the countryside with a plentiful supply of fresh fish. But, for the surf angler, the sandy beaches provide poor sport, and it is to the rocks he looks for the best fishing.

Amongst these small fish abound, and shell fish, crustaceans, ascidians and octopuses find a natural home. They are all food for the many species of larger fish which frequent the coast, and as they are easily obtainable at low tide, there is always a plentiful supply of bait ready to hand.

But such is the psychology of man that just beyond the furthest cast the biggest fish are found. It is a common sight to see two anglers on opposite rocks casting towards each other, each fishing in water scorned by the other as being too close to himself.

It is the unattainable which intrigues, and many is the wish expressed to be on a rock which is quite ungetatable. Sometimes this difficulty is overcome, and at great risk a cable is suspended across a strait or a gulley, and the wish materialises.

I visited one such contraption which spanned 120yds. of water. The box in which I sat soon sagged into the sea, and for half the distance I was partially submerged and greatly buffeted by the waves. The rock on which I landed looked too dangerous, so I returned my tackle by cableway and swam ashore.

Some of these cableways are high and well out of reach of the waves. The one illustrated is 40ft. above the water and spans a gap of nearly 100ft. It has been christened "The Anglers' Suicide," and from appearances the name seems to be appropriate. Such, however, is the keenness of the South African angler that he will risk his life for a good fish, and who would blame him when a prize like a 62¾lb. garrick is the reward?

A 4-inch spoon cast 40yds. or 50yds. out and reeled in rapidly may rise one of these fish. And what a bang when it takes! No time to think, barely time to recover balance, before the reel is screaming and several hundred yards of line are torn off at terrific speed. A long, fierce and desperate battle ensues. Never once does this fish sulk, and all the time it fights near the surface. Occasional glimpses of a glittering bar of silver may be seen on the crest of a wave, but eventually the fight comes closer and closer to the rocks until at last with the aid of a gaff the fight is ended.

The victor, puffing and sweating with aching back and tired arms, looks down upon the vanquished, beautiful in its wet, shimmering splendour, and is moved to regret that so fine a fight is over.

IN QUEST OF GRAINING

Does Such a Fish Exist?

FOR 50 years or more ichthyologists have been very definite in their assertion that "graining" is merely a local name for dace. The possibility of the graining being a separate species, as it was at one time supposed to be, does not appear to have received any serious consideration in modern times. A perusal of the following facts, therefore, may not be without interest.

In 1934, when in a tackle shop in Stratford-on-Avon, the proprietor casually mentioned to me that one of his customers had gone out to try for "graining." Having made sure that he did not mean "grayling," I pursued the subject further and was told that these fish were occasionally taken from the Avon between Stratford and Warwick. My informant had never seen one but had heard a great deal about them from an old man (now dead) who claimed to have caught large numbers of them in the Avon, some thirty years ago, at Charlecote Park—that same park from which Shakespeare is alleged to have poached deer.

Being himself interested the tackle dealer had taken pains to secure a description of the fish from this old angler, whom I will designate as "A." It may be considered—perhaps justly—that third-hand evidence is of no value. Nevertheless in this case I think it is worth placing on record. He described the fish as being darker on the back than dace, with a small "V" mark under the eye, and with a distinct dark mark along the lateral line. Most of the larger specimens had dark spots on and around the gills and many fish weighed over 1¾lb. They were in no way like a grayling and they were not chub. It is interesting to compare this description with others I received at a later date.

Towards the end of our conversation the dealer promised to introduce me to a man who had actually caught some of these fish, a promise which he fulfilled in December, thus enabling me to meet "B."

"B" is a middle-aged working man of considerable intelligence, a life-long angler and without doubt a close observer of nature. I found his general knowledge of fish and fish life to be quite exceptional. In my opinion his evidence is absolutely reliable. His story was that over a period of years—the last occasion being in the previous October—he had caught odd graining from the Avon. His description of the fish was in every respect the same as given above, save that he had never observed any spots, and he described the back as being a dark bluish-green. Several of the fish he had caught were over a pound and the largest weighed 1lb. 13oz. The latter statement is of particular interest since were it a dace it would be the record specimen for the British Isles. It was my intention to accompany him on one of his expeditions, but for various reasons I found no opportunity to do so during 1935.

In July of this year a man, "C," who had heard of the tackle dealer's interest in graining, sent him a message to the effect that he had that day taken one from the Avon weighing 1lb. 5½oz., and would bring it for him to examine in the morning. Unfortunately on the following day "C" was sent to a job some distance away and had no time to trouble about the fish, although a number of anglers saw it.

This news revived my interest in the subject, and as "A" was unable to accompany me to the place where he had previously taken the fish, the tackle dealer came in his stead. Our venue was on the Avon, about half-a-mile north of Charlecote Park. "D," the owner of the water, is a very fine type of farmer and one whose evidence is above suspicion. He stated that graining are seldom taken in summer, but he had taken a number in the winter months and had found that the colder the weather the more chance of success. Four or five years ago he and a friend killed over 40 on a bitterly cold day after a heavy snowfall on the previous afternoon. These fish were found in water varying from 6ft. to 15ft. in depth and were taken on small red worms. His description of the fish was almost exactly the same as the first given above—including gill spots—with the additional information that the body was deeper than that of a dace. The only point in which the two descriptions are at variance is in that he did not recollect seeing any mark under the eye. "D" stated that many of the fish were over a pound and that some reached a pound and a half.

Here, then, are four anglers who aver that the fish they caught were unmistakably different from dace, and I had the opportunity of receiving first-hand information from two of them. If it is suggested that their evidence is too circumstantial, how can one account for dace of 1lb. 13oz., 1lb. 8oz. and 1lb. 5½oz., especially as they were all taken from the Warwickshire Avon—a river by no means notable for large dace, a half-pound fish of this species being considered a good one? I need only remind readers that the British record dace, caught 26 years ago, weighed but 1lb. 6½oz. There the matter rests for the time being, but this winter I hope that it may be possible for me to produce evidence of an irrefutable nature.

A. COURTNEY WILLIAMS.

This England . . .

Welford-on-Avon, Glos.

WHEATEN straw or good Norfolk reed, layered thick and bound with many a cunning turn, makes a roof well-suited to our changeful climate. Thatch indeed has sheltered the race in its rise to grandeur. And with its simple ingenuity, its coolness in summer and effective warmth in winter, it is typical of the slow-spun wisdom of our fathers. Beer, for instance, they evolved as needful to men who used their bodies healthily and hard — men of clear heads and steady hands. One of the grandest beers they brewed, you know and drink today as Worthington. And that, too, is cooling in summer, warming in winter . . . .

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THE REVEREND E. J. NELSON AND ROUT

Gun Dogs of Character

ROUT, AN ENGLISH SPRINGER SPANIEL

"He had his own ideas of duty and justice"

THE spaniel about whom I am writing was well known at field trials after the war, but was never a remarkably successful performer. Some impartial judges have called him unlucky, and he certainly was unfortunate in losing what should have been his best year, through a bad attack of distemper. I can confidently affirm there was never a better shooting spaniel, but his marked, perhaps wayward, character, although it endeared him to his master, was a handicap with judges at field trials.

Rout was the product of a happy mating of the Denne Park and Rivington strains of English springers. The litter to which he belonged was the best I have ever reared. Three were field trial winners, one was sold to Canada, and the other, which I foolishly gave away, was acclaimed by her owner as the best he ever had. *Verb. sap.* When you get a good litter, keep them *all*; do not flatter yourself you will get another good one from the same parents, for you never do.

Rout was a diffident pup, and took a long time to hunt and retrieve with ardour, but when he did, no covert had any terrors for him, and he soon shone as a retriever. Perhaps his particular gift was finding stuff in places that other dogs had passed by, or even *through*. Give him the most unlikely thicket by the side of a turnpike road, or on a common frequented by lurchers every day, and he would worm his way in to push out an otherwise inaccessible and unexpected rabbit.

I remember once my team of spaniels—a good team—had just been enlarged and hunted at top speed through a huge brake of brambles and holly. I was shooting not handling, Rout at my feet. When it was time to move on, he asked my leave with one imploring look, then dived in and drove out a rabbit which the headlong three had overrun.

But it was as a retriever, especially in later years, that he excelled. His mouth was perfect, but at least twice—let others be encouraged—he was turned down at a field trial stake for nipping his stuff. On the first occasion the victim was a cheeper partridge, only shot because game was short, a tiny chicken nipped in a thick clover tuft. On the second, he was sent out for a pheasant that had fallen 100 yards away, only hit as it proved, poor bird, in the eye. When Rout found the bird it rose through the brushwood and flew another 100 yards before it dropped again. Next time as it rose the dog caught it in the air, and brought it back but, alas! dead.

Perhaps his best retrieve was at Idsworth on a horrible day in December. A bitter wind was blowing, the uplands were coated with a bride-cake-like crust of ice and snow. Lady Howe, Gaunt and myself were beating some forlorn rootfields with double hedgerows on the chance of a cock pheasant. One rose out of a hedge on the right, was winged on the further side of the hedge, and proceeded to run like a stag up the outside of a hedge on our left front. My hostess, who must, I know, have been longing to give one of her experts such a chance, offered it to me. I put Rout on at the fall, and he ran the line fast up the further side of the hedge for some 200 yds., then plunged in; 50yds. ahead we saw the bird emerge, and continue outside the hedge, pass through an open gateway, and turn left up a hard road. The dog came out where the bird left the hedge, looked back to me, got the signal to go on, ran the line through the gate and out of sight. Soon after he returned with the bird alive, but minus his tail. Gaunt, that past master of spaniel work, congratulated me, only regretting with typical shrewdness that the feat had been accomplished three days too soon.

Three days later the spaniel championship took place at Leigh Park and Idsworth. Rout, alas! can seldom have given a worse display. He began by finding three or four rabbits in his best style. None of them were even shot at, because they crossed a ride along which several late comers were approaching. When we resumed, the judge asked me what my dog was doing. Rout was lying in a pool of water, splashing it over his head as a man sponges his face, and not the least interest did he take in his work during the rest of the day. That was the championship at which Reece of Avendale so distinguished herself. Her triumph culminated in an incident admirably illustrated by Mr. Binks in the *Field*. But thereafter Gaunt paid me the compliment of hoping that the little lady champion and Rout would be mated. Alas! it never came off.

To me one of my dog's chief charms was his wayward and casual bearing at field trials, especially if I were not present. Once the boy who was handling him in Wales came with a pathetic tale of a golden Labrador, led by a lady spectator, who so entranced Rout that his first turn was spent almost entirely in contemplation of this, to him, extraordinary phenomenon. Later, when this distraction was absent, he gave all too late an admirable display.

I think his success as a retriever was due to a happy combination of drive and caution, coupled with tremendous perseverance. Merely *good* retrievers seem to me to work in two ways, either like a woman, by intuition going straight to a conclusion, quite illogical, but correct; or like a man, working out the problem and finding the right answer. The super-retrievers are those who combine both methods. The intuitive dogs are dubbed flukers; the logical ones potterers. But both have their reward.

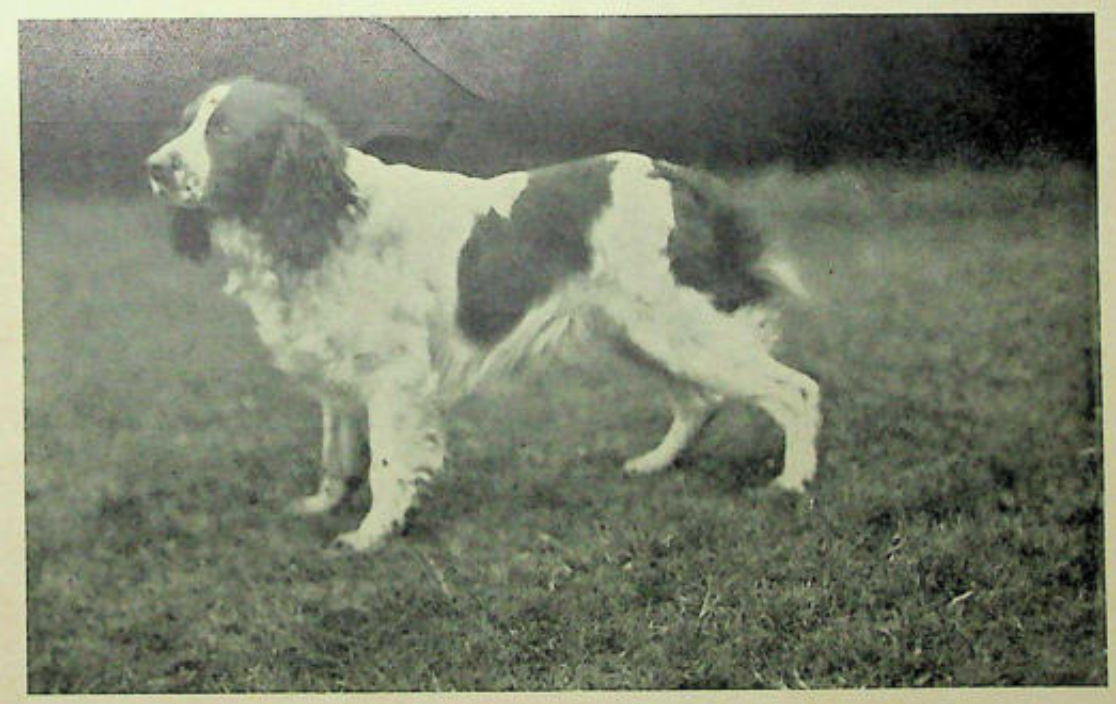
Perhaps I may be allowed to illustrate my ideas about retrieving by another incident in Rout's life. My trainer was giving a final turn to a well-known field trial dog; indeed, he runs in my team and brace to-day. We knocked down a cock pheasant, an obvious runner, in a thick plantation, Scotch firs, thigh deep heather and sedge grass intersected by deep, narrow, overgrown ditches; away to our left was bare ground under birches and firs. It was obvious the bird would ultimately crouch at the bottom of the grass and heather. For over 20 minutes by my watch my trainer hunted, and right well his dog worked in every direction. At last he gave up, took the dog back, and I brought out Rout, now a veteran and long retired. I put him on as near the fall as I could guess, and he could make nothing of it in the thick covert, then he tried the bare ground, and thrice he paused at the same place, the bank of a big ditch, on the other side of which was more covert. In response to his inquiring look I encouraged him, and very, very slowly he worked through the covert to the bank and deep narrow ditch which bounded the plantation. Then deliberately and carefully the old dog assured himself that the bird had not crossed the bank, and now he made good the ditch completely overgrown by heather and grass. Soon he was nosing at something he could not get hold of. I put down my hand and secured the bird very much alive. The story is not much to tell, but anyone who knew the place, the thorough search made by the first dog, the long delay, and the wise and careful quest by the veteran for a quarry he had never seen will appreciate the feat at its true value.

Rout was usually a most obedient dog, who never ran in, but he made one exception. If I killed a driven snipe in front of me, and he saw it fall from a height, he always went straight to it, without waiting for orders. This, I believe, he did because he did not like retrieving snipe or woodcock, and wanted to get a nasty job quickly over. Once in Wales he was running particularly well at a field trial, and in the second round he was pushing out rabbit after rabbit in thick covert, where I could not see him, but he was quite steady. Then he flushed a woodcock. It was killed. He went out when ordered straight to the fall, but as he returned the bracken drew the bird out of his mouth. Nothing would induce him to pick it up again. Yet next day when I shot two woodcock over him at home he brought them both without hesitation. Again, he would never run in a brace or team. When I tried him, he always either ran wild or sulked at heel.

I fear that in this slight sketch I have not done full justice to perhaps the best dog I ever had. I can only say that he and I understood one another. When he came to the end of his own resources, he would look to me for help. Once, at a field trial, a stranger introduced himself to me simply on the ground that he must tell me how he envied the possessor of such a spaniel, and I do not think that Rout was in the prize money at all at that meeting. Perhaps it is not *what* they do so much as *the way they set about it*, with obvious intent to please and help, that endears a dog to his master.

Rout was certainly a dog of character, with his own ideas of duty and justice, and what a loyal and faithful friend he was to me.

E. J. NELSON.



ROUT WAS CERTAINLY A DOG OF CHARACTER

THE TECHNIQUE OF SKI-ING

THE IDEAL SLALOM POSITION

The skis are together, body leaning away from the slope to prevent the skis from edging too much, knees forward and body bent forward from the hips, with hands held down and well controlled. The skier, Palauro, of Kitzbuhel, was taught by the English professional, Bill Beaden

IN DANGER

If he chanced on a patch of icy snow this skier would fall inwards. He is holding his skis well together on his soft-snow christiania, but he is leaning too far backward and inward. To get his weight forward he would have to bend his knees and body and lower his left hand.

PERFECT CONTROL

J. Palmer Tomkinson, England's finest skier, is here just on the point of dropping over the ridge at Shambles Corner on the Schiltgrat course at Mürren. He is wisely approaching the drop slowly and under perfect control, with his hands down and his weight well over his ski-tips, for the snow is so icy that the skis make no impression, and a fall at this difficult corner carries a racer far down a steep slope and robs him of any chance of victory.

HAND-REARING OF GROUSE

A Cumbrian Experiment

BURNMOOR AND THE KEEPER'S COTTAGE

IT is by permission of Lord Leconfield that I am able to publish these short notes on the hand-rearing of grouse on Burnmoor, one of his moors in Cumberland near Wastwater. The keeper, William Foster, first started in the year 1928, and has reared every year since. Foster spends from April till August by himself in a cottage on the moor, while his chief food seems to be bread and butter, and tea. The procedure is roughly as follows. Grouse eggs are brought from Skiddaw Forest some 30 miles away, this ground also belonging to Lord Leconfield. The nests are found and marked at the end of April. In the first week in May, these eggs are collected early in the morning and transferred in egg boxes, packed with moss, to Burnmoor by car, the journey taking about four hours in all.

These eggs are at once set under hens, which have been sitting since about April 25th. Captain Freeman's type of coop is used. Small hens, such as cross breed Leghorns, are found the most suitable. Bantams were tried, but proved a failure, as they were too small to cover and dry the young grouse. The incubation period is 21 or 22 days. Clutches have sometimes hatched within four or five days of being put under the hen, and seem to stand the journey well even though hard set when gathered.

In most years from 70 to 100 eggs have been set, about fourteen being given to each hen. The eggs are almost invariably fertile, and an average of at least 90 per cent. hatch. The chicks remain under the hen for the first 36–48 hours of their life without taking any food. For the next three days the chicks are kept in small runs, and on the fourth day they are removed to a wired-in enclosure, on the moor. This enclosure is 100yds. square, and is simply made of sheep netting fixed to posts. To these posts are attached old tin cans, bits of cloth, etc., to frighten would-be enemies.

After quite a short time, the chicks range widely, and are apparently lost all the day, but invariably come back to their own hens at night. Very few chicks are trampled on by the hens—"they soon get to be witty." Sometimes, however, a hen seems to mistake the chicks' white claws for caterpillars, picks at them, and will as likely as not pull off the chick's leg. Such hens are useless, and must be got rid of.

The method of feeding is as follows. For the first day or two sieved hard-boiled egg is given four times a day. Next an increasing amount of mixed seeds (Spratt's or Armitage's) is added. At about three or four weeks the chicks are started on cracked maize, and this remains their complete diet. Quartz grit, as fine as sand, is given from the start. The question of water is of great importance: this must be fresh and kept out of the sun, and a large quantity is necessary.

The chicks grow very fast; they start to fly at two or three weeks, and begin to get adult plumage at the end of a month. If they thrive well they are full grown in ten or eleven weeks. The illustration shows a bird taken on August 8th, when probably about ten weeks old. Any cheepers seen on a moor when shooting in August are invariably a second brood. Grouse never have a second brood if they lose their chicks, but if the eggs are lost they may lay again.

The chief maladies of the grouse chick, according to Foster, seem to be "roup," "swelled head" or "phlegming eyes," and diarrhœa. In the former case the chicks, when exposed to a cold wind, get a discharge from the nostrils and eyes; this seems to get better as soon as the rain comes. Roup is a very deadly complaint, and was very prevalent last season. The treatment adopted is to clean the eyes with olive oil and give Spratt's Roupine in the water. Diarrhœa is fairly common, often associated with weakness of the legs, swelling of the joints, and poor condition of the feathers, especially round the legs. The symptoms thus described to me seem to be typical of coccidiosis, due to the protozoon *Eimeria avium*. The complicated life history of this parasite was worked out by Dr. Fantham at Cambridge, for the Grouse Disease Commission. On the whole, Foster finds that the chicks do well in wet weather, as long as it is not cold.

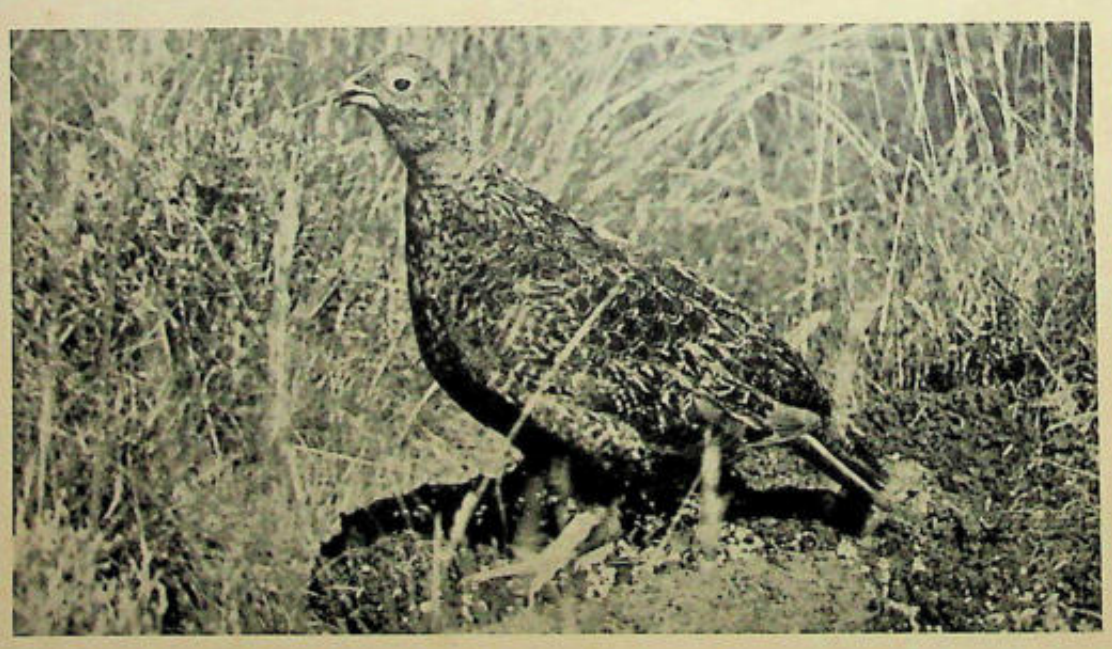
On Burnmoor stoats cause no trouble. A few chicks are sometimes taken by kestrels, but peregrines and buzzards keep away from the tin cans and other scaring devices fixed to the posts of the enclosure. In a good year about 75 per cent. of the chicks reach maturity. These birds tend to keep in largish packs. As far as shooting is concerned the birds fly well; they are only driven. In most years the grouse seem to migrate in a large pack about the beginning of December.

This year the young grouse have been ringed, so more may be learnt of them in the future, as at present where they go to is a mystery. When the grouse have been seen at the beginning of August they are scattered over the moor, but come back to the enclosure about feeding time. These hand-reared grouse are a most fascinating study; not only are they unafraid, but actually pugnacious: this applies more especially to the cocks. The power of instantaneous disappearance among the heather is almost uncanny.

A cock will stand on a heather bush crying "fowl-fowl," with a marked cockney accent, if he thinks the intruders too presumptuous. If Foster throws his hat in the air, a grouse will fly up at it and fight it. While I was taking photographs, a cock made a determined attack on the ankles of my companion, who was trying to attract his attention.

The above gives some idea of what can be done in the way of rearing grouse. The obvious drawbacks seem to be the great difficulty in obtaining eggs which are honestly collected, and also the tendency of the birds to pack and migrate.

LAGOPUS.



"IF THEY THRIVE WELL THEY ARE FULL GROWN IN TEN OR ELEVEN WEEKS"

"THE SHOOTER'S YEAR BOOK."—I.C.I. have issued once more to their clients and friends the interesting and useful little *Shooter's Year Book*. This year it contains a questionnaire to which they hope to get a considerable volume of replies, in order to judge whether or not their expenditure in certain directions is for the greatest good of the greatest number in the shooting world. The *Shooter's Year Book* has now been distributed, but there must be many others who might care to answer these questions, and the *Field* is convinced that it is very much in the interests of shooting that they should do so. Copies of the questionnaire will be sent on application to I.C.I., Whitton, Birmingham, marked "Shooters' Year Book."

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Letters to the Editor

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

CAUSE OF ROAD ACCIDENTS

SIR,—I quite agree with "Forester" that speed is the main cause of road accidents, for it stands to reason that the faster one goes the longer it takes to slow down or pull up. Great experts like Sir Malcolm Campbell have such control, and are such fine judges of what I might call the "lurking dangers," that there is no possible comparison between them and the ordinary driver on the roads. The weekly list of casualties is a proof that modern humans have quite failed to realise the grave risks of road traffic to-day. Their perceptions have not kept pace with conditions, and something more drastic should be done to guard those who cannot guard themselves.

Instead of the police paying so much attention to the smaller offences they should begin to weed out the reckless drivers. In every city, town and village decent drivers know who are a "menace" and so do the police. When such people are known to be a danger by frequently cutting-in, coming round corners on their wrong side, and generally behaving like cads, stop them driving for three or six months. If this does not affect a cure, then refuse to grant them a licence. It seems to be irrational to wait until a man or woman has slaughtered someone before taking action! If a man were to make a practice of going out on the public roads several days a week waving a six-shooter in a threatening way the police would soon arrest him and take away the revolver. Why, therefore, cannot the law be strengthened so as to deal with homicidal maniacs in motor cars who do very much the same thing in machines they have never learnt to use with decency!

Someone (not necessarily the motorist) is always responsible for an accident, and many innocent people are killed through no fault of their own. What we want most is a different code dealing with motorists of all types, bicyclists and pedestrians. Having dealt with motorists as suggested, let the police in urban places bring before the magistrate bicyclists and pedestrians for being obstructionists. In every city, town and village thousands of cases are seen by the police every day of people endangering their own lives as well as the lives of others. Nothing is done even to check them, whereas if they had to pay a fine for being at fault they would begin to think and look out. Both these types of road users very frequently put the whole onus of their safety on motorists, and often instead of thanking a driver for saving them by quick action they usually only curse him!

Driving a car needs the most unremitting attention, and the faster one goes the greater the need of care. To allow wireless in a car is a mistake, for it is bound to distract the driver and limit his concentration at some time or another.

The speed of 30 m.p.h. which "Forester" recommends is too slow for modern traffic conditions, and 40 or 45 is not too fast when the road is fairly clear. The good driver adjusts his speed according to circumstances, and he is always an "anticipant"—in other words, he is always looking for trouble, and is prepared to meet it so far as is humanly possible.

But the vital necessity is to stop people driving who are known to be reckless and dangerous in their methods, and until this is done there is little hope that the frightful death-roll will be reduced.

Belmont, Moffat. Yours faithfully, DENIS D. LYELL.

THE PITY OF IT!

SIR,—The letter which appeared in a recent issue of the *Field* from the authoritative pen of Major Harding Cox, concerning the amazing exaggeration of the fore-face of the up-to-date, so-called wire-haired foxterriers will be welcomed far and wide by those who have in mind the one-time excellence of the variety, which was at its zenith when Her Grace the Duchess of Newcastle was producing a line of really typical and workmanlike "wire-hairs," of which her Champion Cackler of Notts was the corner-stone.

Goodness only knows what is "the great idea" with those responsible for the breeding of the degenerates which have been dubbed (I think, by Major Harding Cox himself) "the snouters." The protagonists of these ridiculous interlopers declare that, as in all human affairs, "fashions" (mark the word) must inevitably change, and that therefore the type of "wire-hair" which is sweeping the boards—not only in their own classes, but where competitions open to all breeds, such as "best in the show"! are concerned—should be accepted as a natural "improvement" (*sic*) resulting from the energy and intelligence of those who have brought them to what they hold to be the pitch of "perfection" (save the mark) such as never has been previously attained.

But surely "fashion" has no right to ignore the scale of points drawn up and accepted by their own administrators and which is in accordance with that so carefully compiled by the combined intelligence of the pioneers of "the foxterrier community"—a scale which covers both varieties, except as regards coat.

That the proportion of "head properties" should be reasonably balanced was considered to be essential. What purpose on earth is served by the production of these "snouters," the forefaces of which are two-thirds the length of the head, whilst *only one-third* remains for brain development.

The original scale was completed with a view to indicating an ideal specimen, thoroughly adapted to the work for which foxterriers are supposed to be bred, as well as presenting a dog (*qua* dog) of beauty and symmetry.

Then, again, why all those elaborately *coiffed* whiskers and beards, and those carefully combed leg fringes?

Apart from those who profit by the purblind policy of the "judges" (so called) who have welcomed the "snouters" and put them on a pedestal—these curiosities are regarded by all genuine lovers of the foxterriers (whether "wire" or "smooth") with amused contempt, if not with absolute disgust.

It is a mercy that the "smooth" section (the real and old fox-terrier) has not fallen into this deplorable lapse from accepted type, but has been so carefully and jealously bred and guarded that general quality has been maintained, whilst the "ideal" model has never been lost sight of.

What have the lovers of the once beautiful and workmanlike terriers of the North ("Scotties," and the like) to say about the spread of the "snouting" craze to the detriment of their favourites? Already it is to be seen among the champions of the day, and, what is more, whilst forefaces have been *unduly elongated*, legs have been so abbreviated that the chests of the unhappy creatures *plough the earth*, a dire development which extends to Sealyhams, Dandies and others, and which obviously renders these "grotesques" incapable of performing the work for which they are supposed to be produced.

Montague House, High Wycombe. Yours faithfully, S. R. VERNON (Captain).

"OLD CALABAR"

SIR,—Some six or eight months ago there came into my possession a volume called *Over Turf and Stubble*, by "Old Calabar," published by Richard Bentley & Son in London, 1873, and because it was a presentation copy to the Marquise de Balignac I became interested in trying to find out who "Old Calabar" was.

I first wrote to the United States Library of Congress and was informed by the librarian there that the information was not available. The librarian added, however, that she knew of two other copies in existence, one in the British Museum and one in the Harvard University Library. I then wrote both the Harvard University Library and the British Museum, asking each if I could be supplied with the real name of "Old Calabar." Neither was able to give the information. Later on I wrote to Mr. Frank Walters, of New York City, one of the leading dealers in sporting books in America, but he also was unable to supply the information. I then wrote to Mr. Harry Worcester Smith, of Lordvale, North Grafton, Mass., who originally owned the volume, as was evidenced by the fact that his bookplate was contained in it. Mr. Smith became interested in the matter and made rather exhaustive investigations himself, but to no avail. He finally had an inspiration and wrote a communication to your publication, which was published in the August 22nd, 1936, issue. In this communication he gave the history of our joint search for the real name of "Old Calabar," and asked you to query your subscribers and see if any of them could give the name, residence and a few facts in regard to the talented writer who hid himself behind the pseudonym of "Old Calabar."

On September 12th, Lieutenant J. L. de Vismes Martin, of the 1st Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment, in Chakrata, United Provinces, India, wrote to Mr. Smith, telling him that he felt sure that "Old Calabar" was Count Julius de Vismes of Elysee, Trinity, Jersey, Channel Isles, and informing him further that Count de Vismes had a daughter still living, a Mrs. Edwin Godfrey, of Osborne House, Gorey Village, Jersey, Channel Isles.

This information given Mr. Smith by Lieutenant Martin proved to be correct. Mr. Smith wrote to Mrs. Godfrey and had a very interesting letter from her under date of October 27th, which I take pleasure in quoting you in case you would like to publish it in your columns:

> "Have just received your letter of the 16th. A few days ago I received a copy of the *Field*, August 22nd, from my grandson, Lieutenant J. L. Martin, in which I saw your letter, and I was going to write you. 'Old Calabar' was my father, Count Julius de Vismes, and I am the only one left of his children. *Over Turf and Stubble* was written by him when we were living at Abbey House, Thornsey, Hants. I was ten years old. He was a great authority on sport and went in a lot for Red Setters; in fact, I believe he wrote a lot for the *Field*, and was judge at many dog shows.
>
> "My youngest brother was killed by falling out of a window at Abbey House and my father died soon after, and my mother, left a widow with three children, sold everything, so unfortunately all my father's books went also, and although in later years I tried to get *Over Turf and Stubble* I have never succeeded. Although my two brothers, now dead, were fond of breeding dogs, I was the one that really took after him for real sport. I was taught to shoot and throw a fly for trout when only nine years old. I still go out shooting, sea fishing in my sail boat (lug sail), breed dogs, and was the first woman who ever rode a cycle in the Channel Isles. A regular 'Chip of the old block, Calabar II,' which is my nom-de-plume when required.
>
> "I believe the Old Calabar dog biscuits were named after him, my father.
>
> "If my eldest brother was alive (he died six years ago) he could have given you a lot more information regarding my father, but no doubt you only want to know who he was.
>
> "If you want to know anything further regarding the family de Vismes, you will find all particulars in the English *Burke's Peerage* under the heading of 'British Subjects Enjoying Titles of Foreign Nobility.'
>
> "Yours sincerely,
> "LILIAN GODFRAY."

I think it is quite a compliment to the *Field* that it was able to procure this information through its columns when such sources as the British Museum and the United States Library of Congress were unable to furnish it.

The Dallas News, Dallas, Texas. Yours faithfully, TED DEALEY.

WEASEL HOUNDS IN IRELAND

SIR,—Can any reader tell me what actual animal these hounds hunted? I have seen photographs of these hounds and they are exactly like beagles. I know it is not a weasel as we in England know a weasel to be, but it has been described to me as an animal about 15in. to 18in. long, that takes its followers over banks and ditches, after it has been bolted from a wall by a squib. Frankly, I am beat.

Kilnwick Hall, Driffield, East Yorks. Yours faithfully, LUTTRELL BYROM (Captain).

[A pack if beagles hunted "weasels" regularly in County Cork before the War. They were "pocket" beagles, and we believe the pack was put down during the War. They hunted the Irish stoat, known locally as a weasel. The method was to lay them on where the stoat had killed, and then to hunt his drag, that is the line which he takes for home. If the stoat took refuge in a stone wall, a squib or cracker was put in to get him out. The whole hunt is fully described in *Field, River and Hill*, published by Messrs. Philip Allan & Co., in 1927.—ED.]

AN UNUSUAL TABLE

SIR,—The table, the illustration of which accompanied Miss Ogilvie's letter in your issue of September 19th, appears to be a specimen of the "horse-shoe" table mentioned by, amongst other writers, Surtees, upon which wine was placed after the ladies had left the table. At Jawleyford Court, for instance, Spigot was desired to "set in the horse-shoe table and bring a bottle of the green seal," after the ladies had taken their departure. The rail apparently held a curtain to shade the wine from the heat of the fire. "'There!' exclaimed Jawleyford, as Spigot placed the richly-cut decanter on the horse-shoe table. 'There!' repeated he, drawing the green curtain, as if to shade it from the fire, but in reality to hide the dulness the recent shaking had give it, 'that wine,' said he, 'is a quarter of a century in bottle, at the very least.'" (*Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour.*)

It would be interesting to have explained exactly how the table was set, and the advantages of its shape.

Moinajuli T. E. Thakurbari, P.O., Assam, India. Yours faithfully, H. W. RIDSDALE.

WINTER SPORTS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD
(See Letter on "Ski-ing in South America")

SKI-ING IN SOUTH AMERICA

SIR,—This picture, taken in August, is of the Laguna del Inca, near Portillo, in Chile, about 50 miles from Santiago and twelve miles from where the Argentine-Chilean railway crosses the border.

The altitude at the point where the picture was taken is about 11,000ft.

Ski-ing in Chile is rapidly growing in popularity, thanks chiefly to the German population out there, and several ski-ing clubs are in existence. I managed to go on two short ski-ing expeditions while serving in the South American Division of the West Indies station; one to Portillo and one in the Lake District just south of Valdivia, which is about 500 miles south of Valparaiso.

Yours faithfully,

16, Hampstead Lane, Highgate, N. 6. J. W. HALE (Lieutenant, R.N.).

HARES COLLIDING

SIR,—Having read "A. M. L.'s" letter in your issue of November 7th concerning two hares being killed in collision, I can vouch for having seen the same thing happen when shooting at Gautby, in Lincolnshire, some time in the early 'nineties. We were shooting a rough grass field for hares, when I (a flanking gun) saw two hares collide and jump up before falling back. Upon calling the attention of a keeper to the fact, he picked them both up dead.

Alas! I am afraid there are very few, if any, of that party still alive to verify my story.

Yours faithfully,

The Elms, Folkingham, Sleaford, Lincs. J. C. LURDS CALCRAFT.

GANNETS INLAND

SIR,—I was interested in your correspondent's account of the appearance of a young gannet at Lake Vyrnwy, as on November 1st a gannet was found in a hopyard here. It had apparently hit a wirework post, and was unable to fly. It was caught and taken to a pond, having refused solid food offered it, but this move was not to its taste, as it was found next day in a hopyard on the next farm. It was caught once more and liberated on the River Lugg, a mile or two above the point at which it flows into the Wye.

I heard of its being seen on the Wye a mile or two below this place, so perhaps it has reached the sea by now. It seemed quite strong, and was able to fly a few yards towards anyone who went near it, and seemed as though it might recover.

The bird was in full adult plumage.

Yours faithfully,

Tree Town, Tarrington, Herefordshire. T. F. G. BRADSTOCK.

BREEDING OF PYTHONS

SIR,—The *Field* of February 22nd, 1936, published a photo of myself with a pet python, and a note about the age and growth of pythons. The following details will complete that note, and perhaps supply information valuable to scientists.

The pet python belonged to a batch which hatched out from a recently captured wild python, in my museum, on July 22nd, 1933. The average length of these pythons at birth was 24 inches, and the average weight 4 ounces. One of them, a few months later, was given by me to a friend.

On June 26th, 1934, another batch, from a different female, hatched out; their average length was 21 inches, and their average weight 3½ ounces.

One of these, nine months later, was sent to the same friend. These two pythons were kept in the same cage, well supplied with food. No other python or snake of any kind was ever put in the same cage. On June 3rd, 1936, the older python laid sixteen eggs, and began to incubate them. Six of the eggs were presented to a museum. On August 5th-7th four young pythons came out of their shells; the rest of the eggs were addled.

We have, then, this fact established beyond possibility of doubt, viz., that a male python not yet two years old, and a female not yet three years old, paired; and that the dam laid eggs less than two years and 10½ months after she herself came out of her egg.

Yours faithfully,

C. LEIGH, S.J. (Former Curator, St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly).

Loyola College, Cathedral P.O., Madras, India.

LONGEVITY OF A MULE

SIR,—As a constant reader of your admirable paper, I have followed with interest the correspondence which you have printed from various sources on the subject of longevity in horses and mules. I learnt recently that a horse named Jumbo had died at the age of 40 at the Home of Rest for Horses in Herefordshire. In this connection, Sir Frederick Holsday is reported to have said that he had had experience of another horse having reached the age of 42, while he had heard of one living to be 48.

I am not sure as to the comparative longevity of horses and mules, although I have an impression that the latter are the longer-lived. However this may be, it will perhaps interest you to know that a mule died here in April last at the age of 48, in perfect soundness, after having been regularly worked up to over 30 years of age.

This animal was imported early in 1892, being one of a mixed consignment of horses and mules from Argentina (proverbially a land of long-lived horseflesh). It was bought at auction for account of the Albion Dock Co., Ltd., and was then found to be a four-year-old. After being broken to harness, this mule was put to the usual task of team work in pulling wagon-loads of sugar and other local produce. Very soon afterwards the memorable cyclone of April 29th, 1892, laid waste a large part of this town. A whole row of the Albion Dock stables was blown down and the equine occupants killed, with the solitary exception of the subject of this letter, which escaped with many wounds, causing permanent blemishes, but no unsoundness.

When the dock company's transport was finally mechanised some nine years ago, all the draft animals were sold, but an exception was made, very rightly, in favour of this veteran, then 39 years old and a pensioner (I am told) of recent date. He was accommodated in a comfortable shed, opening on to a grass paddock and, needless to say, was an object of affection as well as curiosity to all. One morning in April last he was found dead, having looked as fresh as ever the evening before.

One amusing trait, confirming the reputation that the equine species has for a long memory, is that this old mule could never forget the impression left by the 1892 hurricane—44 years ago. A rain squall would make him almost mad with fear, and he would gallop wildly from one point of shelter to another, and then stand snorting and trembling all over, until he bolted again.

Yours faithfully,

Port Louis, Mauritius. P. H. GALEA.

A VETERAN OF THREE SCORE YEARS
(See Letter "The Oldest Jennet")

THE OLDEST JENNET?

SIR,—This photograph is of a jennet which I own, and I think it may be of interest owing to her age. My late uncle, Mr. T. R. D. Wright, K.C., gave her to me in 1921. He had her for seventeen years, getting her from Mr. Rouse, of Firby Hall, Bedale, who had her 25 years, and he got her off the sands at Redcar. She must have been three years old then at least, which makes her 60 years old. She is remarkably active and well and there is no reason why she should not live a good many more years.

Yours faithfully,

Bolton Hall, Clitheroe. M. N. WRIGHT.

"I'll be 'round' for Christmas as usual"

—said Johnnie Walker

"Round," said Johnnie Walker, "is the word used in Scotland to describe a completely successful blend without any rough edges. The whiskies from which Johnnie Walker is blended are good in themselves: harmonious blending changes them into a vastly better whisky.

"If you are giving little parties at home this Christmas, add to their enjoyment by ordering the round whisky in the square bottle—Johnnie Walker. And when you and your friends meet outside—*always ask for Johnnie Walker by name.*"

Johnnie Walker

Born 1820—still going strong

THE OLDEST WORKING MILL

SIR,—Here is a link with the past. These mills were built in the year of the Great Plague, 1665. The mill on the right is the oldest working mill in the country, and is being preserved for the nation. They are situated at Outwood, near Godstone, Surrey.

Yours faithfully,
Caterham. DAPHNE B. BURTON.

A LABRADOR WHO POINTS HIS BIRDS

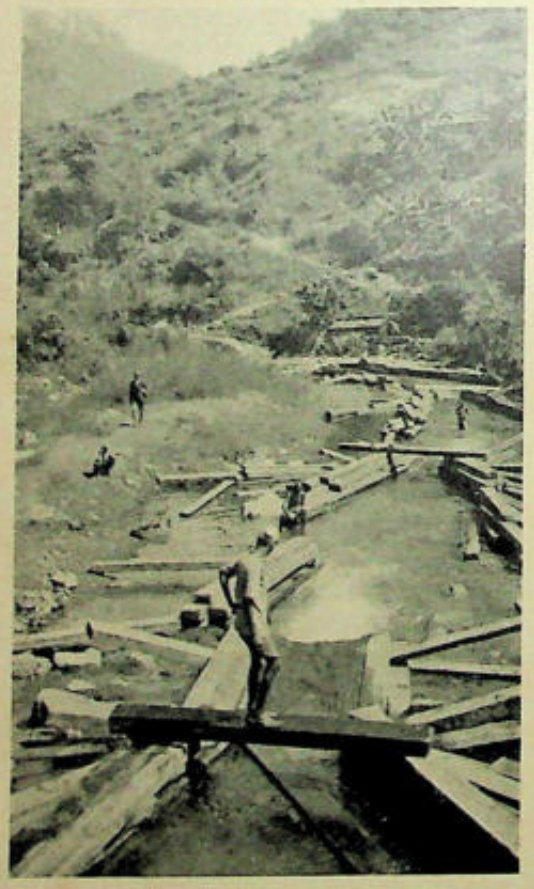
SIR,—I have a Labrador, now three years old, who points his birds (mostly pheasants) in exactly the same manner as does a setter or a pointer. As a younger dog he used to point the occasional bird, but as time went on and he gained more experience, he got into this habit more frequently, and this fall, when I used him regularly, he practically set every pheasant I shot.

All my Labradors have excellent noses, but his is superlative. It is most interesting to watch him work; practically he behaves just as a setter or a pointer, and he holds his point for a considerable time. I have often been able to get up to him from a distance of 50yds. or so, when he is still rock steady, and when I tell him to "push his birds" he flushes them or one, as the case may be. He is not yet quite reliable; sometimes his nose gets the better of him, and he puts his bird up before I am within range. To all intents and purposes he is or could, with more training, be used as a "black" pointer. At his other work he is a splendid hand and practically he never loses a wounded bird, retrieving many winged pheasants, from what might be called almost impossible cover for a big dog like a Labrador. All due to his magnificent scenting powers.

I should be interested to know if any of your readers own Labradors who work in the manner in which I have tried to describe?

I might say his blood lines are excellent, his sire being Ingleston Nith and his dam by Ch. Beninbrough Tanco ex Ch. Vidi of Adderley.

Yours sincerely,
Ewings Landing, B.C. R. LECKIE-EWING.



LUMBERJACKING IN INDIA
(See Letter "Transporting Timber")

TRANSPORTING TIMBER

SIR,—The enclosed photograph shows planks of pine wood being floated down a mountain stream in the Kumaon Hills, United Provinces. These planks eventually reach a larger river which, in its turn takes them down to the plains, where they are collected and sent all over Northern India, to be used for railway sleepers, etc. In places where the water is not sufficiently deep, wooden slides are constructed and the planks are guided down these by men standing in the stream.

Yours faithfully,
Bannu, Wazristan, India. J. M. E.

RITUAL ON THE LAWN

SIR,—I wonder if any of your readers can give me any light on a charming little incident which happened in my garden in the early part of last August. In the absence of both Mr. Maskelyne and Mr. Devant it is quite inexplicable.

A MEMORY OF THE GREAT PLAGUE
(See Letter "The Oldest Working Mill")

About ten minutes to six in the morning, when I was just about to leave for cubbing, I glanced out of my window and saw two hares, a buck and doe, run out on to the lawn. First of all they faced each other 2ft. or 3ft. apart and sprang into the air, giving a high kick with their back legs as though rehearsing a ballet. Then the doe ran off and the buck followed and jumped over her. Then each ran round in a semi-circle in opposite directions and sprang upwards like a dart, passing one another very closely so as to make a cross as they passed in mid-air. This was repeated once or twice. Then they ran off 15ft. or so, where they were just hidden by the hedge. They stayed there a few moments before they returned. This time the play was different. Running a little distance apart, they turned in semi-circles and crept forward until they met face to face. Then they rubbed noses, or muzzles, very affectionately. They then broke away and repeated the procedure, and I believe did it a third time, the rubbing of noses being more thorough on each occasion. During the whole of this latter procedure they were well out in the centre of the lawn and not near the hedge. On each occasion they drew apart backwards, and on the second or third retreat a young leveret was left on the ground between them. It looked as though the doe had been lying over it and had retreated backwards from it. The buck and doe then ran slightly apart in different directions, the buck apparently rubbing his whiskers while the doe cleaned herself and cropped some grass. The leveret, which had been lying, sat up and suddenly started in its turn to jump and repeat the first dance on a smaller scale, running after the doe.

What was the ceremony I witnessed? Frankly, I rubbed my eyes hard when the young leveret appeared on the scene. It was difficult to believe that it had just been dropped by the doe, since it seemed quite active and able to move freely. Further, though quite small, it was very distinctly bigger than the young of a rabbit. I have never before seen the young of a hare, but they are such unusual creatures in some ways one can believe almost anything of them. On the other hand, if this explanation is ruled out, how did the youngster come there, and why all this joyful ritual? As I have said, not only were there no conjurers in the garden, but there seemed no sort of depression in the grass in which the leveret could have hid. If he had come out from the hedge with his parents it is difficult to understand why I did not see him before, since they seemed to turn round two or three times, and it would have been necessary for him to have kept on the far side of the doe the whole time. Of course, one's observation is liable to deceive one, but in this case I was watching very closely the whole time.

Yours faithfully,
Rostherne, Hervines Road, Amersham. EUSTACE A. ALLIOTT (B.Sc., M.Inst.Chem.E., M.I.Mech.E.).

[The leveret must have been several weeks old. Newly-born leverets do not move from the place which their mother has chosen for them.—Ed.]

WIRED-IN CROPS

SIR,—In answer to "R. S. K. E." on the subject of wired-in crops for game. My experience has been that in October and November when the crop (barley) has been probably laid a bit by rain, birds, especially partridges, do not care for it nearly so much as in September. This can be remedied by mowing sides three swaths with a hay mower at 20yds. to 25yds. intervals with an odd cross-side or so according to the area.

The barley which has been cut can be carried into the wood for feed. These rides enable the birds to keep dry on wet days and get about more easily when the crop becomes laid.

If thin poles are tied to the top of the wire netting about every 15yds., the pheasants will soon learn to hop on and over the wire; if this is not done it certainly does deter pheasants from going into the crop. If there are tame pheasants about, it is always advisable to walk round the wire just before dusk, as some may be tucked up for the night against the wire, which is not desirable.

Yours faithfully,
Cooks Farm, Nuthurst, Horsham, Sussex. L. C. LESLIE SMITH.

Larola is the famous complexion milk known the world over for over eighty years. Absolutely pure and free from gummy ingredients—which clog the pores of the skin—Larola keeps the skin soft and beautiful. Keep Larola always on hand in bedroom and bathroom, and use it after your hands have been in water. This will *prevent chapped hands and rough skin.* The *daily use of Larola* protects the complexion against red and rough skin due to exposure to cold wintry winds. Larola softens, smooths, whitens and heals—*and restores natural beauty.* The absolute purity of Larola makes it an ideal preparation for baby's toilet.

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FIGHTING SEA TROUT

SIR,—Rather an interesting, and I think unusual, thing happened recently while we were fishing on Loch Hope. J. Macrae, who was in the boat, suddenly said, "Look at the fish on the shore." We then noticed a sea trout throwing itself violently about in the shallow water, about 2ft. from the shore.

We were only two boats' lengths away and rowed rapidly over, where we saw to our astonishment that there were *two* sea trout; one swam away when we got there, the other lay almost exhausted and we took it with the landing net. It was a cock sea trout of 3¼lb.

Our gillie, J. Mackay, of Lettermore, was of the opinion they were fighting. I should be very glad to hear anyone else's views on the subject.

Yours faithfully,

Ben Loyal Lodge, by Lairg, Sutherland. BLANCHE M. WATT.

SPEED OF A COLLIE

SIR,—I should very much like to know whether others have had a similar experience to this.

The other evening I was in my car when a hare dashed out in front of me. It kept ahead for two-and-a-quarter miles along a very twisty road bordered alternatively by hedges and a grass verge. It had, therefore, plenty of opportunity to get off the road. During this time a collie dog joined in the chase, but after about three-quarters of a mile found the pace too strong and gave up. I was doing never less than between 25 to 30 m.p.h., except when the dog joined in I had to increase my speed to a steady 30 m.p.h. in order to keep up.

Yours faithfully,

Tank Gunnery School, Lulworth Camp, Wareham, Dorset. J. D. JOHNSTON.

FEN SHOOTING

SIR,—I should be interested to hear from any of your readers why the scent of a pheasant appears to die immediately it falls dead in a fen.

I mention this because when shooting in the Stoke Ferry district on many occasions the dogs were unable to pick up, and in one instance after a thorough search by beaters, guns and dogs had been made, it was decided to leave the bird; it was eventually found lying on its back stone dead, evidently exactly as it had fallen, and practically in no cover.

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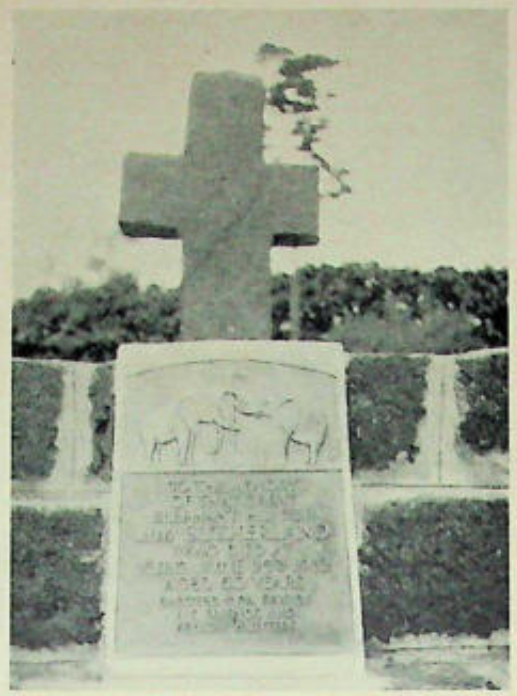

THE GRAVE OF A GREAT ELEPHANT HUNTER
(*See "Jim Sutherland"*)

The curious part is that for a runner there appears to be no difficulty whatever for the dogs to follow this. For example, I shot a hen pheasant which dropped, and was eventually picked up by my dog some 200yds. away on the side of the drain.

Yours faithfully,

Stony Stratford. F. W. HURRY.

[Doubtless the reason why the dead pheasant was not picked up was that it was a bad scenting day. The runner very likely gave a blood scent.—ED.]

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Jim Sutherland.—Many readers of the *Field* will be interested in this picture of the grave of Jim Sutherland, one of the great elephant hunters of all time at Yubo.—MADERI, Cheval Place, S.W.

Late Martins.—Two house martins were observed here on November 17th. Others had been seen for some time.—P. L. MACKENZIE, Little Benhams, Horsham, Sussex.

Black Blackbird.—I have in my garden here a cock blackbird which is entirely black, eye and bill. I have never seen one before all black, and wonder if it is rare?—RENDLESHAM, Bosloe, Mawnan, Falmouth.

Marked Grouse.—On August 19th a marked grouse was shot on a small piece of rough ground, detached from any moorland about three miles from Brechin, Angus. On inquiry it has been found that this bird was ringed at Dinnet, Aberdeenshire. This seems a long journey.—NEIL PATTULLO, White House, Hillside, Montrose.

Stormy Petrels Inland.—You may be interested to know that a stormy petrel was picked up dead near Hereford after the gale on November 11th last. I saw in the *Evesham Journal* that a second specimen was picked up a few days later near that town.—F. C. MORGAN, Public Library, Museum and Art Gallery, Hereford.

Late Swallow.—The London branch of this society saw a swallow hawking over the water-meadows at Latimer, Bucks, on Sunday, November 22nd, about 3 p.m.—sunny, calm afternoon. Surely this is a very late date? The bird seemed very strong on the wing.—MARGARET LONGHURST, Hon. Secretary, London Branch, British Empire Naturalists' Association.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1, ask for 5- weekly for one year to help a lady penniless and in bad health. Her father owned a school in the West of England, but, on his early death, there were many debts and she was left without training for a profession. She took posts as working housekeeper, constantly overtaxing her strength, to avoid asking for help. Now, at the age of 67, she has developed serious internal trouble which means an invalid's life. Her name has been accepted for a charitable pension, but meanwhile her only income is 10- weekly, and unless outside help is forthcoming she will be obliged to leave the nursing home where they take her at very reduced fees. £13 urgently needed.

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IN THE CITY

THE BLACK SHEEP

AT this time last year a review was made of the securities recommended for purchase during 1935 and comments made on the six issues which at the end of that year were standing at levels below those prevailing at the time of their recommendation. The six black sheep discussed a year ago are again listed below, with the price at which they were originally recommended as well as that prevailing in December, 1935, and the current bid price.

	Original Price.	Bid Price. Dec., 1935.	Dec., 1936.
Gordon Hotels 6% Consolidated First Mortgage Debenture, 1975	74	64	80
Brazil 5% 20 Year Funding, 1951	82	62½	77
Central Argentine 5% 1967/87	82	69	93½
Argentine Navigation 10% Cum. Participating Preference	23/-	20/-	23/-
William Cory £1 Ordinary	80/-	77/-	80/-
Manila Railway 3½% "B" Deb.	41½	36	45½

It will be noted that only one of these issues still qualifies for the black sheep-fold. The Brazil Bonds are well above the levels prevailing a year ago and, barring politics, seem likely to attain higher levels. That the country should have no difficulty in maintaining full service charges on these and the other senior Funding Bonds is indicated by all available evidence, notably the following figures of exports from and imports into Brazil for the first eight months of 1936 compared with those for the corresponding periods of 1934 and 1935:

Figures in £1,000.

	Exports.	Imports.	Surplus of Exports
1934	36,201	26,935	9,266
1935	25,868	29,753	6,115
1936	40,284	31,542	8,742

BLACK SHEEP OF 1936

Of the black sheep of 1936 the blackest is Wall paper Manufacturers £1 units of deferred stock, which were originally recommended in April at 52/- and to which attention was again drawn in June around 50/-. The current price is about 42/- ex dividend and, without wishing to appear obstinate in any way, the writer considers these units are sufficiently undervalued to merit something more than a passing reference. A further note will therefore be written as soon as space permits.

Of the other securities recommended this year one or two are now still selling at about or slightly below the price at which they were originally suggested for purchase. While the market prices of Continental Can Common shares and the 15 per cent. cumulative ordinary shares of the Home and Colonial Stores have depreciated materially.

The latter were standing at 52/6 when mentioned first in February and had fallen to around 42/6 in July when the affairs of the company were again discussed. In September an official statement was issued to the effect that the reorganisation of the business was proceeding according to plan, that turnover was showing a progressive increase, and that, although profits had declined further in the first quarter of the year, returns since then indicated that the decline had been arrested and the directors anticipated a gradually improving tendency. The 15 per cent. cumulative ordinary shares still stand around 42/6 to yield 7 per cent. and seemingly need not cause holders undue concern.

Very soon after the common shares of the Continental Can Company were suggested for purchase last March around $80, shareholders were offered the right of subscribing for one new share at $60 in respect of every fifteen shares held. For 1935 there was a net profit of $11,223,000 or $4.21 per share, but for the twelve months ended on September 30th last the balance fell to $10,685,000 or $3.76 per share on the increased capital. The moderate decline in profits seems to be due to the drought and very bad weather conditions experienced in America last spring and summer with a consequent reduction in the principal vegetable and fruit crops for canning. The lower volume of business on this account has not been offset by the demand for cans for new lines, such as canned beer, although the volume in this respect is believed to have been substantial. It seems reasonable to expect better crop conditions next year, and with a continuation of the general trade improvement Continental Can's earnings should recover.

At present levels around $66 the company's shares yield nearly 5 per cent. on the basis of the distribution of $3.25 paid in respect of 1936, and a recovery in the saleable value of the shares at some time during 1937 to at least the figure at which the purchase was originally recommended, seems far from being an unreasonable expectation.

PACTOLUS.

New Books

"OVER THE STILE"

The Countryman on Foxhunting

EVERY kind of hunting, from the Border to the English Channel, is dealt with in this comprehensive survey of a great English field sport. But the book differs from most of the hunting kind, for Sir William Beach Thomas, its well-known author, approaches his subject more as a countryman than as a foxhunter. Sir W. Beach Thomas defines the angle from which he surveys hunting so nicely in his preface that I will quote it: "The rider across country in the wake of hounds sees almost all there is to be seen of the face of the country. He gallops across the grasses and knows where the going is good. He toils across the ploughs and knows where the soil is deep. He enters the cloisters of the woods, as someone has named the rides, and watches many other denizens than the fox. He has come into touch with all who traffic on the land, especially the farmer. He has acquired a particular knowledge of those two best friends of man, the horse and the dog (especially if he has walked puppies). So it comes about that the hunting man and woman, who tend now to become almost equal in number, may claim to know their England from an angle that is all their own."

As I said, Sir William Beach Thomas approaches the subject as a countryman more than as a foxhunter, and for this reason there are several technical errors of nomenclature and practice; but this does not mean to say that all foxhunters should not be grateful to the author for defining very excellently the charm of hunting, a definition which will no doubt be read and appreciated by a very large public.

Perhaps the best chapter in the book is "The Quarry." The character of the fox is well described in the following lines: "The mentality and ways of the fox are completely his own. He is perhaps nearest to the badger among our British mammals in a general way, if not in heredity. But no two beasts could be less alike in character. The obstinacy of the badger is scarcely credible. The fox, on the other hand, is supremely adaptable, and so brave that his nerve never deserts him, however extreme the danger. . . . The courage in him goes with invincible ferocity. A Midland fox entered a hen-roost and killed eight birds in the middle of the chase, with the pack in full cry behind him." Again: "No wild creature is more neat and graceful than a fox, not even the fallow deer. His long brush seems to give him a precision of balance that brings him into a likeness with the squirrel. You cannot see him move a yard without admiring his lightness of foot and ease of motion."

Altogether, there is a freshness of impression in this book which can only come from foxhunting having a distinguished stranger within the gates, and one able to pass on his impressions not only to hunting people, but to other "strangers" as well.

A. H. V. L.

Hunting England. By Sir W. Beach Thomas (Batsford; 7/6).

EXCELLENT HERBS

"EXCELLENT herbs had our fathers of old," as Kipling said in one of the enchanting *Puck* poems, and it is the sense of their ancient association with man—for a herb garden came long before a pleasure garden—that gives them a special quality not entirely due to their own aromatic virtues. When vegetables were sparse, when lords and ladies were castle-bound, and the only garden a plot within the confines of a keep, we can imagine how much herbs had to do with health and content. Not to speak of their maybe uses, in which our forefathers so firmly believed, and all the spiritual as well as physical ills they were supposed to cure. "How can a man die who has sage in his garden?" is an old saying. According to Gerarde, a decoction of marjoram leaves would cure those "given to over-much sighing." But even more valuable than this—for sighing seldom kills—is the advice given in a Herbal dating back to the ninth century: "Drink horehound hot from the fire if you are poisoned by your stepmother." There is real drama about that, suggesting that Strabo's domestic life was not of the smoothest.

This latest herb book, by Eleanour Sinclair Rohde, is as delightfully full of various lore as her other volumes. It contains a great amount of out-of-the-way information, all held together by the author's unself-conscious enthusiasm for her subject. It also contains much sound practical advice and most valuable gardening suggestions. Gardeners, who, like other people, are apt to get into a rut, would do well to read this book, and cease to regard herbs as things which simply belong to the kitchen garden. And how enchanting if one has a heavy soil, to try planting a green path of the prostrate penny royal instead of the usual grass, or a lawn of camomile; for, as Miss Rohde says, "in the driest summer, and in the poorest soil, camomile remains emerald green."

In this book rosemary and lavender have chapters to themselves, as have the sages, the thymes, the bergamots and the marjorams; and of them all the author has interesting, amusing and practical things to say. There are no paths more peaceful than these herbal ones—the glow of long-vanished summers draws fragrance from these unfading herbs. But Miss Rohde also tells her readers how to make a herb garden in this present day, and how to use in our modern kitchens the herbs in which our ancestors found health. We are beginning to discover that they were wiser than we thought them, and that many an old wives' tale was an old wives' wisdom, garnered from a closer contact with the earth than most of us have nowadays.

From this book we can learn of the half-forgotten virtues of herbs, and also of their purely decorative uses in the garden border—a much neglected aspect, this—as well as of the strange lore which clusters round them. We go back to the days when "musk has not lost its scent."

There are some attractive line-drawings which do not harmonise too well with the half-tone reproductions of somewhat ordinary photographs.

Herbs and Herb Gardening. By Eleanour Sinclair Rohde. (The Medici Society; 8/6.)

"PLAYING HOLIDAY"

MAJOR HILLS (the Right Hon. J. W.) is, I think, unduly anxious to make it clear that his book, *My Sporting Life*, is not the whole story of his years. It is obvious that a man who has achieved Major Hills's dignities must have done more with his days than fish and shoot. But here is proof that in a scant leisure he has played holiday as hard as he has worked in Law Courts and politics.

Fishing is clearly his heart's desire, and his book's space, which is abundant, is largely devoted to the rivers from Aaro (via Speyside) to the Test and Itchen that he knows and loves so well. I should have expected, from his previous work to find Major Hills a South Country purist of the chalk and dry fly. I should have expected to find him, I cannot say why, a trout fisher rather than a salmon catcher. Instead, I find him catholic in all angling. He is as happy, happier perhaps, with the small trout of Cumberland rivers as he is with the slockdologers of the South.

One of the most arresting passages in this arrestingly-written book is to the address of the Cumberland Eden: "But the exquisite river, with its vivid green wooded banks, its dark rose-coloured sandstone rocks, its rushing crystalline water, where a man had to be stalwart to wade even knee-deep . . . recalls an ineffaceable picture." And again he says of those red rose sandstone walls upon which the sun of July had burnt all day, that they, holding the solar heat, made the sheltered air (of midnight) as warm as in a room.

Major Hills is, apart from fly, a bait fisher, and what he has to say of creeper-fishing is said so interestingly as to make a convert of the most bigoted unbeliever. I am a little inclined to dispute the statement that trout do not fight at night. The wildest ten minutes I personally ever had with a fish is to the credit of a 6lb. brown trout hooked in a fast shallow and in the dark. In its efforts to reach the sanctuary of the deep pool above (downstream of which it had dropped to feed on minnow or parr) it was a fish to be remembered.

Major Hills is a teacher as well as an entertainer, and his text is that a really great angler can overcome any adverse circumstance. All that he writes to this end, either of salmon or trout, either of bait fishing or of the "feathered hook," is worthy of attention and apostolic imitation.

There is much to envy Major Hills in his fishing life, not only in regard to the fish that he has caught but to the men under whose wing he has learnt to catch them, Lunn of the Houghton Club, for instance, and Arthur Wood of Cairnton, and of the floating line for Dee salmon. Most of all do I envy him his friendship with Andrew Lang, whose irresponsible company at the riverside must surely be one of the pleasantest things remembered in an angling life full of happy memories.

I seem to have devoted my space to Major Hills as a fisherman. There are two chapters on stalking and hind shooting which I should love to discuss but cannot. There is a chapter on Sport and Cruelty. In this Major Hills says, "I kill for pleasure." He does not; he kills for sport, as you and I do. Did he kill for pleasure he might find it in an abattoir. But whatever his reason, a delightful book has arisen of his gentle thirst for blood.

P. R. C.

My Sporting Life. By Major the Rt. Hon. J. W. Hills. (Philip Allan; 12/6.)

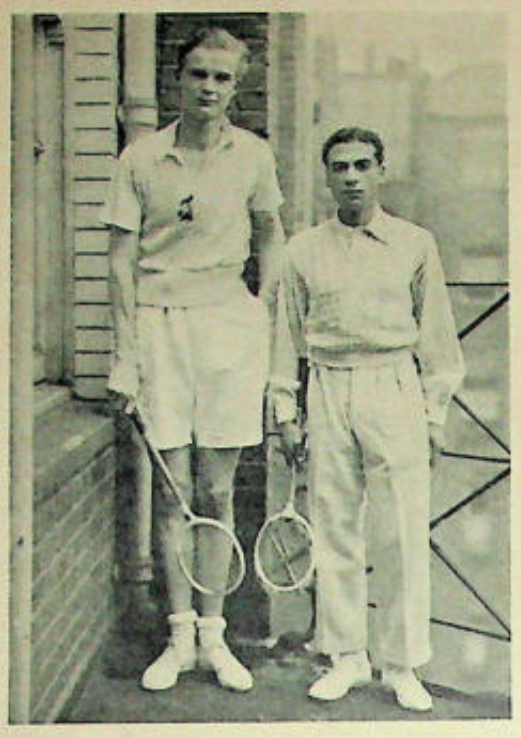
BOOKS IN BRIEF

From B. T. Batsford, Ltd., comes *Circus Parade*, by John S. Clarke (7/6 net). Here is an ideal Christmas present. The photographs are amazing, and the author, who knows the circus inside out, has written a jolly, well-informed and comprehensive study in a style which is delightfully pleasant to read.

Squash Rackets (Eyre & Spottiswoode; price 5/-), by Arthur Barker, should meet with a ready sale, as it supplies answers to questions that are constantly arising in this increasingly popular game. The game, the rules and their meaning, strokes, shots, tactics and ladies' squash are some of the chapter headings.

More and more people are being taken to winter sports centres each year and more and more are wanting to ski. *The Game of Ski-ing* (Edward Arnold; price 5/-), by Alan H. D'Egville, is just the book to give them the groundwork, and it explains by means of simple diagrams the turns they will have to put into practice.

The re-issue of Mr. J. R. Norman's *History of Fishes* (Ernest Benn) in a cheaper edition at 15/- is more than welcome, for it contains information about the habits of fish—the way they swim, the way they see, the way they hear; in short, the way they live, move and have their being—that is found in no other book in quite the simple form which Mr. Norman has so happily adopted. It can be heartily recommended to anyone who is interested in fish life at home or abroad.



NEVILL HOOPER AND AMR BEY
A promising young player of 19 years of age, Hooper took 10 points off the champion

AMR BEY THE UNBEATABLE

A Record in Squash Rackets

By JOHN ARMITAGE

F. D. AMR BEY, the Egyptian holder, won his fifth amateur championship of squash rackets when he beat E. Snell in the final by three games to love (9—4, 9—0, 9—2) at the Bath Club. No other player has equalled his achievement of winning five times, although Captain Cazalet, M.P., has four victories to his credit. Snell made a much better fight of the final than he did last year or in 1932, but of all types of play his game of high lobs and persistent return is the least suited to winning points from this remarkable champion. It is better to do as N. E. Hooper did—determine to play as well as possible without regard to the result or the length of the match. Hooper's stroke play earned him ten points in all, and the considerable admiration of the gallery. But Snell did well, and the way he fought back at 7—0 in the final game was as gallant an exhibition as we wish to see.

The chief surprise of the championship was the defeat of N. W. D. Yardley, the Cambridge University captain, in the third round by D. M. Backhouse, who is left-handed. Backhouse won in three straight games, a really remarkable performance, as Yardley is generally considered to be the second-best player in the country. Backhouse, unfortunately, was unable to sustain his form, and he lost in the next round to that delightful stroke player, J. A. Gillies. Gillies had his game broken up by the lobs of Snell, and Snell reached the final, like Amr, without the loss of a game. In the other half of the draw, which was dominated by Amr Bey, R. Pulbrook, captain of Oxford University, did well to reach the semi-final. He beat, in the fourth round, J. W. C. More, the R.A.F. champion, whose running was one of the outstanding features of the tournament.

With the exception of Snell, who is just 30, all the players who reached the last sixteen were under that age. This was very satisfactory, but it must be admitted that judged as a whole the 64 players were not very representative of the present strength of the game. A number of good players must always be missing from the competition for one reason or another, and this year K. C. Gandar Dower, Captain G. O. Jameson, C. P. Hamilton, J. F. Stokes, J. N. S. Ridgers and A. G. Hazlerigg, among others, were all absent, but there is no doubt that the general standard of the entry would be greatly improved if the early rounds were played off in more than two courts and in the afternoon.

Under the present arrangement play starts at ten o'clock in the morning for the first three rounds, at eleven for the fourth and semi-final, and at noon for the final. Numbers of people who might be able to escape from office stools or swivel chairs in the late afternoon or early evening cannot contemplate consecutive mornings off. Moreover, the championship should be held during the Christmas holidays to enable schoolmasters to compete.

The Surrey Championships, won by R. Stone, are now treated by many men as a dress rehearsal for the Amateur Championship. Consequently, it was not a little remarkable to see the good performances of unknowns, as far as championship play is concerned, against players of proved ability. At least, two championship players were beaten unexpectedly in early rounds, and it is obvious that there is now a vast army of men equal in ability to the last half-dozen or so of those who make up the chosen 64.

The R.A.F. championship, which attracts a large entry every year to the Kensington Country Club, was won by Flight Lieutenant J. W. C. More. More won last year, but it was expected that Flying Officer B. K. Burnett would do very well against him as he did. More beat Burnett in the final, 8—10, 4—9, 9—4, 9—3, 9—2.

THE RUNNER-UP
Edward Snell, the Brighton schoolmaster, finalist in the Amateur Squash Rackets Championship for the third time

LAWN TENNIS FINANCE

A Coaching Economy?

By J. E. COLLETT

IN December every year the L.T.A. holds an annual general meeting which has in the past been apt to give an impression of more other than importance. Delegates have often gathered from all over the country to transact little more business than adding a few words to an already substantial array of rules and regulations with which few persons beyond the officials immediately concerned were likely to become familiar. This year, with the President, Sir Samuel Hoare, in the chair, the air and attitude of the meeting was different. It was eager, decisive and confident.

The abandonment of the amateur side by F. J. Perry leaves a place which cannot yet be filled by any man as able. This portends loss of revenue through the probable loss of the Davis Cup next year, and increased expenses through having to join the ranks of the challengers in quest of it the year after. The Wightman Cup match, although showing a small net profit of about £200 when played at home, will cost, when played in the U.S.A. next year, about £1,000. There was a surplus this year of some £2,700, following a loss in 1935 of £25.

Temporarily the business of running lawn tennis officially is saved from dipping into £44,000 of reserve, but as the hon. treasurer, Mr. C. T. A. Sadd, pointed out, the surplus was arrived at through abnormal or illusory conditions. He was not quite sure which was the more applicable adjective.

Part of the profit was at all events due to the cutting out of the £1,000 yearly expenditure on public school coaching. With reference to this action Mr. Sadd said that although the council regarded that coaching as one of the most important experiments they had ever made, they were disappointed with the results. They had not felt that the association was getting value for its money, and accordingly and with great regret they had decided to bring the scheme to an end. The expenditure had not been entirely barren. It was certain that interest had been awakened; some of the seed would germinate, and it was to be hoped that the future harvest would produce some players of international calibre.

This was rather oracular. If any international trump of the next few years can be traced to the hands of the public schools, it is to be presumed that it will be claimed as the result of L.T.A. dealing, and the trick will be scored to the credit of the abandoned scheme. Should this occur it will prove only that the scheme should not have been abandoned. Arguing on purely commercial lines, which unfortunately cannot be avoided, one international of the rare calibre of, say, F. J. Perry, could be funded legitimately, for the purposes of L.T.A. finance, which depends considerably on prestige and gate-money returns, at £1,000 yearly expenditure for several years.

The L.T.A. reply would be that it is not its function to gamble in futures. What else is coaching? And what is the coaching of hundreds of persons over 25 years of age, an expenditure to which Mr. Sadd did not refer?

The new scheme for a simplified handicap system came in for some criticism, which in bulk did not amount to much more than an indication that it might be more comprehensive.

When Mr. G. B. Primrose, a Scots delegate, stated that it was the Rabbits' Charter, and if it did not go far enough when tried out it could be extended, the meeting was clearly with him. Even a few foreboding remarks from Mr. A. Wallis Myers "speaking in his second 'rabbithood' as a player in handicaps for 30 years," did not turn opinion adversely. Then Mr. J. H. King (Lincolnshire) clinched matters with a practical speech, concluding with the statement that the handicap was a great strengthener in golf, and a handicap in which the L.T.A. were interested would do more good than coaching. The proposal before the meeting would make players more handicap-minded.

After an encouraging word had been said by Mr. P. H. Stevens (Northamptonshire) about a suggestion by Mr. C. Marriott that handicaps should be framed by a central office, and another from Mr. W. A. Ingram that handicaps should be seeded, the new scheme passed into law. Those who play under it will see. Is lawn tennis to become handicap-minded? And what will be the result if it does?

SUGGESTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS

USEFUL presents for yachtsmen are illustrated in a list issued by Captain O. M. Watts, Ltd., 20–22, Maddox Street, London, W. 1. Burgee brooches in gold and silver, flag brooches, cigarette cases and flapjacks with inlaid enamel code of signal flags, quaint lighters, yachting accessories and books are among the gifts suggested.

All who are seeking artistic novelties in jewellery, timepieces, watches and silverware should obtain the fine illustrated list of gifts issued by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., of 112, Regent Street, London, W. 1. It provides inspiration in the matter of choice of both magnificent or inexpensive articles.

Raphael Tuck & Sons, Ltd., are noted for the artistic merits of their Christmas Cards and Calendars, and we have received an excellent assortment of greeting cards and novelties, such as Christmas stationery and gift seals, which will be appreciated by everyone seeking an original touch.

A present for your dog, at a cost of 6d., is provided by Messrs. Spillers. It can be obtained from all retailers of dog foods and contains an assortment of their shapes, meal and biscuits in attractive wrappings, together with a copy of *Your Dog*, by Lady Kitty Ritson.

A case of Bollinger Special Cuvée will add to the festivities at home and be warmly welcomed by friends as a gift from a discerning donor. A dry wine of rare delicacy and bouquet, it is one which cannot fail to delight the most fastidious of palates.

The Country House

DECEMBER FLOWERS

Colour in the Garden During Dull Days

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

DURING the shortest days of the year we treasure such flowers as there are in our gardens. Indeed, the winter garden is now a well-established cult, and for colour we rely not only on flowers, but also on decorative barks, such as those of the Dogwoods, the white-stemmed Rubi, and so forth.

Certain flowers are to be found in most gardens during this month—notably the cheery and invaluable winter Jasmine, with its golden stars, the first blooms of *Iris stylosa*, sheltered amongst their rough foliage; the deliciously scented cymes of *Viburnum fragrans*; the flowers that lie hidden under the leaves of *Lonicera fragrantissima*, far from floriferous, but what the flowers lack in numbers they make up in their exquisite honeysuckle scent; and the rose-pink heads of *Erica Darleyensis*, which begins flowering in November.

If *Jasminum nudiflorum* were difficult to grow we should recognise it as one of our best winter-flowering shrubs. Being so accommodating, it is frequently either so neglected that it is a mass of dead wood, or else so tightly and neatly tacked up that it stands no chance. *Jasminum nudiflorum* should be pruned immediately after flowering, cutting every lateral back to a bud. Indeed, I think the easiest way of pruning is to cut lavishly all through the flowering season. Sprays cut in bud when they are not even showing any colour, open perfectly in water, just like those of *Iris stylosa*, and it is a good plan in bad weather to pick the latter. The two associate perfectly, the only difference being that the Iris flowers last only a few days, and the Jasmine quite ten days. They are invaluable for sending to friends who live in town, for they are easy to pack and arrive in perfect condition. In regard to tacking up against a wall or fence, all that is necessary is just a little to support the long slender growths, for if very thoroughly done, the plant does not flower so well, nor does it look so graceful. On poor soils a mulch should be given in spring after flowering.

Iris stylosa does best in a sunny, sheltered spot, next a south or east wall and in very poor soil. In ordinary garden soil it makes a mass of foliage but the flowers are few. The best clumps I know are those that have been planted in paths by the

ERICA DARLEYENSIS, WHICH FLOWERS FROM NOVEMBER TO MAY

side of a wall. Established clumps of this Iris are indifferent to drought as befits a native of Algeria, but clumps newly planted in spring or autumn may require watering in the longish spells of dry weather we frequently get then. The largest variety of this Iris is *I. unguicularis speciosa*, but, like the white-flowered variety, it is late in flowering.

Amongst the winter-flowering plants that might be more commonly grown, I think the most unjustly neglected is *Vinca difformis*. Blue flowers are scarce in winter, and the lovely lavender blue flowers of this bush-like Periwinkle are produced continuously throughout autumn and winter. It is a native of Spain and North Africa and consequently is successful as a winter flowerer only in the south. It is very compact in growth and makes a bush about 18in. high. To secure flowers through the winter it should be planted against a sunny wall.

A comparatively new treasure which in time will probably be in every garden, anyhow in the south, and in most cold greenhouses in less favoured parts, is *Schisostylis coccinea* Lady Byng. Both the type and the variety Mrs. Hegarty, flower in October and November, but the variety Lady Byng flowers in December. All the Caffre Lilies need even in the south a very sheltered spot, well drained, loamy soil, and in summer they have to be well watered. They make charming pot plants and are invaluable in mid-winter in the cold greenhouse.

To grow under glass, plants, each with four or five good shoots, should be potted in 5in. pots in spring. The compost should be equal parts loam and leaf mould with a good sprinkling of sand. Until May the pots may be kept in a cold frame but well protected from frost. Towards the end of May, plunge in ashes till November. Nothing is gained by bringing the pots in earlier. It is the sudden transference from cold to comparative warmth that makes for vigorous flowering. After flowering they have to be repotted in fresh soil.

Tussilago fragrans affords one of the most delicious of all winter scents, a scent that is indistinguishable from Heliotrope, but this weed is not one that can be lightly introduced into any garden. It spreads at an incredible rate, its long white stolons running literally yards in all directions. The only safe way to grow it is the way it was grown in the early years of the nineteenth century—as a cold greenhouse plant. H. H. Phillips, in his *Flora Historica* (1828), says it was grown in cottage gardens, which sounds incredible, for it would smother most of a small plot in no time. He observes that owing to its scent it had become esteemed as a pot plant. The flowers of this coltsfoot are a very pale lilac and have a quiet charm. Unlike our native coltsfoot, the flowers are produced at the same time as the leaves.

LIVESTOCK POLICY

The Government Plan Examined

THERE is a general disposition to criticise the Government's Livestock Bill now before Parliament as inadequate to deal with the present conditions in the beef cattle industry. Farmers, through the National Farmers' Union and the Agricultural Committee of the House of Commons, have pinned their faith to a standard price of 48s. per live cwt. for fat cattle, and this they hoped to obtain by the imposition of an import levy on all kinds of meat and the use of the money as deficiency payments. Such, indeed, was the Government's policy until recently.

When the policy came to be worked out in practical details it was found that Argentina and other foreign countries would not stand the imposition of a levy high enough to provide the money needed and that the Dominions were determined to maintain a free market for their products here and would contribute nothing in the form of an import levy even at a preferential rate. Instead of a sum of about £10,000,000 being available for distribution to home producers in deficiency payments to make up a standard price for beef cattle it became apparent that it was only politically possible to charge foreign countries a levy of ¾d. a lb. on chilled beef and ⅝d. on frozen beef, which will not bring in much more than £4,000,000. Once again the farmers of this country have been disappointed one day, that the consumer will not be given immediate cause for alarm and complaint.

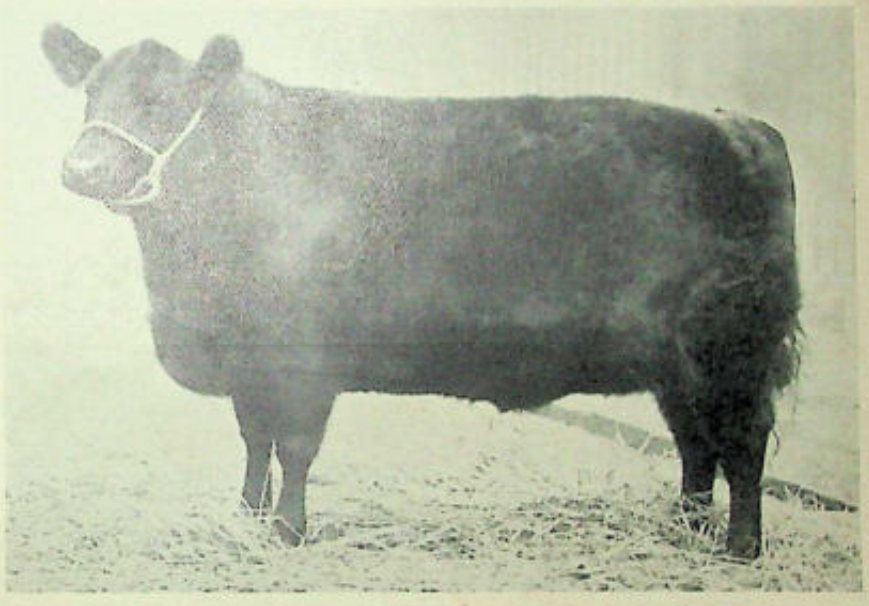
Apart from the import duty now to be imposed on foreign beef, there is to be a continuation of the subsidy from the Treasury. At the present rate of payment this subsidy has amounted to about £3,800,000 in the year. Now a maximum sum of £5,000,000 is to be provided, largely out of the proceeds of the import duty.

We have not heard yet officially how this subsidy is to be allocated. The main principles followed will no doubt be similar to those in force, but provision will be made for a higher rate of subsidy on home-bred animals, as distinct from Irish or Canadian, and on animals of first-class beef quality. These are sensible developments. If the State is to give direct financial assistance to the cattle industry, such funds as are available should be directed towards encouraging the breeding of beef stock in this country. All too many hill farmers have turned away from store rearing in recent years and are now selling milk through the Marketing Board. An asset of great worth to the country has been neglected and now laboriously and expensively we are to attempt to regain this important factor in the balance of agriculture. It is desirable also that more attention should be given to quality. At the present time a big proportion of the beef cattle marketed are from dairy herds. They are not particularly good animals and they drag down the general quality and reputation of home-fed beef. There should be a decided preference for really good beef and encouragement given to its production. In so far as the subsidy can be used to effect in this direction the proposed changes are all to the good.

The third deck in the Government's policy is the least definite in form and potentially the most important. An international meat conference is to be established which will recommend the measures to be taken to regulate the quantities of beef coming into the United Kingdom market. This conference will consist of representatives of this country, of Argentina, Uruguay, Brazil and the Dominions interested in the beef trade. This conference, if the Dominions can agree with the South American countries on a policy of market regulation, may be most valuable.

What seems particularly reasonable is that the supplying countries overseas should recognise, in fact as well as theory, that the home producer has priority in the United Kingdom market, and that it is the utmost folly to overload the market with imported beef in the autumn when heavy numbers of cattle are being sold off at the end of the grazing season. This was done again this year and the market is only now beginning to recover from this dumping of unwanted beef in October. It is not anticipated that this international meat conference will achieve much in the way of a reduction in total exports, but it should by agreement be able to maintain a steadier market. At a time of increasing purchasing power at home, it is indeed foolish to look to quantitative regulation to so restrict supplies as to create scarcity values. We have been in the trough of a glut. There are dangers in swinging to the opposite extreme. But that is not likely to happen. In the final decision on quota arrangements the Government of the United Kingdom will exercise its powers and experience suggests that the consumer can rely on the Board of Trade in any circumstances.

These, then, are the possibilities of the Government's plan. Farmers do not feel sanguine about the benefits, but they will live on in hope. R. F.



OUTSTANDING WINNERS AT THE SMITHFIELD CLUB'S SHOW

Devon steer, Mr. F. Beadle's Stoocy Dromedary *Aberdeen-Angus heifer, Geranium of Derculich*

FARMING NOTES

Malting Barley

AT the Rothamsted Conference last week, Mr. E. L. D. Lake, the retiring chairman of the Brewers' Society, made the reassuring statement that "this year's barleys have turned out, from the brewing point of view, much better than any member of the brewing trade thought they would." He considered that the brewing industry would be able to carry out its pledge to use at least 7,500,000cwt. of British barley in the year. If it is remembered that the barrelage of beer brewed is increasing, this minimum quantity should be exceeded. Farmers hope that this will be the case. At the present time corn merchants and those who buy for the maltsters, say that they have heavy stocks of English barley on their hands and they are not keen buyers. There is, it appears, ample English barley of fair malting quality to supply all the brewers' needs, and the brewing industry will be doing a service to agriculture if they now take up as much barley as they can conveniently handle. Most of the barley this year is more or less weathered, but there is nevertheless plenty of barley available which will make just as good beer as our fathers enjoyed when the brewers used nothing but home-grown barley.

Turkeys

There seems to be a good demand for English turkeys this Christmas. More people can afford to buy themselves a good Christmas dinner, and an English bird is certainly preferable to an imported one. It is unfortunate that there are not more English turkeys available to meet the demand. Losses among young turkeys were heavy this year, but probably more birds were reared. The prices that farmers are making are rather higher than a year ago, ranging from 1s. 5d. to 1s. 7d. per lb. live weight.

Milk Supplies

Milk yields have fallen off heavily in the last few weeks. Many farmers will say that they never remember their cows milking so badly. This is due largely to the indifferent quality of the hay made this year following on the wet summer and autumn, which can have done the cows no good. The result of this reduction in output is that supplies for the fresh milk market are decidedly short. Yet, at the same time, thousands of gallons of milk are going into manufacture at a low price. This is an absurd anomaly. Apparently the factory buyers were allowed to buy freely at the beginning of the year, and they now insist on keeping the supplies coming to them. The price they pay is averaging about 7d. a gallon compared with the 1s. 5d. a gallon which the liquid market is ready to pay. Surely the Milk Marketing Board should have foreseen this position, and reserved, in the interests of their own producers and consumers, a proportion of the manufacturers' supplies which could, if needed in the winter, be diverted to the liquid market.

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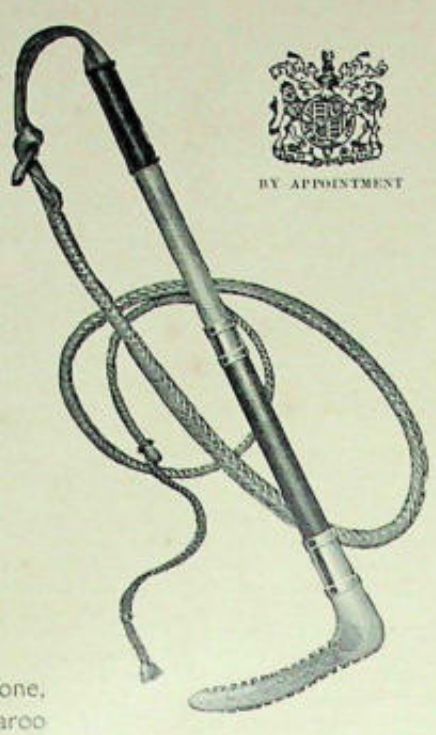

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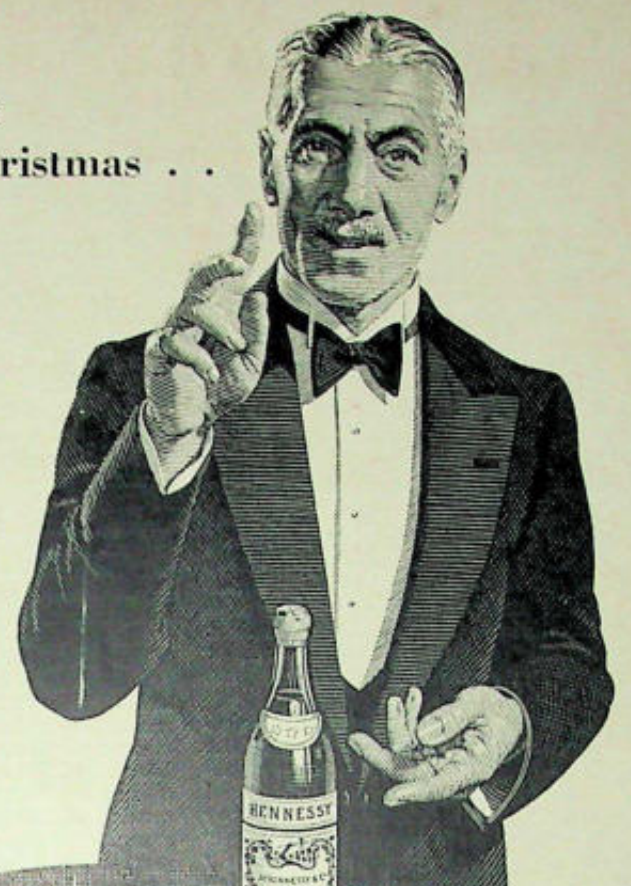

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TRAVELLING REPRESENTATIVE DETAILS UPON APPLICATION

REDWORM IN HORSES

By IVAN W. PARNELL

Lecturer in the Institute of Parasitology, McGill University, Canada

(From investigations conducted with financial assistance of the National Research Council of Canada)

IN these modern days, when applied veterinary science has abolished most of the great epizootic diseases of horses in Great Britain, few people realise the enormous amount of damage being done by worms of various descriptions. It is safe to say, indeed, that more damage is done to horses by worms than by all the other causes of disease combined.

There are many different kinds of worms living parasitically within our stock; no animal is free from them, but none suffers more than the horse. These worms are in no way related to the earth worms of the soil, the lug worms of the fisherman or the cut worms of our crops. In fact, they have no well-known free-living relations. Those parasitic in horses are generally classified as round-worms or flat-worms; the latter being subdivided into tapeworms and flukes.

The flat-worms of the horse are relatively unimportant. Two species of tapeworms occur in the United Kingdom, one in the small, and one in the large intestine. Both of these are quite small forms. That in the small intestine is probably completely harmless although the somewhat larger species found in the large intestine quite frequently causes small ulcers. If the formed droppings which are passed by a horse have any fresh blood on their outer surface the animal from which they came probably harbours some tapeworms in its large intestine.

The round worms of horses are very much more important. The most easily seen is a large, yellowish, round worm—sometimes a foot long—which is often passed in the droppings. It does not appear to cause much trouble in the animal, although undoubtedly it must interfere with the development of foals and young horses generally.

More serious and more common is the pin-worm, a whitish, round-worm with a long pointed tail, which is often seen in the animal's droppings. When it is living in the large intestine it is doubtful if this form causes very much trouble, but it has a peculiar method of egg-laying which produces quite a severe skin irritation. Most worms lay eggs continuously while they are living inside the animal. This species, however, retains the eggs in the body of the female until she is gravid, then she (herself) leaves the intestine and deposits her eggs—all at once—on a few inches of the skin around the horse's tail. These eggs are covered with a very sticky fluid, which causes itchiness and makes the horse nervous and irritable. The itchiness is often so extensive that the hair is completely rubbed off the skin around the tail by the horse attempting to reduce the irritation.

All these forms are relatively unimportant compared with that group of small round worms known variously as Sclerostomes, Red-worms or Palisade worms. About 40 species of these are known in horses, donkeys and mules. Some are about 2in. long, others are almost microscopic; all live as adults in the large intestine where some feed on the lining of the intestine, others feed on its contents, while others are actually cannibalistic. The sexes are separate and the females lay eggs—microscopic, thin-shelled bodies which pass out in an unhatched condition with the animal's droppings.

Provided the droppings remain moist (as they always do in ordinary circumstances), and provided the atmospheric temperature does not fall below 50deg. F., minute larvæ develop within the eggs (one to each egg), and in due course break the shell and move about freely within the droppings. They feed on bacteria and other material which they find there, and grow and moult. After moulting they resume their feeding, and in due course moult a second time, about a week after the eggs first reach the exterior. On this second occasion, however, they do not escape from the cast skin, but retain it as a protective sheath. This prevents their feeding and they remain in this stage until they are able to gain admission to another horse. This stage, in consequence, is called "the infective stage," because it alone is capable of carrying infection to a new animal. It gains admission to its host by being swallowed in the food, and until it is swallowed by one of the horse family cannot develop further. If, for example, it is eaten by a cow or sheep it is digested just as any other food would be. Once within the horse, the protective sheath is thrown off and the young worm continues to develop.

This parasitic development depends to some extent upon the particular species of red-worm. Some migrate extensively all over the body, and young worms have been found in practically all parts of the animal. One species is very commonly found in the large blood-vessels serving the intestine There their presence causes a blood clot to form which interrupts the blood supply, and is a very common cause of colic.

This particular worm is so common that it is rare to find at a post-mortem examination a horse which does not show some alteration of these blood-vessels. Other red-worms do not migrate so extensively and many, particularly the small forms, simply burrow into the lining of the intestine where they form tiny cysts about the size of a pin's head. During these migrations further development takes place, and ultimately the worm returns in all cases to the large intestine, where it settles down to develop to maturity and produces more eggs.

There are several important principles involved in this life cycle which have a general application to worm disease in our stock animals. Firstly, the worms are all more or less specific; horse worms will develop in no animals other than those of the horse family; pig worms will seldom develop in animals other than pigs, and so on. Secondly, no worm is capable of multiplying within the body of its host; one young worm taken in in the food will become one adult worm, and one adult worm only. Thirdly, all young stages of these worms must leave the host before they can develop further, and in the case of the forms found in the British Isles do so in the animal's droppings. Fourthly, a certain essential development must take place outside of the body before they can re-enter the same, or another host. This not only takes a certain minimum time, which is quite constant for each species, but must go through a certain definite series of stages. Finally, no alteration of the life cycle can take place; the worm must go through the various stages of development.

These general principles are of very great importance, as they not only explain how disease caused by worms occurs, but how it can be prevented. The next article will discuss this point in detail.

(To be continued.)

FIELD TRIALS

RETRIEVERS AT MARGAM CASTLE

ON December 9th and 10th the Retriever Championship Trials were held at Margam Castle, Port Talbot, the property of Captain A. Talbot Fletcher, an estate where a most thorough test can be given to dogs who qualify to run, thereby having a more or less high reputation to keep up.

In contrast to the greater part of England, which was fogbound, the swamps and marshes at Margam, over which the trials were held, were bathed in sunshine, and it is difficult to paint the picture of that glorious place in words suitable to the occasion. A superabundance of game of all kinds, duck, snipe, pheasants and ground game, was provided for the most successful championship meeting ever held.

The one fly in the ointment, and a nasty one, too, was the thought of the possibility that one day this fascinating place may be taken over by the Air Ministry for a bombing station. This would indeed be a calamity to what is now nothing more than a wildfowl sanctuary, most strictly preserved by Captain Fletcher, where flocks of white-fronted geese from Siberia arrive in their hundreds each autumn, to feed undisturbed on the marshes alongside the main Great Western Railway, where they can easily be seen by the passengers. Can nothing be done to save this unique estate?

It was on this ground, which had been specially reserved, that the trials were held, where every preparation had been made by Captain Fletcher for the comfort of all who cared to attend, and a large crowd took advantage of his kindness and hospitality. It was a masterpiece of organisation, a delightful experience for handlers and a perfect paradise for the three judges, Lord Vivian, Major Maurice Portal and Mr. Ernest Turner. The card was as follows:

Major T. C. Lucas's Y. L. d. *Hawkesbury Jupiter*, b. Jan. 10th, 1932; h., owner.
Mr. R. M. Willington's L. b. *Actress of St. Kierans*, b. Jan. 31st, 1933; h., owner.
Mr. R. Muir Wilson's F. C. R. b. *Windle Peggy*, b. March 9th, 1934; h., Mr. A. J. Pattle.
Mr. J. Eccles's G. R. d *Haulstone Brock*, b. March 25th, 1935; h., Mr. C. W. Greatorex.
Mr. Hugh Peacock's L. d. *Greatford Dancer*, b. Sept. 10th, 1934; h., Mr. Chas. Bowyer.
The Earl of Effingham's Y. L. d. *F.T. Ch. Ming*, b. July 9th, 1933; h., Mr. F. Clarke.
Mr. Reginald Corbet's L. d. *Adderley Tigh*, b. Dec. 29th, 1934; h., owner.
Mr. Hugh Peacock's L. b. *F. T. Ch. Greatford Quickstep*, b. Sept. 3rd, 1934; h., owner.
Lorna Countess Howe's L. d. *Ch. and F.T. Ch. Banchory Painter*, b. June, 1930; h., Mr. T. Gaunt.
Mr. Sydney C. G. Gold's Y. L. b. *Sienna*, b. Feb. 22nd, 1933; h., Mr. John Kent.
Mr. J. Arthur Rank's L. d. *Withington Nith*, b. May, 1933; h., Mr. W. C. Brunt.
Major J. A. St. G. F. Despencer-Robertson's L. b. *F.T. Ch. Quest of Wilbury*, b. March 9th, 1930; h., Mr. W. Buckell.
Mrs. L. G. Hartman's L. d. *Gimcrack Stain*, b. May 1st, 1933 h., Mr. R. MacDonald.
Mrs. H. H. Hextall's G. R. b. *F.T. Ch. Arishaya Lulu*, b. Feb. 26th, 1930; h., Mr. S. Westlake.
Mr. G. C. Wood Homer's L. b? *Black Druce*, b. May 27th, 1933; h., owner.
Mr. R. G. Heaton's L. b. *F.T. Ch. Cheverells Bustle*, b. May 23rd, 1934; h., Mr. R. Leach.
Miss K. L. Despencer-Robertson's L. b. *Painted Lady of Wilbury*, b. Jan. 9th, 1934; h., Mr. W. Buckell.
Captain F. G. Byng Stephens's L. b. *Blackhambleton Minnow*, b. Jan. 29th, 1932; h., owner.
Lorna Countess Howe's L. d. *Balmuto Hewildo*, b. Feb. 20th, 1932; h., Mr. T. Gaunt.
Mrs. P. F. Morris's L. b. *Lochar Nessie*, b. May 10th, 1933; h. Mr. T. Dinwoodie.

The winner turned up in a dog that had qualified at the Kennel Club Meeting, Balmuto Hewildo, belonging to Lorna Countess Howe, and handled by Gaunt. His owner has never failed to express the high opinion she has held of this one, and her views have been amply justified. He proved himself well worthy of the honour bestowed upon him, his work being fully up to best championship form, and though he surpassed anything he has previously accomplished there was not a vestige of fluke about it, and he is no doubt a very high-class performer. Withington Nith, the property of Mr. J. Arthur Rank, was running the winner very closely throughout the two days and put in some most excellent work, especially so on the first day, but on balance he had to give way to the other. They are both very smart dogs, quarter well and disturb no ground outside the necessary compass.

Equal third were Sienna and F.T. Ch. Cheverells Bustle. Whether the former would go as well for some other than her present guide, philosopher and friend is a moot point; she and Kent understand each other so well that they must make a most useful pair at any shoot. Sienna and Bustle between them find a lot of game, both are most painstaking, and they never tire. Bustle is one of the best broken in the stake, Leach having got her under beautiful control; he can turn her to any direction without the use of voice or whistle. Unfortunately she got a bit slovenly in her retrieving towards the end. She appears to have a lot of intelligence and revels in work. To be able to hold his own to the last in such a stake as this, and on such ground, speaks volumes for Dual Ch. Banchory Painter, now six-and-a-half years old—as honest a dog as ever lived and as genuine as ever, painstaking, persevering and quite the best marker of all of them. He was handled by his owner, Lady Howe, who must have been delighted with the show he put up. He was placed reserve.

Diplomas of merit were given to F.T. Ch. Ming, Actress of St. Kierans, Haulstone Brock and Lochar Nessie. ERNEST TURNER.

AT MERTON, NEAR WATTON

ON December 11th and 12th the Eastern Counties Spaniel Society held their nineteenth field trial meeting at Merton, near Watton. The judges were Mr. W. East and Mr. W. F. Perrée. The awards were as follows:

No. 1 (OPEN STAKE).—1st, Mr. G. Henriques's E. S. b. Chumal Peg-O'-My-Heart; 2nd, Lieutenant-General H.H. the Maharaja Dhiraj of Patiala's E. S. d. Bush Lad of Ware; 3rd, Mrs. J. G. Calvert's E. S. d. Bobble; 4th, Mrs. V. Berdoe Wilkinson's C. d. Patch of Silverlands. Reserve, Mr. S. C. Jones's E. S. d. Speck O'Vara. Certificates of merit: Mrs. V. Berdoe Wilkinson's C. d. Spider of Silverlands, Mrs. J. G. Calvert's E. S. b. Eromtew Juliana, Mr. E. White's E. S. b. Stalndrop Staybright.

No. 2 (NOVICE STAKE).—1st, Mr. S. C. Jones's E. S. d. Speck O'Vara; 2nd, Lieutenant-Colonel C. D. Horsley's E. S. b. Holefield Sally; 3rd, Mr. F. M. Prime's E. S. d. Wakes Wager; 4th, Mrs. J. G. Calvert's E. S. b. Eromtew Juliana. Reserve, Mr. J. Smart's E. S. d. Brookville Benjie. Certificates of merit: Major J. T. North's C. d. Flush of Silverlands, Mr. G. M. Sparrow's C. d. Rufus of Radleigh, Mrs. A. F. J. Hodges's E. S. b. Broomwood Byways, Lieutenant-Colonel G. P. Humphery's E. S. d. Nancy's Don O'Strad.

No. 3 (MEMBERS' STAKE).—1st, Mr. H. C. Cowles's C. d. Burnt Sugar; 2nd, Lieutenant-Colonel G. P. Humphery's E. S. d. Nancy's Don O'Strad; 3rd, Mr. C. McNeill's E. S. d. Hornet's Sting; 4th, Mr. J. Smart's E. S. d. Brookville Benjie. Reserve, Lieutenant-Colonel C. D. Horsley's E. S. b. Belt.

CHRISTMAS HOSPITAL APPEALS

At this season of the year the hospitals are making an appeal to the generous for help for the suffering. In the great work of fighting cancer the Royal Cancer Hospital, Fulham Road, London, S.W., is in urgent need of funds especially for extending the Research Institute, to find a means of combating this dread disease, and for modernising the wards. Sir Alfred Beit draws attention to the urgent needs of Guy's Hospital, London Bridge, S.E. Lord Nuffield, their treasurer, has promised £80,000 if the balance of the amount required, £500,000, is forthcoming. To help the work of the National Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, cheery little greeting stamps are being sold. They cost 6d. a dozen or 4/- a hundred, and may be obtained from the Secretary, Christmas Seal Sale, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, London, W.C. A large sum has still to be raised for the extension to the University College Hospital, which has to cope with an ever-increasing number of patients. Over 1,300 cases are treated daily.

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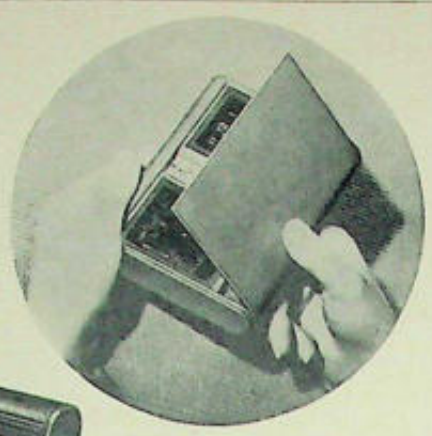

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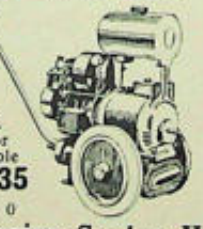

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"THE BEST QUALITY CAR IN THE WORLD"

Impressions of the Phantom III Rolls-Royce

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

OVER a long period of years the success which the Rolls-Royce factory have enjoyed is envied throughout the world, and the reputation which they have acquired is such that the very name of Rolls-Royce is recognised as representing the highest possible quality and perfection in engineering. A reputation of this nature is difficult to gain, and once acquired is still more difficult to retain, yet ever since the year 1909, when the name became well known and respected, the factory has forged ahead and has never had to look back once.

When we consider the enormous difficulties which every manufacturer has had to face, especially during the slump period shortly after the War and later during the financial crisis of 1931, it speaks wonders for the efficiency of the organisation at Derby that they have never had to call a halt.

Those who can cast their minds back to the beginning of this century will remember the names of many famous motor car factories on the Continent whose reputations at that period stood so high, but those names to-day are merely a memory of the past and have unfortunately long since faded into oblivion. Rolls-Royce, on the other hand, have passed from strength to strength.

We should therefore feel intensely proud that it is universally recognised that the world's best car is manufactured in this country.

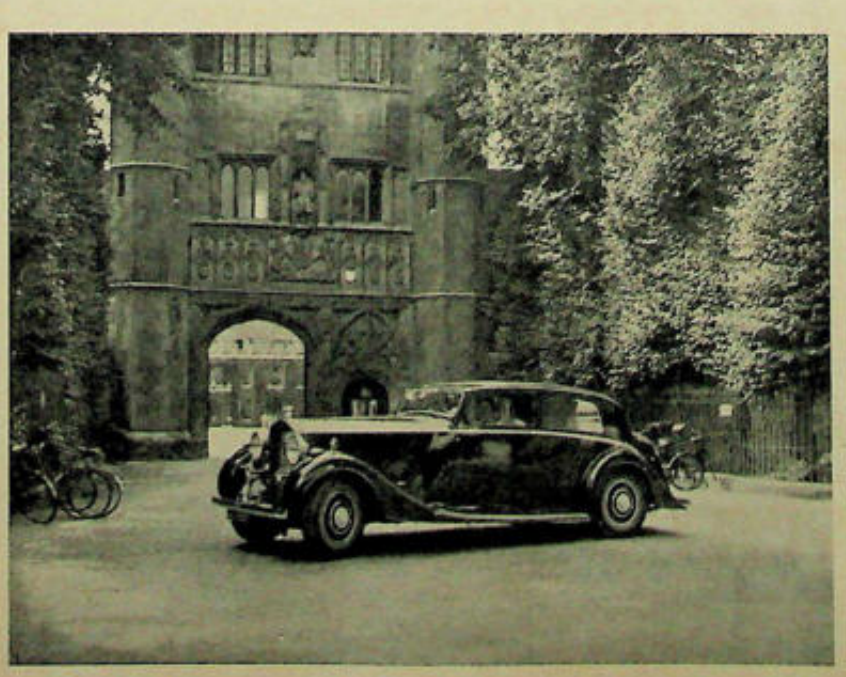
The early cars which the late Sir Henry Royce produced had two-cylinder engines and a few were built later with three-cylinder motors; then came the four-cylinder models which even at that period showed signs of being in a class by themselves. The first six-cylinder car was built in 1906 and from that model arose the famous Silver Ghost which was noted for its silence and smooth running.

From then onwards the factory have only turned out six-cylinder cars, and now, after 30 years from the Silver Ghost to the Phantom I and II, all wonderful cars in their day, we have the Phantom III, which is equipped with a twelve-cylinder engine.

Outwardly it is difficult to tell the difference between the very latest model and the Phantom II, but when it comes to an inward inspection, the difference is great, as the car has been completely re-designed.

Dealing first with the engine, the cylinders are V-shaped, arranged in two rows of six, set at an angle of 60 degrees to one another. The bore is 3¼in. and the stroke 4½in., the cubic capacity is 7,340 c.c., the R.A.C. rating 50.7 h.p. and the annual tax £34. Overhead valves are employed, and these are operated by push rods. The pistons are of a special alloy, and the cylinders have cast-iron liners. The head is of aluminium. Altogether there are 24 sparking plugs, since each cylinder has two.

The carburetter is of the Duplex down-draught type, and is placed in the centre of the two banks of cylinders. A single air intake with air cleaner is incorporated and special care has been taken to reduce to the minimum the sound made by the air entering the carburetter. An interesting system of lubrication is employed, as the oil after passing through the filter enters a cooling chamber and is then circulated through a relief valve. There are three different pressures to be maintained; the crankshaft and connecting rod bearings are fed at 50lb., the overhead valve rocker shafts at 10lb., and the timing wheels at 1¾lb., and these varying pressures are obtained by the oil passing through three different spring loaded release valves arranged in series.



THE PHANTOM III 40-50 H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE OUTSIDE TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

Flexible rubber mountings are used in attaching the engine to the main frame, thus eliminating vibration. The gearbox has the usual four speeds and reverse, second, third and top being synchro-mesh. The gear lever is arranged in such a manner on the right-hand side, that it does not in any way interfere with access to the driving seat, and the emergency brake lever, although in a very handy position, is also set out of the way for the same purpose.

One of the most important features of the Phantom III Rolls-Royce is the new independent front-wheel suspension. The wheels are carried at the outer end of a lever system of the wishbone type, controlled by helical springs, which are working in oil. The housing contains the shock damper and riding control mechanism.

The four-wheel brakes are servo operated and the pressures are arranged in such a way that slightly more than half the braking power is exerted on the rear wheels, with the consequence that it is practically impossible to lock the front wheels, even when the brakes are harshly applied. The petrol tank holding 33 gallons is fitted at the rear of the chassis and the fuel is fed to the carburetter by means of an electric duplex pump. Hydraulic jacks are fitted for both axles and are controlled by a hand pump which can be operated from the front seat. The wheelbase is shorter than that of the Phantom II and is now 11ft. 10in. The track is—front 5ft. .06in., rear 5ft. 2.6in. Ground clearance is 9in., and the weight of the complete car approximately 51cwt.

The price of the chassis has recently been increased by £50 and is now £1,900. The cost of the complete

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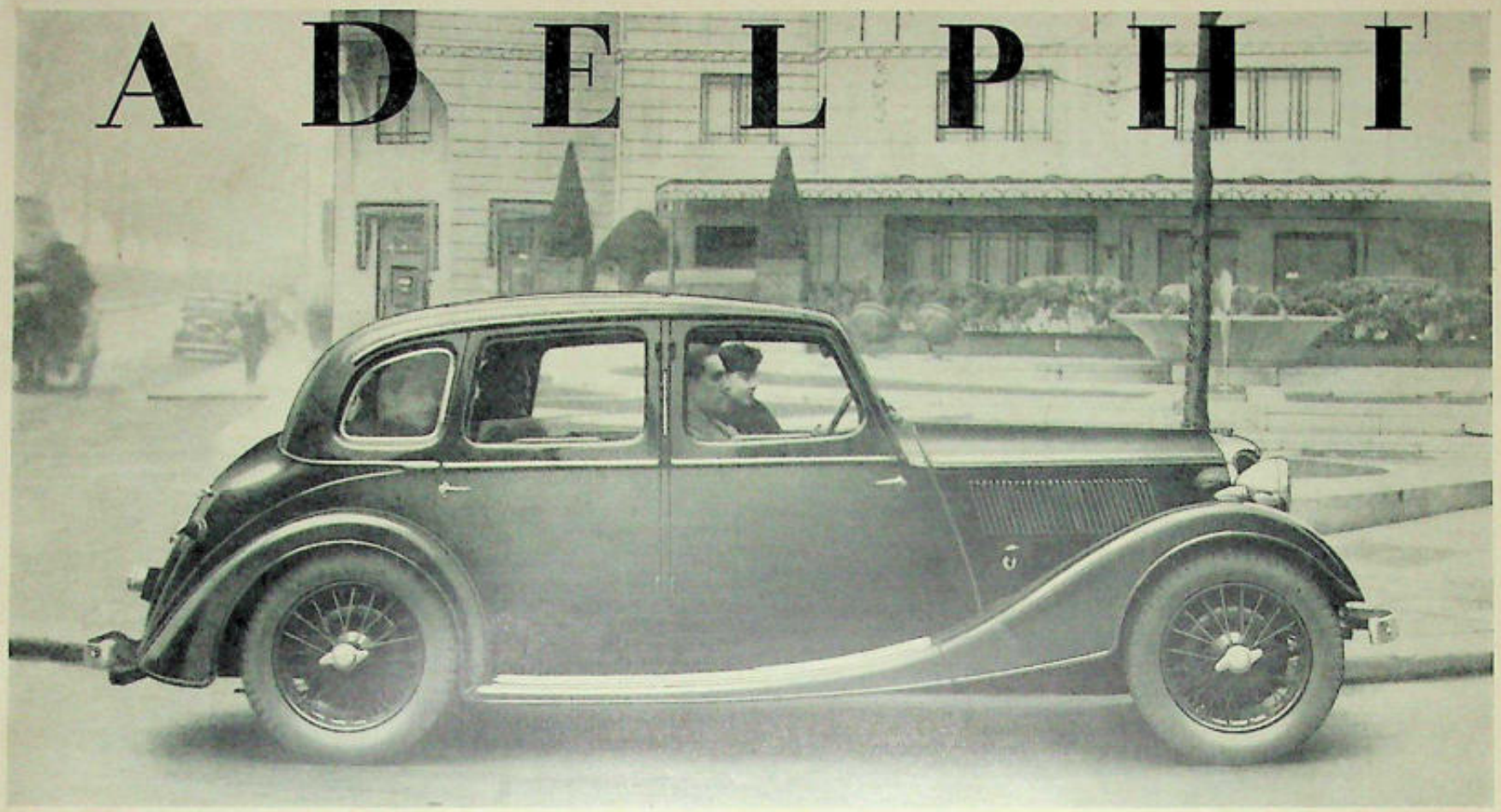

NO car is more admirably proportioned; few cars—and these only at a much higher price—possess such an outstanding all-round performance. Moreover, its part exchange value in a few years' time will be pleasurably high, and while that is perhaps an unusual way of advertising a car it is after all the best yardstick today's buyer can use. 1½ Litre £350. 6-cyl. 15 h.p. £380. Dunlop Tyres and Triplex Glass all round. Riley (Coventry) Limited, Coventry.

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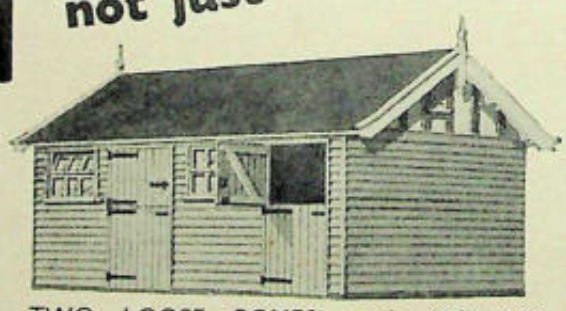

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vehicle depends on the type of coach-work selected, and varies from £2,600 for the limousine to £2,800 for the Sedanca de Ville.

It is difficult to describe one's feelings after handling a Phantom III for the first time, more especially is this so when the driver has had long and practical experience with all the earlier models manufactured by this famous firm.

The engine is quieter and very much more flexible than its forbears, and yet in the past I had thought that the Phantom II had attained perfection in so far as these two outstanding qualities were concerned. In acceleration the new car would leave the old models metaphorically standing still, and yet there is no noise, no vibration, and apparently no effort whatever. Then other outstanding features which become apparent to the driver immediately he handles this car for the first time are, the lightness of the steering and the perfect brakes and the vastly improved suspension.

The wheel is larger than that formerly used and the riding comfort which is now afforded to the passengers occupying the rear seats should be tried to be really appreciated. In regard to maximum speed, this is in the region of 95 m.p.h., but with this new model, 70 is so effortless that one might even say that it is its best cruising speed. A maximum of 75 m.p.h. on third gear is possible, and 45 m.p.h. on second speed.

Notwithstanding the very high maximum speed which can now be achieved, the engine is so flexible that it will virtually pull the car at a crawl on top gear without effort or snatch.

There are also minor modifications which should be mentioned, such as the four-wheel hydraulic jacks, the isolation of engine heat from the front seats, and a master switch which, when in the off position, completely cuts off all the lamps, horn, ignition and the electric starter.

The factory are to be congratulated upon introducing an entirely new model which is so advanced in design, and which, without a shadow of doubt, will be acclaimed by all as "the best quality car in the world" to-day.

BY RAIL AND AIR

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PUTTING THE AIR "ON THE AIR"

Radio's Part in Making Flying Familiar

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

WIRELESS telegraphy and telephony and aviation have grown up hand in hand, and it is not surprising that these, man's newest means of communication, should have contributed not a little to each other's progress. The operation of present-day commercial flying would be impossible without radio, while it is no exaggeration to say that new developments in wireless engineering have been stimulated by the growing and special needs of aircraft.

But radio is helping not only directly in the advance of aviation: it has done some good work, through the medium of broadcasting, in making the general public familiar with flying, and there can be no doubt that it will, in the future, do much more. Air matter has been a feature of the B.B.C. programmes for years past; the commentary on the R.A.F. Display, for example, being one of the oldest-established events in the broadcasting year. Latterly, too, there has been a noticeable increase in the amount of aviation programmes put on the air—a development that all who realise how vitally important public education in air affairs is will welcome.

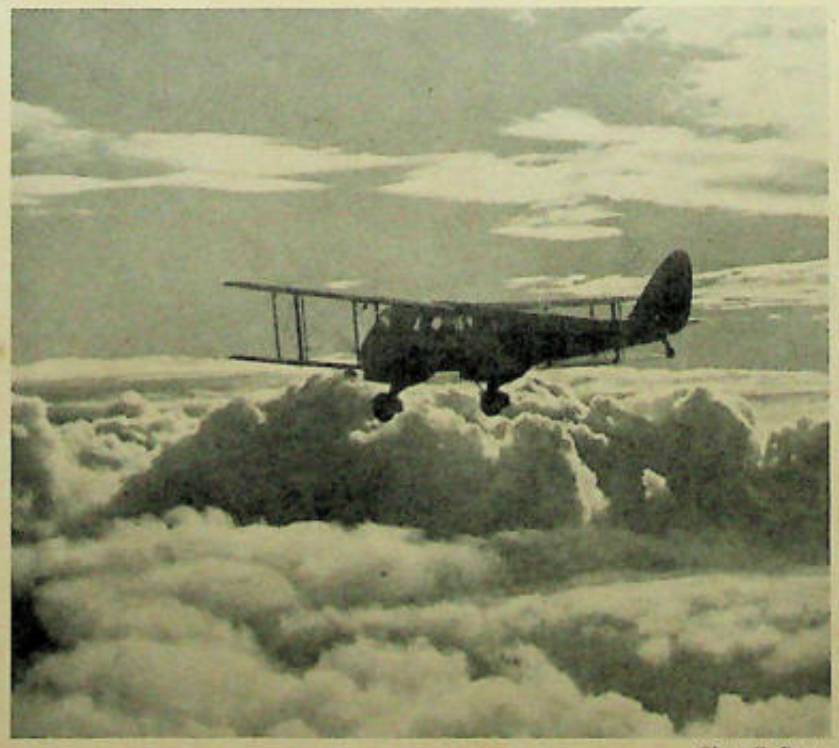
Feature programmes of the so-called "actuality" kind are, of course, those most impressive to the average listener who has no initial interest in aviation. How the other man works is always a subject of interest; and illustrations in sound of the airways at work and of the routine at Royal Air Force stations—both of which have been treated during the past twelve months—appeal by their definite entertainment and interest value. They give a new insight into things as they are and the problems that have to be faced, and thus do much to clear away the fog of false information that, unfortunately, tends to gather around flying as a whole.

Talks, too, if given by speakers of eminence are also highly valuable. The *Conquest of the Air* series of broadcasts given last spring covered a very wide field and brought to the microphone a number of experts, both British and foreign, who discussed special problems from their own particular angle. No less outstanding in its way was the series given some time ago by Mr. Filson Young on *Growing Wings*—talks that sketched in the experiences of an ordinary man in learning to fly. Many who had been hesitating about their fitness to learn must have had their doubts dispelled by this frank and personal account.

From the propaganda standpoint—using the term in its widest sense—the emphasis placed on aviation in the news bulletins and in such regular programme features as *The World Goes By* are specially valuable, because they bring air topics to the notice of those who might not tune in to specific air features announced as such. A word of praise might, too, be given to accounts introduced into the news on special air events, such as, for example, the motor-less flying competitions and air races.

One criticism may perhaps be urged against the present policy; too much stress seems to be laid upon accidents to aircraft. Mishaps of all kinds in all parts of the world seem very often to receive quite undue prominence; the effect cannot be but to raise unnecessary doubts in the public mind of the safety of air travel.

Taken all round, then, aviation seems to be receiving a fair share of attention in our radio programmes, but that does not mean that the field has been completely tilled. Far from it. We are, as yet, some distance behind America in the importance attached to aviation broadcasts, and there is still to some extent a suggestion of dealing with the unusual when air topics are discussed. So far the intimacy and inevitability of the subject does not appear to have been successfully treated; the public is still led to believe that aviation is something strange instead of an integral part of contemporary life.



Chas. E. Brown

SILHOUETTE IN THE CLOUDS
A liner of the British Continental Airways on the way from Paris to London

INVENTOR OF THE AUTOGYRO
Senor Juan de la Cierva who was killed in the Dutch Air Liner which crashed at Croydon last week

Yet radio can do a great deal to make flying familiar to the public. It can bring the most intimate details of aviation into the home of the man in the street. To some extent, of course, it is already doing so. To take but one recent example, the talk by Squadron-Leader Swain in the news bulletin on the day of his making the new height record cannot have failed to make the achievement much more real to those to whom the bald announcement had little or no significance.

It is in ways like this that radio could be of inestimable value in providing that familiarity with aviation which is so essential in the interests of sound progress. Through the microphone, the public can be introduced to the men who are actually doing the day-to-day work of the airways, the clubs, and the Royal Air Force. They can learn how, to these people, flying is just a normal day's work with no special glamour, no special risk, no special thrill. In this way, the essential place of aviation in modern life can be brought out far more convincingly than by any amount of sensational treatment.

In many ways, broadcasting has already opened the eyes of the average citizen to the romance of services he takes for granted; the work of the Post Office, the Meteorological service, the cable ships, and the Underground railways to name but four, has been demonstrated convincingly. Flying has had its share in these, and it is right that it should. What is needed to-day above all else is a clear recognition among the people at large that aviation has long since passed the experimental stage, that it is as much a part of our national life as the railways and the Merchant Service. Radio can help towards that recognition more than any other factor, even than the cinema, for it comes direct to the listener's fireside and arouses his interest under the most favourable conditions.

DEER SHOOTING IN NEW CALEDONIA

A Backwater of the Pacific

By R. L. CRIVELLI

THE Residency of New Caledonia has a fine garden, with banyans, flamboyants, vines and palms, and a governor of the island, years ago, provided a finishing touch by importing half a dozen deer, to browse peacefully beneath the trees. They throve and multiplied, and eventually a number were turned loose to fend for themselves in the bush. This they did so successfully that they are about as popular in New Caledonia as the rabbit in Australia! In the secure shelter of the 100-mile chain of rugged mountains which forms the backbone of the island, and of the narrow valleys filled with a tangle of thorns and brushwood, their numbers grew and the toll which they levied on the crops was ever increasing.

WAITING TO SHARE IN THE DAY'S BAG

A study of facial expression reminiscent, apart from the absence of the cheerful individual, of "Who's been at my Eno's?"

They became such a serious pest that every opportunity was taken of destroying them, and until recently the Government gave free ammunition to settlers for the purpose. Now, in the more closely settled southern half of the island, the pest is fairly well under control, but sufficient remain to provide good sport. It is the roughest of shooting, far removed from the classical forms of deer-stalking, and the tropic sun does not make matters any easier. But the hard work adds a certain zest to the pursuit.

My first experience of it was of setting out with a party from the town of Noumea one morning by car, about two hours before sunrise. After a drive of some 30 miles, we swung off the main road on to a narrow track which wound through the "niaouli"—eucalypt—scrub, which eventually brought us to the wattled hut of a professional hunter, whose extremely simple wants were met by the sale of hides, and occasionally meat, at Noumea. He clambered into the back of the car with three mongrel hounds, which were extremely mistrustful of us, but became all eager excitement at the sight of our rifles. We drove on another five miles through the ashen eucalyptus scrub, over low rolling hills, while the sky began to pale swiftly behind the jagged line of peaks of the central ranges, which lay about ten miles away.

Our drive ended at another wattled dwelling, this one somewhat more pretentious, in that it was divided into four rooms, and boasted a verandah. The three joint owners grew a few vegetables and possessed large numbers of pigs, chickens and goats, all of which wandered freely in and out of the house. The chief occupations of the owners, however, were hunting, fishing and loafing.

The day was now fairly breaking, so, reinforced by another half-dozen eager dogs, we made haste to climb the slippery grass slopes of the nearest spurs, before the deer should seek refuge from the sun in the inaccessible main ranges. By the time we reached the top of the first ridge I was glad of a check to admire the view, and take breath. On the one hand, beyond a stretch of rolling timbered country, the sun was rising above the mountains; on the other lay the Pacific, with a white line of surf breaking on the barrier reef five miles from shore.

Now began something like a large-scale rabbit drive. A tangle of steep grassy ridges ran up to higher hills covered with casuarina scrub. Members of the party posted themselves at strategic points, while the dogs plunged into the brambles and guava bushes which filled the bottoms of the narrow gullies. Presently I espied a buck stealing quietly up the opposite slope, and fired, but the gully was not so narrow as it looked, and the bullet struck somewhere between his feet, causing him to give a great leap and make off with long swift strides. Almost at the same moment a crack from the long Lee-Enfield of one of the hunters marked a successful shot at another buck which came bursting out of the brushwood at the lower end of the valley. It was quickly gralloched and slung by a pole from the shoulders of two of the party.

Further on, after a blank period, we climbed to the casuarina scrub, which suddenly seemed to be full of deer. Frantic yelpings from the mongrel dogs and heavy crashes, and an occasional shot from close at hand, indicated that there were deer on the move, but the timber was so dense that I could see nothing. I made all the haste I could, but the rough steep ground, the twisted roots, and an occasional belt of prickly aloes, made progress difficult. One member of the party almost walked in to the hind-quarters of a deer which was expecting danger from the opposite direction. It would be hard to say which was the more startled, but the man did not fire his rifle.

This type of shooting was like shooting rabbits in a patch of long grass—fast work, but soon over. Later I was staying at a cattle station near the mountains, and sunrise usually found me working quietly up the spurs of Mt. Ouitchambo, towards certain small plateaux which were much in favour with the deer in the early morning. My black henchman, who rejoiced in the very inappropriate name of Hilary, and who often accompanied me, had keen eyes for a faint brown patch moving up the hillside in the morning mist. Quickly getting under cover, we would work our way up a parallel gulley, as fast as the thickets would permit. Then I climbed on all fours to the crest of the ridge, coming out under the shelter of some tree at a point which commanded the slopes of the next gully—only to find, in most cases, that the deer had disappeared. But occasionally there was all the thrill of seeing three or four of them still standing quietly close at hand. When startled they usually made off into the rocky summit where I could not follow, but sometimes they went downhill and, watching from above, one might see a buck go for a mile or so across the rolling plain, and then stand and look back. If he was satisfied that he had shaken off the pursuit, he would vanish quietly into the long grass and, by noting the spot, one could often work up to it and find him again. Then he would rise from the grass almost under one's feet, like a hare, and unless checked by a swift snap shot, he was out of sight over the first rise in a second.

Again, he might make for the timbered slopes and, once out of sight, double back and lie out in the five-foot "blue grass" a mile or so further on. Then, by careful tracking, combined with surmise and luck, one might come up with him once more, but I must confess that I only once succeeded in thus finding my beast a second time.

Scrambling over rocks and through brambles was no light work, but by way of variety there were wild pig occasionally to be met with in the bush, also pigeon and flying foxes, these last much beloved of the Javanese boys of the station, to whom meat was something of a luxury.

ON THE COASTAL ROAD IN NEW CALEDONIA

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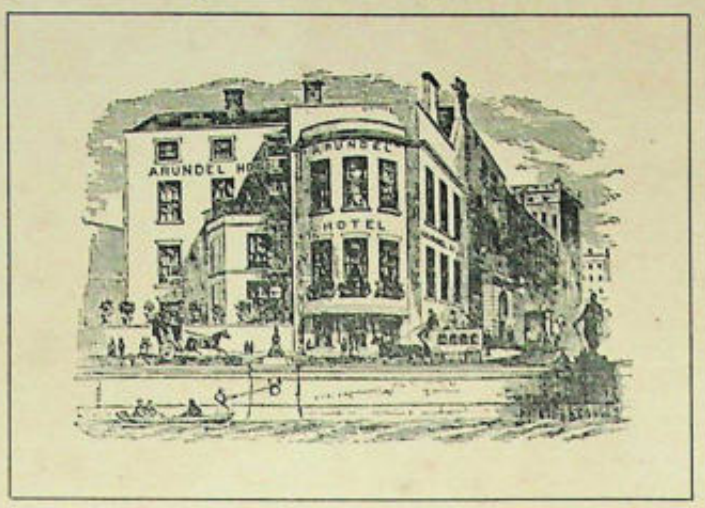
By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE



THE ARUNDEL HOTEL BEFORE REBUILDING IN 1884

IT is undoubtedly true to say that many people have gone up and down Arundel Street—probably to and from the Temple Station—nearly every day for years during the "rush hours" and never once realised that in their progress from one end of the street to the other they have passed one of London's oldest and most historic hotels. This, of course, is the Arundel Hotel, the site of which, for six centuries or more, has been a centre of hospitality.

It is known that as far back as 1331 there stood there the town house of the Bishop of Bath and Wells, which, like so many houses of the great, bore the name of "inn"—the Bishop's Inn, to wit. It is worth recalling that in those days London was a walled-in city and only clergy lived outside its walls. The forward-flowing tide of time, however, gradually made it safe for laymen to live outside the City walls, and the nobles chose for their places of residence the vicinity of what is now Victoria Embankment. Hence Somerset House, Northumberland House, Essex House—of which the former is now world famous—perhaps some will think "notorious"—in other connections.

About the middle of the sixteenth century the "Inn" of the Bishop of Bath and Wells passed into the possession of the Howards, whose head was the Earl of Arundel—a title now held by the Duke of Norfolk. The association of the Howard family with this part of London is well illustrated by the names of the adjacent streets—Howard, Norfolk, Surrey and Arundel. Arundel House, as the former episcopal house was called upon acquisition by its new owner, must have been a fine dwelling in those old days, both from the point of view of its comfort and its size. It is on record, indeed, that the site extended from Strand Lane to Milford Lane.

Arundel House had many historic associations before it was demolished towards the end of the seventeenth century. Here stayed Thomas Parr when he was 150 years of age, and later John Evelyn. Legend tells us, too, that the measures to be taken to meet the menace of the Spanish Armada were discussed at Arundel House—a belief probably not ill-founded when we remember the all-important part played by Lord Howard of Effingham in frustrating the designs of Philip of Spain.

It is also said that William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, was associated with Arundel House in its early days. Its position on the bank of the Thames afforded an escape by water from undesirable callers. By means of a spy-hole in the front door Penn was able to assess the desirability or otherwise of callers, and many of his creditors were thus kept waiting on the doorstep in vain.

Upon the demolition of Arundel House towards the end of the eighteenth century, Arundel Street came into being on its site. A little later an hotel was constructed at the foot, which, as old records show, had traditions associated with it of more than passing interest. Charles Dickens wrote: "Among the best and finest hotels, special reference should be made to the Arundel on the Victoria Embankment, at the foot of Arundel Street, Strand."

In 1884 that building made way for the present structure, and it is pleasant to find at the hotel to-day—especially now that "hustle" is the watchword and speed so often the one consideration—that comfort and efficiency are not incompatible with the preservation of the quietude of an earlier time, and that a stay at the Arundel makes the days of the Tudors seem not so far away. But you cannot live on historical atmosphere alone, and side by side with many reminders of a more leisured age you will find amenities of which the Tudors never dreamed, while all the time just near your bedroom window "Old Father Thames keeps rolling along," just as it rolled when Royal barges passed along it from Westminster to the City of London.

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WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

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A COUNCIL OF WAR

Mr R E Field-Marsham, the Master of the Bicester and Warden Hill, talking to his first whipper-in, when hounds met at Middleton Cheney

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FIELD
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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

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MOUNT EVEREST AND THE FUTURE

IN this issue we give details of some outstanding mountaineering feats of the year. Far the most remarkable of them all has been the ascent of Nanda Devi. The news of this achievement must have astonished all Himalayan mountaineers, for, although the attacking party was exceptionally strong, with a wide experience of climbing in various parts of the world, Nanda Devi had not only been proved by Shipton and Tilman to be the most formidable in regard to the fantastic difficulty of its approaches, but the final precipices and ridges have always presented a most forbidding appearance of utter inaccessibility.

Moreover, to climb during the monsoon, as the successful party has done, is a revolutionary innovation. Hitherto the cloudy weather and heavy snowfall has been considered prohibitive, although it is true the temperature is milder, and there is less wind. Inevitably, therefore, this remarkable ascent in the rainy season of a great peak that is more exposed to the monsoon than Everest has started the idea that Everest might be equally vulnerable at the same time of year. This seems doubtful, however, for Shipton's reconnaissance showed that in 1935, at any rate, the state of the snow above 23,000ft. was everywhere dangerously unstable.

Be that as it may, the assailants of Nanda Devi have accomplished something more than a successful ascent, for, by the example of their brilliant conduct of this expedition, they have given the *coup-de-grace* to recent methods of campaigning on Everest, and the over-organised expeditions that have attacked Everest during the last few years will probably never set out again.

In the light of a long series of Himalayan experiences, and of the Nanda Devi party's experience in particular, it is evident that the immense scale of recent Everest enterprises is no longer necessary. Mr. Shipton's relatively small reconnaissance party in 1935 which, in respect of the extraordinary number of peaks that it ascended, was the most successful expedition that ever visited the Himalayas, has been another eye-opener, and it is now estimated that the expenses of an Everest venture can actually be halved or perhaps even more drastically reduced. The situation has indeed changed. Now that the Royal Geographical Society can hardly be expected to give such active support as in the past to a project that has become exclusively a question of mountaineering, the future rests with the Alpine and Himalayan Clubs, who will have to decide whether to take over the responsibility for the smaller type of expedition that is now contemplated.

Apart from the difficulty of obtaining permission from Tibet, and of financing the undertaking, only one prohibitive obstacle can conceivably intervene, and that is the question whether the smaller type of expedition will exercise demoralising effects upon the local inhabitants as the big expeditions are said to have done. From this point of view it is within the bounds of possibility that even the smallest expedition might prove unjustifiable, and if so there would unfortunately be no alternative but to co-operate with the Tibetans in maintaining a sanctuary round Everest in order, if possible, to keep it free for ever from the profaning presence of repeated expeditions. Even so, such an uncompromising ending of all our hopes need not cause any bitterness in our regrets, for thenceforward Mount Everest would remain an inviolate memorial to the men who lost their lives in the contest for a great ideal.

METHODS OF FIELD TRIALS

CHRISTMAS-TIME, with its holiday gap during which neither printing nor publishing is possible, brings many difficulties to weekly newspapers, and among them the necessity for going to press a long time before the date of publication as printed on a particular copy. To-day's *Field*, for example, dated December 26th, actually went to press on Friday last, December 18th. This accounts for the fact, which otherwise might seem puzzling to some of our readers, that it has not been possible to publish in to-day's issue several letters which reached us last week on the subject of methods in use at field trials, and which will be published in our issue of January 2nd.

AN INCREDIBLE SUGGESTION

It is the rule of the *Field*, in dealing with questions at issue, to publish letters written from different points of view, whether or not the views expressed may be in accordance with the opinion of the *Field* itself. In our issue of December 12th we published a letter from Sir Walter Windham, dealing with methods of field trials, which will doubtless be subject to criticism from other writers. We feel that it is only right, however, to dissociate ourselves as emphatically as possible from any sort of approval of one recommendation which Sir Walter Windham makes in his letter, which is that in order to equalise the chances of competing retrievers, they should be asked to "retrieve a live partridge or pheasant either from a potato, mangel or swede crop (a severe test) and" Sir Walter Windham goes on to suggest, "for this purpose winged birds should be put down, so that every dog has the same chance." It is difficult to believe that such a suggestion can be seriously made. No judge at field trials would countenance such cruelty, and no owner of grounds on which field trials were held would allow such a proceeding to be even discussed as possible. Runners there must be at field trials, as in an ordinary day's shooting, but judges try to have such birds retrieved as quickly as possible. That they should of purpose subject "winged birds" to being chased and caught by dogs is unthinkable.

HAMMOND'S NEW RECORD

Records come and go in cricket, but surely none has ever been more welcome to English cricketers than the new one made by Hammond in scoring his fourth hundred in Test matches on the Sydney ground, thus surpassing Victor Trumper, who scored three. Players sometimes find certain grounds luckier than others, and the fact that Hammond has made a hundred each time he has appeared in a Test match at Sydney, gives colour to the superstition. But luck plays as small a part in Hammond's batting as it does in Bradman's. For some reason no one has yet been able to explain why he has done much better in Australia than in England, and it is a remarkable point that of eight centuries he has made in Test matches against Australia seven of them have been scored in Australia. The present tour may well be written down as his greatest achievement, for seldom before has one English batsman been more predominant than he has been this time.

BRILLIANCE AT A CRISIS

More pleasing to us even than Hammond's record has been his ability to rise to the occasion at a crisis. Time after time the failure of the English opening pair has thrown the burden of responsibility chiefly on Hammond's shoulders, though he has often had Leyland's support, and at Sydney once again he had to face the Australian attack after the loss of the first wicket at 27. Everyone must sympathise with the misfortunes of Fagg, for on English wickets he proved the strength of his defence last season. But the fact remains that G. O. Allen seems to be saddled with a permanent uncertainty about his opening pair, with Wyatt, the player most likely to solve the problem, unavailable through injury. Only a Test captain knows the worry of such a position, and while it persists we cannot view the remaining Tests with complete confidence.

On the other hand, the more one hears about the Australian bowling the greater must be the conviction that the English side has the better resources in bowling—and in bowling that is allied with batting. It may well be that England's better equipment of all-rounders will turn the table in our favour in the end.

WITHOUT COMMENT

Some hints for English hunting from New York which merit more space than usual in this column:

"If you're one of the millions who think fox-hunting is a sissy's sport, our solemn warning is you are tally-hoing up the wrong valley. . . .

"After the 'Master of the Hunt' has observed you on a few hunts and decides you have the form, riding ability and the qualities of a true gentleman and figures you deserve the honour of joining the hunt, he'll come up to you in the bar or clubhouse, and say: 'I say, old fellow, how about turning out in pink next time.'

"When he says that you're a real foxy fox-hunter. You can go out and spend a few hundred dollars for a real outfit.

"In riding to hounds, the Master of the Hunt is the boss. He's always addressed as 'Mister' So-and-So, never as Joe or Charlie. When addressing the Master of the Hunt, you must tip your hat. Female members of the party are supposed to remain silent. Some wags say the rule against women talking is the one big secret of the success of fox-hunting.

"The Master of the Hunt always rides ahead, takes the jumps first and generally runs the Hunt. You can always tell the Master. He wears a cap whereas the others wear silk hats or toppers. Attached to the back of all headpieces are little black ribbon bows. All bows turn down save that of the Master. That one turns up. The huntsman is second in charge of the party. He is in charge of the hounds and is usually English-trained and born. He's overseer of the hounds, trains them and handles them afield.

"Always refer to the pack as 'hounds,' not 'dogs' or 'pooches.' They are always referred to as 'pairs.' For example, if there are 31 hounds in the pack, you say 'fifteen pairs and one.'"

SAVED FOR THE NATION

In looking back on 1936 the National Trust can claim to have had a very good year. Many fine stretches of country have been preserved for the nation through generous donations, through Trust purchases, and through appeals to the public. From Mr. C. V. Thomas has come the magnificent gift of nearly five miles of unspoilt Cornish cliff land comprising 320 acres at the northern end of the sands of St. Ives Bay, from the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company four-and-a-half acres of cliff land between Polurrian and Poldhu and, as a result of public appeal, the Penstire Cliffs have been saved with 360 acres of farm land. In Surrey the Trust has acquired 20 acres of open ground adjoining Blackheath Common, purchased by Miss N. I. Ballantine-Dykes, and Margery Wood, Reigate, is now wholly owned, through the action of local residents and local authorities.

Miss Winifred Holiday has presented Paddock Wood in Kent, and put two farms under restrictive covenants; Pangbourne Meadow, Berkshire, has been saved as part of a scheme for preserving Thames scenery; Lord Runciman has given 55 acres of attractive coast land between Seahouses and Bamburgh; and Mrs. Graves, in memory of her husband, author of *Father O'Flynn*, among other ballads, has contributed ten acres of Harlech Woodland. All of this is welcome news to those who have the interests of the National Trust and the preservation of the countryside at heart.

SHOOTING WEATHER

There are so many sides to the shooting world that one feels that it cannot possibly be global, and this inevitably means that it is indeed an ill-wind that blows nobody any birds. The wild and frosty weather of last week brought in the early fowl to the saltings, and the in-shore waters, even if it was the despair of keepers at the more mannered covert shoots. But, then again, it made birds that are normally easy seem impossibly tall. It helped the wary old cocks whose destruction is now the order of the day, and it drove rabbits carefully ferreted beforehand back into their burrows. The rain and frost and wind combined also had a curious effect on those who had the temerity to drive partridges in December. It made the birds easier to put over the guns for those who had studied one of the essentials of partridge driving—considering the wind irrespective of preconceived ideas about stands. And it made the partridges themselves, instead of being wild as one would expect, sit remarkably close before the beaters.

CHRISTMAS ON THE RIVER BANK

If it is true that pleasure lies largely in a sense of contrast, there is much to be said for the man who spends some part of his Christmas holiday by the bank of a stream. Neither trout nor salmon, if is true, is available, but the pike fisher prizes any day with clear water in December, and grayling are still fair game and offer a less chilly pastime than most other freshwater fish, for gloves can be worn without unduly impeding the fly fisherman. It is curious how indifferent to cold weather the winter olive seems to be, for even a snowstorm fails, on occasion, to damp its ardour for an aerial existence. A day spent in the rustling hoar-frost of the river's bank, with the tingling sense of well-being that the thrum of a well-hooked fish produces, is the best of all preparations for a Christmas fireside.

A SONGLESS MONTH

Seldom can a year have drawn to a close with so little of the song of birds in fields and woods. On a quiet and sunny day in December in an average year we may expect to hear larks above the wet plough, song thrush and missel thrush in the orchard and from the hedgerow elm, hedgesparrow in the brushwood, wren on the garden paling, and perhaps the woodpigeon crooning among the oaks. But December this year has been silent. It is the wind, doubtless, that has shut down the song; and the wind, too, has provided an unusual feature of weather. Comparatively few trees have been blown down in the gales. Perhaps the weaklings among the elms and larches were all uprooted by the great storm of January, 1930.

DECEMBER

What's in the Market ?
The fruit of long labours,
Brought to perfection, decks proudly each stall.
Here, as for centuries past, country neighbours
Meet in the Square, by the old Market Hall.
Gift of the Common, the holly is glowing,
Gift of the Oak gleams the mistletoe's tear.
Time-honoured chorus, t'wixt coming and going
Runs : " Merry Christmas, and Happy New Year ! "

K. D.

PRESERVING THE SNIPE IN GREAT BRITAIN

Can Decreasing Stocks be Augmented ?

By J. B. DROUGHT

SAVE in the remoter areas of these islands and on certain well-preserved marshes, where their welfare is the subject of special attention, one does not hear of bags of snipe comparable to those which were more or less a commonplace a generation ago. Their gradual disappearance—for that is what it amounts to—is unquestionably due mainly to the steady reclamation of marshlands. Year by year new wells are sunk, new reservoirs constructed to meet the growing demands of industry, and in consequence the natural haunts of snipe and wildfowl are laid under contribution to supply the needs of cities perhaps a hundred miles away.

This is inevitable, for no limit can be set to progress. But in countless places, which so far have escaped commercial exploitation, we can trace snipe shortage to other causes. True, snipe are uncertain shifting birds, influenced in their goings out and comings in by subtle atmospheric changes. But, paradoxically enough, they cling tenaciously to spots that suit them. They may be abrupt in their departures, they may absent themselves for days and weeks together. But, as everyone who ever tended a snipe bog will agree, sooner or later they will return to those little spongy patches which, though the rest of the marsh be derelict, are never left untenanted. The trouble is these sanctuaries become yearly scarcer.

It is a curious fact that many people, who will labour cheerfully day in day out to the betterment of game stocks, regard snipe as erratic creatures, here to-day and gone to-morrow, and quite indifferent to their environment so long as it is wet. This, I suggest, is quite a mistaken view. It is not water in itself that attracts snipe, but the type of food which is to be found in spots of a spongy damp consistency. And the point so often forgotten is that the provision of such cannot be left entirely to nature. That one sees a good few birds in winter on a marsh is no criterion that a single one will nest there, unless and until the ground in point of food and cover is adapted to their liking.

I do not suggest that anyone with a 300-acre swamp may expect in a season or two to induce 50 snipe to nest where none have nested before. For one thing, the exposed or sheltered situation of a marsh, as well as its relative approximation to lines of flight, and its soil and vegetation, are all major factors in deciding its capacity for holding birds. But I do maintain that few places are incapable of improvement to an extent that they will always give a moderate yield, and that once you can persuade the snipe to take up residence their " preservation " is less costly and less troublesome than that of game birds proper.

Ground that is high and dry for six months in the year and flooded for the rest snipe have no use for. The ideal marsh is that which is uniformly moist and thereby harbours insect life so close to its surface soil that the long bills probe it easily. It may not be possible to convert a large area of ground to this desirable state without expensive drainage schemes, but at least with a trifle of hard labour, by cutting dykes here, releasing choked springs there, one can usually provide small sanctuaries which will attract a nucleus of stock. Then the vegetation on many marshes is allowed to grow rank. The nesting snipe likes cover of tender grass or reeds less than a foot high, which is easily attainable by ruthless scything of the old stuff every year. But the basic problem is food. Why does one almost invariably find a glut of snipe around the shallow end of a lake into which a river runs ? Because the latter brings down mud which overspreads the reeds and sedge, and forms a forcing ground for larvæ of all kinds. For much the same reason one invariably shoots snipe upon a sewage farm. Consequently the more insect life one's ground can be " cultivated " to produce, the more birds will it harbour. Personally, I believe, because I have done so many a time, that one can, so to speak, manure any marsh as one manures a garden. Any kind of decomposing vegetable matter or refuse from house or garden dug in just under the surface will increase the food content of the soil. It is not a costly job even to sow a rood or two of potatoes and let them rot. And if this kind of thing is undertaken around a few of those likely nesting spots aforesaid the snipe, agreeably surprised at finding his feeding grounds at his front door, will pass on the glad tidings.

It may be suggested that another reason for the comparative scarcity of snipe is that in very few places do they get requisite periods of quiet. Like woodcock, they will not stay in any spot where they are subject to constant disturbance in the nesting season. They nest from year to year in much the same places, on ground that has little attraction for grazing cattle. Yet year by year these same beasts do an immense amount of damage, and few marsh owners take the trouble to come to some arrangement with local farmers whereby their livestock can be temporarily restrained from ranging far and wide. The cost of roughly fencing in such areas is infinitesimal, yet how seldom is this done to the destruction of more nests than many of us realise. If this wastage could be prevented (and there is no earthly reason why in most instances it should not be), there would be a steady increase in the population. For although many of our home-bred snipe eventually desert the country, most of them remain here for some time, probably over one breeding season, in any case.

Much is written about the gradual disappearance of wildfowl due to coastal overshooting. Though snipe shortage may in certain instances—for example, where local custom overrides the law—be traced to the same cause, I do not think this generally applies. The wise man does not shoot his bogs day in day out, nor are they, like the no-man's-land between the ebb tide and the shore, open to all comers. I have heard it said, by dwellers on the south country marshes, that 20 years hence the snipe will be extinct, and, although this may be the view of the extreme pessimist, there are to my own knowledge bogs, invariably good not long ago for five or six couple, which to-day seldom yield a solitary bird. Keepers nowadays are busy men, and on the successful harvest of their game " crops " depend their very jobs. But a good few never set foot on their marshes from one shooting season to the next. Small wonder other people do, and that in the nesting season, the very time at which the snipe most requires protection, she looks for it in vain. That, I believe, is the crux of the problem. Snipe may be wild, erratic creatures, but, no less than game birds, snipe demand their creature comforts.

Photographs by Guy and Collier

THE BICESTER AND WARDEN HILL BITCH PACK
A fine study of hounds anxiously awaiting the arrival of the Master, who hunts them two days a week

A VISIT TO THE BICESTER

A Good Country and a Good Pack of Hounds

PROBABLY more different people have, at one time or another, hunted with the Bicester than with any other hunt in the kingdom. Every Oxford undergraduate with sporting tendencies has done so, and a large number of people who live in London do so every Saturday, "and an occasional bye." All this quite apart from the regular residents in the countryside. This creates a situation which calls for what might be named "business management" as well as "sporting management"; both seemed to me to have been very well attended to, as far as one could judge from a single day's hunting.

Dense fog greeted us as we drove from Hinton Station, and the general opinion, expressed with delightful embroideries, and not "a leetle cayenne pepper," was that there would be no hunting on the morrow. So to bed, saying, "It doesn't look so bad now," and knowing perfectly well that it looked and was a great deal worse.

Next day dawned foggier than ever, and though we breakfasted prepared, our clothes were, as someone remarked, "purely academic." But before ten o'clock the heartening news came through that "the sun was shining at Bicester"; this phrase being reiterated so frequently and fervently, that it reminded one of the refrain of a popular song.

On the way to the meet, with the fog slowly lifting in front of us, nothing could be seen of the country, except the fences adjoining the road. These looked perfectly colossal in the half-light, and made one's thoughts turn to the future in a most peculiar way.

At Middleton Cheney, where hounds were meeting the sun had already partially broken through, and it was a real pleasure to look over hounds whilst awaiting the arrival of the Master; they are a lovely looking bitch-pack, very level in appearance, and a definite type all through. Mr. Robert Field-Marsham, who has taken on the Mastership this season, must have quickly captured the confidence and affection of this pack, which he hunts two days a week. Their greeting to him on his arrival was delightful, and a veritable pæan of praise went up when he mounted as if to say, "Now we are getting to business."

After a short jog down the road, hounds began drawing a strip by the roadside, and were quickly taken to a holloa, but did not seem to get going for some time, and when they did it was all local hunting in little rings. There did not appear to be any scent at all. Hounds would run hard for three or four hundred yards, and then, if their fox had turned at all out of the straight, could not swing with him. Indeed, as a whole, the day was a poor one, and, as I suspect, it would strain the ingenuity of even a local man to give an accurate description of it, I, as a stranger, will not attempt to do so; but I will just relate various incidents throughout the day, which remained in my memory.

The first was that Mr. Field-Marsham moved his hounds *in front* of him all day. He was very quick indeed when taking them on to a holloa, or casting them; but he never interfered with them, evidently agreeing with a sage generalisation expressed by sage huntsmen that "If you can get near enough to your hounds to interfere with them—don't!" Mr. Field-Marsham's patience and cheerfulness throughout an extremely trying day seemed to me to be most admirable; what a difference it makes to the day's pleasure! Both the whippers-in appeared to be quick and very keen.

Of the hounds, the following incidents impressed me: The head they carried when they could run for a little. Their music, which for bitches is extraordinarily deep and melodious. How, when the fox had turned sharp down a hedge, they did not stand with their heads in the air, but were back on it like a flash. How close they hunted all day, without ever becoming dispirited. How the bitch Venus made a most beautiful hit on some ploughland, and how Vista, a hound the Master brought with him, towards the close of the day, drove on ahead when hounds had checked on some stubble, and not only hit the line on, but turned short with her fox at the other end of the field. This was a beautiful bit of hunting all through. To me it is always a pleasure to watch a good pack of hounds on a bad scenting day, even if they cannot run on.

I thought the field, considering its size and the nature of the day, behaved extremely well. Only once during the day, I think, did Captain Agnew, the Field Master, have to remind people of the reason for his presence. This, of course, is a tribute to his management.

The Saturday country, which is the only one I know, is delightful; practically all grass, with flying fences, and an occasional stone wall (we met two during the day); there is enough hill and valley to make it interesting, and to enable one to see hounds without being always on the

AFTER SOME ANXIOUS MINUTES
The Bicester Hounds moving off after the fog had lifted

AFTER HOUNDS HAD FOUND

Some of the Bicester field, when hounds had checked after running on for a minute or two

top of them. There was one extremely amusing place during the day, a plain hedge with a slightly downhill take-off, and a nasty "Pinch-me-near-forest" sort of wide boggy ditch on the far side. There was much refusing and a few winged words. But what filled me with admiration was the riding of one of the gallant generals out, who shoved along on a reluctant horse, which flew through the air sideways, landed nearly facing where he had come from, and sank in with an ominous squelch. How the general remained *in situ* during these fantastic contortions is beyond me; but he did so, apparently without much trouble.

The following are among the largest landowners in the country, and great supporters of the Hunt: Lieutenant-Colonel N. V. Blacker, of Gagle Brook, Bucknell, in the Tuesday country; Mr. Vivian Smith, of Tusmore Park, chairman of the Hunt Committee; the Gilbert Gilbeys, who look after Overthorpe Gorse; The Courages, of Edgecote, in the Saturday country; Mr. J. A. de Rothschild, of Waddesdon, in the Thursday country; Sir Algernon Peyton, Bt., of Bicester; Mr. J. Dewar Harrison, of Willaston; and Mr. H. Aubrey Fletcher, of Chilton.

Next day my kind host took me over to the kennels at Stratton Audley, Clarence Johnson, who hunts the mixed pack two days a week, acting as cicerone. Outside lines in these hounds go chiefly to Berkeley, Warwickshire and Heythrop, with some Brocklesby. Heythrop Victor has done the kennel a great deal of good. Perhaps my best way to give my impression of these hounds is to put down notes made at the time.

Witness ('31), by Weathergauge ('27) ex Worthless ('27). A beautiful brood bitch, with a lovely neck and shoulders. She has an old-fashioned look, and stands on short legs, with a lot of room, and great depth through the heart; looks strong all over. She has bred them any number of good puppies. Argus ('33), by Warwickshire Actor ('29) ex Whimper ('29), has a good back and spring of ribs, but is perhaps a little straight in the shoulder.

Glancer ('34), by Grampian ('30) ex Primrose ('30), has a very good tongue, and can run up with the bitches; a hard-looking, hard-driving hound. Johnson considers Grampian the best dog he ever bred.

Vivid ('34), by Verger ('29) ex Wavelet ('31); a really beautiful bitch, all quality. A very pretty hound, but with tremendous power and activity everywhere; phenomenal quarters.

Rifleman ('34), by Rampart ('29) ex Warble ('31) A plain dog, but a real "huntsman's friend."

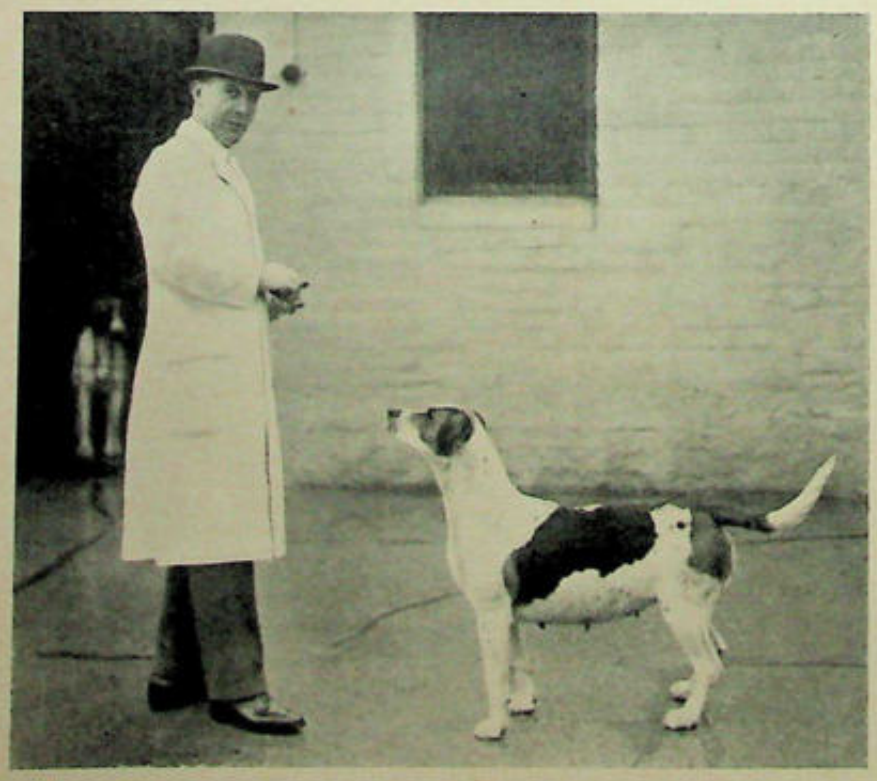
South and West Wilts Harvester ('34), by their Godfrey ('28) ex Harpy ('29). This hound was given to Mr. Field-Marsham by Sir Peter Farquhar. He is a light, active-looking dog, and a wonderful drawer in thick stuff, as one could see from his stern. He is the fastest dog hound in the kennel.

Whaddon Chase Chairman ('29) was lent by Lord Rosebery, and has been used extensively with excellent results.

And, lastly, Ringwood ('35), by Rampart ('29) ex Winnie ('31), a dog hound, with lovely neck and shoulders, good couplings, and power behind. So home after a most enjoyable morning.

It is not intended to give a detailed history of the Hunt, for anyone who is interested in that can look it up in the appropriate reference books. It but remains to thank all those who made a stranger's visit to their hunt so enjoyable; in a country which has in the past been hunted by Mr. John Warde, Sir Thomas Mostyn and Mr. Drake, the present seems to bear the imprint of the past.

A. H. V. L.



TWO OLD FRIENDS

Clarence Johnson, the professional huntsman, and Witness, a six-season brood-bitch.

THE SECRETARY

Lieutenant-Colonel N. V. Blacker, M.C., D.S.O., who lives at Bucknell in the Tuesday country.

BEST DAYS WITH HOUNDS

Two Busy Belvoir Days

IT was such a pleasure to be out hunting again after the stoppage, that the delay in finding a fox after meeting at Fulbeck did not seem to matter much. Though the sun shone, there had been quite enough frost in the early morning to make the weather prophets very apprehensive. An unusually large field accompanied hounds on their unproductive search in Victoria Gorse and Reeve's Gorse.

Then, squelching down into the low-lying country, a rough field was drawn on the way to Willson's Osiers. In the latter place there was little delay before a sporting-looking brown fox went gaily off on the Stragglethorpe side. Scent was absolutely nil, but hounds made as good a job of it as they could. The ploughs rode desperately heavy, so perhaps it was just as well that the pace was distinctly moderate. Protection Covert, still only an embryonic wood with trees in the kindergarten stage, is a certain find, and, sure enough, halloas resounded on every side, the one attended to taking us up into Caythorpe to peter out by the Beacon.

A bolted fox from Shield's put everything on a far more energetic footing, and a really good hunt resulted. Hounds could never really accelerate, but they ran all the time with conviction, over a line which, although not innocent of wire, is most rideable, and very little farther in the Honington direction would have made a point of it. In a way after a large slice of delightful country had been jumped over, Sproxton Thorns was reached. Nothing transpiring here, the faithful Coston Covert came on the list. A few fields up-wind again looked promising, but a twist or two banished hopes. When most of the tumult and the shouting had died, a return to Newman's kept the bitter-enders pleasantly busy until nightfall. A happy New Year to all.

UNBRIDLED.

GOOD SCENT FOR THE CATTISTOCK

A FRIEND of mine, recently returned from India, and I sat before a roaring fire on Monday, the 14th, and heard the B.B.C. reporter announce that the gale which was blowing outside "would continue for another 24 hours." I wished my friend to have a hunt, and he wanted to get one, but it seemed hopeless. Nevertheless, as an old huntsman once said to me, "there's nothing like the glorious uncertainty of foxhunting, sir," and Tuesday morning dawned clear and pleasant, as nice a day as one could wish for—almost too good, in fact.

We met the Cattistock bitches at Maiden Newton, and as I jogged on to the first covert, chatting to "Parson" Milne, he said to me that his glass had gone up so fast that he thought it would break, and he was sure there was going to be a good scent. He was right. We found our first fox in a kale-field above Wynford Wood; he was a very fat little fox, and although he made a noble effort to save his life, his good living told on him, and hounds rolled him over after 20 minutes, near Wynford Eagle. We moved on to some gorses back of the village, finding at once a better fox this time that ran through Wynford Wood, and on to West Wood, passing quickly through them toward Powerstock Common.

There was a shooting party there, and I suppose the noise of the guns turned him back right-handed over a nice line of country by Barrowlands Farm to Blanchard's, and on over the Maiden Newton Road toward Frome St. Quintin. Here he swung back right-handed, recrossing the road, and was nearly caught in some gorses near Round Hill, but managed to evade his pursuers, only to be marked to ground at the end of 70 minutes. Leaving him in his sanctuary, hounds drew up the ridge—chopping an old dog fox on the way—and found in the thick double hedge just beyond. This fox went away toward Compton Barn with hounds close behind him, and was nearly caught near Mr. Chick's farm-buildings; however, evading his pursuers, he set his mask for the west and ran parallel with the Roman Road to Brakes, where he swung left-handed, through the covert, toward Samways Gorse. Scent was amazingly good—I think better than I have seen it at any time this season—and hounds forced their fox at such a pace that he had no time to waste in any gorses; but bearing right-handed again, he ran straight through Stancombe and was marked to ground at the end of 23 minutes. I think the fastest burst we have had up to date this season.

Hounds were then taken to West Compton Withy-bed, where there were two brace afoot. Holland, who was hunting hounds, got his pack away on the brush of one, which, crossing the West Compton Road, bore right-handed back past Brakes and over the Downs to Eggardon Copse, a covert which lies in a hollow below Eggardon Hill, once the site of an ancient Saxon fortification. The field, which had been hard put to it to stay with hounds, were able to get a breathing-space here as they watched the pack run through the covert and stream up the side of Eggardon Hill, coming back almost to where they stood, and driving on to the edge of the Withy-bed, where they had found him. They hesitated for a moment here, but a holloa from the far side soon set them straight, and this time they swung back in a wide left-handed arc to Eggardon Copse, where they were finally stopped at the end of 50 minutes, on account of failing light. Everyone had had enough, anyway, so we called it a day—and a jolly good day it was! thanks to the good foxes which Lord Wynford so carefully preserves.

LINCOLN.

CAPTAIN R. AGNEW, THE FIELD-MASTER, AND MRS. AGNEW AT THE MIDDLETON CHENEY MEET OF THE BICESTER

THE MASTER, MR. R. E. FIELD-MARSHAM, AND MRS. FIELD-MARSHAM, BEFORE HOUNDS MOVED OFF

A LONG HUNT WITH THE MENDIP

THESE hounds had a record hunt early this month which lasted two hour 45 minutes. They met at Castle Comfort in cold, stormy weather inclined to snow, Captain Corbett hunting hounds. The first fox from Sparke's Gorse ran a short course to a big rock earth near Fern Hill. The second fox took a similar line, also taking refuge in the same earth. Yet another fox from the Gorse took the field to Bishop's Gorse, where a real old Mendip warrior was roused who gave the run of the season.

Heading for Greenore, he crossed to Pen Hill, running straight through Beryl Wood, then swinging left to Hillgrove, going on over the big grass fields and the oaks, past Blue Mountain Gorse to the racecourse. Crossing above Chewton Mendip to Saker Hill, he ran on to Netwood, circling back to

(Continued on page 1592, col. 3)

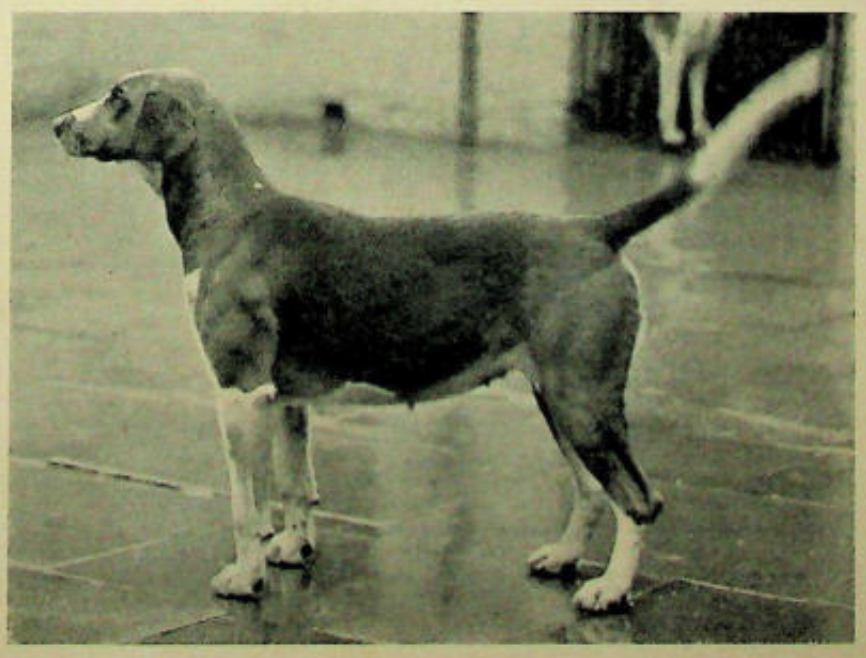
ON THE FLAGS AT STRATTON AUDLEY

THREE OF THE BICESTER BITCH PACK, VIRGIN, VENUS AND VARNISH
Venus distinguished herself during the day's hunting described in these pages

ARGUS

RINGWOOD

DANCER



VIVID

KING GEORGE VI's SUPPORT OF THE TURF

Bright Prospects for the Egerton House Stable

DOUBTS as to the future of the Royal horses were happily set at rest last week by the announcement that King George VI had decided to carry on the racing establishment and stud farm on the lines followed by his father. This means that arrangements at Egerton House, Newmarket, will not be disturbed by the change in the Monarchy. It also means that bloodstock will continue to be bred by the reigning sovereign, as has been the case in many reigns since that of James I.

Whether the Sandringham Stud will be at once restored to the same position as under King George V is not altogether certain. Many breeders have been under the impression that the paddocks at Sandringham stand in need of a rest from horses. For this reason the decision made by the ex-King early this year to transfer the mares from Sandringham to the Hampton Court paddocks was generally regarded as a judicious move, thus in all probability Hampton Court will continue to take a part in the production of the Royal thoroughbreds. The paddocks adjacent to Bushey Park have not been regularly used for bloodstock breeding since the days of Queen Victoria, and the land should now be fresh and sweet for the brood mares and their young stock.

Time was when the Hampton Court Stud held an important place among English stud farms, and many seasoned racing people will recall the annual sale of the yearlings bred at that establishment by Queen Victoria. One of the greatest bargains secured at those sales was Sainfoin. This son of Springfield was picked up for a moderate price by the Kingsclere trainer, John Porter, and was subsequently sold by him to Sir James Miller, for whom he won the Derby.

The sale of La Flèche at Hampton Court for the then record sum of £5,500 guineas, created something of a sensation at the time. Many of the critics averred that Baron de Hirsch had given too much money for the daughter of St. Simon and Quiver, but she became the most valuable mare of her generation. After her exceptionally brilliant racing career she was purchased for 12,000 guineas by Sir Tatton Sykes for the Sledmere Stud. In some respects La Flèche was a disappointment to the stud, but she was responsible for that very good horse John o' Gaunt, who in his turn was the sire of Swynford.

Young mares tracing to La Flèche still have a high value, and no doubt her influence at the stud will come strongly into prominence from time to time. Another famous mare reared in the paddocks at Hampton Court was Memoir, who won the Oaks for the Duke of Portland. Let us hope that these paddocks will still prove capable of producing thoroughbred stock of the high quality of those we have mentioned.

Some part of the stud farm at Sandringham has still been in use since the change-over to Hampton Court. Limelight holds court in his box at Wolferton, and has enjoyed a full subscription each season so far. He is undoubtedly one of the best sons of Pharos, and his performances on the racecourse will be affectionately recalled by racing people. Limelight's first crop will be seen on the racecourse in the coming season, and it is satisfactory to know that several of them are the property of His Majesty.

Not many of the older horses are left over from the past season at Egerton House. Feola has gone to the stud, and Fairlead is being trained over the hurdles by Mr. H. A. Brown. It had been expected that Fairlead would make a successful first appearance under National Hunt rules in the Milburn Hurdle race at the recent Sandown Park Meeting, but owing to the Constitutional crisis she did not run. Mr. Brown has a high opinion of this daughter of Fairway and Scuttle, but it is clear that she would have had to prove herself something altogether out of the ordinary in order to beat Law Court, who won the race in question at Sandown with consummate ease.

No time was lost in putting the King's racing decision into immediate effect, and it would have given a delightful turn to the situation had Marconi been successful in the New Windsor Handicap Steeplechase last week. Unfortunately, the heavy going appeared to be against him, with the result that he finished nearer last than first. This reverse need not be regarded as being really discouraging. Marconi is still only four years old, and has plenty of time in which to gain further laurels under National Hunt rules.

He is at all events safe in the hands of Major F. W. Barrett, and there is no better place than Wroughton at which to train a steeplechaser. Marconi evinced considerable promise last season when scoring over the fences at Birmingham and Cheltenham. In due course he is sure to supplement those performances. There was nothing in his jumping at Windsor to call for criticism and his leap over the water was one of the finest we have seen this winter. Clearly he is a natural 'chaser, and what is more he possesses the necessary physique.

King George VI has not hitherto been closely associated with racing. His father always had the opinion that one owner of race horses was sufficient for the family. At the same time, the present sovereign has ridden in Point-to-Point races and at one time was a keen follower of the Pytchley and other packs. Further, he has taken an active part in polo and still has a handicap of one point on the Hurlingham list. Some years ago he took part in the annual match between the House of Lords and the House of Commons for the Harrington Cup at Ranelagh.

Among the many special racing attractions to be associated with Coronation year will be a considerably more valuable Ascot Gold Cup, which bids fair to be the centre of interest of one of the most brilliant Royal Meetings ever held.

MARCONI (No. 10) TAKING THE WATER JUMP IN THE NEW WINDSOR HANDICAP
"There was nothing in his jumping at Windsor to call for criticism and his leap over the water was one of the finest we have seen this winter"

(Continued from page 1590)

Bishop's Gorse over to the Belts. Here scent was failing, but hounds worked wonderfully and marked their fox in a big breeding earth near Castle Comfort. Such a sportsman deserves to live and fight another day.

Every hound (eighteen-and-a-half couple) was up at the finish with a very reduced field. Distance about fourteen miles. R. C.

SEAVINGTON'S GOOD HUNT

THE Seavington met at Kitwhistle on Tuesday. The weather was calm and sunny after Monday's gale. Finding almost at once in Mr. Forsey's Gorse on Blackdown Hill, hounds ran to West Wood on a catchy scent. Here the fox tried all the earths, but could not get in. Circling by the railway, he turned back by Bere Chapel and ran to the hill again. Hounds may have changed here, but without a perceptible check they pushed their fox out of the gorse to run the length of the hill by Coles Cross before turning down for Knackers Hole. The fox skirted this covert and, crossing the road, left the Devil's Jumps on his left and ran the length of Grighay Covert and on to Gafhay.

Here hounds checked as the fox had run the lane, but hitting off once more they ran on a steadily improving scent towards Westhay. Then swinging left up the hill the pack crossed Lamberts Castle Racecourse and on to Coney Castle, where this good fox tried the main earth. He had been viewed near here and was only 200yds. ahead of hounds, so on he went, hounds hunting him for some way down a lane before he turned left for Abbots Woottan. He was probably headed here, as he turned sharp right-handed and, crossing the ridge south of Wootton Fitzpaine, he skirted Catherston Wood, and so to the flooded River Char, which, luckily for the field, he did not face. From here our fox ran parallel to the river for some way before turning back for Coneygar Hill. He could not reach the cover, however, and he was pulled down 30yds. from the thick wood. This was a good hunt with a point of seven-and-a-half miles and about double as hounds ran. It was a catchy scent and, though never brilliant, hounds could run on most of the time and did not need much assistance. Scent improved as the sun went down after this three hour and 35 minute hunt. All but one hound was up at the finish. The going was heavy and very hilly, and this more than the obstacles accounted for the fact that only the Master and Hunt staff and four of the field saw the end. V. K.

TWO BRILLIANT HUNTS WITH THE OLD SURREY AND BURSTOW

THE bitch pack, hunted by Mr. Douglas Benson, had one of the best days for several seasons from Newchapel on Saturday, with three good hunts over good country. Finding at once in Gatehouse Wood, they crossed the main road to Crockers Ghyll, where they swung right-handed over Court Leas to beyond Anchor Wood. Here they checked, but soon recovered the line, and carried on through the company's land to Birchen Copse, where they were stopped owing to shooting arrangements.

High Chimneys held a brace; one was killed after a short hunt, and the other ran north over Chellows Farm past Crowhurst Junction and was killed in Foyle Tolt. A fox from Shinglebarn made a fast circle by Little Browns and Crouch House before going over the hill to East Haxted. Close to the Eden they checked, but a cast recovered the line, and hounds raced over the river to Starboro Castle. They changed in the Shaws, but went on without checking over Gabriels and back past Starboro Farm, and over the road at North Lodge into Ford. They ran on through Greybury, and were stopped at dusk in Shernden after a fast hunt of 80 minutes.

The dog pack, hunted by Colonel R. S. Clarke, also had a fine hunt on Saturday from their invitation meet at Bolebrooke. They found in Long Wood and ran through Lord's almost to Ashurst, then turned right-handed along the river to Hale Farm, where they crossed. Their fox led them on into the Eridge country by Hendall Farm to Birchen Wood, and was marked to ground at Lealand's Farm, Groombridge, after 70 minutes without a check. M. A. H.

Owing to Christmas advance Press arrangements for publications before the holidays it has not been possible to give the usual number of accounts of runs. The issue of January 2nd will cover the holiday hunting. Will Hunt Secretaries please note that hunting cards should be sent in not later than the Tuesday preceding date of publication.

CAMERA ADVENTURES WITH VULTURES

By HUGO H. SCHRODER

SHORTLY after the morning sun put in its appearance, we heard a swishing of wings over our camp, near the Kissimmee river. A number of black vultures were flying to the trees beside our camp, and the birds flew so low that every wing stroke could be heard. More birds followed and soon there were more than a score of the sable-coated scavengers perched in the low trees. Evidently the birds were expecting to expose themselves to the morning sunshine in order to dry their plumage.

The actions of the vultures called for a photographic record of the birds at rest in the trees. When additional close-up shots were attempted, all the birds left their roost, to seek safety in flight. Speeding up the action of the shutter, I succeeded in getting a photo of the take-off. When we left the temporary camp site, we headed toward the Kissimmee river, about a mile distant. All along the way we encountered more vultures, perched in the cabbage palms and oaks, while others were lined up along the barbed wire fence and on the posts.

Hundreds more were perched on fences and buildings near the river, but efforts to secure photos of the large gathering were unsuccessful, as the birds took flight before I could get near enough. More than 500 black vultures were seen during that one-mile drive. Never had I seen so many of these birds in such a small area.

Black vultures are frequently met with throughout the Florida prairie regions, where plenty of clumps of saw palmettoes provide nesting places for both the black and turkey vultures. Two large eggs are laid on the ground, under the twisted saw palmettoes. Usually the eggs are so far back under the palmettoes that photography is impossible. I have found a number of nests where a camera record could be secured. These showed the pair of eggs on the ground without any pretence of a nest. While the vultures of the prairies prefer the palmetto clumps for their nest sites, those in other parts of the south frequently chose a hollow log or deposit their eggs alongside some fallen tree.

Some years ago I found a number of black vultures perched in a dead tree, near a slaughter pen. Food had been plentiful and the birds were too well fed to mind my efforts at photography. I managed to use up a roll of film on the treetop vultures before noticing several birds on the ground.

I singled out one of the vultures and cautiously advanced, with camera prepared for a close-up shot. Mr. Vulture had feasted so plentifully that he had no desire to fly, if possible to escape by remaining on the ground. He started an awkward hopping, calculated to carry him away from me; however, I cut off escape on the ground, so the bird walked out into several inches of water. Anyone watching the proceedings from then on would have seen a vulture walking or hopping along in the water while a camera-man, a few feet distant, followed every move of the bird.

Mr. Vulture paused now and then to size up the situation. Whenever the bird paused in a pleasing pose, I would expose a film. The net results of that photographic adventure showed an interesting series of close-ups and, on each film, I had the image of the bird and his reflection in the water.

Vultures are always to be found in any large nesting colony of southern birds. These carrion feeders seem to know that accidents will happen to some of the birds, or at least they hope so. A visit to a wood ibis nesting colony revealed more than 30 nests, mostly with well-grown young. Nine vultures near the ibis nests obliged by posing with a pair of the ibis. Most of these were of the black variety, but one of the most prominent in the photo is a turkey vulture, with wings spread wide to show the colour pattern on the under surface.

Vultures seem very awkward when they take flight from the ground, but once they get under way they show great flying ability. The turkey vulture is a more skilful flier than the black vulture. Both varieties make excellent subjects for flight photographs. I have been much more successful in securing flight shots of the red-headed buzzards, but on a number of occasions the black vultures have obliged by flying within camera range so that I might obtain a close-up of an individual bird.

LEAVING THEIR ROOST
Black Vultures off to the day's work

My best flight shot of this bird shows the black follow taking off from a low tree. The position, as recorded on the film, was more perfect than I had hoped for; the wings were spread to their fullest with the slotted wing tips well separated and the outer ones curving upward; the tail was spread fan-wise and both feet show. I might try hundreds of camera shots at black vultures in the future and never get another in as perfect pose. Such is luck when afield with a camera; one never knows what subject will appear and we cannot tell what the results of an action shot will be until the film is developed.

SILHOUETTE
Black Vultures on a dead tree

A MIXED GATHERING
Black Vultures, Wood Ibis, and (on the extreme left) two Turkey Vultures

Vultures are regarded, by the white races at least, as birds of horror and ill-omen. And no doubt their repulsive appearance when at rest has had something to do with this as well as their habits. But on the wing vultures can hold their own with any bird for grace and majesty of movement. Scavenging has never appealed to civilised races. It is, however, an essential of life in hot climates, and in those regions the vulture must be regarded as a very useful member of society.

ON THE AVON
At the end of the day—a last one in the twilight

SEEKING A 2LB. ROACH

Winter Fishing on the Hampshire Avon

By BERNARD ALFIERI

IT is the aspiration of all roach fishermen to catch a two-pounder, but not all attain success. Good luck has to be combined with good fishing to make it anything of a certainty. The best fisherman I know in all his 50 years of roach fishing has not yet caught anything heavier than 1lb. 14oz., while the luckiest I have encountered got one of 2lb. 2oz. at his first attempt at roach fishing: both these catches were on the River Avon and witnessed by myself.

In order to learn more about the 2lb. roach, I have spent two very cold days on the Avon with an expert who, during his 20 years' fishing of the Avon, has landed more than a hundred such fish, including one of 2lb. 10oz. and another of 2lb. 8oz. I know of no record equal to this, nor do I think any other river could provide it. What wonder, then, that the angler goes to Downton or Fordingbridge to try his luck; the river must hold many such monsters.

The water I am writing of is at Downton, below Salisbury; nearly a couple of miles of some of the best roach fishing in England. The water is not confined to roach; all coarse fish abound there, and in the mayfly season one or two enormous trout find their way to the angler's basket. The water is uncommonly well looked after: swims are cleaned, banks trimmed and made firm, weeds cleared, the bottom well raked to keep it clear, and swims, where necessary, made attractive to fish by systematic ground baiting. In the winter time when the weeds have died down, it is possible to see the depth of these beautiful swims, and to estimate their possibilities. They are fine for legering also, and many a trout has fallen victim to a lump of paste or tempting worm lying on the bottom.

Most of the winter fishing, however, is done from a punt moored across stream with a long clean run in front of the angler which may stretch 40yds. or 50yds. Success is greatly dependent on the temperature of the water, and when I was a looker-on trying to learn how the 2-lb. roach was enticed to the lure, the expert first put in his thermometer. Anything above 42deg. is considered good enough, although 45deg. is preferable, and on these occasions only 40deg. was registered. The north-easterly wind was also unkind, and the best roach that came to the net was 1¼lb.

Having moored, the first thing was to throw in a ball of ground bait about the size of a cricket ball with a stone in the centre to ensure rapid sinking. Then the depth was plumbed and the float adjusted with 6in. to spare to allow for the current. The rod is not too long, 8ft. or 9ft. being considered ample; but it must have a stiff top to ensure that there is no give at the moment of striking. A free-running reel, of which there are any number of suitable ones on the market, so delicately adjusted as to allow the line being pulled off simply by the flow of the current, but being capable of immediate stoppage by the touch of a finger on the rim or side. The line is one of 40yds. or 50yds. of undressed silk, well oiled so that it will float, and the float itself is 6in. or 7in. long, made of celluloid, but as thick at the top as a man's little finger and painted a brilliant red. This makes it easy to see at a distance, and at night time it appears black as does the scarlet geranium. The tackle is then complete except that a No. 9 or 10 hook is used, and a bunch of four or five gentles worked well up the shank with a pink one on the barb and long corking begins.

The line trips off the reel with mathematical precision and delightful smoothness without a check, and is allowed to run 30yds. or 40yds., dependent on the length of the swim, before being recovered. If it is checked in the slightest degree in its progress, or even bobs a little, it is assumed to be and usually is due to the bite of a roach. It is then one sees the necessity for the floating line, and the ease and certainty with which it can be lifted off the surface. There is not a fraction of a second's delay in the strike even at 30yds. or 40yds.; these roach are very gentle biters, and the novice would lose a good many in his first efforts at long corking.

The same procedure is adopted in all this part of the Avon.

As to the accommodation in this Mecca of anglers: There are many good hotels in the neighbourhood. The Bull at Downton is a well-known haunt of the angler, and seems to be devoted more to the angling fraternity than any other. There are eleven bedrooms all fitted with hot and cold water, and a room specially set apart for the mixing of ground bait, but as one can buy this necessary commodity at 1/- per bucket, it does not seem worth while to mix one's own.

There is a rod room where everything the angler may want in the way of tackle is provided, including 20 pairs of gum boats in various sizes to save the fisherman bringing down his own, which are supplied without charge. This is all part of the free service given by the proprietor, which also includes advice, and any odd bits of tackle the visitor may have left at home.

At Fordingbridge is another well-known hotel, the Greyhound, Mr. Frampton, proprietor. There are five miles of water to be fished, and many good roach swims in the immediate vicinity of the hotel. The charges for fishing are 5/- per day or 21/- per week with free use of punt or boat.

The Albany Hotel, next door, is under the care of Mr. G. Dunton, the new proprietor, who has had many years' experience of the Avon, and has now taken over the East Mills water, which I used to know very well indeed some years ago. This is excellent also for roach, and in the mayfly season, for big trout also. There is abundance of fishing to be had on the Hampshire Avon as well as accommodation. The only other thing the angler requires is to time his visit under favourable weather conditions and fortune otherwise kind.

A SWIM AT EAST MILLS, FORDINGBRIDGE, ON THE AVON

Gun Dogs of Character

"THE GUV'NOR," AN ENGLISH SPRINGER

"That Kindly, Almost Benevolent Look in His Eye"

By COLONEL F. B. H. CARRELL

"THE GUV'NOR"

"Immediately his master appeared he had no eyes for anybody else, and the kennelman might blow his teeth out with a whistle; it was all to no purpose"

IT is always pleasing to a dog-lover to recall the amusing or otherwise incidents of a dog's life, and although I train and handle many Springer spaniels the numbers of them that are really dogs of character are few and far between. One puppy I had from his extreme youth was always really good looking and obviously would grow up to be far above the average, and I think the puppy knew from his earliest days that he was destined for great things. He had that kindly, almost benevolent look in his eye, and a complete confidence in mankind, that I appropriately named him The Guv'nor.

As he grew up he had to go through a course of training to make him a useful gundog. From the beginning he showed an immense amount of brain, quite in excess of the usual spaniel, neither did his nose ever fail him, so that in due course he became a trained dog, and so good did he become that I thought he ought to compete at spaniel trials. Almost at his first trial, although he was no more than eighteen months, he obtained heartening cheers from the spectators, a thing I have never known before or since.

a rabbit was shot. The four dogs dropped to the shot, so I sent the dog nearest to the bottom of the hill (Handy) to gather it.

Handy went down the hill like a ton of bricks, but coming up a steep slope he slowed up a bit and had to pass close to The Guv'nor to get to me. As he drew near to my old friend this dog took the rabbit from Handy's mouth like lightning, galloping up to me with his trophy, leaving Handy to sit down in the exact spot where The Guv'nor had been sitting! It looked for all the world like a prearranged relay race. In spite of this little episode the judges awarded my team 1st, though I am not sure they ought to have done so.

The following will illustrate how much "in tune" the dog and I were. At another trial, when he was competing, he was putting out pheasant after pheasant for some time, but the official guns

A TEAM OF FOUR ENGLISH SPRINGERS

Dual Champion Thoughtful of Harting (?). (The Guv'nor on the left)

The Guv'nor had had his spin at the trial and two more dogs were being tried when a cock pheasant was shot that fell in the wood, but when the "fall" was found there were only a few feathers! The other two dogs that were competing failed to find the line at all, so that after ten minutes the judge came across to me and said: "Would you like to let your dog try for the pheasant?"

So being nothing if not sporting, I took the dog to the "fall." He took the line with complete ease and away he went across the wood at a great pace, out through some gorse, out on to a Down about half-a-mile away, and there, 20yds. ahead of The Guv'nor was the old cock bird, running as fast as he could leg it! All this was in full view of the spectators, who loudly demonstrated their appreciation of his acumen, and when he returned to me later with the bird he was received with the warmest applause.

He went on competing at trials, with ups and downs, until he became a field trial champion, and I think he was the only dog that was capable of keeping a trial audience genuinely amused. Once he was competing in the team stake with three other Springers—they were hunting straight along the side of a steep hill. At the bottom of the hill were perhaps "off colour" for they kept on firing to no purpose at all. At last a pheasant was hit, and as the dog sat to the shot he cast his eyes to me with such an eloquent expression that if a dog could talk would have plainly said: "What is the good of me turning up all these birds?"

At another trial he was hunting very nicely and pushing rabbits out of some bracken. He had just put a rabbit out of some high stuff when ahead out ambled a large wallaby! Again the dog's eyes spoke to me, and I have no doubt whatever that he was saying: "What the devil have I turned out now!" The owner of the shoot, I should explain, kept wallabies in his park instead of deer!

All these trials meant, in most cases, long journeys by road in the worst time of year for frost and fog, but I think The Guv'nor enjoyed it all. He very often had to stay in the hotels with his master, owing to lack of loose boxes in the yard, and he delighted in that, and although at trials a competing spaniel has only about fifteen minutes' hunting each time he is down, I think the dog thoroughly enjoyed his spins.

After his public working career was over, I used him, of course, when I was out shooting for pleasure, and often solely as a retriever. On one occasion, I was standing in a ride waiting for pheasants to come over with The Guv'nor beside me, when out bounded a deer.

My host yelled out "Shoot it!" so I shot at it, but it bounded across the ride into some thick stuff beyond. As I was certain I had hit it, in an idle moment I sent the dog after it. A few moments after I went 30yds. into the wood, and there was the deer lying dead, with the dog standing by it looking at me in a most reproachful manner. Again he spoke to me with his eyes, whose language I now so well understood better than words, and which said: "How can you expect me to retrieve a beast six times my own size?"

I do not think that the owners of dogs, that do not actually work for them, such as ordinary companion or pet breeds, can ever have the same love for them as the shooting man has for his working spaniel. Together they go out! Together they fall into bogs! Together over country that is terribly thick and both are torn to ribbons!

One hour over land that abounds with game, the next hunting indefatigably where there is nothing to hunt! The companionship of the "goods" and "bads" of sport, surely endears the shooting man to his spaniel more than anything except perhaps the hunting man to his hunter.

In the case of The Guv'nor he was always fed, groomed and attended to by one of the kennelmen, and he was quite grateful and obedient to the kennelman at all times, so long as his master was not there, but immediately his master appeared he had no eyes for anyone else, and the kennelman might blow his teeth out with a whistle or wave about dishes of meat; it was all to no purpose.

Such doggy brains are few and far between, and his nature was one that can truthfully be called noble. He would play with children in a most gentle manner. If left in a yard with young puppies he was more concerned about their welfare than their own mother would have been. Yet when out on his legitimate work no bolder dog ever lived who could face the thickest and most punishing covert! Nor any day ever too long for him. All day, from nine in the morning to five in the evening, relentlessly he went on hunting for game, often with his tongue, eyes and ears bleeding from the thick undergrowth. Nothing seemed to deter him, and the only reward he asked was that his beloved master should have good sport.

Surely when that truly beautiful heart finishes beating such a spirit cannot be lost for ever? I, for one, can never believe so. He attained the truly difficult achievement of becoming a dual champion, but had he been entirely without titles he would still have been to me a dog of amazing character and personality and delightfully lovable withal. His career on the show bench was quite meteoric. He won his three challenge certificates straight away, but I think he was always rather bored at dog shows, and after he became a champion he was seldom exhibited again. From his youth upwards he always had a rather "kingly" look in his face, and his supreme trust in human nature made him loved at first sight by those who were almost strangers.

I only hope that my readers are as pleased with the story as I was with its inspiration, but I fear me not.

BEATERS WITH THE TWO BEARS FIRST SHOT—THE SHAITAN IS SEEN ON THE RIGHT AND MEASURED 8 FEET 1 INCH BETWEEN PEGS

SHOOTING "THE SHAITAN"

A Hunt for Black Bear in Kashmir Which Provided Plenty of Excitement

AFTER a successful stalking expedition in the higher regions of Kashmir, I had decided to press on to the Vale in search of black bear. After various "excursions and alarums" in the hamlets which lie along the range of mountains on the southern border of the Vale, I arrived at a place called Brinell Larmour, and was told of an exceptionally large bear in the vicinity which had been terrorising the neighbourhood for the past five years. This "Shaitan," I learnt, had accounted for no less than seventeen of the country folk, and was completely fearless of man and beast. Paying a night visit to his favourite cornfield I had one fleeting glimpse of him, and there was no doubt that he was enormous.

That night we waited for his return without avail, but when I was called early the next morning the shikari told me joyfully that the Shaitan had reappeared shortly after we had left the cornfield and the old lumbadar had already arrived in camp with news as to where he had gone to lie up.

I ate a hasty breakfast, then set out at once to see the place for myself, and make all arrangements for a beat, should it prove necessary. The shikari and the lumbadar between them had already collected an army of coolies and scallywags from the neighbourhood, and these fellows were hovering around the camp like so many vultures when I joined the shikari outside the tent. As we moved off to the particular piece of cover where the bear was reported to be hiding, this enormous gathering joined in behind, and we trooped off to the scene like an invading horde sweeping through the Frontier Passes to attack some unsuspecting foe. The locality that was pointed out to me as harbouring our friend consisted of two small patches of jungle on the side of a long ridge.

These two patches of jungle were very close together with a narrow ride some 30ft. wide dividing them; there was open hillside at either end of them. The place lent itself beautifully for our purpose, and it needed no great skill to realise the advantage of beating the animal across the ride, as if I missed him as he crossed, I could either drive him back again into his original patch of jungle, or else force him beyond the bushes on to the open mountainside, and take him as he broke cover. The pug-marks on the ground showed that he was in the habit of using a small, well-trodden track that linked these two patches of jungle; and as there appeared to be no other opening in the bushes along the sides of this clearing it seemed obvious that when the bear did break cover he would most certainly cross the ride by this small path. I accordingly placed myself well above this path, so that I should be above the bear when he crossed the open, and able to shoot down the hill on to him. I had given the shikari my twelve-bore shotgun with a lethal ball in either barrel, and instructed him to fire at the bear only if the brute should charge, or if I ordered him to do so.

As soon as I had lined up the beaters, and ensured that everything was ready, I gave the signal and the beat started.

The line of beaters had not advanced more than 20 yards into the bushes before there arose the most deafening noise, which came towards me ahead of the advancing line of beaters and increased in volume and fury. The shikari, who was standing just behind me, whispered in my ear that this must be the Shaitan, and it sounded as if he were making straight for the gap in the bushes below me, just as I had planned it. What actually turned the animal, I do not profess to know; but before breaking cover he turned towards the top of the ridge, and came thundering up the hillside past the place where I was standing, and broke into the ride some 25 yards above me. Much to my surprise, there were two bears, and not one as I had anticipated.

This was an entirely unexpected move, and I did not like the position in the least. There were two infuriated fiends crossing the ride up hill from where I was standing, and not 25 yards away. The shikari urged me to shoot and, against my better judgment, I was foolish enough to take his advice. I raised my rifle and fired at the second of the two bears as they were nearing the scrub on the far side of the clearing. The bullet hit him just behind the shoulder blade, and dropped him where he stood. I thought I had killed him outright, but, to my horror, he recovered, and scrambled to his feet, remained standing for the fraction of a second, and then came crashing down the hillside on top of me.

I had not time to reload and fire again before he was on me, so I side-stepped quickly and just managed to get clear of his path as he came tumbling past.

As soon as the shikari had seen the animal struggle to his feet and topple down the hillside, he allowed himself time to scream "Khabadar," and then fled as fast as his legs could carry him to a place of safety at the bottom of the hill, into the bushes some 40 yards lower down.

When I had had sufficient time to recover myself, I reloaded, and followed the bear into the bushes into which the shikari had disappeared; and put two more bullets into him as he lay held fast among the brushwood, too badly hit by my first shot to do any damage to things that were out of his immediate reach.

By this time the beat was beginning to come to an end and the villagers were crowding into the clearing. The shikari took fresh courage on hearing my two shots, and reappeared looking extremely foolish. With the help of some of the coolies we extracted the bear from the thorn bushes, and carried his corpse into the open where we stretched it out and measured it. He was a very large bear and measured 6ft. 9in., but was clearly not the old Shaitan which we had been seeking.

Presently the remainder of the village folk arrived, and one old farmer pushed his way through the crowd towards me and, touching me on the shoulder, told me that the Shaitan had also been in this patch of jungle with the other two, but, instead of rushing forward as the others had done, he had broken back through the line of beaters, and injured one of the men as he went. The old man added that the bear could not have gone very far as the stops that had been left outside the jungle when the beat began had not seen him break out so he must be still inside this small patch of woodland.

I had a wicked fright when I was informed that one of the coolies in the beat had been mauled by the bear when he broke back, and I began to conjure up visions of myself paying a large percentage of my monthly pay to the poor fellow's relations for the remainder of our respective lives.

To my intense relief and great surprise, the individual who was brought forward appeared to be suffering from nothing worse than a series of many unpleasant scratches, torn garments, and a severe fright. The unfortunate fellow was shaking like a leaf, and from his disjointed sentences I learnt the story of what had actually befallen him. The old bear, on being disturbed from his morning's sleep, and seeing a line of villagers making their way through the bushes towards him, had charged straight at them, meeting the advancing line at the place where this wretched man was walking.

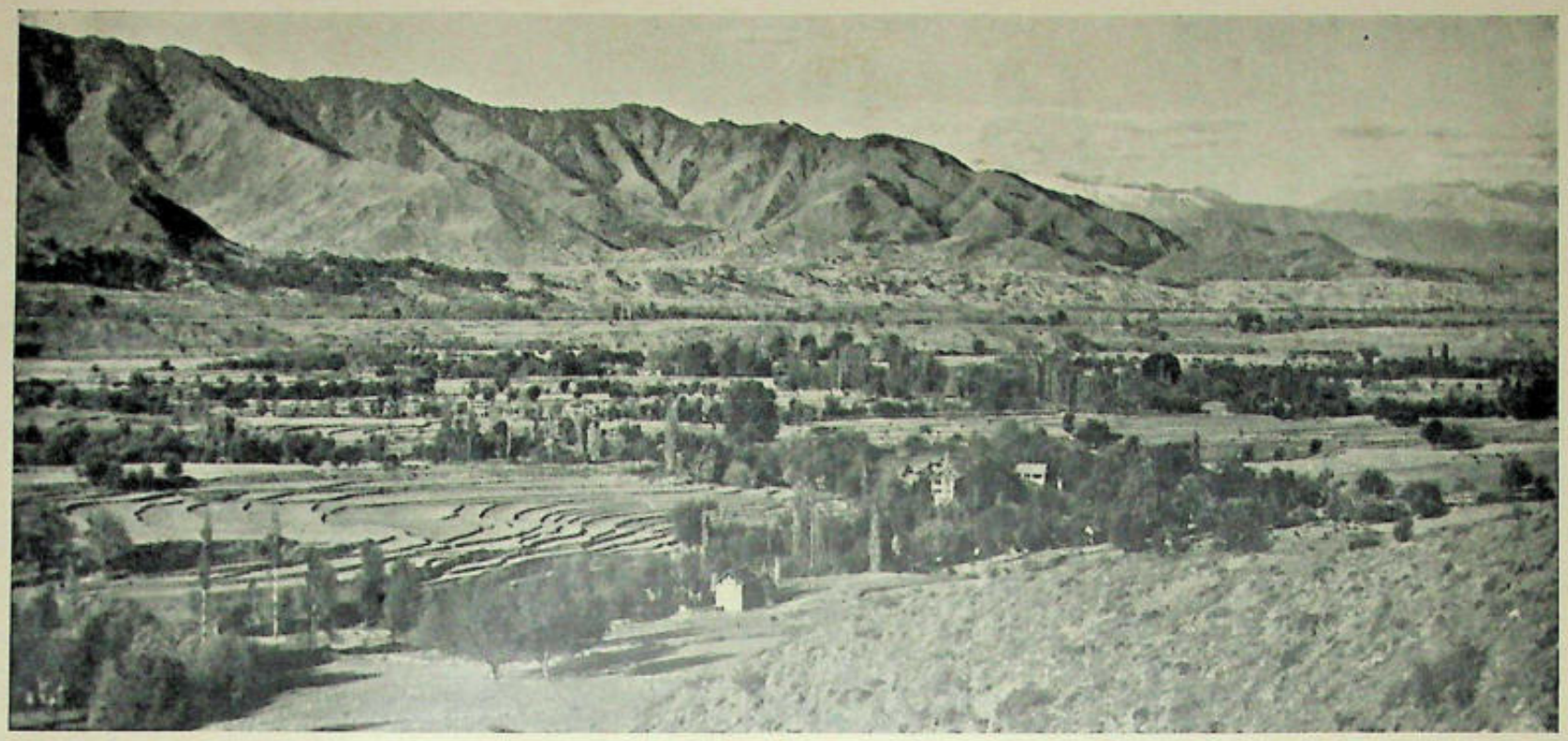
The man turned to avoid the monster, and in so doing, the backward sweep of the animal's forepaw caught him on the seat, pitching him head first into the undergrowth; the force of the blow being strong enough to propel him for several yards through the bushes. Thus the total amount of the injuries which he received amounted to a series of small scratches about his head and forearms, many rents in his garments, and a very sore behind.

I was determined to bag the Shaitan, even if it should entail my crawling into the jungle on hands and knees and stalking him among the bushes, and so I reorganised my army of beaters, and planned my next beat to start from the ride and drive the bear on to the open hillside away from the second patch of jungle. The beat commenced as soon as I gave the signal that I was in position; but it proved of no avail, for once again the cunning old beast broke back through the line of beaters, and thus frustrated my efforts the second time.

It was now evident that it would need something more than ordinary methods to drive the Shaitan from cover; and so I sent a runner back to camp to bring me out some string bombs, which I had brought with me for use on such occasions as this; and I determined to drive him once more across the ride in accordance with my original intention. The old lumbadar threw three of these bombs into the thicket where they exploded just behind the place where the animal was lying up. The explosions roused him properly, and drove him forward in the same direction as the other two bears had gone, and sent him thundering through the undergrowth towards the ride where I was standing.

As the third bomb exploded there was a roar of indignation from the infuriated animal, and he came crashing out of his stronghold with noise enough to waken the dead. He struck the same course as the other two had taken, and likewise broke into the clearing some 20 yards above me.

I had learnt my lesson with the previous bear, and was not going to be tempted to shoot this enraged animal while he stood on a higher level to myself; but, to my intense dismay, the bear caught sight of me as he was nearing the centre of the clearing and, changing his direction at once,



THE VALE OF KASHMIR LOOKING SOUTH FROM A SPOT NEAR BRINELL LARMOUR, THE SCENE OF THE BEAR HUNT

turned and catapulted himself out of the hillside on to the top of me.

What happened next took place within the fraction of a second. The shikari, as on the previous occasion, let out a yell and fled like a scalded cat down the hillside into the shelter of the woodland at the bottom. To have followed his example would have meant certain disaster, for the bear would have overtaken me before I could have covered more than a few yards. This left me no alternative but to shoot quickly and then sidestep out of his reach and scramble up the hill out of the way of his falling body.

I fired, and the bullet, which caught him in the middle of his chest, had the effect of turning him slightly and causing him to spin round away from me; thus enabling me to scramble out of his path and get clear. He seemed to recover from the shock almost at once, attempted to steady himself, and took one tremendous swipe at me with his right forepaw, which missed me by the margin of a few feet. This caused him to lose his balance, and he toppled over down the hill.

Although badly hit, he was by no means completely incapacitated, and after falling a few feet, he regained control of himself and commenced to scramble up the hill again after me; but, by this time, I had succeeded in putting sufficient distance between us as to enable me to put another shot into him, and before he could climb far I had hit him with the second shot through the left shoulder, which, as I afterwards discovered, penetrated as far as his heart. This finally settled the matter, the power began to vanish from his colossal forearms, and he began to slip backwards, until the weight of his body, combined with the steepness of the hill sent him thundering into the valley like a railway engine completely out of control.

The shikari had climbed back again up the hill as soon as he became aware that the Shaitan was not pursuing him. His conscience had evidently smitten him when he realised that his flight had left me to bear the brunt of the onslaught alone; and he came hurrying on to the scene just after I had fired the second shot. He seemed very anxious now to atone for his cowardly behaviour. As the great beast began to slip down the hill, he rushed up close to him, evidently intending to fire the contents of the shotgun into him.

I have never been able to understand what he thought he was doing, but this absurd action nearly cost him his life; for, although the bear was mortally wounded, he had still a certain amount of kick left in him, and seeing the shikari so close, made him endeavour to take one final swing at him as he tumbled backwards. The bear's long claws caught the pleats in the back of the shikari's coat as the man turned to dodge the blow, and ripped the coat in two pieces as if it were a piece of paper. An exposed root of a tree, which a kindly providence had placed near at hand saved the stupid fellow from losing his balance altogether and rolling down the hill with the bear.

I followed the beast up alone and put another bullet into him before I allowed any of the villagers to approach.

He was so enormous that we found it impossible to lift and carry him any distance, and so stretched him out where he lay and measured him, afterwards dragging the other bear near to him and photographing the two together.

He measured 8ft. 1in. between the pegs, which made him 10in. longer than the first bear I had shot, and at the time I had thought that was a large animal. As it was impossible to lift him up and carry him any distance I skinned him where he lay.

The old bear had not a perfect tooth in his head. Those that were not chipped and broken were ground down and worn until their surface had become flat, and every tooth was the colour of mahogany. He had been shot at and wounded many times by native poachers, who must have hunted him with their crude, country-made fire arms and old blunderbusses, for as I skinned him I came on much débris such as pieces of brick, bits of tin and small stones that had become embedded in the fat.

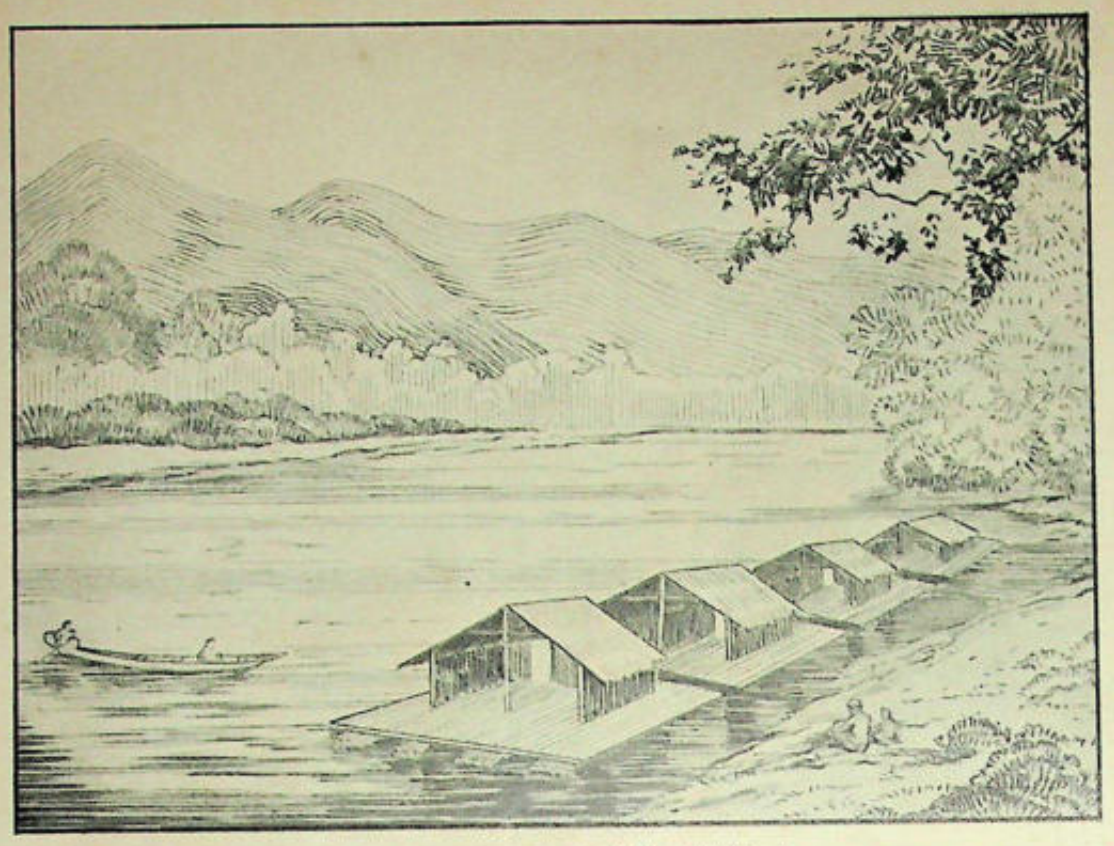
Over an hour had elapsed between the time when these two bears had been skinned and the time when the preparations for the final beat had been completed. The unpleasant circumstances attending the bagging of the two bears that had already been killed that morning had shaken me so that I made up my mind to run no risks in my endeavours to bag the bear that had escaped. He was to be driven away from this ride which had so nearly provided the scene of my destruction; and he was going to be forced into the open countryside where there would be sufficient space for me to take him on without endangering the lives of any other living thing.

The old lumbadar and two other men among the beaters were given two string bombs each, and on the animal's whereabouts being located these bombs were thrown into the undergrowth to explode behind him and ensure that he did not attempt to break back. This move was entirely successful, and the bear came crashing out on to the open mountainside exactly as had been planned. I gave him time to travel some hundred yards from the cover of the spinney in which he had been hiding, and then dropped him to a single shot. He rolled some way down the hillside before coming to rest in the furrows of a ploughed field, and as there was still some life left in him when I approached, I put another shot into him before allowing any one to go near. His length measurement between the pegs was exactly the same as the first bear I had shot, and, like the other two, he was also an old warrior without a sound tooth in his head.

THE BEAR MISSED DURING THE FIRST DRIVE

There was great rejoicing in camp that evening after the three trophies had been pegged out and cleaned. The country folk from several villages nearby came crowding into the orchard where my camp was pitched to see what they could claim as a souvenir of the occasion. The greatest prize of all appeared to be the fat off the three carcasses. These people imagine that there are great healing properties to be found in the fat of a Himalayan black bear; they use it as medicine, and also apply it to their ponies and cattle to cure them of their many diseases.

SALAR



"WE MADE A RAFT OF FOUR SECTIONS"

RESTFUL DAYS ON A BURMESE RAFT

With an Interlude for Sport

By E. H. PEACOCK

THERE can be few forms of transport more sublimely restful than a comfortable raft floating slowly down a broad, smooth river.

It was in February, a few years ago, when the wild geese were preparing to return to their northlands, that we made a raft of four sections, preparatory to floating down the Chindwin River for nearly 200 miles from Homalin to Mawleik Town. Each section was 18ft. long and 12ft. wide, and was borne on four bundles of bamboos set about 2ft. apart and lashed across with hardwood poles.

The floors were made of split bamboos, and on each section we constructed a hut of grass. That on the first section was for my use; the second housed the cook and general servants; the third was devoted to the camp clerk and certain foresters and peons.

The fourth and last hut was intended, nominally, for the two raftsmen and such hangers-on as might join our company, but for the nonce harboured a cow, which might serve, providentially, in the outwitting of a riverine tiger. To the tail of this light, but efficient, structure was attached a tethering rope made of a single length of creeping cane.

When, from habit, I awoke at the first grey light of dawn our raft was drifting down stream in a sea of white opalescent mist. It was crisply cold, and glimpses of the banks with their background of forest and hills were intermittent through occasional gaps in this heavy mist which usually hangs over water during the winter months in Northern Burma.

I spent the morning in unaccustomed and delightful idleness, watching the sun break up the mist and reveal the entrancing scenery around us, and after the midday meal I turned shamelessly into my camp cot to make up arrears of sleep.

A heavy bump against the raft, followed by a long grinding noise, jolted me out of bed at about 2 p.m. to the accompaniment of an excited chatter of voices. But it was only a partly-submerged tree over which our excellent craft bumped its way, section by section, without taking harm, and soon we were in a clear channel again and drifting down in the accustomed peaceful way.

It is strange how habit prevails over reason. By 3 p.m. I felt thoroughly restless and the dogs, I noticed, were standing on the very edge of the raft and gazing wistfully at the land. I cast about for excuses to go ashore.

"There is an *in*, a shallow lake, on the left bank," a helpful follower volunteered, "near which there are usually duck and snipe. If the *Thakin* goes ashore here he can walk throughout the evening and meet the raft beyond the long 'horse-shoe' bend lying before us."

I agreed heartily to this excellent notion. The shot-gun was assembled, a couple of men and the dogs warned for service, and the raft slanted ashore.

Many of the most pleasant and long-remembered hours of sport are those which just occur, unplanned and unanticipated. Barely half a mile from the river, beyond a stretch of waist-high *kaing* grass, lay a broad, shallow expanse of water, specked with reeds and bushes and bordered by the bright green of the young *mayin* paddy. I was thinking of snipe and duck when a couple of francolins exploded at my feet in long grass. I missed lamentably with the right barrel, but the rearmost bird dropped to the shot from the left, and soon after the reports we became aware of duck circling over the lake.

The luck came and went amazingly and interestingly, as well may happen when one has been off wildfowl shooting for some months and lost the sense of pace and distance. The noise of three gross and successive misses at rather sluggish snipe raised a small flight of grey-duck which, passing high overhead, lost two of their number to a fluky right and left. A double into a thickly-packed flock of teal, which should have dropped three or four, failed to account for a single bird; but again the balance was set with a clean right at a snipe, followed by a long kill with the left barrel at his pair.

A loud metallic note close ahead apprised us of a pair of wood-duck flying straight and low in our direction. On they came, two large, dark birds almost as heavy as geese.

"Not a hope for you two," I thought, as I marked their straight, purposeful flight which brought them within easy range of my stand. "I'll down both of you in front of me; or at least one in front and one behind!"

But, alas! They flew on steadily while the smoke curled slowly out of my gun-barrels. Strange how easily one can mistake the speed of flighting duck!

On the whole, however, the snipe were well taken, and there was that excellent right and left at homing green-pigeon which, I swear, were 65yds. off! Well, say 55yds., anyway! It was certainly dreadful shooting as regards those wood-duck, and a few others which we might as well forget!

But it had grown near to nightfall and the wretched guide thought the raft was nearer five miles away than four. So the dogs were whistled up, pipes lighted and a steady three miles an hour through the *kaing* and *laha* scrub brought us, soon after dark, to a high bank from which we looked down at the raft tethered below us.

It was a pleasant and unusual sight, and we lingered a moment before slipping down the sandy path to the water. A bright mantle-lamp had been hung outside my hut, around which the ephemeras circled and swung for the last time in their short lives. At our hail a boy went ashore and returned with a paraffin tin full of the bath water which had been boiling outside. Another moved forward to the first hut with a glass and a bottle. There were no reflections from the water and sand-flats, and the raft and its people were an isolated brightness in a circle of utter darkness.

We went down to the raft and the dogs, foul with slime, were dropped overboard and hauled to the rear end for cleaning operations. Soon, however, we gathered again for dinner, clean and happy; and later, after the lights were dimmed, we watched the hills take shape and form under the light of a rising moon, and meditated for a while over the incidents of this restful day.

It was unutterably peaceful, moored in that backwater. There was scarcely a sound except a muttered word or two from some servant yet awake.

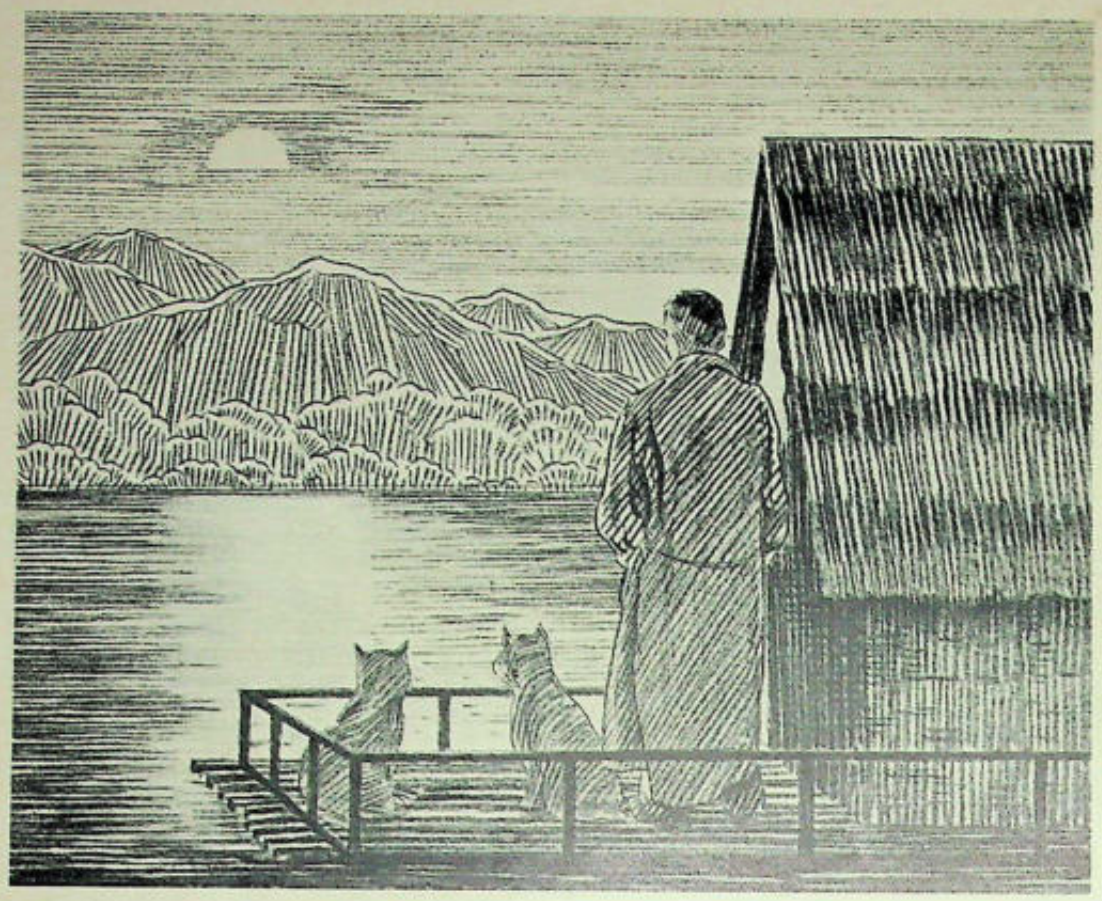
"WE BECAME AWARE OF DUCK CIRCLING OVER THE LAKE"

This England . . .

Near Dockray, Cumberland

SCANDINAVIANS, Scots and the "Centurions of the Thirtieth" all made their mark on these northern counties and left them—essentially English! The old "estatesmen" or owner-farmers who held the land for centuries have disappeared, but their far-famed independence and almost fierce attachment to the "old ways" remain in the spirit of the people. Even the Herdwick sheep that dot the green shoulders of the hills are an ancient breed peculiar to these parts. The folk cling naturally to the traditional foods and, as an ale, Worthington ranks very high . . . for it also is brewed in the "old way."

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND



"WATCHED THE HILLS TAKE SHAPE AND FORM UNDER THE LIGHT OF A WANING MOON"

Then as we, the dogs and I, turned to enter our hut a sound rolled across the water, low and deep, and menacing. It sounded like the sawing of wood by some gigantic saw: repeated loudly a few times, to die down in low, growling notes. That was *thit, kyet-thit, thit-sin*, panther, arch-hunter of the hills and his call raises queer desires and primitive longings. I wished I knew a tenth part of his craft and envied him his strength and cunning. There he was, like a good sportsman, giving fair warning before commencing his play under "our white and our beautiful nights."

We wished we could cross over the silver moon-track lying before us and play, too; but this idiot world requires us to work such a lot during the daytime. It seemed to be entirely wrong—under the moon, with *kyet-thit* making that noise. We lingered for a while and, as the growling notes were repeated, we turned inwards and lay down to sleep.

HAND-MADE MASS PRODUCTION

Some Problems of the Shotgun Cartridge Manufacturer

THE cause of all the cartridge manufacturer's troubles lies largely in one fact—his products are "consumable stores" but the guns in which they are fired are not. The ephemeral shotgun cartridge has its one brief moment of glory, and is then superseded; the gun goes on, if not for ever, for very many years. This means that the gun can be hand-made, and have money and care spent on it while the cartridge must come up to its standards and yet be mass-produced for cheapness.

Now, given good material, mass production of cigarettes, pins, or any "non-precision" articles should be easy enough. It is harder to mass-produce motor parts, but even with them the maker *does* know exactly what his product has to fit and work with; it needs a product like shotgun ammunition to raise real mass-production problems.

The cartridge producer's main aims must be correct size and strength for his case, and sufficient killing power for his charge, and the second aim is relatively easy, if, as is the way of big manufacturers, he controls every component from the beginning. His path to the first object is the thorny one, mainly because he cannot know exactly what the condition of the gun or of the weather will be when his cartridge is fired.

He has two rather faint beacons on that thorny path; he knows the minimum sizes of the perfect gun and he knows the pressure that the charge he loads will set up on firing, but the trouble is that he *does not* know how near perfection the gun will be. A gun, even if made right down to the agreed minimum size, has a literally wearing life ahead of it, so the cartridge must be small enough for the minimum and yet elastic enough to expand without casualty in the worn gun. In addition, the looseness that can develop about the action face or the extractor is far worse than any general looseness, because the effect of pressure is naturally most noticeable at the point where there is most "give."

The paper of which cartridge tubes are made is another complication. Paper, incidentally, is used not only for economy's sake, but also because it is the best material yet found at the price and because no cheap efficient alternative is available which does not raise a need for change in gun design that the capital value of guns now in use would hardly make welcome to the gun user. Rolling paper tubes to close limits is not difficult, but keeping them there in all weathers is, and the cartridge maker *must* legislate for all weathers because he does not know whether his cartridges will be fired in November damp in England or in the dry heat of the Sahara.

This, then, is the essence of the tube-making problem—to produce from paper and metal a container that will stand an internal pressure of three tons per square inch, expend under it, without bursting, as much as a fiftieth of an inch generally and even more than that locally; to prevent it swelling in the dampest weather, but on the other hand to avoid making it too small, in case it splits in dry weather; finally, so to combine the unallied materials of brass and paper that they will not separate even under that three tons per square inch blow.

This article's object is to explain, in the face of that problem, why a shotgun cartridge costing 1½d. or 2d., is good value at its price—a price covering the manufacture and assembling in over one hundred operations, of upwards of fifteen materials, and yet a price of the same order as that of a collar stud or a pen nib.

Consider the case first. Ignition alone deserves a whole article, but it must suffice to say that, apart from the handling of tricky explosives, manufacturing limits must be closer than with any other component—about half a thousandth of an inch—if the cap is to do its all-important job satisfactorily. Then there is the paper (not cardboard) tube, rolled from special paper with a specification for size, stretch, breaking strain and porosity, that would make many a paper maker think twice. Tests at rolling, conditioning, polishing and sizing include paste content, moisture content, diameters of the tube inside and out—but *the* essential step is conditioning, the process which provides for the changing weather the cartridges will meet later. In the conditioning room, an artificially produced atmosphere works for a week on millions of paper tubes lying there to absorb just the amount of moisture that they can take up under normal humidity conditions. Moisture content correct, their size is fixed by polishing, and wherever they meet that normal weather after leaving the factory they will revert to their normal size. They meet climatic variations, of course, but conditioning ensures that they themselves vary on either side of a mean—a mean calculated on the maker's knowledge of minimum gun size, swelling properties of the paper and world extremes of humidity.

Brass components are easier to make and keep to size, but their quality must none the less be controlled all through by analysis, microscopic examination, hardness and stretch tests, appearance and size examination from raw metal to strip and from strip to finished components.

On top of the expense of checking and testing during manufacture (and it is expensive because it is all skilled work), every case passes through an inspection department for visual examination. At least one in ten is also gauged completely, and in the better qualities a much higher proportion, so that inspection alone adds 50 per cent. to the labour cost of manufacture.

Meanwhile, the other components, powder, wadding and shot are all being made to the same precision standards as the cases into which they are to be loaded, and by this time the description "mass production" is becoming a little far-fetched. Eight qualities of case, some in 26 different gauges or lengths, some in half a dozen different colours, come from the inspection department to provide all the possible permutations and combinations with six or so powders, three qualities of felt and 28 British sizes of shot.

Loading presents its own particular difficulty—the difficulty that while components can be made sure of before loading, after loading, the only final check on the efficiency of the cartridge is firing it, and the whole output cannot be fired. So here the machine must assume a human function and, with sensitive ivory-tipped punches, examine the inside of each cartridge after every component is put in; any shortage or excess stops the machine and indicates where the fault lies. Human hands support the machine with check weighing of charges, testing of turnover pulls, ballistic tests, external inspection, and, as a last resort, X-ray examination.

That is a very brief description of the work and supervision behind the 1½d. shotgun cartridge; mass production it is, but mass production complicated and made expensive by an enormous variety of output, unusual technical problems, and, be it said, a reputation for quality in British-made cartridges which must not be threatened. Cartridge makers hope for the best, but prepare for the worst; the wisdom of their preparations is vouched for by the fact that in one large all-British firm, one cartridge in a million comes back with a justified complaint attached to it.

DOUBLE-BARREL.

"ONLY ONE IN A MILLION COMES BACK WITH A JUSTIFIED COMPLAINT"

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.

LOST FERTILITY OF MOORLANDS

SIR,—It would seem that some moorland districts have lost a certain amount of fertility within the past century, and there is enough and to spare of reason for the loss.

Every farmer knows that you cannot go on taking everything out of the soil and putting nothing back for a short term of years without taking a great part of the natural fertility from the soil. Provision is actually made in farm leases for the farmer's remanuring of the soil, and a condition is that he sells no manure.

If such conditions are found necessary in rich arable country, what about moorlands where, since the beginning of game preservation, everything has been taken away from the soil and nothing put back?

The thoughtful may well pause and consider about the lost fertility of moorlands which, to my mind, is quite evident.

At the beginning of grouse conservation in one typical district of Scotland there was not a rabbit in the whole district. Fifty years later the output of one merchant of that district was 33,000 of couples of rabbits in a season. Multiply that number by 50 and you get a faint idea of the new loss of lime (in the rabbit's bones) and of other soil constituents in the tons of their flesh, and begin to wonder less that sheep do not thrive as they used on the moors, and that grouse are failing in number as time goes on.

Rabbits where rabbits were unknown, hundreds of sheep where there were scores, and it may be hundreds of white hares where there were none, and you have the conditions for a debacle, which debacle has already arrived in some districts I could name.

It appears to me that over-frequent heather burning must result in a loss of fertility in moorlands. How much of the valuable constituents of the soil go up in smoke at each burning? And it is quite certain that heather blight (however caused) is seen at its worst on over-burned moors.

That was quite evident to me during my lifetime, for on my moor I burned heather which was failing through old age and no other kind, and had little heather blight (or beetle).

A mile from the borders of my moor all the young heather was blighted in bad years for blight, and that I thought was because the frequent burnings over had weakened the growth so that it failed to stand up to fungus disease or to beetle ravages.

To burn heather which is failing through age is correct, but to burn young heather at intervals of a few years is wrong, and could be proved wrong by examining the heather on moors managed for grouse by a good keeper in contrast with those burned over at frequent periods for sheep.

Farmers and shepherds usually believe that the more heather burned the better for sheep, but I knew some thoughtful old shepherds who believed with me that frequent heather burning weakens the growths from the old roots and may lead to grass taking the place of the heather.

I am quite sure that the estate factors of various Scottish districts will presently be considering whether it is worth while going on with grouse preservation, and it is a thousand pities that that should be so.

My honest advice to factors in doubt at the present time would be to resume the old idea of heather conservation, have rabbits treated as vermin, strictly supervise the numbers of sheep kept on individual farms, and insist on grouse being shot down in sufficient numbers when they are once more numerous.

Yours faithfully,
DUGALD MACINTYRE.
Woodview,
Comrie, Perthshire.

THE METHODS OF FIELD TRIALS

SIR,—My thanks are due to Mr. Charles M. C. Mill for his appreciation of my letter on the above subject in your issue of November 28th. I have no knowledge of spaniel trials, but I believe a system of marks or mark deduction could equally well be used in judging spaniel trials as in the conduct of retriever trials. In the former case it may be presumed that the chief sin of omission would be failure to find and rouse the unshot game, after which other sins would follow in their order of importance.

My thanks are also due to Lord Middleton for his very generous offer of ground for a test. It would, however, be difficult for me to take advantage of it, as though I suspect that quite a number of people are sympathetic to my suggestions, I am unaware who they may be until and unless they signify their attitude. Enough support, I think, has been accorded to arouse the authorities, who are, I suppose, the Field Trial Council, to make some test of the matter, which they can do with more effect than can private individuals without authority. I shall be very pleased to give any help in the matter which is in my power. Lord Middleton must not, however, let it be suggested that the malcontents are necessarily those who have had no success at Field Trials; that would be misleading and might imply personal feelings of disgruntlement which, in my case, at any rate, is denied.

Yours faithfully,
H. C. ELWES.
Colesbourne,

A PLEA FOR MORE RACKETS

SIR,—I write to inquire through the medium of your paper whether experiments have ever been made to produce a cheaper ball suitable for rackets.

In these days of intensive ball games and rubber industry development it strikes me that it should be possible to produce a racket ball with a thin rubber cover having the same properties as the present ball, thus obviating the necessity of hand-stitched balls, which, incidentally, can never be really true.

The more one sees of squash rackets the more one realises that it can never be a first-class game, and is largely a matter of endurance when two players are more or less matched in skill. For this reason it does appear more than desirable that rackets should be re-introduced and encouraged more generally.

I know there is a feeling that rackets is a very expensive game to play, and so it can be; but, on the other hand, I think expense has become such a by-word that both parents and young men themselves are too ready not to give rackets a trial. With reasonable care the expenses can be cut down. I have seen the racket accounts at one of the principal public schools, and the average amount is not excessive.

Obviously, the main expenses (if courts are available and there are still many in the country, even if they have to be re-converted from squash courts) are the rackets and balls.

With the new type of racket ("Crosby's Patent") the expenses on this score are much reduced, and it therefore remains mainly a question of balls. Cannot a cheaper ball be made, thus enabling this first-class game to be more generally played?

Yours faithfully,
E. J. HARDMAN-JONES
(Rear-Admiral).
Littleton Manor,
Near Winchester.

MIGRANT ARRIVALS IN N.E. ABERDEENSHIRE

SIR,—This year the wild geese which make the lochans of N.E. Aberdeenshire their winter headquarters arrived as early as September 18th, when about twenty birds were first seen. More flocks came on October 3rd, and during the week October 12th to 18th the majority of the birds flew in. Some of the arrivals took place during the day and some during the night. The birds come in from the sea at the extreme north-east corner of Aberdeenshire, having flown directly across from Caithness.

Observations indicate that there are considerable arrivals from the east and south-east also. On the Aberdeenshire coast birds are seen frequently coming in from the sea as though they had flown directly across the North Sea from Norway. Others appear to follow the coast from some point in England (probably the Humber), and they arrive from the south-east. There is evidence, too, that many of these arrivals pass on over Aberdeenshire towards the West.

During the last week of October the fieldfares, missel-thrush and redwings arrived in their hundreds. On the 26th I saw companies of them flying inland from the coast at a point quite near Fraserburgh. It was a day of strong south wind and the birds had to battle their way into the breeze. Little groups of five to ten birds followed one another for about an hour on end. It is probable that these migrants had flown across from Caithness that day. They appeared to be tired, but they seemed intent on reaching some more inland destination.

On the 29th, the first arrivals to settle in our own locality appeared. It was shortly after mid-day when I happened to see a flock descend from the sky into a strip of trees where the same type of bird gathered before leaving for nesting haunts in the North in spring. When they came down the excitement was intense. The birds hopped from twig to twig and tree to tree, keeping up a sustained chattering or "chacking." One felt that the birds knew perfectly well where they were, just as a returning emigrant recognises favourite haunts left behind years before.

Shortly afterwards, on the same day, I watched the first company of these migrants feeding in the field next my house. Through my glass I picked out the various types—the speckled missel-thrush, the slate-grey fieldfare and the dark-brown redwing, with its deep red wing-mark. The birds fed eagerly, and in that characteristic method of taking a few steps at a time before picking up some tit-bit.

There is something exceptionally exciting to a bird-watcher in seeing these migrants for the first time after their return. One remembers their departure in the spring, the long absence throughout the summer and autumn, and the perfectly amazing flights upon which they have gone since their leaving this or any locality.

I am quite convinced, too, that numbers of blackbirds arrived with these other migrants for blackbirds have greatly increased in this locality. When the migrants first came I saw numerous squabbles both in the trees and in the fields between missel-thrush and blackbird. No doubt these were the customary bird-fights for territory.

Yours faithfully,
R. I. M.
Lonmay,
Aberdeenshire.

THE RABBIT PEST

SIR,—May I suggest a method for checking the rabbit pest without pain or cruelty. Net the rabbits, kill all the does, release all the bucks, then there will be a predominance of males, who will fight amongst themselves for the favours of the does, with the result she is never served.

Yours faithfully,
G. PERCY ASHMORE.
The Royal Automobile Club,
London, S.W.1.

SIR,—Anything, they say, is worth trying once. Would the following experiment be feasible?

Where rabbits are trapped, gassed or killed in numbers, why not use them as a fertiliser—*i.e.*, bone manure. Burn the rabbits in incinerators.

Of course, it is obvious that the number used to produce even a bag would be huge, but why not use as a mixture?

I think it would be worth trying, even if only on an acre of waste land.

In the South of Ireland rabbits have been used successfully as pig food, also as a diet for greyhounds.

Yours faithfully,
J. Y. S.

SIR,—I have read with considerable interest your article on the rabbit pest in your issue of November 28th. It may interest some of your readers to hear of my experience ridding this property of these pests.

In the late summer I tried gassing, ferreting, shooting and netting, but found these methods useless. I then decided to employ two experienced trappers, and by the use of the gin trap they have almost cleared the estate of rabbits. They assure me that by Christmas there will not be a dozen rabbits (where there were thousands) in the place, which includes many acres of woods.

Yours faithfully,
WILLIAM MURRAY.
Kingstone Lisle Park,
Berkshire.

EDUCATIONAL FILMS

SIR,—The British Film Institute regards as one of its functions the collection and classification of information concerning educational films. The Institute is compiling a complete list of films of agricultural and horticultural interest. May I be allowed through your columns to appeal for information regarding any films on the subject which may have been produced by private individuals or by commercial firms for the use of their employees or to popularise their products. Any assistance which you or your readers can give us will be very greatly appreciated.

Yours faithfully,
OLIVER BELL
(General Manager,
The British Film Institute).
4, Great Russell Street,
London, W.C.1.

AN OLD PORRINGER

SIR, The photograph shows a solid silver two-handled porringer which was made in 1670 by Edward Mangey, of Hull. It is one of five pieces with Hull Assay mark by different Hull makers of the same period, and has just been presented to the Hull Municipal Museum by the National Art-Collections Fund and the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Yours faithfully,

The Municipal Museums, Hull. T. SHEPPARD, (Director).

THE WORK OF A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY CRAFTSMAN
(See Letter "An Old Porringer")

A STALKER'S SHOT

SIR,—While I was out stalking with Mr. Whyte-Melville-Skeffington on the home beat on September 29th he shot a stag stone dead through the back of the head going full gallop, stern on, at 740yds. Mr. Skeffington would never have taken such a risky shot but for the fact that it was a fine old 11-pointer with a great span of 30½in.

He had been trying to get into this stag all day, but was prevented owing to the great number of hinds.

At last, late in the evening, in very bad light he decided to try a shot at him at about 600yds., which he did when a good broadside chance offered. The bullet went about 6in. over the stag's back. He immediately went off at full gallop but got the second bullet in the back of the head as he slowed back for a moment against some white scree. The stag came down head over heels like a bolting rabbit. I have seen Mr. Skeffington do many a good long galloping shot, but never one like that. I believe he has shot over 1,000 red deer, stags and hinds, out of which he has only wounded six! He always does his own stalking and never uses telescopic sights. He tried telescopic sights on a .22 rabbit rifle once, but never hit a thing. I thought I had better write to you about this long shot, which I think must be very nearly a record.

Yours faithfully,

Knock House, Isle of Mull. COLIN MACPHAIL.

STRANGE BEHAVIOUR OF SISI

SIR,—A few evenings ago, just as dusk was changing to dark, three riflemen who were sitting in a tent in the middle of the camp, heard a noise as of a covey of birds passing by. They went outside and found that a covey of nine sisi had settled about 15yds. away, and were walking towards the tent. Two of the birds then flew up and settled on the roof of the tent, while the remainder came up to the tent-pegs and stopped.

One man then advanced into the middle of the covey; two birds flew away, but the remaining five stood still and allowed themselves to be picked up. Another man swarmed to the top of the tent, but just as he was about to seize the two birds they flew away.

Sisi are not numerous in this area, although they breed here. Out shooting it is difficult to approach within 40yds. of a covey.

The men think that the birds mistook the tent for water, but this does not explain why they allowed themselves to be picked up. They were in excellent condition and showed no signs of fatigue. There was a light in the tent, but this was not visible on the side from which the birds approached.

Yours faithfully,

Hindubagh, Baluchistan. A. E. BARKER (Major, 10th Gurkha Rifles).

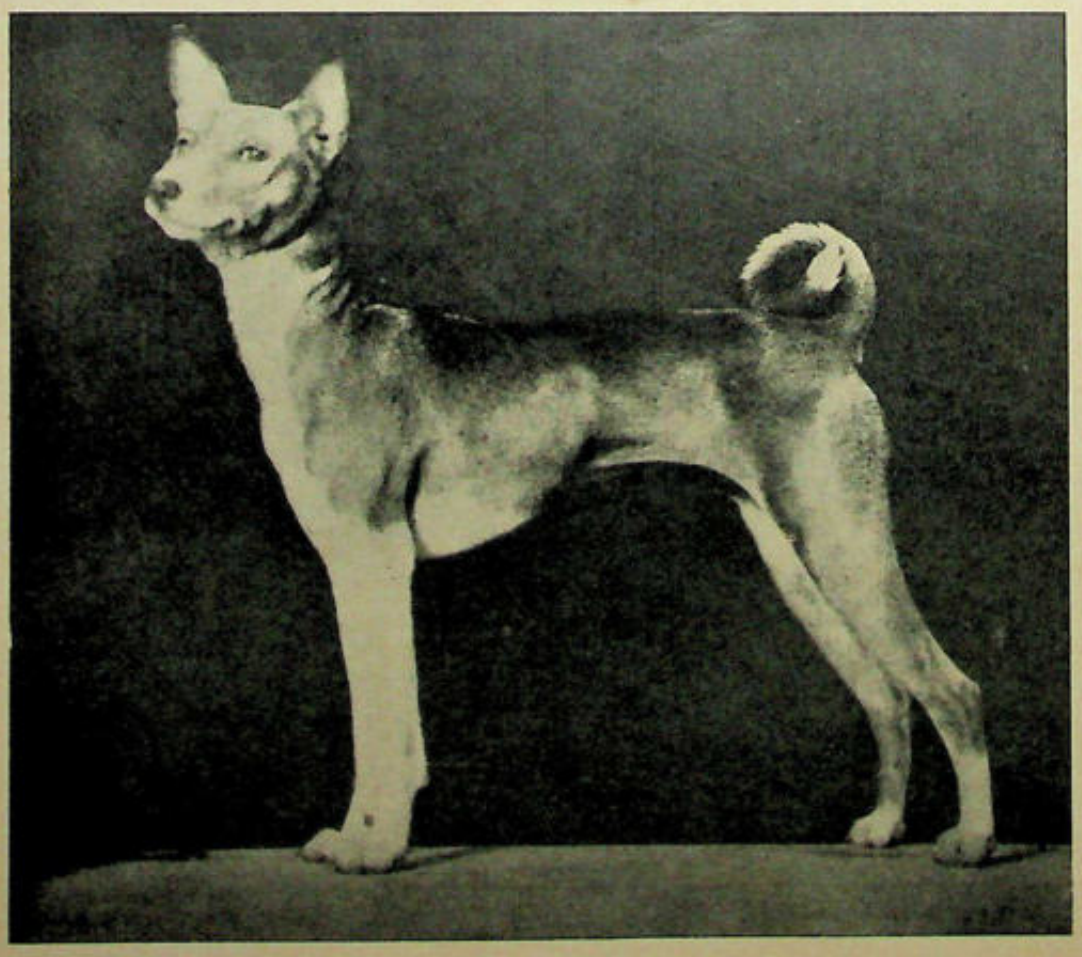
ROACH CRASHING

SIR,—In your issue of November 6th two people wrote about "collisions," one concerning two hares and the other two partridges.

Last August, I was in a boat fishing and I saw a small roach swimming frantically. I soon noticed the cause of this—it was being chased by a large pike. The unfortunate roach did not know where to go, and in his flight he collided with a pile. The pike approached to devour it when it saw me, and swam away; afterwards I picked up the roach, which was quite dead.

Yours faithfully,

Druries, Harrow. JAMES BUCKMASTER.



A DIRECT DESCENDANT OF THE ANCIENT DOG OF EGYPT?
(See Letter "Basenji in England")

GARDENING IN KENYA

SIR,—An account of four beds, each containing 25 rose bushes, may be of interest. Very often the space between the back of a house and the separate kitchen is unsightly in this country, and I have succeeded in making this space the reverse in my case. The bushes are eight years old and the four sorts were chosen as good doers: Maman Cochet, Papa Cochet, La France and a common affair called Ainsworth Pink out here.

Before each of our two rainy seasons a boy hacks them down to about 1ft. high, and the dead wood is mostly eaten by white ants (the only good they ever do). The idea of properly pruning these hundred bushes is absurd. The rains are starting now, and by actual measurement the new growth is 2in. in 24 hours. The ground is manured when there is any to spare, *i.e.*, about every eighteen months. It is dug up twice a year and most of the time the surface is in that bad smooth condition which is caused by a flock of hens and chickens, ducks and guinea fowls. The bushes grow to 4ft. 6in. in height and about 4ft. in diameter and bear an average of 50 blooms each—2,000 in all. The season of full blooming is followed by a short second crop of about half the number of blooms. The whole space, in which are included these four beds and some footpaths, is 60ft. by 30ft. The bushes are too closely planted by ordinary standards. The annual rainfall is 38in.

All this happens twice a year, and therefore the country must be one of the very best places for gardeners. One can see gardens here ranging from tropical at the coast, through sub-tropical to exactly the kind of garden one grows at home.

My garden is sub-tropical and has a very wide choice of plants. It contains many of the usual home plants, but a list of its contents would not be of much interest to most Britishers, unless they cared to look up three-quarters of the shrubs and climbers in a horticultural dictionary.

Yours faithfully,

Kiriga Estate, P.O. Thika, Kenya Colony. ARTHUR W. BARNLEY.

BASENJI IN ENGLAND

SIR,—You were good enough to publish a letter and photograph of my Basenji bitch from the Belgian Congo a year or so ago. I have since been fortunate enough to breed the first litter born in this country, to my knowledge, and interest in these really fascinating dogs is growing apace. Half-a-dozen are intended for exhibition at Crufts, and, perhaps, a Basenji Club may be formed. The *Field* is so widely read that I am hoping to get in touch with those interested through its medium, and also with an expert Egyptologist who might furnish authentic photographs or tracings of early sculptuary, which, I am informed, frequently portrays the identical dog in this photograph. There is said to be a replica of a Basenji in the Gizeh Museum in Cairo, but so far I have been unable to obtain a picture of it.

Having been asked by the Swiss and American Kennel Clubs for an article and photographs of the breed, I am anxious to reproduce illustrations of such sculptuary alongside, in order to prove that the Basenji of to-day must surely be a direct descendant of the ancient dog of Egypt as suggested.

Yours faithfully,

Bossingham, near Canterbury. OLIVIA BURN.

MARSH HAWKS

SIR,—I have the greatest respect for anything Mr. Jim Vincent writes about Norfolk birds, even though I may not be able to accept or agree with all his views and recommendations.

But loose statements such as that seized upon by Mr. Dalgleish in your issue of September 5th ("Montagu's harriers can play themselves out") obviously have neither scientific nor sound basis for general application.

When one considers what risks any single pair of these birds, seeking to establish themselves in a new locality in this country, have to run, not only here, but on migration and in their winter quarters abroad, it is not surprising that they may fade out after a season or two, most especially so when, as in the case Mr. Dalgleish instances, they fail to rear a brood (if that is what he means by saying that "the eggs never matured").

If there are no young birds to return to their birthplace, and both the parents happen to be shot or otherwise become casualties, the fact that so very few, comparatively, of these birds come to this country makes it inevitable that there is a break, often for many years, in the continuity of occupation.

For the same reason, even if one of the pair survives, it is far more likely that it will wander until it finds a mate in a more strongly established breeding locality than the reverse.

Yours faithfully,

32, West Bute Street, Docks, Cardiff. H. MORREY SALMON.

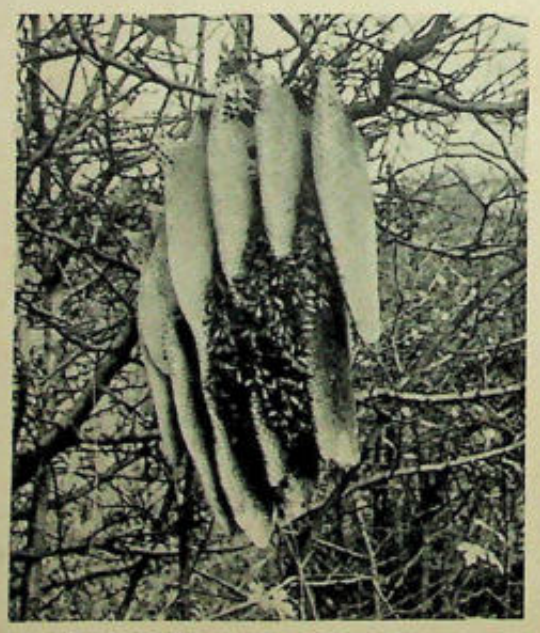
THE SALMON RECORD ?

SIR,—It would be interesting to know who has the *life-time* salmon record of the world. The late G. F. Macoquodale, with about 10,000 fish to his own rod (on Spey and other rivers) might have it, but someone who knew about the late Mr. Wood (inventor of the greased line method of salmon fly fishing) suggested that Mr. Wood may have caught more, if smaller, fish. Then there is Mr. Pashley, of the Wye, and an American angler may have the world record, although it is not likely.

The late Mr. Wood caught 22 Dee salmon on his trout rod one day, I believe (I had the tale from his keeper), and the close of that day came early because of a broken rod-tip. That is the best day's record on Dee I know about, and the best Spey day record I know was 22 spring salmon, by the late J. Cruickshank, head gamekeeper at Tulchan Lodge Advie. It would be interesting to know if the 26 spring salmon caught by a lady one day on the Tweed is the one-day record for that river, and what is Mr. Pashley's best day on the Wye.

Yours faithfully,

Woodview, Comrie. DUGALD MACINTYRE.



BEES IN THE OPEN
(See Letter "Unusual Bees' Nest")

AN UNUSUAL BEES' NEST

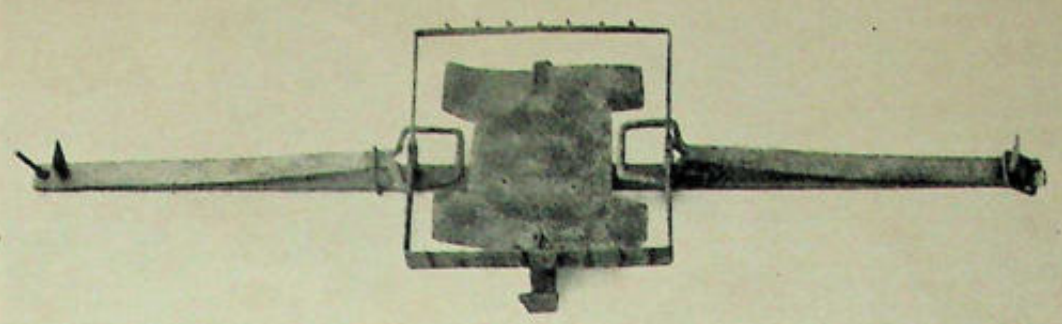
SIR,—I read with interest a letter entitled "Unusual Bees' Nest," which appeared in the issue of October 4th.

Recently I found a bees' nest hanging from a hawthorn bush. As may be seen from the enclosed photograph, the bees are of the domestic Italian breed, and possibly originated from a local apiary.

I doubt if the colony will survive the winter, as there appeared to be only a small amount of honey present in the combs, and the nest was in a very exposed position.

Yours faithfully,

Shell Haven, Stanford-le-Hope, Essex. G. J. H. MOON.



AN OLD TRAP FOR POACHERS
(See Letter "Man-Traps")

MAN-TRAPS

SIR,—The trap in the photograph is supposed to be over 300 years old, and has been in the family of the present owner for nearly 100 years. It was probably at one time used to catch poachers on an estate near Langholm in Dumfriesshire. It is 6ft. 2in. in length, and the trap itself is 18in. square. There are, or were, seven teeth on one side and eight on the other, set alternately. They appear to have been about 1in. long, but are now a good deal corroded. It will be noticed that there are two springs, the object being that if a man were caught by one leg he could not release himself by putting his other foot on a spring.

In 1827 (Statutes 7 & 8 George IV, Chapter 18) spring-guns, man-traps and the like were made illegal, and this was confirmed by the Offences Against the Person Act of 1861 (Statutes 24 & 25 Victoria, Chapter 100, section 31), which enacts that anyone who shall set, or place, or cause to be set or placed, any spring-gun, man-trap or other engine calculated to destroy life, or inflict grievous bodily harm upon a trespasser or other person, shall be guilty of a misdemeanour, and the penalty is penal servitude for three years, or imprisonment up to two years, with or without hard labour, and by the Penal Servitude Act, 1891 (Statutes 54 & 55 Victoria, Chapter 69, section 1), it was enacted that for any crime for which penal servitude was the penalty, the sentence was at the discretion of the court to be not less than three years, nor more than five, except when otherwise specifically provided.

In both Acts, 1827 and 1861, there is a proviso, however (which does not appear to have been repealed), that it shall not be unlawful to place a man-trap, etc., in a dwelling-house between the hours of sunset and sunrise, as a protection against burglars.

Before the passing of the 1827 Act, the position was that a landowner might set a man-trap, and if anyone were injured thereby his liability depended on whether the injured person knew, or ought to have known, of the existence of the trap or not. If he did not know, the landowner was liable for the injury, not criminally, but civilly, in damages for the injury done. If, however, the injured person knew, or ought to have known of the existence of traps, the landowner was not liable for an injury caused. Consequently, it was apparently the usual custom to put up notices to the effect that man-traps were set on the land, and, if this were done before 1827, the landowner would not be liable. There is no doubt that even after 1827 such notices were often put up where no traps were set, in order to frighten off poachers. Since 1827 the landowner would, of course, be liable in damages for the injury done in every case, and he would also be liable criminally to the penalties mentioned above.

Yours faithfully,

Hillside, Lockerbie, Dumfriesshire. J. M. HANNAN (Lieutenant-Colonel).

THE CIVIL WAR AND THE CANARY ISLANDS

SIR,—It seems from letters received from England that many who intended spending the coming winter in Teneriffe fear that, owing to the civil war in Spain, it will not be advisable to do so.

Some of them received last winter a disagreeable impression of lawlessness and insecurity of life and property, which, while not affecting them directly, was very unpleasant.

We, the undersigned British residents of long standing, can assure them that, since the military authorities took over the government this has entirely disappeared. Life has returned to its old, peaceful orderliness, crimes of violence are things of the past. Everything possible is being done for the working classes and those in need, and the depressing spirit of class hatred is no longer in evidence.

On the other hand, the effects of the previous state of affairs and the dislocation of trade caused by the war in Spain, have created general poverty. British visitors will therefore be more than ever welcome, as they create some work and bring in much-needed foreign currency. They, and especially those who own, or rent, houses, will probably find the cost of living somewhat reduced, and, as they know, it was not high previously.

The Church, Games Club and Library depend so greatly upon their support that we all hope our regular visitors, and many others, may come back to give it. Those who have been here, or in other parts of Spain before, know the extreme courtesy and friendliness of the people in general, and we are confident that they will not be annoyed by the beggars, and the lack of discipline in the children, which were of late years rather troublesome.

Yours faithfully,

T. M. REID. C. J. R. HAMILTON.
A. F. BAILLON. ANNA GOODENOUGH.
CANON E. N. REDFERN. EDITH G. HUMPHREYS.
A. L. OWEN. OSBERT WARD.
F. S. BELLAMY. J. B. SHIPLEY.

Teneriffe, Canary Islands.

INJURIOUS PLANTS

SIR,—I have received the following letter from a correspondent, and since it shows the injurious effects of certain plants on animals, I think it should be of interest to many *Field* readers.

"Since sending my report yesterday, I have made a further search regarding the poisonous properties of plants of the Heath Family. I find that there is on record a case of the deaths of sheep near Kendal in 1896. These were caused by the eating of *Andromeda floribunda* (*Pieris f.*), and the description is by Professor Macdougall, who states that four ewes strayed into a garden and ate the leaves of the plant. They were ill twelve to fifteen hours before death and showed abdominal pain. The *Gardeners' Chronicle* for March, 1866, records the ill-effects following the eating of the plant by sheep. The same journal in 1878 states that a horse was lost through eating *Pieris f.* This animal died in great agony in 24 hours.

"Another case is described in the *Veterinary Record* of 1918. In this case a female pedigree goat died the morning after she had eaten leaves of the same plant.

"It has thus been established that the plant in question is very poisonous to sheep and goats. There appears to be no antidote known for the poison."

Yours faithfully,

Garthmeilio, near Corwen, North Wales. CHARLES PRODGERS.

OLD WAR HORSES

SIR,—While it is never fair to condemn a whole nation for the misdeeds of a few offenders, and there are doubtless many humane horse-owners in Belgium, there must surely be something wrong with the hearts or heads of the majority of a people who allow their government to permit such gross cruelty to animals as is revealed by Mr. Keith Robinson's letter and photograph.

In view of all the sob-stuff poured out about Belgium in 1914, together with an equal amount of diatribes against the brutal Hun, it is somewhat strange to read, by way of contrast to Mr. Keith Robinson's revelations in *The Times* of November 28th, that "the organisation for the protection of animals under the new German government is going to enable all the owners of war horses, who are sometimes only poor peasants, to feed and keep these old war comrades."

Yours faithfully,

St. James's Court, S.W. E. J. KEITH.

RINGED WOODCOCK

SIR,—A ringed woodcock was shot here on September 3rd by Major W. G. Hale. Messrs. Witherby state that the ring was issued to Sir Josselyn Gore-Booth, of Tissadell, Sligo. It is, I think, unusual for woodcock to change their quarters in a northerly direction at this time of year, yet this bird has travelled about 70 miles in a N.E. direction. Though woodcock breed very freely here (I can usually find one or two nests close to my hall door), we have only occasionally shot them on the moors before November, though we often see them in the demesne as late as the third and fourth week in August, but do not shoot them then.

The shortening of the season to February 5th instead of March 1st in which they may be legally shot has, I believe, resulted in more of them nesting here, as they are usually paired by February 1st. As we do not shoot them after February 1st, it has resulted in still more remaining with us to breed. Yours faithfully,

Beltrim Castle, Gortin Omagh, Tyrone. F. B. FOERSTER.

HOOKING THE TAILERS

SIR,—The following may be of slight interest: Whilst fishing with large flies for trout at night I caught three nice trout, *all of them* being foul hooked in extreme end of tail! Others were caught the same night, both before these three and afterwards, hooked in mouth. It seems rather extraordinary to foul hook three good fish *in succession* by the tails! The fish were caught about 5yds. to 10yds. apart from a slow-flowing pool.

A friend upstream worm fishing in clear water struck at a fish and broke off his Stewart tackle. Without moving he replaced his tackle and when baited threw again, not purposely, in the same place. He had another bite, and after hooking and netting the fish found it was the one which three or four minutes earlier had broken him. His tackle (three hooks) was attached to the trout, a fish of ¾lb.

Fishing in Ribble for salmon, sea trout and trout has been shocking for weeks.

Yours faithfully,

Higher Kempstone, Clitheroe, Lancs. C. R. CHAMBERLIN.

BATH ABBEY

SIR,—In your issue of October 24th, there is a letter on the angels on the Jacob's Ladder on Bath Abbey. I suppose that often the knowledge of one generation is lost before it can be handed on to the next, but I have always understood that this carving inspired the words which went to the tune of the notes blown on a coaching horn, and which are as follows:

"See the little angels ascend up, ascend up.
See the little angels ascend up on high.
Ascend up. Ascend up. Ascend up.
Ascend up. See the little angels ascend up on high."

It may be of interest to say that I heard this 40 years ago here in America, long before I ever saw Bath Abbey. Yours faithfully,

Poplar House, St. David's, Pennsylvania. GEORGE L. HARRISON.

SIR HENRY CURTIS-BENNETT

SIR,—I have been appointed the official biographer of Sir Henry Curtis-Bennett, and it will be greatly appreciated by myself and the executors if any of your readers with personal reminiscences of Sir Henry who have not already been approached, would give me the benefit of their knowledge.

Yours faithfully,

Wood End, Oatlands Avenue, Weybridge. ROLAND J. WILD.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1, plead for £10 to help a middle-aged woman and her mother, aged 86, who are struggling to live on 10/- weekly. The daughter worked as a hotel housekeeper until last year, when she was called home to look after her father, who was then seriously ill. After his death she devoted herself to her mother, who became increasingly incapacitated. The poor woman is threatened with tuberculosis and is not strong enough to take extra jobs once the housework is over. Fortunately they live rent free in a Suffolk almshouse, but their only income, the mother's old age pension, is quite inadequate for their needs. Friends of the Poor ask for donations.

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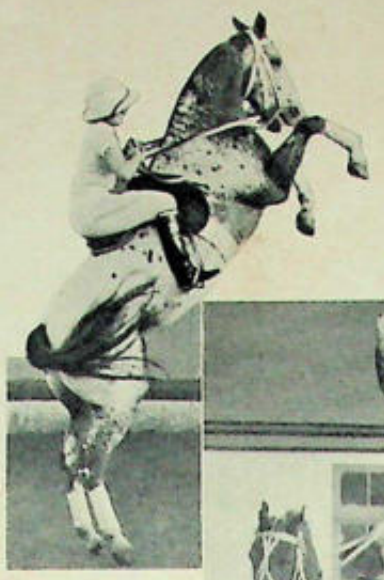
ALL THE FUN OF THE CIRCUS

A Great Christmas Show at Olympia



ONE OF MR. BERTRAM MILLS'S YOUNG PERFORMERS IN A DISPLAY WHICH MIGHT HAVE COME STRAIGHT FROM THE VIENNESE SCHOOL

SIX RIDERS, FIVE OF WHOM SHARE A HORSE BETWEEN THEM

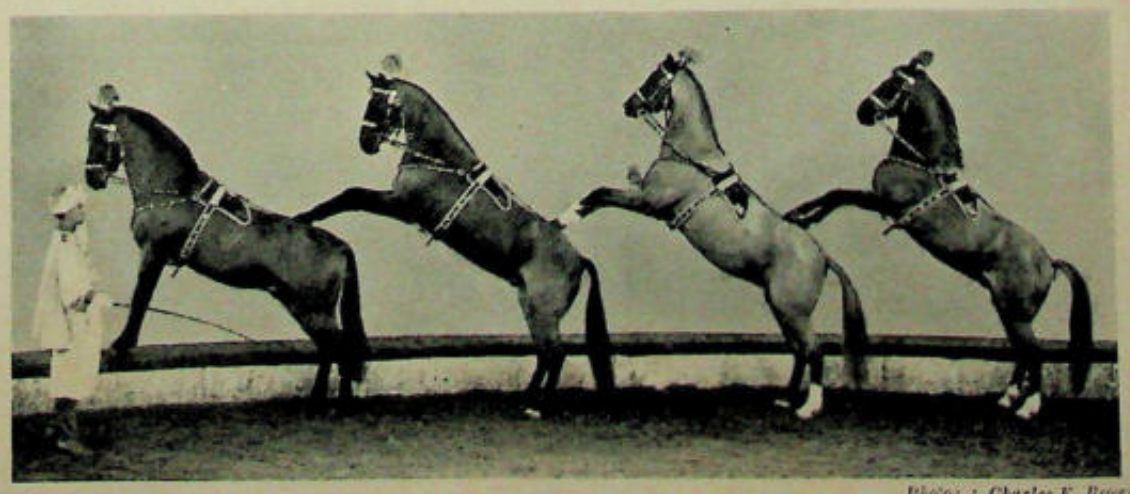
FOR seventeen years Mr. Bertram Mills has given us an unrivalled circus entertainment at Christmas time, and each year he has, it seems, achieved the impossible in going "one better." All the youngsters enjoy it, and the skill of his wonderful riders evokes the admiration of the "grown-ups." Never for a moment is there any monotony, so well arranged are the various turns at Olympia. Mr. Mills secures the finest circus talent of the world, and can claim that half the acts will be seen in England for the first time. The horses occupy a leading rôle. They are all Mr. Bertram Mills's property, and in the hands of the four Cosmaries, the "Cossack" riders and trainers, give a wonderful exhibition in *ménage*, in acts which require the most meticulous timing, and in balancing feats in which the slightest error would mean disaster. One does not know which to admire most, the excellence of the riding or the training of the horses, the liberty horses giving a superb show.

Last year the circus provided balancing feats in mid-air which made all the spectators hold their breath. This year they experience even more thrills. A lady named Quintilia gives a remarkable tight-rope exhibition; the Peerless Potters execute hair-raising feats in the air; the Anthony Sisters are a quintette who are not misdescribed in a turn which is entitled the Poetry of Motion in Mid-Air; the Four Palms do incredible things on poles; and then there are the Kimris, aptly termed "death defying," whose acts from a moving "aeroplane" suspended at the top of the tent give them a claim to a premier place on the bill.

In the animal turns we are shown what can be done in the training of Bengal tigers. Maltese terriers perform graceful tricks, and Charles Judge's chimpanzees, in their antics, delight the hearts of the youngsters. There is fun in plenty with the Comedy Cycl-ones on their bicycles, with Joe Craston, England's oldest clown, and the four Albanos, and with the Comedy Zebra. Among other excellent features of a huge programme are the Australian Woodchoppers; the Danwills, in "Springboard Sensations"; Ferroni, who juggles on horseback; and Frederico, who, in his ability to suspend himself in mid-air, seems to defy the power of gravity.

SOME PEOPLE FIND IT HARD TO BALANCE THEMSELVES IN THE SADDLE, BUT THESE RIDERS CARRY BALANCE TO ITS HIGHEST PITCH

BELOW: LIBERTY HORSES IN A PERFECT FIGURE



Photos: Charles E. Brown

CLIMBING FEATS OF THE YEAR

"Steeple-jacks" and Mountaineers

By C. F. MEADE

WHEN we consider the mountaineering achievements of last summer it is obvious how few new climbs are left nowadays in the Alps. Certainly one of the most important of them was the new climb made straight up the north-west face of the highest summit of the Ailifroide, the Dauphiny great peak of 12,955ft. The successful climbers were the Italian, Gervasutti, and the Frenchman, Devies.

Most of us will regret that the perfection of this achievement was marred by the employment of some 40 *pitons*, without which the feat could not have been performed. In the more extreme instances of this *piton* work it is difficult to discern any mountaineering merit in it, for it converts every mountain from a noble and natural adversary, possessing individual charm and character, into something much more like a pile of masonry. To the modern "mechanical" climber, armed with his engineering tools, every mountain he encounters must inevitably become as difficult, as easy and as uninteresting as a factory chimney is to a steeple-jack.

However, even with 40 *pitons* this was a magnificent ascent. It began at three in the morning at the hut on the Col de la Temple, and came to an end on the top at three the following afternoon, the party having bivouacked on their way at a height of about 12,000ft.

Piton work of the more extreme kind was displayed in the ascent this year of the south-west wall of the Marmolada, the highest peak in the Dolomites. The absurdity of the performance may be imagined from the fact that one stretch of rock of about 30yds. in height kept the party busy for twelve hours, a rate of progress, that is to say, of two-and-a-half yards an hour! With improvements in engineering technique it should be possible to erect a fairly comfortable staircase equally rapidly.

In the Oberland a first ascent of major importance was accomplished by Fraulein Lutti and the guide Hermann Steuri, the only man who has yet got his party up the terrible north face of the Matterhorn without spending the night out. These two ascended the north-east face of the Ochs, the peak of 12,812ft. in the Fiescherhörner group that forms such a fine feature of the view from the Grindelwald valley.

Yet when all is said and done the most important mountaineering of the year has been carried out in the Himalaya, and this in spite of the unlucky weather which ruined the chances of the Everest party and of the French expedition to the Karakoram. In the latter expedition the "eight-thousander" Hidden Peak, 26,446ft. was the objective. All the difficult climbing seems to occur in the lower stages of the route chosen, and a strenuous campaign was fought up to a fifth camp at about 22,600ft. Finally, the advance party reached a height of some 23,000ft., from which point the going appeared to be much easier. An interesting innovation was a special pulley with a cable for hoisting loads up the mountain side.

It is satisfactory after the disappointments on Everest and in the Karakoram to turn to the brilliant campaign of the Anglo-American expedition to Nanda Devi. The ascent of this magnificent peak is the most important mountaineering event that has yet taken place in the Himalaya. Nanda Devi is 25,667ft., and is the highest summit hitherto reached by man. The final stage to the top was accomplished from a bivouac tent at 24,000ft., at the second attempt. The approaches to the foot of this mountain are doubtless the most difficult in the world, and it was Shipton and Tilman in 1934 (see *Field*, March 14th, 1936) who first succeeded in the prodigious task of forcing an entrance into the vast secret sanctuary where herds of half-tame bharal lived undisturbed in the precincts of the "blessed Goddess."

Merely to repeat this performance was remarkable enough, and the party have now crowned their achievement by climbing one of the grandest peaks in the Himalaya. It is curious that a recently published book says of one of the two climbers who reached the top, that although a brilliant mountaineer he is ill-adapted to extremes of altitude, and, strange to say, the climber in question had himself acquiesed in this understatement of his powers.

Another epoch-making ascent has been carried out in British Columbia. Mount Waddington, sometimes called "Mount Mystery," only discovered in 1926 to be the highest mountain in the whole of British North America with the exception of the great peaks on the Alaskan frontier (*Field*, April 27th, 1935), has been climbed after sixteen unsuccessful attempts. It is 13,260ft. above sea level, and only 200 miles from Vancouver. It was climbed by Wiessner, of New York, and House, of Pittsburgh. Their party camped high at the foot of the south face and left camp at 2.45 in the morning. Falling stones were encountered.

High up the two men changed into rope-soled shoes, and from this fact we may infer that the bad conditions caused in this range by the constant heavy snowfall were less acute than usual. In fact the account mentions that the rocks had been exposed to the sun for a week, and a week of continuous sunshine, day after day, must be rare in this district. Previous parties had never got nearer than 800ft. to the top, and the rocks are described as "very difficult, rotten and often glazed with ice." Mr. Wiessner, indeed, says the mountain is harder than the Meije, the Aiguille Blanche de Péteret, and even Ushba in the Caucasus. The whole expedition from camp and back took 23 hours.

Last but not least comes the news from the Himalaya of another great event, the ascent by Paul Bauer's party of the mighty Siniolchum in Sikhim. This is, perhaps, the most beautiful mountain in the Himalaya, and is well known to connoisseurs from a photographic masterpiece of Vittorio Sella's, which gives this wonderful mountain an appearance of utter inaccessibility. Presumably there must be some concealed flaw in the defences in the flank that was invisible to the photographer. In giving all these details I wish to acknowledge the courtesy of the *Alpine Journal*.

NEXT YEAR'S BISLEY

The Empire Match

By CAPTAIN ERNEST H. ROBINSON

ARRANGEMENTS are being made by the National Rifle Association for a large influx of competitors for the Coronation Bisley Meeting which will be held from Monday, July 5th to Saturday, July 17th, 1937.

A team is coming from Australia, and the Empire Match is to be shot. For this match, in addition to the Australians and Great Britain, teams are certain from Canada and India, and there is a possibility of one from Rhodesia. These teams will also contest the Kolapore and Mackinnon events. As well as the big teams a very large number of small teams from Colonies and Dependencies is expected. A special competition to commemorate the Coronation will be shot concurrently with the first stage of the King's Prize. This is open to all members of the Public Schools O.T.C., and any competitors who enter from this category will receive a free entry for the King's Prize.

The number of shots fired in all the important single-range competitions, which were reduced to seven shots for this year's meeting, have been restored to ten shots. There are no changes in the targets and none as regards rifles except that the Australian team is permitted to use the heavy barrelled S.M.L.E., which is the normal rifle club weapon in the Commonwealth. Considerable changes have been made in the arrangement of the programme for the second week with the idea of avoiding congestion, particularly on the day of the King's Prize first stage.

For some years past there has been a good deal of criticism of the arrangements for issuing ammunition during the meeting. Competitors complained that the method employed involved considerable delay and inconvenience. To meet these criticisms the council will next year try the experiment of issuing a detachable ammunition voucher with every squadding ticket and the necessary cartridges will be issued on production of these vouchers in the supply tents. This should speed up the operation of drawing ammunition considerably and will also simplify subsequent checking operations.

ESTATE PLANNING NEEDS

A Work Still Unfulfilled

IN a lecture delivered to the Auctioneers and Estate Agents' Institute, Mr. Thomas Adams had some plain words to say on the subject of estate planning in relation to town planning. Discussing the position in 1919, he referred to the optimism which prevailed when it was taken for granted that the jerry-builder would not, in future, be allowed to pack on an acre as many brick boxes as could be accommodated under the Public Health Acts. They numbered about 30 under the old by-laws—now the jerry-builder can pack about 50 or more dwellings on the acre so long as they are flats. Mr. Adams asked his audience to consider whether in the past fifteen years we have eliminated stereotyped lay-outs of estates, improved architectural design of small houses on the whole, prevented potential slums and avoided overcrowding of sites, organised the proper location of industries, prevented spoliation of the countryside, secured adequate parks and parkways, and arranged fine civic and shopping centres. "Are not most, if not all, of these things," he asks, "still lingering in the land of hope?"

Of the work of the old landowners, Mr. Adams remarked that "The beauties of the countryside we admire to-day are not a fortuitous growth. They were planned to serve economic uses and to gratify social desires. No public agency has achieved as much as the collective intelligence of private owners, the architects and estate agents, in planning and adorning the landscape of England. Their achievements, especially in the eighteenth century—in town planning as well as country planning—represented the high-water mark of estate management in this country.

"To save the landscape thus created—with artistic features that are as important to preserve as other great works of art—we need plans of preservation. But changed forms of building growth, new methods of transport, and more democratic ownership of land is imposing on this generation the task of re-planning and of conscious design, and not merely of preservation, in country and in town.

"This is a problem of estate management linked with estate design—which is a problem of landscape architecture—requiring the combination of the best talents of members of this institute with those of men trained specially in design. . . . There is the difficulty of finding and getting authorities to provide adequate remuneration for skilled and long-experienced planners. With all the powers now vested in a local authority to determine uses of land, densities of buildings, and many other matters, it has the power to determine the values of property throughout its area. Is this a power that can lightly be used—and can it be properly and justly used, say, by a recently-retired sanitary inspector, under the direction of members of a local authority? . . . If we are to have effectual town planning in England, the men who do the work must possess exceptional foresight, knowledge and technical skill."

THE "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, January 30th. 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.

New Books

SWEET IS THE COUNTRY AND FULL OF RICHES

A Survey of Lancashire, Kent and Warwickshire

THESE three books on Kent, Warwickshire and Lancashire, are the first instalment of a work long projected by Mr. Arthur Mee, and intended to cover the whole of England. They can be called county histories, though the term does not fully define their contents, because, though the history of every city, town and village in the county is told, it is only one aspect of a complete description, though it may be the most important one. What is most important is that the place shall be fully described. Mr. Mee calls his work a new Domesday Book, meaning by this that every stick and stone of value, of every manor, parish or holding shall be set down and accounted.

The name is a happy one. For the manor of the Conqueror's day the village is substituted. These are the ledgers kept for a thousand years. Whatever of its beauty is surviving is noted. Any place it has had in history, any name of a famous man it has given to it is marked. Enthusiasm is the right word. The charm of these books is the devotion with which everything that is lovely and of good report has been seen and sought out. It inspires one with a wish to seek the least remembered village and see for oneself.

The village as we note is the unit, and is the most stable of English things. But towns and cities have grown out of it, and have added beauties to themselves denied to their humble ancestors, cathedrals, or strong castles, historic streets and market-places. These also receive no less recognition and description, and may demand it in a higher degree. In Kent, the chronicler's task is to know what to leave out. It is the Gateway of England, with Richborough and Dover Castle to mark the steps of invaders. It has Canterbury, a shrine of the Christian Church, and Rochester Cathedral. It has, among its Great Houses, the Hever Castle of Anne Boleyn, Penshurst of the Sidneys, Knole, and Leeds Castle. Above the bosky dell where Ightham Mote lies secluded rises a hill where the earliest flints of the Stone Age man were found.

Warwickshire is another embarrassment of riches, for this is Shakespeare's county, the town of Stratford-on-Avon where he was born and died, the very bridge over which his steps turned to fame and London, the woodlands where his fancy was bred.

"Sweet is the country and full of riches."

In it is Warwick, with the castle never uninhabited since a daughter of Saxon Alfred began it, and the last stronghold of feudalism. In it are Kenilworth's ruins and Compton Wyngates dreaming in its hollow, Charlecote hardly less unspoilt. Here also are Coventry and Rugby, Leamington and Nuneaton and here also is Birmingham, the second largest town in England. Here, last but by no means least, are the scores of villages that, great and small, the learned and the unlettered have known and loved through the centuries.

The third book, on Lancashire, is the antithesis of the other two, for it is the description of a county where, out of the unpromising material of barren lands of the Fylde, and a sand-silted coastline, the industrial pioneers of the nineteenth century built up the case of English prosperity. Liverpool its port, and Manchester its entrepôt, with the score of cotton towns and mining towns which serve these two, are its monuments. Yet aloof from these, though nearly touching them, are Whalley Abbey by the Calder, Furness Abbey, Townley Hall, and Stonyhurst and time-honoured Lancaster; and still remote from smoke or change, scores of the gems of the King's England, the timeless villages.

E. S. G.

The King's England. Edited by Arthur Mee. Vols. I, II, III. Kent, Warwickshire, Lancashire. (10/6, 7/6, 7/6; Hodder & Stoughton.)

OLD TOWNS OF ENGLAND

MESSRS. B. T. BATSFORD, LTD., have deservedly a reputation as makers of beautiful books. Their British Heritage Series needs no introduction to readers of the *Field*. The books which comprise it have all maintained the high standard set by the first, from the standpoint of authority no less than the viewpoint of beauty. Two new volumes have now been added, and both maintain the standard. Mr. Clive Rouse has tackled a difficult subject in *The Old Towns of England* courageously and well. It would not be difficult to write a book about each of the old towns of England; and at first sight it would appear impossible to cram them all into 128 pages of text. But Mr. Rouse, though he has not achieved the impossible (there are naturally omissions), has managed to give a comprehensive idea of his English types. He has dealt with every sort of English town, and has written a book which will interest the architect no less than the lover of our English heritage. Each of the 129 photographs is beautiful. Mr. Sydney Jones, also in 128 pages of text, has conquered an even more difficult subject in his book *English Village Homes* and *Country Buildings*. I cannot think of any more difficult task than to write on such a subject within such limits. Yet at the end I was satisfied that Mr. Jones had an important and interesting book. My favourite village did not appear (which is not surprising). Yours will probably not appear; and that will not be surprising. But it will not be unfair. For the author knows his village England—and shows no favouritism. There are 135 lovely photographs to enliven a lively text. It is indeed a good book. It is more. It is a monument to an age that is passing. The hand of "progress" has fallen heavily on the village, and will fall, I fear, more heavily. Beauty is being ravaged by the jerry-builder. Many of the lovely buildings shown in this book may have vanished in a few years' time, and in their stead may stand the lean-to bungalows of ribbon development. As a book it will make a beautiful present and will give many hours of pleasure to the reader. As a record it should be bought by every thinking man and woman who loves this England. B. V. F.

The Old Towns of England. By Clive Rouse. *English Village Homes and Country Buildings.* By Sydney Jones. (Batsford; 7/6 each.)

STAGHUNTING IN PICTURE AND PROSE

A BOOK written on a subject which has been dealt with many times in other books must be very interesting or very beautiful to command and hold the attention of its readers. This book is both. First the pictures. They are by Lionel Edwards, and I should like to pay a tribute—one of many, no doubt—to Mr. Edwards as a sporting artist. To me his pictures are in a class by themselves; I will not say that he is an "adept" at catching the spirits of different countrysides, for that odious word somehow implies trickery; but he does capture them in a way that is simply uncanny. Many times have I pulled up by Cuzzicombe Post, and looking at the great heave and sweep of moor and country, felt the full glory of a summer's afternoon. Mr. Edwards's picture, "More Tourists!" resurrected that feeling on a foggy afternoon in the city of London to a degree which was positively painful.

Mr. Edwards's pictures add a distinction which is unique, as far as I know. Hounds, hind, fox, huntsman, horses and field are constituents which make up his whole; they are not obviously the centrepiece; they look, in fact, as those things do look when they are actually happening; his pictures, in short, are not reminiscent, but always actually happening. What more can be said?

Mr. McDermot has well maintained the standard of the book as a whole. His writing is interesting, accurate, and well planned. This is how he deals with his subject: History—The Deer—The Hounds—The Huntsmen—The Harbourer—The Secretary—Some Notable Runs—Bibliography. The reader always knows where he is, and is never befogged. There are some excellent photographs of past Masters and Huntsmen.

ARTHUR VALENTINE.

The Devon and Somerset Staghounds, 1907–1936. Written by E. T. McDermot; illustrated by Lionel Edwards, R.I. (Collins; 21/–.)

"QUINS" OF THE GARDEN

FEW authors can claim that their books are written in response to a request from one of the London Livery Companies, but the authoritative volume (1) by Sir Frederick Keeble and A. N. Rawes is dedicated to the Master Wardens and Court of Assistants, Liverymen and Freemen of the Worshipful Company of Fruiterers, "in obedience to whose wishes this book has been written." A book on the subject of hardy fruit growing for amateur and professional gardeners has long been needed. The authors emphasise that the section on commercial fruit growing is intended merely as an introduction to this subject and refer those who wish for further information to Mr. Seabrook's admirable volume. The book is excellently arranged, the general principles and practice of fruit growing being described in readable form in Section I, whilst Section II is in reference form. This book deserves, and will doubtless secure, a place in the library of every country house.

Those of us who are enthusiasts on the subject of the old roses have been eagerly awaiting Mr. E. A. Bunyard's long-promised book. (2) I fancy that even those who have hitherto been indifferent, when they read this delightful and beautifully illustrated volume, will be inspired to grow the former sovereigns of the flower garden. For scent and beauty the old roses are still unequalled, and what a wealth of historical and legendary lore is associated with them! Mr. Bunyard devotes the first half of his book to the historical interest of the old roses—the rose in Greece, Rome, under Islam, in the Middle Ages and so forth. In the second part of the book the author deals with the various groups of old roses, and for the first time in rose literature the writings of the old herbalists and reproductions from pictures by their contemporary artists have been brought together to aid in identification. The modern craze is for roses with long pointed buds, flowers out of all proportion to the size of the bush, and colourings that in comparison with those of the old roses are garish. The rose is indeed an index of civilisation.

There are a considerable number of garden anthologies, but the volume (3) edited by Mr. Miles Hadfield differs from them all. It is in part an anthology and in part original contributions. The result is a triumphant success. The book ranges from garden history and literature to a list of garden societies. The section entitled "The Gardener's Week-end Calendar" is admirable, and the whole book is most attractively illustrated. Mrs. Armitage has written a book (4) about her own garden that makes very attractive reading. It is beautifully illustrated by John Farleigh.

The nineteenth edition of Messrs. Sutton's well-known book (5) has been enlarged with additional chapters to bring it up to date. This volume has for years been one of the indispensable reference books for the practical gardener. E. S. R.

(1) *Hardy Fruit Growing.* By Sir Frederick Keeble and A. N. Rawes. (Macmillan & Co.; 16/–.) (2) *Old Garden Roses.* By E. A. Bunyard. (Country Life; 15/–.) (3) *The Gardener's Companion.* Edited and illustrated by Miles Hadfield. (Dent & Sons; 7/6.) (4) *A Country Garden.* By Ethel Armitage. (Country Life; 10/6.) (5) *The Culture of Vegetables and Flowers from Seeds and Roots.* By Sutton & Sons. (Simpkin Marshall, Ltd.; 6/6.)

ANGLERS' YARNS

YARNS have a definite place in the angler's scheme of things. To the irreverent they are popularly supposed to compose nine-tenths of the scheme; and the other tenth, says your sceptic, is composed of excuses, mostly lame. But there are few anglers, be they experts or novices, who are averse from listening to or reading a brother angler's yarns now and again. Mr. Marshall Hardy's new volume is well named; it contains "yarns" rather than stories or reminiscences, short tales of odd experiences, of the pleasures or horrors of an angler's life, and occasional useful tips which are worth remembering.

One of these last is concerned with temporarily waterproofing an undressed line and consists merely in winding the line round a bottle of hot water, so as to drive out all the moisture, and then immersing it, bottle and all, in raw linseed oil. After subsequent drying and wiping off the surplus oil, the line is ready for use. In addition to its waterproofing qualities this process also prolongs its life.

The changes and chances of a fisherman's existence provide plenty of opportunities for the kind of story which goes well with the winter fireside, and Mr. Hardy has made good use of his material.

Angling Yarns. By E. Marshall Hardy, illustrated with line drawings by "Spot." (Herbert Jenkins; 3/6 net.)

THE FAIRY CORNER CLUB

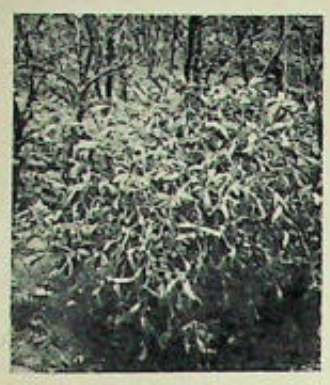
TWO years ago, Miss Coury produced a magazine, *Fairy Corner Annual*, which contained the work of children between the ages of four and fourteen—drawings, stories and verses. Miss Coury has now produced a second Annual of the same kind, and is to be congratulated on having brought together some characteristic writing by children, ranging from serious work such as that of Miss Robina Colquhoun, on the sufferings of neglected old horses, to tiny fairy stories and poems. The editor is to be congratulated on having collected into some 30 pages a number of charming photographs of children which will give pleasure to others besides the subjects of the photographs. The *Fairy Corner Annual* is published by the Editor, for The White House, 51, New Bond Street, W. 1, at the price of 5/–, which entitles the possessor to membership and the badge of the Fairy Corner Club.

The Country House

CHRISTMAS AND THE YULE LOG

The Origin of Festive Decorating

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE



THOUGH the origin of the custom is still a matter of dispute, there is no doubt that the Yule log and the use of holly, ivy and mistletoe for indoor decoration date back to a very remote past. It is a curious fact that our Anglo-Saxon ancestors had no word equivalent to Christmas or Christmastide. They called this season Yuletide; December as a month being known as *aerre-geola* (before Yule), and January as *aeftera-geola* (after Yule). According to Skeat and other authorities, Yule is derived from the Norse *jól*, *i.e.*, a feast time. For mid-winter was the great festival of Odin. Others ascribe the origin of the decorating to the Roman Saturnalia.

Possibly the origin may be even more remote, for to the Druids the holly was a holy tree. So beautiful an evergreen could scarcely fail to attract attention, especially in mid-winter, when "mid ten thousand thorns it smoulders its fires away." Vigorous and splendid when all around in the woodlands suggested desolation, it has ever been a symbol of life everlasting and hope in darkest times. In mediæval carols the holly figures conspicuously, and is always associated with joy and triumph.

In the old carols considerable emphasis is laid on the supposed rivalry between holly and ivy. To quote but one verse from a fifteenth-century carol, entitled "The Contest of the Ivy and the Holly":

> "Holly and his merry men, they dancen and they sing;
> Ivy and her maidens, they weepen and they wring.
> Nay Ivy nay, it shall not be, I wis,
> Let Holly have the mastery as the manner is."

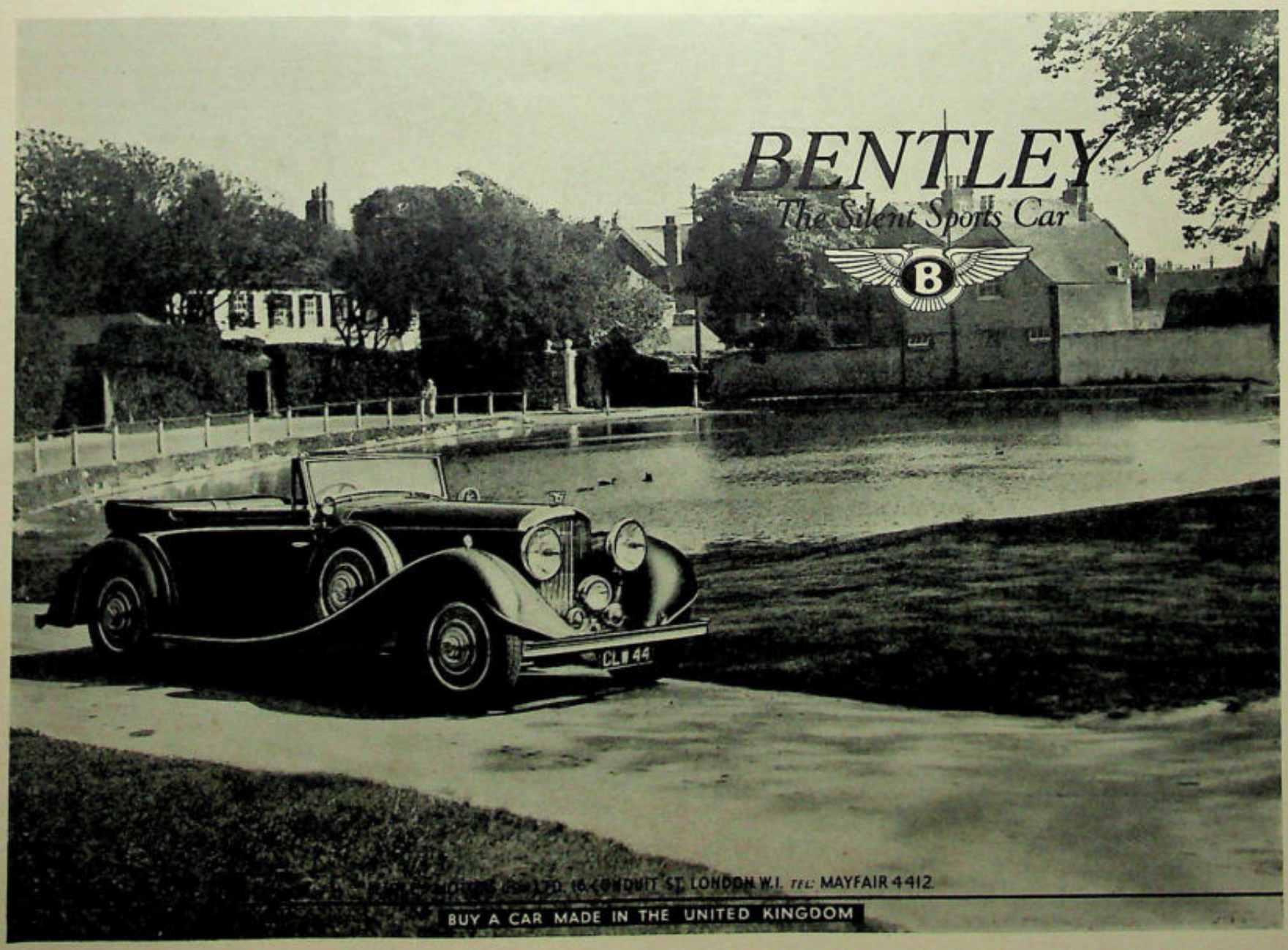
The old name for the Holly was Holme or Hulver. Chaucer, Gerard, and Parkinson all use the word Holme, and Chaucer also calls the tree Hulver. In out-of-the-way parts of Norfolk the word Hulver is still used. Notwithstanding the fine hollies introduced from China, Japan, the Canary Islands and the Azores, our native Holly can hold its own with any, and it is generally believed to be the tallest growing of all Hollies. Holly, Ivy, Bayes and other evergreens were all used lavishly in mediæval times, not only for decorating churches and houses at the Christmas Festival, but also the streets. For this we have the authority of Stow. He says: "Against the Feast of Christmas every man's house, as also their parish churches were decked with Holme, Ivy, Bayes and whatsoever the season of the year afforded to be green. The conduits and standards in the streets were likewise garnished; among the which I read that in the year 1444 by tempest of thunder and lightning, toward the morning of Candlemas Day, at the Leadenhall in Cornhill, a standard of tree, being set up in the midst of the pavement fast in the ground, nailed full of Holme and Ivie, for disport of Christmas to the people was torne up and cast down . . . so that the people were sore aghast at the great tempests."

Mistletoe has figured in Christmas decorations from time immemorial, but on account of its association with Druidic rites it was banned by the Church for church decoration. To this rule there was formerly a remarkable exception. In York Minster a branch of mistletoe used to be laid on the altar by the priest, a custom of which no explanation is forthcoming. Mistletoe figures largely both in heathen and Christian tradition. According to Norse tradition the berries symbolised Freya's tears at the death of Balder, and in Christian legend it is said to have supplied the wood from which the Cross was made. Mistletoe is scarce in the northern parts of these islands, and a substitute was made in the shape of two hoops covered with evergreens and adorned with fruits. This substitute was called the "Kissing bunch." The origin of kissing under the mistletoe has never yet been explained, but it is said to be peculiar to England and unknown in any part of the Continent.

All decorations were generally removed on Candlemas Eve and burnt. In 1719 the hall of Christ Church College, Oxford, was set on fire when observing this custom. King Alfred ordained that the Festival of Christmas should be kept for twelve days, and nowadays decorations are usually removed on Twelfth Night. Herrick's poem "Ceremonies for Candlemas Eve" indicates, however, that in the past the evergreen decorations were commonly removed on Candlemas Eve.

Under the Puritan regime efforts were made to suppress the festival nature of Christmas, but, as Richard Kentish informed the House of Commons in Cromwell's time, "The people of England do hate to be reformed!" At Christmas time, in 1647, the Lord Mayor and the City Marshal, with a train of followers, set fire to the Christmas decorations in the streets, to the no small annoyance of the people. From 1644 to 1656 Parliament sat every Christmas Day, but in spite of this example, the abolition of the festival was far from popular except with the extreme Puritans. John Evelyn noted in his Diary in 1652, 1653 and 1654 that no church services were held. With the Restoration the keeping of the festival was restored as of yore.

The Yule log is generally believed to be of Norse origin. Formerly the two sacred trees of Norse Mythology—the Ash and the Hazel—figured in the Yule log. The log was a large log of ash bound with twisted Hazel, and the log was supposed to be kept burning throughout the twelve days of the festival. It was lit ceremoniously on Christmas Eve with a brand from last year's log, and the evening was celebrated with revelry.



THE NEED FOR MORE COTTAGES

Views of Agricultural Landowners

LANDOWNERS are in a better position than most people to judge the housing position in the agricultural districts. There is no question that the younger generation demand, and quite rightly, better cottages and better living conditions than the farm labourers of the older school. The number of men employed on farms is decreasing and is not likely to increase much in the future, but those who find their livelihood by the land are not content to be overcrowded and uncomfortable. Agriculture cannot afford to lose good men because housing accommodation is inadequate.

In response to a request from the Ministry of Health, the Central Landowners' Association has drawn up evidence and submitted views on housing conditions and requirements in different parts of the country. The C.L.A. now has 12,000 members, and these views may be taken as representative. On the question whether there is need for more rural cottages the C.L.A. considers that there is generally a need which will probably be accentuated when the overcrowding provisions of the Housing Act, 1935, are put into operation. The growth of road transport—the private car, motor cycle and public bus services—has greatly extended the radius for industrial and urban workers who want housing accommodation. In the more attractive parts of the country picturesque cottages have been acquired and renovated by well-to-do people seeking week-end or even permanent country residences.

The slum clearance schemes now going forward will replace some of the defective houses in the villages, but the need for providing cottages in isolated sites is not likely to be met under existing arrangements by local authorities. Such authorities with a view to economy in administration require to group their houses in or near villages where sanitary services, light and water supplies are already installed. It is only the estate owner or owner-occupier of a farm who has a special inducement to build isolated cottages because of the prime necessity of accommodating near at hand the labour required on farm and estate. The C.L.A. states the view that so far as possible all employers of labour should provide housing accommodation for their employees, and this applies as much to local governing bodies as to business concerns and individuals.

It is urged that the provision of housing accommodation by private enterprise should be encouraged by financial assistance from the State. The problem of the countryside, as in the more populated areas, is the housing of the poorest, and the main difficulty is consequently one of cost. Housing has been recognised by recent legislation as a national responsibility to a large extent, and where the wages of an agricultural labourer do not enable him to pay a commercial return upon building expenditure, it seems unjust that the deficit should be borne entirely by the landowner, the return from agriculture being restricted by a national policy which permits a considerable import of foodstuffs from overseas, at prices below the cost of production in this country.

If prosperity returns to agriculture generally, the provision of new cottages by landowners would be expedited, but in the meantime some outside assistance is essential, provided, as under the Housing (Rural Workers) Acts, the new cottages provided are let to rural workers only. So far as additional houses in villages are concerned, the activities of local authorities should be continued, particularly to deal with the influx of urban workers who are able to pay higher rents.

On a good dry site, if foundations and main walls are satisfactory, it is usually practicable to remedy defects by repair and reconditioning, with the aid of assistance under the Housing (Rural Workers) Acts. Where the site is damp and unsuitable in other ways and main walls are defective, expenditure of further capital is inadvisable and demolition and replacement may have to be resorted to. The Housing (Rural Workers) Acts have been of great benefit where efficiently administered. One difficulty is finding temporary accommodation for the tenant and his family while the works are being carried out. In some rural areas, included in the district of an urban housing authority seeking to apply an unnecessarily high urban standard, there is a tendency to condemn existing cottages, some of which from the historical and amenity point of view are worthy of preservation, and which could be reconditioned. Co-ordination between departments of a local authority, *e.g.*, the Health Committee and the Agricultural Committee administering the Acts, would conduce to a smoother and more equitable operation of the Housing Acts.

In many counties there appears to be great reluctance on the part of local authorities to make full use of the Rural Workers Acts, probably because of a resulting charge on the rates, and to an erroneous impression that the landlord benefits financially.

EARLY DAYS IN DECEMBER

White turkeys on a farm near Lingfield, Surrey

FARMING NOTES

Wheat Sowing

A BIG acreage of wheat was planted in September and October, and is now showing well. There are, however, many more thousands of acres yet to be planted. For one reason or another the land was not ready for the drill when the weather was favourable, and now heavy rains have put a stop to wheat planting for some time to come. This is particularly true of the Eastern counties where on some farms a considerable acreage of wheat goes in after sugar beet land. This inevitably means late sowing.

There will certainly be a keen demand for Little Joss and the spring varieties which can be planted well on in the year. This year spring wheats did better in many instances than autumn wheat, which suffered severely from the prolonged wet conditions through the winter.

Harrows on Grassland

Work on the arable land is practically at a standstill. This is the time when attention had best be turned to grassland. It is a good plan to graze down the pastures in rotation and then put on the harrows not only to spread cattle droppings but to do more and tear out any mat of dead grass. If fertilisers are to be applied later in the winter or in the spring such treatment is a good preparation. Many thousands of second-rate grazings are crying out for severe harrowing and a dressing of basic slag.

Liming

The Council of Agriculture has been impressed by the evidence of lack of lime in many districts, and the suggestion has been put forward that landowners should be encouraged by an extension of the Agricultural Credits Act to provide their tenants with lime, recouping themselves by a small increase in the rent. It is questionable whether many farmers would be deterred by the expense if they thought that liming would in the long run prove a good investment. All through agriculture to-day the depression in market values is leaving its mark. Farming is not being done as well as it was because farmers are by no means certain of their reward.

Winter Milk Yields

Milk producers are also having a lean winter. Most of the hay made this year is proving poor stuff for milk production, and if milk yields are to be maintained dairy farmers have to dip deeper into their pockets. In many cases this means further indebtedness to the cake merchant.

Although everyone seems to have found that their cows milked badly last month, the Marketing Board's figures do not show any substantial diminution in the total supply compared with twelve months previously. Some districts, it seems, have worse hay than others, judged by milk yields, but the total output of milk is much the same. The November price was on the average barely ¼d. a gallon better than last year, due to another million gallons having been sold for liquid consumption and a million gallons less for manufacturing purposes.

Dearer Feedingstuffs

One good effect of the rise in the price of imported feedingstuffs is the improvement in the market for oats. Scottish farmers who regard oats as a cash crop will benefit, and so will barley-growers whose corn, spoilt at harvest, is only fit for grinding. But these are minor advantages which do not offset the cost of dearer feedingstuffs to British farming. We have become so accustomed to cheap maize and other feedingstuffs available at less than pre-War prices that even the 1911–13 level of values seems exorbitant.

Those who are suffering most by the rise in prices are poultry farmers. Practically all the grain and meal they use is purchased and the rise in this item in their expenses is not reflected in any higher price for eggs or table poultry. The effect will, no doubt, be seen in the course of the next year in a further reduction in the numbers of poultry in the country. There are those shrewd people who judge that if everyone else is going out of poultry-keeping now must be the time to expand their production. They may be right, but there is, as yet, no indication of the Government's intention to dam the rising tide of imported eggs.

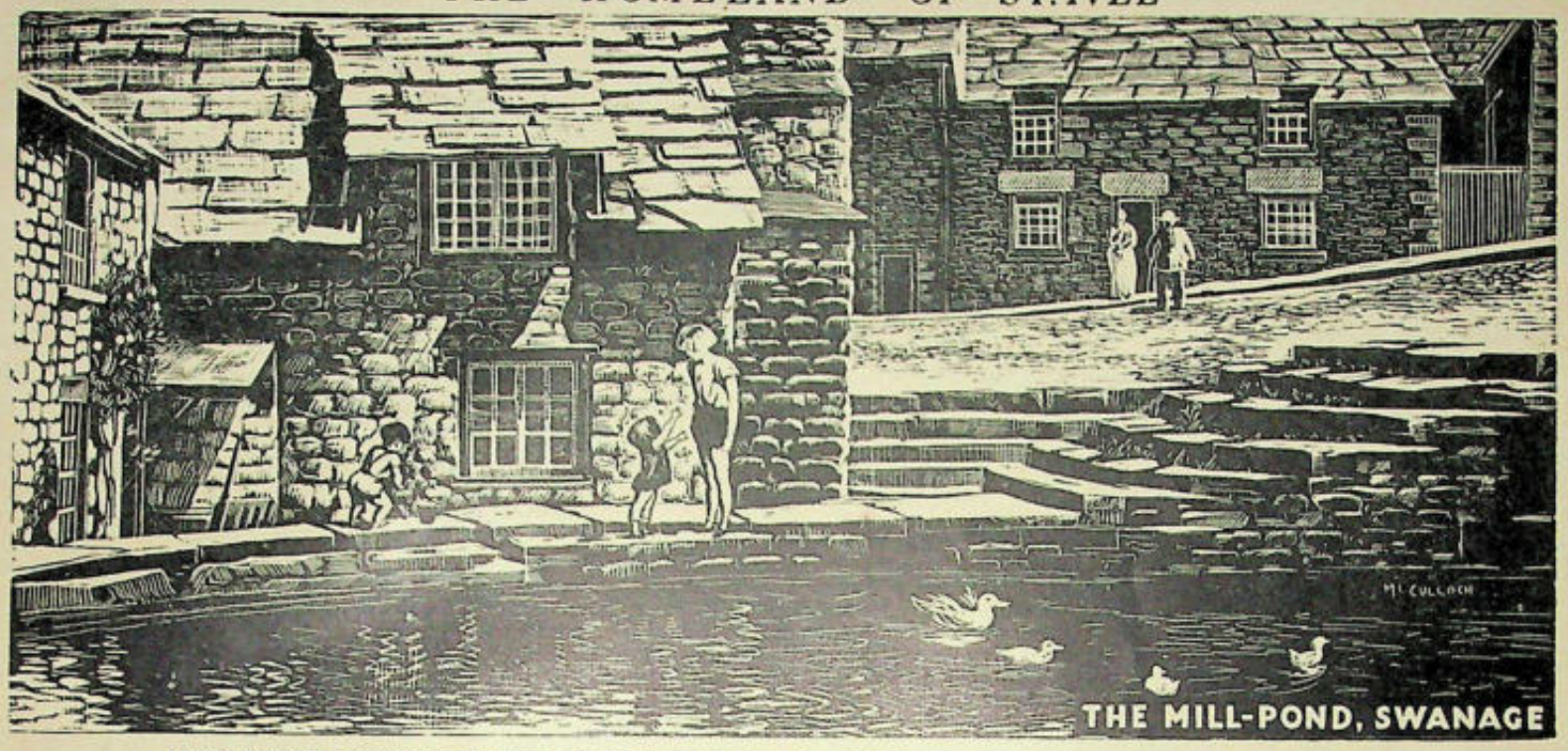
BROADLEAZE.

SILVER FOX BREEDERS' ASSOCIATION

Commander C. M. Stack, R.N. (retired), of Stack's Fox Farm, Detling, Maidstone, has been elected President of the Silver Fox Breeders' Association.

CHARMING SPOTS OF THE WEST COUNTRIE

THE HOMELAND OF ST. IVEL



THE MILL-POND, SWANAGE

SWANAGE, now a prosperous seaside town, was once referred to by Charles Kingsley as "a quaint old-world village," but only a few relics remain to remind us of those days. One of these is the mill-pond, surrounded by old stone cottages and reached by a slope of wide steps. Nearby are the famous Purbeck quarries which have yielded stone used in many English Cathedrals.

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REDWORM IN HORSES—II

By IVAN W. PARNELL

Lecturer in the Institute of Parasitology, McGill University, Canada

(*From investigations conducted with financial assistance of the National Research Council of Canada*)

RED-WORMS damage the horse in many ways, by destroying its tissue, by removal of blood, by forming cysts in the gut wall, by cutting off the blood supply to the intestine and by blockage during their migrations in various important organs. The symptoms caused by these, naturally, vary. When blood clots are formed in the vessels serving the intestine, colic is caused. When cysts are numerous in the intestinal wall, diarrhœa and various disturbances of the bowels are frequent and often severe. When many blood-sucking forms are present, anæmia results, and so on.

As a general rule these symptoms are chronic rather than acute. The damage is, perhaps, not very extensive at any one time, but it is continuous and the net result is loss of condition, stamina, of power to work which, in the course of a year, causes very considerable loss to the animal's owner. Moreover, the general interference with health reduces the resistance of the horse to other diseases and makes the indirect damage nearly as great as the direct.

Red-worms in horses are universal. It is exceptional to find a horse entirely free from them. It is common to find them very heavily infested. Town horses, as a rule, are not so heavily infested as country horses, but even in them a very large number of worms is frequently found.

We know of several drugs which can be safely administered by veterinary surgeons to horses and which will remove all, or practically all, of the fully developed worms. We know of no drug which is of any use against the young forms which are migrating in various parts of the body. Our study of the life history has shown that it is at this period that most of the damage is done. Consequently, as we cannot "cure" this damage, we must take steps to prevent it. The drugs which we mentioned above also play a part in prevention as well as in the cure, because, by the destruction of the adult worms the number of eggs which leave the horse is reduced and consequently the chances of infection to other horses are also reduced. Hence, drugs are a valuable measure of prevention as well as of treatment.

We have seen that in every case it is essential for the eggs to leave the body before they can develop into forms capable of infecting another animal. Consequently any form of prevention must aim at breaking the life cycle at some point or points between the time when the egg leaves the body and the larvæ are swallowed by the horse.

It will be recalled that the stages outside the body consist of the egg, the free-feeding and the infective larvæ, and it is necessary to consider the biology of these various stages before a practical system of prevention can be understood.

The eggs normally hatch very quickly, but under adverse conditions, such as extreme cold, they remain alive in a dormant condition for many months, developing only when conditions become suitable.

The free-feeding larvæ are much more easily destroyed, but even here the risk of death is not so great as it would seem, as only a few days elapse between the time of hatching and the time the larvæ become infective. Once it is infective it has enormous powers of resistance.

Infective larvæ have been found alive in the dust on the windows of stables which have been closed for two years. They have been recovered from soil where they have lain for four years, both in countries such as the United Kingdom and in some of the mid-western states of the United States of America, where the temperature range is as great as 150 degrees.

This long life and resistance to drying and climatic conditions is a relic of the days when the horse was a free-living animal on the steppes. Larvæ deposited in a pile of droppings would have to remain in that position for an indefinite time before the horse again visited that exact spot, consequently, in order to survive, the parasites had to develop such a resistance. Civilisation has changed all that. Horses are now confined to a relatively limited area and their droppings are concentrated in a spot which is frequently revisited. The hazards of the red-worm's life have been practically eliminated and, instead of the comparatively light infections which the horse used to accumulate, heavy infestations are the result.

This study of the bionomics of the free-living stages of the red-worms shows that prevention must be concentrated either on the disposal of the manure or on the cleanliness of the horse's feed. This cleanliness, parasitologically speaking, is very difficult to attain. Most horses, normally, are eating the material on which their droppings have fallen. And so the most hopeful means of prevention narrows down to some method of disposing of the manure so that larvæ will not have a chance of re-entering the horse. This may be accomplished by carting it and placing it on areas on which horses will never be grazed. This is seldom practicable, except for very limited areas. It might also be spread out in the sun and dried. This has been done in countries such as the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, where the climate is extremely dry and the temperature very high. Horse sclerostomes under these conditions are rapidly sterilised by the heat and dryness. It is quite impracticable in a country such as the British Isles.

It is, accordingly, necessary to attack this question of manure disposal in some other way, and to evolve methods which would not only be effective, but would be practicable and economical. Manure is deposited by the horse in the stable or in a field. In the stable it is collected into a manure heap; in the field it is allowed to lie where it has fallen. The most obvious point of attack is the manure heap. Here red-worm eggs are concentrated in the largest number and, if this manure can be controlled in some way, a large percentage of those larvæ will be prevented from re-entering a host.

In the next article in this series the question of how this manure may be treated to destroy all its parasites, will be discussed in detail.

(*To be continued*)

PROFESSIONAL AND LADY GOLFERS OF 1936

By E. R. TIPPLE

(*A criticism of play in the men's amateur events appeared in our issue of December 12th*)

THIS year will be remembered as Padgham's year, one in which he fulfilled even his wildest dreams.

He had the good fortune at Bramshot and at Moor Park to touch his best form just when needed, and his concluding rounds in both cases brought him to the top of the list. His putting was positively uncanny—eleven putts on nine consecutive greens! He won again at Southport, suffered a temporary setback at Leeds, where Branch beat him at the nineteenth hole, but then went on to Hoylake to become a worthy open champion.

With three companions Padgham is now touring South Africa, and has already won a major tournament there. He appears to put very little effort into his shots yet manages to hit the ball as far as the longest driver. But it is on the greens especially that the champion is an object lesson to all. He hits the ball firmly for the back of the hole, and does not waste time or allow himself to be confused by looking at the line from all angles.

The surprise of the year was caused by David Rees, assistant at Surbiton. He, a 23-year-old assistant, won the match-play championship, and beat all the stars of British professional golf. In the final, against the renowned veteran, Ernest Whitcombe, he found himself five down and eighteen holes to play. But he set to, holed putt after putt boldly, just like Padgham, and won the game. He is definitely the most promising young paid golfer in the country, and his place in next year's Ryder Cup team is assured.

R. A. Whitcombe carried on the family tradition, and won the Irish Championship. This was his first national title, and it will not be his last. J. Adams, who will take up his duties at Hoylake next month, was another who enjoyed a successful season. Runner-up to Padgham in the Open Championship, he was indeed very unlucky not to tie. A sturdy player, with a fine long, typically Scottish swing, Adams will be to the fore next year and for many more to come.

Cotton had much the same experience this past season as he had in 1935. Always up among the leaders but, except on one occasion, never quite on top. In the last event of the year, at Wentworth, he did play magnificently, and secured his solitary victory. But throughout he played consistently well up to the greens, only on them was he very uncertain. After experimenting with various clubs and methods, Cotton has at last found a reasonable style, which seems to suit him for putting. If he does find his touch, then his name will be found again on the Open Championship Cup. As forecast in the *Field* last December, Cotton is returning to London from Belgium. His appointment to Ashridge means that he will be busier than ever teaching, for young golfers, especially, are attracted to him. It also means that he will be available for next year's Ryder Cup match, and his services will be valuable.

Few competitors came from other lands this year. Next season will see many American stars over here, and the home players will not have matters all their own way. The events of the past twelve months, however, have been extremely satisfactory, and they make us look forward with hopes of a continuation of this high standard of play.

JUST as Padgham has been the outstandi personality in professional golf, so Miss P Barton has dominated the ladies' side of t game.

For the third successive year she reached th final of the Ladies' Open Championship, and at long last achieved the overdue success. Thus, at the age of only nineteen, she became the fourth golfer to figure in three successive finals. But that was not all. After a quick decision she sailed for America alone to participate in the U.S. championship. To the amazement of the Americans, and the general surprise this side, she won her way through round after round, playing brilliant golf, and scoring easy victories until she secured the title. So, after 23 years, a British lady golfer is American champion. Miss Dorothy Campbell Hurd is the only other British lady golfer who has accomplished this "double."

In her very brief golfing career Miss Barton has gained great experience of tournament golf and playing conditions in other lands. There seems no reason why she should not remain at the top. She does not suffer from nerves, and her methods are as sound as the best professional coaching can make them. She has achieved her position by three years of really consistent first-class play.

Miss Wanda Morgan lost her British title and regained the English at Hayling Island in early October. Her length off the tee, and through the green on that testing links proved a tremendous asset. Miss P. Wade—another lady "star," by the way, who goes regularly to a professional (R. A. Whitcombe), for help and advice—played steadily and well. Few, if any, notable discoveries were made during the season. All the old campaigners were to the fore, as usual. Miss Gourlay, Miss Newell and Miss Fishwick all reached the final stages of various events, although the latter seems to have lost some of that inspired incentive which made her outstanding as a girl.

The Curtis Cup match at Gleneagles ended in a draw. Playing conditions were deplorable, and many of the British team, just like the men in the Walker Cup encounter, failed to justify themselves or their reputations. Much comment and criticism was made regarding the handling of this match. The C.G.U. asked for no criticism or comment whilst the trial matches were in progress, and the officials seemed to imagine all sorts of obstacles in the path of a British victory over the Americans.

It goes without saying that Miss Wethered won the Worplesdon meeting once again, this time with another partner, the Hon. T. Coke. What a pity it is that she no longer takes part in competitive and representative golf. She and Miss Wilson played an exhibition match in the autumn and showed that they would still be a great asset to British teams. Miss Wilson visited the Continent for the first time and took part in the opening of the first golf course in Luxembourg. Her play, I know, has inspired the Continental golfers who, of course, have some way to go before they reach British standards.

It has been announced that a special Coronation competition will be held next year at Burhill, on May 13th. Miss Doris Chambers has presented the trophy, which will be won outright. Invitations will be issued and it will be an eighteen holes scratch event, which will surely attract all the best lady golfers.

As in previous years, there is a need for more young lady players. Those who have "held the fort" for many seasons now cannot be expected to keep on for ever, and their places will have to be filled. The Irish girl, Miss Tiernan, is one at least whose prospects seem good, but others are required. Nevertheless, if masculine golf in this country was as good as the feminine, all would be well.

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

A PAINTER'S PARADISE: THE HISTORIC DORSET RUIN, CORFE CASTLE

Originally this castle was built by William the Conqueror and was called Corvesgate. Situated as it is on the heights of the Purbeck Hills, it was for centuries considered to be impregnable but was finally destroyed in the Civil Wars. A very modern touch is added by the Lanchester in the foreground

JUSTICE AND THE SPEED LIMIT

Are Fines Regulated on a Sliding Scale Practicable?

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

(Holder of the World's Land Speed Record)

Motoring Editor of the "Field"

JUDGING from the tone of the many letters which I receive every week from motorists who have been summoned for exceeding the speed limit, I gather that there is some discontent.

When Parliament introduced the speed limit law in relation to built-up areas and fixed the penalties that could be exacted on those infringing these regulations, they did so with one object in view—to put an end to speeding and reckless and inconsiderate driving, with the hope that our roads would be made safer.

It could not have been the intention of the Government that motorists who had had an unblemished record over a long period of years should be summoned and fined merely because, through a lapse, they might have happened to have exceeded that limit by two or three miles per hour on rare occasions. Unfortunately, I am often hearing of instances where motorists have been driving for 20 or even 30 years, and have now had their licences endorsed for the first time for travelling at maybe 32 or 33 m.p.h. in a built-up area when no other traffic was in sight.

I can fully appreciate the feelings of anyone placed in a position such as I have described, seeing that they are really paying for the sins of only a small minority of the motoring community.

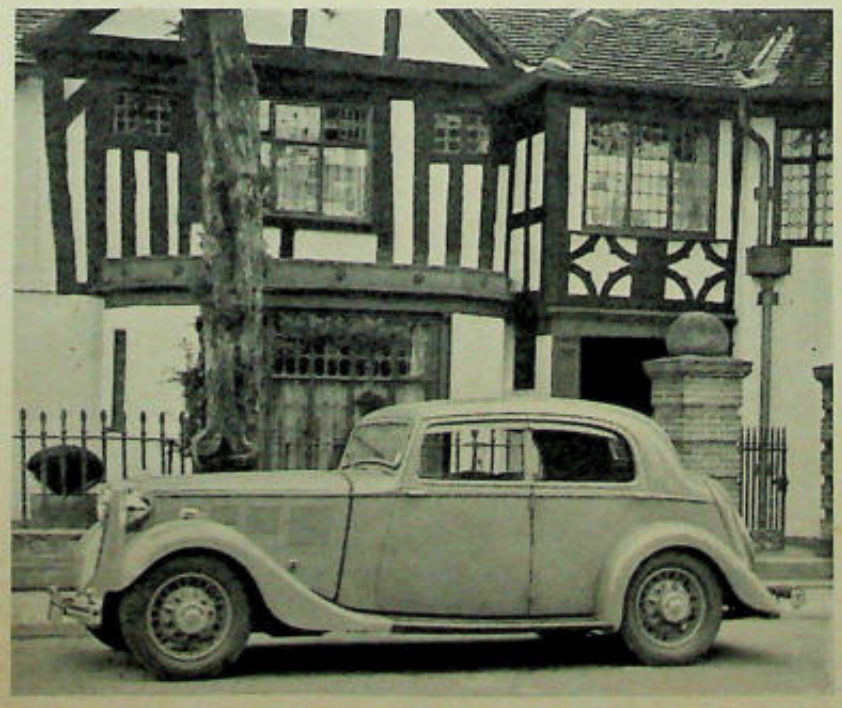
The Ministry of Transport, who have recently published their report on Fatal Road Accidents during the year 1935, inform us that of the 7,000 odd fatal motor accidents, only 3 per cent. of the drivers involved had previous convictions for dangerous or careless driving, and yet, not long ago, it was announced that the penalties that were being exacted by magistrates for motor offences were not severe enough, and it was requested that in future they should be more rigorously dealt with.

Whilst on this subject I would like to refer to the complaints which I have received lately concerning the method of meting out justice to the motorist on these occasions. It appears that many courts adopt the practice of putting all the defended cases at the bottom of the list. Many defendants, therefore, rather than waste valuable time, prefer to plead guilty, and thus have their cases dealt with more quickly and earlier. It is quite a common occurrence to read in the newspapers that 60 speed summonses were disposed of in a little over an hour. How can justice be enacted if cases are tried in this manner? Then, again, in some courts a defendant is told not to waste time by asking so-called silly questions, and with this atmosphere pervading, it is small wonder that the pleading motorist loses heart, and gets his case dealt with as quickly as possible. I heard of one instance lately, when a magistrate observed that it would save a lot of trouble if defendants, particularly in speed cases, would plead guilty, and that they would probably be fined less for not wasting time in asking useless questions.

Then there is yet another aspect which needs explaining. Why should a motorist be fined £2 in one court for driving at a speed of 35 m.p.h., whilst another, the fine may be only half that amount? This is a question which I should like to see answered by someone who is an authority on these matters, because as far as I can judge, it merely depends upon whether or not the bench may be favourably disposed towards the defendant.

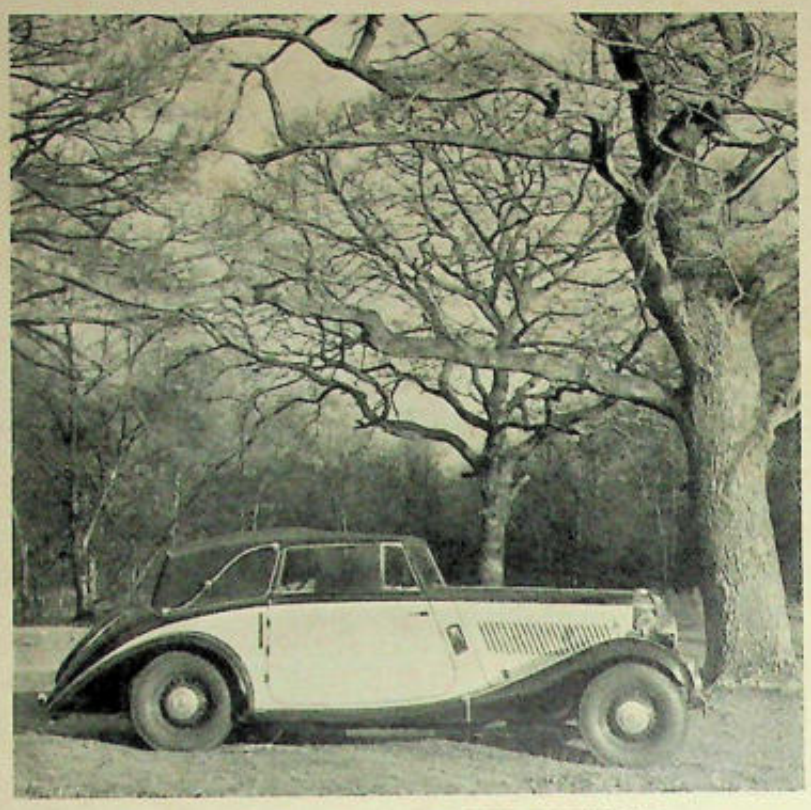
It was suggested to me not long ago that fines should be regulated on a sliding scale according to the income of the defendant, but I can hardly see how this scheme could ever be made to work. It was pointed out that it was grossly unfair to fine a lorry driver £2 for a certain offence when his weekly income was only, say £3, and to inflict the same fine on a wealthy motorist who had committed an exactly similar offence. My correspondent went on to point out that the lorry driver was placed in a very difficult position, whereas it did not affect the wealthy motorist in the least—a £2 fine meant nothing to him whatever. Obviously I must concur with him from this angle of reasoning, but on the other hand, if the lorry driver was fined, shall we say 5/-, and the motorist £2, it would lead to all kinds of criticism, and it would be almost impossible when inflicting fines to know exactly the financial position of each respective defendant.

Again, consider another point that would arise if fines were regarded as a deterrent, and levied on a sliding scale. A man of moderate means would, on conviction, suffer a fine which, although small, might amount to half his weekly wage. Now to penalise the wealthy driver to the same extent, and in ratio to his income, it would be necessary to fine him a sum amounting to perhaps several thousands of pounds, often for an offence that is merely technical. Regarded from this angle, therefore, my correspondent's suggestion of one law for the rich and another for the poor is not practicable, and could never be put into operation.



AN ATTRACTIVE BRITISH CAR

The 17 h.p. Armstrong Siddeley Atlanta Saloon, which is priced at £525



SOUTH OF THE HOG'S BACK NEAR PUTTENHAM
The car is a Railton Fairmile Coupé, and with its Hudson Straight-8 engine is capable of a genuine 100 *m.p.h.*

New Sign for Motorists

THE need for some accepted and uniform method of communication between drivers of motor vehicles has been apparent for some time past. Hitherto there has been no recognised means whereby one motorist can signal to another to stop when, for instance, luggage is observed to be working loose, a wheel shows signs of becoming detached, a door has swung open unknown to the driver or a rear light has failed.

To meet this need the Automobile Association, after consultation with the Ministry of Transport, suggests the following experimental signals: 1. When it is desired to attract the attention of a driver who has been overtaken, hold the forearm vertically with the palm to the rear, fingers and thumb close together and bend the hand horizontally to the rear; or when driving with an internally illuminated saloon, switch the inside light off and on three times at rapid intervals. 2. When behind a car and it is necessary to communicate with the driver, switch the headlights on and off

"YOUR LUGGAGE IS WORKING LOOSE"

whether after dark or during the hours of daylight.

The association is of the opinion that the motor horn should not be used for attracting attention of other drivers, as to do so minimises its effectiveness as a warning of approach, and in any case is forbidden during certain hours.

It is realised that any "Stop" signal is open to abuse, and when in doubt, drivers should refrain from pulling up until encountering a policeman or an A.A. patrol.

RE-FORGING A VITAL LINK OF EMPIRE

Progress on the Trans-Canadian Airway

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

ACCORDING to arrangements recently announced by the Canadian Minister of Transport, the transcontinental airway will be inaugurated in the Dominion on July 1st next year, while the first section—an air-mail link between Vancouver and Winnipeg—will commence to operate in the spring. This is very welcome news, for, as discussed not long ago in these articles, the position of commercial aviation in Canada has hitherto not been comparable to that in other parts of the Empire. The Dominion had no coast-to-coast line of the kind that has proved so valuable in the United States, though the need for fast communications is at least as great.

That this line has not been working before is not, however, due to any lack of vision on the part of the Canadian Government, nor to any undervaluation of the need for air transport. As a matter of fact plans were first made as long ago as 1923, and a start was made on development work. Many difficulties had to be overcome; the route had to be surveyed and a choice between possible alternatives made; and after that aerodromes and their equipment had to be constructed. Actually, flying was commenced experimentally on the section between Winnipeg and Edmonton by way of Regina, Saskatoon and Calgary in 1928. This route proved so successful that, in 1930, it was extended and put on a regular basis of operation. The cities served under this scheme included those already mentioned on the experimental route as well as Moose Jaw, North Battleford and Medicine Hat.

Thus, it seemed as though growth would be rapid and that the long-expected transcontinental air mail would soon be in operation. But in 1931–32 the depression hit Canada with special violence; neither the Provincial nor the Federal Governments could proceed with the plan, and in the spring of 1932 flying was actually suspended.

What followed revealed how much Canada believes in aviation. It became obvious that some measures of relief work for the unemployed were necessary. The Ottawa Government decided, in the autumn of the same year, to finance work for the preparation of the airway. Unemployed men were gathered together in camps and the task of clearing and levelling selected sites for aerodromes and of erecting the necessary buildings and so on was started. The scale on which the airway was conceived will be apparent from the fact that the plan included the provision of no fewer than 114 sites; not all of these were aerodromes in the full sense, of course, for it was decided to provide emergency landing grounds throughout the route at an average spacing of some 25 miles.

It is this great scheme which is now approaching completion. The line stretches from Vancouver to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and all of it lies within Canadian territory, except for a short distance of about 160 miles, which traverses the American State of Maine. Throughout, ground organisation and equipment for night flying is being provided. Though the opening is announced for next summer, it appears that the whole of the ground preparations are not yet completed, more particularly between Winnipeg and Montreal, where the full quota of emergency landing fields will not, it is understood, be available until some time in 1938.

A point worth noting is that the operation will probably be entrusted to a group formed from railway undertakings in the Dominion, though close Government supervision will be exercised through a special commission that has been created to control not only aviation, but all forms of Canadian transport.

There can be no doubt that the creation of this route represents one of the major triumphs of Empire air planning. It has been conceived on a vast scale, and it has been carried out entirely as a co-ordinated whole. It will, undoubtedly, provide a trunk from which new branches will spring to provide the many isolated areas of the Dominion with that modern transport they so badly need.

More than that, its inauguration comes at a most opportune time. The scheme for the commercial crossing of the Atlantic is getting well under way. Not only are the special boats nearing completion, so that experimental work is due to commence very shortly, but one of the flying boats, intended for operation on the Bermuda section, is already being shipped in sections across the Atlantic.

Thus, Canada will be ready to reap the full benefits of the Atlantic service as soon as it is placed on a regular basis. This is a most important point, for it has been clear that, had the Dominion been linked by air with Great Britain under existing conditions, the advantage to business would have been less than it should be, except, perhaps, on the eastern seaboard. The link with Newfoundland has, of course, still to be placed on a proper basis, but there is little doubt that this is included in the Atlantic scheme, in which the Canadian Government has a direct interest.

A solution for one of the main problems of Empire communications thus seems to be much nearer solution than might have appeared possible four or five years ago. Hitherto, Canada has stood outside the main framework of our Empire airways; now she is ready for the final realisation of the Atlantic service.

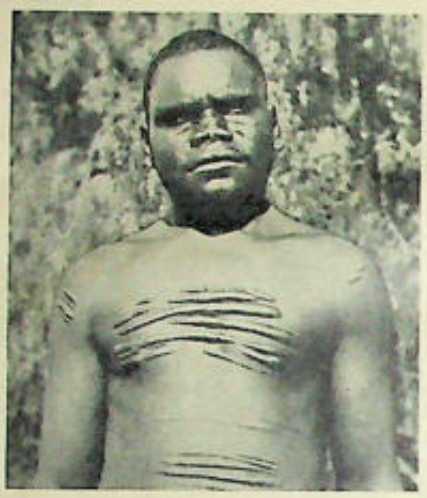
Chas. E. Brown
A MAGNIFICENT STUDY OF THE IMPERIAL AIRWAYS' LINER *HELENA*, OF THE *HANNIBAL* CLASS, IN FLIGHT

DESCENDANTS OF STONE-AGE MAN

The Life of an Australian Aboriginal

BY GEOFFREY MOREY

IN its development Australia has, for some reason unknown to us, lagged far behind that of other continents. Even a superficial study of its flora and fauna will reveal a definite relationship with long-forgotten epochs, while the aboriginal people resemble stone-age man more closely than any existent race.



A WEST AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINAL
The scars are caused by the cutting open of their bodies and the filling of the wounds with a mixture of animal fat and mud

In the last 50 years, however, the inroads of civilisation have almost stamped out this primitive people, so that now it is only in Central Australia and the far north that a few wild tribes still exist.

At best these people are very degenerate, dirty and unintelligent, and have a low resistance to all forms of disease. They naturally wish to live as close as possible to civilisation where food and clothing may be easily obtained, yet the moment they establish a relationship with white people their future existence is jeopardised.

Australian aboriginals are pure nomads. They never live in villages, nor do they till the ground or own cattle. They live entirely by hunting, moving from one area to another as soon as the game becomes exhausted. They are indescribably filthy, and exist almost like animals; sometimes as many as eight or ten people occupying a small "wurly"—a shelter about 12ft. square and 4ft. high, built of bark and twigs. No clothes, with the exception of a thin waistband made of hair matted with mud and fat, are worn.

No one works, though towards evening the men usually make some attempt to catch a few animals for food. At dusk they all become a little more animated and gather around their small fires to eat and talk and sing.

The men are tall and muscular, but are agile and almost graceful in their movements. They have smooth black glistening hair, and grow long beards at an early age; the women develop very early, and, unlike the men, deteriorate quickly in old age. It is common for a girl to be married before she has reached the age of twelve.

A MEMBER OF THE PINTO TRIBE MAKES A "WOOMERA"
The woomera is a spear-thrower and is shaped with a chisel of sharp, chipped stone. In the foreground is a pitchi, in which food is carried

PINTO TRIBESMEN IN THE "WILD DUCK" CORROBOREE
The time is beaten with a short stick and the leader sings loudly as the dance becomes wilder and wilder, until the performers fall down from complete exhaustion

A RATHER DRAUGHTY HOME
Eight or ten people will occupy a small "wurly," such as the one above, which is made of Eucalyptus boughs or bark from the Ti-tree

The Australian native is very fond of his children and spends much time playing games with them and instructing them in the art of making weapons or in bushcraft.

A tribe is ruled by its oldest man, and to him all sorts of supernatural powers are ascribed. As a symbol of his power he carries a human bone, which is wrapped up in leaves and mud. Should someone commit a crime the bone is pointed at him, or if he has disappeared, then in the direction he has gone, whereupon the accused is supposed to die. I, myself, have seen this happen. Once when we were travelling in the north we met four aboriginals who apparently knew my camel boy. They told him that when he had disappeared from the tribe some three years before, taking another man's wife with him, the bone had been pointed at him. From that moment the boy became ill, or rather said that he was ill. We made a careful medical examination but could discover no abnormality, and were naturally very angry with him. He told us that he was going to die, and explained why. Within 36 hours he was dead. This serves to illustrate the extraordinary suggestibility of these primitive people.

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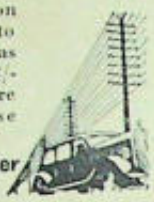

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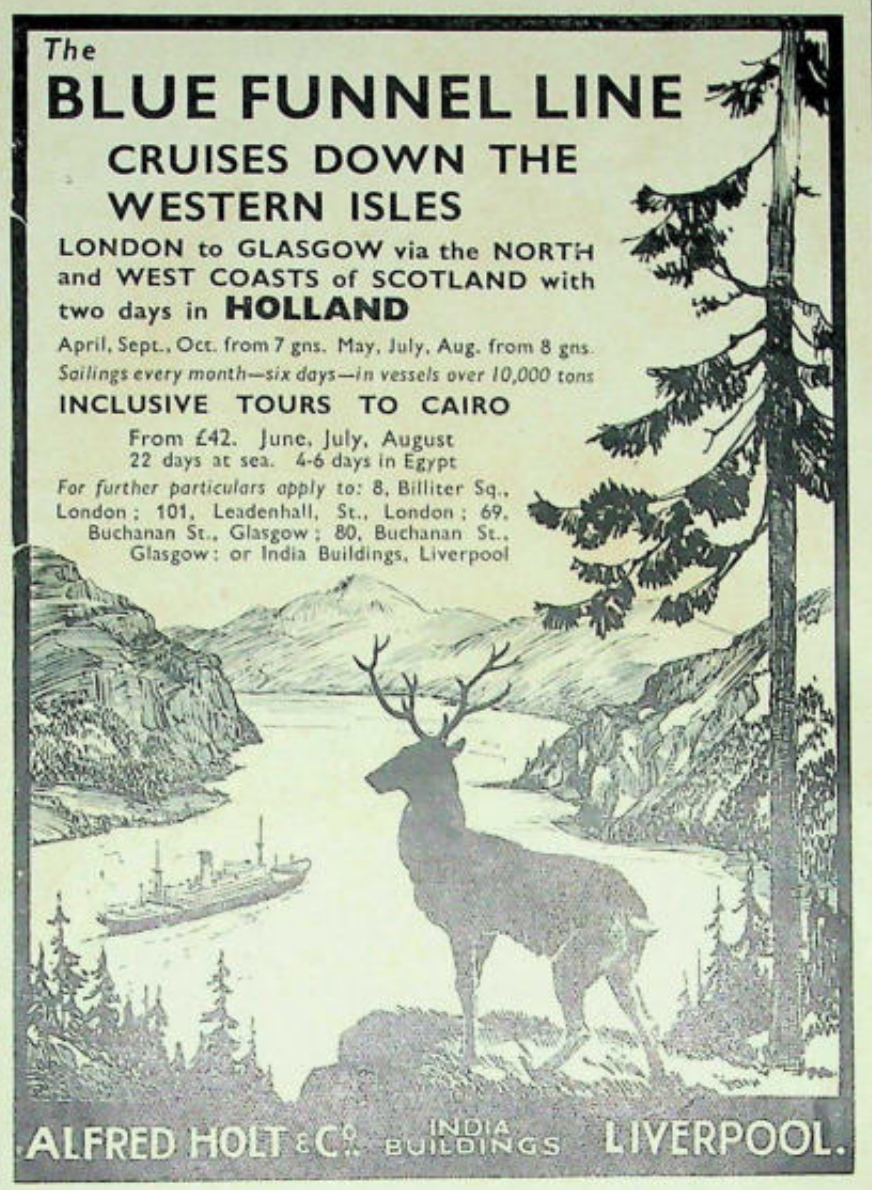

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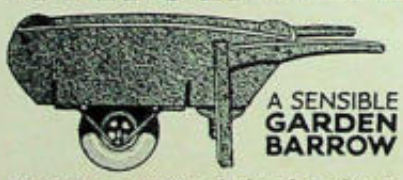

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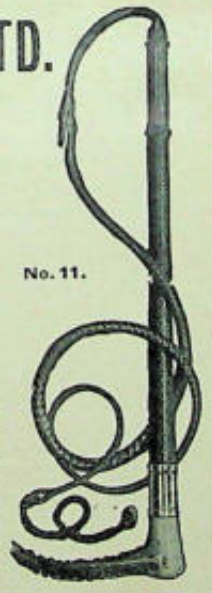

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AN ABORIGINAL FISHING FROM A PRIMITIVE CANOE

After a successful hunt and on other special occasions the aboriginals hold their strange "corroborees" or ceremonial dances. These are usually very wild affairs that last the whole night through, and which, on rare occasions, may be prolonged for three or four weeks. During this time the dance ceases only for a few hours in the heat of each day. These dances embody many of their traditions and beliefs, and necessitate the cutting open of their bodies with sharp stones so that the wounds may be filled with

ON THE WAY TO THE COOKING-POT
This crocodile was caught single-handed and was killed by breaking its neck

a mixture of animal fat and mud, thereby causing the large raised scars of which they are so proud.

The diet of the aboriginals is more interesting than appetising, for it consists of ants, grubs, wasps, lizards, snakes, frogs, rats, opossums, kangaroos and fish of all kinds. A form of flour is made from grinding certain seeds and berries between two stones, which when mixed with water forms a sticky paste. This paste is then cooked by pouring it on to very hot stones.

I was once fortunate enough to see a young aboriginal catching ducks when encamped beside a large lake in the northern territory. He waded into the lake and then approached the ducks by swimming under water. Quickly grasping a bird by its legs he would haul it under the surface and wring its neck before it had time to utter a sound, and in this way caught no less than five birds in half an hour.

No less interesting was his method of finding honey. He plucked a tiny piece of thistledown, which he wetted in the milk of the thistle; then, waiting for a bee to approach a nearby flower, gently stuck the thistledown on its back. Away went the bee with its white trailer towards the hollow tree, where the main store of honey was kept, followed, of course, by the native who in a few moments drove the occupants of the nest away by smoke and took the honey.

On another occasion I joined in a 'possum hunt, and it was quite a long time before I was able to understand their explanations of their actions. We chose a bright moonlight night and returned with five of these nocturnal animals, which we killed by boomerangs. At every likely-looking tree the men would stop and examine the trunk for claw marks. Then, having found them, would scratch against the trunk with a sharp piece of wood, apparently to imitate a climbing iguana (a 3-ft. lizard), the opossum's old enemy. It seems that when an opossum hears the approach of the iguana he will make no attempt to escape, but merely cries out in abject terror, thereby, of course, revealing his presence.

When a respected member of a tribe dies the aboriginals hold a great corroboree of mourning. All the close relations cry and wail unceasingly for three days, and even women inflict deep wounds upon their bodies. Finally, the corpse is laid upon a platform of boughs built in the fork of a tree and covered with leaves. It is allowed to remain here until only the whitened bones are left. During the process of decomposition the immediate relatives sit under the platform in order that the fat and other products of decomposition may run over their heads and shoulders.

AN INTERESTING GROUP FOR THE ABORIGINAL'S FAMILY ALBUM

EMPIRE FLYING BOATS

Canopus and her Sister Ships

WHEN I was flying back from Africa in early November, Canopus made her first flight on the Mediterranean route—the first flight of one of the new Empire flying boats in commission with actual passengers. We had hoped to make the return flight in her, but we were one day too early. However, I had the opportunity of seeing over her, and it may be of interest to write something of these flying boats, which mark the beginning of the second great epoch in the history of British Civil Aviation.

These boats have been described as the Queen Marys of the Air. They are of the unbraced monoplane design and they have wing-tip floats. Previously, I believe, all the flying boats used on the Empire services were of bi-plane type. They are exceedingly neat and serviceable to look at, and do not seem to be as large as their actual measurements suggest. Their design is a triumph of curve and line. The actual measurements are a span of 114ft., all-over length 88½ft., and a height of 29¼ft.—greater than a double-decker omnibus. The total weight is 18 tons, of which about 5 tons is available for freight and passengers. There are four Bristol Pegasus engines developing approximately 4,000 h.p. The Canopus did 200 m.p.h. on official trials. So much for facts. They seem enough.

[*Flight*

CANOPUS IN FLIGHT
She is the first of the 28 Flying Boats being built for Imperial Airways by Short Bros., at Rochester

These boats are two-deckers, which is something quite new in aircraft construction. On the upper deck are the crew of five—captain, first officer, wireless officer, steward and purser—this is the first time a purser has been carried. The lower deck is for passengers. It contains four saloons, including a smoking saloon. How many travellers by air will not sigh with relief to think that at long last the Goddess Nicotina is to have her temple. Did Sir Eric Geddes himself light the first cigarette? There is a promenade deck with wide view windows and a fully equipped kitchen. Those with memories of sea voyages to India will be glad to hear that there will be no quasi-compulsory deck tennis!

These boats are designed for night as well as day flying, and passengers are normally to sleep on board. Sleeping will be on the principle which works so smoothly on American and Canadian railways. One pulls curtains about one's berth and lo! the Temple of Mercury by day is the Temple of Lethe by night. "Twenty-four by day and sixteen by night" is the capacity for passengers.

The general idea seems to be that the flights will be by day and night. Every evening a longish halt will probably be made when passengers can go to a hotel for a bath and have dinner, and they will embark after dinner and fly all night. Meals will be taken either in the air or at refuelling points as at present. To my mind this will be an enormous advantage. Those dawn starts, that rousing from too short slumber by the impassive African, or equally impassive Indian or Malay, will be things of the past. You will go to bed on the aeroplane and wake in the air hundreds of miles nearer the end of your journey. The scheme seems to me to be a tremendous advance on what we have had before, and that was pretty good. For, in my opinion, the civility and kindness that one gets from the ground staff of Imperial Airways is that of the highest order. They are such good hosts. Efficiency, courtesy, but never effusiveness.

These flying boats will begin on a two-service-a-week standard to Australia and South Africa. Naturally the change from land machines to flying boats entails a considerable change in organisation, and much has yet to be done, and on the African journey especially there will be a change of route, with subsidiary feeders inland. These machines will carry *all* Empire Mail at the penny half-penny rate, no mail will go by sea. Singapore and Cape Town will be four days away as opposed to eight-and-a-half at present, and the Australian journey will be reduced from twelve-and-a-half days to just over a week.

I shut my eyes this Friday evening. I project myself through space. I am in Kenya on Monday, in India on Tuesday: and with comfort and safety. Well, all my trips on the Empire routes have been good ones: but this will be something new.

M. T. S.

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"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE

THE LOUNGE AT THE GEORGE

THROUGH the latter Middle Ages, along the great highway that led through Shipston-on-Stour in Warwickshire, passed on lawful—or unlawful—journeys many of the notable people of the times. Queen Elizabeth on the way to Warwick and Kenilworth certainly did, and in those days, as now, the George was the leading hostelry of the town. Unfortunately the records of those days are usually traditional. No cup with the Royal arms and monogram remains for reverence; no ghosts of the old times come back to give credence to their "stayings."

However, it is certain that Queen Victoria, as a child, travelling with her mother, the Duchess of Kent, rested at the George for a short time. Her bedroom on that occasion, facing the High Street and preserved for many years, is now a drawing room.

In the coaching days the George was one of the stopping places on the long journey from London to Birmingham and the North. Here horses were changed, while the cold and hungry passengers were warmed and fed in the short period allowed. It is not uninteresting to note that near the old stables Elizabethan and Georgian coins have been found during the many alterations of later years. But if those travellers of yesterday could return they would scarcely recognise their old halting place. Gone is the cobbled entrance through the broad archway; the geese, game and meat no longer hang in that wide passage under the bedrooms. Instead a solid glazed door opens into the hall, and beyond is a large modern lounge where the many visitors may take their cocktails or coffee, warmed by a fire from a big open fireplace as comforting as that which attracted the travellers from the coaches. Now no serving-maids trip up the stairs with cans of hot and cold water, for in all the bedrooms there is running "h. and c." What was good enough for Queen Elizabeth is not sufficient for us in these enlightened and democratic days. Yet with all its modern amenities the George retains its historic atmosphere, and for the antiquary the Tudor beams, Georgian doors and staircase still testify to the labour and skill of their builders. The long, pleasant room where one dines is no worse for once having been the local Corn Exchange, and no appetite is affected because in the rooms just above, up to 1875, the Petty Sessional Court was held. How and when the George obtained its present designation is shrouded in doubt. In the dim past, back to the days of Edward II, it was a hostelry without question.

Guests staying at the hotel to-day will find themselves in the middle of a fine sporting country. The Warwickshire, Heythrop and North Cotswold packs hunt all round the district, and, if required, mounts can be hired locally.

According to *Baily's* the Warwickshire hunt "a fine, wild country, very strongly fenced nearly everywhere: the stake-and-bound is most usual, but there is a good deal of timber. Practically no wire." The Heythrop hunt "partly a wall country; in the vale flying fences; no banks. Roughly speaking, about 60 per cent. is plough, 35 per cent. pasture, and the remainder woodland. There is a little wire, which in some localities is well marked; a committee arranges for its removal."

The proprietor of the George has shooting rights over 7,000 acres and a stretch of some three miles in the upper reaches of the Stour. The golfer will find nearby at Tadmarton and Stratford-on-Avon links which are considered first class. And for those to whom such active pursuits do not appeal it is only necessary to point out that Shipston-on-Stour is situated on the edge of the Shakespeare country, close to the Cotswolds and near the battlefields of the Civil War. Lying in the midst of beautiful scenery, with famous houses and architecture of all types within easy reach, it provides opportunities both to the student of antiquities and, at the same time, offers to the many of us who are merely curious a holiday with an abiding memory.

London

¶ 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.

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