NO.
1

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

ZOOLOGICAL
Kolkata
ACC-No-5871
15/12/06



Fit and ready for another hunting season

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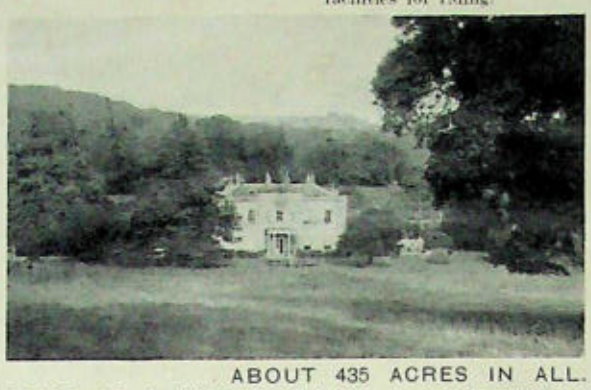
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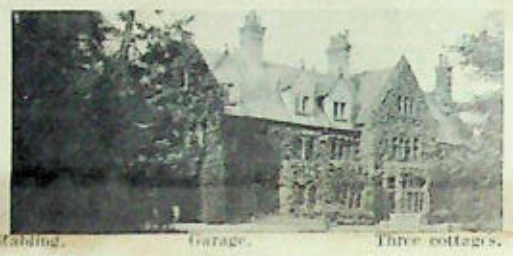
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Autumn in Rotten Row

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JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W. 1. (L.R. 12,947.)

LEICESTERSHIRE AND WARWICKSHIRE BORDERS

CONVENIENTLY PLACED FOR HUNTING WITH THE ATHERSTONE AND PYTCHLEY



light and central heating, unfailing water supply; tennis lawn and lovely shady grounds, together with rich pastureland. Two cottages, stabling, garage and farmbuildings.

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DELIGHTFULLY SITUATED COUNTRY RESIDENCE.
EXCELLENT CONDITION.

heating, [illegible] rented.

TOTAL AREA OF GROUNDS AND MEADOWLAND ABOUT TEN ACRES.

PRICE FREEHOLD, £5,500.

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WARWICKSHIRE

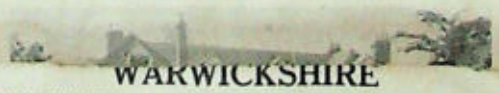
Delightful position amidst unspoilt rural surroundings, and within easy distance of Leamington Spa.



AT A SACRIFICIAL PRICE. OWNER ABROAD.

WARWICKSHIRE

In a delightful situation in the best part of the favoured hunting country between Leamington and Banbury.
£7,500 ACCEPTED FOR RESIDENCE, STABLING, GROUNDS, THREE COTTAGES AND PARKLANDS.
114 ACRES.
£5,500 WITH REDUCED AREA OF 48 ACRES.



A BARGAIN WITHOUT COMPARISON.

WARWICKSHIRE

TWO MILES FROM LEAMINGTON.



IN THE HEART OF THE WARWICKSHIRE HUNT

OCCUPYING AN UNRIVALLED POSITION.

AN EXCEPTIONALLY ATTRACTIVE SMALL COUNTRY RESIDENCE OR HUNTING BOX.

THREE RECEPTION ROOMS.
SIX BEDROOMS.
TWO BATHROOMS.

ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES.
EXCELLENT STABLING OF SEVEN BOXES.

WARWICKSHIRE

IN A DELIGHTFUL SITUATION IN THE BEST PART OF THE FAVOURED HUNTING COUNTRY BETWEEN LEAMINGTON AND BANBURY.

£7,500 ACCEPTED FOR RESIDENCE, STABLING, GROUNDS, THREE COTTAGES AND PARKLANDS. 114 ACRES.
£5,500 WITH REDUCED AREA OF 48 ACRES.



ATTRACTIVE GEORGIAN HOUSE

with

Lounge hall.
Four reception rooms.
Ten principal bed and dressing rooms.
Four well-appointed bathrooms.
Adequate servants' quarters.
[illegible]

ATTRACTIVE SMALL RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE,

particularly suitable for a gentleman desirous of farming a moderate area and equipped for maintenance of pedigree dairying herd.

THE RESIDENCE comprises an old Manor House, modernised with every care, and now embodying all conveniences.

Lounge hall, three reception rooms, seven bedrooms, two bathrooms, modern offices.

MAIN ELECTRIC LIGHT.
EXCELLENT WATER SUPPLY AND DRAINAGE.

Inexpensive pleasure gardens, together with hunter boxes, garage and other buildings.

THE FARM LANDS EXTEND TO NEARLY 200 ACRES.

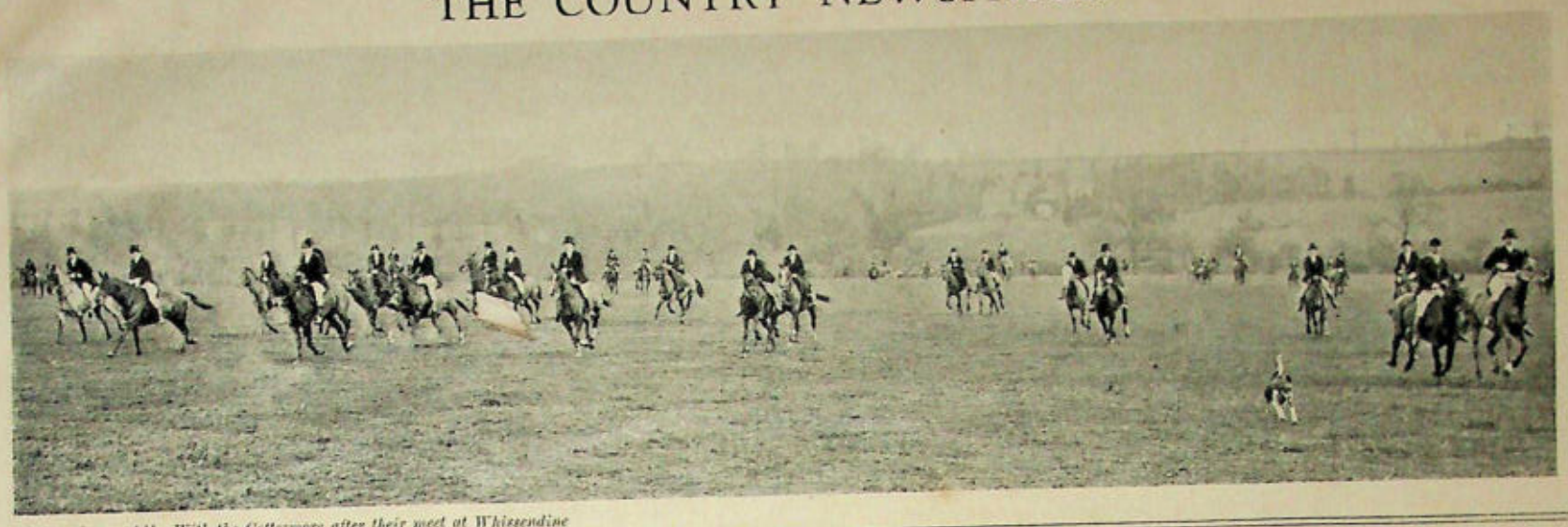
and are equipped with first-class buildings, including model cowhouses for 50, with water and electric light throughout, fine double-span Dutch barn, covered yards, extensive stabling and loose boxes.

Bailiff's house and a number of cottages.

The Property has been the subject of con[illegible]

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER



"Forrard away!" With the Cottesmore after their meet at Whissendine

Vol. CLXII. No. 4223 — Saturday, December 2, 1933

SPECIAL FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

SOME IDEALS OF FOXHUNTING: Manners as They Are and as They Should Be. By Lord Dorchester . . . 1422
A POOR MAN'S TIGER: Some Practical Hints for the Central Provinces. By the Hon. James Best, O.B.E. . . . 1425
OXFORD'S BOAT RACE BID. By D. H. E. McCowen . . . 1426
SOME VEXED RACING QUESTIONS: Interesting Reforms Advocated at Gimcrack Club Dinner . . . 1429
MEMORIES OF A HUNTSMAN: Bert Thatcher's Forty Seasons with Hounds (*continued*) . . . 1435
FAMILIES FAMOUS IN SPORT—No. 8: The Earls of Yarborough and Brocklesby . . . 1436
ART TREASURES AT CHRISTIE'S: Earl Howe's Sale of Paintings by Old Masters, etc. . . . 1439
WHY THE NEW 8 H.P. FORD SHOULD BE POPULAR. By Sir Malcolm Campbell . . . 1451
ANOTHER ASPECT OF SPEED ON THE AIRWAYS. By the Master of Sempill . . . 1452
ISLANDS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN . . . 1455
THE BLACK RAT AS A NATIONAL MENACE. By Martin A. C. Hinton . . . 1421
IS THE WOODCOCK'S ECCENTRICITY OVERRATED? . . . 1424
THIRTY YEARS OF BLAGDON: How the Fishing Has Grown Since 1904. By Donald Carr . . . 1427
CHOICES FOR THE DECEMBER SALES: Well-bred Mares and Foals for Newmarket . . . 1428
OXFORD'S EMPIRE RELAY TEAM. By F. A. M. Webster . . . 1430
MAKING PIGS PAY UNDER THE MARKETING SCHEME . . . 1444
A SILVER FOX FARMER'S COSTS AND INCOME . . . 1449
EVERGREEN SHRUBS: A Choice for Small Gardens. By Eleanour Sinclair Rohde . . . 1438
RETRIEVER CHAMPIONS AT BAYFIELD . . . 1440
THE SQUASH RACKETS CHAMPIONSHIP . . . 1440
ECONOMIES IN ARABLE CULTIVATION. By Dr. H. J. Denham . . . 1443
THE CANARY ISLES IN WINTER. By Lieut.-Colonel J. H. Cooke . . . 1456

A SPECIAL CHRISTMAS PRESENTS SUPPLEMENT PRESENTED WITH THIS ISSUE

Letters to the Editor, 1431: *Answers to Correspondents*, 1458; *Hunting Appointments*, 1417; *Fixtures*, 1416

Free-Fare, the winner, leading over the first fence in the December Handicap Hurdle race at Kempton Park

Vol. CLXII. No. 4224 — Saturday, December 9, 1933

SPECIAL FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

HUNTING MANNERS FROM ANOTHER ANGLE. By Major C. L. Carlos Clarke . . . 1482
ABOUT PIGSTICKING: A Sport which Links Britain and India. By Lord Baden-Powell . . . 1484
FOWLER'S AMBUSH: Days and Ways with Duck . . . 1486
FAMILIES FAMOUS IN SPORT—No. 9: The Earls of Berkeley at Berkeley Castle . . . 1488
RAINBOW TROUT IN KENYA: The Newest Trout in East Africa and Some Suggestions for Catching Them . . . 1495
FARM WORKERS' WAGES: The Labourer's Position To-day . . . 1500
"DANGEROUS WALKING" SHOULD BE MADE A CRIME: New Legislation which would make the Roads Safer. By Sir Malcolm Campbell . . . 1503
THE REAL AUSTRALIA: Life in the Backwoods, within a few hours of Melbourne. By Frank Russell . . . 1507
DECEMBER FLOWERS: Blossoms for Winter's Dark Days. By Eleanour Sinclair Rohde . . . 1497
BRITISH HEAVY-WEIGHTS . . . 1480
SPECIALISTS IN RUGBY: Tactics which Spoil the University Match . . . 1481
GAMES AND THE AMERICAN SCHOOLBOY: A Contrast with English Methods. By E. R. Scott . . . 1485
STEEPLE CHASERS WHICH MAY MAKE HISTORY . . . 1487
MEMORIES OF A HUNTSMAN: Bert Thatcher's Forty Seasons with Hounds in Many Countries . . . 1490
FIELD TRIALS: Labradors at Idsworth, etc. . . . 1496
THE CAMBRIDGE TRIAL EIGHTS: Strong Crews for Putney. By D. H. E. McCowen . . . 1499
FANCY PHEASANTS: A Selection of Varieties. By Lieut.-Colonel F. E. C. Lewis . . . 1499
FLYING CLUBS AND THE FUTURE: Their Part in Guarding and Fostering the Interests of Private Flyers . . . 1504

Letters to the Editor, 1491; *Answers to Correspondents*, 1508; *Hunting Appointments*, 1477; *Fixtures*, 1476

The start of the Oxford v. Cambridge cross-country race at Horton Kirby last Saturday. P. J. Albery (No. 11) was the winner

Vol. CLXII. No. 4225 — Saturday, December 16, 1933

SPECIAL FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

PRESERVATION OF FOXES: Reconciling the Interests of Hunting and Shooting. By Lord Dorchester . . . 1534
A PRELUDE TO WINTER: Memories of a Day in a Scottish Forest. By the Hon. J. Whyte-Melville Skeffington . . . 1536
FAMILIES FAMOUS IN SPORT—No. 10: The Luttrells and Dunster Castle . . . 1540
FEEDING HABITS OF THE PIKE: Weather Conditions which affect Sport . . . 1538
WINES FOR CHRISTMAS: Some Hints on their Choice . . . 1547
A CHANGE IN CHAMPIONS AT SMITHFIELD SHOW: Aberdeen-Angus make way for Galloways . . . 1553
'VARSITY RUGBY: Oxford v. Cambridge at Twickenham . . . 1556
ROAD ACCIDENTS ANALYSED: What the Ministry of Transport's Report Shows. By Sir Malcolm Campbell . . . 1557
MAKING THE MOST OF A SOUTH AFRICAN HOLIDAY: Where to Go and what to See . . . 1561
A BOLDER AGRICULTURAL POLICY: Farmers' Prospects for the New Year . . . 1533
WINTER SPORT IN EASTERN CANADA: A Land of Ski-ing Enthusiasts. By Niall Rankin . . . 1537
BIRD TOURISTS FROM THE NORTH: Our Winter Visitors as I know them. By Frances Pitt . . . 1539
MEMORIES OF A HUNTSMAN: Bert Thatcher Tells of Good Runs with the Zetland . . . 1542
BLOODSTOCK PRICES IMPROVE AT NEWMARKET . . . 1535
ARE OUR GOLF COURSES TOO EASY?: Standards which Modern Play Demands. By E. R. Tipple . . . 1554
AMR BEY'S THIRD CHAMPIONSHIP: An Invincible Squash Player . . . 1556
CHEAPER FLYING TUITION: Its Advantages in the Event of National Emergency . . . 1558
BILLIARDS FOR WOMEN: The Value of More Mixed Games . . . 1563
DWARF CONIFERS FOR THE ROCK GARDEN. By Eleanour Sinclair Rohde . . . 1550

Letters to the Editor, 1543; *Answers to Correspondents*, 1562; *Hunting Appointments*, 1529; *Fixtures* 1528

Owing to the hard state of the ground at Wantage, Mr. Whitelaw's horses are now training on the sands at East Wittering, being stabled at Chichester

Vol. CLXII. No. 4226 — Saturday, December 23, 1933

SPECIAL FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

HARSH WORDS ABOUT SYNDICATE SHOOTS: Some Charges Which are Seldom Justified . . . 1581
BEATERS IN COVERT: Details of Management which affect the Success of a Shoot. By Commander Douglas Lang, R.N. . . . 1585
FAMILIES FAMOUS IN SPORT—No. 11: The Wyndhams at Petworth . . . 1586
ARE OUR GOLF COURSES TOO EASY?—II.: The Proper Placing of Bunkers. By E. R. Tipple . . . 1595
TWO MONTHS OF THE MILK MARKETING BOARD: Farmers' Criticisms and the Future . . . 1598
THE CHANNEL ISLANDS' FLYING START. By B. C. de Guerin . . . 1600
HOLLY TIME: Our Finest Winter Hedges. By Eleanour Sinclair Rohde . . . 1596
SPORTSMEN OF FRANCE: Members of the French Big Game Hunters' Club and Their Achievements . . . 1582
SALMON IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY: Some Records from the Yore. By Sir T. Lawson-Tancred, Bart. . . . 1588
MEMORIES OF A HUNTSMAN: More Runs with the Zetland. By Bert Thatcher . . . 1590
DUCKS THAT CANNOT FLY: The Queerest Inhabitants of the Falkland Islands . . . 1584
ROUND THE WORLD WITH A SHOTGUN—No. 17: Peru and Bolivia . . . 1587
THE CAR THAT WAS PLANNED BY A DRESS DESIGNER: My Opinion of the Humber "Vogue" Saloon. By Sir Malcolm Campbell . . . 1599
WINTER IN THE WEST: The Many Attractions of Devon and Cornwall. By Maxwell Fraser . . . 1602
BERMUDA AS A BRITISH RESORT . . . 1603

Letters to the Editor, 1591; *Answers to Correspondents*, 1604; *Hunting Appointments*, 1577; *Fixtures*, 1576

The Cambridge University Ice Hockey Team defeating the Sport Club Riessersee, of Bavaria, on the Riesser Lake. It is expected that the winter Olympiad will be held on this rink in 1936

Vol. CLXII. No. 4227 — Saturday, December 30, 1933

SPECIAL FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

BRITISH ART AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY: Sport and its place in the New Year's Exhibition. By Walter Shaw Sparrow . . . 1624
FAMILIES FAMOUS IN SPORT—No. 12: The de Greys at Merton. By the Hon. R. P. de Grey . . . 1627
THE MYSTERY OF RAINBOW TROUT: Wastage which Needs Explaining. By T. C. Bridges . . . 1629
WILDFOWLING IN WALCHEREN: 41 Years With a Punt Gun. By H. Leyborne Popham . . . 1631
A YEAR OF GOLF IN RETROSPECT: Variable Form of Amateurs and Professionals. By E. R. Tipple . . . 1637
FARMERS' FREEDOM UNDER MARKETING SCHEMES: Sir Daniel Hall's Views . . . 1639
SAFER FLYING: How Risks are Being Eliminated . . . 1642
FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF SOUTHERN RHODESIA . . . 1643
MANNERS IN THE HUNTING FIELD: A Reply to a Critic. By Major C. L. Carlos Clarke . . . 1623
POINT-TO-POINTS AND THEIR FUTURE . . . 1622
PLANTING FOR HIGH PARTRIDGES: And the Construction of "Remises" . . . 1626
NEW RACING YACHTS: The Royal Corinthian's 5-Metre Class. By Major Malden Heckstall-Smith . . . 1628
MEMORIES OF A HUNTSMAN: Bert Thatcher's Great Days with Hounds . . . 1630
THE SPANIEL CLUB FIELD TRIALS: Two Good Days at Merton . . . 1637
ROSE SPECIES: Early Flowering Varieties for the Garden. By Eleanour Sinclair Rohde . . . 1638
A CAR PERFECTED FROM RACE TRACK EXPERIENCE: The 1½-litre Aston-Martin. By Sir Malcolm Campbell . . . 1641
PRIZE-WINNING PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE "FIELD" COMPETITION . . . 3rd page Cove

Letters to the Editor, 1633; *Answers to Correspondents*, 1644; *Hunting Appointments*, 1619; *Fixtures*, 1618

140, HIGH STREET OXFORD.

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK

44, ST. JAMES'S PLACE, S.W.1
TELEPHONE: REGENT 0911 (2 lines)

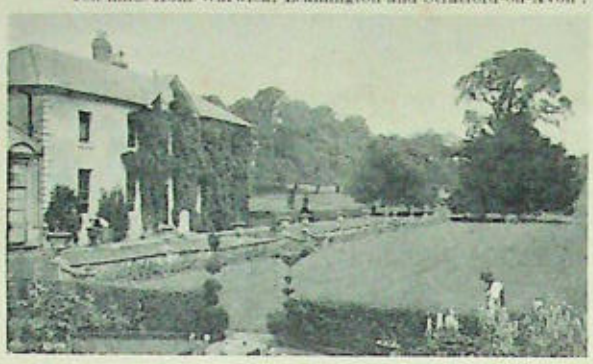
ESTATE OFFICES, RUGBY
TELEPHONE: RUGBY 70

18, BENNETT'S HILL, BIRMINGHAM.

AGENTS FOR THE SHIRES, THE COTSWOLDS, AND THE SPORTING COUNTIES GENERALLY

IN THE HEART OF THE WARWICKSHIRE HUNT

Ten miles from Warwick, Leamington and Stratford-on-Avon; twelve miles from Banbury (London 80 minutes).



FOR SALE.

THE ABOVE EXCEPTIONALLY COMFORTABLE AND WELL-FITTED RESIDENCE, occupying a delightful position in its own well-timbered parklands winh excellent views.

LOUNGE HALL, THREE SITTING ROOMS, FOUR PRINCIPAL DOUBLE BEDROOMS, THREE OTHER BEDROOMS, FIVE MAIDS' ROOMS, FOUR BATHROOMS, ETC.

Every modern convenience and in first-class repair.

MODEL HUNTING STABLING

and newly erected

RIDING SCHOOL.

GARAGES AND TWO COTTAGES.

Delightful gardens, three grass tennis courts, hard tennis court, Dutch garden, together with surrounding woodlands and parklands, extending to

120 ACRES.

App'y, JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, Rugby. (R. 9961.)

PRICE REDUCED.
REASONABLE OFFER CONSIDERED.

HUNTING WITH THE PYTCHLEY



OLD-WORLD AND EXCEPTIONALLY COMFORTABLE RESIDENCE; pleasant position, nearly 400ft. above sea level.

Hall, three sitting rooms, nine bedrooms
Two bathrooms, Complete offices,
EXCELLENT HUNTING STABLING. TWO PADDOCKS

FOURTEEN AND A HALF ACRES.

Adjoining Home Farm of 70 acres can be included if required.

Personally inspected and thoroughly recommended by the Agents, JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, Estate Offices, Rugby. (R. 8465.)

BERKSHIRE DOWNS



THIS WONDERFUL OLD MANOR HOUSE, [illegible] Anne period, skilfully

EXCELLENT HUNTING FACILITIES.

For all further particulars and orders to view apply JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 18, Bennett's Hill, Birmingham, 2. (Midland 5602.)

THE FOLLOWING PROPERTIES AFFORD FIRST-RATE HUNTING FACILITIES.

NEAR STOW-ON-THE-WOLD

CHARMING ELIZABETHAN COTTAGE RESIDENCE.

having oak beams, open fireplaces, stone-mullioned windows, etc.

THREE RECEPTION ROOMS,
THREE GOOD BEDROOMS,
TWO ATTIC BEDROOMS,

BATHROOM (h. and c.), USUAL DOMESTIC OFFICES.
MAIN ELECTRIC LIGHT AND WATER

THIS GENUINE STONE-BUILT TUDOR RESIDENCE (*circa* 1610), occupying a delightful position in a really first-rate social and sporting district in this favourite county. Lounge hall and three sitting rooms, twelve bed and dressing rooms, two bathrooms, complete offices; modern conveniences, ample water supply, light soil; inexpensive gardens; hunting stables, garage, etc.—For further details of this most attractive Property apply to JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R. 12,863.)

SHROPSHIRE

In a splendid hunting district; convenient for Ludlow.
House and grounds only; or with 42 acres.

PRICE £5,500, FREEHOLD (as a whole).
Would be Let on Lease.



FOR SALE, this charming COUNTRY RESIDENCE, [illegible] at a later

FIVE ACRES.

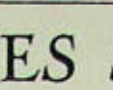
MODERATE PRICE.

Inspected and recommended by JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 140, High Street, Oxford. (8514.)

IN THE HEART OF THE WARWICKSHIRE HUNT

Ten miles from Warwick, Leamington and Stratford-on-Avon; twelve miles from Banbury (London 80 minutes).

FOR SALE



THE ABOVE EXCEPTIONALLY COMFORTABLE AND WELL-FITTED RESIDENCE, occupying a delightful position in its own well-timbered parklands with excellent views.

[illegible] cottage; delightful old gardens.

MAGNIFICENT STABLING FOR SIXTEEN HUNTERS, AND OTHER EXCELLENT BUILDINGS. Three cottages; delightful gardens.

ABOUT 100 ACRES OF RICH GRASSLAND.

Recommended by Owner's Agents, JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R. 13,118.)

ABOUT 94 ACRES OF GRASSLAND (IN A RING FENCE).
PRICE, FREEHOLD, ONLY £6,000.

Recommended by the Owner's Agents, JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R. 13,144.)

WARWICK



IN THE HEART OF THE WARWICKSHIRE HUNT

Ten miles from Warwick, Leamington and Stratford-on-Avon; twelve miles from Banbury (London 80 minutes).

FOR SALE



THE ABOVE EXCEPTIONALLY COMFORTABLE AND WELL-FITTED RESIDENCE, occupying a delightful position in its own well-timbered parklands with excellent views.

LOUNGE HALL, THREE SITTING ROOMS, FOUR [illegible]

[illegible] drive with lodge at entrance. Lounge hall and four large sitting rooms, eleven bed and dressing rooms, two bathrooms; *main electric light, Company's water, central heating, independent hot water.* Garage, stabling, farmbuildings, two farmhouses, cottages (in addition to lodge). THE WHOLE ESTATE FORMS A UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY OF ACQUIRING A RESIDENCE OF CHARACTER AND A SOUND INCOME-PRODUCING INVESTMENT.

Full particulars from JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R. 13,180.)

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL RESIDENCE IN THE

PYTCHLEY HUNT

DELIGHTFUL OLD STONE AND THATCHED

TUDOR MANOR HOUSE



EIGHTEEN ACRES.
£5,250. FREEHOLD.

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R. 2093.)

TWO COTTAGES.

108 ACRES. £7,000. FREEHOLD.

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R. 13,294.)

A BARGAIN WITHOUT COMPARISON.

WARWICKSHIRE

TWO MILES FROM LEAMINGTON.



IN THE HEART OF THE WARWICKSHIRE HUNT

OCCUPYING AN UNRIVALLED POSITION.

AN EXCEPTIONALLY ATTRACTIVE SMALL COUNTRY RESIDENCE OR HUNTING BOX.

THREE RECEPTION ROOMS,

SIX BEDROOMS,

PYTCHLEY AND FERNIE HUNTS

ATTRACTIVE AND COMFORTABLE COUNTRY RESIDENCE.

THREE RECEPTION ROOMS,

SIX PRINCIPAL BEDROOMS,

TWO BATHROOMS,

Delightful position amidst [illegible] rural surroundings within easy distance of Leamington Spa.



ATTRACTIVE TUDOR STYLE RESIDENCE, with lounge hall, three reception rooms, billiards room,

WARWICK



WELL PLACED FOR THE WARWICKSHIRE HUNT.

ATTRACTIVE OLD WORLD COUNTRY RESIDENCE.

In a delightful position.

Well-arranged accommodation in excellent repair.

EVERY MODERN CONVENIENCE,

including

CENTRAL HEATING AND MAIN ELECTRIC LIGHT.

FOUR RECEPTION ROOMS,

TEN PRINCIPAL BED AND DRESSING [illegible]

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

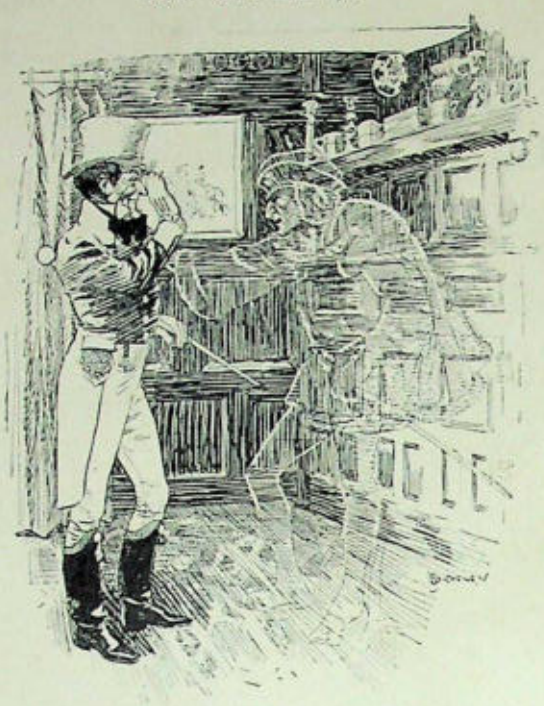
VOL. CLXII. NO. 4215. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1933 REGISTERED. PRICE 1S. POSTAGE { INLAND, 2D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND, 1½D.; FOREIGN 4½D.



CAPTAIN AND MRS. E. RAMSDEN

This season Captain Ramsden resigned the Mastership of the Atherstone (North), and has now moved to the South Durham country. Captain Ramsden has had previous experience of North Country hunting, having Mastered the Cleveland for three seasons after the War, during which he served in the 12th Lancers

GLOUCESTER ARMS, PENRITH.
Formerly belonging to the Nevill Family and no doubt came into the possession of the Duke of Gloucester who became Richard III. Contains some fine mediæval oak wainscoting and a room in which Richard III is said to have slept.



SHADE OF KING RICHARD III:
"Yes, 'tis true I called 'A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse' but *everybody* calls for you.

JOHNNIE WALKER

BORN 1820—STILL GOING STRONG

Acc. No - 589
Date - 15/12/06

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

LIGHT HORSE BREEDING

FEW countries in the world have spent less on the breeding of light horses than Great Britain—though we were the first to begin spending. As far back as the days of Queen Anne money was voted for the establishment of Queen's Plates, and this continued until 1885. Premiums of £50 and £25 were first offered to thoroughbred stallions to serve tenant farmers' mares at a fee not exceeding £2 10s. The transfer of the Queen's Plates to the scheme with an added grant followed, and in 1887 a sum of £5,100 was available for 28 Premiums. Through subsequent stages—under Government supervision, first by the Ministry of Agriculture and more recently by the War Office—an increasing number of stallions served half-bred mares at low fees, and thus ensured a continual supply of good-quality light horses. In 1931, 100 stallions travelled the country, serving 6,279 mares.

But in 1932 the Government saw fit to withdraw this subsidy. This was naturally resented by those interested in light horse breeding. A deputation from the Hunters Improvement Society waited upon Lord Hailsham, then Secretary for War, who, after much pleading, told the deputation that the Treasury had decided to grant £8,000 for the benefit of light horse breeding. To-day even this amount has been withdrawn. In November last year a committee of the Hunters Improvement Society placed full details before the Minister of Agriculture and other officials, and pointed out that the present scheme of light horse breeding had been built upon the provision of the Government support, which ensured that there was a suitable stallion at a fee not prohibitive to the farmer within reach of every light horse breeding district. They learnt with the greatest regret and concern that no further funds would be available in 1933.

In view of this decision, the council decided that, as it was a national necessity that light horse breeding should be maintained, it was advisable to draw upon the very limited reserve funds of the Society, and to offer 47 Premiums of £50 each for thoroughbred stallions to travel in England and Wales, and two for Scotland of £40 each, as these latter stallions would not have to be exhibited at Islington.

Such, then, at the present time is the position of light horse breeding. But it cannot be expected that the Hunters Improvement Society can carry on in this way for more than two or three years. It is not an easy matter to decide as to the future, but it seems that part of the onus of continuing the light horse breeding in this country will definitely fall upon private shoulders. The Hunters Improvement Society and kindred bodies can do something, so long as their money lasts, but the finances of these bodies are only limited. It falls next to the private individual, whether he be squire or farmer, to help the cause of hunter breeding, and we are inclined to think in fact that it might be a good thing to abolish the Hunter Show at Islington altogether and award suitable Premiums for hunter stallions in their own yards. Is Islington much more than a shop window? If Premiums were awarded to stallions in their own yards we could at least be assured that they were given to those which had already sired good stock, and not to those which, as may happen at Islington, are judged by their looks alone.

FORTUNE IN THE CITY

IN another column we publish a recapitulation of the recommendations, made by our City correspondent "Pactolus," in regard to the purchase of securities during the two years past, since Great Britain was forced off the gold standard. "Pactolus" prefaces his summary with the statement that those securities which have not altered in marketable value to any material extent have been omitted from his list. He then sets down in order those which have appreciated in value, and those which have depreciated.

It is a remarkable list. Seventy-two of the recommended securities are to be bought to-day at prices higher—in many cases much higher—than those which were obtainable at the time when they were first recommended. Five only have fallen in value. Any reader who could be supposed to have been fortunate enough to avail himself week after week of the advice given by "Pactolus" would to-day be the master of a considerable fortune. We think that it will be admitted that in our City column we have hitherto succeeded in our purpose, which is to draw the attention of country gentlemen reading the *Field* at their leisure, to securities in which their spare capital may be invested, with expectation rather than mere hope of profit.

COVERT-SHOOTING PROSPECTS

After the grouse the partridge: their reign is brief, and almost before the last drive is over the covert shooting is here again. *Le roi est mort. Vive le roi.* Certainly the new king is likely to have a glorious reign, but quite possibly a shorter one than usual. For the very conditions which have been so favourable to wild pheasants and to rearing will have their reactions in the coverts.

We have had a splendid summer, but autumn may be very short, and the leaf will be from the tree and the ground cover thinned in the woods far more swiftly than is usual. Consequently covert shooting in general will probably be much earlier than normally, and early next year pheasants will want all the assistance in the way of provender we can give. But for the present reports generally indicate a really good covert-shooting season.

SHEEP DOG TRIALS

On the racecourse at Ayr last week Wales carried off the supreme honours in the trials organised by the International Sheep Dog Society. An English shepherd won in the hired shepherds' class, and the "brace" championship also went to England. So it was a disappointing meeting for Scotland. Scottish competitors did, indeed, win the qualifying trials and the team championship, but Scotland expects to make a better show than this in the international trials.

As a spectacle, sheep dog trials have become very popular during the last two or three years, and several of the show societies in England have introduced a demonstration of sheep dog working as a feature of the entertainment provided in the main ring after the morning's business of cattle judging is completed. This is everyone's gain, because, good man though he is, the English shepherd is not usually very clever in working with a dog. Now that grass flocks have replaced hurdled flocks so generally, this is a noticeable handicap.

RUGBY LEAGUE POACHING

The Rugby League, the organisation of Northern professional clubs which play a variation of the Rugby game, have been particularly active this season in attracting players from Rugby Union clubs. Wales has hitherto been the chief recruiting ground, for the simple reason that, under the stress of adverse economic conditions, Welsh players have been more ready to accept the League clubs' offers than players in the other home countries. Now, however, the League has been poaching with almost equal success in England and—let us whisper it—in Scotland, one of whose great international forwards, W. B. Welsh, has recently joined a professional club.

There is no doubt that this is a growing menace to the Rugby game, for naturally it is the best players who are most sought by the League. The Rugby Union are said to be perturbed at the number of players who, contrary to the laws, which are exceedingly strict, are submitting themselves for trial by League clubs. But detection is difficult, and there is no apparent remedy except increased vigilance. It is perhaps a good thing that there should be such an outlet for players who want to make money out of their skill.

BRADMAN AGAIN

It may not appear to be of much real significance to English cricketers that Australia's great batsman, Bradman, is reported to have signed a contract for five years to act as director of a sports outfitting business in Australia. But we can imagine Australians receiving the news with a huge sigh of relief as an indication that Bradman is not after all likely to be tempted to join an English league club as professional.

The attraction of our league clubs is used in Australia as an argument in favour of paying Australian players even more than they now receive for tours in England, and the eagerness of the league clubs to obtain overseas players is gaining us a bad name. Almost every visiting team in the last few years has lost one or two players in this way, including Merritt and Dempster from New Zealand, Constantine and now Headley from the West Indies. Unfortunately there is no control over the league clubs and the matter lies entirely in the hands of the players themselves or the controlling bodies of their own countries.

WHAT OF THE AUTUMN SALMON?

Prospects for "back-enders" on the salmon rivers this year are not very cheerful. Droughts always engender a hope that when the inevitable break in the weather comes there will be a glorious fortnight's fishing in which the intolerable staleness of earlier weeks will be forgotten, and the salmon which, in theory, should have been adventuring the tidal reaches, will run *en masse* into fresh water and provide a harvest for the autumn rods. But this year there is an uneasy feeling by observers "on the spot" that the fish are not there to run. This last week on most rivers has seen the disappearance of the drought, but not the appearance of the salmon.

The last great drought, 1929, broke in the North some six weeks earlier, most rivers having a substantial spate by the middle of August—a spate which raised hopes only to drown them in perpetual floods to the close of the fishing. This season at the least seems disinclined to follow its example. Given that the fish are, in reality, coming in, small spates may prove more paying than the abundant water of 1929.

EMPIRE HEALTH WEEK

For the next week the Royal Sanitary Institute, 90, Buckingham Palace Road, Westminster, London, is conducting a campaign to secure cleanliness in our towns, and calls for concentrated efforts to combat smoke and dirt, the formation of slums, and to aid propaganda for wholesome food and proper exercise. May success attend their work.

THE MILK POOL

This week has seen the launching of a milk marketing pool for England and Wales. The Milk Marketing Board has lost no time in assuming its responsibilities, and from October 6th it becomes illegal for milk, almost without exception, to be sold without its approval. The contract terms and prices have been decided by the three arbitrators appointed by the Minister of Agriculture, so there should be little ground for complaint that they are unduly hard on the milk distributors or the manufacturers of milk products.

The operation of a pool is bound to disappoint some farmers, and particularly those who have been able to sell the whole of their output for the liquid milk trade at exceptionally favourable prices. They will now have to suffer deductions from their milk cheques to subsidise the less fortunate producers whose milk is used for the manufacture of cheese and other low-priced products. But producers as a body voted for this scheme, and if they will be forbearing during the initial stages, they will find that their new business organisation is justified by results.

IBEX IN ITALY

Strict preservation has done much for the Italian ibex, which many people had imagined to be nearly extinct. Now, by order of the Ministry of Agriculture and Forests, following the report of a Royal Commission on the famous National Park of Grand Paradiso, in the Alps, the male ibex may be shot from now until the end of the year. The shooting fee is lire 8,000 (about £130) for the first head, and lire 6,000 (about £100) for the additional heads, so it would not appear that any great inroads will be made on the existing herds. It has also been decided to permit the shooting of 30 adult male chamois, and the fee per chamois is lire 600 (about £9 10s.).

The Grand Paradiso area is now one of the few parts of Europe where the ibex is found. Formerly it was found in large numbers all along the Alps, and until about 80 years ago there was sufficient to permit of free hunting. It is estimated that there are at present 3,500 head of ibex there, for whose protection there is a special corps of Royal Hunt Guards. As is well known, one of the most enthusiastic ibex stalkers in Italy is King Victor Emanuel II.

A GREAT BOXER

Stribling's death from a motor-cycling accident is a tragedy of which the whole of the circumstances surrounding it are pathetic, for the accident occurred as he was on the way to visit his wife in hospital after the birth of their third child. Had he lived, the amputation of a foot had finished his career as one of the finest heavy-weight boxers of his day. The straightest and gamest of fighters, he had been given the verdict against Carnera, on a foul, in Paris; had met Jack Sharkey, who outpointed him at Miami, and had gone fifteen rounds against Max Schmeling. He was not only a great athlete, but also a keen aviator and piloted his own aeroplane.

FROM CHIFFCHAFF TO FIELDFARE

For the last time this year the chiffchaff has called goodbye from the larch tops, and the martins follow the swallows, dropping down by Southern rivers to the sea. Nights grow colder, and fewer peacocks and tortoiseshells wake into scantier sunlight, to join the red admirals balancing on the Michaelmas daisies.

But soon there will be new voices in the wind. Of the two thrushes that come to us from the North in October, we shall not hear the redwing's faint song till the spring; but as November draws nearer we shall once more catch that familiar sound of winter fields, the "chak-chak" of the fieldfare flying overhead.

SUMMER TIME GONE

One year more sees the change from our modern "summer time" to the hours we used to know, and once more some of us will lament the shortened light of the evening, and others will welcome the quiet hours of dark. As perhaps did Keats, when he wrote of "Fancy":

> "Open wide the mind's cage-door,
> She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.
> O, sweet Fancy! let her loose:
> Summer's joys are spoilt by use,
> And the enjoying of the Spring
> Fades as does its blossoming;
> Autumn's red-lipp'd fruitage, too,
> Blushing through the mist and dew
> Cloys with tasting: What do then
> Sit thee by the ingle, when
> The sear faggot blazes bright,
> Spirit of a winter night."



In the forests of the Chakrata Hills

TO THE HILLS OR THE PLAINS?

Where to Start an Education in Shikar

BY the time these lines appear in print returning shikaris will be in full blast in Indian messes and clubs, besides the polo ground and at the first meets of the tent club. Who shot the largest tiger? ("Yes, my boy, but how did you measure it?") Whose battery—dreadful expression—was the most adequate? And who ran the best *bandobast?* And above all will be argued the age-old question of hills and plain.

Smith, who spent a month somewhere in the C.P. in May, is prepared to scoff at Jones, who came back from a trip to Kashmir in the first leave with nothing more than a few goats' horns and tales of strawberries. He considers him a fair-weather shikari. Jones, on the other hand, who has climbed several thousand feet daily for a month after markhor is of the opinion that sitting in a machan and shooting a tiger as it walks below is on a par with a sitting rabbit—only easier to hit. Let me search for the truth. But Smith and Jones, like Jesting Pilate, each convinced of the righteousness of his cause, do not wait for an answer.

It would seem to me that the two predominate factors are leave and money. To those who have as much as they want of both no answer is required. If time is short and money scarce, plain shooting generally should be chosen. It is true that one can reach railhead for any hill shoot within two days of most stations in India. But after that it takes, roughly, from six to ten days to reach Skardu, or from eight days to a fortnight to reach Leh. In these days of Ford lorries many plain blocks are only a day from railhead.

THE SUBALTERNS' SHOOT

As regards money, I deal with the subalterns' shoot—the best by far of all shoots, from which pleasures may be drawn such as no Lieutenant-Governor, strapped into his howdah, will ever know. (I don't know if they are *all* strapped in—I know of one who was!) Three months in Ladah—the best hill shooting the British Empire offers—costs not less than Rs. 2,000, or £150. Two months in Baltistan, the most general of the accepted hill shoots—say Rs. 1,200, while cheaper shoots in Chumba Lahoul or Spiti cannot be done for much less. Many people can look back on a first-class month in the plains which didn't cost Rs. 500—a month well garnished with tiger skins. ("Did you get a tiger?"—the criterion by which one's success is judged almost entirely by the uninitiated.)

So far, then, we are pointing for the plains. But if we point that way, will we ever point at all? Is it too much to expect young Smith, who has no experience of shikar, but has read all about Mrs. Hawksbee, to remove himself from a sweltering parade ground or a sulphurous office, and place himself in an equally sweltering and sulphurous and, to boot, malarial jungle without expert advice, to slay animals of whose habits he knows all too little?

Let Smith rather beg, borrow or steal enough of this world's goods to get himself to Kashmir. Let him try Kashmir first of all, because it is the easiest by far of all hill shoots, and he will not be discouraged by lack of success at his first effort. And if he is a true Smith he will eschew the flesh pots of Gulmarg, and abetted, let us hope, by one of the genuine Kashmir shikaris he will pass off into "the back of beyond" (for such, of course, he will feel it to be, though most Kashmir tracks are very well-worn by now), and do great things. After that, of course, he will fall in love with stalking and leave the plains to their own immemorial devices for ever and a day.

Later, with experience of shikar won on an easier training ground, he will be far better able to cope with dull-witted bond shikaris, spoof "kills," malaria, and the "Asian Solar myth." For Kashmir is highly organised—too highly, I think. But it has this great advantage—the novice is not likely to spend an utterly fruitless first leave. Later, he can do away with most of the organisation, but without this support the young man who has spent a grilling month in the Dhobiabad jungles and came away with nothing but a strong dose of malaria is apt to think next time of Mrs. Hawksbee and water—sometimes even without water.

PEACE OF MIND

There is, however, another advantage of hills over plains which, to my mind, is as important as any argument of sport. They offer a mental relaxation which should be the first consideration on any leave. One is marching day after day through new country, amid lovely—or at least majestic—scenery, continually passing new places and breaking new ground. With a box full of books and Himalayan air, and the camp pitched an hour before sundown, there is solace without end for eye, body and mind. With a camera or a shot-gun there is always something to be done on the march for those who do not read. And the climate will make any man fit. Above all, one can take a dog. To me, at any rate, that is a supreme attraction. In Kashmir, if one makes for Leh, there is the Hemis Festival of July, or the extraordinary contrast which Buddhist life offers to the rest of India. There is the real reason for lifting up your eyes unto the hills.

INDIA AS SHE IS

I admit there is an extraordinary fascination about a camp evening in the plains; alone, or far better with a tried friend (untried friends often become not tried but trying), as you sit under some great tree with the sights and sounds of a remote village before you. You can learn a lot of India there that is not in blue books, and of which Statutory Commissions know nothing. (Villages are well disinfected before *they* get to them.) Why or what the exact fascination is I cannot say; but it is there.

I have purposely not dealt with winter shoots, because there the Gilgit boot is on the other leg. Kashmir is not considered—not considered enough anyhow—and plain shoots are more a matter of Commissioners and Mrs. Commissioners and a Field of the Cloth of Gold atmosphere.

But when ways and means permit, let me hie away to the hills, to the finest stalking in the world, to the little horned beasts beyond the Zogi La; and having grasped the nettle, let me brave the wrath of all the plainsmen of a sub-continent.

R. M.



WHEN LADIES IN THE FIELD WERE AN EXCEPTION
An old-time meet of the Quorn, from the Painting by Sir Francis Grant, R.A.

THE HUNTING FIELDS OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

Experiments for Restricting the Number of Followers

By "SPRAGGON"

COMPARISON between the hunting field of to-day and that which we knew in former days is of interest for most of us, but for any marked contrast, or, indeed, any notable difference, one would need to "hark back" farther than the most imaginative and boring of our elders can pretend to. The hunting field was revolutionised, of course, when ladies first entered upon the scene, and if you want contrast you must compare the groupings of Sir Francis Grant or the two Barraud with the "sets" of various Hunts which attract the modern public to a Piccadilly shop window. A lady in her four-wheeled pony carriage is usually to be seen in the forefront of the old-time picture, just to show, perhaps, that the sport of foxhunting was not, at all events, discountenanced by the ladies of the day. The late Mr. J. E. Marson, of Crick, conceived the ambitious project of painting "the Crick meet" up to date, and his picture was shown at Major Guy Paget's exhibition in Leicester a few years ago. The composition of his field, as will be imagined, assumed a very different character to Messrs. Barraud's original, and had the artist given the ladies their strict due, I think they would have occupied 60 per cent. of his canvas. How dull, by comparison, must the hunting field of old time have been, and how welcome at times the excuse of a lame horse to keep you at home!



A HUNT SECRETARY AT THE RECEIPT OF CUSTOM
Capping, now universal, was a revolutionary introduction designed to limit the field

The first experience I ever enjoyed of a fashionable hunting field was in the late 'nineties, when a kind host mounted me on the morning after the Warwickshire Hunt ball. The assemblage of such rank and fashion surpassed all the efforts of imagination. All the most famous and beautiful ladies to be found in the peerage seemed to be present wearing their destructive collars, the white of the Pytchley and the light blue of the Quorn being especially prominent. More important, I had for the first and last time the privilege of seeing the eighteenth Lord Willoughby de Broke hunt hounds, one of the finest amateur huntsmen of his own or any other generation.

The well-deserved popularity of Warwickshire and the Warwickshire hounds led, a few years later, to an important (I might say revolutionary) change in the practice of the hunting field, namely, the introduction of "capping." It came about this way. Every Thursday, when hounds generally met at Shuckburgh or somewhere close by, special trains used to bring visitors from all parts, and the field was thus swelled to most unwieldy dimensions.

THE LAST STRAW

A lengthy "special" from one of the largest manufacturing towns in the Midlands was deemed to be "the last straw," and it was decided in future to levy a "cap" with a view to reducing the numbers. How far the expedient was successful I have no means of knowing. The gentlemen who were deputed to sit at the receipt of custom had, obviously, not the experience which enables a modern Hunt secretary to discharge his task so smoothly and efficiently, and the process seemed to be carried out with the maximum inconvenience to the public and the minimum financial gain. For, of course, everyone had an excuse, the commonest being that the visitor had never heard of "capping" and had not brought any money. However it is probable that in the end some proportion, at all events, of the "gate-crashers" were scared away.

Big fields were a constant bugbear in old days. Nowadays most Hunt secretaries delight in them and the Master of Hounds regards them as a compliment to himself and his hounds. Formerly the official attitude was very different and the presence



"BIG FIELDS WERE A CONSTANT BUGBEAR IN THE OLD DAYS"
A Cottesmore field of to-day moving off after a Somerby meet

of big crowds resulted in sleepless nights for those who administered the Hunt affairs.

At one time the Pytchley Wednesday country was considered far too popular, and during the last Mastership of the fifth Earl Spencer (the "Red Earl") he was persuaded, probably against his better judgment, to meet at 9 a.m., in the hope of discouraging the crowd. The attempt was a failure from the first.

No one who is familiar with the average fox-hunter's attitude to innovation will be surprised to hear that members of the Hunt promptly wrote threatening to reduce their subscriptions by way of retaliation for the inconvenience caused. People took to coming out late, and by hanging about chattering near the coverts which hounds were expected to draw they naturally disturbed the foxes. Worst of all, Lord Spencer went on hunting just as late in the day as if he had met at eleven, and his physical powers with those of his Hunt servants, his horses and his hounds, were overtaxed. The experiment was never repeated.

There are plenty of other matters for comparison besides mere numbers. Do people ride as hard to-day? Are the fields as smartly turned out as they used to be? Are they as well mounted? All these are questions which a reader may well ask. I do not believe that the courage and the prowess of the first flight of to-day has ever been surpassed. Yet they are surely facing more than the old brigade were up against. However excellent the arrangements for countering wire and however carefully it be marked the danger of jumping into it is undoubtedly greater than it used to be. But do the leaders stop to look when hounds run hard? Not a bit of it! and we must follow them as best we can.

LESS FASHIONABLE TURN OUTS

That the modern hunting field is as well turned out as their fathers were, I do not think. Time was when in some smart cavalry regiments every officer wore leather breeches—otherwise he was not deemed to be properly turned out. Now young men are less particular. The cross-saddle has to some extent been adopted by ladies, and whatever its advantages—and I believe they are many—the riders, with a few notable exceptions, do not present as smart an appearance as they did on a side-saddle. Also the second horsemen are seldom turned out in livery now, whereas this was at one time the rule and not the exception.

Whether foxhunters are as well mounted now as they used to be I really do not know. I feel better qualified to ask the question than to answer it. Think of the best horses you have ever owned—are they standing in your stable now, or are their portraits on your smoking room wall—the only tangible reminder of their existence? I find it difficult to believe that the dealers produce as good an article now as they did formerly. However, let us take heart. Perhaps you have bought a new horse during the summer months and are waiting for November to try it. Then, for you, at all events, there is the chance that it will prove to be the best in all your life's experience. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

MOUNTS FOR THE ARMY OFFICER

Hunting as a School for Soldiering

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

IT is not until an officer leaves the army that he fully appreciates its many advantages. He is apt, whilst still serving, to take everything as a matter of course. This is especially applicable to those who are not blessed with many of this world's goods (the vast majority come under this category), and yet have expensive tastes like hunting and polo. Until comparatively recently Government gave them little or no encouragement in following these pursuits, nor was there any particular necessity for them to do so.

Before the war, officers as a class were better off than is the case to-day. There were not many who owned motor cars, and any spare cash went into horses and ponies. Practically everyone used to hunt in those days regardless of the branch of service to which they belonged. Then this mechanical age took root. Boys were brought up thinking more of magnetos and carburetters than the dog-cart or the hunter. They could not afford both, so they bought a car and didn't go hunting.

The War Office, which most regimental officers look upon as a sort of inhuman machine and "kill-joy," noted with concern this change in the traits and characteristics of their subalterns. They realised only too well that their value was bound to deteriorate, and they devised schemes to encourage horsemanship which have met with great success. Every cavalry officer is now supplied with two Government chargers from Melton; with luck and good management one, frequently both, turn out first-rate hunters. Many of them are high-class horses; in fact, I know of one instance where an officer was offered £700 by an American for his charger, which had been going—and still is—at the top of the hunt with one of our most fashionable packs. Naturally, this is an exception.

Officers are allowed to hunt these chargers on payment of a nominal insurance fee, they are stabled in barracks—or at his own home whilst on leave—eat the Government ration, and are



SOLDIERS OUT WITH THE ERIDGE IN WARTIME
Lord Abergavenny (then Lord Henry Nevill) with the late Lord Willoughby de Broke (right)

tended by a soldier groom. If they belonged to a civilian, they would cost him £100 each a year to keep, not to mention the initial purchase price. Nor are officers of other branches neglected. Dismounted units have a certain number of chargers allotted to them, and in addition cavalry regiments are asked to set aside horses they can spare during the winter months for their use. Applicants can come and try them and select what they think will suit them.

Some cavalry commanding officers prefer to keep these horses (which may number anything up to 30) in their own barrack stables, provided the officer sends a groom to look after his particular horse; they do all the necessary exercising like a big string of hunters under a capable stud groom, and even send the horses to the meet. The grooms return to their units after the winter, capable of being employed on their regimental transport; they have been taught their duties as stablemen and have learnt to ride adequately. Their own C.O.'s welcome the opportunity of thus getting them trained, and the men themselves enjoy it (all soldiers love any job which does not happen to be their own!) Other cavalry commanding officers send horses to the various regiments which they are asked to supply, in some cases with most satisfactory results, in others horses occasionally lose condition from ignorance and lack of care; some system of inspection usually meets the case.

EXPENSES OF HUNTING

Under this scheme practically any officer in the Army at home to-day can have a horse, generally a very useful one, on the payment of 15/- per mensem (insurance). He probably subscribes another 15/- a month to his own sporting fund which pays the regimental subscription to the local pack, and he gives his soldier groom anything up to £1 a month. There may be a small additional charge to supplement the Government ration. £3 a month at the outside will cover his expenses—I know of married officers who live on their pay, and yet manage to hunt under these regulations! It makes those of us who have retired, and the thousand and one who have other professions, but who long for a gallop on Saturdays, green with envy. To get a horse for nothing, to have a King like our King George to keep it for you—it's too good to be true.

The public—the taxpayer—may wonder how these horses can be spared from their legitimate duties. Let me explain. The winter is the furlough season, during which the men are away, in batches, for their annual holiday. With a few minor exceptions, the only real training possible during this period is riding school for recruits and remounts.

This leaves a large surplus of horses to be groomed, fed and exercised with comparatively few men to do it, consequently C.O.'s welcome extra labour, in the shape of grooms. No horse is selected as a hunter until it is over six years and a dismissed remount, *i.e.*, a trained horse. Then, if he goes to a good man his training is admirably finished off with that polish impossible to obtain on the drill ground.

A LEAD FROM SENIOR OFFICERS

A poor horseman is generally fitted out with an older and more experienced horse which has carried every kind of soldier during his career. It is no surprise to him to find his rider round his neck at a jump, or to get a jab in his mouth just as he is taking off. The mere sight of hounds gives him a new lease of life which more than compensates for any discomfort to which he may be put. He loves his day, so does his temporary owner.

In spite of these concessions and advantages, it is doubtful whether as many officers hunt to-day as formerly. It is very largely a matter of example (we see exactly the same thing with polo). Provided senior officers are keen, the younger ones will follow in their footsteps. It is true that the necessary outfit is an expensive item. I often think of one of the standing orders for officers of the 24th Regiment when I first joined: "The C.O. expects officers to be suitably dressed at all times and on all occasions." I feel sure this order is still in effect, and quite rightly. But when one thinks of the uniform—the tunic, frock coat, blue and red serge (my wardrobe is full of them to this day—many scarcely ever worn) it is surely not too much to expect the khaki-clad officer of to-day to be properly turned out at the meet.

You young officers who are soldiering now don't miss what is there for the asking. Use the mess car, or share one with somebody else. Don't always be running up to London (once in three weeks is sufficient to get your hair cut). Don't bet or get married, and you will be able to supplement His Majesty's generosity with a horse of your own, thus enabling you to play polo as well as hunt. It's just as good fun to be a subaltern now as it ever was. We can't all love horses. Those of us who do get more value out of life than the others.



IN JOINT CONTROL OF THE BLANKNEY
Miss M. Lubbock, who this season joins Lord Londesborough as Joint-Master of the famous Lincolnshire pack

LEVYING HUNT SUBSCRIPTIONS

A Fair Deal All Round

By F. H. UNWIN

IF one is asked an opinion on the question of Hunt subscriptions, surely one's memory goes back to the first question asked by Mr. John Jorrocks previous to his acceptance of the Mastership of the Handley Cross Foxhounds: "Wot will it cost?" "How many paying subscribers have you? . . . Wot is the nett amount of their subscriptions?"

If important in his time, how much more so now to the modern M.F.H. So I am not going to start by saying that Hunt subscriptions to-day are too high all round. On the contrary, I consider they are not nearly high enough for some who hunt, but too high for others. In the short space that has been allotted to me it will not be possible to give all the instances I could. But I will take the Garth for one, where the minimum subscription is the same for one as for four days—obviously unfair on the man or woman who has only the time or means to hunt one day a week. No matter if, as I have been told, three out of the four are woodland days. Some people prefer that kind of hunting. But should no one come out on those days, why go to the expense of preserving and hunting foxes in that part of the country.

Another case comes to my notice of a man with one horse who lives on the outskirts of three Hunts, out of which he can just get one day a week—with one pack, not each. Obviously, £10 from him to each of the three packs would be a fair amount—*i.e.*, £30 for a day a week—whereas, if he gives the subscription demanded to each it totals £75.

In another country two gentlemen-farmers, each occupying and farming their own land—one of them over 500 acres—and each with a celebrated cover in the midst, are expected to subscribe the same amount as those whose land occupation stops at the ground their house and stables are built on—with perhaps the addition of a tennis court and kitchen garden. Result, neither of them come out at all. This sort of thing does not help foxhunting. Oh, yes, I am quite aware that more people are hunting than ever, but only of a sort.

PAYING FOR THEIR FUN

Surely the time has come for the hunting farmer to contribute a little bit towards his sport, even though he is the occupier of land over which hounds hunt. The non-hunting farmer has to bear the same brunt without the fun, whereas the hunting farmer has the chance of coming into direct contact with the members of the Hunt who may buy some old hay or oats from him if, as is very seldom, he has any to offer, or if he has a well-bred, well-mannered young horse, which is still more seldom. The latter gets all his schooling with hounds.

I do not suggest that a cash subscription should be demanded, but I do think at the present low price of forage a couple of loads of hay or straw, a few sacks of oats or beans, say, up to £5, would not be felt. A couple of Hunt horses might be summered at grass, or if a dairy farmer living near the kennels, a few gallons of milk for the bitches and whelps would be welcomed. All these things have to be bought by the Master through the middleman, and some sort of scheme like this would help the balance sheet. I know many Hunts pride themselves on the large number of farmers who hunt. My personal experience is the non-hunting farmer is the backbone of the Hunt, and if it is on good terms with him, all is well with it. I think it fair to mention one subscription list that is a model of fairness, and that is the Badminton. Every class of subscriber, and his status in the country, is taken into account, and allowed for accordingly.

I know I shall not be in agreement with some, but I see no reason for any rebate on the Army, medical or veterinary professions. The former are in a good deal better position for hunting and polo than their civilian brethren nowadays, and the two latter can combine a good deal of business with pleasure, even if they may miss a gallop sometimes.

The subscriptions paid by livery stable keepers and dealers is often ridiculously inadequate to the amount of hunting done and trade done in the hunting field, a couple of subscriptions often doing duty for eight or ten.

Furthermore, I would charge all aliens sojourning in this country for the hunting season only 100 per cent. on their subscription.

MAKING DAMAGE GOOD

I am going to conclude with a suggestion that has really nothing to do with the fairness or otherwise of Hunt subscriptions. I live in a Hunt, and owing to the generosity of the Master, a mounted man comes out and brings up the rear through the gates and shuts them. He also takes note of the worst gaps, and in a few days comes round and fills them in with a few thorns. For that alone we should be, and are, most grateful; but it is after hounds have gone home that night that the gaps, especially on to the highway, are so dangerous. Some Hunts send and erect posts and rails, and make such an uninviting looking place that a gap is made somewhere else in the fence next time hounds run over the farm. I would suggest the purchase of some high mounding of bullock hurdles with the top rail painted red. These could be distributed at the beginning of the season wherever there was a gap, and it would be very little trouble for a farmer or his man to go round in the evening and knock them into the ground if they happened to have been pulled up by the non-thrusting members of the Hunt.



TO TAKE OVER A NEW PACK
The Hon. Anne Lewis, who had the South Pembrokeshire since 1929, now takes over the Mastership of the Monmouthshire



A MEET OF THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY DRAGHOUNDS AT THE BEGINNING OF THIS CENTURY

The group includes the late Earl of Feversham (Master), the Hon. T. C. R. Agar Robartes, and W. de Wend Fenton (whippers-in). Among the field are the present Lord Astor, Mr. L. Heathcote-Amory and Mr. F. Marsham-Townsend. W. de Wend Fenton was killed in the hunting field and the others, with the exception of Lord Astor, were killed in action

GREAT DAYS WITH STAG AND DRAG

And an Invitation to Hunt Kangaroo

By CAPTAIN E. A. V. STANLEY

DURING a lifetime, certain days and incidents are unforgettable and stand out vividly in memory. Some of the happiest and most care-free days of my life were during the years in which I had the good fortune to act as Master of the Quantock Staghounds, the Devon and Somerset Staghounds, and Woodland Pytchley Foxhounds.

Times and customs are changed now, and I fear the lot of any Master of Hounds is nowadays far from easy. In one respect present-day Masters have an advantage, as in 1900 the aid of the motor car and motor hound van was not available, and long, tiring days were continually experienced, hounds very often not reaching their home kennels until close on midnight.

I was indeed fortunate during my thirteen seasons of active Mastership to officiate in counties where landlords, tenants and farmers were lovers of all sports, and especially hunting.

Owing to present-day conditions generally, many large landowners have been forced to sell their estates, and Masters now have to deal with a very large number of small owners, whereas in my day I was in the enviable position of having to deal with and satisfy a limited number of large landed proprietors.

MEMORIES OF THE OXFORD DRAG

If the hunting man or woman, when next travelling on the Great Western Railway from Paddington to Reading, will glance out of the carriage window as he approaches Reading Station he will see on the right-hand side a withy bed between the River Thames and the railway viaduct.

Close by used to live Mr. Wade, an eminent sculptor, the owner of the withy bed and of the surrounding land, whose son, "Daddy" Wade-Palmer, was at Oxford with us all. In this withy bed and the small adjacent woods, a vixen, in the year 1898, had reared a lusty litter of cubs. Owing to the awkward situation of river and railway lines, including a very deep railway cutting, the Master of the South Berks, Mr. Seymour Dubourg, was not anxious to take his hounds into this dangerous neighbourhood. It was arranged, therefore, that the Oxford Drag should have permission to draw for this litter of cubs and endeavour to disturb them, so that they would go farther into the South Berks country.

The staff of the Drag, so far as I remember, were Master, Percy Brassey (killed in the South African War, February 16th, 1900, at Macfarlane Farm, near Kimberley, a son of Mr. Albert Brassey, for so long Master of the Heythrop Hounds); whips, Hugh Cardwell (a rattling good polo player and whose father was Master of the Eastbourne Foxhounds for many years) and Bob Hermon (who rode the winners of many Grinds and Point-to-Points whilst at Oxford and afterwards, I think joined the 7th Hussars).

The difficulty arose, however, that the Drag pack consisted of only nine couple of hounds. This obstacle was overcome by hiring from Mr. Wilton, the celebrated hound dealer of the day, another ten couple of hounds, the arrangement being a flat rate for the hire, and so much per hound not returned. The hired pack of ten couple duly arrived. A special train was chartered from Oxford to Reading to take the pack of nineteen couple, the horses, and the members of the Hunt to the meet. Mr. Wade's kindness will always be remembered by us all, as apart from his hospitality, he had engaged for the day a number of the local inhabitants who lined the dangerous and deep viaduct so as to prevent a catastrophe occurring. All went well, the litter was duly found, and hunted around the neighbouring country. A brace of cubs were killed, and to the eternal credit of the Drag staff and the willing band of helpers (of which I was one), the hired pack was duly returned safe and sound to Mr. Wilton, and so ended what I am sure must be a unique experience in the annals of hunting.



CAPTAIN E. A. V. STANLEY

From a cartoon by "Spy"

The Quantock Staghounds—a private pack—for seven seasons hunted the Quantock Hills and surrounding districts, and was given up when I took over the Mastership of the Devon and Somerset in the autumn of 1907. Sir Dennis Boles, to whom the West of England hunting community owe a debt of gratitude completely beyond repayment, revived this pack in the year 1917, and he has since shown excellent sport for season after season.

The formation of a pack of staghounds is a difficult matter, because, unlike foxhounds, there is no method of cubbing and so teaching not only the entry, but the old hounds, what is expected of them. Thanks greatly to my first whip and kennel huntsman, Harry Roake, than whom no Master ever had a more loyal, hard-working and capable hunt servant, this pack showed good sport and effectually decreased the nest of red deer on the Quantock Hills.

WITH THE QUANTOCK

The first bye-day this pack had was on Monday, July 26th, 1900, and much to everybody's surprise (including my own), ended in hounds killing their stag. The find was in Cockercombe, the tufters were stopped at the Stowey Road, where the pack was laid on, and after running the whole length of the Quantock Hills the stag was killed at Perry Farm, near St. Audries.

The formal opening meet took place on Tuesday, August 24th, at Triscombe Stone. The pack was kennelled at Quantock Farm. A stag had been harboured in Middle Hill, and after a quick find, the tufters ran to the Stowey Road, where the pack was laid on, and after an hour's run, the stag was taken below Staple Plain a very satisfactory commencement, and highly creditable to the hounds themselves.

The pack consisted mainly of drafts of big foxhounds secured from other kennels, with a few old staghounds obtained from the Devon and Somerset and Sir Ian Amory's staghounds, two couple of black and tan hounds from Mr. Allen Jeffreys, and a couple and a half of bloodhound-foxhound cross. These were given to me by Mr. Fred Swindell, who was then Master of the Taunton Vale Foxhounds, and who tried for some years this crossbred hound, but eventually gave up the experiment.

I remember later in the season the late Lord Fortescue, whilst shooting at Quantock, chaffing me by saying that, whilst he congratulated us, he could not but think that the stags we killed our first few days must have been of very weak intelligence!

A good hunt with these hounds took place on Tuesday, September 25th, 1906, when hounds met by invitation at Cloutsham. Lang, the Devon and Somerset harbourer, had harboured a stag in Yealscombe, and a quick find occurred. The pack was laid on at Doverhay Hill, and after running round Leigh Hill to Poole Bridge the stag was viewed going towards the open moor on Poole

Plain. Hounds were lifted to this point, and ran from there over Luccott Moor straight for the open moor, past Alderman's Barrow, through Bagworthy Wood to Brendon Two-Gates, across the Chains to Goat Hill, where the stag was killed near Driver. He carried a head of B.T.3, B.T.2.

Probably the only time that staghounds have hunted a red deer on Dartmoor occurred in the year 1902, when Mr. Singer and Mr. Coryton asked me to take hounds and horses to hunt a small herd of deer which had been doing damage in that part of the world.

Hounds met at Pembury South Gate, and my own harbourer, who had gone to the district a week before, reported three deer in Buckland Woods. The pack was kennelled at Holne Park, and a quick find with the tufters ensued. Hounds quickly ran into Holne Chase, a vast wood with very few hunting paths in it, and bordering on to the River Dart. Keeping anywhere near hounds was extremely difficult, but somehow this was achieved, and the pack was eventually laid on at Cottingford Mill. Unfortunately, by this time, the stag had obtained such a long lead that scent was very deficient, and after a long, slow hunt the stag eventually ran hounds out of scent between Sigford and Smith's Wood.

Among humorous letters received at this time, the following, from a firm of photographers, is

HAS THE FOXHOUND DEGENERATED?

Modern Conditions Which Govern the Verdict

By "LINCOLN"

HAS the foxhound deteriorated? I hope not. I should hate to think that the time and thought and labour that had been expended on its improvement by some of the best brains of the last hundred years had gone for naught, and I don't think it has. Nothing—I mean nothing that is capable of progression or retrogression—stands still: it either improves or deteriorates, and this, it seems to me, is true of the foxhound. It is always a very difficult matter to compare anything that existed a hundred, or even fifty years ago with something of a similar nature to-day, because not only do fashions change, but the conditions of existence also vary with the times enormously. In the case of the foxhound, whose existence in the world is justified by its ability to hunt and kill foxes, this is particularly true, because of the conditions under which the chase is carried on to-day.

No one can doubt that the modern foxhound has many more difficulties to overcome in hunting a fox at the present time than his ancestors had to contend with fifty, or even twenty-five years ago. My own hunting experience dates back a matter of forty years, and during that comparatively short time the advent of the automobile alone, bringing with it the tarred roads and the nauseous gases which emanate from the exhausts of the passing cars, must be a very serious obstacle for any hound attempting to hunt a line down a road to overcome. And do not imagine for one moment that foxes, with that keen sense of self-preservation which enables them to take instant advantage of anything which militates to their advantage, are not fully aware of this change. I have seen foxes on Long Island, New York, in the country hunted over by the Meadowbrook Hounds, run a motor road for a mile or more—and once I saw a hound, with the blood of the late Sir Edward Curre's white pack in his veins, puzzle out the line until the quarry took to the fields again, and the other hounds in the pack could help take up the running. Could any foxhound of the last century do more—or as much?

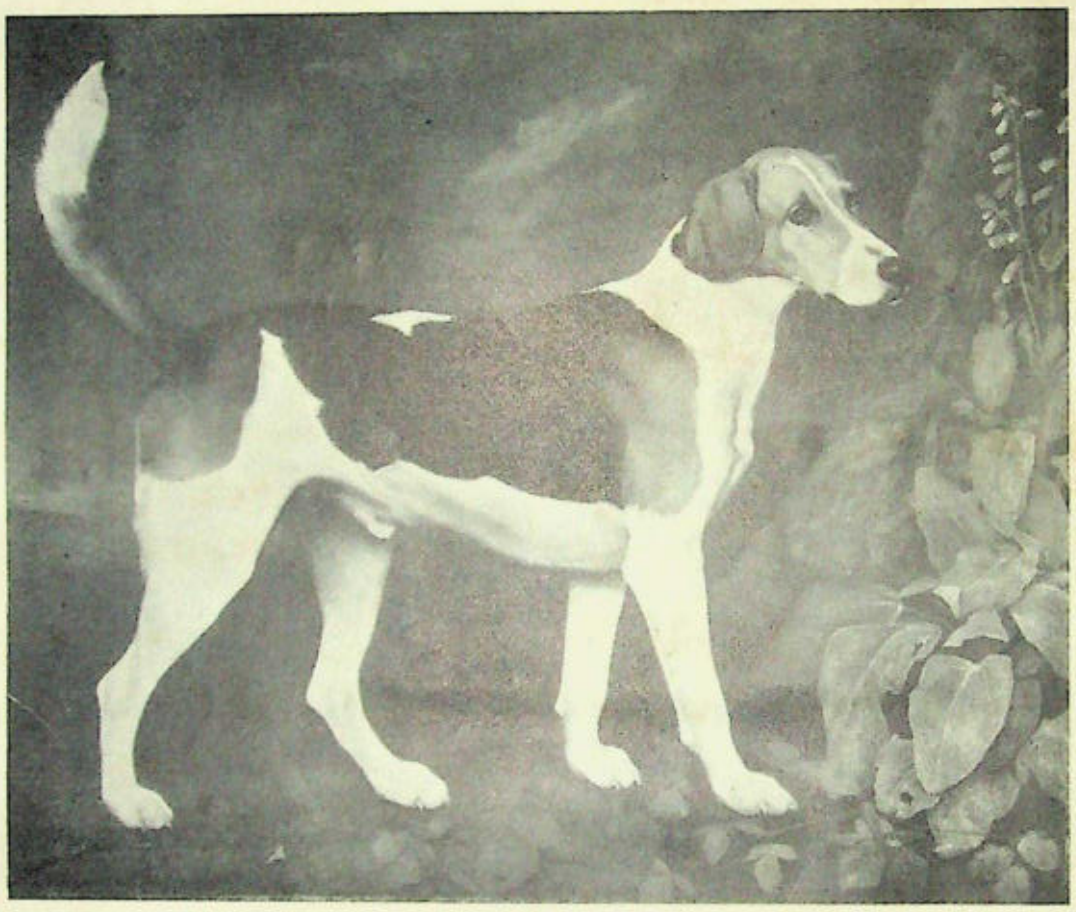
I am told by experts that in many parts of England scenting conditions have been made far more difficult by the more general draining of the soil, and by the ever-increasing use of artificial manures; and this I can well believe. But improved agriculture and tarred roads have come to stay, and the modern foxhound must be bred to work under existing conditions. There are those critics—one can always find plenty of critics in this world—who are prone to say that the modern foxhound is inferior to his ancestors, and these critics often cite as evidence the fact that there are few hunts nowadays which compare in length and severity with famous hunts of the last century.

This may be true, but why blame the foxhound for it? Is it not rather a proof of his improvement? If I were asked whether I thought the foxes of to-day were the equals of their ancestors, I should unhesitatingly say "No," except in the case of those foxes which are hunted by hounds in many parts of the United States and Canada. People sometimes say to me, "How is it that you kill so few foxes in America?" (I may state for the benefit of those not familiar with the facts that ten brace killed during a season would be a very good record in America, and two or three brace is much nearer the average tally) and my answer is that the fox in America is a wild animal who has to shift for himself, and not a semi-domesticated, over-fed, half-educated beast such as one finds in many hunting countries in England to-day. I know that the foxhound in America has not only not deteriorated, but has improved immeasurably during the last thirty-five years—this from actual experience in the field with packs like the Cheshire, the Shelburne, and the Meadowbrook, and from Masters who have not been content with anything but the best they could import from England, and who have been intelligent students of breeding as well: such men as Austin Wadsworth, Charles Mather, Plunket Stewart and Watson Webb, who are the pillars of foxhunting in America to-day as in the past.

PRE-WAR EXPERIENCES

My actual first-hand knowledge of the foxhound in England is based on my experiences of hunting with a good many packs in 1912, and my experiences in the field during the last five years—part of that time actually hunting hounds myself. These experiences have been supplemented with many talks with men who have been in the very front rank of students of hound-breeding over here—men like the late Duke of Beaufort, Lord Bathurst, Sir Edward Curre and Sir Ian Amory, as well as that brilliant exponent of the modern school of hound-breeding, my countryman, Isaac Bell.

Taking everything into consideration and judging from the above data, I should again say unhesitatingly that the foxhound has not deteriorated. I have never hunted behind a pack of hounds which, in a rough country and under difficult conditions, could hunt a fox like that which the late Sir Edward Curre had at Itton the last time I hunted there, shortly before his death. They possessed every working quality that a pack of foxhounds should have; and they were good-looking and all of a type as well. Except for Sir Edward's hounds, I have never seen a better working pack than the South and West Wilts; but I feel—rightly or wrongly—that Mr. Bell is losing much of the conformation that many of us have always associated with the English foxhound, which to my way of thinking is the most perfect animal that the art of the breeder has ever produced. Again, it certainly would take a good deal to persuade me that there had existed during the last fifty years a pack which was better looking than that which is now kennelled at Badminton. I have not hunted with them since 1912, but they certainly could hunt a fox then, and I'm sure they are just as good, if not better, now.



AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY FOXHOUND
Ringwood of the Brocklesby, from the painting by George Stubbs in Lord Yarborough's collection

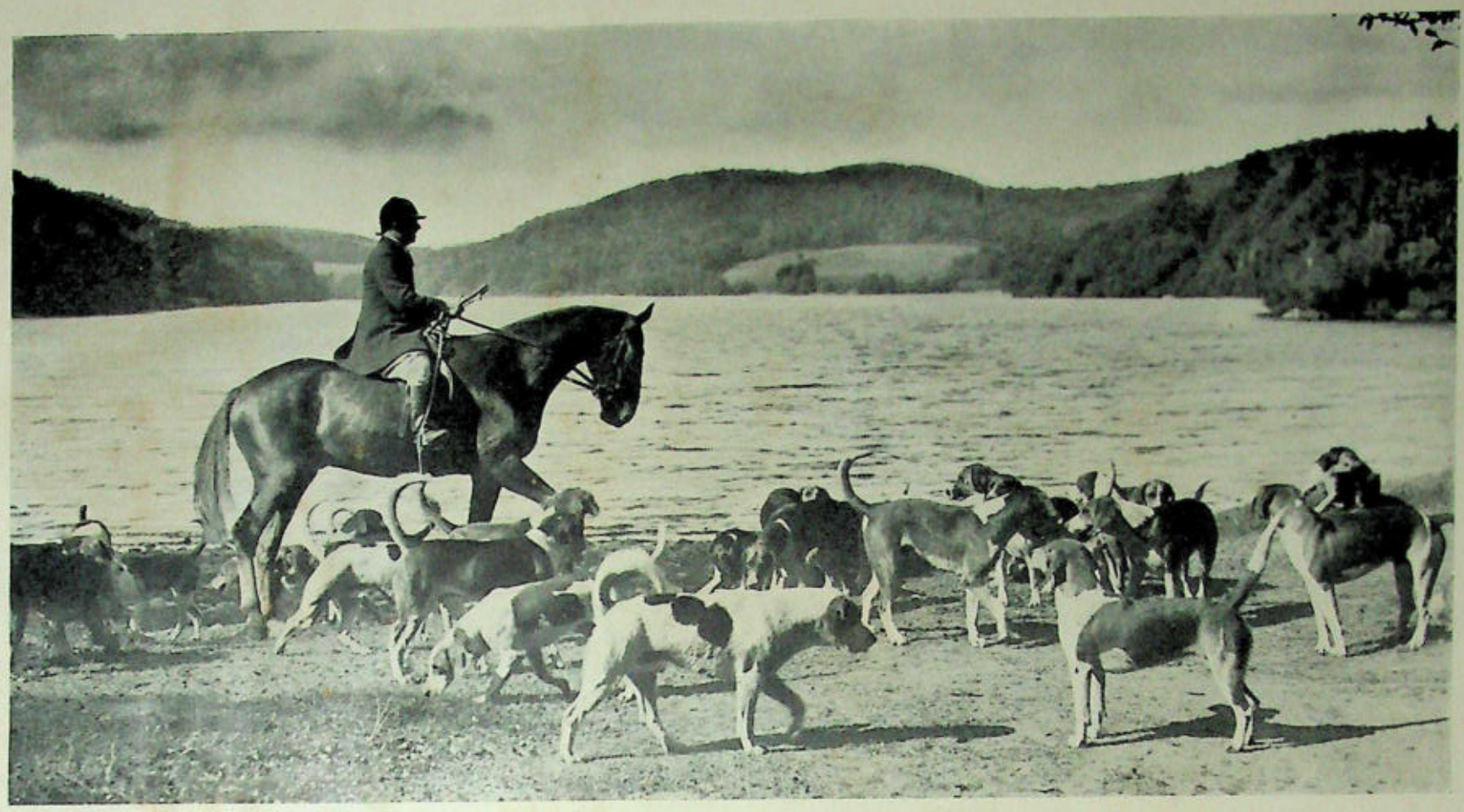
probably the pick. Dated September, 1906, an extract reads as follows:

> "Before returning to town I called on a friend of mine who runs a Kangaroo Farm, and he suggested that one of these animals would give a pack of Hounds a fine run. Such a hunt would certainly be, to say the least of it, a novel experiment in this country. It occurred to me that possibly you might be interested in arranging a hunt of this sort. If you think anything of the suggestion, I should be pleased to put you in communication with the owner of the kangaroos."

I have no record of any reply made to this kind offer. My experience of the kangaroo being limited to the Zoological Gardens and to a boxing kangaroo that years ago was used in a music-hall turn, it may well be surmised that there was "nothing doing."

And then I can vouch for the extraordinary capability of a lost hound to find its way home from instinct, by the following occurrence. In about 1903 I bought some hounds from Mr. Singer, who was then Master of the South Devon Foxhounds. These hounds duly arrived, but one was unfortunately left out after his initial day's hunting, on the Quantock Hills. Nothing was heard for about a fortnight, until a postcard was received from Mr. Singer's huntsman saying that the hound had turned up at his kennels that morning, fit and well, and what was he to do with it? The condition of the hound was good, and he was not at all footsore. This hound had come to me by rail, and went back to his old home over land. The distance from the Quantock Kennels to the South Devon Kennels I should estimate to be about 70 miles.

A Safe Surface for Horses. Those in charge of our highways are fully alive to the dangers of slippery surfaces to all kinds of traffic, and while this particular problem as applied to our heavily trafficked roads is not easy, that on estate roads and stable yards is not so difficult. This is due partly to the fact that there is no great volume and weight of traffic carried to polish the surface and partly because the ease with which a satisfactory surface can be provided for a low initial cost. The method is that which has been successfully applied on many racecourses and private studs. The work is usually quite straightforward. The surface of the drive or yard is first repaired where necessary, and then two coats of Colas dressing, the well-known liquid bitumen, are then applied, each dressing being covered with ⅜in. hard stone chippings well rolled in. Providing these chippings are evenly and liberally spread scarcely any trace of the bitumen should be noticeable.



HORSE AND HOUND BY AN IRISH SHORE
The County Down Staghounds in a charming setting by Castlewellan Lough

HUNTING CHANGES AND PROSPECTS

A Good Season Anticipated—What is the Cause of Foot and Mouth Disease?

THERE must be few hunting seasons in which it has not been said that prospects were excellent, foxes were free from mange, and there was a plentiful supply of cubs. That seems to be the usual outline of any season, but it is questionable, at least within the last decade, whether hunting was ever faced with such difficulties as it is to-day.

Successfully one of the best sports in the world has overcome the Great War, increase of wire, that bugbear foot and mouth disease, and other things; but no pack of hounds, or no foxes, can be educated for their job if the ground is cement-like hard, and scent is a non-existent quality. And not for very many years did a hunting season dawn more cheerfully with a hope of great things to come, and never were hunting ambitions more rudely dashed to the ground. And the cause? Simply the drought, which made it impossible for hounds to get out, especially in those countries which are deficient in big woodlands, for if hounds broke, what would the damage likely to be not only to horses, but to hounds as well?

ANOTHER OF NATURE'S TRICKS?

It seems as if Nature had played one of her fateful tricks in allowing the harvest to be gathered early, and yet never expending the shower of rain which the heart of the foxhunter longed for. Be that as it may, the present hunting season has every prospect of being one of the best on record. There is no hint of mange; even in these hard times farmers generally are pleased to see hounds over their land; there are more people hunting to-day than ever before; ladies play an even more important part in all denominations in the hunting field than ever before. Last, but not least, there has been no hint of that dread scourge foot and mouth disease.

Of this particular enemy to hunting I have my own ideas. Might it not be possible for the starlings which migrate to countries where foot and mouth disease is rampant to bring back the infection when they return in the autumn? Where generally do starlings feed and sit? At the edge of woodland and covert. It is possible that these mellow chatterers may be the cause of a great deal of harm, not only to hunting, but also to the community at large.

But no such shadow falls upon the hunting season of 1933-34. Prospects everywhere are reported to be excellent. In dealing with a comprehensive analysis of the Hunts in England and Wales, Scotland and Ireland, there is not one hint that the sport will be of a low standard.

An excellent season is anticipated with the Berks and Bucks Staghounds, where Major E. W. Shackle, the hero of a hundred Point-to-Points, is still carrying on the traditions of the Mastership of this famous pack, which originally sprang from the long defunct Royal Buckhounds. Although the Devon and Somerset kennel is mainly composed of foxhounds.

TWO GOOD SPORTSWOMEN

Miss Sybil Harker still carries on the Norwich Staghounds, and that famous ex-amateur rider (who twice nearly won the Derby on Picton and John o'Gaunt) Sir George Thursby shows good sport with the New Forest Buckhounds. With the Quantock Mrs. Wimbush, the Master who does not ride, but who never misses a day's hunting, has the support of all the landowners and farmers, in a most sporting part of the world.

There is every indication that drag-hunting is increasing in popularity, especially with many of the Army depots, and also in the Universities.

With the foxhound packs, as I have said before, there is only one thing lacking—the freedom of allowing hounds to find cubs in the early morning. Singularly few changes in staff are reported with the principal packs, and there are only two changes of Mastership in the Shires.

Mr. Victor Emanuel, having become joint-Master of the Pytchley, is succeeded in the Woodland Pytchley Mastership by Captain Hornsby and Mr. R. W. Kaye, who have both had previous experience of Masterships. Captain Hornsby having hunted the Meath and Duhallow will carry the horn, and Arthur Thatcher, last year's huntsman, will be first whipper-in.

An early harvest has allowed a start to be made with the cubs, and the country appears to be considerably better foxed than last year, when for the first time for many seasons there was a difficulty in finding in the Harborough side of the country. Mr. G. F. Lucas (an ex-Master) is taking over the secretaryship from Captain R. C. Fowler.

With the Quorn it is satisfactory to note that with the object of helping those in dire distress, an Inter-Hunt Personal Service Work Guild has been formed of lady followers of the Belvoir, Quorn, Cottesmore and Fernie Hounds. Lady Nutting, of Quenby Hall, wife of the Master of the Quorn, is taking a leading part in the organisation, every member paying 2/6, and promising to provide six or more garments by November 1st. The money will go towards a boot and shoe fund. All sorts of clothing, also boots, for men, women and children, are wanted.

The Burton report a well-foxed country, with many improvements as regards to coverts, and the Bicester and Warden Hill will be ruled by a committee this season with Clarence Johnson carrying the horn. The Atherstone country is now hunted in two divisions, Mr. L. Lillingtone having succeeded Captain E. Ramsden (who takes over the South Durham) in command of the north portion of the country, while Mr. Reginald Wright hunts the southern part with Nimrod Capell as his huntsman.

YORKSHIRE HUNTING

In Yorkshire a committee now rule the Badsworth domains, with the ex-Master, Major Brian Tinker, hunting hounds, with C. James to whip-in to him.

The Bedale country has been split up, and while a portion of it is hunted three days a week by Major W. W. Burdon and Mr. J. M. Barwick, that portion of it which lies west of the Yore is hunted three days a fortnight by Mr. W. E. Burrill, who carries the horn himself.

In dealing with the Northern packs I really forgot to mention that Miss Marigold Lubbock, who is to be joint-Master of the Blankney Hounds with Lord Londesborough, will shortly be commencing her duties. Miss Lubbock is the youngest of the three daughters of the late Mr. Edgar Lubbock and of Lady Kesteven. Lady Kesteven and her daughter have for several seasons been followers of the Cottesmore Hounds, and both are experienced and expert riders. And no doubt Lincolnshire sportsmen



JOINT-MASTER OF THE WHEATLAND

Miss Frances Pitt, who is joint-Master of the Wheatland with Captain G. C. Wolryche-Whitmore

(From a portrait by Mr. Keturah Collings)

will be pleased to hear that the Southwold Hunt committee has decided to revive next spring the old Southwold Hunt Point-to-Point steeple chases. The Southwold *bona fide* hunt meeting was held up to a few years ago when, owing to the great depression in the farming industry, it was discontinued. That the steeple chases are to be revived is welcome news, as they invariably drew a large sporting company from all parts of the county. They will take place at Spilsby as formerly.

With the Middleton it is reported that Lord Grimthorpe will hunt the dog pack on Mondays and Fridays, while Arthur Redfern will carry the horn with the bitch pack on Wednesdays and Saturdays in a well-foxed country.

Owing to the illness of E. Littleworth, who has gone down with rheumatic fever, Charles Hoare is to hunt the Hurworth this season; and Mr. H. Hall takes over the sole Mastership of the Holderness.

With the Cumberland Farmers Mr. R. S. Harker, one of the new joint-Masters, will hunt hounds in conjunction with Will Lever.

The ground is very hard on the Border, with which pack Mr. J. R. Hall is to whip-in this season; and sportsmen in the Border district will apparently have a chance of hunting white foxes this season. Specimens have, I am told, been seen on both the English and Scottish sides of the Border during the last few weeks.

ALTERATIONS IN THE WEST

Owing to Sam Morgan's resignation, P. Holland has been made huntsman of the Lauderdale.

And so to the West, to find that Major T. Bouch, an ex-Master of the Belvoir, has joined Lord Bathurst in control of the V.W.H. (Cirencester). An excellent horseman with a good eye for country, Major Bouch will also hunt hounds.

The Seavington this season will be managed by a committee, Captain M. C. Cox and Captain C. P. L. Firth having resigned the joint-Mastership. The former will manage the kennels and hunt hounds. F. Wynne succeeds C. Miles as whipper-in and kennel huntsman.

In place of the Hon. Anne Lewis, who has taken over the Monmouthshire, Lord Essex will this season hunt the South Pembrokeshire; while his old pack, the Llangibby, has a new Master in Mr. Harry Buckland, at one time so well known in the show ring and show jumping worlds.

It is satisfactory to note that Mrs. J. F. Twinberrow is carrying on the North Ledbury with Mr. F. W. Morris, and the Eggesford is this season to be hunted by Mr. J. F. B. Lethbridge.

With the exception that Mrs. E. L. Hancock will act as assistant-Master to Lord Poltimore for the ensuing season there is no change to record with regard to the Dulverton.

There are no changes in the Hunt staff with the Cattistock, except the engagement of a new second whipper-in, J. Banks, in place of F. Land, who has gone to the Lanarkshire and Renfrewshire in Scotland as first whipper-in. The arrangement which proved so satisfactory last year will be continued—the Master hunting hounds on Tuesdays and Fridays, and R. Holland taking them on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

In the Home Counties Mr. D. D. E. Brock has taken over the East Sussex from a committee, and W. Morgan replaces J. McBride, who has gone as first whipper-in to the South Wold (Bletchington pack). This season the Old Surrey and Burstow have a new Master in Mr. G. M. Burt, and there will be two packs out on Saturday, one in Surrey and the other in Sussex. With the Essex and Suffolk, the Essex side have given up a part of their country to the Suffolk side. In consequence Major A. Waller resigns from the hon. secretaryship and his place is taken by Lieut.-Colonel Theobald; and with the East Essex Mr. G. C. Butler, after seventeen years as joint hon. secretary, resigns, and his place is taken by Colonel N. G. M. Jervis, D.S.O., of Pitchards, Halstead. There is one change to note with the Crawley and Horsham, and that is that Colonel R. W. McKergow retires from the joint-Mastership, while the Hon. C. G. Cubitt continues as Master, acting for the Hunt committee.

Over the water it is found that the Tipperary have a new Master in Mrs. A. F. Ellis; and a good season is looked forward to by the Co. Limerick. With the Island prospects are very good, as foxes have never been more plentiful, nor the feeling towards hunting generally, better. The farmers, in spite of bad times, are keener than ever on the sport, and strangers were never more welcome.



Hay Wrighteon

CAPTAIN M. WELLESLEY-WESLEY

A descendant of the famous John Wesley, Captain Wellesley-Wesley takes over the Mastership of the Isle of Wight Hunt

The Ballymacad Hunt are looking forward to what should be a good season. There are lots of foxes everywhere; they have a new Master in Mr. A. Martin, who takes a great interest in hounds and country and is very keen; and the Hunt has the goodwill of the farmers generally; so that, given a good scenting season, there is every prospect of sport of the best.

With the Carbery foxes are reported to be very plentiful and, in the words of one of their supporters, "sport is intirely too good for the company"!

WILLIAM FAWCETT.

WITH THE HARRIERS AND BEAGLES

Many Changes in Mastership

THE harrier packs are holding their own well, there being very few changes in Mastership. The Cambridgeshire have two new undergraduate Masters in Messrs. M. Edwards-Heathcote and S. P. L. Johnson. The Clifton Foot Master, Mr. Philip Turner enters on his 42nd season with renewed enthusiasm, and Captain F. J. C. Holdsworth succeeds the late Mr. G. F. Kellock in the Mastership of the Dart Vale, having previously hunted this pack since 1928. The Fowey announce a change of Mastership, for Mr. A. McDougall succeeds Mr. D. L. Baker and Captain Traill. The Hatherleigh have increased their pack to fifteen couples.

The Rockwood having been lent a portion of the west country of the Badsworth to hunt fox, an additional ten couples of foxhounds are being added to the pack. Mr. Corbett-Winder retires and the Ross are being carried on by a committee for the approaching season. Major W. Scott-Watson returns to the Mastership of the R.A. after serving abroad. Brig.-General Done, C.M.G., D.S.O., succeeds to the secretaryship of the Taunton Vale. The Vale of Lune have a new Master in J. H. W. Harrison-Broadley. Mr. A. M. Wilmot, Master of the Weston, is this year President of the Association of Masters of Harriers and Beagles.

With regard to Irish packs, the Strabane announce a new secretary in Mr. J. P. Herdman. The West Meath, which were started in 1906, appear in these lists for the first time; the remaining packs report no further change in Mastership, which surely proves that Irish politics do not interfere in any way with the premier sport of hunting. Ampleforth College have Mr. D. A. Stirling as their new Master, and Lieut.-Colonel G. H. Clarke, M.C., R.E., takes over the Mastership of the Colchester Garrison, and hounds will be hunted by Captain G. W. Oxenford. Mr. H. Barber succeeds Mr. J. H. Floyd in the Mastership of the Holme Valley.

Mr. R. Le Mare has been elected new Master of the Sproughton. Lieut.-Colonel F. H. Linton, D.S.O., takes over the Mastership of the Aldershot Command from Colonel C. J. Pickering, C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mr. J. A. Goodwin continues to hunt hounds. The Oakhurst pack have changed their name to the Brissenden, but hounds will hunt the same country as before.

NEW BEAGLE MASTERS

Lieut.-Colonel V. N. Johnson, D.S.O., takes the place of Captain Oxenford as Master of the Catterick; Mr. L. M. Kenyon-Fuller will hunt hounds. Squadron-Leader R. L. Crofton, M.B.E., A.F.C., succeeds Flight-Lieut. Pyper as Master of the Cranwell. Mr. J. G. Bedford follows Mr. R. G. Fleming as Master of New College and Magdalen. Mr. F. D. Nicholson, Southill, near Chester-le-Street, commences his second season with his private pack of ten couples.

Mr. J. R. Fitzherbert is the new Master of the Royal Agricultural College. The R.E. have a new Master in Major H. A. Baker, M.C., R.E. The S.O.S., Sheerness, present pack chiefly consists of hounds presented to them by the Duchess of Northumberland, which previously were the Linton Beagles.

Owing to the ill-health of Captain J. Otho Paget, Mrs. Paget will hunt hounds in the Master's absence. The Thorpe Satchville were started in 1891 by Captain Paget, who has the distinction to-day of being the oldest Master of beagles in the country. The Trinity (Foot) has as new Master Mr. S. Lycett Green.

The Trowbridge have extended their territory by taking over part of the country vacated by the Pewsey Vale. Reports from all packs are excellent; hounds have summered well, there being a plentiful supply of hares. Several fresh packs commence their first season in October. We can justly say that beagling is on the increase.



HUNTING WITH THE BADSWORTH

Miss Tinker, who was joint-Master of this famous pack last season with her brother, Major B. Tinker

(From a portrait by Mr. Keturah Collings)



W. Morris, Huntsman — Col. Turner, M.F.H. — Mr. Hastings Neale — Mr. Frank Listie

WITH THE EARL OF BERKELEY'S HOUNDS AT HALMORE

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



ON A QUIET ESTUARY

Angling for bass at the mouth of the Devonshire Avon

AUTUMN SEA ANGLING

How to Find Fish When a Boat is Available

IN a recent article I pointed out that much useful information to both shore and boat angler can be obtained from the large-scale edition of the Admiralty charts. Many anglers, unfortunately, are overawed at the suggestion that they should consult these, and believe that no one who has not spent years of study in such things is capable of understanding their details.

The purpose for which the angler should refer to charts is not, however, navigation, but from an examination of the ground shown, to select a position or mark where any one species is most likely to be found, or the number of different species a certain type of coastline is likely to attract.

Unless marks are given by some *reliable* person before the angler goes afloat, he will have to decide for himself where he will fish, and though it may not at times be easy, he should have some good reason for selecting one spot more than another, and not throw anchor or killock overboard indiscriminately.

With a boatman aboard who is known to be a sound man, the marks for bottom-feeding fish may be left in his hands, though individual men will have their own favourite spots and may not care to give away these to the angler who is a stranger to them. Bass and mullet will, however, often lie outside the scope of the professional, and except when the specialist is found—and they are few and far between—the angler should himself decide where he wishes to try for either of these fish.

THE FISH ON A CLEAR BOTTOM

On a bottom of sand, mud or shingle, it will be useless to expect pollack, wrasse or other species which inhabit only broken ground; but conger, although fished for usually amongst rocks, will at times be found feeding on the sand. These are a lightish grey in colour and are thought by some anglers to be a different species from the black or rock conger. This is, of course, incorrect, the conger, like nearly all other species, taking on a colour somewhat similar to the ground on which it lives.

Plaice—large if fished for in deep water—dabs, flounders, soles and turbot will all at times be taken on a clear bottom, and however even this bottom is believed to be, small sandbanks and hollows will be discovered in certain places when the chart is examined closely. Here the majority of the fish will be found, either sheltering from the main force of the tide or feeding on the banks of firm sand.

Should the angler wish for a heavier species than one of those last mentioned, he should try for tope, and in doing so will doubtless catch other shark or dogfish, such as huss, and also some of the many species of skate, a few of which grow to a large size. The angler who has had no previous experience of tope fishing should find out the tips of the game, as without a knowledge of these he is unlikely to be very successful. Tope are not easy fish to hook, but usually give good sport on proper tackle. I will not say that they always put up a good fight, as the first specimen I ever saw landed made hardly any movement until the gaff was firmly home; individuals of this species vary very much in their behaviour when hooked.

If the ground covered by the chart contains wrecks, their position will be shown. The angler should not neglect experimenting in their vicinity and, as in the case of rocks amongst which the tide flows strongly, the majority of the fish will be found lying to the sheltered side. Pollack of good size are found around many such wrecks, and large conger will also have made their home in the dark holes.

HEADLANDS ARE GOOD PLACES

Off the many headlands around our coast the tide will be found running fast, and these are good places in which to fish for nearly all species, particularly, in the West, pollack and coalfish. The trouble is that in a strong tide it may be necessary to use very heavy leads, thus doing away with much of the pleasure of the fishing. Off Portland Bill or in the famous race of Alderney it will, of course, be impossible to attempt taking any boat, but in the quieter water off the Dodman, or Old Harry in Dorset, the neap tides will provide suitable conditions.

On a calm day there will often be seen a whitish line running more or less parallel to the coast on the surface of the water. This marks the edge of the tide or an alteration in the speed of the stream, and if bites are few and far between, a move to one side or other is likely to make an improvement. The operations of the gulls and other sea birds should always be noted by the angler, as these will show the places where the brit and sand eels are being driven to the surface by shoals of bass, mackerel and other surface-feeding fish. The corks buoying ropes to lobster pots will tell him when he is over good rocky ground, and in water up to several fathoms in depth the apparent colour of the water, in quiet weather, will reveal the nature of the bottom.

TAKING MARKS

Whenever good catches are made a note should be taken of the mark for future occasions, either by sighting objects on the shore, or taking bearing by compass. This, incidentally, is essential for the correct reading of the chart and should always be carried by the angler fishing from boat. If there is anything aboard which will act as a buoy, such as a bunch of corks or a tin can, it will save much time on the following day if this is attached to the killock and dropped overboard.

For the benefit of the novice it may be mentioned that "marks" are taken by noting two outstanding features in a direct line behind each other on shore, such as a church steeple with the peak of a hill behind it. Two sets of marks at an angle of about 90 deg. are needed to locate a fishing ground exactly, the correct position for the boat being at the intersection of the two imaginary lines passing through the "marks."

Now, in conclusion, a word on tackle. The average rod, reel and line employed in this country for sea fishing is very much too heavy for nearly all species. In South Africa the usual line for any running fish up to 40lb. is nine-thread: here it is at least double if not a great deal more. If anglers, whether they be fishing from pier, shore or boat, would sample the sport given by the use of fine tackle, they would cease fishing for mackerel, whiting and bream with rods capable of dealing with heavy conger.

As at this time of the year mackerel may be taken all round the coast, I should advise those anglers who have never done so to take a light trout spinning rod, fine dressed silk line and single hook, weighted with a fraction of an ounce of lead, and drift either with or without float where the fish are believed to be feeding. Mackerel are one of the most sporting and powerful fish when hooked on fine tackle, and the angler who has once caught them by this means will look upon the triangle towed behind a power or sailing boat and with a pound or more of lead as a very inferior game.

A. ERIC COOPER.

ENEMIES OF BUTTERFLIES

A Yorkshire Insect-Breeder's Ceaseless Struggle



ZEBRA SPIDERS ADVANCING IN BATTLE ORDER

LITTLE did Mr. H. W. Head, of Burniston, Scarborough, realise when he started the first butterfly and moth farm in Britain, and, as far as can be ascertained, in the world, that he was entering into a life-long conflict with two-legged, four-legged, six-legged, hundred-legged, and even more-legged pests. Since 1884, through nearly 50 years of daily and often nightly struggle, he has lived and fought with myriads of enemies, guarding his stock, housed in boxes or cages.

Night attacks are the favourite enemy tactics here. The butterflies fold their wings and sleep when the sun goes down. Maybe the farmer will find them thus next morning long after sun-up, and inspection will reveal that a spider, beetle or centipede has bitten off the heads or otherwise killed the potential mothers of hundreds.

Spiders are daylight robbers as well as night marauders. Butterfly eggs may seem minute to us, but they form a delectable dish for any of the foes already named, and also for earwigs (greedy pests), ants, slugs, woodlice and shield-bugs. Smaller enemies in the shape of lice and flies, hard to detect, also commit depredations.

Moths are active at dusk, but after midnight these, too, are fallen upon by lurking creatures and killed mercilessly. Mice and shrews are the giant enemies in this department, and adepts at overcoming the outer defences and penetrating to their helpless prey.

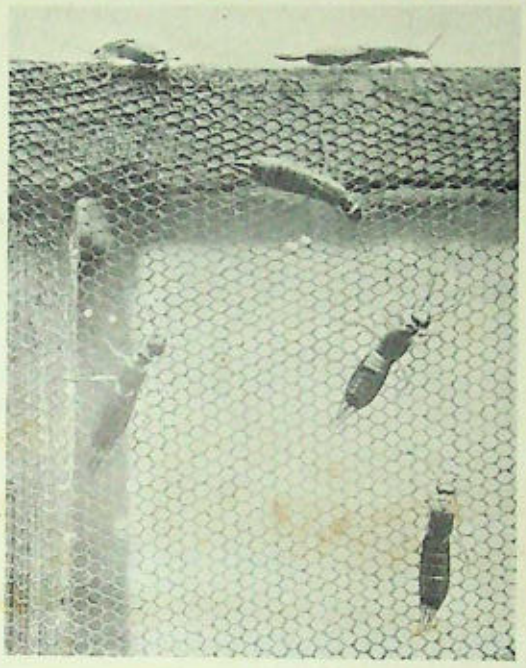
Experience has made the farmer wise in placing the guilt aright, and a syringe will drive the enemy into view if above ground. If under the earth it must be flooded out and slain. In the north ants are less troublesome than in the south.

Delicate or foreign caterpillars, or those difficult to feed in their natural way, are housed in very extensive glasshouses or outbuildings, and are larger, juicier dainties for the same enemies. Some caterpillars, however, are supplied with means of self-defence.

Nature's equipment in this direction consists of fear-inspiring shapes, various schemes of warning coloration, spiked tails, tufts of hair poisonous to the touch, whips at the tail end, the power to exude an offensive fluid, and in the case of the swallow-tail caterpillar, the power to shoot out two previously invisible horns from the head, from which the interferer receives an acrid fluid, unpleasant and pungent.

Among the most dreaded enemies of caterpillars are the ichneumon flies, which deposit their eggs in the caterpillar, inside the body of which their grubs feed and develop at the expense of their chosen victim.

The majority of the lepidoptera pass their caterpillar lives in what is known as the "breeding woodland." Once a meadow, this area was planted with 2,000 saplings; cattle gave place to caterpillars, and 20 years' growth of every kind of tree or shrub needed for the very exclusive diets of both British and foreign larvæ has made a breeding ground second to none.



EARWIGS DESTROYING MOTHS' EGGS

The upkeep of this woodland has been a gigantic task for the farmer, whose love of the wild birds which seek sanctuary there is necessarily at variance with the harm that some of them do.

Chief of his bird friends is the owl, beneath whose favourite haunts pellets of mice fur show his helpful appetite. Of the feathered enemies the most mischievous is the great tit, whose formidable bill tears the "sleeves" and extracts caterpillars or pupæ, and whose appetite passes the bounds of reason. Similar in their treatment of the sleeves and their contents are the wasps, which bite holes through which they carry off their victims as food for their young.



A SWALLOW-TAIL ATTACKED BY CENTIPEDES

The indoor enemies—spiders, beetles and their grubs, flies, centipedes, woodlice, mice, shrews, and other creatures—are to be found in even greater numbers in the open breeding ground, where in spite of every precaution they may lurk in the living food when sleeved. The farmer's task, with 300 to 400 sleeves, from ½yd. to 5yds. long, housing as many families of caterpillars at the height of the season, can be left to the imagination. Each family represents months of labour and forethought. "Cannibal" caterpillars also have to be watched for and guarded against.

Insects sleeping through the winter must be guarded from hungry invaders, and insects not true hibernators must be watched and fed, if a warm day disturbs their sleep.

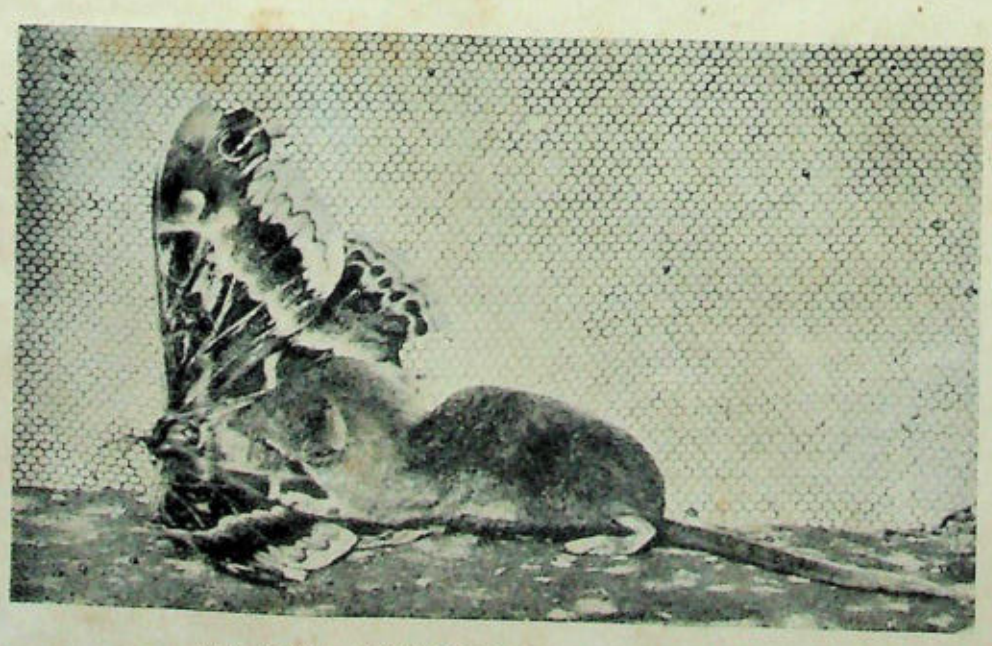
Still the list of enemies is incomplete. Minute germs may start an epidemic as terrible as the plague to human beings, and the stock be wiped out in a few hours. Then the farmer must destroy ruthlessly everything affected.

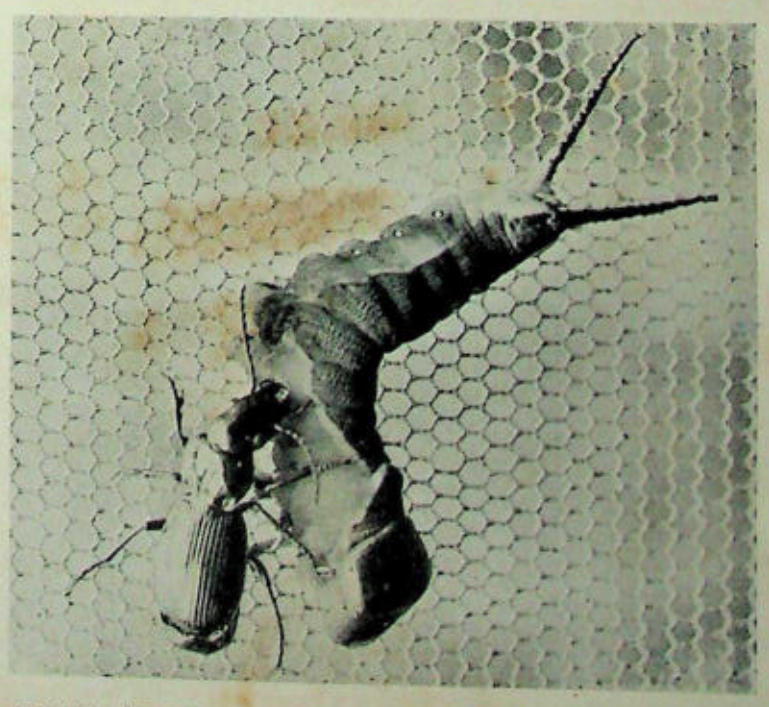
Adverse weather may cause terrible loss. The Burniston farm has been inundated by floods. Gales have swept down and left a path of destruction. A recent hail storm left dozens of panes of glass smashed, and rendered the wire netting window covers useless for keeping out those arch-fiends the cats, who play "bulls in a china shop" among the cages.

The store rooms of preserved caterpillars, chrysalids, and set insects have a prevailing scent of naphthaline, in itself an enemy to the farmer's health, if breathed too freely. That bugbear of the housewife the destructive clothes moth will place its eggs in invisible openings, and the minute grubs that hatch from these will wriggle into a case that had been deemed impregnable, and leave nothing of a valuable specimen, if their presence has not been speedily detected.

Equally destructive is the museum mite, a minute creature, hard to discern, which breeds rapidly, and destroys rapidly, leaving a pile of dust where once an insect rested.

N. H.





THE SHREW, A MIDNIGHT MARAUDER, AND—RIGHT A CARNIVOROUS GROUND BEETLE ATTACKING A PUSS MOTH CATERPILLAR



LANGWELL LODGE, CAITHNESS

FIFTY YEARS AND MORE OF SPORT IN SCOTLAND—II.

By THE DUKE OF PORTLAND, K.G.

I THINK the most interesting day's stalking that I have in my mind was when I was out with Victoria Wemyss. We found two or three stags on the Braemore side of the Scarabens, one of them being a very fine Royal. John Gunn was sent to move them as they were in an impossible place for a shot. Very fortunately they came over to the Langwell side of the hill. We then stalked them for the whole of the day, and eventually all the stags except the Royal went back into Braemore. Luckily he went down to the bottom of the Scarabens on to the flat ground on the Langwell side. He was never at rest there and was trying to get back to the hills the whole of the day. However, he did not like to do so as he was very suspicious that we were between him and the hills. When it was nearly dark we got to about 250yds. of him, keeping well out of his sight. After a short time he seemed to gain confidence, and as he could not make us out, came to within about 150yds. of where I was lying. This was before the days of telescopic sights, and I well remember that it was so dark I could hardly see the sights of my rifle. The stag gave me a good broadside and I took my chance. I heard the thud of the bullet and the stag rushed off into the darkness. We followed him at once, and then, to my joy, about 200yds. farther on we found him lying stone dead in a big bed of rushes. I think we began to stalk the stag about 10.30 a.m., and I killed him about six. I always look upon that as one of the most amusing days of my life on the hill, not only because it ended with success, but because the stag was well aware we were after him all day, and it was his wits against ours.

Another rather remarkable day I had was in the autumn of the year 1932. While looking for a stag, which afterwards was known as the "Ousdale Royal," I came across a lady and gentleman just over the Naviedale March. Having seen some stags go into Ousdale Burn in the morning, and not finding the Royal, I invited them to come with me to see any fun we might have. We went back to Ousdale Burn, and saw four stags at the bottom of it. I had a most successful stalk and killed all four with four shots. The lightest was 17st. and the heaviest was 18st. 10lb.

From the conduct and mode of procedure of the strangers (although both of them were well over 50), I concluded they were on their honeymoon. After inquiry I found this to be correct.

Dear old Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour came here every season for 25 years, and in 1917, when we were killing as many stags as we could for food (I may say we killed 215), Sir Michael, then in his 82nd year, killed 24 of these stags all by fair stalking. He could at that age walk nearly as well as the stalkers, both up hill and down dale. He was very noisy and excitable on the hill, and enjoyed the sport as if he were a boy. I well remember how one evening it was reported that he had not returned to Braemore Lodge by ten o'clock. He had followed a wounded stag many miles into Sutherlandshire, and eventually turned up at Langwell for dinner at 11.30. Next morning he was fussing about at nine o'clock, asking at the top of his voice, "Where the devil are you all? Why aren't you ready to go out stalking?" He must have walked at least 30 miles the day before. Wonderful for an old man of 82!

DEAD RECKONINGS

On another occasion he shot a stag which fell stone dead. On examining the stag no bullet mark could at first be found. At last it was discovered that the bullet had entered the corner of his eye, and of course it killed the stag immediately. The only remark that Sir Michael made was, "How the devil did I hit the beast in the starboard eye when I shot at him from the port side?"

A curious thing once happened on Morven. Arch McEwan and I had approached a herd of deer on the side of the Hill facing the Smean, and were lying within shooting distance waiting for them to rise, when to our dismay we saw the Braemore party walking along their march, apparently spying for deer. They did not observe the deer we were stalking, which were lying in a rather deep hole, but came slowly along the march; and every moment we thought the deer we were stalking would get their wind, as the wind was apparently blowing from them to the herd. To our astonishment the deer paid no attention to them, and the Braemore party kept walking along quite unconcernedly, not observing either us or the deer! Quite suddenly they came in sight of the stags, which, of course, jumped up and prepared to bolt. I saw Captain Jack Stracey (one of the party) take his rifle from the stalker, and to our horror the stag stood in a straight line between him and us (about 100yds. from Stracey and 100yds. from me). It was not the moment for indecision, so I promptly shot the stag—much to the astonishment of Stracey, who did not know that we were on the other side of the herd. The curious thing is that the stags did not get their wind; which, I think, was because they were lying in a hole, and the wind of the Braemore stalkers must have gone clean over them.

For many years the Braemore stags were very much inferior both in weight and heads to those killed on the Langwell side of the Scarabens. This is, of course, accounted for by the lack of woods and winter feeding at Braemore. During the last few years, however, Jim McEwan has attracted 20 or 30 stags every year into the only wood at Braemore, known as the Black Park, where he has fed them on locust beans and maize, which is undoubtedly the best food for stags during the winter season. In consequence of this feeding the heaviest stags in the North of Scotland are now reared there. I myself killed one of 23st. 2lb. on August 28th, 1924; Titchfield subsequently killed one of 23st. 6lb.; and in 1930, his friend, Captain Margesson, killed one weighing 24st. 10lb. These three stags had wintered in the Black Park, Braemore. Last year, however, Titchfield killed one of 25st. The heads of these stags, too, are very fine, but shaped differently, their points being more uneven and wider apart than those of the Langwell stags, with undefined cups at the top. I have mentioned the wonderful weights of the stags that winter in the Black Park at Braemore to show the effect of winter shelter and good food.

In 1929 four very fine Royals were killed at Braemore, and at Langwell, in September, I was fortunate enough to kill a stag with a Royal head—possibly the best one killed at Langwell, or even in the North of Scotland, for some years. The record for one day's stalking was made on October 17th of the same year; I myself killed four stags, Major Baker-Carr, two; and Major Crankshaw, two; with an average weight for the eight of 15st. 6lb.

The longest effective shot I ever heard of was made by Lord Desborough with a Rigby rifle at a stag standing on the sky-line. Ralph Armstrong, who was with him, said he thought the stag was certainly not less than a quarter of a mile off! Lord Desborough lay down, took a steady aim, and killed it stone dead. Of course, he used a telescopic sight.

Once, when the late Lord Chaplin was stalking in Loch Choire Forest, the stalker and he came to an exceedingly flat and open piece of ground. The



NORMAN FRAZER, KEEPER AND FISHERMAN, KILDONAN, SUTHERLAND, 1884

stalker, in a solemn voice, said to Lord Chaplin: "You see the ground is awfu' flat and plain here, so I must ask Your Lordship to keep as low as it is possible for you to do. I fear, however, as Your Lordship is that magneeficently built aboot the haunches, that it will be very deeficult for Your Lordship to keep yourself as flat as is necessary."

Deer in the Highlands are not classed as game. Under the Common Law of Scotland it is, therefore, impossible to prosecute anyone for shooting them. A proprietor's remedy is to interdict the individual for trespass, and if he is convicted and repeats the trespass he can be severely punished for contempt of court. This statement, however, requires some modification in view of the Game Statutes, particularly the Poaching Acts, which provides that anyone trespassing in pursuit of deer is subject to prosecution; if a conviction is obtained the fine is £2 and costs, and unless the trespasser has his face blackened or is otherwise disguised, or is a member of a party of five or more, when the fine is £5 and costs.

THE MINISTER'S CAT

Donald Ross, who had been with Mr. Horne (owner of the estate before it was sold to the late Duke of Portland in 1857), came to Langwell in 1848 and was head stalker when I succeeded. He was then a stout, heavy man, weighing about 16st. In many ways Donald was a remarkable man—a very good stalker, a good grouse shot, and full of the craft of the wild. Moreover he was a true Highlander, and many a good story keeps his memory alive.

Donald Ross as a young man was unusually strong and active. It is recorded in Tom Horne's Diary that, "after a long day's shooting on the Glutt on Saturday, August 29th, 1857, Donald went home to Langwell" and returned on Monday morning, the 31st, when Horne states that he "started to shoot at 9 o'clock with Donald Ross, who had come from Langwell that morning." The distance from Langwell, as the crow flies, to the Glutt, is about thirteen miles. Donald had to cross the Scarabens, which meant a climb of nearly 2,000ft., not to speak of having to walk over very rough ground for the first eight miles.

On one occasion when we were shooting in the Berriedale Strath, my brother Henry was much higher up the bank than I was, and we heard him fire. I turned to Donald and said, "I wonder what Lord Henry is firing at?" To my great amusement Donald replied, "I cannot say, Your Grace, but I sincerely hope he is firing on the Minister's cat—it's a nasty poaching animal, sky-blue, and striped like a lee-o-pard"!

One day Donald took some grouse to Langwell kitchen, and the French chef (whose name I think was Bernard) pointed his finger at Donald and said, "Pig! Pig! Scotch Ghillie! Pig!" Donald quite rightly knocked him down, and then sat on him on the floor and bumped up and down, shouting "Waterloo!—Waterloo!" (In passing I may say that Donald's father or grandfather had been at the Battle of Waterloo, in one of the Highland Regiments.) The chef was naturally very much astonished and indignant at receiving this treatment, and complained to my stepmother, Lady Bolsover, about it. She begged me to get rid of Donald, as she seemed to think the departure of the French cook would be more serious than any lacerated feelings of the old Scot. I took the opposite view. It seemed to me that as we had come up here to shoot grouse, Donald Ross was more important than the chef; but such was not the opinion of Lady Bolsover! I sent for the chef, saying I thought what Donald Ross had done to him only served him right; and that he had better say no more about it, for if he did he would only make a bigger fool of himself than he had done before. So far as I know that was the end of the episode!

Lord Alexander Paget, commonly known as "Dandy" Paget, used often to come here. He was always very smartly dressed. I remember on one occasion he had a green Lovat mixture suit with the largest red checks I have ever seen or could possibly imagine. He appeared one morning in this, and Donald Ross remarked, "Oh, my Lord, that is exactly the same suiting that was given to me five-and-twenty years ago, and I have some of it the noo"! This rather took the shine out of "Dandy" and his new suit.

FOLLOWED FOR TEN MILES

Donald had three sons, all of whom, unfortunately, were rather delicate men; and when he retired in 1889 he was succeeded by his son then known as "Young Donald," who died very soon after he took over the post. The youngest son Johnnie was here for a considerable time; but his health also broke down, and in order to give him the best chance for his life I sent him to South Africa, where he lived for many years, but eventually died of consumption.

Johnnie Ross was an extraordinarily active young man. He was very lightly built, and the fastest man over the hill I ever saw. I remember one year a very noted athlete who had won many championships for running and walking being at Langwell. One day he wounded a stag near the Doun Burn and they followed him all along the foot of the Scarabens, through Tolbeg and over the top of the Smean. When the noted athlete arrived at the top of the Smean he heard a shot in the distance, apparently from the direction of the river at Braemore, and much to his surprise when he got down to the river the stag was dead and gralloched, Johnnie had finished his lunch and was smoking his pipe! I think the distance he must have followed the stag was at least ten miles.

The head stalker at Langwell (with whom I stalked for many years) was Arch McEwan—his father had come to Langwell years before from Scone in Perthshire, and unfortunately lost his life by falling over the cliffs at Ousdale. Arch was the elder son, and the second son James, who has now for many years been head keeper and stalker at Braemore.

Arch McEwan acted as my head stalker for years and was with me when I killed many stags. His health, however, failed in 1907, and I then appointed as my head stalker Ralph Armstrong (who has been with me ever since), and Hector Urquhart (who left at end of season 1930) as second stalker. Arch McEwan died at Alltnabae in 1914, just before the Great War.

How I look back to my days with Arch and Ralph! What real pleasure I have had on the hills with these men! Amusing incidents are continually being recalled to my mind. One day when Arch and I were crossing the river at Alltnabae we saw two weasels having a tremendous fight on the bank. They eventually rolled into the river, swam across to the other bank, and—their ardour undamped—began to fight again. So intent were they on the fight that they did not see McEwan, who ran after them and killed them both with his stick. For some time I could not get him interested in stalking at all: he kept on saying, "What an awfu' battle they were having, to be sure!"



THE DUKE OF PORTLAND WITH ARCH McEWAN, 1889

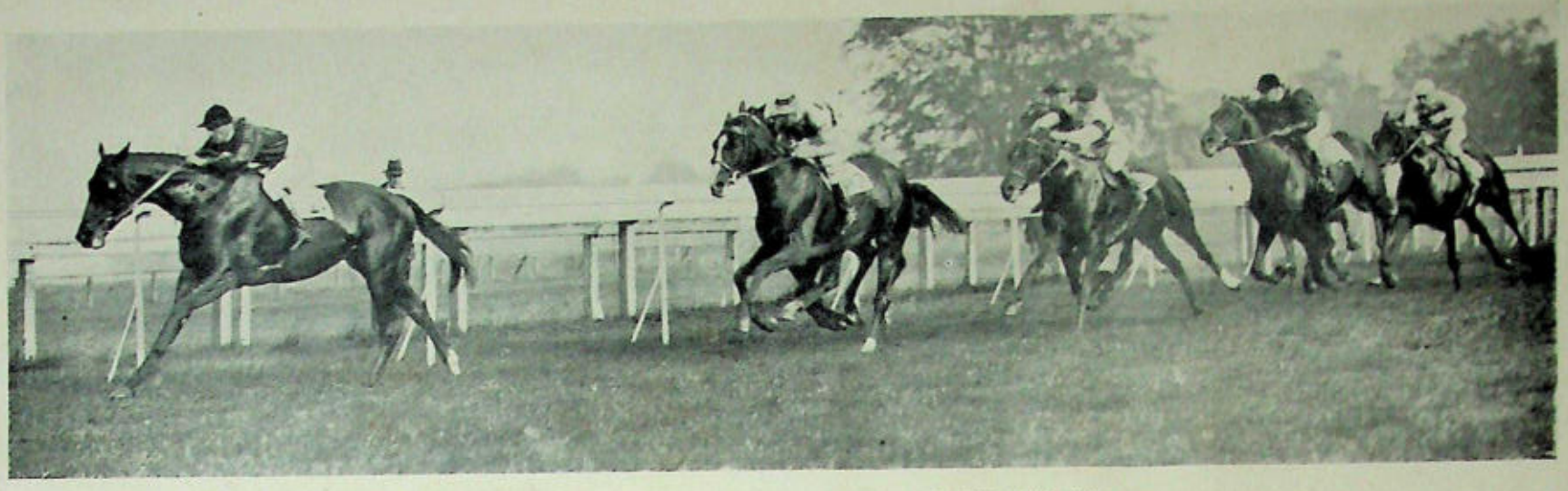
One morning I asked Arch—"Which way is the wind?" "I'm thinking its maistly Wust," he replied, "but may be it has a wee grup o' the North."

One evening at Alltnabae I found an old brother officer of mine in the Coldstream Guards—Colonel Wigram—so numb with cold that he was unable to change his wet boots and clothes before driving home. We had to do this for him. The next day I said to Arch, "I don't think I ever saw a man so cold and unhappy-looking as Colonel Wigram." "He was indeed nothing but a meeserable object, to be sure," replied Arch. I quite agreed with him.

[The foregoing extract is taken from the book which Messrs. Faber & Faber will publish next week, describing the Duke of Portland's long experience of sport in Scotland. We regret that by an error last week a statement as to the history of Langwell was attributed to the Duke of Portland instead of to the stalker Donald Ross.]



OLD DONALD ROSS STALKER AND GAMEKEEPER, LANGWELL, 1884—1889



THE ROYAL JOCKEY MAKES HIS EFFORT AND HIS MOUNT RESPONDS

Limelight (Pharos—Vervaine), second from right, coming through to win the Duke of York's Handicap at Kempton Park for H.M. the King. It is possible that the consistent Royal colt may contest the Cambridgeshire, in which he has to carry 9st.

LAST WORDS ON THE CESAREWITCH

Guiscard's Claims to be Considered as Likely Winner

AN unusually short price for a Cesarewitch favourite a week before the race has been offered about Guiscard, but one is bound to agree that Lord Derby's gelding has all the qualifications which are looked for in the probable winner of the most important long-distance handicap of the year. His staying powers are unquestionable, his breeding suggests more than a touch of class, and he is likely to be all the better for a relatively quiet season so far. Reasonably handicapped at 8st. 3lb. on his best performances, he has pleased the Newmarket critics in his gallops during the past fortnight. The ground, however, must not be hard if Guiscard is to be seen at his best, and the softer the going on Wednesday the better he will like it.

Which is the most formidable of his rivals? Ximenes will remain a popular choice, for he has conclusively shown himself a genuine stayer and his weight is trifling. This last fact, however, is not altogether an unmixed blessing, for this French bred colt needs strong handling, as became perfectly clear when G. Richards rode him to an easy victory at Doncaster. E. Smith scarcely seemed equal to extending Ximenes when riding him at Newbury, yet this lad, it will be generally agreed, is as strong and as capable as any jockey now riding at less than 7st.

The likelihood is that he will be given the mount again in the Cesarewitch, which means that the colt will be carrying about 3lb. overweight. Guiscard and Ximenes ran third and fourth respectively in the Goodwood Stakes, and on that form they are handicapped to a pound.

TASK FOR THE TOP WEIGHT

It is understood that Nitsichin will run, notwithstanding the terrific weight she has to carry. An easy winner of the race last year, with 8st. 9lb., this grand mare is not thought to be out of the hunt, even with an additional 12lb. Actually, Nitsichin is quite reasonably handicapped with Chelmarsh, Roi de Paris and Blandearna, who ran prominently behind her twelve months ago.

One horse whom Mr. Arthur Fawcett does appear to have treated kindly is Sandals, who finished sixth last year after a slow beginning and now meets the top weight on no less than 18lb. better terms. We expect him to improve on his recent Newbury running and give a really good account of himself. Loosestrife's 10lb. penalty has considerably discounted his chance, and Dick Turpin does not seem to have had the necessary preparation for this race.

Statesman is given an exceptionally stiff task for a three-year-old. Negro and Erain can be judged by their recent performances. We make Guiscard our definite selection, taking Ximenes and Sandals as likely to do best of the others.

Another highly interesting event in the coming week at Newmarket is the Middle Park Stakes. Frequently this falls to the champion two-year-old, but that cannot be the case this time, for the simple reason that Colombo was not entered for the race. This colt's first season in training definitely closed with his victory in record time in the Imperial Produce Stakes at Kempton Park on Saturday. Although the odds betted on Colombo came perilously near being upset, it is perfectly clear that he was taking on much the most severe task of his career so far in conceding no less than 17lb. to Valerius, whose performances have been consistently good.

There was the shortest of heads between them, but nobody thinks any the worse of Lord Glanely's colt for failing to win by a wider margin, and it is impossible to point to any of his contemporaries likely to beat him in the Derby. At the moment Blazonry is widely accepted as the second best of the two-year-olds. His reputation rests on his fine achievement in the Champagne Stakes, which he did well to win without any previous racing experience.

Will he supplement that triumph in the Middle Park Stakes? One may expect to see him favourite for that race, there being no reason to suppose that Alishah, presumably the best of the Aga Khan's colts, will be able to reverse the slender margin which divided him from Lord Howard de Walden's colt at Doncaster. The best from the Beckhampton stable will probably be Medieval Knight, an easy winner at the First October Meeting, but the balance of public form suggests that Blazonry will prevail again here.



B. A. Beech

FAVOURITE FOR NEXT YEAR'S DERBY

Colombo (Manna—Lady Nairne) with S. Donoghue in the saddle returning to scale after winning the Imperial Produce Stakes at Sandown Park in the record time of 1 min. 12⅖ sec., for Lord Glanely, who paid 510 guineas at Doncaster for the colt which has won him seven races and over £17,000 in stakes

SOME SMART FILLIES

Most of the smartest two-year-old fillies can meet in the Cheveley Park Stakes on the afternoon of the Cesarewitch. It so happens that several engaged in this race are trained in one stable, Frank Butters being responsible for the Aga Khan's Mrs. Rustom and Salamalik, Sir Alfred Butt's Flying Coot, and Lord Durham's Light Brocade. Perhaps the pick of these is Mrs. Rustom, a remarkably attractive filly who should win the race selected for her next week.

It is not to be expected that the Champion Stakes on Tuesday will produce a large field, but it bids fair to be, as usual, a highly interesting race. It has been announced that Hyperion has finished his activities for the season, and so he must wait until next year before adding his name to the list of high-class performers who have carried off the Champion Stakes. Dastur will be another notable absentee, the arrangement at the time of writing being that he shall compete against the best of the young French horses on Sunday in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, a valuable race which the Aga Khan's colt is quite likely to win.

LIMELIGHT FOR THE STUD

Limelight also figured in the original entry for the Champion Stakes which closed as far back as last December. The victory of His Majesty's colt in the Duke of York Handicap was one of the most popular events of the season. The merit of his performance of winning smoothly under 9st. 7lb. was generally recognised, and Their Majesties were obviously delighted with the rapturous ovation given to them and the brilliant Egerton House colt.

Since the Kempton race the advisability of running Limelight in the Cambridgeshire has been under consideration. That race will take much more winning than the event last week-end, but with 9st. in the saddle His Majesty's colt, who goes to the Sandringham Stud at the close of the season, would be assured of a strong following.

A minor sensation has been caused in that Lord Howard de Walden's Cambridgeshire candidate, Coup de Lyon, has broken down in training.

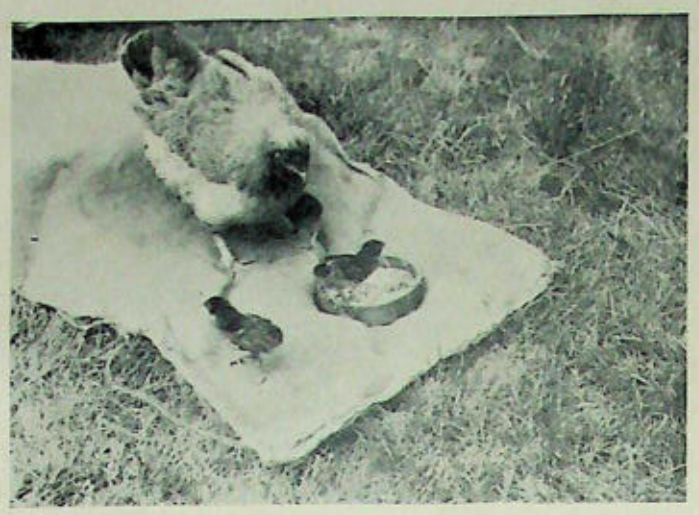
A winner of two good races this season, the Hastings Stakes at Newmarket and the Royal Standard Stakes at Manchester, Coup de Lyon's chance in the Cambridgeshire was so much esteemed that he was backed down to second favouritism recently.

For Sporting Calendar see page 893

THIRTY YEARS OF THE GAMEKEEPER'S ART

Some Changes and Improvements in Technique

By EDGAR PAGE



STOCK FOR FUTURE YEARS
The Hungarian partridge hatched under a fostermother

TO say that there has been no improvement in the technique of gamekeeping during the past thirty years would be a gross libel on that fine body of men—the keepers. Nevertheless, that statement is very near the truth, and yet no keeper need feel offended. The greatest advance was made during the decade ending about 1900, and the keepers have the satisfaction of having held the standard then attained; also they deserve credit for more or less individual efforts, or local improvements, which I trust to see made known and extended.

Improvements in gamekeeping technique must of necessity be ascertained and proved by the keepers themselves—*as matters are at the present moment*. Now, the essential attribute of a real keeper is an extensive and rather comprehensive knowledge of all that which is covered by the word "Woodcraft"; to this is added specialised knowledge of pheasant rearing and trapping. (I like to think that partridge preservation is still largely a matter of woodcraft—or ought I to say "Fieldcraft"?—and the same thought applies to grouse.) As country-side lore can be only slowly absorbed over a long period of years it is not surprising to find the best keepers are men in their fifties and more. Since the war, gamekeepers have had mighty little opportunity to make an advance in technique: they have been unable to ensure their sons following their profession, and many a so-called keeper to-day is someone outside "the calling."

Gamekeepering (a word keepers have coined) as we view it to-day, began, I believe, about 1860. Specialised foods for pheasants, and biscuit meals were introduced in the 'eighties, followed by foods for duck and partridge. The period 1895 to 1907 witnessed the big battues at covert shoots, and in those years probably more money was devoted to game preservation and shooting than ever before or since. The Great War and the many post-war years of blighting taxation are responsible for the standstill in the technique of game-keeping. But another factor has arisen. Our whole life and outlook on life has been changed by the advent of motors, aeroplanes, wireless, road coaches, female emancipation (whatever that is), the cheap press and general education. The fraternity of gamekeepers did not escape this epic wave, for it has almost carried with it the sport of shooting—their livelihood. Not until this year have the interests of shooting received serious attention: the initiative has at last been taken by Imperial Chemical Industries, supported by the most well-known sporting gentlemen, and by the whole of the sporting press. As I write I think with sadness of the thousands of unkeepered acres in this country to-day, and view with alarm the fast disappearance of game in many areas. The new effort in game research by I.C.I. will, we all trust, mark 1933 as the turn of the tide for game and shooting.

IMPROVED PHEASANT REARING

I must now go more into detail, but will do so as concisely as possible.

The past 30 years show practically no advance in the methods of hand-rearing pheasants except it be that more care is given to the selection and inspection of stock birds, more thought to cleanliness throughout the hatching and rearing, and a greater insistence on prompt routine work. The foods for pheasants have improved somewhat in quality and grading, and for better or worse according to individual opinion, "dry feeding" became a new feature. Far more attention has been devoted to costs, but this concentrated and impelled enquiry into costs has only confirmed what was known 30 years ago, namely, that on the rearing field cheapness is twin to disaster.

As regards the hand-rearing of partridges I feel certain that the keepers of 40 or 50 years ago showed as great a success as any present-day partridge rearer, while partridge preservation in general still follows the excellent standard of knowledge gained 30 years ago. The Euston system for partridges was freely tried out from about the year 1900 to the present day, and though it is still favoured by many situated in big hunting countries, others are questioning the results of this system in the light of labour involved. "Would not the same labour devoted to the interests of the wild bird produce equal results?" Readers of the *Field* have full knowledge of Captain Moser's fine experiment with the penning of Hungarians. It is to be hoped that the new efforts in game research by the I.C.I. may go one step, or rather many steps, further in that study: every game preserver will follow their work with the greatest interest. The winter feeding of partridges has become recognised procedure during recent years, and might be instanced as an improvement in technique of gamekeeping, although, as a matter of fact, it is merely the keeper adapting himself to the changed agricultural conditions. Winter feeding was not unknown many years ago.

A word or two about grouse and grouse moors. In all probability the years of 1890–1910 marked the zenith of knowledge of both. Except perhaps Mr. Dugald Macintyre—who is a present-day authority and writer, no keeper has equalled the knowledge of grouse obtained and published in the early issues of *The Gamekeeper* by the late Mr. William Walter Prior. Then, in 1911, the Grouse Commission brought forth that stupendous and remarkably comprehensive treatise, *The Grouse in Health and Disease*. The only new point of technique since appears to be the now general practice of giving grouse quartz grit on moors deficient in that substance. Study is still being given to the periodic movement or emigration of grouse, and we have still to explain the reason for the preference grouse show for certain heather. More knowledge yet on moorland draining and heather burning needs to be gained and broadcasted. I also hazard the thought that grouse disease may in due time be controlled by a committee governing the stock and shooting over, not just a few moors, but a whole district forming an "entity of moorland."

The keepers of 30, 40, 50 or more years ago were men with a full knowledge of wild life, feather and furred. I doubt whether the present generation can add anything to that knowledge. No keeper of the present generation need be in ignorance on that most important branch of his work—the destruction of vermin. One of the special studies under the new "Game Research" will be further investigation regarding vermin and the trying-out of old and new methods of vermin destruction.

It is a pleasure to state that, in my opinion, a great advance has been made in the methods of showing game for sport. On one estate I might name the improvement is 100 per cent. The keepers have thrown their hearts into the study of coverts and crops, of the lie of the land, and hedgerows; into any item likely to improve sport. It is the quality of sport now that counts rather than mere bag totals. By judicious planting many a poor covert has been made a good one, both for holding game and for putting birds over the guns. Catch crops have been favoured to help reduce feeding expenses and for cover. Every keeper has been obliged to make the best of bad conditions, and therefore has laid himself out to show what game he is allowed to produce to the very best advantage.

As regards diseases of game I fear I am an advocate of the old policy, "Kill off and start again." As to the curing of the virulent diseases game is subject to, we are little better off than 40 years ago. Gapes and a few other more minor complaints on the rearing field may be dealt with, but for enteric and such the incinerator still remains the safest "remedy." Keepers must still rely on good stock, good foods and proper management and cleanliness. They would do well to attain more skill in diagnosing complaints and diseases. A *correct* early diagnosis may save serious losses. The keeper is too apt to rely on help from the sporting press or a chance vet., whose experience with birds is not great. The new Game Research may be able to solve some of our difficulties in this sphere.

Game preservers and gamekeepers owe much to the game farmers, who have been so assiduous in maintaining healthy stocks, and in passing on any useful knowledge gained on their farms. Still, the fact remains that the technique of gamekeeping is much where it was 30 years ago, and is likely to remain so until there comes again the call for real keepers. That day, I trust, is not so far off.



PROPRIETOR AND KEEPER IN CONFERENCE
Lord Zetland on his Aske moors

PARTRIDGE DRIVING ON SMALL SHOOTS

Beating Tactics Which Pay

By J. B. DROUGHT

IT is axiomatic that two primary conditions of successful partridge driving are an abundance of birds and a correspondingly large area of ground. What if we lack both these essentials? In these days of sparse-holding cover and cultivation the partridge takes no undue risks; we cannot walk him up for very long with any prospect of success, so that even on small shoots which do not lend themselves to the process we must make the best of existing conditions and resort to driving.

Errors of judgment which are indefensible on large shoots may be unavoidable on small ones where boundary problems give the keeper frequent cause to mutter evil words. His difficulties are aggravated as much by small fields and a network of hedges within narrow boundaries as they are lightened on a shoot whose breadth approximates to its length and whose cultivation is intermittent. For example, 600 acres of grass with half-a-dozen root fields marching with one boundary present a much harder problem than where half the cover is situate either end.

While the object of all driving is to get the maximum of birds well over the guns, the means taken to influence their direction after they have



"INTERVALS BETWEEN THE GUNS SHOULD BE CLEARLY DEFINED BY STICKS"

done so is equally important. For this reason I think it is a paying proposition to keep, as nearly central as possible, a field or two (specially sown if need be with good holding cover) which is never actually shot into, as a kind of sanctuary for the birds. Even when driven off they will return, and to follow up the same birds in short drives is more profitable than chasing after new ones at a tangent and spoiling the continuity of beats, which should hinge on one another, not necessarily consecutively, but in such a way that return drives may be made in the afternoon over ground made good in the morning. For instance, it will very often pay to drive, first of any, a strip, whose three sides are boundaries even if the birds go contrary-wise, because thanks to their characteristic anxiety to get back home, they will probably be found on the same ground later in the day. And although wind and weather must necessarily influence tactics, it is best to vary plans to some extent so that ground is not invariably taken in the same direction.

Particularly where cover is sparse, partridges, after being driven once or twice, are certain to seek any substantial hedgerow cover there may be. Yet how often does one see birds left behind because fences parallel to the beaters' advance, save for a tap or two here and there, are entirely ignored. Where any such exist it may be advisable to alter a beat so as to bring them into the centre of the line. Birds taking refuge therein may easily be influenced in the right direction with a good few beaters on either hand, whereas a good bushy hedge on a flank may collect birds which will defy the efforts of an odd beater or two by running back, or at best giving the end gun a wide shot. It is largely on the intelligence of flankers that the success of small drives, no less than large ones, depends. A couple of men who have the wit to squat down when a covey flying to a flank shows signs of pitching in front of them, and then to show themselves at the right moment, will do more to push partridges in the way they should go than half a dozen who never vary their direction by a hair's breadth.

A common fault with many flankers is their failure to flag birds at sufficient distances. They seem not to realise that partridges waved at almost overhead or coming down to settle will invariably carry on their flight or break in any but the right direction. An intelligent man with an eye for country, by using the wind and making a detour where necessary, may contribute materially to keeping unwilling birds in the straight path.

I think a shortage of beaters rather than of guns is the lesser evil. The difficulty of concentrating birds on a narrow frontage and of putting them in a required direction increases in direct ratio to the paucity of guns. It is essential to command the salients of each flank, wherefore if shooters are too few they must be placed at greater intervals and at those spots at which it appears most likely that the birds will break.

Beats are often spoilt by a careless arrangement of stands. "Just behind that hedge" is the kind of vague direction which results in the first-comer taking up a good position, while one or more of his fellows, in order to conform to line, find themselves with a masked view or facing a thin spacing over which birds can spot them half a mile off. Gaps should be made up beforehand, and not only the proximity of the line to hedges but also the intervals between guns should be clearly defined by sticks. On a small shoot attention to such details may, and often does, make the difference of a dozen brace in the course of a day's driving.

ROUND THE WORLD WITH A SHOT GUN—13

Mauritius

AN UNIQUE ISLAND, a Crown Colony taken from the French and administered by a British Governor but which is (I believe) the only place in the world which retains the *Code Napoléon* and sees no need to change. The descendants of many of the *émigrés* of the Revolution are there, and own sugar estates. They are kind and hospitable. They are conservative in their politics, and yet they forgive the normal French of the naval officer. A debased *patois* is spoken by the inhabitants. When a guest of an estate owner try to talk Parisian French or else stick to your own language.

The island is below the equator, and the seasons are just the same as for England with six months' difference: red deer, partridge and trout.

The French estate owners have only one way of shooting deer—that is the "Chasse aux Cerfs," *i.e.*, 50 beaters and a lot of very exciting work done by people using buckshot, double rifles and H. V. Lebel "Fusils de Sport." You will have to attend more than one of those. About fifteen deer and perhaps a beater will be hit, but there is no pressing danger.

Before the shooting starts, however, you will attend a "Dejeuner de champagne"—a sort of wedding breakfast with much cork-pulling. Make a speech if you like, but do not lose your sense of shooting judgment.

Now for the real advice. Get your host into a corner and tell him what you want:

(*a*) an interview with the head shikari and the permission to give him orders.
(*b*) The right to stalk deer as from 5 a.m. next morning.
(*c*) The right to provide your own transport and provisions.

Your host will protest about (*c*) but he will arrange the rest. The "Chasse aux Cerfs" is the usual and correct way of entertaining distinguished visitors. People who refuse to call themselves "distinguished" and who appear to the host to be decent shots and keen on the business are likely to be given a free hand for the stalking and partridge shooting.

Having said what the reader should do, I will give details of what may happen to him.

The flag-lieutenant was out with his host and the shikari at 0630, and he carried a Service rifle with the old Mk. IV. cartridge with hollow-pointed bullets. A herd of stag on a hillside 700 yards away was pointed out to him and he was told all about the proposed stalk and how he was to get there. During the conversation (in a language he could not follow) he knelt and fired. He was aiming at a perfectly nice stag which was worth collecting. The bullet struck and instantly killed the record stag of the year. It happened to be feeding 20 yards away. It had 53in. horns. I can vouch for this. I was there.

The captain of the flagship went out for an early stalk and was brought within close range of a really good stag. He was a man of full habit and had moved on his equator for some distance. On the shot the big stag fell. The captain got up and got his breath back. The host produced a bottle of something to celebrate and they raised their glasses to the great triumph. Then they walked up to the body for the final rites, but the stag had got up and gone away. He had been hit on the horn and stunned for a minute. He left the horn behind, but the captain did not seem to want that.

There is also partridge shooting to be got in Mauritius. About five brace a day to one gun. Also brown trout in two rivers.

About the formal "Chasse aux Cerfs"—I advise a shot gun with suitable bullets. Your fellow guests will probably carry .450 Express double rifles. The guests are usually placed about 70 yards apart along a road fringed with jungle. The deer dash across at intervals and a great state of excitement prevails. Of course, it takes a great deal of lead to kill a man, but it also takes a lot to kill a Mauritian stag in a deer drive, and I prefer the single-handed stalking.

When not shooting in the Island (or going out to shoot wild goats on Round Island in the lifeboat under the charge of the King's Harbourmaster) go out for a picnic to Black River with a party of young people. Each person is supplied with a 5ft. bamboo rod which has a thin gut loop at the end. You lean over the bank and catch crayfish, called "cameroons." You just pass the loop over the tail and snare the fish by the eyes. I have lifted five in twelve shots and it was considered a local record—especially as my host's daughters were assisting me.

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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, Student of Wild Life and Nature Lover. 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.

CANINE HYSTERIA

SIR,—In the *Field* of October 11th, 1928, you were good enough to publish a letter from me *re* the above, and in that letter I stated what I felt sure, from personal experience, was the cause, suggested a line of treatment, and also gave it as my opinion that the above trouble was neither infectious nor contagious, etc., etc.

Since the above date I have had further experience of so convincing a nature that I am driven to the conclusion that my early convictions were not far short of the mark.

Only recently, however, the advent of "wireless" has been suggested as a cause, and this followed other suggestions, *i.e.*, a mite in the internal ear, disease of the central nervous system, etc. "Breeder's" letter in a recent *Field* therefore naturally interests me, as the treatment he wisely adopted so clearly points to the cause of hysteria, namely, stomach, with resultant reflex nervous symptoms, the whole being strictly transitory, if taken in hand. I should have appreciated "Breeder's" letter more had he stated what he had fed his terrier on, and also if he had started the treatment with a bumper dose of castor oil; *i.e.*, remove the cause first and then treat the effect.

All artificial dog foods in biscuit and meal form are, as is well known, highly hydroscopic, and for this reason, strictly speaking, should not be sold excepting in tins with closely fitting covers. Sacks, linen bags, etc., are useless, for the retailer puts a certain quantity in his shop and the remainder goes into a damp out-house, probably rat-ridden, and a fungoid growth is the result.

If artificial food is fed and is at all questionable, I would suggest baking well beforehand. A very able vet told me recently that he had actually seen this fungus under the microscope.

In pre-war days more corn was grown at home and was of a high standard and not subjected to damp conditions, as imported grain would inevitably be on a long voyage. This may be one explanation as to why hysteria was not heard of in pre-war days; another might be that the present race of dogs may be more susceptible to digestive, nervous and other troubles owing to excessive in-breeding.

I personally believe in feeding dogs pretty much on the same lines as one feeds oneself, not forgetting green vegetables and fruit, and generally considering the various required vitamins to induce health and stamina. Going upon these lines hysteria in dogs would, I feel certain, be less heard of nowadays.

Yours truly,
London. "RADIUS."

A DECOY DUCK DECOYS DUCKLINGS

SIR,—I enclose a note which I asked our bird-keeper, Mr. J. Claiden, to write, as the removal of the ducklings from the pens by my office to the lake by the side of the Sion Vista appears to me a somewhat remarkable feat. I myself saw the mother decoy duck sitting close to the pen in the early morning of September 9th, and wondered why she was so far from the lake. This was the day of the removal of the mallard which she could not carry, and I did not then know what had been taking place.

Yours truly,
Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, Surrey. ARTHUR W. HILL (Director).

The following is the note referred to by Sir Arthur Hill:

"In November, 1932, a pair of white decoy ducks was placed on the lake. In the early part of 1933 they had a sitting of eggs, which was taken away two days before they were due to hatch and put under a hen. They hatched out at the same time that some tufted and pochards were hatched in the pens.

"A short time later the decoy ducks had another sitting of eggs, which the female hatched out and reared herself, bringing off seven white and three black ducklings. She lost all of them: some the crows had, and some were caught in the weed on the lake.

"The ducklings in the pens (white decoy, tufted and pochard) were pinioned after two months, and were all together in one section. The wire partition of that section was only three-quarters of the way up, and the wire of the roof of the other section, which is some 5ft. 6in. from the ground, had a large hole in it. Towards the end of August a pair of tufted ducklings was missed, and a little later a pair of pochards also disappeared. Had a cat got in, it would have killed the birds in the pen, as it could not possibly get them out.

"A few days later I saw the female decoy duck with two tufted ducklings on the lake, but paid no particular attention to them at the time. Shortly afterwards a small white decoy duckling and a half-grown mallard were missing from the pens. The mallard was picked up outside the pens with its neck all wet, and the white decoy duckling I have seen on the lake, which is about half-a-mile away.

"It seems clear that the female decoy duck has come over from time to time from the lake and made her way into the pens through the broken wire and taken the ducklings one by one to the lake. The mallard proved too big for her and she dropped it outside the pens. Then I saw her looking into the pens from the top.

"I may mention that I have seen tufted ducks take their young ducklings from the pond, over the top of the palm house to the lake and river, after hatching them at the side of the pond. The carrying off of the ducklings from the pen can therefore more easily be accounted for."

ADDERS SWALLOWING YOUNG

SIR,—I do not wish to enter into a debate on adders swallowing their young, but the following may interest those who wish to do so. A few days ago, one of my men cutting paths on the hill, came on a very large, fat adder which he killed with the back of his scythe, cutting a gash in its throat about 3in. from its head. He left it and continued his work. On coming back, he was surprised to see a young adder lying by its side, which he also killed, while doing so he observed the head of another young adder peeping out from the hole in the old adder's throat. This, of course, he also killed. The young ones were about 6in. long. Any other young ones would have had plenty of time to escape.

An old keeper of mine declares that he saw young adders enter an old one's mouth on the turnpike road. I myself killed a very large adder in the heather by hitting it across the back with a stick, and in a second there were half a dozen or more young ones leaping about round the dead one. I, of course did not observe how they arrived, but I should think it impossible that the old one could have given birth to them in such a short space of time. On the other hand, if adders swallow their young, why not pythons? A young python suddenly arriving in this way would be quite interesting.

Yours truly,
Carradale, Argyll. AUSTIN MACKENZIE.

[Our correspondent's evidence is interesting, but the fact remains that a reward of £10 has been on offer for some time for the production of a female adder with its young in its throat, the mouth being tied up and the body intact, to prevent any possibility of a mistake. This reward has been claimed on more than one occasion, but in each case it has been found that the young had been contained not in the œsophagus but in the body of the adder which, as naturalists know but some countrymen do not, brings forth its young alive.—ED.]

THE CURLY RETRIEVER

SIR,—As hon. secretary of the Curly Retriever Club, formed this year with its object "to promote the breeding of pure curly retrievers and to foster the interests of the breed, particularly as a working gundog, while preserving the correct type for the dual purpose of the field and show bench," I have received a letter from an Australian breeder who has practised this ideal. He writes from Victoria, and has been a breeder and exhibitor of curlies for over 20 years, and says:

"I was always sorry to see the gradual loss of popularity of this noble breed of gundog. I wish the newly formed club all the luck and support it deserves. . . . I live near the Murray River, and with my friends do a lot of duck-shooting in the swamps and lagoons along the river, and we find the curly the best worker and the best stayer. I have used almost every breed of gundog, and find the curly the most gentle-mouthed of all, and the steadiest. . . . My best field dog is also my best show dog. . . ."

A notable winner in field trials at home is Gaveston Tess, owned by the late Colonel W. F. Blaker, whose death, which we greatly regret, took place on August 20th last. He was chairman of the club, and will be a very great loss indeed. Gaveston Tess took a certificate of merit at the Southern Counties Gundog League Trials, held at Idsworth, Horndean, Hants, on October 27th and 28th, 1932, and at the Utility Gundog Society's Trials, held at Gate Court, Beckley, Sussex, on October 31st, 1932, was placed first in the Hon. Members' Stake. At the Utility Gundog Society's cup finals, held at Chippenham Park, Ely, Cambs, on January 5th, 1933, she was placed third and received a special prize for the best dog after a runner.

Field trials for curlies will be held this year at Idsworth, Horndean, Hants, by kind permission of Lorna Countess Howe, on November 16th, when there will be a Puppy and an Open Stake, and the judges will be Lorna Countess Howe, Major Portal and Mr. R. Sharpe.

Yours faithfully,
Wentfield, Wrotham, Kent. GLADYS M. LANCE (Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, The Curly Retriever Club).

AN APPEAL FOR THE HORSE

SIR,—May I ask the hospitality of your columns in order to make an appeal for the International League against the Export of Horses for Work and Butchery?

Each year thousands of old and faithful servants who deserve to have a peaceful end to their days and a humane death, are sold for a few pounds and exported.

Once out of England their fate is terrible to think of. They may, after exposure in open markets without food or drink, be sold for work or slaughter. In the former circumstances they are worked until they can hardly stand; in the latter, they are killed in abattoirs or private slaughter-houses, where conditions are foul. The suffering and misery of these patient beasts is terrible.

We want funds badly for (1) investigation and propaganda; (2) establishing model abattoirs in England, where old horses may be humanely killed and the carcases exported; (3) the expenses of one such abattoir already established at Bourne (Lincs).

I am also trying to start a scheme in and around Leeds for buying up a certain number of old and weary horses and having them destroyed under clean and humane conditions.

If any of your readers will help I will acknowledge any donation, however small, most gratefully, and I will gladly send literature and full details to those interested.

Yours faithfully,
Withypoole, East Keswick, Leeds. (MRS.) DOREEN TOPE.

BUTTERFLY MIGRATION

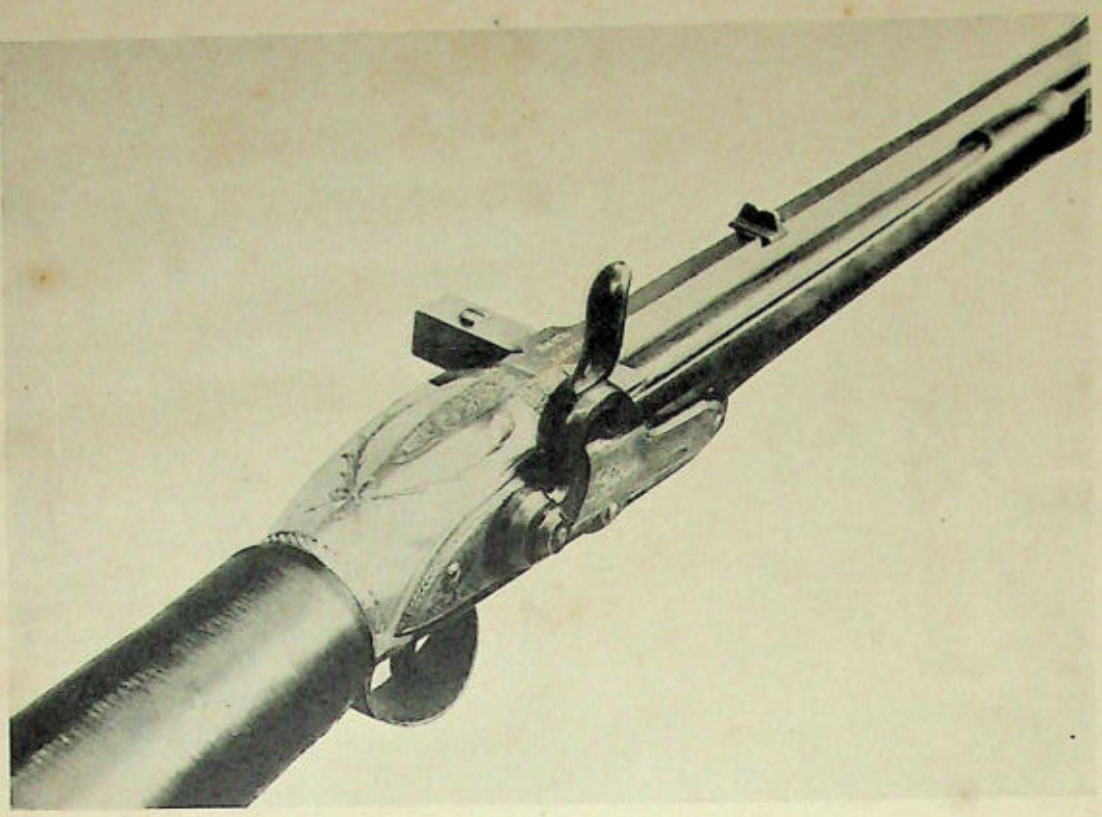
SIR,—An editorial note under the above heading in a recent issue was of special interest to me, as I have made a study of British lepidoptera for over 40 years, and have myself often considered the point raised, whether migrating butterflies follow any special course on their long journeys. My experience bears out your theory, that butterflies will follow a river to its mouth, cross the sea, and on arrival on the opposite shore at once search along the coastline until they come upon an estuary, which leads them inland. Some of the weaker specimens no doubt remain at the first place where the migrating host touches land, and others, stragglers which have lost the migration urge, remain on the coast and lay their eggs in the vicinity, as migrant butterflies are usually more common on the south coast of England than elsewhere. I maintain, however, that the majority continue to fly up our rivers, small colonies leaving the migration route as their strength gives out, the strongest continuing, to establish their race in districts at the greatest distance possible from their former breeding grounds.

Only this summer I had an excellent example of this. A friend of mine living at Cliffe-at-Hoo, near Rochester, wrote and told me that there were thousands of painted lady caterpillars (*Vanessa cardui*) feeding on the thistles which cover the marshy ground lying on either side of the Thames at this point. It was quite noticeable that the larvæ were decidedly commonest close to the banks of the river, and that a mile or more inland no sign of them could be found, although *V. urticæ* and *V. io* were to be seen in large broods on most of the nettle beds in this vicinity.

Reports have since come in to our butterfly farm that the painted lady had been seen singly, quite generally in the south-easterly districts of England, and I had seen more than one specimen in Bexley before I was told about the large number of this species at Hoo. I think that this migration, of which the few captured specimens were undoubtedly part, can quite definitely be traced in its journey up the Thames.

As an interesting sequel to this reported migration, I visited Hoo at the time when the larvæ collected in this district were emerging at our farm, and was surprised to find only a few of the imagines there. I assume that they must have continued their migration inland, as the disappearance cannot be put down to ichneumons, as none of the larvæ we collected were stung.

Yours truly,
Bexley, Kent. L. W. NEWMAN, F.R.E.S.



REPUTED TO BE ONE OF THE FIRST AIR GUNS EVER MADE
(See Letter "An Ancient Air Gun")

AN ANCIENT AIR GUN

SIR,—This breech-loading quick-firing magazine air gun, a work of art by "Bate, London," is one of the first shoulder air guns ever made. It dates from about the eighteenth century, and is believed to be the only pattern of its kind in existence. It belonged to the Shaftoe family for, it is reputed, over 100 years, and then came into the hands of the late Lady George, of Carrycoats Hall, Northumberland, who used it for long distance black-game shooting.

It is in perfect order and beautifully chased. If anyone would care to make a reasonable offer, I would be prepared to part with this interesting piece.

Yours faithfully,
F. J. YOUNG.

Horsley, Durham Road,
Low Fell, Co. Durham.

APOLLO

A Journal of the Arts for Connoisseurs and Collectors

Published first of the month, TWO SHILLINGS

OCTOBER CONTENTS

This issue contains the following, amongst other features, fully illustrated articles on

The Exhibition of the Ferrarese Art of the Renaissance

English Glass Drinking Vessels—II

The Rubens Exhibition in Amsterdam

Wainscot Rooms of the XVIIth and XVIIIth Centuries.

The Hubert Van Eyck Legend

Ghiyath, Persian Master Weaver

Bolognese Drawings of the XVIIth and XVIIIth Centuries.

New Light on Byzantine Portative Mosaics

In Cézanne's Country.

Book Reviews, Notes of the Month, Art in the Saleroom.

Heraldic Enquiries.

and the following full page

PLATES IN COLOUR

Philip IV of Spain *by Velazquez* (National Gallery.)

The Convalescent *by J. McNeil Whistler*

Madame Suggia *by Augustus John, R.A.*

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A FINE SPECIMEN, BUT NOT A RECORD
(See Letter "Size of Lions")

SIZE OF LIONS

SIR,—About a year ago you published an illustrated article of mine, "Why a Lion turned Cattle-Thief." I have just returned to London after twelve months in the African bush, and my attention has been drawn to letters from your readers under the above heading.

For the incredulous, I must inform them that I still have the lion skin in my possession, and it still measures 12ft. 4in.

I intended to convey the impression that the lion was a particularly large one (and I have shot quite a few) which is surely confirmed by the photographs I took of it, one of which I enclose.

No records were claimed, for the simple reason that the skin was measured after it had been stretched!

While on safari not long ago, I walked into the camp of a friend of mine, who had shot a large leopard the night before. Under a grass shelter on a wooden platform, lay the leopard skin, every couple of inches, round the edges, a thin rope was laced, extending to numerous tent-pegs, driven into the ground, around the platform. A "shikar" with 6-inch nails inserted between every couple of strands of rope was twisting them to breaking point. I was told the leopard skin measured over 10ft. from nose to tip of tail, and was still stretching!

Yours faithfully,
GEO. STUART-WATT,

Pembridge Gardens Hotel,
London, W. 2.

USE AND ABUSE OF TIGHT BEARING-REINS

SIR,—I have occasionally read letters on the above subject in your paper. It is one in which I am greatly interested. Personally I am in favour of the use of tight bearing-reins, both as an asset in driving and also for improving the appearance of a horse. To me there is no more beautiful sight than that of a fine horse with his head held in good position by a properly adjusted bearing-rein. As in everything, of course, they can be used to excess, as apparently was the case in the past, when so much was said against them. I should like to know how much that really was so, and is still to-day. One can only judge by the rather exaggerated drawings which appeared in Mr. Flower's book *Bits and Bearing Reins*, but I have never seen actual photos like them. I should be very glad to hear from any of your readers similarly interested, and am anxious to obtain photos, cuttings or articles on the subject.

Yours faithfully,
D. WILLIAMS.

24, Joubert Mansions,
Jubilee Place, S.W. 3.

[It is generally recognised by driving and coaching men that a well-adjusted bearing-rein is the best kicking strap in the world.—ED.]

DEER FOREST MANAGEMENT

SIR,—Some interesting points with regard to deer forest management are raised in the Hon. J. Whyte-Melville Skeffington's article.

While from the point of view of the eugenically-minded livestock owner a stag may be at his best for breeding when from four to eight years old, in any well-managed forest where a great excess of hinds is not permitted it is certain that no young stag will be allowed a chance of breeding by his fully mature rivals. This is the strongest argument for not killing a beast with a really fine head while he is yet in his prime, and if everyone acted on the principle that it was best to kill every good mature stag for fear the other fellow might get him if spared, there would soon be no good heads left.

The happy mean between forgoing all the good heads the forest produces and killing too soon the beasts most needed for stock may lie partly in the fact that a stag begins to decline in bodily vigour and to be ousted by stronger rivals a year or two before he begins to decline noticeably in head. On ground where stalkers know a good percentage of the finest individual deer, it should not be impossible to take a stag at the age when he still provides a splendid trophy, but can no longer be expected to hold the field in battle against rivals still in their physical prime. The introduction of park stags is apt to be a failure in forests where conditions are at all severe. Their constitutions are debilitated by hardship after one year, and their descendants, if they have any, carry a taint of weakness and rarely mature into master deer.

Yours truly,
E. T.

Place House,
Peamarsh.

A FOUNTAIN AT AUTUN

SIR,—There is so much to see at Autun, in Burgundy: a beautiful cathedral, old houses, and the remains of two Roman temples.

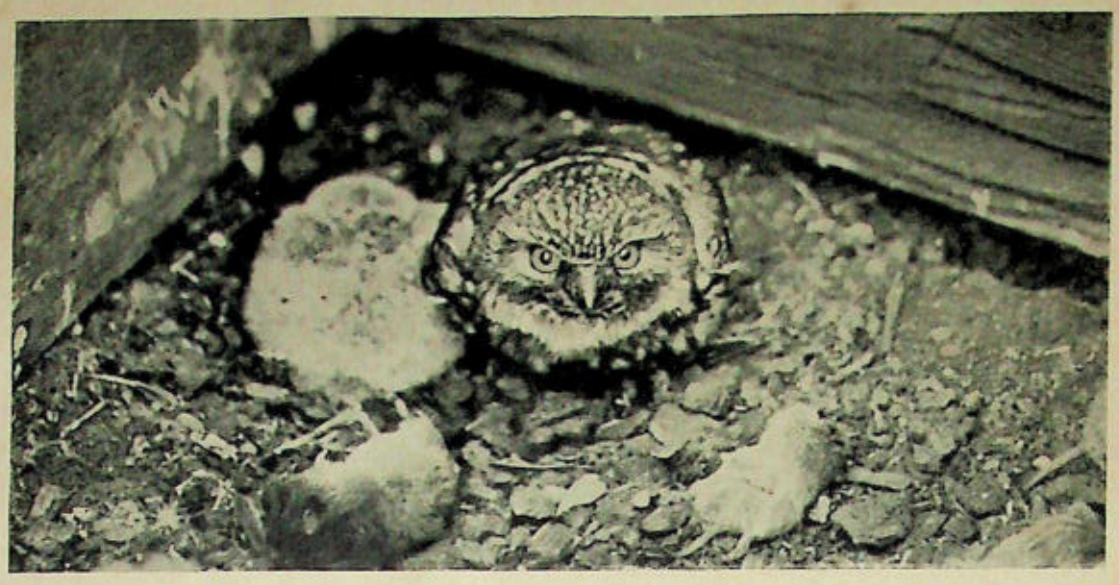
But not the least of these in beauty is the Renaissance fountain outside the cathedral. It dates from the middle of the sixteenth century, and is typical of the graceful age to which it belongs. Some people might think the fountain incongruous, so close to the twelfth-century cathedral and ancient houses of the "place," but in reality the contrast is pleasing, a relief after the awe-inspiring Bible stories in stone told in the cathedral.

Yours faithfully,
D. HAMILTON DEAN.

London.



RENAISSANCE ARCHITECTURE IN BURGUNDY
(See Letter "A Fountain at Autun")



USEFUL WORK BY AN UNDESIRABLE ALIEN
(See Letter "Little Owl's Strange Nesting Place")

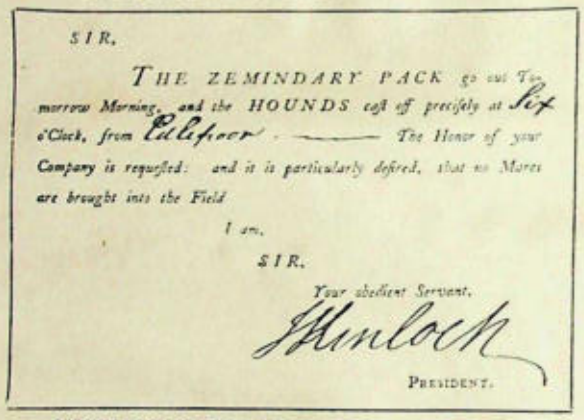
AN INDIAN MEET CARD

SIR,—The enclosed photograph of a meet card, or rather letter, may interest some of your readers, as it is possibly the earliest record of hunting in India. It was found recently among some family papers. "Sportsman's Hall" was, I suppose, the forerunner of the present-day club.

It would be interesting to know if there are any records of this pack and of the quarry they hunted.

Yours faithfully,

R.A. Mess, Ewshott Camp, Near Aldershot, Hants. — F. E. H. FERGUSON (Captain, R.A.)



SIR,

THE ZEMINDARY PACK go out To-morrow Morning, and the HOUNDS cast off precisely at Six o'Clock, from Pulicat. The Honor of your Company is requested: and it is particularly desired, that no Mares are brought into the Field

I am,

SIR,

Your obedient Servant,

J. Hunlock

PRESIDENT.

ISSUED FROM SPORTSMAN'S HALL, BURDWAN, DECEMBER 25TH, 1786
(See Letter "An Indian Meet Card")

LITTLE OWL'S STRANGE NESTING PLACE

SIR,—While waiting beside a loop, or passing place, on the electric railway connecting Immingham with Grimsby, I saw a little owl run along the track, pass under the line and disappear into a box-like pit adjoining. This pit, once used for housing the mechanism operating the points, has lately been out of use. Upon lifting the iron plate covering the pit I found to my surprise that the owl had its nest there. There was one young bird and two eggs, evidently unfertile.

In view of the outcry against the little owl as a harmful species it is worthy of note that in this nest were seven dead mice and a dead greenfinch.

Having my camera with me I took a photograph of the nesting-place, first removing the mother from the nest. She did not at all object to my handling her, and I enclose the photograph, which shows the young bird beside its mother. The most remarkable thing, however, is that throughout the day a fifteen-minute electric car service operates on this line, under which is the nest. The owls did not appear to object to the almost continuous and deafening noise.

Yours truly,

Immingham, Lincolnshire. — H. S. VICKERS.

THE LAW OF TRESPASS

SIR,—Some time ago a man entered a field, and on being asked his business, said that he had a perfect right to be in the field, as he was only picking mushrooms. He mentioned that as mushrooms were weeds, and he was doing no damage, he was not trespassing.

There appears to be a widespread belief that where there is no damage there is no trespass.

The law actually is this—Trespass to land is actionable as a tort without proof of any damage at all. Nominal damages, at least, may be awarded against a trespasser, in order to vindicate the proprietary rights of the owner.

If the trespass is made in "insolent defiance" of these rights, a jury will be justified in awarding heavy damages.

A person may, of course, be forcibly removed from land on which he has no right to be.

The misunderstanding about "damage" seems to have arisen through the familiar notice "Trespassers will be prosecuted." Trespass, in itself, is merely a tort or civil injury, and not a crime, therefore a person cannot be criminally "prosecuted."

I suggest a more correct notice would be "Legal action will be taken against trespassers." A notice, of course, is quite unnecessary, but it has a certain deterrent effect.

Yours truly,

Fearn Hill, Quarndon, nr. Derby. — B. CLIVE SMITH.

REMOVING GLINT FROM GUT

SIR,—I was interested in "H. H.'s" letter in the *Field* of September 16th asking if any reader could recommend a good way of removing "glint from gut." I am writing to say what an old Irish gillie told me for darkening casts in very low and clear water—just ordinary black finishing wax, procured at any bootshop. I am fishing myself on the Dee in very low and clear water, using a very fine cast which I darken with wax first, finding it most efficacious.

Yours truly,

Braemar Castle, Braemar, Aberdeenshire. — (Miss) MAUDE PILCHER.

WASP COMMUNITY OF QUEENS

SIR,—I was interested in the account of a wasps' nest containing numerous queens in July. Whilst this is most unusual at such an early date, all nests in the autumn breed queens. Until September it is usual for all the cells to contain workers, at which time the workers, starting at the bottom layer, enlarge the worker cells to queen size. By the end of September, at least half the cells will produce queens which leave the nest. Consequently, however late the nest is found it is advisable to destroy it. When searching for a nest the quickest way to find it is to observe the line of flight, a wasp crossing a field is always flying more or less directly from or to its nest.

Yours truly,

Duckmead, Bradford-on-Avon. — E. C. PINCKNEY (Captain).

A KINGFISHER AT THE GOLDFISH POOL

SIR,—A few days ago I saw a flash of blue streaking from a gold-fish pool in my garden to a gate some yards away—a kingfisher. He sat for a few moments on the gate, and then returned to the pool side, perched there on a stone vase, less than three yards from the house, stayed there for a minute or so, and then flew right away. Unfortunately he did not take any of the gold fish; I would gladly replace any taken by such a visitor.

What puzzles me is how he found so small a pool, only 9ft. by 5ft. There is no river nearer than three miles, and ponds are deplorably few and far between in this neighbourhood.

Yours faithfully,

The Plash, Stevenage, Herts. — CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

RAINBOW TROUT IN SOUTH AFRICA

SIR,—I have just seen an article by Mr. Hey (*Field*, June 3rd) which requires correction. As regards the Cape Province, I know nothing of the trout fishing, but as far as concerns Natal the statements are incorrect and misleading. I have fished certain waters in Natal continuously since 1906 (except during War service), and for the last fifteen years have resided here, where I own a stretch of two miles on the Little Mooi. I may therefore claim to know what I am talking about.

There are in Natal the following streams stocked with brown trout only: The Bushman's river, with two considerable tributaries, the Neibhetwana and Umtchesana; the Little Mooi; the Mooi (not to be confused with the stream of the same name in the Cape); the Inzinga; the Loteni and the Umkomans. Nearer the Cape border there are numerous streams stocked with rainbows, but I have no experience of these.

Your correspondent states that the brown trout are not fighters and are even inferior to the native scale fish! This is certainly not the case in Natal. Occasionally, when the rivers are abnormally low in summer the water becomes too warm for the health of the fish, and they lose both their table and fighting qualities; but, as a rule, the brown trout rivers, in their upper course at least, are extremely cold and the fish fight splendidly.

The following from my fishing diary will illustrate: "Male fish, 4lb. 1oz.; took 40min. to land; fought like tiger, running repeatedly up and down and across; jumped nearly 3ft. out of water." "Male fish, 4lb. 10oz.; 20min. to land; bored deeply at first and then made rush after rush, leaping clean out." "Fish of 1½lb.; jumped six or eight times in rapid succession; charged down stream; nearly escaped in a snag." I could multiply such cases by the score. Of course one gets a heavy, sluggish fish at times, but in ordinary conditions of the water they are very rare. In the Bushman's river the fish nearly always leave the water.

Yours faithfully,

Sans Souci, Kamberg, Rosetta, Natal, S.A. — HAROLD CRASS, M.B., Hon. Fisheries Inspector, Kamberg District.



A YOUNG ANGLER WITH HIS 3-LB. BROWN TROUT CATCH
(See Letter "Rainbow Trout in South Africa")

OUR SUCCESSFUL GUIDE TO INVESTORS

Securities advocated by the "Field" which have risen since Great Britain went off the Gold Standard. 72 *Rises and only* 5 *Falls!*

GREAT BRITAIN was forced off the Gold Standard at the end of September, 1931, and a table is set out below which reviews the price movements of the securities that have been recommended for purchase in this column during the two years that have since elapsed. The dates may be found useful for reference purposes.

British and Colonial Government stocks and other investments that have been recommended as first-class fixed-yielding securities have been omitted from this table (none have since fallen in price), and in order to draw an arbitrary line somewhere it has been decided to include those fixed interest-bearing securities that yielded 4¾ per cent. or more at the time of their recommendation, but to exclude those that yielded a smaller percentage of income return.

Those stocks or shares that have been recommended for purchase on more than one occasion appear in the following table at the date on which they were first mentioned only, irrespective of whether attention has since been drawn to their added attraction at a lower price.

Those securities that have not altered in marketable value to any material extent have been omitted, as the writer has no reason to alter the original views expressed, and a subsequent note will deal with the advisability or otherwise of taking profits or effecting further purchases for averaging purposes.

RISES.

Date Recommended. 1931.	Security.	Price Then.	Offered Price End Sept. 1933.
Sept. 26th	J. Lyons & Co. "A" Ordinary ..	85/-	119/9
Oct. 10th	North Eastern Electric Supply Co. £1 Ordinary	22/6	32/9
Oct. 17th	Pinchin, Johnson & Co., Ltd., 10/- Ordinary Shares	26/6	32/-
Oct. 24th	Enfield Cable Works £1 Ordinary ..	80/-	91/6
Nov. 7th	Alexanders Discount Co. £2 (£1 paid)	52/6	71/-
Nov. 21st	Electrical Distribution of Yorkshire Ordinary	33/-	49/3
Nov. 28th	Watney, Combe & Reid £1 Units of Deferred Stock	37/6	51/-
Dec. 5th	Watney, Combe & Reid Preferred ..	£65	£89½
Dec. 5th	Ind, Coope & Co. 6% Non-Cumulative Preference	18/9	26/-
Dec. 5th	Showells Brewery Co. 4½% Debenture	£74	£95
Dec. 5th	Showells Brewery Co. 4% Cumulative Preference	£54	£63½
Dec. 12th	Slough Estates £1 Ordinary	35/-	44/6
Dec. 19th	Victoria Falls & Transvaal Power £1 Ordinary	37/6	102/6
Dec. 26th	Imperial Tobacco Co. £1 Ordinary ..	74/-	110/9
Dec. 26th	Underground Electric Railways of London Ordinary	20/-	24/9*
1932.			
Jan. 9th	Metropolitan Electric Supply £1 Ordinary	37/-	51/-
Jan. 16th	Turner & Newall £1 Ordinary ..	26/-	35/6
Jan. 23rd	London & Thames Haven Oil Wharves £1 Ordinary	66/3	83/-
Feb. 6th	General Accident £5 shares (25/- paid)	£12½	£18½
Feb. 6th	Legal & General £5 shares (£1 paid)..	£11½	£19½
Feb. 6th	London Assurance 50/- shares (25/- paid)	£8½	£12½
Feb. 6th	London & Lancashire £5 shares (£2 paid)	£23½	£29½
Feb. 6th	Royal Insurance £1 shares (10/- paid)	£6½	£8½
Feb. 13th	Daily Mirror Newspapers 5/- ..	8/6	12/3
Feb. 20th	Central Electricity Board 5% Stock 1955/75 (fully paid)	£93½	£113½
Mar. 5	Electrical Distribution of Yorkshire 6% Cumulative Preference ..	21/-	30/6
Mar. 12th	L.N.E.R. 4% 1st Guaranteed ..	£66	£84½
Mar. 12th	L.N.E.R. 4% 2nd Guaranteed ..	£58	£78½
Mar. 12th	L.N.E.R. 5% Redeemable Debenture	£96½	£112
Mar. 19th	J. Lyons & Co. 7% Preference ..	22/6	33/3
Mar. 19th	Distillers Company £1 Ordinary ..	50/-	83/3
Mar. 26th	London Brick Co. & Forders 8% Cumulative Preference	28/-	37/-
Mar. 26th	Lewis's Limited 15% Preferred Ordinary	49/-	61/3
Mar. 26th	Calcutta Electric Supply Corp. 5% Tax Free Cumulative Preference ..	21/6	27/-
Mar. 26th	Steel Brothers & Co. 7½% Cumulative Second Preference	20/-	24/9
April 16th	Harrods Limited £1 Ordinary ..	53/-	63/6
April 16th	British Match Corporation £1 Ordinary	20/-	34/3
May 14th	Grand Union Canal 6% Preference ..	£103½	£122
May 14th	Grand Union Canal Capital Stock ..	£34	£39
May 21st	Austrian 6% Guaranteed Sterling Bonds 1923/43	£87½	£103½
May 28th	River Plate Electricity Co. Ordinary	£150	£174
June 11th	Marks & Spencer 10/- Ordinary ..	90/-	179/-
June 18th	Brazilian 4½% 1983	£17½	£29½
June 25th	L.M.S. 4% Debenture..	£78½	£100½
Aug. 20th	Wallpaper £1 Ordinary	31/6	40/6
Aug. 27th	British Electric Traction 8% Preferred	£135	£143
Sept. 10th	British Steamship Investment Trust Deferred	£94	£114
Oct. 8th	Denman Picture Houses Limited 7% Guaranteed 1st Mortgage ..	£98	—†
Oct. 8th	Anglo-Persian Oil 9% 2nd Preferred Units	29/3	30/6
Oct. 15th	Imperial Chemical Industries 7% Preference	26/3	30/1½
Oct. 22nd	Marks & Spencer 10% Preference £1 each	42/-	48/9
Oct. 22nd	Bryant & May 14% Cumulative £1 Preference	58/6	64/6
Oct. 22nd	River Plate Electric Co., Ltd., 6% Non-Cumulative Preference ..	£124½	£128
Oct. 29th	Waihi Gold Mining Company 5/- ..	15/9	20/9
Nov. 5th	Hall Telephone Accessories 10/- ..	15/6	19/6
Nov. 26th	West Gloucester Power Co. 6½% Preference Stock	£94	£98
Nov. 26th	West Gloucester Power Co. Ordinary Stock	£54	£64
1933.			
Jan. 14th	Cairn Line of Steamships 10/- Ordinary	4/4½	5/-
Jan. 14th	Savoy Hotel 7% Non-Cumulative Preference shares	15/9	22/6
Mar. 11th	China 5% Reorganisation Bonds 1913	£74	£83
April 15th	Witwatersrand Deep, Ltd., £1 ..	27/-	29/-
April 15th	Van Ryn Deep £1	36/6	40/-
April 29th	Indian & General Investment Trust Deferred	£200	£225
May 6th	Chicago Gaika Development 10/- ..	11/3	13/9
May 13th	Consolidated Goldfields South Africa £1 6% Cumulative Second Preference	20/9	22/9
May 20th	Surprise Mining & Finance Co. 4/- shares	5/6	6/-
May 20th	Monks Investment Trust £1	10/-	12/6
May 27th	Benguela Railway Co. 5% Debenture Stock	£41	£48½‡
June 3rd	British Ropes, Ltd., 6½% Preference	3/3	6/9
July 22nd	Zinc Corporation £1 Preference ..	80/-	90/7½
Sept. 2nd	Harrisons & Crosfield 10% Cumulative Preferred Ordinary	34/9	37/3
Sept. 16th	South Durham "B" Ordinary ..	15/-	16/3

FALLS.

1932.			
Jan. 30th	Dorman Long & Co. 5½% 1st Mortgage Redeemable Debenture ..	£63	£57½
Dec. 17th	International Automatic Telephone £1 Ordinary	39/6	38/6
1933.			
Jan. 14th	Cables & Wireless "A" Ordinary ..	£29½	£27
Jan. 28th	John Barker £1 Ordinary	77/-	70/6
Mar. 11th	Chinese 5% "Boxer" 1929/47 ..	£99	£83

PACTOLUS.

NOTES.

* The approximate value per one Underground Ordinary share of the securities distributed to holders under the London Transport scheme.

† Paid off at £105 on September 1st, 1933.

‡ The equivalent price per 75 Tanganyika Concessions "B" Preference shares.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

(Continued)

PUG-NOSED TROUT

SIR,—I was very interested to see in the *Field* of August 19th the photograph of the pug-nosed trout caught by Lieut.-Col. G. T. Savage.

Fishing at the mouth of the River Naver, in Sutherland, in June, 1932, I caught a sea trout of about half a pound which had the identical deformity but was otherwise in excellent condition. My gillie had never seen this deformity before, nor had I, in a fairly long angling experience. My fish took a sand eel.

Yours faithfully,

Trabboch House, Tarbolton, Ayrshire. T. MASON MACQUAKER.

SIR,—I was most interested to see in your issue of August 19th the photograph of a "pug-nosed" trout, as, about a month ago, whilst putting up my rod for a day's fishing on the Annan, near here, a local angler came up to show my wife and self a trout about ¾lb. and to ask us what we thought it was.

It was identical to that shown in the photograph, and no beauty. Some years ago, on Moffat Water, I also caught a similar trout, but small—not over ¼lb.

My idea is that these fish have, when young, had their snouts damaged in some way and the upper jaw has not grown again, whereas the under jaw has grown in the usual way.

Yours faithfully,

Evandale, Beattock, Dumfriesshire. GEO. PORTEOUS SCOTT.

SHEEP FARMING

SIR, Some of us who hail from sheep-breeding districts where flocks usually run to several hundred head, are apt to look upon the man who keeps 50 or 60 sheep as a very small-scale producer. But to see sheep breeding on either a really large or a really small scale one must go abroad. At one end of the scale is the Australian flockmaster with his hundreds of thousands of sheep, and at the other end is the farmer (?) of Heligoland, whose single animal is tethered out like a cottager's goat. The photograph shows one such sheep on the top of the Island of Heligoland.

Yours faithfully,

London, W. 1. G. B. HONY.



WHERE ONE SHEEP IS A FLOCK
(See Letter "Sheep Farming")

TREATMENT OF ADDER BITES

SIR,—With regard to the correspondence in the *Field* re adders, my late parents' mode of counteracting the effects of the sting was as follows. The heads of adders were cut off, taking precaution that the poison sac was not damaged as far as possible, the heads were then preserved in strong salt pickle for a short time and then tied up in strong paper and hung up on a special hook in our kitchen; if a human being or an animal was stung one or more of the packets was taken down and mixed up with some water, endeavouring to get the poison well mixed in. Some of this decoction was administered as a drink and the rest was used to wash the wound caused by the bite. I have seen this method of treatment used on dogs with very satisfactory results.

Yours faithfully,

Glenshiel Forest, Ross-shire. COLIN CAMPBELL.

THROSTLE'S ST. LEGER

SIR,—May I add to the excellent and interesting story of Throstle's St. Leger which appeared in your issue of September 9th?

I remember so well reading about that St. Leger in John Porter's book, *Kingsclere*, issued about 1896.

He tells the story against himself. He thought he had got Matchbox better than ever, and was of opinion he could beat Ladas; so he had his limit bet of £100 on Matchbox, and saved on Ladas.

You can imagine his feelings when his other starter won at 33–1!

And this on the top of his repeated lectures to young fellows on the folly of betting! No wonder he caught the first train he could!

Yours truly,

London, W. H. H. P.

DUNLINS AT PLAY

SIR, Some years since, when I was bird-watching on Breydon, I observed a single greenshank feeding on a moist mudflat, hopping on one leg as it searched the holes of the red mudworms (*Nereidæ*), and so persistently that I felt sure the bird had lost a leg by gunshot. But presently the bird straightened the hidden member. I have since occasionally met with wading birds minus a leg, with the stump perfectly healed.

I saw a far more interesting display of hopping on July 28th, when a native punter rowed me to Breydon. Quite a hundred dunlin, locally known as stints, had settled on a wet stretch of mud bared by the falling of the tide. They remained standing on one leg, the other entirely hidden; some were asleep, the remainder so confiding that, although we pushed the punt's nose to within arm's length of the nearer birds, they eyed us listlessly. Among the crowd was a solitary curlew sandpiper. Then came to us a great surprise, for every bird began hopping around and about each other, with one leg tucked up out of sight, for quite five minutes. Then a leader piped a note, and they rose without haste, made the usual seesaw flight and quickly settled on a promising flat, and began examining every little "low," or puddle for nereids and for small crustaceans marooned in tiny pools.

Yours truly,

Ibis House, Yarmouth. A. H. PATTERSON.

The Perfect Round—

DON'T BE VAGUE ORDER



Haig

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE



THE MELTON HUNT BREAKFAST, BY SIR FRANCIS GRANT, THE ORIGINAL OF WHICH HANGS IN BELVOIR CASTLE AND IS ONE OF TWO PAINTINGS OF THE BREAKFAST WHICH LED TO MUCH CONTROVERSY IN THE "FIELD" A FEW YEARS AGO

The names (from left to right) are given as: The Earl of Eglinton (seated), Mr. Massey Stanley, The Earl of Wilton, The Count Matriserre, Lord Gardner, Mr. Little Gilmour (seated), Mr. Lyne Stevens, a footman, Sir Frederick Johnstone, Bart., Lord Rokeby (seated), Lord Forester, Lord Kinnaird, Mr. Roland Errington, and Lord MacDonald

FAMILIES FAMOUS IN SPORT—No. 3

The Dukes of Rutland at Belvoir

Part I.

WHEN the Conqueror was busy dividing the spoils among his followers he allowed one Robert de Todeni to build himself a castle at any spot he cared to choose and take for himself all the land that he could see from it. This seemed handsome enough, and handsome being as handsome does, Robert de Todeni after, no doubt, considering the matter from many viewpoints responded handsomely. He chose Belvoir. Nor could he have done better. For from the Castle at Belvoir, north and south and east and west, the eye could carry over an apparently illimitable prospect, and a prospect as fair as any in England. Here Belvoir Castle stands to-day as the home of the Dukes of Rutland, direct descendants of the nobleman from Normandy.

A lineal descendant of this Robert, William de Albini IV of Belvoir, had a daughter and heiress, Isabel, who married Robert, first Lord de Ros (the oldest barony in England), and at the beginning of the sixteenth century their descendant Eleanor, the heiress of Edmund Lord de Ros, married Sir Robert Manners of Ethale, an ancient Northumbrian family. Their son, the twelfth Lord de Ros, was created in 1515 the first Earl of Rutland, and was a nobleman of sufficient prescience to ingratiate himself with Henry VIII, and not everybody could do that! It was he who finished the rebuilding of Belvoir, which had been demolished by Lord Hastings after the Wars of the Roses. From that day on Belvoir has been in the possession of the Earls and Dukes of Rutland (the dukedom was created in 1705) and the influence that the family of the Manners has had in the Midlands can hardly be exaggerated. The Barony of de Ros passed in the seventh century through the female line to the Dukes of Buckingham and is now held by Lady Dartrey.

Throughout this long history the men of the family have been remarkable for their stature, their good looks and their love of the chase. In the old days of chivalry they were second to none in the tilting yard; and among their own people at Belvoir they gave the lead in the sports of their day—archery, falconry, and hunting the deer. In later times, however, Belvoir and the Dukes of Rutland are inseparably connected in the mind with foxhunting, and it is with this side of their activities that an article such as this must deal.

It is then to the family of Manners in the last 205 years that we will turn. John, ninth Earl of Rutland and first duke, was noted for his love of field sports. He was a great supporter of hunting the stag (he and his supporters dressed in green coats), and we find in Nicholl's Leicester that "the chase deer belonging to the Duke of Rutland range in considerable numbers over the Vale and the adjacent part of the hill country; yet, through the liberality of the family and their regard to the interests of the farmer they are fewer than in former times, when the tillage of the soil was loaded with the heavy expense of nightly watchmen for the preservation of their crops." The first duke died in 1711, and his successor, a victim of the scourge of smallpox, survived only to 1721, but the third duke may be regarded if not as the father of modern Belvoir and of foxhunting, at least as a very important ancestor. He it was who returned to Belvoir from the other home of the family, Haddon Hall, in Derbyshire.

"JOHN OF THE HILL"

Duke John—"John of the Hill"—had an agreement with the Earls of Cardigan and Gainsborough and Lords Gower and Howe for pooling the expenses of a joint hunting establishment. Each party put up £150 to the expenses, and hounds were to be kennelled from October 15th to the end of November at Croxton Park; from December 1st to the end of January at Cotsmore; and to the end of March at Thawston. "The size of the hound to be kept shall not exceed 20in. in height nor be less than 19in. There shall be a steward, one huntsman, six whippers-in and *two cooks* [!], to be chosen, turned off, paid and disposed of by the majority of the said party." The arrangement was not without those minor frictions which are to be met with in similar combinations to-day, as there is still at Belvoir a large number of letters (nowadays it would have advanced to the dignity of a "file") concerning a large cauldron, used for cooking the hounds' food, to which both Lord Gainsborough and the duke laid claim!

From the break with Lord Gainsborough in 1732 dates the foundation of the Belvoir pack as we know it, for the duke would appear to have hunted over his estates and the Lincolnshire side of the present Belvoir country. It may be noted here that hound pedigrees at Belvoir date from 1756.

FOXHUNTING AND SOLDIERING

The third duke lived till 1779 and survived his heir (the famous Marquess of Granby). He lived and hunted at Belvoir till late in life, as also did his illustrious son. He was succeeded by his grandson, whose wife Lady Mary Isabella Somerset—"Duchess Isabella"—was of a family whose part in the history of the chase is no less distinguished than that of the Manners. But before passing to the fourth duke mention must be made of the Marquess of Granby.

No Englishman of his day was better known or more popular than he. There is not a county in England where the swinging inn signs with his bald head do not bear testimony of this. He lived through the earliest period of foxhunting. He saw that animal's status raised from vermin to that of a carefully preserved beast of venery. The third duke had hunted, like other English nobles, the hare and the stag; and then he had forsaken both to hunt the fox. There is at Belvoir (as at Althorp), one of the earliest pictures by Thomas Badeslade, who lived 1719–50, of a fox being hunted in existence; it shows deer in the foreground, but it is unmistakably a fox that is being hunted. Granby, a future commander-in-chief, is one of the first English soldiers to be schooled out foxhunting, and represents the beginning of the association of pink with scarlet. His eye for country was well known. There can be little doubt where he got it from.

Nor were the Marquess's tributes to Diana the only votive offerings that he made—Bacchus and Venus took an occasional offering. Horace Walpole at Vauxhall notes that "we picked up Lord Granby, arrived very drunk from Jenny's Whim [a Chelsea tavern], where he had dined with Lady Fanny, and left her and eight other women and four men playing at Brag. He would fain have made over his honourable upon any terms to poor Miss Beauclerc, who is very modest, and did not know at all what to do with his whispers or his hands. He then addressed himself to Miss Sparre, who was very well disposed to receive both. . . ." Lord Granby was Commander-in-Chief and commanded our forces in Germany during the Seven Years' War. But he spent as much of his time as he could at Belvoir, and there is no doubt that he was Master in the field in about 1766. His immense popularity among all classes cannot but have added to the popularity of foxhunting. In those days hounds would be out early in the morning, and would strike off the line of a marauding fox returning early homewards. He died in 1770 before succeeding to the title. In his lifetime he had seen the rise of foxhunting. During that time Mr. Meynell's famous regime had begun, Badminton was firmly established as a home of foxhunting, and at least a dozen other packs were in existence. For foxhunting had come to stay.

A LONG MINORITY

Nine years later "John of the Hill" followed his son. His grandson succeeded him at the age of 25. His wife, Duchess Isabella, was a woman of great beauty and strong character. She was an accomplished horsewoman, and very fond of fishing, a sport which the family enjoyed when they went to the hunting box of Croxton Park to escape the splendours of Belvoir. The management of the hounds was largely in the hands of a Mr. Thomas Thoroton, of Screveton, an old friend and connection of the Manners family. When the third duke went to Ireland as Viceroy he had the general control of the Hunt, especially in matters of money, while Lord George Cavendish and Sir Carnaby Haggerston acted as Field Masters. In connection with the question of money, the Hunt expenses in 1791 are not without interest. They totalled £775 10s., of which the largest items are £100 for 125 quarters of oats, and £49 "to Sundry bills of Flesh for ye hounds." Besides which we find flannel shirts for huntsmen, £2 19s. 6d., and "To Mr. Lord for the loss of sheep drove into the river by the hounds, £3 3s."

Charles, fourth Duke of Rutland, died in 1787 and the estates passed to his nine-year-old son. The long rest afforded by the minority re-established them completely from the inroads which his predecessors had made in them. During his minority the hounds were in the capable hands of Mr. Percival. He had brought them to Croxton Park, where he lived, and he appointed Newman as huntsman, one of the first of a long series of great Belvoir Hunt servants.

The duke came of age in 1799. It is said that £60,000 was spent on the celebrations. Five years later he took over the Mastership of his hounds, which, after Mr. Percival's Mastership, were in a very flourishing state. He engaged the famous



THE MARQUESS OF GRANBY, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY
By permission of the National Portrait Gallery

"Gentleman" Shaw as his huntsman. Shaw was a man who was supposed to be of good family and was renowned for the courtliness of his manners. His methods suited a young Master. He had a decisive style, and was quick in casting hounds, though he had suffered from a lack of patience. The reputation of their combination was made by a great run in their first season together, on December 10th, 1805. The final extract from the Belvoir Diary must suffice to describe it. "Farthest point eighteen miles, stopped fourteen miles from find. Time three hours. Messrs. Forester, Berkeley, Craven and Vansittart; the latter had not been with the hounds. The view is that there was no change. Never entered any coverts except Sir John Thorold's plantation. The pace was extraordinary." Shaw retired in 1816, and was succeeded by Thomas Goosey.

The castle which the duke and his duchess (daughter of the Earl of Carlisle, who was Byron's guardian) had been building up since he came of age was destroyed by fire in that year. In this fire many fine pictures, including fourteen Sir Joshua's, were destroyed. However, the duke, and his duchess in particular, set to work to rebuild the present imposing structure, which dominates the Belvoir countryside to-day, but in 1825 Duchess Elizabeth died. She was a severe loss, for she was a real "great lady" of her time, and the life at Belvoir of those days has been unerringly sketched for us by Disraeli as the Beaumanoir of Coningsby.

BRUMMELL AND THE REGENT

Beau Brummell was a constant visitor at Belvoir at this time, as was his friend the Regent, but it is doubtful if he was ever in any sense a foxhunter, other than socially; but he could ride respectably, and was always well mounted. But besides these, Belvoir was the rallying ground of all those Meltonians who were making hunting history at the time. Men like Lord Alvanley, who thought "what fun we should have if it were not for the d—— hounds!" the Duke of Dorset, Mr. Delmé Radcliffe, the then Sir Watkin Wynn, the handsome Lord Villiers (afterwards Lord Jersey), Lord Forester, Mr. Cholmondeley, and the duke's two Tenth Hussar brothers, Lord Charles and Lord Robert.

The Duke retired from active mastership after the death of his Duchess, and was succeeded by his nephew, Lord Forester. Three years later he ran a dead-heat for the Derby with Cadland, but the Manners have never come into the same prominence on the Turf as in the hunting field. He gradually gave up going out with his hounds, but he took up shooting with zest, and it was he who introduced pheasants into the Belvoir woods.

By this time Goosey was thoroughly established as huntsman, and young Lord Forester was finding his feet as Master. The Belvoir set of the day has been immortalised by Sir Francis Grant in the well-known Melton Hunt breakfast picture which hangs at Belvoir. (In those days there were sometimes 900 people out!) Thomas Goosey was a great huntsman at his zenith. He had other accomplishments too, for he could drink a bottle of whisky at a sitting without any ill effects!

(To be continued)



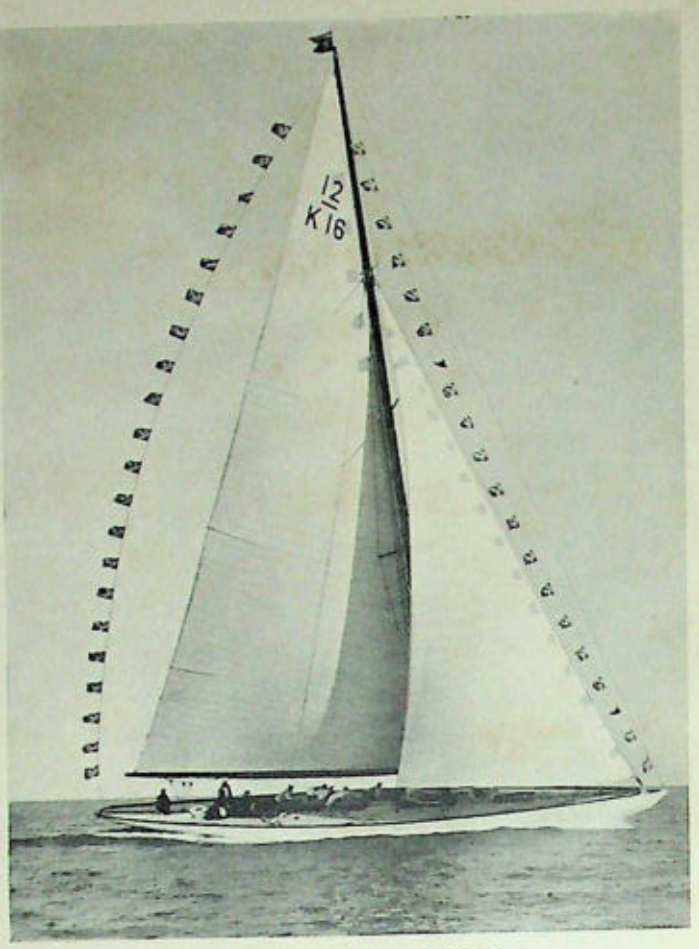
THE MELTONIANS OF TO-DAY

The Belvoir field of to-day headed by Mr. Charles Tonge, who was formerly Master of the pack and is now Field Master, moving off to Hose Thorns last season

LEADING YACHTS OF THE SEASON

Cracks of the Twelve and Eight-Metre Classes

By MAJOR MALDEN HECKSTALL-SMITH



CHAMPION OF THE "TWELVES"
Mr. Fairey's Flica, which, out of 58 starts, secured 50 wins

APART from the racing in the big class, there has been keen competition in the 12-metre and 8-metre classes, and among the "sixes" on the Clyde and at Burnham-on-Crouch. But, otherwise, had it not been for the various restricted and one-design craft round the coast, the season —especially in the Solent—would have been a poor one. In the 12-metre class, Mr. C. R. Fairey's fifth season yacht Flica was again the pick of the lot. In from light to moderate weather she showed marked superiority over the others, while in heavy going she had always to be reckoned with. After racing on the East Coast—where she gave the opening fixtures a miss—she took part in the Scandinavian regattas with outstanding success. On her return to this country she continued to live up to her reputation as champion "twelve."

She has, of course, been sailed with skill and judgment, but there must be something about her design which is particularly good. From the point of view of the sport, it was a pity that Mouette, sailed by Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith was not among her opponents. Mouette, however, has left the class for a couple of seasons, and is making her mark in American waters. It has always been an open question as to which is the better of the two boats, and it is certainly a feather in the cap of the International Rule that fifth and sixth season's boats can still more than hold their own with the newer vessels.

A HEAVY WEATHER "TWELVE"

Lucilla, also a Nicholson boat, which was unfortunately run down in Cowes Roads in her first season, was probably a faster boat than either Mouette or Flica; but, of no "twelve" at present racing in British waters can this be said. The alterations to Sir William Burton's Veronica during the winter under the supervision of her designer, Alfred Mylne, have certainly improved her, and she is now the heavy weather crack of the class. Veronica's success must, in part, have been due to her perfect handling by her owner, but even his skill would not be enough to account for her all-round excellence, and especially for her performance in a strong breeze.

One hopes, before long, to hear of another Mylne "twelve" being built, as this would still further increase the great interest the racing in this class always arouses. Mr. Glynn Terrell's Iyruna, now in her seventh season, also showed improved form. She, too, had undergone alterations during the winter. Her keel had been lowered at the forward end by "padding" on extra lead, with the result that she was stiffer and definitely better to windward. Her owner, I think, got as much out of her as was possible, but her lack of length, naturally, told against her. Still, she had a very good season and was keenly and skilfully sailed, and secured quite a long string of winning flags. Captain Bolitho's Morwenna, sailed by Sir Ralph Gore, also had a good season, but she did not do quite as well as I had expected her to. She had, I fancy, not the best of luck at times.

Mr. John Payne, owing to ill-health, was not able to race his new venture, Zoraida, as often as he could have wished, and it is to be hoped that it will be possible for him to join in the sport more frequently next season. The 12-metre class seems to be hardly complete without him. Mr. A. C. Connell's new boat, Zelita, has yet to find her best form, as her performance, so far, hardly points to the high pitch of excellence one is accustomed to associate with Fairlie-built craft.

In the 8-metre class, the racing was equally keen, and, as was the case with the "twelves," there were no new craft to dispute the pride of place with the older boats. There seemed to be very little in it between the Fife- and Nicholson-designed craft which made up the class; and here, again, Mr. J. Lauriston Lewis's seventh-season Nona held her own—especially to windward—with the newer boats. Severn did not do so well as she did in 1932, but this was not to be wondered at, as she missed Sir Ralph Gore's helmsmanship. Messrs. C. E. and A. W. Nicholson's Sagitta showed improved form, but suffered, relatively to the others, from constant changes of personnel. The dropping of the fore end of her lead keel—as in the case of Iyruna—tended towards better windward work.

Lord Forster's Variety—formerly Suzette II.—also sailed well, but the outstanding feature of the season's racing was the fine performance of Mr. Mason's Violetta, formerly Finola. Mr. Mason was a newcomer to the class, and is to be congratulated on at once taking such a prominent place in the prize list against so strong an opposition.

The news that Lord Forster has ordered a new



MR. J. LAURISTON LEWIS'S NONA
A seventh-season eight-metre which held her own with the best of the newer boats

"eight"—to be built at Gosport to Charles Nicholson's design for next season's racing—is particularly welcome, in view of the fear that a possible change in the measurement rule in a couple of year's time might have the effect of putting a stop to building for the time being.

The 6-metre class is dead on the Solent, but, thanks to the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, it has given excellent sport throughout the long East Coast season, at Burnham-on-Crouch. Here the class was made up of Mr. F. G. Mitchell's Noorna, Mr. W. B. de Ste. Croix's Zenith, Mr. J. S. Bacon's Finetta, Mr. H. S. Broom's Bathsheba, Mr. H. M. B. Squared's Nada, Mr. F. J. Murdoch's Ubu, and Mr. W. Hancock's Ancora II. Of these, the pick—in a season's very even sailing—were Finetta, Nada, Bathsheba and Zenith. A feature of the racing at Burnham-on-Crouch, which tends to make for continued popularity, is that in the usual course of events it is confined to week-ends.

THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT CONFERENCE

Questions for Discussion

THERE is to be an International Conference of yachtsmen in London next week, when all the delegates of the International Yacht Racing Union will meet to discuss certain details of yacht measurement and other matters affecting yacht racing. The most important item on the agenda is that referring to the question as to whether there shall be any change in the I.Y.R.U. Rating Rule for yachts of 14½ metres and under. This change would effect the three most popular classes amongst yachtsmen at the present time, namely: the Twelve, Eight and Six-metre Classes. No doubt slight changes will be made, but it is understood that owners need have no fear that the alterations will materially affect any of the existing boats, as the conference will be at pains to decide the best way to deal with existing boats built to the present rule so as to enable them to race with yachts built to the new rule.

Other details of the Measurement Rule which will be discussed are masts, steel and wood; the sheeting of Genoa jibs; the limit to the size of balloon jibs and height of foretriangles; the measurement of spinnakers and the trim of yachts when racing. The majority of these rules were revised at the beginning of the year and the revisions having been tested during the season the delegates to Conference will consider whether they need any further alteration or not.

RESIDENTIAL v. NON-RESIDENTIAL YACHTS

A point on the agenda that will be of great interest to yachtsmen is that which deals with residential and non-residential Twelve Metres. At present some owners of Twelves live aboard their boats, while others use them purely for racing purposes, and it is suggested that the former suffer a disadvantage in racing by reason of the additional weight of the gear carried aboard. The conference will consider how the residential and non-residential yachts may be equalised.

Other matters on the agenda for the consideration of the meeting are the question of reviving International Regattas, and International Classes, and to confirm a resolution regarding Olympic yacht races which was passed at the International Conference in 1924. This resolution said, in effect, that when an Olympic yacht race was being held in a country that race should be sailed under the rules of the governing body of yacht-racing in that country without any interference by the Permanent Committee of the I.Y.R.U. or any other National Authority.

SOLENT.

Winter Classes of the Little Ship Club.—An additional interest is given to the classes of the Little Ship Club at Beaver Hall, Garlick Hill, Cannon Street, London, E.C. 4, this year by the scheme for a yachtsman's certificate of competence which is being sponsored by certain yachtsmen with the active co-operation of the Board of Trade. Classes are being arranged with a view to providing members with the necessary information to enable them to sit for this "yachtsman's ticket." As in past years, the instructors are acting in an honorary capacity. In addition to the seamanship and navigation classes which will be held on alternate Mondays as before, there will be classes in first aid and in signalling, held on alternate Tuesdays from 7 to 8 p.m.

NIGHT WATCH IN KENYA

Elephant and Rhinoceros While You Wait

NO one who has not experienced it can imagine the great delight there is in studying the habits of wild animals at close quarters in their natural haunts; and when to this interest is added comfort and safety, the experience is well worth the while of those who are too sedentary or middle-aged for the more active forms of studying game.

An account has recently appeared in the *Field* of the tree-top observation post started in the Aberdare Forest by the Outspan Hotel, Nyeri, Kenya, and it was here that I spent a most interesting night, 40ft. above the ground on a platform with two rooms built on it and a large verandah skirting them. The party consisted of the owner, Mr. W——, Mr. B——, and Mr. and Mrs. T——. Soon after arriving I heard a slight sound below, and decided that some of the native porters must have remained behind. I crossed the room to the front verandah and looked out, and there below me, walking out from the bushes under the tree into the clearing, was a huge rhinoceros. I could scarcely believe my own eyes. We had chosen a full moon, as game was scarcely expected in daylight. Here, as early as 3.30 p.m. and within two minutes of placing the salt, was one of the wild beasts we had come to see. He must have been unpleasantly near during our activity. I watched him spellbound. How much larger than I had thought! Was he really so dangerous? He moved quietly and surprisingly slowly, and it was hard to believe he could at any moment turn at express speed across the intervening space.

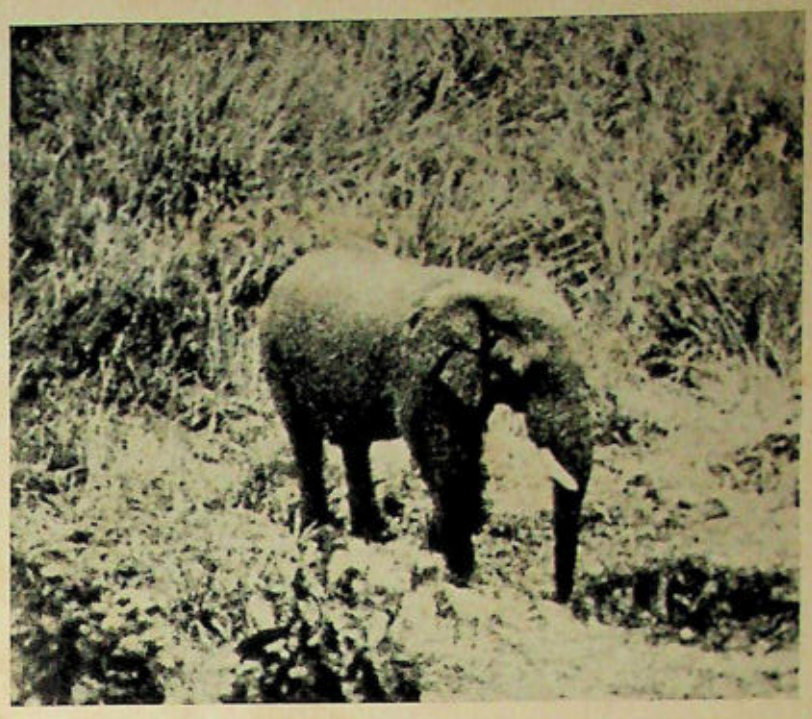
He paused awhile, then quietly sauntered into the bushes ahead.

Presently a red forest duiker appeared and approached the salt lick slowly and timidly. At this moment the others arrived and mounted the tree.

At the same time a large bull rhino came into view on the far side of the clearing, and was soon followed by a cow rhino and her calf. This was more than we had hoped for. We impatiently waited for them to advance closer before possibly disturbing them with the clicking of the camera. We stood, without movement and without sound, as they slowly advanced. The two large rhino faced each other with lowered heads and stood for a while with noses touching. As they moved forward again we took cinematograph pictures with a Bell & Howell Filmo camera. Suddenly they seemed suspicious, faced us with a quick movement, and with a loud snuffling snort gazed in our direction. We felt sure they had scented us, but to our intense surprise and excitement discovered that their attention was riveted on an elephant that had come quietly out into the clearing just below us. We cast excited glances at one another, but did not dare to move to a more favourable position for photography. The elephant moved to one of the salt licks and knelt down to scratch out the salt with his foot, and as he got up we snatched the opportunity of taking a few feet of film. He then moved out of sight—perhaps, we thought, disturbed by the slight sound of the camera. Judging by his complete indifference later, this supposition was incorrect.

The three rhino moved forward to the salt licks, and gave us an opportunity to record their movements on the cine-film; then the bull rhino disappeared into the reeds to wallow, and the cow and calf proceeded to the farther side and entered the only visible patch of water to drink, afterwards moving off slowly into the forest ahead of the glade.

After a short interval the elephant returned to the salt lick; he lifted a clod of earth with his trunk, but flung it aside immediately. He seemed to enjoy a great feast of salt for about fifteen minutes, when again the cine-camera quietly reeled off a few feet, but the light was fast fading. One or two stills were obtained with the small Leica camera. A



THE ELEPHANT GETS BUSY



RHINO AT THE SALT LICK

far-distant aeroplane droned in the forest silence, scarcely louder than a buzzing insect, and the elephant trotted quickly into the undergrowth beneath and to the right of our tree.

Silence reigned; then at 6.20 a red duiker appeared, delicately stepping across the clearing with tail flicking rapidly. He advanced to drink with many timid glances around, and the nearer he approached to the water the more timid he seemed to become; but at last he achieved his purpose, before the droning of the aeroplane was again heard, when he hurried off at the sound.

As darkness crept on several barks and snortings were heard, and the sound of monkeys. Bird sounds increased in a gradual crescendo, then died down; and frogs began to croak. It was now too late for photography, but we hoped for opportunities in the morning.

An elephant again visited two of the salt licks, the second time at 7 p.m.; but although the moon had risen, the light was dim, as it was not above the trees. A rhino was again seen with the spot light at 7.15.

As we were finishing our dinner we heard sounds, and located a large elephant, with the spot light, looking reddish-brown in colour, and apparently eating reeds on the farther side of the pool. In about ten minutes he emerged with wet, black legs which looked for all the world like boots in the indistinct light. What treasure, we wondered, had he found in the mud. He wandered slowly out of the arena to the left background.

At 8.55 an elephant appeared at the salt lick in the left foreground (up to now not as popular as the others).

The moonlight by this time was almost as bright as day with that magical brilliance peculiar to moonlight in hot countries. The patch of salt gleamed white against the dark background. The enormous pachyderm had arrived at the spot without the faintest sound. It seemed nothing short of miraculous that a monster of his bulk and weight could have covered the distance across the glade without disturbing a twig or dead leaf.

From 9 to 12.30 elephant mooched round the salt licks and pool, then disappeared finally—each entry being faithfully noted in the diary, by the light of the moon.

Between 1 and 2 a.m. rustling sounds were heard under our tree, as of some large animal moving about. All of us, with anticipatory thrills, crept out on to the chilly verandah.

A single rhino emerged, looking huge in the bright moonlight and close below us. He was soon joined by a second, coming from another direction. They snorted, then stood with noses touching in salutation for some little while and eventually following each other across the clearing, disappeared.

We heard the sawing sound of leopard, but they did not put in an appearance, much to our disappointment.

About 4 a.m. a single rhino returned to the left-hand salt lick, and after a while sauntered to the pool, then away to the left background, and disappeared.

At 4.30 a.m. a small animal, about duiker size, stood for some while at the left-hand salt lick, scarcely moving.

At 6.45 a small grey hyena came into view on the far side of the pool and crossed to the left background, his short hind legs giving him that gait, peculiar to hyenas, of having been kicked. This time the camera was ready, but he was of a retiring disposition, and kept to the shadows.

Not one of the four-footed creatures had looked up to our tree-top, nor had they seemed to sense us in any way. They had eaten some 240lb. of salt, for all the salt licks were empty by the morning. Two hours after putting it down elephant and rhino were eating it within 25yds. of where we were drinking tea.

K. T.



A VIEW OVER THE CLEARING FROM THE TREE TOP



NO TIME TO LOSE

A Harlequin player about to retrieve the ball from a loose rush in the match against Bath

LONDON RUGBY ON TRIAL

Match-Winning Team Work Against the Provinces

LONDON Rugby clubs have always been curiously haphazard in arranging their season's fixtures. There is no sort of agreement among them designed to assure spectators of a more or less even distribution of matches, with the result that there is sometimes scarcely a match of any importance around London, while at other times there is a clashing of four or five matches which every Rugby enthusiast would like to see.

A case in point occurred last Saturday, when five of the leading Provincial teams were engaged in matches in London, and spectators who went to any one could be perfectly certain they were missing something good on another ground. At Richmond we had Bedford opposed to Richmond and Bradford opposed to Rosslyn Park. A short distance away Bath were playing the Harlequins at Twickenham; at Honor Oak Plymouth Albion were meeting Guy's Hospital, and the United Services were visiting Blackheath.

A very little foresight and agreed organisation about the clubs would avoid this sort of clashing, to the benefit of the clubs themselves (who last season were beginning to complain of lack of support) and of spectators, who have few enough opportunities of seeing the leading Provincial sides.

These matches are always of special interest as trials of the strength of London Rugby, and it is not always that the London clubs show to such advantage as they did last Saturday. In the five home matches already noted Richmond were the only team to lose, and they were badly handicapped by the loss of a player in the first half.

The Harlequins convincingly beat Bath, and J. C. Gibbs had opportunity to show that he retains his remarkable pace. He scored two tries in a way that only his speed makes possible.

In addition to beating the Services at home, Blackheath, with their extra first team, beat Birkenhead Park at Birkenhead, and even the Old Millhillians succeeded in drawing with Northampton at Northampton.

KEEPING TEAMS INTACT

Many of the Provincial clubs give more attention to team selection than London clubs. They aim at a more settled policy, with as few changes as possible, and for this reason they often give an impression of greater efficiency, if not actual brilliance, than London teams.

Bedford, for instance, brought to Richmond a team only one player different from that which defeated Blackheath a week previously. As it happened Richmond had only made one change from the side which had beaten the Old Leysians the week before, but Richmond have been one of the most varied of London teams in the last few seasons and would certainly be all the better for fewer changes.

Bedford showed clearly the benefit of real team development. Though they are one of the most progressive of Midland teams, they are by no means a side of stars. At scrum-half they have an outstanding player in W. A. Sime, who has played in an English trial, but there was not much individual genius about the other backs. Yet when the back division were on the move there was a formidable air of efficient cohesion about them; generally they gave their passes well and cleanly, when they tried a short punt ahead it was usually neatly done, and they were not afraid to try a surprise move or two.

Their forwards were on the whole lighter than those of Richmond, and this enabled Richmond for some time to neutralise their loss of a man in the scrummages; but the Bedford forwards were able to bring off the 3—4—1 formation with considerable success, and in the open they were as lively as one could wish to see.

WEIGHT PLUS SPEED

In truth the dashing, not too heavy type of forward seems to have developed more in the Midlands than in London, where weight is still considered as equally important as speed. The Bedford forwards set a great pace and kept at it well enough to enable their backs to pull the match off after Richmond had gained a lead of 8 points.

It is worth noting that this lead of Richmond's was obtained by means of two dropped goals. The first was an extremely neat drop by H. P. Crabtree, who, as the ball was passed to him in front of the posts, seized the only possible moment to make his kick, almost at right angles.

The second dropped goal was such as an opposing side must blame themselves for allowing. The ball came out from a scrum in the Bedford twenty-five, and was at once passed back to the stand-off half, J. L. Reid, who had time to stand still and take careful aim before deliberately making his kick. Bedford were very slow there.

Both Crabtree and Reid have shown exceptionally promising form for Richmond so far, and if the club can keep the back division more or less settled it should be stronger than last year's. They have two good wing three-quarters in A. G. Butterworth and W. A. H. Chapman, the latter being one of the elusive as well as speedy type. On Saturday he played in the centre, and at times fairly nonplussed the Bedford defence by his rapid changes of direction and acrobatic dodging.

It was a pleasure to see G. G. Aslett playing as well at full back as he used to do in the three-quarter line. Once, indeed, he could not resist taking a hand in a three-quarter attack, and, appearing from nowhere, so to speak, spurred on an attack which had been held up. As a full back he conveys that impression of sureness which gives so much confidence to a team.

Richmond, on the whole, have the makings of a fine team, working well together. The forwards are a powerful lot, and the fact that they held the Bedford pack so well after Bowman had been taken out to act as wing three-quarter spoke volumes, for Bowman is one of the biggest and strongest of them—Bedford discovered this when they tried to stop him on the run.

F. I. W.



I have received a large number of enquiries from readers of the "Field," asking just exactly what the Nithsdale Scheme of Silver Fox Farming is, and how it can benefit those abroad who wish to begin at once, while still serving, to provide for their eventual retirement. "The Argosy of The Nithsdale Silver Foxes" explains fully the whole procedure, and this will be sent free and post free to any reader of the "Field" who is seriously interested. It cannot be too strongly emphasised that it is much better to begin several years before the actual date of retirement, and to build up the herd with time and not money. No "ranching fees" payable in cash are ever accepted by me, payment for the upkeep of the client's herd being effected by a proportion of one-third of the litter; the Nithsdale Guarantee safeguards the owner from the possibility of having a blank breeding year, and full insurance against all risks by Lloyds for a moderate premium, ensures complete protection of the capital sum. Silver Fox Farming is emphatically NOT suitable for those who desire the "bright lights," but for a man coming home from abroad who requires a quiet country life, with unlimited shooting and fishing, and congenial companionship, there is nothing to compare with Fox Ranching at Nithsdale. I am prepared to erect suitable houses for approved clients, at a moderate rental, and plans of these will be sent to any seriously interested enquirer.

The experiences of Mr. Pepys at Nithsdale will be continued in the next issue of the "Field."

T. Milross

The Proprietor of The Nithsdale Silver Fox Ranch, Thornhill, Dumfries, Scotland.

New Books

MACAULAY WELL-MATCHED

Stables and Stablecraft—Gorillas Again

HAD one been asked to choose a biographer, among contemporary writers, for the great Duke of Marlborough, and supposing that there existed no ties of blood to open up new sources of information, and to provoke a pardonable enthusiasm, one could hardly fail to have chosen Mr. Churchill. It is just the subject for a canvas of his in the grand manner. Nor is his first volume in any way a disappointment. He makes no pretence of impartiality, though he presents what he believes—or occasionally, possibly, hopes—to be the truth, and he has given us an intensely vital historical portrait, which takes its place as a classic on the very day it leaves the publishers. It is the most important work written by a non-professional historian since Lord Rosebery ceased to write. And it is more impressive than anything Lord Rosebery wrote.

John Churchill has never had anything approaching fairness from his fellow-countrymen. He is without question the greatest soldier we have ever produced. Nobody denies that. But do we admit the fact other than grudgingly? We do not like these "brilliant" generals. We like character, we tell ourselves. Haig (who *was* a great man) or Roberts (who was a man greatly to be admired). Yet John Churchill, apart from his extraordinary talents and his long string of victories, was adored by his men and his staff, just as Haig or Roberts was. There are too many lingering prejudices. He was a turncoat. He accepted bribes. He accepted money for his *liaison* with the King's mistress. He betrayed the very cause of his apostacy.

Mr. Churchill deals with these accusations very thoroughly. He lays about him with a wealth of invective, and an extraordinary historical flair. Macaulay is the villain of the piece. It is not likely that the modern Macaulay will spare him. "There is no treachery or misconduct of which Macaulay's malice has accused Marlborough in the field of action which is not equalled, were it true, by his own behaviour in this domain of history and letters over which he has sought to reign." And again: "It is certainly odd that Macaulay should censure Marlborough because 'though he drew a large allowance under pretext of keeping a public table, he never asked an officer to dinner.' He has confessed that he accepted a seat on the Supreme Council of India in 1843 mainly in order to accumulate a fortune, and he managed to save annually the greater part of his salary of £10,000 by living below the style expected in the East from officers of the highest rank."

THE ENSIGN OF THE GUARDS

This book deals with the life of John Churchill up to the death of William III. It leaves most of the best to come and deals with much of the most dubious. Nobody can deny that Mr. Churchill has dealt with the incident connected with Barbara Duchess of Cleveland, sensibly enough. The fault lies not with the handsome boy of twenty, but with the morals of the age. Equally Churchill's apostacy from James to William, which cannot be discussed here in detail, was, though possibly differing in degree, no different from that of most of the rest of the Lords and Commons of the realm.

The third incident, the Camaret Bay Letter, is dealt with at great length. Briefly it is often insinuated and not infrequently accepted that Marlborough informed the French of the landing at Brest in 1694. Mr. Churchill will have none of it. He does not defend. He rejects. He lays about Macaulay. He lays about half the historians of the last 200 years. He asserts "that the Camaret Bay Letter, the only one of these documents purporting to be even the copy of a letter, is more likely, from the circumstances in which it was written and from internal evidence, to be a fabrication than any of the other Nairne Papers," and "that there is no evidence worthy of the name that Marlborough was ever in act or intention false to the cause for the sake of which he abandoned King James at Salisbury." One cannot weigh fully the exact value of his arguments at one fairly close perusal. Suffice it to say that Mr. Churchill has made a most convincing case. Will Professor Trevelyan reply?

The marriage of John Churchill and Sarah Jennings is one of the few marriages of great men which have been sublimely successful. It was an ideal marriage—even Macaulay admits it. But that does not spare him. "It must have been a very sharp descent for the glittering blade, lover of the King's mistress, daring Colonel of England and France, and friend or rival of the highest in the land, and for the much-sought-after Sarah to come down to the prosaic exacting necessities of family life. However, they loved each other well enough not to worry too much about external things. This was a strange beginning for the life of a man who 'in the bloom of youth loved lucre more than wine or women.' It is beyond our hopes to overtake Lord Macaulay. . . . We can only hope that Truth will follow swiftly enough to fasten the label liar to his genteel coat-tails."

John Churchill was a great and an often misjudged man. His biographer has been long in coming. But he has not failed him. R. M.

(*Marlborough. His Life and Times. Vol.* 1. By The Right Hon. Winston Churchill. (Harrap; 25/-.)

ALL ABOUT THE HORSE

Common Sense and Good Cattle

IN an admirably arranged volume, which he has well-named *Saddle Up*, Captain F. C. Hitchcock has, so far as is possible on paper, explained the principles of the art of riding and stable-management. As the author has learned himself in the hard school of practical experience, and, further,



JOHN DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH

From the picture at Althorp, reproduced in "Marlborough, His Life and Times." Harrap.

can write very nearly as well as he can ride, this book should meet with an immediate response from all those interested in the horse, be they man, woman or child. True, there are many books on horsemanship, and possibly more on stablecraft, but it is always refreshing to read someone else's view, and when that person happens to be an expert on his subject it is an added pleasure.

From the universal question of selection of the horse, through saddling and bridling to the advanced aids, Captain Hitchcock brings us up short with side-saddles, of which he is an outspoken advocate. And which really looks best, the lady astride or the one in all her pride of management on a side-saddle?

The answer may well be found in the galloping Shires, where practically every woman rides side-saddle, and many of them beat their menfolk, too.

When he deals with stable management the author is sound, and on only two points do I disagree with him. Firstly, I am no advocate for feeding horses from the ground level, because, surely, it teaches horses to eat their bedding, and though it is the natural way for a horse to eat, the horse in a box or stall is certainly not kept in natural conditions. Is not the only way to abolish all hayracks and troughs, and feed from a hay net the best method, and most economical one of all? And then as to care of the feet; Captain Hitchcock advises the use of hoof oil and hoof brushes, both of which are detrimental to the horse's feet, choking, as they do, the many thousands of tiny ducts which communicate with the nerve centres of the foot. Neither oil nor water brush should ever be applied to a horse's foot, for I have found—and Mr. Lynwood Palmer will bear me out—that there are more cases of lameness from this than any other.

Quite the best part of the book, or, at least, the portion which I read with the greatest pleasure, is the glossary of terms used in stable management, which bring back to my mind the smell of leather and saddle soap in the saddle-room, and the talk of the ringside at many a show and Irish fair. Captain Hitchcock set himself a difficult task when he commenced this book. It is not easy to write about either horses, hunting or racing without arousing a storm of criticism about one's ears; but he has accomplished it manfully, and the result is a thoroughly sound, well-balanced book which will appeal to expert and beginner alike. Nor will it lose any of its charm and interest from the fact that the majority of the illustrations are drawn by the author—a decided asset in any work of technique, as surely the writer can express his ideas and methods to a nicety, and not through the medium of another hand. W. F.

Saddle Up. Written and illustrated by Captain F. C. Hitchcock, M.C., with a Foreword by Sir F. Hobday. (Hurst & Blackett; 10/6 net.)

AMERICA DISCOVERS AFRICA

Old Wine in New Bottles

THIS is a series of articles dealing with the fauna of Africa, by the late Carl Akerly, the American sculptor and taxidermist, and Mary, his wife. (The tragedy of the death of the former on Mount Mikeno, in the Belgian Congo, in 1926, will be fresh in the minds of many.)

It is addressed to "young people and their elders," and contains notices on the lion, buffalo, wild dog, hippo, leopard and gorilla. With the exception of the last-named, the data given is mostly of an elementary nature, but Mrs. Akerly has availed herself, without stint, of the experiences of Percival, Hobley, Stevenson-Hamilton and Patterson.

It is a curiously irritating reflection that the names of the earliest Nimrods in Africa appear to be quite unknown to American big-game authors. Gordon Cumming, Baldwin, Judd, Huntley and Finaughty mean nothing to them. Mrs. Akerly writes their epitaph succinctly enough in the words, "There were various methods of hunting lions before the automobile came in Africa to stay."

Inconsistently enough, whilst condemning the behaviour of "an American shooting from the high seat of a car, who killed 28 lions and wounded 29 more, which he made no attempt to finish off," she makes it evident that her own safari included "observation cars, well protected with guns and gun-boys," with which the party adventured fearlessly amid whole prides of lions.

Less well-trodden ground is broken in the rain forests of Mikeno, Karisimbi and Bishoke, where dead volcanoes tower above the tropic loveliness of Lake Kuri, and where Mrs. Akerly spent two months of bleak discomfort. It was here that her husband, in 1921, had shot five gorillas and fired at babies and females for and on behalf of the American Museum of Natural History. He was also successful in photographing the gorilla in group formation. Describing his combination of sport—or business—and photograph-taking, he says: "At last, feeling that I had all the photographs I could hope to get from the band, I picked out one which I thought to be an immature male, and shot. To my regret, I found it was a female. However, she proved to be such a splendid specimen that my regret was considerably lessened. Unfortunately, one of the babies belonged to her. The little one was hurried off quickly by the rest of the family and was crying mournfully as it went." H. N.

Lions, Gorillas and their Neighbours. Carl and Mary Akerly. (Stanley Paul; 12/6.)

A NOVEL OF THE LAKES

THERE must be a time in everyone's life when they try to escape from the rush and stress of everyday life. It was at such a period in his life that Mr. O. S. Macdonnell, living out in Burma, wrote his first novel, *George Ashbury*.

The tale opens in London, and we learn that George Ashbury, having been left penniless, having had an unsuccessful love affair, is accused of forging a cheque in his uncle's name. Knowing that he has been trapped, George visits his uncle with the intention of thrashing him, but in an ensuing struggle for the possession of a pistol the uncle is shot dead. Realising his position, George makes for the North, and finally becomes a member of the household of Moses Rigg.

Rigg, who owns a quarry and spends his spare time running a very profitable smuggling business, ably helped by his three sons Rueben, Joseph and William, while his daughter, Ruth, keeps the accounts of the dealings from the quarry. Mr. Macdonnell then deals entirely with the lives of the Rigg family, and his hero's life with them.

There is humour and romance here, and if the style is simple, it is fitting that it should be. The author is not, perhaps, a second Hugh Walpole, but he is interesting and readable. W. G. L.

George Ashbury. By O. S. Macdonnell. (Selwyn and Blount; 7/6.)



SIR WILLIAM EDEN
From a drawing by Prince Paul Troubetskoy
From "The Tribulations of a Baronet." (Macmillan)

ARTIST AND FOXHUNTER

An Eighteenth Century Milor'

SIR WILLIAM EDEN was a man born out of due time. He had a place in the eighteenth century; he had a place under the Regency. But he had no place in the order of things created by Arnold of Rugby. The eccentric milor' hurrying across Europe in his chariot is recognised; the same milor' stamping with rage because his *wagon-lit* has red curtains is an anachronism. Nevertheless he represents a certain definite English type which still existed up to 1914, and of which, though in a very different way, the last Lord Ribblesdale might be taken as a pattern.

He was a man of parts, a fine horseman, a fine conversationalist, a fine painter. He was an incisive writer, and a good friend. Yet the inconsistencies of his nature, together with his ungovernable temper, left him at the end with much of disillusion and little of achievement. His son, the present head of the Eden family, has written a very illuminating sketch. He has taste and insight, and a gift of fine prose. Perhaps he may accomplish in letters what his father never achieved in art.

He was a fine horseman and a successful Master of the South Durham, a pack with as fine a country as any outside Leicestershire. Mr. George Lambton records of him in this memoir: "On one occasion, when drawing a covert rented by the late Sir Ernest Cassel, who then hunted with the South Durham and Lord Zetland's Hounds, a rather bumptious member of the Hunt said to him, 'You won't find here; Cassel has the foxes put down.' He replied: 'That is what should be done to you,' and turned his back on him, while the next moment a fox was holloed away." On another occasion Lord Zetland told Champion (his huntsman) to stop hounds as they were entering Sir William's coverts during a shoot. Champion got on a fresh fox and ran all through the coverts. "'I see it is a case of Lord Champion and Mr. Zetland with these hounds' was Eden's comments at the end of the hunt."

He was a good shot, and he loved entertaining parties, but he was not in the accepted sense an ideal host. He "was careful to place himself to the best advantage. If through some change of wind or unaccountable reason the birds did not come to him, he did not wait to watch them streaming over the heads of his friends, who were thoroughly enjoying themselves. Immediately he seized his shooting stick, and the shout was heard, 'Higher up! Higher up!' as with impatient movements of his hand he waved on the line of guns until he found himself in the desired position!"

Yet though this was what he probably enjoyed most, the artist in him rebelled against much of it—the conventions, the country neighbours, even the flower beds. He was of the artists, but he could never be *with* artists. His love of material comforts, and his sense of the fastidious prevented that. He was the artist in hunting pink, the baronet strayed into the Latin Quarter. In each he was respected for his achievement. In neither was he ever understood. He was a water-colour artist of a very high order, and he was a man of the highest sense of beauty. For all these qualities he achieved nothing, except possibly the amused regard of a few friends, and the veneration of his tenants and workpeople. They understood him, but they were, of course, terrified of him. All except Mr. Smilton, his headkeeper, "a large handsome, gentlemanly, bearded, awe-inspiring Scot, whose serene dignity, spats and magnificent clothes set him on a plane apart not only from the ordinary run of bloody, grubby gamekeepers, but from the guns whose embarrassing duty it was to tip him. . . . Not even his master was able to shake Mr. Smilton's dignified composure, and on the worst day recorded, when weather, dogs, drives, shooting, everything went wrong, the only reply to the shouts, the damning and the tumult was a stern 'I think we'd better-r-r be going home now, Sir William.' And Sir William went."

Sir Timothy Eden has drawn an attractive picture, and he has drawn it well. And at the end of the book its dominant figure, for all his inconsistencies and waywardness, has won a great measure of sympathy. R. M.

The Tribulations of a Baronet. By Timothy Eden. (Macmillan & Co.; 7/6.)

THE THREE KENWORTHYS

From Sailor to Politician

LIEUT.-COMMANDER THE HON. J. M. KENWORTHY'S autobiography may be divided into the story of the three Kenworthys—that of a young naval officer's career from 1902 until the War, that of the advocate of naval aggression during the War, and that of Kenworthy the politician.

The few chapters devoted to early memories are among the most interesting; tales of the "Spit and Polish" era, incidents of naval transition in gunnery, tactics and machinery, and descriptions of life in the Far East. There were halcyon days in Japan and never-to-be-forgotten snipe and duck shooting on the Glory marshes near Wei-hai-wei. It was a passion for shooting which terminated the author's career as first lieutenant in the Hussar. This torpedo-gunboat had been converted by Admiral



COMMANDER KENWORTHY TIGER SHOOTING
From "Sailors, Statesman—and Others."
(Rich & Cowan)

Sir Charles Drury into a very fine yacht for service in the Mediterranean. When at Valona Bay, in Albania, Admiral Drury and other senior officers determined to shoot woodcock at a famous covert. The Hussar's first lieutenant also determined to have a day ashore shooting in another part of the thickets. Unfortunately the party decided to change their plans, and Kenworthy found himself shooting in the place they intended to beat. The situation was a strained one.

As a member of the "Young Turk's" party the author's ideas of naval policy differed from those of the Admiralty, especially in the conduct, or non-conduct, of operations against enemy submarines. That he was unpopular in high quarters is hardly a matter for surprise when interviews with the Prime Minister took place in which high appointments were freely discussed.

His activities we are informed led to the formation of the new Plans Division of the Staff, the organising of the convoy system and concentration of all available allied craft and skill in combating the submarine menace.

There is a serious allegation that a real naval surprise against submarines was sacrificed by the neglect of coastal motor boats, and when the surrender of the German Fleet took place and scuttling resulted we are informed that "hints were dropped to the effect that we much sympathised with a gallant enemy who preferred naval *hara-kiri* to the humiliation of being surrendered as prize to the two Latin navies whom they had never met in battle."

In the political arena the gloves are taken off against all and sundry, and Commander Kenworthy gives the impression that the solution to most of our post-war troubles lay in his hands.

A visit to India resulted in an insight into the difficulties of the Indian States, and sport, including a tiger shoot with the Maharajah of Alwar.

"I got a good tiger in Alwar State. He charged my elephant and then swerved off, and I got in two .420 express bullets. Alwar gave him two more .470's, and I changed rifles and hit him once more through the backbone with a .350 bullet. Each one of those five shots should have killed him. The first four were behind the shoulder, and my second bullet just missed the heart. Yet he ran back 30 yards, and then lay in a nullah. We walked him up with elephants and found him stone dead, but he had charged back 30 yards, and would have killed a man on foot. His skin measures 9ft. 9in. in length. . . . "

The Indian Princes asked if Kenworthy's name could not be put forward for Viceroy. They wanted a young man of political experience and courage and sympathetic to Indian aspirations. "The Princes added another reason. They wanted a sportsman as well; and I had not disgraced myself with rifle and gun in their States." R. N. R.

Sailors, Statesmen—and Others: an autobiography. By Lieut.-Commander the Hon. J. M. Kenworthy, R.N. (Rich & Cowan; 18/6.)

SHOW BENCH OR COVERT-SIDE?

Plain Words on Dog Breeding

THIS book deserves a very genuine welcome not only for the wealth of information it provides on every conceivable breed of dog, but also for the very courageous and outspoken opinions which are expressed in it.

The origin, the history and the original characteristics of no less than 90 breeds of dogs are described, and many useful hints are given regarding the health, training, breeding and choosing of a puppy. Many hints the author has to offer I have not seen suggested before, and are admirable, and for these alone the book is well worth its place in the dog owner's library. His instructions for training dogs in avoiding traffic should be learnt by heart and practised by all who possess dogs, for in these days of crowded roads and fast-moving traffic the exercising of dogs not so trained becomes a nightmare. He also advocates most wisely that every dog, regardless of breed, should be taught the elementary lessons in control, such as dropping and walking to heel, with which every gundog is familiar. How much happier would both owner and dog be if such simple acts of discipline were insisted on!

It was a delight to read his remarks on training setters to retrieve. Why this is so rarely done has always been a matter of amazement to me, for setters with their magnificent noses make superlative retrievers which, when carefully trained to combine with their setting instincts, make the ideal gundog for many shoots.

The Dog will probably be welcomed more by the owner of useful and working dogs than by keepers of show specimens, for Mr. Dickie is obviously a lover of the former and despises—sometimes quite rightly—the latter, and the man and woman who take such pains to breed out of them all the useful characteristics which our forebears took so much trouble to evolve. His denunciation of those breeders who have slowly but surely ruined such magnificent dogs as the collie, the Cocker spaniel, the terrier and the bulldog, to mention but a few, is long overdue. Some breeds have been ruined probably beyond recall, but there is yet time by careful breeding to recover the lost and valuable characteristics of some of the others, and one can only hope that a race of judges who share Mr. Dickie's opinions may arise and evict many of the present prize-winning types from the big shows throughout the country. Only thus can we once more hope to expect brains and performance in dogs which once served a useful purpose, but now are only a travesty of the true breeds whose names they bear, and so unjustly represent. D. L.

The Dog. By James Dickie. (Hutchinson and Co.; 6/-.)

Trumpeter Sound! By D. L. Murray (Hodder and Stoughton; 7/6 net). A thrilling yarn of life in the cavalry in the days of the Crimea. Historical characters such as Lord Raglan, Lord Cardigan and Captain Nolan are brought vividly to life again, and the cavalryman's life from barracks to Balaclava colourfully etched against a deep and sinister plot.

E. Wingfield Stratford is a penetrating analyser alike of social foibles and political movements, and his book, *The Victorian Aftermath* (Routledge; 12/6), repays a careful perusal.

Witherby's have issued the very readable *Confessions of a Planter in Malaya*, which we recommend, a story of simple life with plenty of adventure and keen observation of native ways.

AUTUMN ANNOUNCEMENTS

I LOOK BACK

Memories of Fifty Years

By **ARTHUR COMPTON-RICKETT, LL.D., M.A.**

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With a Foreword by the Right Hon. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P.

Daily Telegraph—"Much ground is covered in a pleasant and smooth fashion. Mr. MacDonald's foreword gives an interesting glimpse of journalism and journalists of the old school."

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Mrs. Cran is known all over the world as a gardener whose knowledge and understanding of gardens have resulted in many books of intense interest. This new volume reveals the author in her most enchanting vein.

THOMAS HARDY, O.M.

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William Teeling, the well-known author-politician, has produced a book that reveals the real groups and influences that make up the U.S.A. of to-day. It contains many amusing and interesting descriptions of American life.

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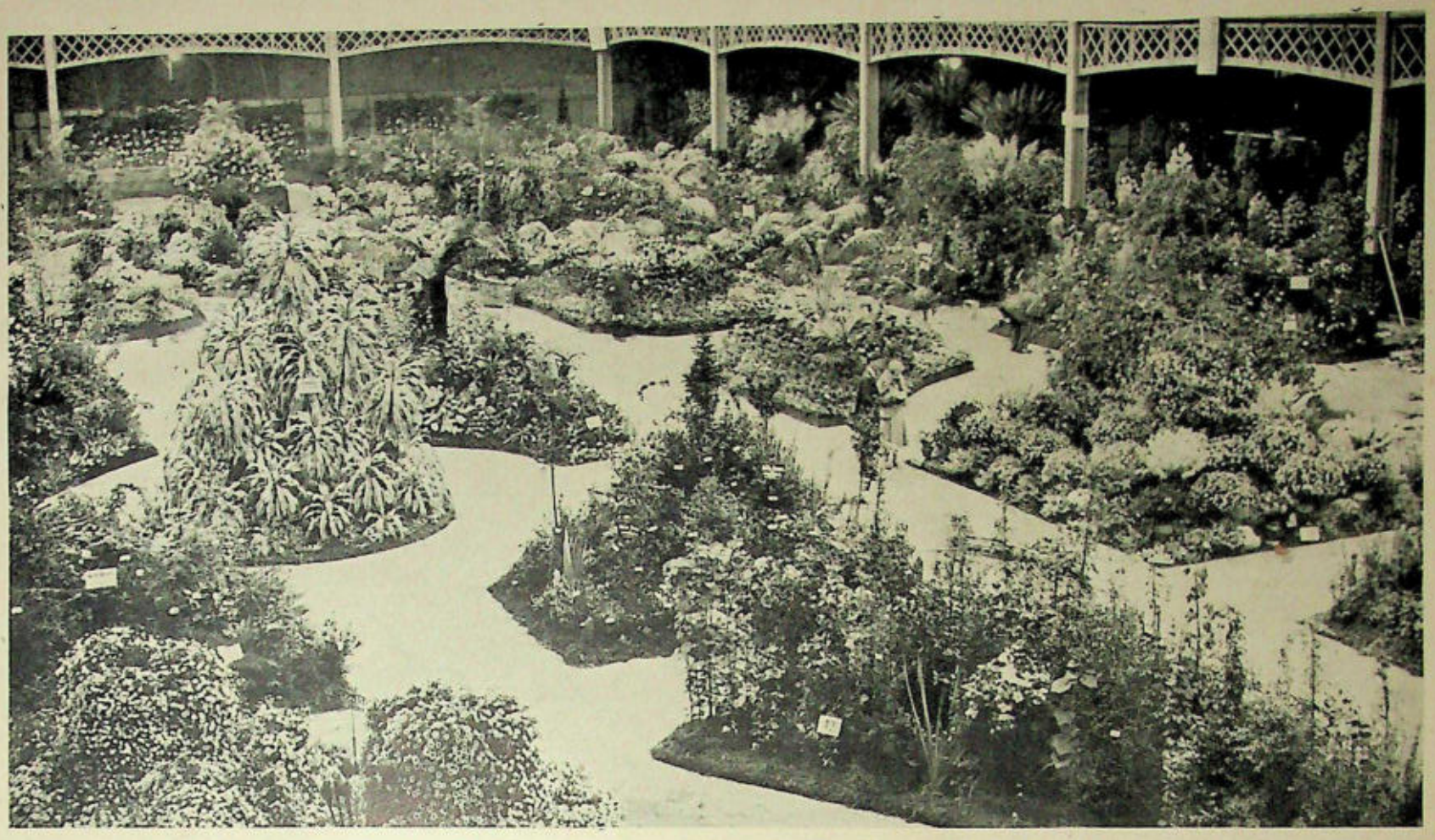
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MASSES OF GORGEOUS AUTUMN BLOOM: THE EMPIRE HALL, OLYMPIA, WHERE LAST WEEK'S HUGE FLOWER SHOW WAS STAGED

The Country House

OLYMPIA'S GREAT FLOWER SHOW

A Pick of Outstanding Autumn Plants and a Selection of Fine Dahlias

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

MANY plants at the Royal Horticultural Society Show at Olympia struck me as being particularly valuable as decorative plants. One of the most interesting of all for the border or rock garden was shown by Mr. Ingwerson of Sharpethorne, East Grinstead. This was a dwarf and most graceful late-flowering little Kniphofia, about 18in. high—*Kniphofia Galpini*. Colour in the rock garden at this time of year is always scarce, and this Kniphofia with its grass-like foliage and dainty orange blooms is a gem. I noticed that every plant was full of buds as well as blooms, which indicated bloom well into November, and Mr. Ingwerson told me that it is perfectly hardy even in his bleak part. The "red-hot pokers" commonly grown are only fit for the border, and useless for indoor decoration, but this new treasure is obviously most useful for the latter purpose.

Mr. Ingwerson had also a fascinating little Pernettya, only about 6in. high—*Pernettya Tasmanica*—loaded with vivid cherry-coloured berries. Amongst rareties, he had *Erigonum depressum niveum* (from the Rocky Mountains), Cornish moneywort, and a variegated kind and *Celmisia sessiflora*.

VALUABLE AUTUMN HEATHS

The autumn flowering heaths are amongst the most valuable rock garden plants at this time of year. Messrs. Maxwell & Beale were showing fine specimens of *Erica vulgaris* H. E. Beale, the double-flowered variety that received the Award of Merit from the R.H.S. It flowers from September to November. They also had the delightful *E. vulgaris Serlei aurea*, conspicuous at all seasons even when not in flower for the beauty of its golden foliage, which in mid-winter turns a fine scarlet; *E. vulgaris hibernica*, a most useful late-flowering kind, with very bright pink flowers; and the upright form *E. vulgaris hibernica hyemalis*.

Messrs. Rogers were showing a particularly attractive tangerine-colured double poppy—*Meconopsis auriantica plena*—suitable either for the rock garden or the border.

Amongst Messrs. Ladham's exhibits I noticed an attractive *Hypericum patulum* with vivid coral berries, quite unlike the rather dull berries of the type. Also a good new aster, Northern Star, and some fine heads of aconite *Fischeri* and *Wilsoni*, two of the most valuable tall-growing late-blooming blue-flowered plants. It is odd how seldom these fine monkshoods are grown in small gardens, for they are just as easy of culture as the common monkshood. *A. Wilsoni* attains quite 7ft., a good pale blue or rather pale violet flowered plant for the October border. *A. Fischeri* is more of a lilac shade, and grows about 3ft. high.

Messrs. Marchant (Keepers Hill Nursery) had a number of interesting plants conspicuous for the beauty of their autumn foliage, amongst them being *Quercus coccinea splendens*, with leaves like smouldering fires, *Rhus Osbeckii*, *Pyrus commixta*, *Berberis Wallichiana*, *Enkianthus recurvus* (with curious incurved leaves) and *Euonymus oxyphyllus*.

Their lovely Michælmas daisy Rosemary was exhibited by Messrs. Burkwood & Skipwith. It is charming in daylight, and curiously effective in artificial light. There was also a delightful snow-berry with variegated foliage which, amidst the wealth of reds, yellows and golds of autumn leaves, is always attractive. One of the best things shown by this firm was *Lycium chinense carnosum* with its beautiful berries.

Dahlias, asters, roses and late gladioli were naturally amongst the most striking exhibits. How much larger, one wonders, will dahlias become? The rich purple dahlia, The World, seems very popular amongst exhibitors, but it always strikes me as a very heavy looking flower. Messrs. Bath of Wisbech had a superb display, the individual blooms being amazingly fine. Amongst Messrs. Carter Page's dahlias I was very struck with the lovely Madame A. Breuls (decorative), the flowers a soft rich rose tint, with good strong stems (4½ft.); Thomas Leavitt (decorative) with enormous but not heavy blooms, tawny gold with a suggestion of salmon (4½ft.); Miss Belgium (cactus), a rich orange scarlet; and Charles G. Reed, with huge petunia-coloured flowers. Pride of San Francisco is as striking as Pride of California, the colour of San Francisco, however, being a glorious salmon pink. The sensational *Daily Mail* dahlia will presumably soon be in every garden.

I notice that dahlias with clear lemon-yellow flowers invariably make those near them, however fine the colouring, look muddy, and consequently these clear yellows need very careful placing in the border. Notably, the fine varieties such as St. Fagans Baby Royal (3ft.), a miniature cactus dahlia that was awarded a gold medal at the Wisley Trials, does not seem to attract popular attention at shows. Yet this is one of the finest and most striking bedding dahlias. In a border it never looks so showy. Amongst the beds of dahlias in Regent's Park there is one of Baby Royal, near the bridge by the Cornwall Terrace entrance, and in spite of the magnificent dahlia border behind this bed of Baby Royal attracts every eye. The flowers are a rich flesh on a yellow ground.

Jersey Beauty is a universal favourite, yet though invariably described in catalogues as 5ft., grows usually more like 7ft., and in a mixed border, unless placed with other giants, it looks too tall. Northern Beauty is quite as beautiful a flower, but not such a giant in stature. Red, yellow, tangerine, gold, and so forth, are still the prevailing colours amongst dahlias; but at a time of year when these colours prevail in the whole countryside, the dahlias I find the most attractive are the rich lavenders such as J. W. Davis and T. Hay, and cherry reds such as Mrs. R. Hepburn, Cherry and Charmer. Cherry-red and lavender-coloured dahlias grown in clumps near each other are a glorious spectacle.

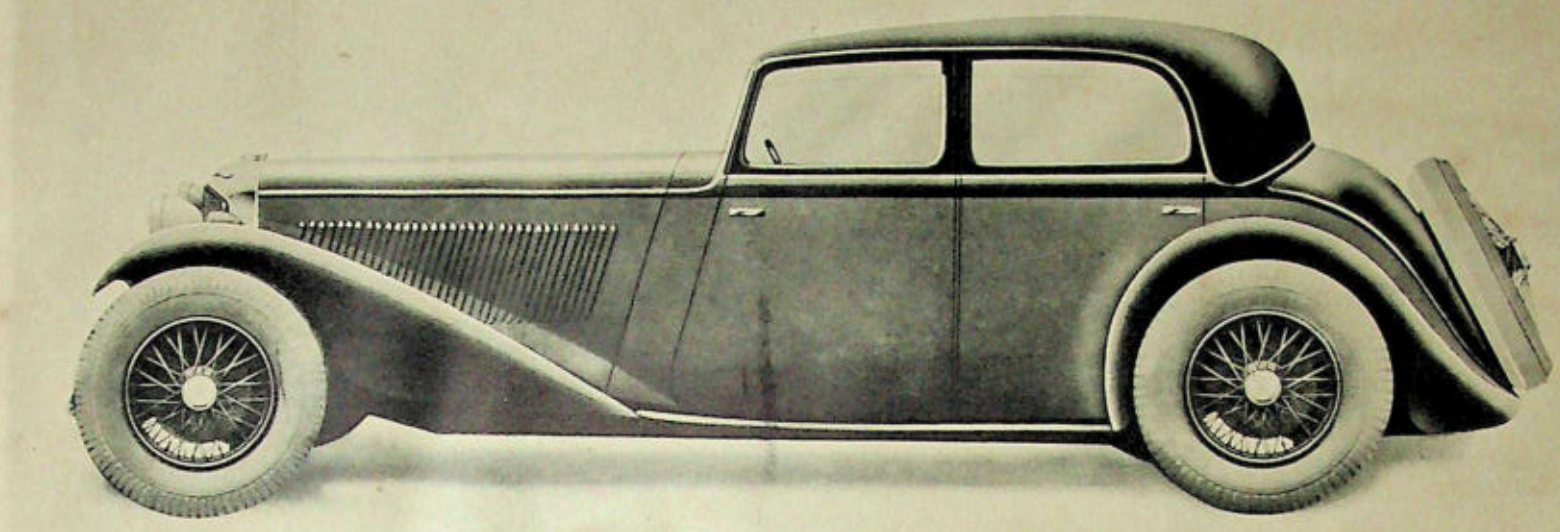
UNUSUAL COLOURINGS

Messrs. Dobbie had some wonderful gladioli, considering how late it is for them. I was particularly attracted with the unusual colourings of David Audrie, Mrs. H. McLaren and two rich petunia-coloured kinds, Ludwig von Beethoven and Inspector Berger.

Lovers of cacti must have been fascinated by Mr. Neale's remarkable exhibit. He had no less than 340 different species and varieties, and all staged in botanic order. His exhibit included fifteen new cacti discovered this year. Amongst the most fantastic was a freak type of *Lophocereus* from Lower California, the specimens being almost painfully suggestive of certain types of modern sculpture. Also from Lower California was the cactus commonly known by the descriptive name of "creeping devil"—*Machaerocereus eruca*. As this amazing looking plant makes its "creeping" growth, the lower part dies. Amongst his greatest rarities was a type (apparently a new species) of *Leuchtenbergia*, and an *Epistoa* from Peru, a plant of which there are very few specimens in this country.

I am always fascinated by new varieties of vegetables. The surprising shapes and colurs of the new cucumbers, tomatoes, peppers, egg plants, etc., seem to me more suitable when arranged in big bowls for indoor decoration in ultra modern rooms than for mere culinary purposes. Messrs. Sutton had a wonderful collection, as usual, perfectly staged. There were purple, scarlet, green and gold climbing beans; peppers of every shade and colour; and gourds which looked almost artificial egg-shaped striped cucumbers. I noticed last year that baskets and bowls of these vividly coloured vegetables were almost as popular as flowers as Christmas gifts.

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR



"AN ABSOLUTE THOROUGHBRED"—THE NEW BENTLEY FOUR-DOOR SALOON

WHAT THE NEW BENTLEY REPRESENTS IN CAR CONSTRUCTION

A Wonderful Combination of Speed and Comfort—Travelling on Top Gear at Over 90 Miles per Hour—Real Road Holding Powers

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

THERE is no firm in the kingdom that can safeguard a secret better than Messrs. Rolls Royce, Ltd. This fact has been proved over and over again in the past. Ever since this famous firm bought up the Bentley concern, speculation has been going on as to what type of car they would eventually decide on building.

Now the secret is out, and a few days ago I was invited to go round to Conduit Street to see and try the new car.

One's impression, when seeing the new 3½-litre Bentley for the first time, is that here we have an absolute thoroughbred. Its low build, its graceful lines, and yet sturdy appearance, all make for a car capable of high speed, combined with the utmost safety and comfort. This impression was intensified when I had had an opportunity of handling the car under very adverse road conditions.

ROLLS-ROYCE INFLUENCE

On raising the bonnet, one is immediately struck with the similarity between this power unit and the one fitted to the 25 h.p. Rolls-Royce, even though the Bentley engine has been specially designed in every way, and not one part of this motor is interchangeable with that of the 25 h.p. Rolls-Royce. Anyone would immediately realise, without being told, that the new Bentley was designed and built at the Rolls-Royce factory at Derby.

The engine looks, at first sight, to be on the small side, but it feels very much the reverse when the car is under way and the accelerator is depressed. This impression, I feel sure, will be shared by many others. It is really amazing; when driving the car, the man at the helm is almost inclined to believe that he is handling an engine of nearly double the capacity of what it really is.

Before describing the road performance of the new 3½-litre Bentley, I would like to give a few technical details of what is undoubtedly the very best sports type of car that has so far ever been offered to the public.

The engine is a six-cylinder, having a bore of 82.5 mm. and a stroke of 114 mm. The capacity is 3,669 c.c., and the R.A.C. rating is 25.3 h.p., the annual tax, therefore, being £26.

SMOOTH RUNNING

The overhead valves are operated by push rods and the cylinder head is detachable, there being two valves per cylinder. Owing to the form of combustion chamber which has been evolved, the maximum amount of power is obtained with the minimum degree of detonation. It is interesting to note that actually this unit develops over 120 b.h.p., which means more than 30 h.p. per litre, yet, notwithstanding this fact, it would be impossible to handle a sweeter or a smoother running motor, either at high or at low speeds. The pistons are made of a special aluminium alloy, and the crankshaft is carried on seven large bearings. Ignition is by a 12-volt battery and coil; situated under the bonnet is a spare coil, as well as a spare make-and-brake. There is one sparking plug per cylinder, and the control of the ignition is automatic, or can be varied by a lever on the steering wheel in the usual manner, if desired. Two S.U. carburettors are employed in conjunction with a special silencer to ensure quiet running. The petrol consumption works out at between 16 to 17 m.p.g.

Cooling is effected by means of a pump, and the temperature of the water is governed by a thermostat, which in turn controls the radiator shutters. Forced feed lubrication is employed to all the crankshaft bearings in the usual manner.

The gearbox is a wonderful piece of work. It is fitted with four speeds and reverse, the lever being on the right-hand side. Top and third speeds are of the synchro-mesh type, and, in addition to this, a silent second is fitted. Both third and second gears, in consequence, run so quietly that one's passengers would believe that the top speed was engaged. A small gate is employed, and the operation is so simple that the barest novice could not fail to make perfect changes from the very start. Regarding the transmission, a Hotchkiss type of drive is employed, which is provided with two oil-retaining metal universal joints, one at either end.

The steering is of the worm and nut type, and I have no hesitation in stating that it would be impossible to handle a better steering gear.

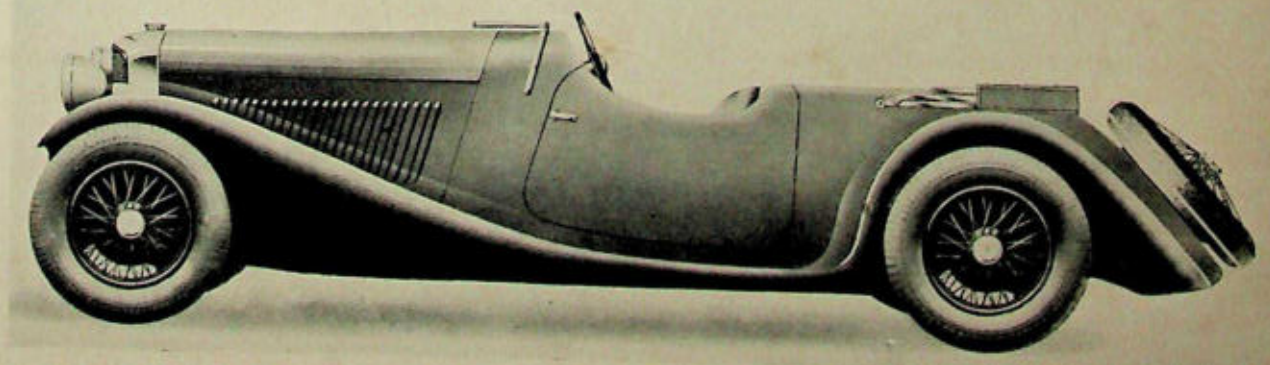
The suspension is by means of long semi-elliptic springs, which are assisted by special hydraulic shock absorbers. The brakes are servo operated, there being six pairs of shoes in all. Two entirely separated shoes come into operation on the rear wheels when the hand-brake is used—an exceedingly good practice. Another point worth mentioning is the fact that, although a servo motor is employed, the brakes are equally powerful, whether the car is moving forwards or backwards. Chassis lubrication is carried out by means of a centralised system, which is operated by a small foot pedal, conveniently situated, which forces oil to all the important parts of the chassis

PETROL RESERVES

The petrol tank is situated at the rear of the chassis, and contains 18 gallons of fuel, having 2 gallons in reserve. Petrol is fed to the carburettors by means of two pumps, and although one pump is quite sufficient for the purpose, the second one is there in the unlikely event of a failure occurring. The wheelbase is 10ft. 6in., the track 4ft. 8in., the overall length 14ft. 6in., and the weight of the chassis, complete with oil and petrol tanks full, is 22cwt.

The lock is decidedly good, as the turning circle to the left is 39ft. 7in. and to the right 40ft. 1in. The minimum ground clearance is 6in.

After the conclusion of my run, I came away full of enthusiasm, as the new 3½-litre Bentley is the most



THE 3½-LITRE BENTLEY TOURER
"The best sports type of car so far offered to the public"

amazing proposition which it has ever fallen to my lot to handle.

On top gear a speed of well over 90 m.p.h. can be reached, the ratio being 4.1 to 1. Third gear is 5.1 to 1, with a speed of 75 m.p.h. Second gear is slightly over 7 to 1, and a speed of 54 m.p.h. can be reached on this gear. Bottom has a ratio of 11.3 to 1, and in the ordinary way this gear would only be used for starting away on a hill. The maximum safe revolutions of the engine are 4,500, and at this speed over 120 b.h.p. is available. A large speedometer and engine revolution counter are fitted, the latter having a red line clearly marked over the 4,500 r.p.m. reading.

THE BEST TEST

Although in the past I have owned several Bentley cars, all of which have afforded the utmost satisfaction, never has such a Bentley been turned out previously to compare with the new product.

The engine, steering, suspension and brakes are absolute perfection. How can I express my admiration for this new product in more glowing terms than this? I have never driven a car that holds the road so well, and to appreciate the new Bentley at its best I would suggest that it be taken out on a day when the roads are really wet and treacherous, and the driver will be amazed at the way the car can take corners without budging an inch from its normal course.

The price of the chassis complete with equipment is £1,100, or with standard four-door saloon body, £1,460. That the new Bentley will be a tremendous success is absolutely certain.



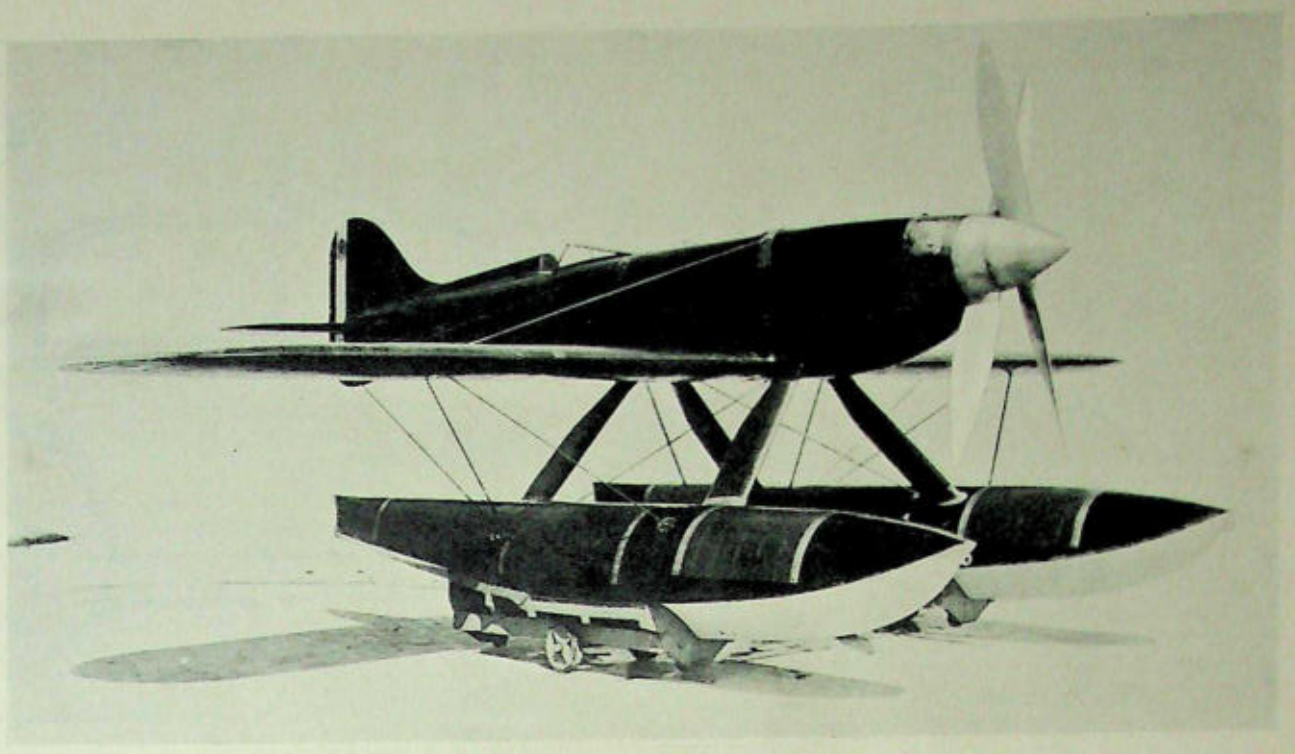
OUT TO REGAIN RECORDS

Mr. John Cobb photographed at Croydon Aerodrome, en route for Montlhéry, where he hoped to break 15 world's records

AT MONTLHÉRY THIS WEEK

DESIGNED with the special object of breaking the world's record for 24 hours, the Napier-Railton car used by Mr. John Cobb at Montlhéry track, near Paris, was built early this year to the plans of Mr. Reid Railton.

The power unit is a huge twelve-cylinder Napier aero engine, and the car, designed round it, was built regardless of cost. The back axle alone cost £400!



ITALY'S WORLD AIR SPEED RECORD PLANE

The Macchi-Castoldi machine in which Warrant Officer Agello made his record of 426·502 m.p.h.

AIR RECORDS AND THEIR VITAL IMPORTANCE

Why We Must Regain Our Lost Honours

By THE MASTER OF SEMPILL, A.F.C., F.R.Ae.S.

Aviation Editor of the "Field"

IN last week's issue the vital need for re-establishing Britain's air prestige was discussed: it is natural that this should suggest the question: "Are records as important as they seem?" The answer is clear, they are the most convincing way of proving to the world that actual technical leadership has been gained.

Those who incline to the view that records are unnecessary, advance the argument that the record-breaking machine is almost always something of a freak, and that its relation to the ordinary aeroplane is very remote. This is obviously an overstatement of the case.

The record-breaking machine, whether for speed, distance, or height, is not so much a freak as an anticipation of what conventional design may become in a few years' time. It tests out, under actual working conditions, definite, practical theories.

For example, the Schneider Trophy machines as they stand could not be considered as of practical use for civil or military purposes. But they have taught lessons that to-day no designer could afford to ignore. In the development of the machines, engines and airscrews for the Schneider Trophy contest many useful lessons were learned which have been translated into the high performance military aircraft produced, as for example, by the Fairey and the Hawker companies. The success that was gained by us in capturing the Schneider Trophy for all time, led to very substantial orders being obtained from foreign countries for the complete, or partial, equipment of their air forces, very largely by material supplied from the two firms mentioned.

Record breaking and record making provide the stimulus that every creative worker needs and aircraft design is definitely creative work. In every branch of science the research worker can carry on with his experiments in the wind channel and elsewhere until he comes to a point at which practical proof is demanded. That is what record breaking provides. It tests material and personnel in a way otherwise virtually impossible; and by showing what can be done under favourable circumstances, it sets a definite practical standard to which designers strive to rise.

From the technical standpoints alone records are vital to progress.

But even more important is the effect of records on world opinion. There is nothing to equal them as advertisements of a nation's status in aeronautics, and they may also be taken as a measure of that nation's virility and capacity to see ahead and to branch out along entirely unknown lines. Work of this kind not only demands the very highest standard of scientific and technical development, but demands, too, the existence of personnel imbued with the pioneering spirit and the highest possible standards of courage.

Demonstration flights are valuable; but their relative merit is always open to debate. Who can say whether to make a double crossing of the Atlantic is more meritorious than to fly round the world? With records—world's records—that doubt does not exist. Official observation and official approval stamp each one. Each absolutely represents the highest achievement at the time in speed, distance, or height.

FALSE ECONOMY

No one can fail to be impressed by such records. Overseas buyers of aircraft material are influenced no less than the man in the street.

It seems, indeed, almost self-evident that a nation that claims leadership in the air should in no circumstances whatever be content to see its records pass elsewhere, and make no effort to recapture them. And the statement made not long ago on behalf of the Air Ministry in the House of Lords cannot fail to have an adverse effect on Great Britain's position in the eyes of the flying world.

It was stated that no specific attempts would be made to recapture records by the R.A.F., since it was felt that the risks involved were too great. To outsiders, that must appear an awful confession not only of defeat, but of complete lack of enterprise and courage.

Possibly—indeed, probably—the need for economy prompted the statement and the present policy. If that be so, then it is certainly a mistaken one of penny wise and pound foolish. For trade does follow the record; and the money that would have to be expended in building new high-speed, high-altitude, and long-distance machines would be more than repaid in a growing and healthy aircraft industry. The effect, too, of our national prestige on other industries must certainly not be lost sight of.

CHANGED CONDITIONS

On the cost question, there is one point that is worth bringing out in regard to the speed record. In the past, it has been the custom to design machines first for the gruelling test of the Schneider-Trophy contests, and afterwards to attempt the record.

Those conditions, inevitably multiplying expense, no longer obtain. We need a machine that can fly the standard course at a greater speed than any other. Considerations of seaworthiness, and ability to withstand long stretches at full throttle no longer dominate the design. It is certain that a successful attempt on the speed record could be made at a fraction of the cost of equipping and training a Schneider team; and the result would be of incalculable benefit to British aviation prestige the world over.

The aircraft industry is young. Its strength has been derived not a little from British success in establishing records. That strength must not be dissipated. The lesson of the automobile industry is still fresh in mind, for this is only just beginning to recover the position in world markets from which neglect of showmanship and public achievement deposed it. That must not happen in the air, in connection with which it must be realised that records are the key to world-wide reputation and leadership.

If we are to take advantage of what we have done in the past, then a very material change in policy and general outlook must be brought about without delay.

IN IRELAND'S WEST COUNTRY

The Many "Best Ways" of Seeing Connemara

LOOK at the map of Ireland. Trace out that portion of Connaught lying westward from Lough Mask and Lough Corrib to the Atlantic and you have found Connemara, that lovely land with the lovely name.

A pleasant cross-country train journey of four hours brings one from Dublin to Galway, the ancient "Citie of the Tribes." Here one may rest, and incidentally gather atmosphere for the forthcoming tour, for Galway is the gateway to the West of Ireland. It is a charming old-world town with narrow streets and ancient buildings, which had, at one time, important trade connections with France and Spain, hence the foreign appearance of many of the old houses. It is now a port of call for American liners.

A UNIQUE COLONY

A tour of Galway is incomplete without a visit to the Claddagh, a maze of little thatched, whitewashed cottages along the quays. "Claddagh" means "beach" and it has been for centuries the home of the fishermen of Galway Bay, and is unique in customs and appearance. These Claddagh folk form a colony of their own. Until some years ago they elected and were ruled by a king of their own. They are a race apart, speak their native Gaelic and mostly intermarry among their own. Their official wedding ring is the peculiar Claddagh ring—two hands enclosing a heart.

No sooner has the traveller left Galway than Connemara advances to meet him. Green fields become scarcer, the country assumes a more barren aspect; myriads of little grey walls criss-cross in every direction; tiny white cottages besprinkle the landscape—the reek of peat is in the air. As he goes farther west endless acres of brown and purple bog stretch into the distance. Gleaming armlets of the Atlantic eat up into the land.

And then, in all their rugged beauty, beckoning across each other with mist-wreathed heads, rise the hills of Connemara—the Beanna Beola or Twelve Bens, Muilrea, Maamturk. A thousand singing mountain streams rush down their slopes. Around their feet brown lakes invite the fisherman's attention.

SPORT IN ABUNDANCE

Connemara is the paradise of shooting men and anglers. Thousands of acres are well stocked with grouse, hares and snipe. No gun need ever be idle on those brown bogs. In winter, 'cock and wild duck abound. For those who like to bag something different there is seal shooting to be had in the numerous little bays and creeks.

Consequent on their close proximity to the coastline, the many streams flowing down the Connemara mountains are short and rapid. Most of them in their journey seawards flow through lakes holding abundant sea-trout. Many lakes hold brown trout only, while other rivers and lakes offer good salmon fishing in season.

The coastline of Connemara is so broken up and indented by the Atlantic that hundreds of tiny islands bestrew the numerous bays, whose waters, rich in mackerel and pollock, tempt the sea-angler.

Motorists will find the Connemara roads in good condition and well signposted. As in most mountainous districts the road-surface is of a springy, sandy nature so that even the heaviest rain is soaked up in a surprisingly short time, leaving no muddy pools in its wake.

The smiles of a Connemara landscape change quickly into tears—unusually big tears too—that send one scampering for shelter; but they are as quickly gone again, for in Connemara, as elsewhere in Ireland, one cannot escape the tear and the smile, in people and weather alike.

The best way of seeing Connemara—but there is no best way really, for each may choose his own best way, whether he travels by train or bus, whether he cycles, motors or walks. The railway runs right through Connemara from Galway to Clifden, with stations *en route*. A bus service also links up with Galway and Westport.

Hotels are many and good, and situated at all the vantage points in the fishing districts, in the midst of the finest scenery. For those preferring a homelier atmosphere many of the larger houses and cottages provide comfortable accommodation.

There are many, however, to whom the footway is the best, who will find their greatest pleasure in a walking tour in this west country where, on the "Brown Winds" are wafted the health-giving tang of salty sea-wrack, blended with scent of heather and brake. For them there are blue mountains for the climbing, stiff brase to negotiate, winding white roads through the hills and moors, and friendly little cottages to make pleasant the journey.

But perhaps one of the most delightful ways of seeing Connemara is a leisurely tour by motor car, with a caravan in tow. With gipsy freedom one may wander at one's will and camp here and there for a day or for days at fancy's dictate—down by the shore within sound of the Atlantic, or high up in some wild and lonely glen in the shadow of the mountains. Time then flies on golden wings.

NUALA O'KANE.



ON THE WAY TO CONNEMARA
A typical Claddagh woman in her shawl of Galway grey



PEAT-BOG, LOUGH AND MOUNTAIN: A TYPICAL CONNEMARA LANDSCAPE
Note the turf stacks in the foreground

BRIDGE

ESTABLISHING A SUIT

Necessity For Prompt Action

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

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

AN interesting and important point of play is illustrated by the following hand, which was missed by Declarer and was not, in fact, realised by him even after the event.

	♠ J, 4 ♡ A, 6 ◇ 8, 7, 3, 2 ♣ A, K, 7, 5, 3	
♠ Q, 6, 3 ♡ 10, 8, 7, 2 ◇ 9, 6, 5, 4 ♣ 4, 2	Y A B Z	♠ A, K, 10, 9, 7 ♡ 5, 3 ◇ Q, J, 10 ♣ Q, J, 8
	♠ 8, 5, 2 ♡ K, Q, J, 9, 4 ◇ A, K ♣ 10, 9, 6	

Score, game all, love all. Y deals.

THE BIDDING

Y	B	Z	A
One Club	One Spade	Three Hearts	No bid
Four Hearts	No bid	No bid	No bid

The bidding calls for little comment.

After Y's bid of One Club and B's One Spade, Z was justified in a forcing bid of Three Hearts, and Y must then put him to Four Hearts, although he has only two of the suit, as Z's bid shows length.

THE PLAY

A opened with the Queen of Spades and Z, at first sight, thought he had an "easy ride."

He expected to confine his losses to two tricks in Spades and one in Clubs. He considered his contract assured.

But it did not prove to be the case. B, seeing that he could afford to do so, took A's Queen with the King of Spades and at once led the 5 of Hearts with a view of preventing Z ruffing a third round of Spades if he had three. Z quite gaily won with Dummy's Ace of Hearts, and returned the 6, and then had three rounds of trumps to exhaust A. He then, after playing the Ace and King of Diamonds, led 10 of Clubs and "ducked." B won with the Knave and proceeded to make two further tricks in Spades, thereby defeating the contract, A B winning in all three tricks in Spades and one in Clubs.

Could Z have prevented it ?

Work it out for yourself and see if, in your opinion, he could.

It is by no means easy or obvious. You may think that after Y won the second trick with the Ace of Hearts Z should lead a Spade from Dummy in order to try to obtain a ruff on the third round. But that is easily avoided by B winning the second Spade and then leading a second trump. This line of play will not succeed.

There is one way, and one way only, so far as I can see, and it is quite subtle.

Its success is not certain without knowing the lie of the cards. But it is a good sporting chance.

The point is that by his method Z could foresee that he was certain to lose three tricks in Spades as soon as Dummy was deprived of ruffing one, and he must also lose one trick in Clubs.

How can this be circumvented ?

CORRECT PLAY

This is the play. After winning with the Ace of Hearts, at trick three Z leads a small Club from Dummy allowing B to make a trick in the suit *immediately*.

B is now in a cleft stick. Whatever he leads, Z is assured of game. B can make a Spade and lead another. But Y has still a trump with which to ruff.

B's obvious lead after winning with the Club is another trump. If he makes this Z now wins the rest. After drawing A's trumps Z gets rid of his losing Spade on Y's long Clubs. The result is the same if B leads a Heart, a Diamond or a Club.

Now, of course, the play of a small Club from Dummy at trick three is not a certainty.

It is easy to conceive positions where it might even lose a trick. B might have four Clubs and A only one, or *vice-versa*, and a ruff might be made in the suit if the winner of the first Club returns it.

The point, however, is that Z can foresee that he will never be allowed to ruff a Spade in Dummy.

Therefore he must, *before drawing trumps*, try to establish Dummy's long suit.

His only chance of doing this is by giving away a trick in it early.

Note also that after B has led a trump at trick two it would not help Z if he wins the trick with the Knave of Hearts and then leads a second Spade.

The ruff of a Spade, even if allowed, and it is not likely to be allowed, involves the use of Y's Ace and A will then be left with a winning Heart.

SOLUTION OF DOUBLE DUMMY PROBLEM

	♠ A ♡ A, 4, 3 ◇ A ♣ None	
♠ K ♡ K, Q ◇ None ♣ K, Q	Y A B Z	♠ J, 10 ♡ J ◇ Q ♣ J
	♠ Q ♡ 2 ◇ K ♣ A, 2	

There are No Trumps. Z has the lead. Y Z have to take all five tricks against any possible defence.

SOLUTION

Tricks	Z	A	Y	B
1 ..	♣ A	♣ Q	◇ A	♣ J
2 ..	◇ K	♠ K(best)	♠ A	◇ Q
3 ..	♠ Q	♡ Q	♡ 3	♠ 10
4 ..	♡ 2	♡ K	♡ A	♡ J

and Y makes the 4 of Hearts.

or

3 ..	♠ Q	♣ K	♡ 3	♠ 10
4 ..	♣ 2	♡ Q	♡ 4	Any

and Y makes the Ace of Hearts.

CHESS

TOURNAMENT AT AACHEN

A GERMAN National Tournament, held in June at Aachen, was won by Bogoljubow with a score of 7½ points out of 11. We give below a game he lost to Brinckmann, of whose attacking style of play it is typical.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE. Brinckmann.	BLACK. Bogoljubow.	WHITE. Brinckmann.	BLACK. Bogoljubow.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	24. P to K 5	B takes Kt
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	25. Q takes B	B to K 3
3. B to Kt 5	P to Q R 3	26. P to B 5 (*g*)	B to B 5
4. B to R 4	Kt to B 3	27. P takes P (*h*)	Kt to B 3
5. Castles	B to K 2	28. B to B 4	R to K 5 (*i*)
6. Q to K 2	P to Q 3	29. B to K 5	Kt to Q 2
7. P to B 3	Castles	30. K R to K sq	R takes R, ch
8. P to Q 4	B to Q 2 (*a*)	31. R takes R	B takes Kt
9. B to B 2 (*b*)	P takes P (*c*)	32. Q takes B	Q to R 4
10. P takes P	Kt to Q Kt 5	33. B to Kt 3	Q takes P
11. Kt to B 3	Kt takes B	34. P to R 4 (*j*)	Q takes P
12. Q takes Kt	B to Kt 5	35. P to Kt 5	P takes P
13. Kt to K sq	P to B 3	36. P takes P	P to Kt 5 (*k*)
14. P to K R 3	B to Q 2	37. P to Kt 6	P takes P
15. B to K 3	R to K sq	38. Q to B 4, ch	K to R 2 (*l*)
16. R to Q sq	B to K B sq (*d*)	39. P takes P, ch	K to R 3 (*m*)
17. P to B 3	P to R 3	40. Q to Q 3 (*n*)	R to B sq
18. Kt to Q 3	Kt to R 2	41. R to K 2	Q to B 8, ch
19. P to K Kt 4	P to Q Kt 4 (*e*)	42. B to K sq	Q to Kt 4, ch
20. Kt to K 2	B to K 2	43. R to Kt 2	Q to K B 4
21. Kt to Kt 3	R to Q B sq	44. B to Q 2, ch	K to R 4
22. Q to Kt 2	B to Kt 4 (*f*)	45. Q to K 2, ch	Resigns (*o*)
23. P to B 4	B to R 5		

(*a*) Threatening to win a pawn by 9. . . . Kt takes Q P. (After 10. P takes Kt, B takes B Black threatens B to Kt 4.)

(*b*) B to Kt 3 is, perhaps, slightly better.

(*c*) An alternative continuation, which is, we think, to be preferred, as it does not involve giving up the centre, is 9. . . . B to Kt 5; 10. R to Q sq, Kt to Q 2; 11. P to K R 3, B takes Kt; 12. Q takes B, B to Kt 4, with a satisfactory game for Black.

(*d*) Threatening 17. . . . Kt takes P; 18. Kt takes Kt, B to B 4; 19. P to B 3, P to Q 4.

(*e*) If 19. . . . Q to R 5; 20. K to R 2, Kt to Kt 4, then 21. Q to Kt 2, threatening B to R 2.

(*f*) Here, we think, Black had a better move in Kt to B sq (to be followed by Kt to K 3 and eventually P to Q B 4).

(*g*) An enterprising move. P to Kt 3 (with P to B 5 to follow) was a safe and strong alternative.

(*h*) B to B 4 was better. Both players were pressed for time at this stage of the game.

(*i*) Not good. With the continuation 28. . . . Kt to K 5; 29. Q to R 2. B takes Kt; 30. R takes B, Q to Q 2 followed by K R to Q sq Black could have recovered his pawn with an even game.

(*j*) Black has recovered his pawn, but his Queen is out of play, and White seizes the opportunity to start a decisive attack on the King's side.

(*k*) If P to B 4, then R to K 7. With the text-move Black threatens Q to B 6.

(*l*) Not K to B sq because of P takes P. If, instead, 38. . . . K to R sq, then 39. R to K 2, Q to Kt 8, ch; 40. B to K sq, Kt to B 3; 41. R to R 2, ch, Kt to R 2; 42. Q to K 6, Q takes P; 43. Q takes Q, P takes Q; 44. B to R 4 followed by P to Q 7 with a winning position for White.

(*m*) Not K takes P because of Q to K 6, ch.

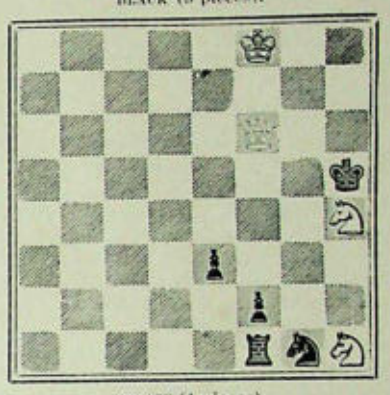
(*n*) Threatening B to B 4, ch.

(*o*) If K to R 5, then R to R 2, ch, and wins. If, instead, 45. . . . Q to B 6, then 46. R to Kt 5, ch, K to R 5; 47. Q to R 2, ch, Q to R 6; 48. R to R 5, ch, and wins.

PROBLEM No. 3721

By HOWARD LAWTON.

BLACK (5 pieces).



WHITE (4 pieces).

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3720

1. B to K 6, Any move; 2. Q, B or Kt mates.

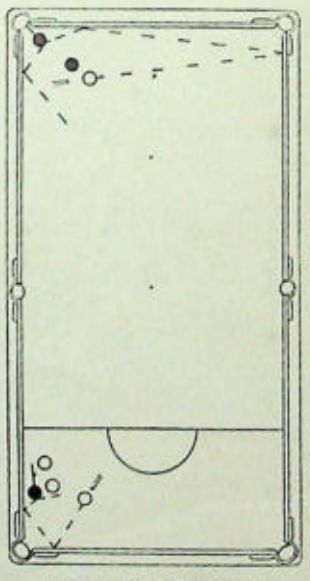
SOLUTIONS OF END-GAME STUDIES

No. 1.—1. Kt to Q 4, ch, K to B 4; 2. P to K 7, R to K 3, ch (if 2. . . . R takes Kt, ch, then 3. K to K 3, R to Q 8; 4. K to K 2 and wins); 3. Kt takes R, ch, K to Q 3; 4. P to K 8, = R, and wins.

No. 2.—1. B to B 5, ch, K to R 5; 2. P to B 7, R to Kt sq; 3. P takes R, = Kt, and wins.

No. 3.—1. Kt to B 2, ch, K to R 7; 2. P to B 7, R to Kt sq; 3. P takes R, = B, and wins.

No. 4.—1. B to Kt 6, R to K 4; 2. B to B 7, ch, K to R 6 (if 2. . . . K to B 6, then 3. P to Q 7, R to K 5; 4. P to Q 8, = Q, R to Q 5, ch; 5. Q takes R, ch, K takes Q; 6. K to K 2 and wins); 3. P to Q 7, R to K 5; 4. P to Q 8, = R, and wins (not 4. P to Q 8, = Q, because of 4. . . . R to Q 5, ch; 5. Q takes R, stalemate).



TWO CLEVER SHOTS

SAFETY SHOTS AT SNOOKER

Do Not Always Play at a Ball "On"

SNOOKER has a subtle fascination of its own. There are "ways that are deep" in the game, and they have to be understood to be appreciated. For instance, I noted a canny manœuvre at the club the other day.

The lie of the balls is shown at the baulk end of my diagram. The "last red" was bunched near the side cushion with a couple of colours adjacent to it. The player could hit red, the ball he was "on" by a direct shot; in fact, he could almost make a half-ball contact with it.

But, do what he might, there was no possible chance of pocketing that "last red." The adjacent colours prevented even the most fantastic of "doubles." Safety was the only thing to play for, and a slow shot direct on red ensured that, but not without the risk of leaving devastating possibilities for "snookering" when the next man had his shot.

While I was wondering what the player would do, he played a deliberate shot at the bottom cushion as in diagram. His ball came away slowly, grazed the side cushion just in front of the "last red," hit that ball full and gently and just trickled away to leave the next man most awkwardly "snookered" behind a colour, his ball almost touching the intervening colour. He "played away" and made an honest attempt to get out of the trouble, but left a "free-ball."

Therefore, I make the shot out to be as sound as it is astute. But, even if we beg the question about this, the fact is plain that the shot shows us something we are all apt to overlook. This is that it does not always pay to play direct at a ball "on" even when it is possible to do so. As a rule, this applies to safety shots, but there are occasions when it is useful in a scoring sense.

For instance, I saw Sydney Lee, who swings an uncommonly useful cue at snooker as well as billiards, make the shot at the spot-end of my diagram. There was a red in the jaws of the top pocket as tempting as could be, but it was completely covered by an intervening black. Other red balls could be hit direct, but not one was worth shooting at they were too safe.

Our Empire and amateur champion promptly "played across" and potted red, as in diagram. He told me that he would always play the shot in any class of snooker on the lie of the balls. His argument, and it is a very sound one indeed, is that it is really a bad shot to miss the tempting red, and the odds are that if you are afraid of it and tackle one of the safe reds you will leave the easy one "sitting" for the next man.

Knowing this, he played the diagram shot, put the red down with a stroke which grazed the top cushion before hitting the red, and left him actually "on" the black which was previously in his way.

W. G. CLIFFORD.

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

VOL. CLXII. NO. 4216. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1933 REGISTERED. PRICE 1s. POSTAGE { INLAND, 2D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND, 1½D.; FOREIGN 4D.



THE LATE VISCOUNT COWDRAY

The death of Lord Cowdray last week robbed polo of one of its ablest organisers. A keen player in his younger days, he gave whole-hearted support to the game and served as Chairman of the Hurlingham Club Polo Committee. With his brother, the Hon. Clive Pearson, he shared the Mastership of the Cowdray Hounds. An appreciation of Lord Cowdray's services to polo appears on page 967

APOLLO

A Journal of the Arts for Connoisseurs and Collectors

Published first of the month, TWO SHILLINGS

OCTOBER CONTENTS

This issue contains the following, amongst other features, fully illustrated articles on

The Exhibition of the Ferrarese Art of the Renaissance

English Glass Drinking Vessels—II

The Rubens Exhibition in Amsterdam

Wainscot Rooms of the XVIIth and XVIIIth Centuries.

The Hubert Van Eyck Legend

Ghiyath, Persian Master Weaver

Bolognese Drawings of the XVIIth and XVIIIth Centuries.

New Light on Byzantine Portative Mosaics

In Cézanne's Country.

Book Reviews, Notes of the Month, Art in the Saleroom.

Heraldic Enquiries.

and the following full page

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The Convalescent *by J. McNeil Whistler*

Madame Suggia *by Augustus John, R.A.*

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From all Booksellers and Newsagents and the Publishers.

THE FIELD PRESS, (1930) LTD., FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, CHANCERY LANE, E.C. 4

Telephone: HOLBORN 3682

FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

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

THE BOOM IN BRITISH CARS

TWO years ago, in almost any part of the world except the European car-manufacturing countries, the American automobile held the field unchallenged. Even in the British Colonies and Dominions products of the United States were in an overwhelming majority, for although the motorist in those countries would have liked to have bought and used British cars, they could not in the first place afford the prices asked, nor were they satisfied that they were quite suitable for overseas conditions. The horse-power tax, as imposed in this country, had so influenced the design of British motor cars that Great Britain became famous for light, small cars, developing ample power, it is true, but at high engine speeds. These were not at all suitable for overseas use, where the ability to pull strongly at low speeds on top gear, a high ground clearance, and the right track to fit cart and wagon ruts was demanded.

While we were on the Gold Standard, also, it was extremely difficult to sell our products to Continental countries.

The change in our financial position and, above all, in the attitude of motor manufacturers in this country towards export trade, has altered the position completely. It is a fact that the vast majority of British cars are now admirably suited for use in any part of the world. The shackles of the horse-power tax have been shaken off, and we now build light, powerful, smart-looking cars with the essential features of a wide track and high ground clearance. Stringent economies in manufacturing have enabled the selling prices to be reduced to a level comparable with those of vehicles of American origin. Quite apart from this, the rapid improvements in highway construction all over the world have now given the efficient British light car much room for expansion.

It is gratifying to observe that in 1932, we exported to all parts of the world 31,797 cars, as compared with 18,992 the previous year. Figures for the first six months of 1933, when revealed, will show still further progress. In Spain, for instance, 1,173 British cars were sold *in the first five months* of 1933. This is more than ten times the total number sold in that country during the whole of 1931. These figures, although encouraging, might merely indicate an increasing world-purchasing of motor cars. But read in conjunction with the corresponding American export figures, they show at once that British cars are actually preferred all over the world. In 1932 we exported 15.6 per cent. (31,797 cars) of our automobile production. The United States exported only 3.6 per cent. (40,657 units). In 1931 80,430 American vehicles were exported, compared to our 7,818, while the U.S. export total for 1930 had reached the imposing figure of 153,088. The contrast between the British and American export trades in automobiles will probably be even more striking when the figures for the present year become known.

This realisation that British cars are supreme for all purposes has been hastened by expert sales methods and intelligent propaganda in the countries concerned, the issuing of catalogues printed in different languages and the establishing of fully-equipped service-stations in various parts of the world. Careful investigation into freight costs and the possibilities of doing a certain amount of assembling in foreign countries has resulted in a reduction in the prices at which British cars are sold abroad. Holland, Portugal, Spain and Sweden are now taking more and more British cars, while the numbers sold in South Africa and Australia, and most other Dominions and Colonies, are increasing very rapidly. This satisfactory state of affairs may be attributed to the fact that cars built in England are not only perfectly suited to overseas conditions, but are smart and workmanlike in appearance, exceedingly comfortable and well-equipped, and that joined to these qualities is the splendid reputation for reliability and long life that British products have always enjoyed. It is not to be imagined that such a lead will remain unchallenged, and that this fact is realised by our leading manufacturers is being demonstrated at Olympia.

TEST MATCHES

CRICKETERS all the world over will read with pleasure and congratulation the text of the cables that have passed between the Australian Board of Control and the M.C.C. on the subject of the recent series of matches in Australia and the coming matches of the season of 1934 in England. Australia drops the charge, implied in previous communications, of unsportsmanlike conduct. The Board agrees that "leg-theory bowling, as it has been generally practised for many years, is not open to objection," but it feels that "while the type of bowling to which exception was taken in Australia was strictly not in conflict with the laws of cricket, the continued practice of it would not be in the best interests of the game."

To which the M.C.C. Committee reply that the difference between Australia and themselves "seems rather a question of fact than any point of interpretation of the laws of cricket or the spirit of the game"; but that the Australian team can take the field "with the full assurance that cricket will be played here in the same spirit as in the past," that the Australian team "can rely on a warm welcome by the M.C.C.," and that "every effort will be made to make the visit enjoyable."

There is no mention in either cable of the absurd word "body-line," and the English captain will be free to use whatever method of attack he chooses—as, indeed, an English captain always has been free in the past.

A LOSS TO AGRICULTURE

Mr. Neville Smith-Carington, who died last week, was, in a quiet way, one of agriculture's most useful representatives in the House of Commons. As a Leicestershire man and the Member for the Rutland and Stamford Division he knew full well the circumstances of the Midland farmer, but he also recognised that any progressive policy for the reinstatement of agriculture in the national life must carry the support of the urban population. The middle course may not bring prominence in the political world, but men like Mr. Smith-Carington make nevertheless the most valuable contribution to a lasting solution of agriculture's economic problems.

NEW EMPLOYMENT

Figures of employment improve. During September there was a decrease in unemployed of over 74,000, and in every month of the year except July, when 4,000 went back to the unemployed list, there has been a decrease, bringing the total number of unemployed who have found work during the year up to date to 566,338. The industry with the largest increase has been coal-mining, and there has been satisfactory evidence of renewed trade in iron and steel, electric and motor engineering, pottery, cotton, wool, hosiery, jute, and the boot and shoe business.

Building, apparently, does not progress as do other industries, which seems strange when the countryside in so many directions seems to be drawing into the towns. And once more some of us may ask, Why should we have a worse postal service than we had before the War? What are the economic reasons which prevent employment in the Post Office?

WATERLOO BRIDGE

Another point, which may interest visitors to London arriving in the near future at Waterloo Station. Waterloo Bridge, we are told—after ten years—is to be closed for rebuilding, and the narrow temporary structure at the side is to carry two lines of traffic. This is obviously ridiculous. A single breakdown in either line would hold up most of the traffic of London. Why should not the London County Council build another temporary crossing on the other side of Waterloo Bridge to carry north-bound traffic as the present structure carries south-bound? Here, again, would be work for the unemployed.

PRESERVATION OR POISON?

In no part of the Empire are there such fine national parks as in the Union of South Africa. The news, therefore, that the administration of Swaziland has authorised poisoned drinking troughs as a means for combating the alarming increase of blue wildebeeste will come as a great surprise to those interested in wild life. The water at first will be pure in order to disarm suspicion, but later it will be poisoned. Naturally the wildebeeste will not be the only animals to suffer: kudu, roan antelope, impala, and rooi rhebok are threatened.

One feels a certain sympathy with settlers who are overrun by wildebeeste, and their numbers should be reduced. But neither poison, nor the machine gun, as has previously been tried, will prove in the long run to be the best method. And all this quite apart from motives of humanity.

RACING AND THE DROUGHT

The commencement of the racing season under National Hunt Rules has been fraught with disaster, many of the smaller meetings having been abandoned owing to the hardness of the ground. Among others the fixtures for Sedgefield, Uttoxeter and Taunton had to be cancelled, and even last Saturday the drought made racing at Stratford-on-Avon an impossibility. This came as a great disappointment to many, for of the smaller steeplechase meetings there are few more popular than this Warwickshire fixture.

Trainers, of course, have been seriously handicapped in the preparation of their charges, and it looks as though it would be some time yet before things really get into their stride. Patrons of jump racing are naturally prepared to loose a certain number of days' sport through the elements—snow, frost and even floods—but surely to be stopped by drought in October must be almost as unique as it is unsatisfactory?

HIKERS ON THE HILL

To have spied a good beast, to have started one's stalk, and then to see your quarry make off over one skyline while two figures in shorts and rucksacks appear on another is enough to try the patience of any man. Small wonder that more than once an exasperated Donald or Angus has been known to suggest a sighting shot in their vicinity!

Scottish proprietors are generally very generous in allowing hikers on their ground. It is surely not too much to ask them to make absolutely sure of their movements during the few short weeks of the shooting season. Much that happens is due to ignorance rather than perversity. As the *Field* has emphasised more than once, the local Press and the regional broadcasting programmes can do much to impress these facts on the hiking fraternity. After all, forbearance is a prerogative which the governing classes are prepared to share.

BOBBY JONES TO RETURN

It has been reported that the great Bobby Jones will return to competitive golf next year. The event in which he is likely to compete is to take place over the Augusta National course, the club of which he is President. It is hoped that all the leading professional golfers of the world and representatives of the best amateurs will constitute the entry. Such a competition would make a fitting setting for the return of so famous a player. After he had won all four championships of America and Great Britain, he announced his retirement, proceeded to make motion pictures and otherwise gather in the harvest which his wonderful prowess had brought him. Golfers are wondering whether he will participate as a professional or as an amateur, and further—will this move mean that he will return to take part in the championships? If he does play again it will not cause surprise amongst those who compete in tournaments themselves. Once a player has tasted the fruits of victory it is difficult to stand on one side and watch others winning titles you yourself could win again. Competitive golf has its glamour as the stage has to the old actor. Young golfers and those who have never seen the Atlanta "star" play will hope that this news will be substantiated, for to watch Bobby Jones play is an education in itself.

SALMON FISHING ON THE TAY

With the close of the Tay yesterday, salmon fishing, as understood by the rods whose ambition is bound up with spring and summer fish, comes to an end—officially. Actually it came to an end this year somewhere about the middle of May, for since then there has been no salmon fishing to speak of in most of the Scottish rivers. Surely this season will go down to history as one of the most unkind which this generation has seen. It started in high flood; within a week curling had taken the place of angling; and a few days later rivers were reported "at summer level." There, more or less, they remained for the rest of the short season. What made it more exasperating was that netting in the Tay had been reduced, and high hopes had been indulged of the gain to the rod fisherman.

But to those rods whose ambition is a salmon *tout court* there are still six weeks, on some rivers, into which a good season may be compressed. Genial weather such as the autumn has provided so far, be it moist or dry, makes the ideal setting for fishing, and by the law of averages (which is always invoked when omens are about) summer's dearth should be followed by autumn's plenty.

BEETLE AND PETUNIA

Whenever the Paris correspondent of the *Times* writes of out-of-door life we may be sure of attractive news. Not long ago a mysterious wild beast was abroad in the country, and he faithfully reported the various and curious guises in which it appeared, from lion to chimera. He has now furnished the agricultural world with a remedy against the Colorado beetle.

Owing to the beetle scare—a single insect, it may be remembered, was recently discovered in Essex—our potato trade with France has dropped to a standstill. And now the Abbé Cales, curé of a village near Rochefort-sur-Mer, has made a discovery. In part of his garden he allowed some self-sown petunias to grow among his potatoes. When the Colorado beetle appeared in his district he was astonished to find that the potatoes were left untouched for the petunias. More, for the beetles that ate petunia died. Could a simpler prophylactic be recommended to the English potato-grower? And what should be the market price of petunia seed in Colorado?

BY THE FIRESIDE

So now we are back again in Greenwich time, with the sun getting up to-day at 6.22 and setting at 5.10; and by the end of next week he will be rising at 6.35 and setting at 4.55. The days are shortening fast; how many of us look forward to the dark hours as did Robert Browning in *By the Fireside?*

"How well I know what I mean to do
When the long dark autumn-evenings come;
And where, my soul, is thy pleasant hue?
With the music of all thy voices, dumb
In life's November too?

"I shall be found by the fire, suppose,
O'er a great wise book as beseemeth age,
While the shutters flap as the cross-wind blows
And I turn the page, and I turn the page,
Not verse now, only prose!"



"Casual water" is no hazard

GOLF UNDER REVISED RULES

Changes Which Should Remove Confusion

THE revised rules of golf have been passed by the Royal and Ancient Golf Club at St. Andrews, and will take the place of those existing to-day on January 1st next. Golfers who anticipated revolutionary changes will be grievously disappointed. The alterations that have been made are slight, but at the same time important.

It must be remembered that the members of the Rules of Golf Committee had no easy task ahead of them when it was decided, two years ago, to investigate the rules. Their deliberations have been long and their consultations arduous. Suggestions were asked for and received from such governing bodies as the United States Golf Association, the Ladies' Golf Union, and the Joint Advisory Committee to the four Unions of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. This would infer that a point of unanimity has been reached concerning the new draft, which is decidedly to the common good.

One might have hoped for a greater number of changes and a definite cutting down of the number of the rules.

The Committee has succeeded in its primary object, the clarifying of the rules, making their meaning as clear as possible so that all reading them should now be able to understand. Several have been condensed, whilst others have been phrased in more detail for explanatory reasons. Penalties, except in a few cases, remain as they were before.

BUNKERS AND HAZARDS

One of the most important alterations concerns the definition of a hazard and a bunker. This overcomes the doubt which used to be very prevalent as to what exactly constitutes a hazard. "A 'hazard' is any bunker, water (except 'casual water'), ditch, sand or road. Sand blown on to the grass or sprinkled on the course for its preservation, bare patches, scrapes, tracks and paths, snow, ice and casual water are not hazards." And "a 'bunker' is that part of a depression in the ground where the soil is exposed, and sometimes covered with sand. Grass in a bunker is not part of the hazard unless so defined by Local Rule. It is the duty of the authorities in charge of a course accurately to define the extent of the hazards." The last sentence is particularly welcome.

"If a player when making a stroke hit the ball twice, he shall count the stroke and a penalty stroke in addition." Previously there was no penalty stroke. On the other hand the extremely harsh penalty of disqualification inflicted upon a player after he has played more than one stroke with a ball other than his own, has been amended. The rule now reads: "If a competitor play a stroke or strokes with a ball other than his own he shall incur a penalty of two strokes. He shall then play his own ball. If he mistakes his ball in a hazard, however, and plays the wrong one, he may then play his own ball and incur no penalty, provided that he has not extricated the other from out of the limits of the hazard." Another example of an additional penalty stroke under the new rules is when "a competitor's ball strikes the ball of the player with whom he is competing, the competitor shall incur a penalty of two strokes and the ball which was struck shall be at once replaced." This only applies on the putting-greens.

The rule regarding the removal of the flag-stick has been added to and presented in more detail. The addition of this clause, "If a player or a caddie holds or removes the flag-stick when a stroke is being played, such player or caddie shall be deemed to continue to hold the flag-stick until the ball comes to rest," will penalise and, I hope, ultimately cure, careless golfers. A great deal of past uncertainty will be cleared up by this sentence added to Rule 4: "The flag-stick may at any time be held up so as to indicate the position of the hole." This has caused many arguments in the old days.

In the September 23rd issue of the *Field* I drew attention to several of the rules which cause general confusion. The majority of the examples which I gave now have been amended or clarified. "'Advice' is any counsel or suggestion which could influence a player in determining his play, the choice of a club, or the method of making a stroke. Information as to the Rules of Golf is not considered advice." And "a player may not ask for, nor take any action which may result in, his receiving, advice except from his caddie, his partner or his partner's caddie." Thus it will be observed that the objectionable and confusing word "willingly" has been deleted.

A golfer will be allowed in future to remove any loose impediment without penalty, providing his ball is not in or touching a hazard. Previously he was only permitted to do so within a club's length of his ball (through the green). Much doubt has been cleared away by the re-drafting of Rule 10 dealing with the removal of irregularities of surface. It is clearly stated in the new code that a player "is not allowed to build a stance." This used to be a very common practice, especially in bunkers. The addition of "bridge, planking, seat, hut, and shelter" to the rule covering the removal of obstructions is notable. If a ball lie within two club lengths of such obstacles it may be picked and dropped not more than two club lengths away, but not nearer the hole without penalty.

The dropping of a ball has always given rise to discussion. A common problem used to be caused when the ball was dropped on a slope, thus subsequently running nearer the hole. This trouble will cease now, because of the addition of this clause to the governing rule, "in cases where it is impossible owing to the configuration of the ground to prevent a dropped ball from rolling nearer the hole, the ball shall be placed."

LOST BALLS

A lost ball, besides being irksome to the individual in question, used to be governed by a rule which was not very explicit. The new one reading, "a ball is 'lost' if it be not found within five minutes after the players' side or his or their caddies have begun to search for it, and if subsequently found may not be played," in common parlance "clears the air."

In competitions an odd man out will in future be allowed to team up with another couple. This allowance will prove very helpful to those who find themselves in such an unenviable position. A good example of how the verbiage of the rules has been altered is found in Stroke Rule 3. Under the old regime this law was propounded in 116 words. The new rule takes up only 37 words and yet is far more intelligible!

As was expected no change has been made in the definition of an "amateur." Further meetings are to be held to consider this very thorny problem, for at the moment the authorities are not of one accord respecting it. Actually the present definition is quite adequate. But it is one of those rules that are observed and broken with ever-increasing regularity.

It remains to be seen how the vast golfing public receive the work of Mr. Angus Hambro and his fellow members of the Rules of Golf Committee. At least their labours deserve a fair trial. They have made a step—small, perhaps, but nevertheless a definite move—in the right direction, and for that they deserve our admiration. E. R. T.



Dr. A. West Smith

CROSSING THE FERRY TO THE MOORS IN JULY WHEN THE KEEPERS MAKE THEIR FIRST ESTIMATE OF THE GROUSE SEASON

WHAT DO WE STILL NEED TO KNOW ABOUT PARTRIDGES—AND GROUSE?

Some Problems Being Investigated by Imperial Chemical Industries

By ERIC PARKER

TWENTY years ago, in the autumn of 1913, the late Dr. Hammond Smith made a discovery. During the partridge season, as pathologist to the *Field*, he had had through his hands 116 partridges, 33 of them young, and 83 adult birds. Their deaths had been due in the main to four diseases, pneumonia, coccidiosis, enteritis, and another, which was that year for the first time fully identified, though Hammond Smith had suspected its existence for some seasons past. He established in 1913 the fact that partridges may frequently die of a disease akin to the strongylosis which affects grouse. Twenty-six of the 116 partridges examined by him had died of it, and he had found the strongyle. I remember no morning more clearly, out of the many on which I talked to him in his laboratory, than that on which he called me from my room to show me under the microscope the tiny worms that had killed the bird on his table. He was immensely happy; he had proved what he had suspected, and had added to science a new fact.

The War prevented him from studying the question further, and he died in 1924 without having been able to collect the material for which he had hoped. He would have been deeply interested in the findings of the *Country Life* Committee, presided over by Major Portal, which last year embodied its report in the book which was reviewed at the time in these columns, *Partridge Disease and Its Causes*. And he would have watched with no less interest—and would have wished to assist—the work which has now been begun by Imperial Chemical Industries in the scheme of which details are before me, in their new five-year research into the diseases, the environments, and the habits of game, and in particular into the mating and rearing in captivity of English, French and Hungarian partridges, and the best methods of putting down and increasing the numbers of partridges on a game estate.

These investigations are actually in progress.



DRIVEN GROUSE: WHAT WILL THIS SEASON'S PLENTY TEACH US OF DISEASE?

The I.C.I. have given to the University of Oxford a grant which has enabled the Bureau of Animal Population, which already has done much good work, to embark upon a close inquiry as to the modes of living and chances of survival of game. Mr. A. D. Middleton is personally engaged upon this work, and is being greatly assisted by the facilities for research offered him by the owners of a large number of game estates. In Hertfordshire the I.C.I. have obtained the assistance of Captain H. B. Moser, whose experiments with the breeding and rearing of Hungarian partridges on his game farm near Welwyn have been followed in the past with so much interest. They have also acquired the shooting rights over 1,750 acres of Lord Lytton's land at Knebworth Park, and hope that in this way, with an area of their own to work over which is easily accessible from Oxford, London, and St. Albans, they may be able to carry out experiments on a scale which has never before been attempted. Here they have exceptional opportunities, for though Knebworth lies in good partridge and pheasant country, partridges have never been the first consideration on the estate, and as the shooting has not been let for two years, there will be chances of inquiry into the relations of vermin and game which might not exist elsewhere. And as regards the neighbourhood of the estate to St. Albans, the promoters of these investigations hope to benefit largely from the research now being made into the causes of partridge disease, independently of the I.C.I., by Professor R. T. Leiper at the Institute of Agricultural Parasitology.

And upon what lines on their Research Estate can the investigators chosen by the I.C.I. work and inquire? When, in 1926, the *Field* issued a *questionnaire* to owners of partridge estates, of which I summed up the answer in a little book, *Partridges Yesterday and To-day*, certain

conclusions seemed to become clear. The *questionnaire* had dealt mainly with wild partridges in their natural surroundings. Briefly, these conclusions were :

(1) That there was a tendency to lay down grassland in place of arable ;
(2) That poultry run on the stubble decreased food supply and increased chances of disease ;
(3) That liming, formerly used for dressing poor soil, had become too expensive.
(4) That artificial manures, increasingly used, could not increase and probably decreased the supply of insect food.
(5) That the Euston system needed modifications ;
(6) That importation of Hungarian partridges had not affected partridge conditions throughout the country as a whole.
(7) That exchange of eggs had been proved to be beneficial ;
(8) That winter feeding was directly beneficial ;
(9) That clean drinking water should be supplied in drought ;
(10) That partridges were possibly more liable to disease than formerly, owing to (*a*) insufficient food supply, (*b*) infection from poultry, (*c*) ground overcrowded with pheasants ;
(11) That French partridges seemed to be hardier than English ;
(12) That the main diseases from which partridges suffered were pneumonia and infestation from intestinal parasites, and that these diseases were commoner than gapes.
(13) That a cause of mortality which might sometimes have escaped notice was infestation by lice ;
(14) That under all conditions of partridge preservation the governing factor was the weather.

Now, can the I.C.I. go further than these conclusions ? If they can, they will confer a benefit as yet unmeasured upon the shooting world. As I understand their objects, briefly stated, they are "out" to achieve the following ends :

Their aim is (1) to be in a position to supply at the proper time (*a*) a fertile partridge egg, (*b*) day-old chicks, (*c*) a bantam with a brood, say, three weeks old, (*d*) a covey, say, at ten weeks old, or (*e*) a mated pair in January or February ;

(2) To discover the simplest and most inexpensive methods of doing this ;

(3) To ascertain the best methods of putting down Hungarian partridges, and to make sure that the public thoroughly understand these ;

(4) To discover the seeds of which partridges are fond, and to produce these for practical work ; and to test seeds of medicinal value ;

(5) To test various theories of mating ;

(6) To discover the best foods on the market, and possibly to add to them or improve them ;



SOME GUNS WHO ARE THINKING OF THE PARTRIDGE QUESTION TO-DAY

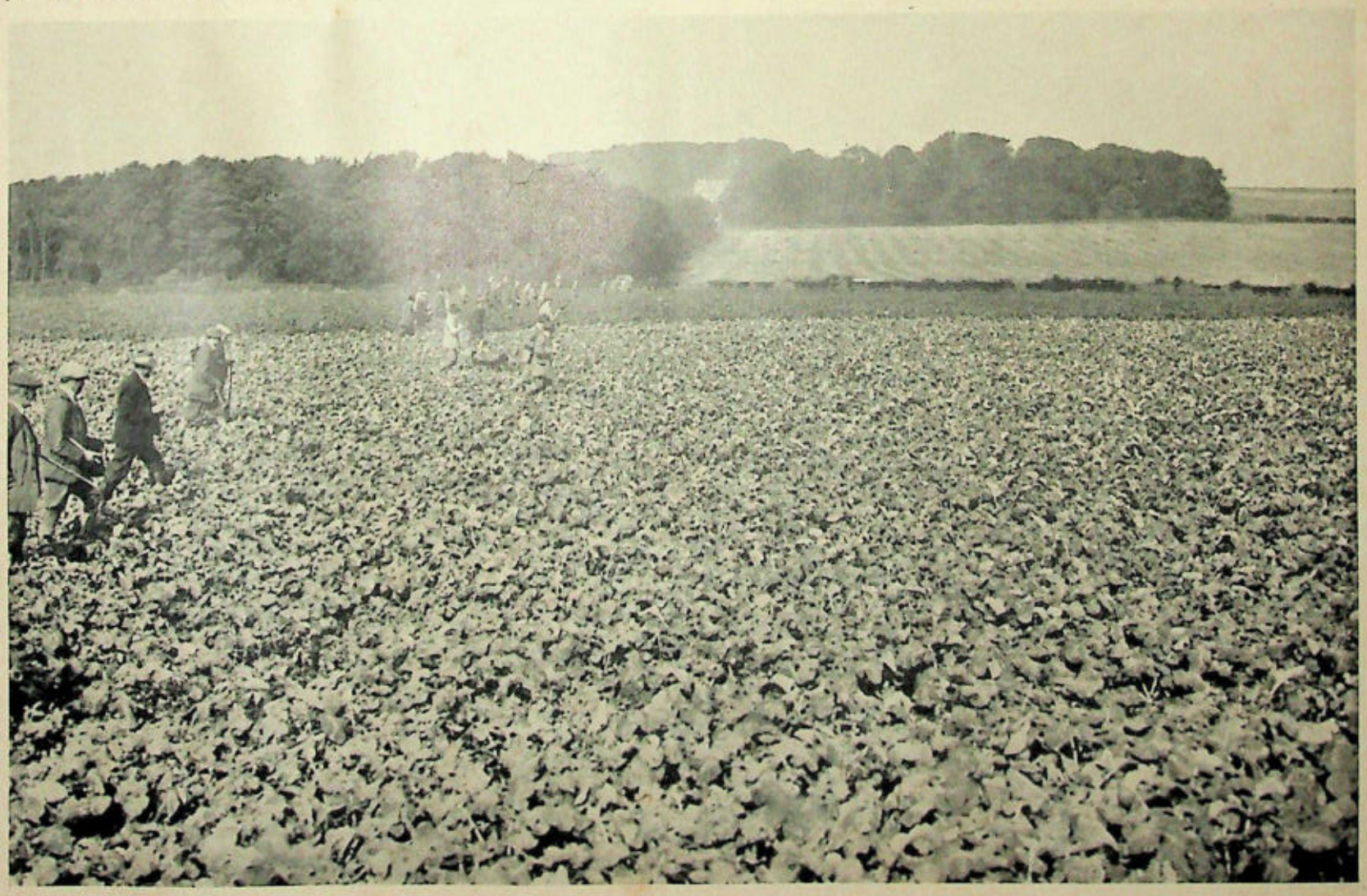
Left to right : Lord Alastair Innes-Ker, Col. T. C. Clitheroe, Dr. A. F. Fairweather, Capt. Adrian Bethell, Col. R. A. K. Leatham, Viscount Coke, and Lord Henry Seymour at Col. Clitheroe's Shoot at Hotham Hall, Yorkshire

(7) If possible to find a food which can replace the "ant's egg" ;

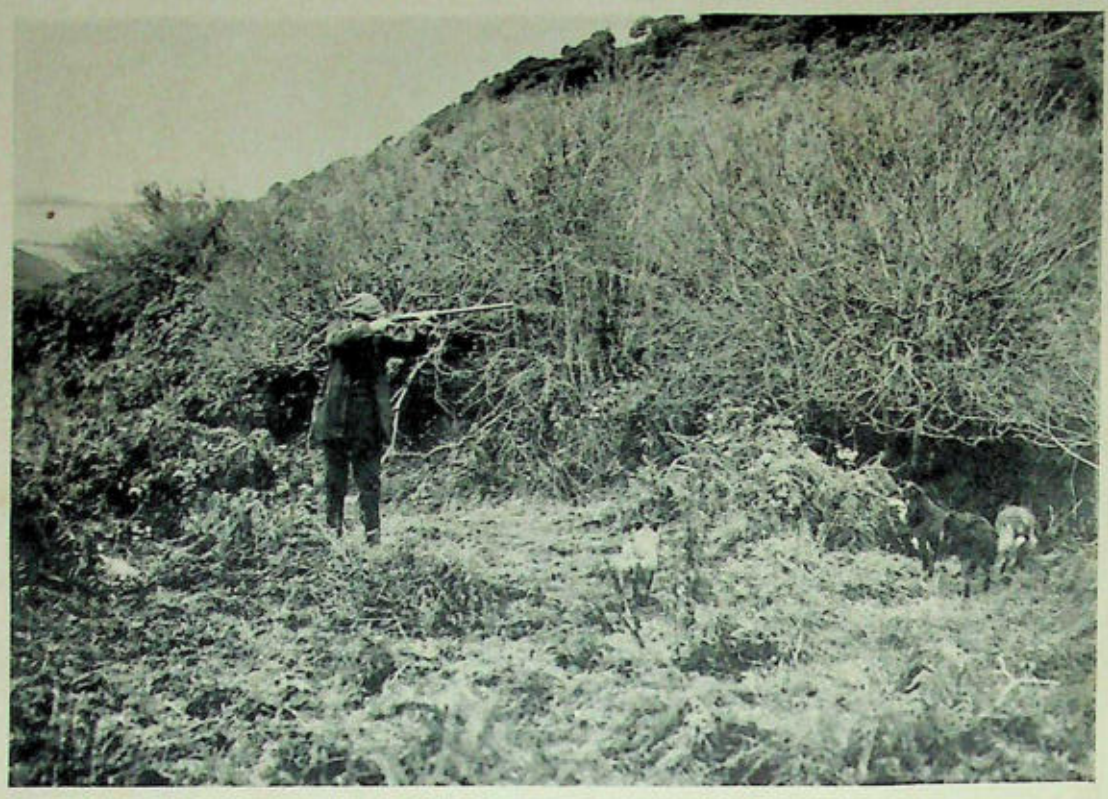
(8) To discover and prove the best methods of fostering the birds which survive the shooting, and the methods, if any, which can be used to keep them free from disease.

In fact, the I.C.I. investigators are out to increase the numbers of partridges in this country, and to keep them healthy from season to season. They have the best wishes of the *Field* and every man that carries a gun. And from partridges, I hope, they will go on to grouse. If we know little about partridges, we know less about grouse. How is it, those of us who have shot in Scotland this season are asking, that what were apparently perfect conditions of heather and weather from the autumn of 1932 to the autumn of 1933 have produced, here and there on the best-stocked moors over almost the whole of Scotland sporadic cases of strongylosis ? Are these cases due to some other cause—to a preliminary infestation of tape-worm, perhaps, which weakened the birds' resistance to the ever-present strongyle ? We do not know ; as yet we can only guess. But the ardent and talented investigators of the I.C.I. may be able some day to find out for us, and earn our lasting gratitude.

All enquiries and correspondence relating to the scientific investigations and field work should be sent to Mr. A. D. Middleton, Bureau of Animal Population, University Museum, Oxford ; *but no dead birds should be forwarded except at his request.* Correspondents desiring information as to problems in keepering should write to Mr. Edgar Page, Game Service Department, Imperial Chemical House. Other enquiries should be addressed to Major H. G. Eley, Imperial Chemical House, Millbank, S.W. 1.



GRASSLAND AND ARABLE : THE LINE COMING THROUGH A FIELD OF ROOTS AT WARTER PRIORY



WHERE THE WOODCOCK REIGNS
An Irish sportsman at Ballinatrasna, near Cork

SNIPE AND 'COCK

The Present Condition of Shooting in the Irish Free State

By MAJOR J. W. SEIGNE

SNIPE and woodcock have always been the backbone of Irish shooting, and it is unfortunate that in the case of both these birds the population is steadily declining.

The big bags that were often obtained some 60 years ago are rare indeed now, and the most obvious reason is the increased amount of shooting. But as well as this there have been, during recent years, several changes in conditions in Ireland which have had a marked effect on these birds.

In the case of snipe, large areas have been drained which were favourite winter and breeding haunts.

Another change, which only becomes apparent to a close student of the country, and which interferes considerably with the amenities of life from a snipe's point of view, is that on many bogs the cover is no longer cut periodically.

In the old days the country people always used to cut some of the rushes and coarse herbage for thatching and litter, but now, in many districts, no one seems to bother about it. Tall cover, unbroken by any bare patches, is just what snipe hate in a bog, either for winter or summer residence.

As regards woodcock, the break-up of many big estates was a severe blow to them, for in course of time many of these places had become virtually sanctuaries. It is true that the woods were shot perhaps once or twice a year, but between times they were strictly preserved and left undisturbed. Many woodcock bred in and around them, and so the woods were a natural reserve for restocking other districts with surplus birds.

Now some of these woods are cut down, and others are continually shot in winter and subject to rabbiting and other disturbances all the year round. One can only hope that the new woods which the Forestry Department are planting in many parts of the country will be strictly preserved. It would also help native snipe and woodcock enormously if part, say, of the Bog of Allen was set aside as a sanctuary for them, as well as such favourite places as the Muckross estate in Kerry, which was recently given to the nation.

There is nothing pleasanter during a day's rough shooting over hill and bog than an occasional duck or teal in the bag, and for this reason alone it is sad to have to record the decrease in the number of duck breeding in the country, which has become increasingly evident of late years. It is a great pity that the season opens in August. The date has not been altered, it is true, but nowadays a lot of people come out from the towns in motors, and duck which can scarcely fly fall easy victims.

As regards game-shooting proper — grouse, pheasants, partridges—under present conditions it is hardly worth the serious consideration of any one who is not living in the country. Yet there are a few hopeful features. Although faced with many difficulties, the Civic Guard continue to do their best, and poaching has not increased under the present regime. For instance, we have just had one of the best grouse seasons for many years, and the stock of birds still on our moors is little short of marvellous considering all things. What is necessary now is the proper burning of the heather under supervision, instead of the present indiscriminate fires which do so much harm in the breeding season.

Partridges have undoubtedly benefited from the prohibition of all shooting during the past few years. This year shooting is only to be allowed from November 1st–14th. If this order is obeyed, very few partridges will be shot, but some of the coveys may be broken up, which will be all to the good. The stock of partridges in the country is still very low and the distribution is very local. Only restocking on a big scale can really do any good. The moist climate is against Ireland ever becoming a partridge country, but with the increased tillage and the natural attractions in the way of cover, etc., it should be possible to have a fair stock of birds over a wide area.

Pheasants are only reared on a large scale on very few estates, and, although many parts of the country are ideal for wild birds, they have all but disappeared. Poachers can never resist a pheasant. I turned out a few pheasants on my small Kilkenny farm, and they throve exceedingly in the bogs and scattered woodlands. Then came the poachers, and not alone wiped them out, but also one or two coveys of partridges which had hitherto escaped detection.

The new Land Act, which has not yet become law, giving the Government power to acquire all sporting rights, is giving rise to much anxiety. It must, however, be admitted that the present position is most unsatisfactory. Under previous Land Acts the landlords who sold the properties still retained the sporting rights, but this has now become a farce in many cases.

It is impossible to preserve land which you no longer own, and, as the tenant purchasers are naturally not interested, the game is left to the tender mercy of every poacher. If the Government use their powers wisely with the object of preserving and increasing the sporting resources of the country, if they leave those tenants who are now doing all they can to preserve their lands in undisturbed possession, and only vest sporting rights in tenants who can be trusted to look after them, well and good. It would be of vast benefit if those big areas which are at present quite unprotected were taken over and properly preserved by the State.

And now, in case I have been unduly pessimistic in this brief review, let me assure those readers of the *Field* who are fond of wild sport that the Irish Free State has still much to offer. I would like to conclude, too, with this extract from a letter just received from an English friend: "Many people advised me against going to your country, but I am very glad I did. I received the same kindly welcome everywhere, and, although the drought interfered with fishing, I spent a most enjoyable holiday."

REPORTS FROM THE MOORS

Argyllshire

EDERLINE.—Up to September 23rd, 302 brace of grouse were killed by three or four guns in sixteen days' shooting, all walking, by Captain Derrick Hignett and party. The grouse this year proved plentiful and absolutely *free from disease*. Owing to rough weather just prior to August 12th and for a period of ten days from about the 16th, the birds, which were very strong on the wing, became extremely wild. So much so, that dogs were only used on three occasions. The best day's bag was 36½ brace on August 18th.

Inverness-shire

CHAPEL PARK AND GLENBANCHOR.—On September 21st, 39 brace of grouse; on the 22nd, 53; on the 23rd, 64½ were killed by seven guns (Major H. P. Rushton's party): Major C. R. Britton, Captain J. Stockton, Mr. W. Williams Wynn, Mr. R. Knight, Mr. G. Slater, Mr. S. Howard and Major H. P. Rushton.



THE OLDER ORDER OF TRANSPORT
Off for a day's shooting with the old-fashioned dog-cart in Western Ireland

BRITISH POLO'S GREAT LOSS

The Late Lord Cowdray's Life Work for Sport

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

VISCOUNT COWDRAY'S sudden death at the age of 51 has cast a gloom over the sporting world. Taken ill on the night of July 24th, after the first day of his own polo tournament at Cowdray, he never really recovered, although the end was sudden and unexpected. Ever since his early days at Oxford he had been a polo enthusiast, his greatest triumph being the Ranelagh Open Cup in 1922, when he played No. 1 in his Cowdray team. His handicap was 5.

It will probably be as an organiser of the game rather than a player that he will be chiefly remembered. He, as the Hon. W. H. N. Pearson, was in April, 1925, elected chairman of the Hurlingham Club Polo Committee, vice Captain the Hon. F. E. Guest, and continued to hold that office up to the time of his death. In this position his was the guiding hand of England's polo, in the same way as Mr. Louis Stoddard controls the game in America. Very few realise the time and thought he spent for this cause. He was responsible for the reorganisation of the ruling body and the regulations and constitution as it now stands. He has been faced with many delicate situations, both international and domestic, and although everyone may not have always agreed with his decisions, the cool, calm way in which he handled each particular case made him an ideal chairman.

During his chairmanship two challenges for the Westchester Cup were given: in 1927, when the Army in India represented us, and again in 1930. Nobody could say that he was out of polo through the fact that he no longer played, for the Cowdray Polo Week kept him in close touch with players every year. Also, his generosity and his personal acquaintanceship with America and American polo players were additional assets. In 1929 before the 1930 International matches, funds being insufficient, he and Major Rex Benson guaranteed any bank overdraft needed to ensure that the team had the necessary ponies. Once his scheme was launched he never interfered, but was always at hand when advice was wanted, and he was a grand compromiser. He went out to the matches in 1930 with Sir Harold Snagge, and arrived just in time to dress and make a good speech at the Piping Rock dinner.

At the present time it is difficult to see who will replace him. Our next International venture *must* be tackled (there is not a moment to be lost), and there is also the vexed question of professionalism.

Though stress must be laid on his capabilities as an organiser, it would be unfair to dismiss Lord Cowdray's actual achievements as an enthusiastic and painstaking player in the brief reference made to his participation in the game itself. He started to play at Oxford, representing the University in 1903, 1904 and 1905, captaining the side in his last year. He represented the House of Commons against the House of Lords in 1907, 1911 and 1914, and in 1911 his Capron House team won a couple of the smaller tournaments at Ranelagh. After the War his Cowdray team, to which reference has already been made, won the Roehampton Junior Championship in 1919, the Cowdray Challenge Cup in 1921 and 1922, the Ranelagh Open Cup in 1922, and the Ranelagh Novices Cup in 1923. In 1931 he played in the same side as his son at Hurlingham and again in 1932 at Bordon. This record may not be that of an international, but it is something more. It is that of a man who served polo more faithfully than almost any man of his generation, and who never played a chukker that he did not put his best into.

It was not in polo alone that a debt of gratitude is owed to Viscount Cowdray's personal interest in sport. In 1922 he and his brother, the Hon. Clive Pearson, took over the Mastership of that portion of country in Sussex which had previously been hunted by Lord Leconfield. This was following the tradition of the old Charlton Hunt, and in a country of downs and woodlands he and his brother have shown excellent sport.

Politically he was a Liberal, a man of intense conviction and a staunch supporter of the National Government, but not one who would allow shibboleths to interfere with his judgment. A curious trait in his character was that he hated buying anything old, although he liked to try to make things appear as if they were. It is said that he put up a new door to a barn at Cowdray Park and ordered the carpenter to hammer it with the back of an axe in order to make it look old! On the other hand he liked buying old, but let it be well understood by no means indifferent, polo ponies, and adored a bargain. He very rarely paid more than £150 to £200 for a pony.

His hospitality was proverbial; it had a flavour of old-world pomp and ceremony in its almost regal splendour. Many polo players and their wives have enjoyed it during the "Cowdray Week" which ran concurrently with the Goodwood Races, and which has become one of the recognised sporting and social events of the season. It was typical of his consideration for people of all classes that one side of the ground during the "Cowdray Week" was reserved for neighbours with whom he was not personally acquainted.

He was never so happy as when surrounded by his family, and his pride in watching his son, the Hon. John Pearson, win a Point-to-Point, or hit a goal in a polo match was a joy to behold. This son now succeeds to the title as third Viscount. May he follow in his father's footsteps.



THE NEW LORD COWDRAY

A successful Point-to-Point rider and a good shot, he followed in his father's footsteps as a polo player, captaining the Oxford University team in 1932



W. A. Rouch

THE LATE VISCOUNT COWDRAY IN HIS EARLY POLO DAYS

He played for Oxford in 1903, 1904 *and* 1905, *captaining his side in the latter year*



PLAY IN PROGRESS AT A COWDRAY PARK TOURNAMENT

One of the most perfect polo grounds in the country, of which an international authority has written that "it is never too wet to play at Cowdray"

WHY GORDON RICHARDS IS SO SUCCESSFUL

Qualities Which Make the Perfect Jockey



GORDON RICHARDS, WHO IS RIDING SO BRILLIANTLY THIS SEASON, WINNING ON COLOMBO

GORDON RICHARDS continues to excite the admiration of the racing world and to puzzle the critics who endeavour to ascribe a precise reason for his phenomenal success. Many theories have been advanced to account for the fact that he has so completely eclipsed all his contemporaries. A well-known ex-jockey remarked last week that it was "grit and determination" which carried Richards so frequently to the front. That may be possibly one of the reasons for his supremacy, but it would be absurd to claim a monopoly of those attributes for him.

Other riders are certainly not lacking in grit and determination, yet they fall a long way short of his record of successes. Again, it has been said that Richards possesses the art of perfect balance in the saddle. That also is true, yet it cannot be said of him that he is a more polished horseman than several other members of the riding profession. One of the secrets of his success, we are assured, is his ability to get his horses quickly into their stride at the start. Further, he deservedly enjoys the reputation of being a most powerful finisher, but we doubt whether he can get more out of a horse in the last few strides than Bernard Carslake, who would be much closer to Richards on the winning table if his weight allowed him to take an equal number of mounts.

It will be seen, therefore, that it is difficult to place one's finger on any particular quality in which Richards is superior to all his brother jockeys. There cannot be the slightest question as to his all-round superiority, and the truth is that he possesses a combination of all those features which go to make the perfect race-rider.

His record at Chepstow was the most wonderful of his brilliant career. The performance of riding eleven winners at the two-day meeting set up a new record in racing, and his success in twelve consecutive races was another feat without parallel in the history of the Turf. He is now within comparatively easy reach of breaking Fred Archer's record of 246 winners in one season, which has existed for 48 years.

It is satisfactory to observe that Harry Wragg, one of the most formidable of Richards's rivals in the saddle, has not taken long to find winning form on returning to riding after a period of enforced idleness dating back to the early days of July. But for his unfortunate accident H. Wragg would certainly have been second on the winning list again, and even now he has some chance of getting there. Wragg has been more fortunate than Richards in the matter of classic winners, his success on Felstead in the Derby was one of the prettiest bits of jockeyship ever seen, and he appeared to equal advantage when winning the same race on Blenheim.

The approaching stud season will be noteworthy for the fact that a large number of high-class performers on the Turf will be starting their breeding careers. One of the latest notabilities to be withdrawn from training is Mannamead, who is to stand at the Littleton Stud. This horse leaves the Manton stable with an unbeaten record. The only race in which he was hard pressed was at Ascot, where Loaningdale ran a dead-heat with him.

Perhaps the reason for Mannamead's unexpected failure to win that event outright may be found in the circumstance that he jarred himself rather badly. This accounts for his absence from the racecourse for the rest of the season, hard ground making it difficult to train him again to the satisfaction of his trainer. In all probability he will gain much distinction at the stud.

Happily the Turf is singularly well off just now for highly efficient handicappers. Mr. Arthur Fawcett and Mr. J. C. Bulteel, to name two of the most prominent members of this difficult craft, enjoy the complete confidence of the racing community. The occasions on which they are widely out of their reckoning are few and far between. As a handicapper to the Jockey Club the duty devolves on Mr. Fawcett of compiling two Free Handicaps each year. One is for two-year-olds at the end of the season, for a seven-furlong race to be run at Newmarket in the following spring. The other is for three-year-olds in the autumn, and the race will be run at Newmarket on the 26th inst., the course, as usual, being Across the Flat, a severe mile and a quarter.

It is interesting to compare Mr. Fawcett's latest compilation with the Free Handicap for two-year-olds published last winter. Calculations have worked out tolerably well so far as the classic races were concerned. The winner of the Derby and St. Leger was reckoned the best of his sex at the end of his two-year-old career, with the exception of Manitoba, who was placed 1lb. in front of Hyperion. To-day Mr. Fawcett puts Manitoba 17lb. below the Derby winner, and, even so, it is questionable whether he has not given the Beckhampton colt the "benefit of the doubt."

Myrobella figures on the same mark as Manitoba in the new Free Handicap, but this is simply because the filly has well-defined limitations as to distance. Obviously she would have no chance of winning a race of ten furlongs, but at five or six she is still pre-eminent among the three-year-olds.



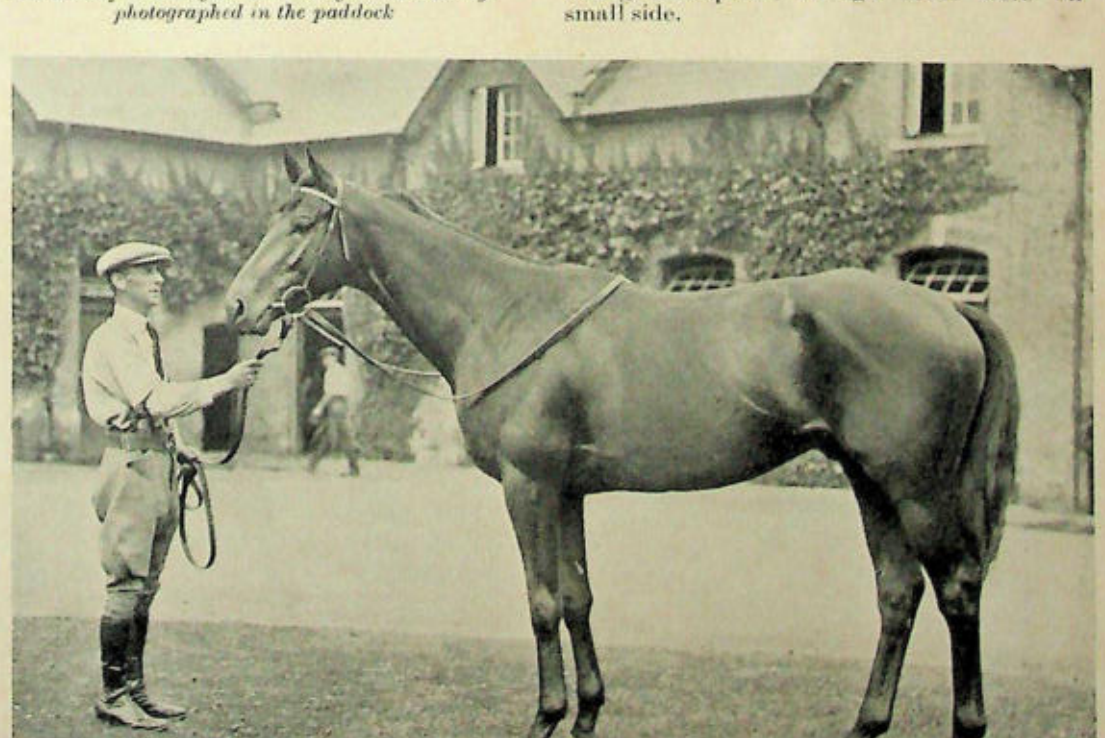
AT THE KELSO HUNT MEETING
The Earl of Haddington and Lady Violet Baring photographed in the paddock

SNOOKER AND THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE

A number of three-year-olds engaged in the Cambridgeshire appear in the Free Handicap. An interval of a month elapsed between the framing of the two races, and naturally Mr. Fawcett has found it necessary to make certain revisions in his original estimate. He would appear to think favourably of the prospects of Snooker in the Cambridgeshire, for he has advanced that gelding by no less than 7lb. And as the son of Oojah won a race at York on the afternoon of the publication of the Free Handicap it is palpable that he is leniently treated in the Cambridgeshire.

Next to Snooker the official handicapper gives credit to Cotoneaster for having made the greatest improvement since she received her weight for the big handicap on the 25th inst. She has been put up 5lb., while it is to be noted that Chatelaine, Bow and Arrow, Kyles of Bute and Stalky have all gone up 4lb. in Mr. Fawcett's book.

Trainers of horses for the National Hunt season have been much handicapped during the past month or two by the hard ground, and a number of meetings have been cancelled for the same reason. Last week, however, it was possible to carry through the United Border Hunt fixture at Kelso, which proved successful from the social as well as from the racing standpoint, though fields were on the small side.



UNDEFEATED ON THE RACECOURSE AND NOW AT STUD
Mannamead (Manna—Pinprick) which has retired to the Littleton Stud. His last race was his dead-heat with Loaningdale at Ascot this season

W. A. Rouch



BY TURTLE TO THE SEA
Passengers make heavy going over the sand-dunes

EGGS LAID BY THE HUNDRED!

Mass Production by the Turtle of Turtle Soup Fame

OFF the port of Karachi, on the west coast of India, lies the island of Manora, which terminates in a spit of sand, the dunes above high-water mark being covered with patches of coarse, scrubby grass. This is a favourite haunt of large sea turtles of the edible variety, and almost every night throughout the summer months the females emerge from the sea and crawl up among the dunes to make their nests. They appear to prefer nights when the moon is shining brightly, and the would-be observer who chooses his time accordingly is almost certain of success.

A turtle making its nest is a most interesting sight, and having witnessed the process several times I can vouch for the following being the *modus operandi*. The first time I saw one of these turtles nesting I had reached the spit of sand on Manora at 11 p.m. one June night, accompanied by a friend. We were equipped with electric torches. It was nearly high tide, and a full moon had just got up.

We walked along the deserted beach, and after a short while came across the fresh tracks of a large turtle. These we followed up and encountered the creature on the edge of the dunes. Shortly afterwards she found a site to her liking and proceeded to make her nest. Using both fore and hind flippers, she excavated in the dry sand a shallow hollow of slightly larger circumference and greater depth than her body. Then, after settling herself comfortably, she proceeded to dig out a circular hole of about 10in. in diameter and 18in. in depth immediately beneath the tail end of her shell.

Her method of doing this was very clever. She was digging into fine, dry sand in which ordinarily it would be impossible to make a small deep hole without some method of preventing the sides from collapsing. Using her hind flippers only she dug one of them into the sand immediately beneath her tail. She then inserted the other beside its fellow and drew it up full of sand, clenching the flipper as if it were a fist.

This sand she carefully deposited at the extreme reach of her flipper from the edge of the hole and then with a flick shot it forward into the air. This process was repeated with the other flipper, and so on until the hole had gone down to the maximum depth she could reach. Then carefully sliding both flippers outward, and resting flat on her shell, she laid her eggs, sometimes singly, sometimes in twos, threes or fours. We counted 146 eggs deposited.

Having finished laying, she filled up the remainder of the hole with sand, carefully tamping it down with each flipper in turn. But this did not complete her work. Obviously with the object of obliterating all marks of where she had deposited her eggs, she began to work her body forward, and using both fore and hind flippers shot back showers of sand until finally she was resting in a similar hollow to that made in the first place and where the eggs were deposited.

Quite 2ft. of sand was now above the eggs and so cleverly had it been distributed that no sign was left of any disturbance. She then left the hollow and returned to the sea. I have seen native fishermen digging into these hollows in search of eggs, and now understand why they failed to find them.

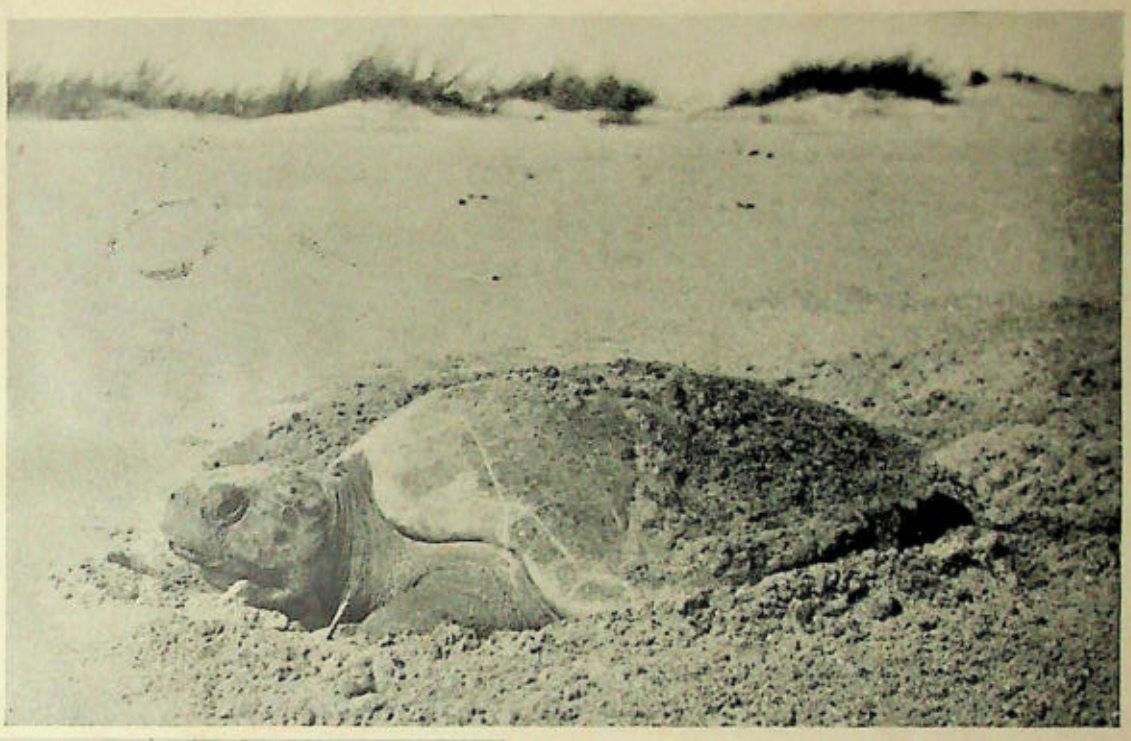
The young turtles hatch out in about 90 days. The eggs are round, soft-shelled, and rather smaller than a billiard ball. The "white" is of jelly-like consistency, and no matter for how long the eggs are cooked, it does not coagulate and harden as does that of birds' eggs.

Later, we saw other turtles making their nests, as well as several others coming up from the sea. Those we disturbed close to the water's edge made a peculiar hissing noise at us and turned back into the sea. The majority were of about the same size as the one described above, which measured 36in. across the back and 45in. in length, but a few were much larger.

The turtle we watched was quite undisturbed by our presence, although we stood close beside her, used our electric torches and actually lifted her to inspect the hole she made for the reception of her eggs.

A few days later, while walking up the beach, I had the very good fortune to see a medium-sized turtle come up out of the sea at 4.30 p.m. and proceed to make her nest. My camera was handy, and I secured the accompanying photographs. I believe it is very unusual for a turtle to nest in daylight, at any rate in this part of the world. It had rained heavily the previous day, and the sand was wet, a fact which somewhat hampered the creature in its efforts to hide the situation of the nest.

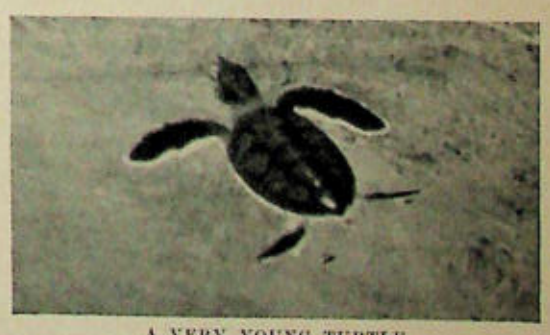
A. M. DORE (Captain, I.A.)



MAKING A HOLE FOR HER EGGS
The sand on the turtle's back was thrown up when she excavated the hollow in which she is lying



A NATIVE FISHERMAN UNCOVERING A TURTLE'S NEST
The haul, in this case, consisted of 123 eggs, but much larger "clutches" are often laid



A VERY YOUNG TURTLE
This photograph of a young turtle swimming in a garden tank was taken four days after it emerged from the sand

WHERE BIG GAME "TAKE THE WATERS"

A Hidden Watcher at a Burmese "Salt-lick"

By E. H. PEACOCK

THERE can be few places more likely to appeal to the lover of Nature than a secluded "salt-lick" in some remote forest of Burma. Situated, generally, in a small clearing near some lonely forest stream, among rugged tree-clad hills, these "licks" are very often possessed of a charming scenic value besides being the haunt of a variety of wild animals and birds.

"Salt-licks" may take the form of earth banks or springs of water impregnated with mineral salts, sulphur springs, hot springs or those peculiar mud-volcanoes formed by the upheaval of decomposed volcanic rock by the pressure of gases escaping from below.

Ye-ngan, sa-dwin, chit, chit-ngan, the Burmese call these natural dispensaries from which the wild animals of the forest obtain the salts and sulphates that they know, instinctively, to be so beneficial to their health. So strong is this instinct and the amount of impregnated earth consumed so great, that the animal droppings found near some of the "dry-licks" are often composed almost wholly of mud.

PIGEONS WAIT THEIR CHANCE

The carnivora are only less eager than the deer, bison and *saing* to avail themselves of the tonic properties of the "licks," and the trees surrounding well-situated "wet-licks" in glades or clearings are often covered by flocks of green pigeons and other birds waiting for a safe moment in which to venture on to the ground and sip the waters of these healing springs.

Some natural law appears to protect the game at these "licks" from ambuscade by the carnivora; at least I like to think so. I have never seen or heard of a "kill" at, or very near, a "salt-lick." Men, however, are not to be so governed, and a "lick" is generally the favourite resort of the poacher and, too frequently, some so-called sportsmen. The magnitude of the offence is appreciated and given expression by the game laws; but surely such depravity deserves an even higher penalty than is generally imposed on the ordinary poacher.

When a "salt-lick" is situated in very remote and secluded forests, wild animals will frequently emerge in the day-time. No more interesting scene for the work of the nature-photographer can be imagined than a well-situated "lick."

Compared with the pastime of tracking or still-hunting for game, the practice of lying in wait with a camera near a "salt-lick" is a comparatively sedentary sport; nevertheless, it is a delightful one and a welcome change from more strenuous pursuits.

There was a "wet-lick" which we knew as the *Kason-chit*, near which I had spent many fruitless hours in spite of the tracks indicating that it was frequently visited by bison, *saing*, sambur, hog-deer and barking-deer. On each occasion when I had watched over this "lick," approaching game had crossed my tracks or an irritatingly changeable wind had made known my presence. Came a day, however, when Nature was kind and I obtained a mixed bag of photographs that recalls many pleasant memories.

The luck of this day was evident early in the morning as we were settling down to a five-mile tramp to the "lick." There had been rain during the night and the wet grass on the *lwins* was shimmering in waves of green and silver under the breath of the dawn-wind and a rising sun. It wanted some hours before the growing heat should bathe us in uncomfortable baths of perspiration, and I found very little wrong with the world this pleasant morning. We followed a game path through a belt of woods and were about to cross a narrow *lwin* of short grass, when I spied a bison cow feeding near the skirts of the forest and, in the woods behind her, the dark shapes of a number of her companions.

The light had grown strong enough to dispense with a tripod and time exposures, so I made a quick stalk and, by good fortune, obtained a close photograph of this cow with her head down in the act of grazing. But some of the herd, which was on its way to its day-time lair in the forest, detected my presence and snorted. The cow near me promptly threw up her head and tail and turned to bolt. One more exposure I made while she was in this position and then they had all gone.

Feeling well pleased at this good start, I rejoined my men and, after still-hunting quietly through the intervening forests and *lwins*, we arrived at the *Kason-chit* before ten o'clock. Here we made a small "hide" of leafy branches and, with a novel and a comfortable seat of leaves and grass, prepared to pass an enjoyable slack day.

I was engrossed in a thrilling drama of "murder, mystery and love," when Maung Po Hte's rude tug at my sleeve brought me back to a world of facts.

"Daye"—hog-deer—he said, and stooped to look through a hole in the leafy wall of our hide.

AN ELEPHANT PAYS A CALL

They were only two shy little hinds that walked mincingly to a pool of water on our left and, after many anxious glances around them, drank slowly. They would not cross the clearing and, after I had made a few long-range exposures, they walked quietly back into the long grass from which they had come.

When these hog-deer had gone, I went back into the world of Edgar Wallace; but it was not long before a loud crashing noise behind us brought me to my feet with the unpleasant conviction that a herd of wild elephants was close beside us. But it was only a young bull elephant that crashed carelessly down to the pool, got our wind and made an undignified retreat before ever I could get my camera aligned.

At midday we had food, and I tried to photograph the monkeys, hornbills and green pigeons perched on the trees up-wind of our hide. Mostly I failed, but now and again I would make a few doubtful exposures.



THESE LITTLE TAILLESS MONKEYS ARE EVER WITHIN HEARING, BUT MOST DIFFICULT TO APPROACH AND PHOTOGRAPH

The wanderer in these hills must carry away with him the memory of two sounds more frequently heard and insistent than others: the plaintive cooing of the green pigeons and the wonderfully clear, loud and varied scale of notes produced by the gibbons. White-browed in the north, white-handed in the south, these little tailless monkeys are ever within hearing, but most difficult to approach and photograph, unless one is prepared to give more time to their pursuit than is usually available. Yet there are few more attractive creatures to observe.

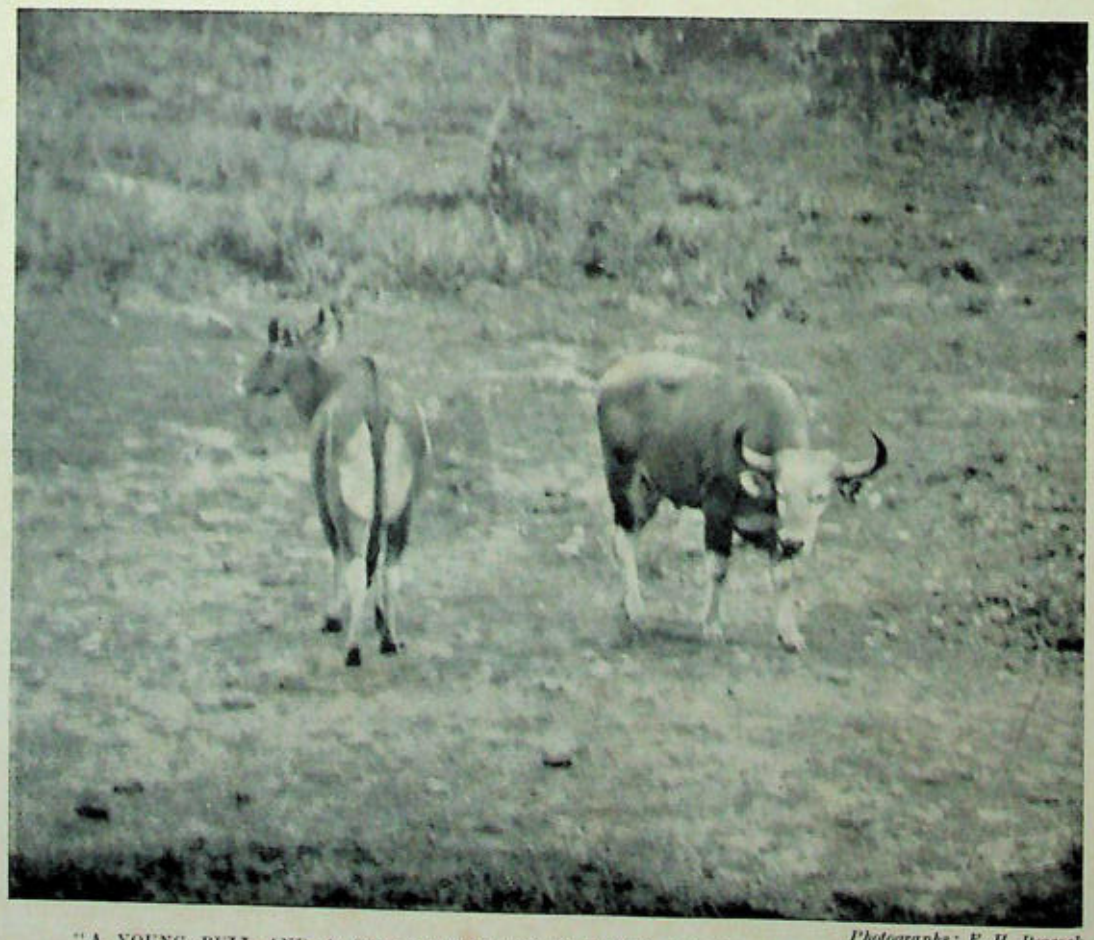
We had arranged to leave the "lick" and still-hunt on the homeward route from about four or five o'clock in the evening; but it was very nearly four o'clock before any large game appeared at the "lick." I was becoming restless and tired of sitting still, when a slight noise on the opposite side of the clearing attracted my attention. I pressed my face close to a small gap in the leafy wall of our "hide" and saw, to my delight, that a herd of *saing* had approached the "lick" and that two or three cows had already walked out of the forest and into the clearing. A young bull and a cow *saing* came embarrassingly close to our "hide"; the others spread themselves over the clearing and nibbled at the short grass at a range of about 40 to 60 yards. The wind was favourable, but, with two *saing* within 20 yards of our "hide," I dared not make any but the gentlest movements.

I made two or three exposures on the young bull and cow near me, and was congratulating myself on this opportunity when some movement on my part, or instinct on theirs, warned the animals near me of my presence. They grew restless and walked off stiffly, their heads up and their eyes ready to catch the first sign of danger.

The alarm was communicated to the other members of the herd, which ran together and stood staring about them in perplexity and alarm. I made three or four exposures on this herd before they eventually made up their minds that something was definitely wrong and moved off into the woods.

I calculated that I had obtained one, if not two, good negatives of a bison cow, one of hog-deer and half a dozen of the *saing* herd—not to mention odds and ends of photos of birds and monkeys. I felt pleased and happy as we packed our few goods and left the "hide" for our return journey.

I was carrying the



Photographs: E. H. Peacock

"A YOUNG BULL AND A COW *SAING* [CAME EMBARRASSINGLY CLOSE TO OUR 'HIDE'"



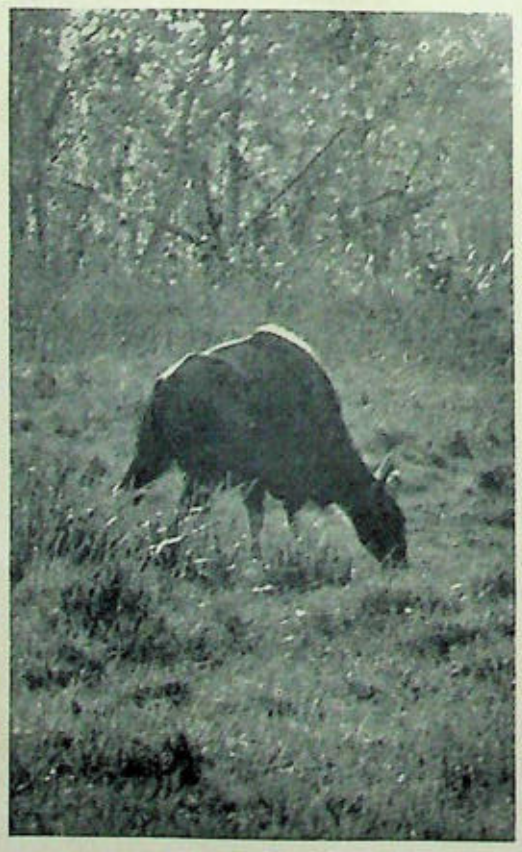
"A HERD OF SAING COWS STOOD STARING ABOUT THEM IN PERPLEXITY AND ALARM"

camera, with tripod attached, over my arm and had just moved out of the "hide" to one side of the clearing when I saw, within 20 yards, a sambur stag staring at me in wide-eyed horror. The surprise was mutual and, of course, before I could bring my camera to bear, he had gone like a wraith. What an opportunity to have lost! If only I had remained in the "hide" for five more minutes he would probably have walked out into open view! These "ifs"!

So home we went, feeling a bit depressed about that lost opportunity; hoping for something to occur which might soften the memory of that fine stag standing within 20 yards of us. And the hope was not altogether vain, for, just before the light began to fade, I saw three sambur hinds on a grass-covered knoll and made a close, though not entirely unobserved, approach.

With them it was a case of tail up and ears up and: "Who the devil are you?" a sharp stamping of feet, a resounding "tit" and the clatter of hoofs as they bolted for the cover of the woods. And that was the last memory I hold of a day at the *Kason-chit*; but some photos remain, otherwise how shall "the years which the locusts have eaten" be restored to us?

[*Mr. Peacock's book, "A Game Book for Burma and the Adjoining Territories," which will take its place as a standard work on the subject, will be published by Messrs. H. F. & G. Witherby in about a week's time.*]



"I SPIED A COW BISON FEEDING NEAR THE SKIRTS OF THE FOREST—

DO MAULINGS HURT?

THE faculties of most hunters are sharpened more than those of the average person; sight, hearing, smell, and even feeling are quickened from association with animals.

I was once mauled very thoroughly, though completely successfully from my point of view, by a lion. I was bitten below the knee and again in the thigh, the lion's teeth meeting in the middle of my leg; I never felt anything at all. After this I shoved my hand into the brute's mouth, partly with the idea of trying to choke him, and partly in order to give him something comparatively unimportant to chew while I tried to stab him with my knife.

While this was taking place I distinctly remember the strong smell peculiar to lion, and the horrible snarling growls that he uttered while he stood over me with one paw on my chest.

Years later I was dosing an eighteen-month-old lion with castor oil when he bit me right through the fleshy part between thumb and forefinger; I felt that good and hearty.

Lion wounds are extremely painful for a long time after they have been received, and sleep is hard to woo because every time one nearly goes off one sees an enraged lion about to repeat the process. Some recover their nerve, others don't, according to the way that they are built.

Apart from the invariable shock and blood poisoning that lion wounds cause, one feels so utterly helpless. A mauling by an elephant, rhino, or buffalo is usually quicker than that of a lion, and though one's body may be absolutely smashed there is not the unpleasant tearing, rending sensation of having one's flesh ripped to pieces while one watches. Besides the ordinary senses, everyone seems to be gifted with an extra sense for dealing with snakes. Frequently, one is about to step on one when something warns one in time.

SIMBA.



"—BUT SHE PROMPTLY THREW UP HER HEAD AND TAIL AND TURNED TO BOLT"



"A RUM ONE TO FOLLOW AND A BAD ONE TO BEAT"
From the painting by George Wright, reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Arthur Ackermann, 157, New Bond Street, London, W.

GOOD RUNS TO REMEMBER

Gallops Over Countries Famed in Hunting Lore

By LADY APSLEY

I SUPPOSE that for such a subject one ought to reel off a string of historic runs and the names of famous Hunts, but I doubt if with ordinary people such is often the case. It is more usual for hunting experiences to fade into a soft, pleasing background, like an old tapestry on the walls of a Tudor house. The owner is aware of his priceless possession, every stitch is of unique workmanship and essential to the pattern, but it is not easy to decipher single episodes, make out exact details of the crowded broidery, to name the figures, woods and fields in the foreground, or the gods and goddesses in the Elysian distances with the cupids and figure of Time.

All you know for certain is that here is the outline of your favourite covert, there the pied back of Countess, who was always right, and there the well-loved horses trot past one by one; even the border is enhanced in value by the hunting trophies cunningly displayed—horns, bridles, saddles, spurs, horseshoes, clothing and stable buckets—symbols that represent to oneself all the best of one's hunting experiences.

As in life itself, the big scenes are often so difficult to appreciate at the time—in a really great hunt it is only too true that one's horse is too beat for the last ten minutes to be more than an agony of fear of losing hounds or killing one's best hunter! Personally, I remember most vividly the less pleasurable occasions out hunting—times one was afraid, lost one's temper, made a fool of oneself, damaged a favourite horse, did what one ought not, made a wrong turn, etc.

VARIED PLEASURES

Then what the novelists call "atmosphere" makes a great difference to me—to ride on sheep-fed downlands of springy turf, dotted with junipers, and marked with the signs of occupation by a prehistoric people of upland dwellers—makers of dew ponds, beacons, barrows and sun temples aligned on the stars—with a blue-grey distance melting to the horizon all round one, and above great billowy cumulus clouds: this, combined with a good horse under one's saddle, the jingle of bit, the feel of well-kept reins, the flicker of much-loved sensitive ears, is sufficient to make for perfect contentment without great galloping or jumping. Another time the pleasure of watching the entry of Lilian whom you nursed through distemper, is more absorbing than the fact that you have jumped nothing—so that it is quite a shock when someone refers to the "miserable day spent pottering between two woods!"

It all so depends on what you go hunting for—great hunts contain many elements of luck, and though you can boast of getting to the end of a long point yourself, you may not have seen so much of hounds as the man who had to pull up for the sake of his young horse. A great poet said that the really important things in life are the little things: this is also true with hunting. You will never forget the time—4.12 p.m. precisely—when you viewed Master Charles James to save a blank day—the remembrance will warm frozen toes on many future occasions.

Then the day the young mare jumped the Bagworthy Brook with you is indelibly engraved on your mind though the exact point is completely forgotten; and the time the old chesnut galloped you down Whiteshoot Hill and you gained the credit for a brilliant performance "alone with hounds"—the truth being that as you knew you couldn't stop him, it had seemed better policy to sit still and pretend you liked it than to offer ineffectual objections!

Of such "shots," as the cinema people call them, the really pleasurable parts of hunting consist for most members of the field; with "records" as such few hunting folk have much concern.

As a child I was always told that old Lord Coventry used to ask two questions of young schoolboys hunting with him: "What's the best thing in the world?"—"A good day's hunting." "What's the next best?" And if the answer was as he intended, "A bad one of course," a sovereign was immediately forthcoming. The story is probably untrue, but the sentiment is right enough.

I fear that to a certain extent hunting is a selfish game—one's own experiences crowd the stage. Few people can tell a consecutive story of a run, and are probably boresome if they can. The intoxication of three miles fast over good going or the careful intentness of "working up to him" on a catchy scent are two joys yet the same.

My own particular memories are a jumble—like bright coloured silks in a workbag. The nearest to an historic run that I have been in was with the Vine hounds during Lady Portal's Mastership—we had a twelve-mile point, killing our fox on the edge of Craven country—an unforgettable experience. Finding in some rough fields, hounds ran slap through a big wood on a burning scent, and over the cold Hampshire plough lands, past great hedgerows over which partridges flew screaming, by the water-meadows of the Upper Test, to the downs.

SIX MILES AT RACING PACE

I remember a brilliant six-mile point in the Ledbury country late in the afternoon at racing pace—hounds like a blunt-headed silver arrow ahead of us in the dusk; and another day when they ran for three hours, swooping like sea-gulls among the Malvern foothills while we scrambled after them, bursting through briars, squeezing through gaps, popping over stiles—jumping and jumping. I catch a glimpse of myself riding home in the Hursley country so late that it was necessary to get off and feel in the dark for the right track through the thick woods; I sense the thrill of a day in a new country, the first sight of walls, cub-hunting with the Vale of White Horse. I mind the day we chased the Duke of Beaufort's green coat as hard as we could go from Badminton Station to Grittleton in a snowstorm; I smell the bottom of a drain in the Grafton country; I hear the thundering hooves as the pent-up Quorn field surges down from the Coplow; and the machine-gun-like "raps" as 200 of the best-bred hunters in the world charge over the great ox-rails beyond Prior's Coppice in the Cottesmore country . . . over the brook, and "plomp" behind—the famous Whissendine takes toll of someone less lucky! Do you see the Belvoir bitches far away, racing over the Burton flats, and there the New Forest buckhounds streaming over the heather?

Another flash comes to mind—the "death-cry to foxes" of Mr. Hilton Green hunting the banks above Broadway in the North Cotswold country—the way hounds raced to him in the still, ice-cold air by Snowshill, while the sun went down like a Japanese lantern in the steel-grey sky, betokening hard frost to come. No one will ever forget seeing Thatcher blow hounds out of Jane Ball, or Lawrence picking his way over the Gawkcombe Vale. There was the day we killed a fox on the top of the Warwickshire wold at Edgehill, where the cavaliers fought—which reminds me of another day riding home alone unexpectedly past the Rollright Stones, and asking an old shepherd about them. "Some say they be fairy folk turned to stone by a wicked dragon, but I don't hold with them tales—they just happened, sez I." My heart still pops in my mouth at the remembrance of a certain monstrous "rhine" in the Berkeley country—those "rhines" which, from the top of Hey Wood, appear like white darts slashing the jade-green of the famous Marsh, but on close inspection become yawning chasms, brimful of reddish mud.



"WORKING UP TO HIM ON A CATCHY SCENT"
From the painting by George Wright, reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Arthur Ackermann, 157, Old Bond Street, London, W.



Olympia as it is to-day

MY FIRST OLYMPIA—AND THE SHOW OF TO-DAY

From the Days When We Copied Parisian Ideas to Our Leadership of the World

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL
Motoring Editor of the "Field"

MY first visit to Olympia—a quarter of a century ago—was to the motor show of 1908. In those days, the manufacturers only constructed the chassis, and it was up to the customer to choose and order his own bodywork and to buy any accessories he might require. Everything was an extra after the chassis had been bought, even such necessary items as tools and lamps.

All the latest innovations at that time hailed from France, and if one wished to follow the fashion, it was necessary to own a French car. For many years, and even as recently as seven or eight years ago, the show held at the Salon in Paris was regarded as the premier motor exhibition of the world.

There all the agents of Europe congregated once a year to place their orders and to inspect the latest novelties and ideas. To-day things have changed indeed, and London is universally regarded as the Mecca of the automobile industry. To-day, also, many of our cars are so well equipped that it would be difficult to spend any money in extra accessories.

A GREAT REVERSAL

I have no statistics in front of me, but would hazard a guess that of all the cars exhibited at the first show I visited (in 1908) 70 per cent. at least were of foreign manufacture.

It is interesting to compare these figures with those of to-day. The total number of cars on view on the manufacturers' stands at Olympia this year is 293, of which 205 are of British manufacture. It will be seen, therefore, that the position held by all our combined foreign competitors in the early movement of the motor industry, has now been reversed.

In the coachbuilding section, the figures are even more remarkable, as the total number of cars shown here will be 155, of which 141 are British. Why is it that this extraordinary change has taken place? The answer I think, is not far to seek.

First of all, our British manufacturers can now offer to the public the right type of car at the right price, superior, moreover, in every way to those built on the continent. Further, they have been able to construct these cars and offer them at competitive prices, due to the tariffs which have been placed on the importation of foreign vehicles.

This year's exhibition is undoubtedly the most comprehensive, instructive, and interesting exhibition that has so far been held in this country.

Apart from the fact that the finest possible selection of cars is on view, there is the fact that, for the first time, no less than fifteen different chassis will be exhibited, showing their internal mechanism in operation. I feel sure that this new departure will be greatly appreciated by the public at large.

Then again, there will be a Caravan and Trailer Section, and a Motor Boat Section which will include launches, yacht cruisers and dinghies, varying in price from £50 to £2,000. There will also be on view in this section inboard and outboard engines, and heavy duty motors of the Diesel type.

Another interesting section is that devoted entirely to garage equipment, one outstanding exhibit being a huge multiple pump, which in itself is practically a complete service station. A further section is devoted entirely to motor car accessories, ranging from tyres to the latest type of radiator mascot.

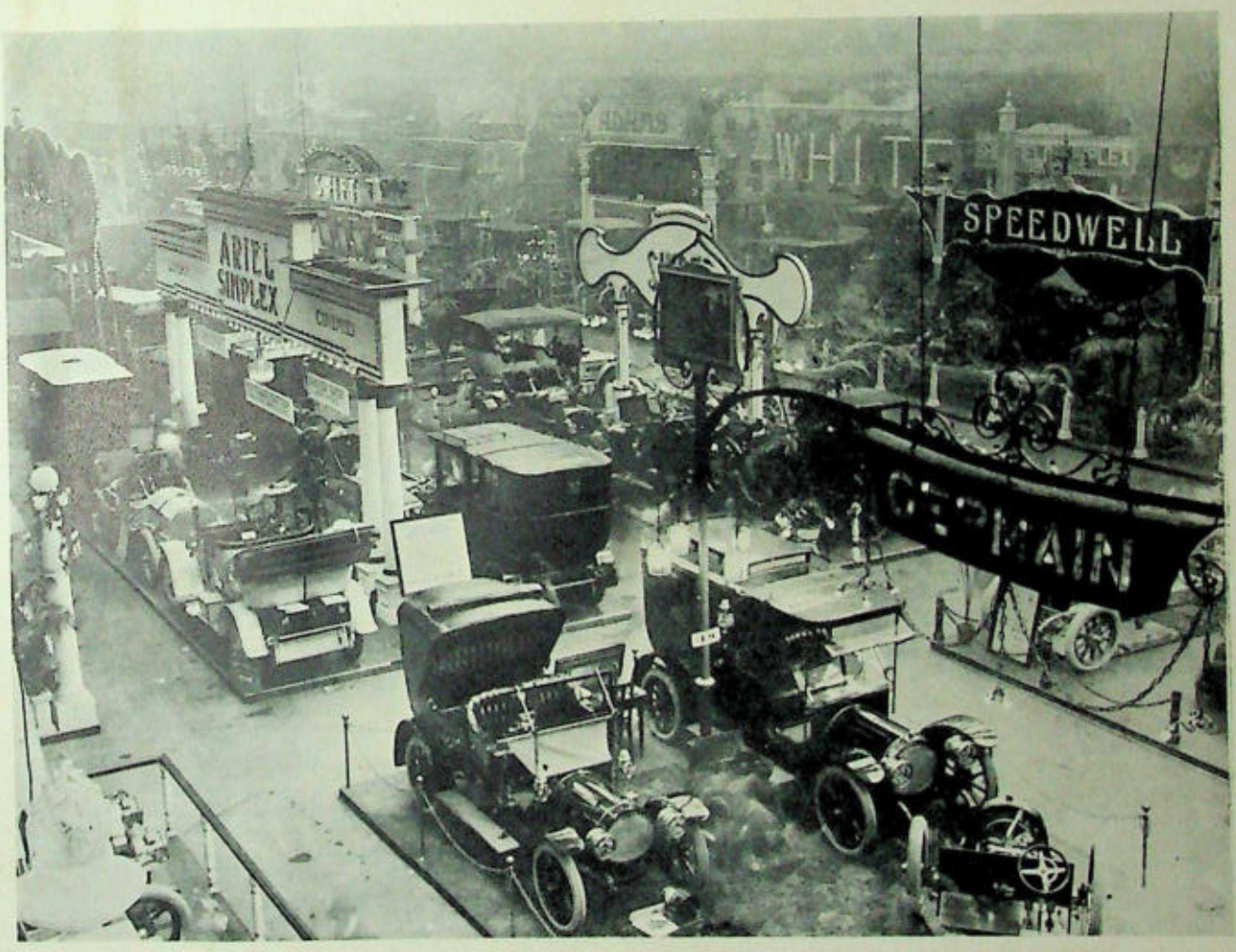
The "Blue Bird," holder of the World's Land Speed Record, will also be seen, but on this occasion in a very different form, since it is for the first time being exhibited as a chassis. Those interested will be able to inspect the entire mechanism, which they have not been able to do in previous years.

Lastly, there will be a continuous cinema performance, and the films shown will be of particular interest to motorists.

A point which must not be overlooked when comparing the show of to-day with that of pre-War days, is the fact that although Olympia is now more than twice the size it was in 1908, every available inch of space will be taken up by the various exhibitors.

Although my first visit to Olympia was in 1908, I well remember attending one of the earlier motor cycle shows staged at the Crystal Palace. All the exhibitors had advertised the fact that free trial runs would be afforded to visitors in the grounds.

The result was disastrous. Men and boys who had never even ridden an ordinary bicycle tried to steer the machines about just for the fun of the thing, and genuinely interested visitors like myself were crowded out entirely.



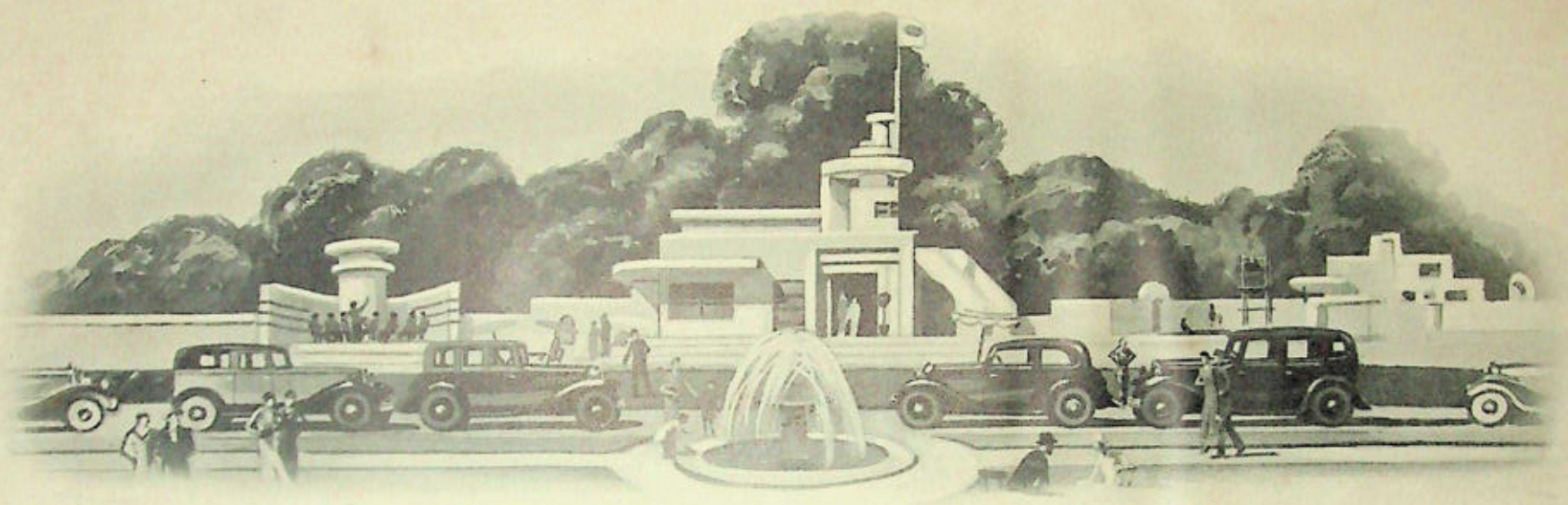
OLYMPIA AS IT WAS: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE MOTOR SHOW TWENTY-SIX YEARS AGO

Do not miss the Ford

MOTOR EXHIBITION

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October 12—21: 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Daily



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6

8 H.P. CARS GIVEN, FREE OF CHARGE, TO VISITORS!

Admission 1s. 3d., Including Entertainment Tax.

The largest, most representative show of its kind ever staged under one roof PASSENGER CARS FROM 8 H.P. UPWARD, INCLUDING MODELS TO SUIT EVERYBODY. See the

8 H.P. FORD

THE LEADER OF THE LIGHT CARS,

Fresh from the unique Dependability Demonstration of Sept. 11-14 last, during which 193 cars covered 327,146 miles in 72 consecutive hours. Inspect the

FORD FOURTEEN

Britain's best value in "Family" Five-Seaters. Examine the latest

FORD V-8 (112-ins wheel-base)

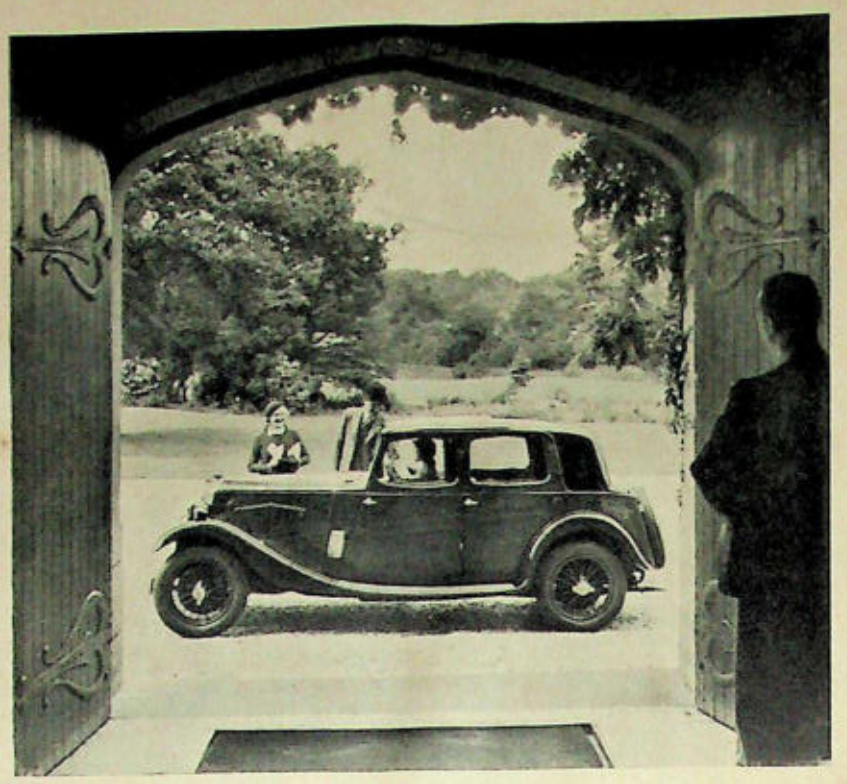
the car which restored to motoring its old-time thrill—all with enlarged, improved bodywork, and many mechanical innovations making for increased economy and efficiency of performance.

Utility vehicles, agricultural and road tractors, industrial power-units and marine installations will also be displayed, typical products of the Ford Works at Dagenham, Essex, the greatest in the British Empire, the latest, best-equipped in Europe.

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CARS TO SUIT MOST FAMILIES

Completeness of Equipment the Keynote at Olympia



THE RILEY 12 H.P. SIX CYLINDER "MENTONE" SALOON, A POWERFUL AND ATTRACTIVE CAR FOR THE SMALL FAMILY

ALTHOUGH sometimes used somewhat contemptuously by young men with noisy sports vehicles, the term "family car" is very apt. It applies, generally speaking, to anything capable of carrying four or five people and ranging from 12 to 24 h.p. There are also rather smaller, high-class cars; but these, if not in the essentially low-priced classes, generally come under the heading of sports cars.

The average family car of to-day has a very good performance indeed. Many can exceed a genuine 70 m.p.h. They are, withal, economical to run and extremely comfortable. They look smart and are used far more frequently than were the carriages of the wealthy a couple of decades ago.

ALL-ROUND EXCELLENCE

Within certain limits, of course, the more expensive vehicles pay for themselves in increased durability and lower upkeep charges. At the same time, even the most inexpensive full-sized cars are so well made, so attractively finished and so comfortable, that it is not always possible to find an excuse for spending the extra couple of hundred pounds. Particularly in these days when so many change cars every twelve months or so, before they have had time to get shabby and before they have even worn through their first set of tyres.

Take the Armstrong-Siddeley cars, for instance. These are essentially roomy, well sprung, and with engines powerful enough to propel them at 60, 70 or 80 m.p.h. according to their size and price. The coachwork is of singularly good quality. The same may be said of the chassis. They are the sort of cars that one can drive day in and day out for months on end without any adjustment becoming necessary, and with scarcely any need to so much as look at the oil level.

All Armstrong Siddeleys have the pre-selector self-changing gear, and, thanks to long experience of this type of transmission, the makers can give smooth engagement and light operation without the need for interposing any auxiliary clutch between the engine and gearbox.

The lowest priced Armstrong Siddeley costs just £300. This is the 12 h.p. model, which has all the stability and comfort of its bigger brethren. The 15 h.p. model can be had for £368, while the 20 h.p. model costs £535. The largest and most expensive of the range is the Siddeley Special 30 h.p. at £965.

The Armstrong Siddeley people, to my mind, are among the few that have succeeded in getting a graceful effect with what are coming to be known as "flared tails" or "skirts."

Then there are various Talbot models. Such well-bred looking cars. No attempt has been made to attract attention by flashy colour schemes, or an excess of chromium plate. They are just first-rate cars in appearance and performance, selling at a moderate price. Together with the products of the sister concern Sunbeam, of Wolverhampton, they are essentially the kind of car that appeals to the reasonably comfortably-off countryman.

The Home Counties Distributors for Talbot cars are Messrs. Pass and Joyce, Ltd. The heads of this concern have both had so much experience of motor rallies and coachwork competitions that they have doubtless been able to bring influence to bear on the manufacturers, with a consequent improvement in the appearance of all models.

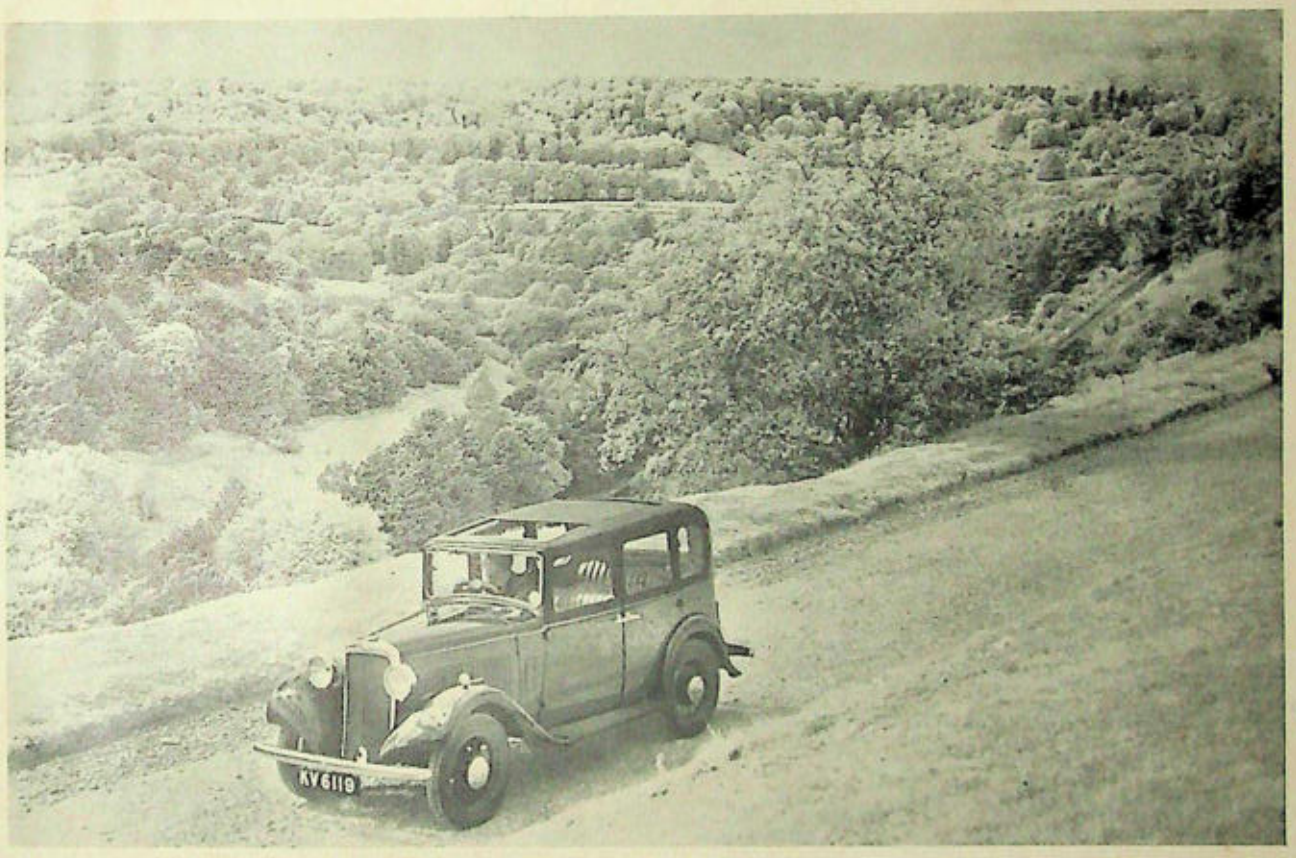
As far as technical features are concerned, the self-changing "accelerating" gearbox has been improved so that it works more smoothly and silently than heretofore. The springing of all models is, I am told, much improved; which is saying a great deal, because I consider the 1933 Talbots as having an almost ideal combination of comfort and road holding. The carburation and electrical equipment have been improved, and Rudge-Whitworth wheels with centre locking nuts are now standard on all models.

The new "Dawn" model Sunbeam should not be missed, as this is something quite new as far as this firm is concerned. For one thing it is the first four-cylinder car that Sunbeams have turned out for many years. It is, besides, fitted with a new and extremely interesting system of independent front wheel springing, and has the Wilson type pre-selector four-speed gearbox. Although small as far as the engine and chassis are concerned, it is every inch a Sunbeam, and has the same "feel" as the well-known "Twenty-Five," which in so many ways it closely resembles. The new "Dawn" model is only taxed at £13 per annum, and the price is £485 for the coachbuilt saloon.

The name Morris has for so long been synonymous with inexpensive motoring that there are still, I think, people who fail to realise that one of the largest, fastest and roomiest cars on the market is the Morris "Twenty-Five." It is only because of the vast manufacturing resources of Morris Motors, Ltd., that such a car can be produced at the astonishing price of £395.

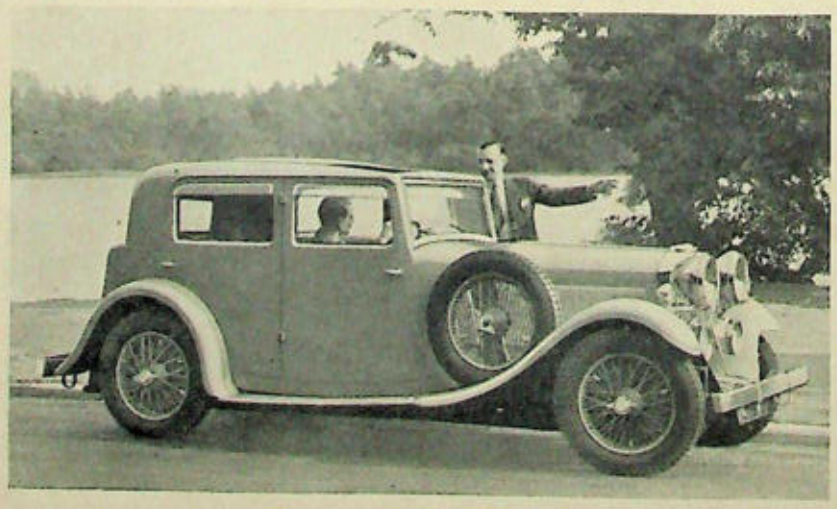
The "Twenty-Five" Saloon is so fully equipped that one may be forgiven for imagining it to be a special job prepared for some *Concours d'Elegance*. The roomy body will accommodate six persons in comfort, and the car will exceed 75 m.p.h. The acceleration and hill-climbing are both extremely good.

The Morris Isis, which has an overhead valve engine, is shown as a very handsome coupé in two shades of brown. It sells at £370. At the opposite end of the scale there is the much-improved Morris Cowley, which has an entirely new 12 h.p. four-cylinder engine, very roomy body work, real leather upholstery and, of



THE 1934 HILLMAN MINX SALOON DE LUXE IN SURREY

This photograph was taken from Box Hill, near Dorking, on an "Infra Red" plate



ONE OF THE NEW TALBOT "105" DE LUXE SALOONS

course, the new and immensely cruciform frame. The new Cowley has a smart new radiator which slopes slightly backwards. Incidentally, there is a new Cowley Six Saloon which sells at the modest price of £220.

The Austins, of course, also represent extremely good value for money. These cars have been improved all round by the fitting of the almost inevitable synchromesh gearbox, direction indicators and so on. The "family" cars shown on Stand No. 116 include the 20 h.p. Ranelagh limousine, the 16 h.p. Westminster and the light Twelve-Four, in addition to the smaller models described in the article devoted to small cars.

FITTED WITH WIRELESS

An interesting feature of the 16 h.p. Westminster is the powerful wireless set with controls mounted on the instrument panel. The new Austin Sixteen is a particularly sound job. It can be obtained with an 18 h.p. engine, while it has, in addition, new front and rear axles, improved brakes, a dropped frame and synchromesh gearbox.

One of the 16 h.p. Austins will be shown with the Hayes Transmission, which gives entirely automatic gear changing, without any action on the part of the driver.

The 1934 Humber cars are so full of novelties that it is hard to know with which to begin. As one who uses his car a great deal, leaving it parked in all sorts of weather, I personally pick the new oil-pressure-actuated radiator-shutters as being the most valuable improvement effected. We all know how with thermostatically operated shutters the water is allowed to get quite cool before the shutters close themselves; which, when you come to think of it, is rather like closing the stable door after the horse has fled.

DUAL-CONTROL SHUTTERS

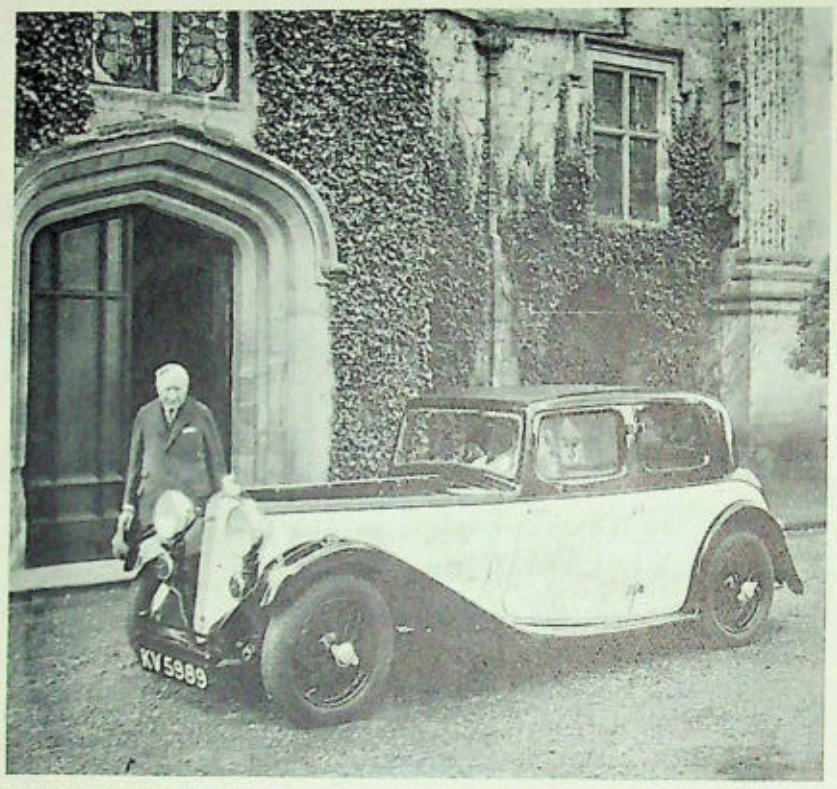
On the other hand, if the shutters are hand controlled there is also the risk of covering a considerable distance, having forgotten to open them and the boiling away of the water. The Humber people have solved the problem splendidly by having a kind of dual control. The Thermostat actually keeps the shutters open to just the right extent, but a valve operated by oil pressure in the engine closes the shutter completely whenever the engine stops, regardless of the temperature of the cooling water.

Another extremely practical point is the built-in jacking system based on Stevenson's patent. By inserting a handle in a socket in the running-board and giving it a few turns, both wheels on one side of the car are lifted clear of the ground.

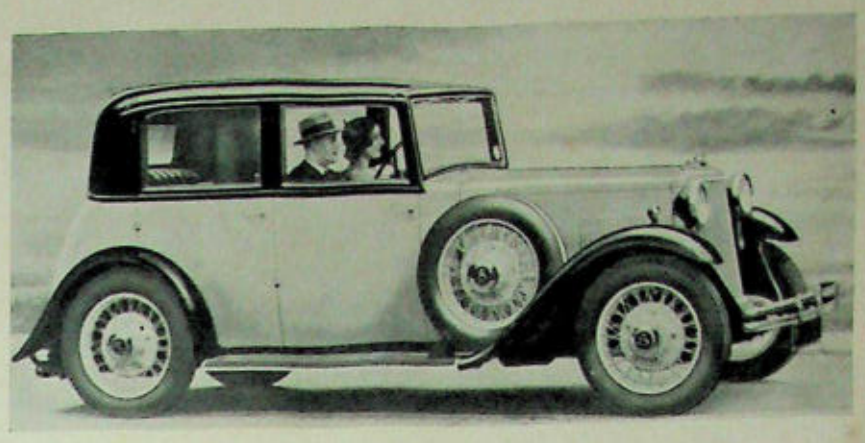
The new Hillmans are well worth seeing on account of the remarkable value for money which they represent. The two cars are identical except for the fact that the engine sizes differ. The 20/70 h.p. model calls for a tax of £21, while only £16 per annum need be paid in the case of the 16 h.p. model. Both models are the same price. The features include, of course, a synchromesh four-speed gearbox.

Furthermore, on all except family models easy gear changing is made still easier, thanks to a freewheel. The bodywork, needless to say, is of a very high order for cars of such relatively low prices. The family saloon costs only £269, the Foursome Coupé is £370, apart from which the most expensive is the seven-seater landaulette, selling at £390.

The most interesting feature of the de luxe 12 h.p. and 14 h.p. Vauxhalls and of the "Big Six," which is an entirely new model, is the "No-draught" system of ventilation. The charm of this lies in the fact that the



LORD LEIGH, WHO IS CHAIRMAN OF THE TRIUMPH COMPANY LTD., WITH HIS TRIUMPH "GLORIA" SIX SALOON AT STONELEIGH ABBEY



THE 15 H.P. ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY SPORTS SALOON AT £388
This is a particularly suitable car for overseas use, and service depots have been established in South Africa

brakes operated by Dewandre vacuum servo, and an overhead-valve engine. It sells at £450. The 20 h.p. model has a specification resembling that of the "Fifteen." The more expensive sleeve-valve type Daimlers are dealt with in another article in this issue.

Turning to less-costly family cars, a fine range of saloons will be found on the Singer stand, these being the "Fourteen," the "2-Litre," and the "Silent Six." Words are inadequate to describe the improvements in the coachwork, particularly as regards the sweep of the wings, so I can but suggest that Stand No. 134 be not missed.

Would that I had space enough to deal with each exhibit at Olympia on its merits. I can but epitomise the features of the remaining popular family cars. There are the larger Standards, for instance—the "Twelve," the "Sixteen" and the "Twenty," all of which represent extremely good value for money. They have bigger and better bodies, devoid of foot wells, new engines, redesigned brakes, synchromesh gears in second as well as third and top, D.W.S. fitted jacks, concealed spare wheel and luggage platforms, and a host of other refinements.

The Riley exhibit consists almost entirely of cars cellulosed a delicate shade of blue. The "Kestrel" streamlined saloon will attract a good deal of attention, as will the new light "Imp." Certain Riley models have a very ingenious automatic clutch, and preselective self-changing gears.

Well worth looking at are the handsome new Rovers with underslung chassis, longer wheelbase and harmonic stabilising, in which the front bumper is specially mounted so as to absorb minor chassis vibrations. A combination of a silent gearbox and controlled freewheel makes gear changing child's play. The 10 h.p. and 12 h.p. saloons are very well finished, and sell respectively at £238 and £268, while the 14 h.p. model, which has a wheelbase of no less than 9ft. 4in., costs only £288. This is a luxuriously equipped car with a 70 m.p.h. performance.

There is no doubt that the Triumph concern will start a new vogue with the "Gloria" Saloons, which are shown as saloons and speed model tourers. They have underslung frames with cruciform bracing, freewheel transmission, and many other excellent features. The wheelbase is very long for a car of this size, measuring 9ft. 8in., while the track is 4ft. and the body-work is outstandingly graceful. The "Gloria" Six Saloon costs £325.

Last, but not least, comes the universally accepted "family" car, the Wolseley Sixteen. The transmission now incorporates an ingenious vacuum-operated clutch which makes it unnecessary for the driver ever to use the clutch pedal, while the addition of a freewheel reduces gear changing to a simple matter of pushing the lever into the desired notch. The saloon, which costs £330, is handsomer than ever, since the wheelbase has been lengthened by 5in.

Larger and more imposing is the 21–60 h.p. "County" Saloon selling at £415, including two spare wheels. This a full-sized car, which looks well in any company and has a performance on a par with its appearance. H.

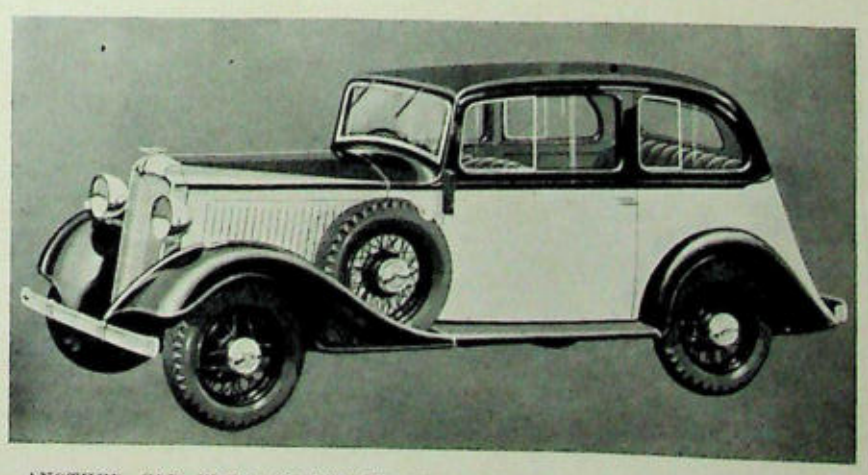
CAR PARKING

Special R.A.C. Arrangements at Olympia

NO facilities will be given by the authorities for cars to be parked in any public thoroughfare adjoining Olympia during the period of the Motor Show. The R.A.C. is accordingly making special arrangements to assist visitors to park or garage their cars.

The Club will have two car parks, one in Russell Road, adjoining Addison Road Station, from which there is a covered approach direct into the Show, and the other in North End Road, about three minutes' walk from the Hammersmith Road entrance to Olympia. Both will be staffed by R.A.C. Guides, and the price of admission is 2/– per day. Season tickets entitling the holder to a reserved berth, and giving the privilege of entering and leaving as desired, are also obtainable.

The R.A.C. has also compiled a list of all garages within a radius of one mile of Olympia, with the details of the number each can accommodate. A telephone box will be installed in the Russell Road car park, and the R.A.C. staff will be in constant communication with the various garages.



ANOTHER CAR WELL SUITED TO USE OVERSEAS: THE NEW VAUXHALL LIGHT SIX COUPE, WHICH SELLS AT £230 WITH "NO-DRAUGHT" VENTILATION

BRITAIN'S . DEPENDABLE CAR



SILENT GEAR-CHANGING WITH SYNCHROMESH

—standard on all 50 models

A NEW REVELATION IN DRIVING EASE

How few drivers are really happy when the moment comes to change gear! How many envy those experts who can slip the gear-lever over on a difficult gradient or a dangerous bend—without a sound! No need to envy them now! With the Austin Synchromesh you just depress the clutch-pedal and move the gear-lever into position, smoothly, silently, simply.

But Austin developments offer more than this. Glance at this list of further improvements—remember Austin dependability—and you will understand the meaning of the phrase, "You buy a car, but you invest in an Austin."

FURTHER AUSTIN DEVELOPMENTS

★ A choice of 50 models.
★ Cross-braced frames for greater rigidity and riding comfort.
★ Alternative engines on Twelve-Six and Sixteen chassis—*without extra charge*. 13.9 h.p. or 15.9 h.p. on Twelve-Six; 16 h.p. or 18 h.p. on Sixteen.
★ Many new models, including a range of four Sports cars: the new Twelve-Six Greyhound Sports Saloon, the Twelve-Six Sports Tourer, the Ten-Four and Seven Sports Tourers.
★ Direction indicators fitted standard to all models throughout the range.
★ Wind deflectors on Sixteen and Twenty models.
★ Adjustable *back* seats on Sixteen models.
★ Rubber engine mountings.
★ Spare wheel covers.
★ Larger, more efficient brakes.
★ Numerous minor refinements.

PRICES AT WORKS: Seven from £105 *to* £152. *Ten-Four from* £152 *to* £215. *Light Twelve-Four from* £172 10s. *to* £218. *Twelve from* £265 *to* £325. *Light Twelve-Six from* £200 *to* £305. *Sixteen from* £295 *to* £348. *Twenty from* £515 *to* £595. *Triplex glass standard.*

If you cannot get to Olympia, see the Olympia models at the Austin showrooms—479 Oxford Street, and Holland Park Hall, London. Working models of Synchromesh and Self-Selector Transmission on Stands No. 76 and 77, Demonstration Section. The Austin Film, "Wheels Onward," in the Concert Hall, Olympia.

YOU BUY A CAR — BUT YOU INVEST IN AN AUSTIN



OTHER MOTOLUXE PRODUCTIONS

MOTOLUXE GAUNTLET GLOVES 21/-
MINIATURE MOTOLUXE RUGS FOR BABY CARRIAGES . . 27/6
FOOT MUFFS TO MATCH THE RUGS 37/6
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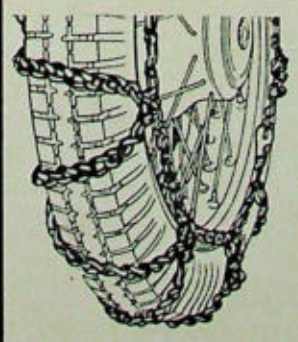
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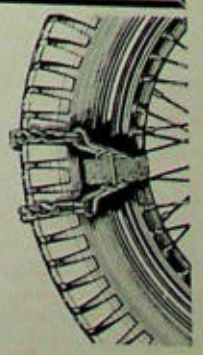


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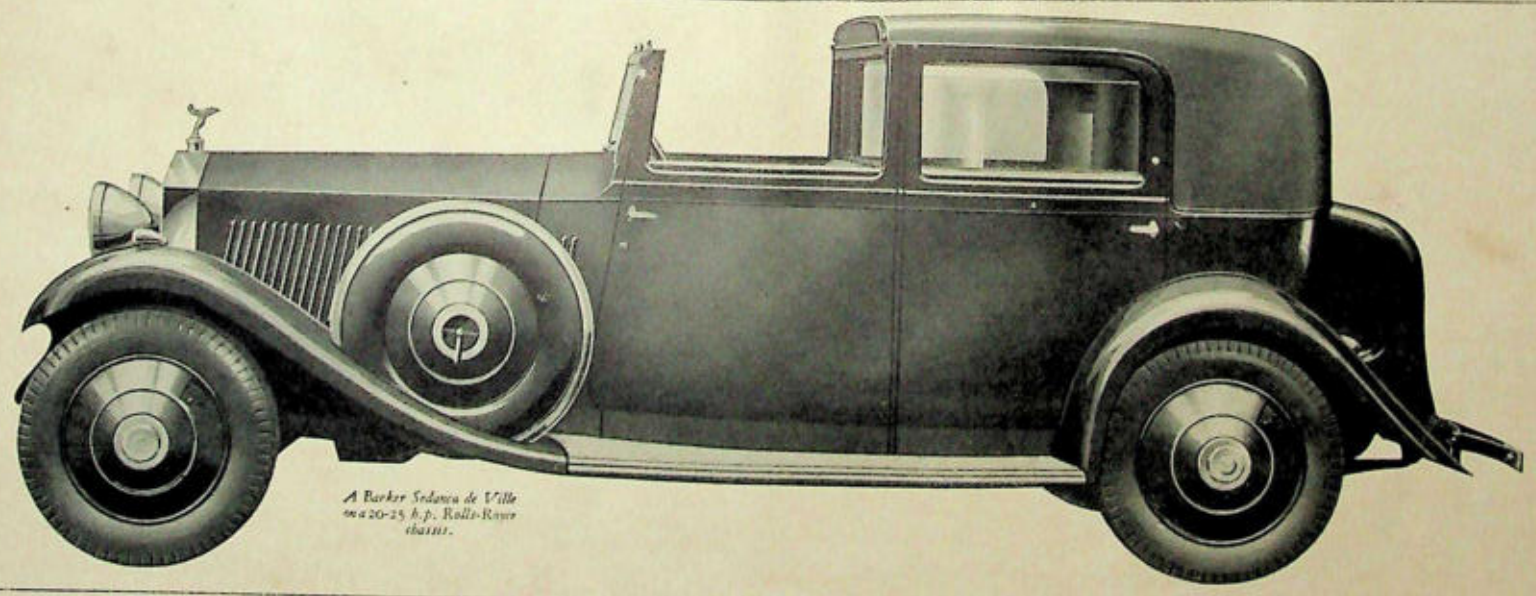
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By Appointment



A Barker Sedanca de Ville on a 20-25 h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis.

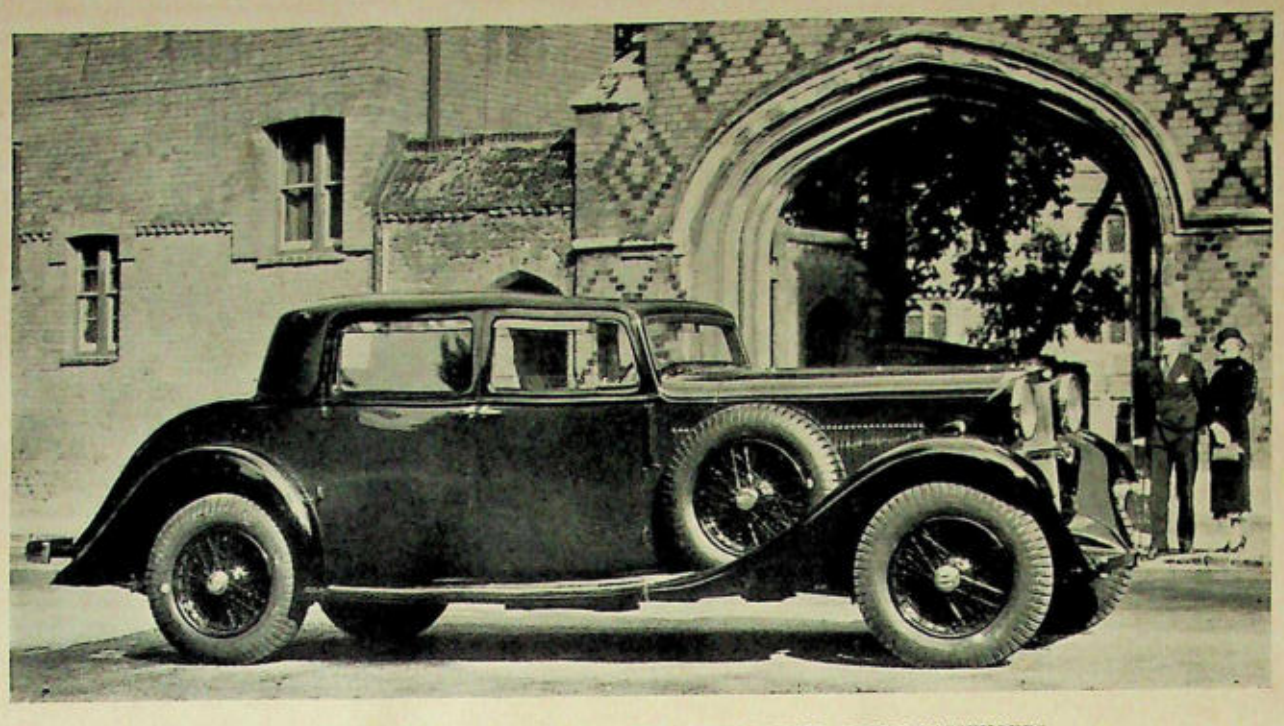
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WITH AMPLE LUGGAGE SPACE AND COMFORT FOR FOUR ADULT PASSENGERS
The Sunbeam "Twenty-five" coupé, of pillarless construction, selling at £875

FOR LUXURIOUS TRAVEL IN 1934

Large Cars of Highest Grade at Olympia

WHERE comfort is of prime importance regardless of cost, and where garage difficulties do not arise, the really large car has no rival. It is in the full-sized luxury automobiles, chauffeur driven, that many travel in preference to taking the train.

A long transcontinental journey presents no difficulty, for good roads and bad are all alike to the big wheels, strong springs and sturdy frames of such cars. Apart altogether from their value as a means of transport, large and high-powered cars are as a rule things of real beauty, exciting admiration, and perhaps just a little envy, wherever they go.

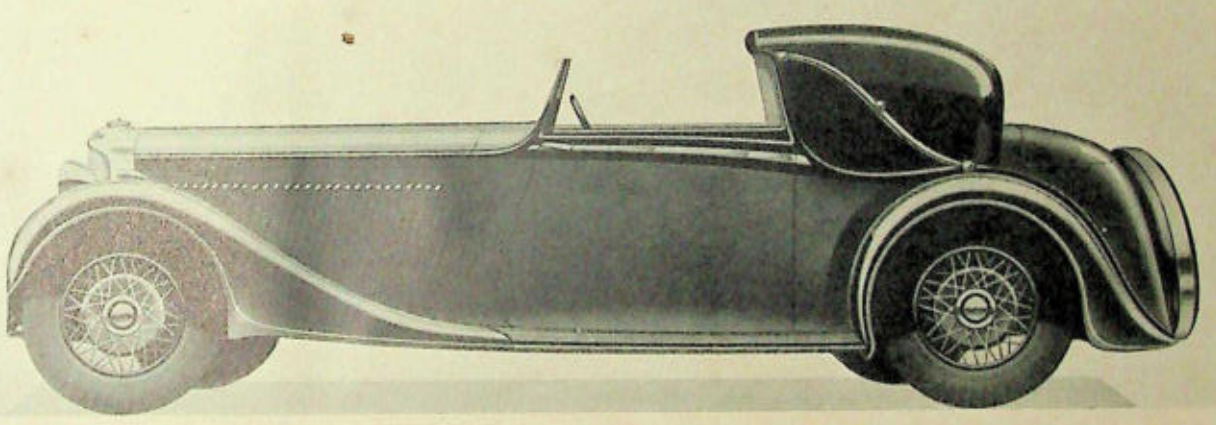
ROLLS-ROYCE CHANGES

I do not think any other manufacturer of large cars will feel offended if I say that pride of place in this category is taken by Rolls-Royce. Although by no means necessarily the most expensive car in the world, it is universally acclaimed as the embodiment of perfection in automobile craftsmanship. Considering the work put into it and the unceasing care with which every part is manufactured, the Rolls-Royce is not really an expensive car.

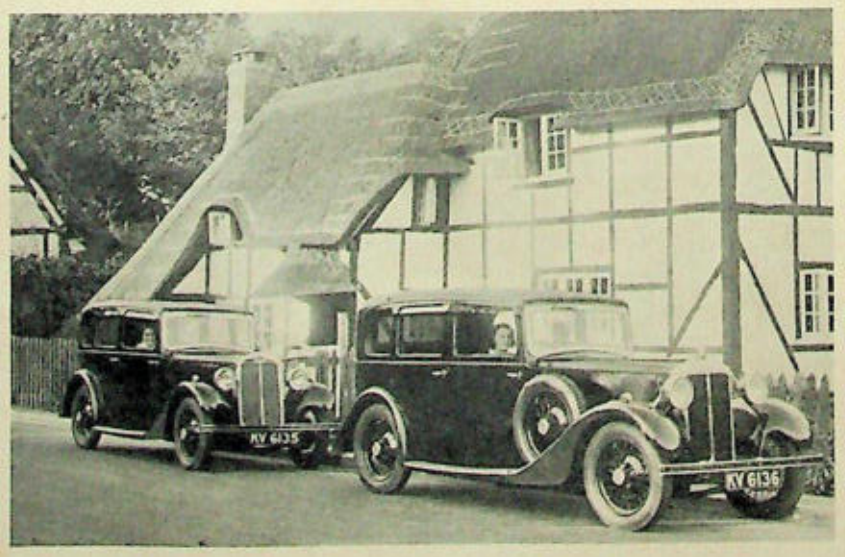
The most important changes for the coming year in the 40/50 h.p. chassis are that extra power has been obtained by an increase in the compression ratio and other engine modifications, coupled with the introduction of a new type semi-expanding carburettor, and an improved exhaust system.

These improvements have made the car appreciably faster and quicker in acceleration than previous models, and this has had the effect of making improvements to the braking system desirable. A greater proportion of the braking is now applied to the front wheels, and special cast-iron ribbed brake-drums are now used.

Permanently fitted jacks, a silent second speed as well as a silent third, and a large air silencer to the carburettor are other new features. A higher top gear is fitted to the short chassis Continental model, and a special arrangement is provided for obtaining a greater output from the dynamo when the headlamps are in use.



HIGH SPEEDS WITH THE MAXIMUM OF COMFORT
A Thrupp and Maberly drop-head coupé on the new 3½-litre Bentley chassis



TWO CARS WITH THE DAIMLER FLUID FLYWHEEL TRANSMISSION
The 15 h.p. Daimler at £450 and the Lanchester "Ten" costing £325

Because it has for so many years been selected for his personal use by the King, the big sleeve-valve Daimler has always been regarded as one of the most luxuriously comfortable vehicles of its kind. The largest is the twelve-cylinder 40 h.p. Double Six limousine, which has a wheelbase of 13ft. 1in. and a track of 5ft.

The model shown at Olympia is finished in dark blue and black, and upholstered in cloth and blue leather. Its price is £1,900. Needless to say the Daimler fluid flywheel transmission and pre-selective self-changing gear are fitted, and transmission noise has in consequence been practically eliminated.

The designers have now turned their attention to other types of noise and to tackling vibration problems, and have worked to such effect that Daimler cars may be classed among the quietest and smoothest on the roads to-day. Equally luxurious, but of smaller overall dimensions, is the Twenty-Five Daimler limousine, a very attractive example of which is shown, finished in black with a white line and upholstered in fawn cloth.

Definitely in the luxury class, but lower in price, is the Siddeley Special: a 30 h.p. car capable of well over 80 m.p.h., even when carrying on its 11ft. wheelbase really comfortable, closed coachwork. In spite of its relatively modest engine size, the Siddeley Special is capable of an exceptional performance, thanks to the ingenious use made of such light alloys as Hyduminium, the cylinder block being made of this alloy, and fitted with liners.

The frame, which is exceedingly robust, is very low, and the Armstrong Siddeley pre-selective self-changing gear is fitted to the forward end of the torque tube. So successful has this model proved since its introduction that only minor modifications have been found necessary for the coming season.

SUNBEAM INNOVATIONS

The largest Sunbeam models have an air of dignity which attracts attention wherever they go. The largest model made is the Twenty-Five, on which an annual tax of £24 is payable. New features include a permanently-attached stone guard on the radiator, and thermostatically operated shutters; a down-draught carburettor is fitted, and the water-pump is provided with a solid thrust washer which eliminates the need for renewing the packing.

Sunbeam coachwork has always been of the same high quality as the chassis, the Twenty-Five limousine being a typical example. A division behind the front seat can be raised or lowered by a winding regulator, arm rests are fitted at each side, with a folding arm rest in the centre, and Dunlop Latex upholstery is fitted to both front and rear seats.

The two occasional seats fold flush into the partition, which is fitted with compartments for gloves, books, etc., while a rear luggage locker is provided. On the long (11ft. 4in.) wheelbase chassis the seven-seater enclosed limousine costs £1,045.

The admirer of large high-powered cars will find much to interest him also in some of the larger American cars.

The English are a fresh-air-loving nation; hence, doubtless, the success of the Tickford body, which provides, by the simple turning of a handle, either an open or a closed car. Many of these bodies, which are built by the old-established concern of George Salmons & Sons, of Newport Pagnell, are indistinguishable from the ordinary touring car when open, but glass windows of the wind-down type are concealed in the doors, and a twill or leather hood is raised into position by turning a detachable handle inserted into a socket just below the rear quarter of the bodywork.

Needless to say, many beautiful examples of Tickford bodies are to be seen, both on the coachbuilders' own stand and among the exhibits of various car manufacturers. K.

"SIDE SHOWS" OF THE EXHIBITION

A Glance at the Accessories on View

MANY visitors to Olympia, having wandered round the main halls, and perhaps found a little more space and more fresh air in the Coachwork Section, go away satisfied that they have "done" the Motor Show.

They depart in blissful ignorance of the fact that they have missed what is often the most interesting part of the exhibition: the displays of accessories in the galleries and side alleys.

On the Dunlop stand, for instance, are shown examples of the new extra low-pressure tyre, which some experts say will soon be fitted to every car. It gives increased comfort, through being of large section and run at a lower inflation pressure.

Dunlops also make wheels, and an interesting display of various types is given. In the service and garage equipment section the same concern shows many excellent devices, notably a special high-lift jack for use with the new large tyres.

The rapidly growing popularity of radio sets on cars has prompted Lodge Plugs, Ltd., to introduce special radio-screened sparking plugs for preventing interference with wireless reception.

The difficulty of dismantling a sparking plug for cleaning purposes has been solved by the K.L.G. concern, which shows a new combined plug spanner and detacher. One end of the device forms an ordinary box-spanner, while the other is used, with the aid of a tapered tommy bar, to slacken the gland nut of the plug.

Now that safety glass windscreens are compulsory by law, interest is attracted by the display of the manufacturers of Triplex, who pioneered this type of glass and have recently produced the new Triplex toughened glass, which is already being fitted to the 1934 export models of several well-known British makes. When broken, it crumbles into small fragments, and will withstand heavy blows, twisting and bending.

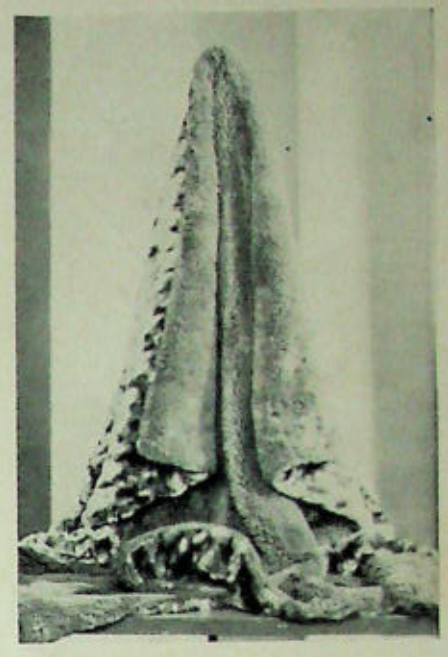
The cosiest rugs in the show, if appearances are anything to go by, are the Motoluxe: rich, fleecy and warm, though remarkably light. Like the famous Motoluxe coats, they are made from llama wool, and have the great virtue of withstanding damp and crumpling without showing any after-effects.

Young accumulators are becoming increasingly popular amongst car owners, thanks to the way in which they withstand harsh treatment and over- or under-charging. They are displayed in sizes to suit all the popular makes of car.

An entirely new type of metal spare tyre cover has been developed by Cornercroft, Ltd. It is in two pieces, and gives lightness with maximum strength, a clean, unbroken line with no visible joint, no unsightly mask effect, and absolute ease of detachment. The full range of Ace super-wheel-discs is also shown.

Excellent demonstration models of both the Daimler fluid flywheel and the Armstrong-Siddeley self-changing gear are shown on the Shell-Mex and B.P. stand. These have been specially built to make clear to the public the principles involved. Shell oils are recommended for use in both of these devices.

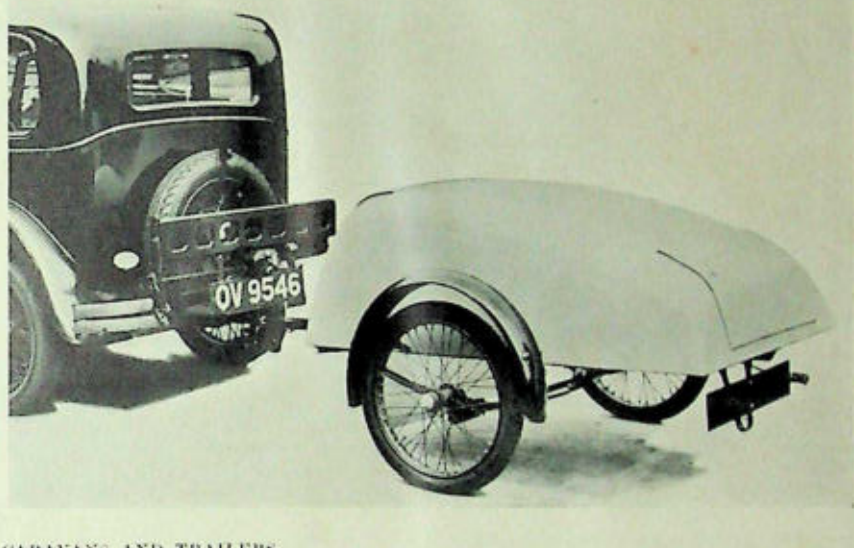
H. P. T.



"THE COSIEST RUG IN THE SHOW"

The Motoluxe, priced at 4½ guineas





THE STREAMLINE TENDENCY IN CARAVANS AND TRAILERS

Both the new Eccles low-built caravan with lantern roof shown on the left and the Gibson trailer on the right are supplied with streamline bodies

CARAVANS AND TRAILERS

Sweeping Advances in Design

By F. L. M. HARRIS

(Editor of *The Caravan*)



THE LODGE C.3 STANDARD PLUG. PRICED AT 5/-

THAT section of the Motor Show set aside for the exhibition of caravans and trailers reveals many surprises. The policy of the manufacturers is to keep their secrets until the show actually opens, and the exhibits reveal literally dozens of really important and valuable novelties.

The Eccles exhibits typify the new tendencies in caravan design. At last a serious bid is being made for the custom of the man who wants to use his caravan all the year round, but who is not prepared to put up with an ungainly appearance. The models on which the eyes of all caravanning enthusiasts are now centred are accordingly of the streamline pattern and are provided with a lantern roof, which gypsies for many centuries have known to be almost essential for winter comfort.

The new lantern-roof streamline models cost £225 with double cavity walls, and complete equipment for four. They are built on low rakish lines, yet provide ample head-room even at the ends.

On most of the other stands the new vogue is in evidence, and prices for these alluring models range from £145. The cheaper examples, of course, have single walls panelled either with plywood or insulation board.

There are few caravans more popular than Car Cruisers. For 1934 the familiar models are being retained, and the range is being supplemented by a series of new types streamlined to an aerofoil contour. In de luxe form, these have double walls with dull-polished French walnut interior panels and every conceivable luxury fitting. There is even an ice chest under the floor.

A significant development is the exhibition by Eccles of four-wheeled trailer caravans. These are revolutionary in design and cost £355. Ackermann steering, like that of a car, is used, and the build is exceedingly low. Of the streamline pattern with lantern roof, they are likely to be seen on the roads in large numbers next year. They represent the first attempt that has been made to offer standardised four-wheelers at popular prices.

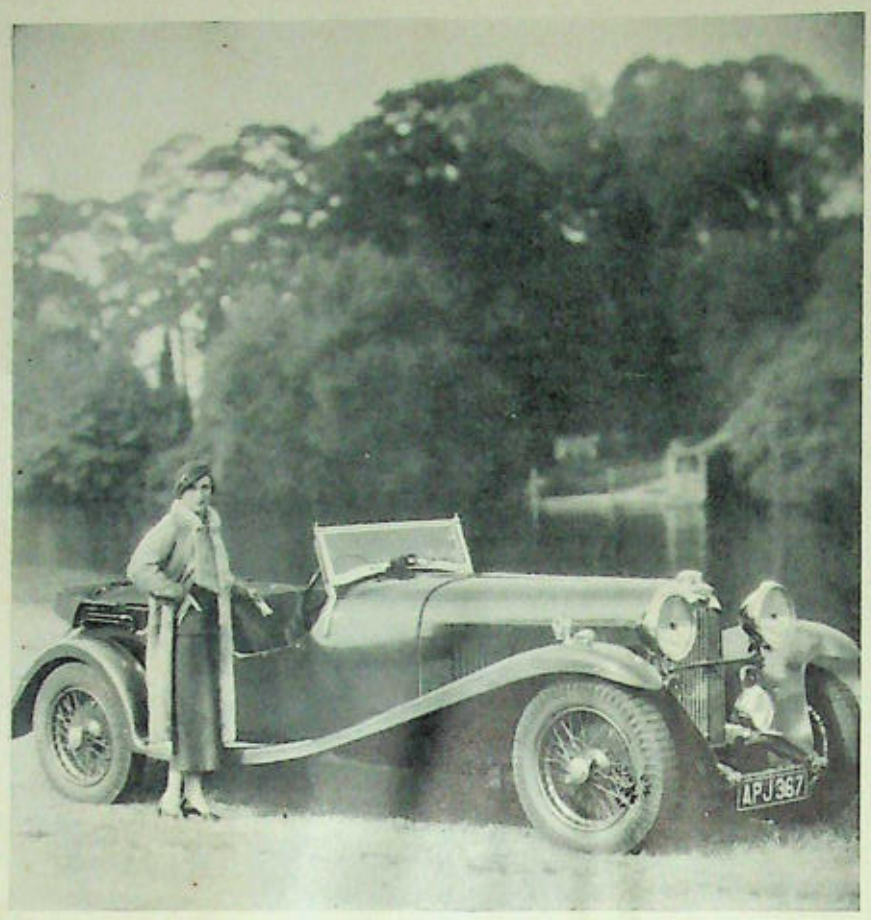
These new Eccles models, like many of the other caravans at Olympia, have built-in chemical toilet appliances fitted in a special compartment. They are the caravan makers' reply to the threatened new legislation which seeks to restrict caravanners in their choice of pitches. Complaints have been made that caravanners have employed crude sanitation methods. The 1934 models with Elsan equipment will put an end to all such criticism.

Inexpensive folding caravans which can be stored in a baby car garage and which are as easily towed as a luggage trailer, have lost none of their popularity. The well-known Rice models at Olympia cost from 78 guineas to 88 guineas, according to their size and equipment.

It is being realised increasingly that a light trailer cannot be beaten for carrying luggage. The latest Gibson models break new ground by being streamlined to match the modern tendency in car design. In these trailers, as in other makes exhibited, luggage is carried in a water and dust-proof container. The doors of the trailer have a strong lock, and the means of attachment to the car take the form of a ball and socket which can be instantly coupled or released.

There are many who believe that light trailers for touring, farm work, beagle packs, hunters and race-horses will boom during the 1934 season.

There is no doubt that the provision of a special section for caravans and trailers in this year's motor show will do much to popularise these very useful adjuncts to motor touring. In this connection it is worthy of note that the Rice stand has been specially arranged to call attention to long-distance journeys which will be carried out this year by users of Rice folding caravans.



GRACE IN EVERY LINE: THE NEW 4½ LITRE LAGONDA, WHICH IS CAPABLE OF OVER 90 M.P.H.



STURDILY BUILT AND HANDSOME IN DESIGN: THE LATEST 1½ LITRE SINGER SPORTS TOURER

HIGH-PERFORMANCE CARS FOR 1934

Attractive Sports Models at the Show

IN these days it is hard to know where to draw the line between sports and touring automobiles. There are small sports cars with a maximum speed of, say, 65 miles an hour. There are comfortable saloons—some of them even selling at quite reasonable prices—which can exceed the 80 m.p.h. mark.

So, within certain limits, I prefer to deal with "high-performance" cars as a whole, mentioning some that, maybe, the true-blue sports "fan" would sneer at, but which nevertheless provides the speed, liveliness and road-holding for which his soul craves.

Apart from the new Bentley, the most successful British sports cars made to-day are in the smaller classes. But there are one or two excellent medium-sized productions—the names of Alvis, Lagonda and Talbot spring to my mind—which exactly fill the bill where a happy compromise between sheer speed and real comfort is called for.

THE CAR OF THE YEAR

The new Bentley was described fully in the *Field* last week by Sir Malcolm Campbell. Yet it is difficult for anyone like myself, a self-confessed enthusiast, to avoid bursting into a panegyric of praise whenever the car is mentioned. It is just what we have all wanted for years; tremendously fast, but gentle, smooth and silent as a ghost.

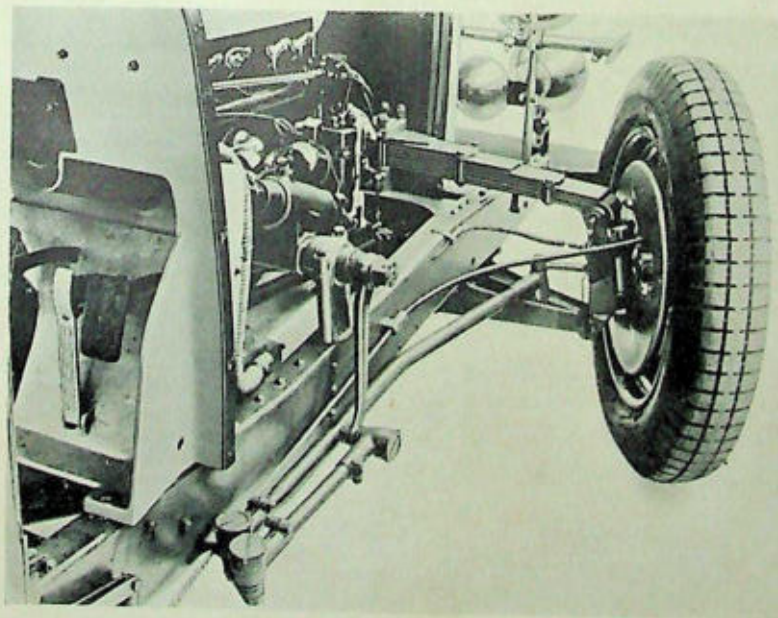
To look at, it resembles neither its forefather, the old 4½ litre Bentley, or its mother, the 20–25 h.p. Rolls-Royce. It is lower than either of them, wide-tracked and lithe. It is graceful in appearance and in action. It will do about 80 m.p.h. on its silent third gear and exceed 90 on top. It corners as if held to the road by some magnet of colossal power. It is supremely comfortable.

Another car—but a much smaller one—with the unmistakable stamp of breeding about it, is the Aston-Martin. It was evolved on the long-distance road-race courses of Ireland and the Continent. It has bred into it speed and stamina. It is a thoroughbred, and it looks it. Low in build, with thin brake-drums of enormous diameter, and a neat 1½ litre overhead camshaft engine, it handles as do few other cars.

Cornering, one feels, Centaur-like, a part of the machine. At over 80 m.p.h. one sits, comfortably alert, at the wheel. This is a car that gives to its occupants the thrill of a racing car; yet it gives, too, the sense of confidence in its reliability that is inspired by a first-rate touring car. The new long-chassis Le Mans four-seater, which is on show at Olympia, is the best of its kind that the makers have so far turned out.

The Alvis "Firefly" is a car that very much takes my fancy. I have never sat in one nor driven one. But it looks so *right*. It is the right shape and size and power. It is roomy enough for four, even on long journeys. I have had enough experience with the older Alvis models to testify to the performance and good, honest workmanship of cars of this make.

There is a good deal in common between the "Firefly" and the "Speed Twenty" Alvis. Both have a very neat lay-out of the front springs, giving independent suspension to the front wheels, and both have a similar type of low, stiff frame. The larger car has now got a gearbox with silent, synchromesh easy-changing *on all gears*. It is the first car to be so fitted.



AN INTERESTING TECHNICAL DEVELOPMENT: THE INDEPENDENT FRONT SPRINGING ON THE SPEED TWENTY ALVIS

So successful have M.G. cars been in races during the last two or three years that the *marque* has achieved world-wide renown. The most recent triumphs are the winning of the 500-miles Race at Brooklands and the R.A.C. Tourist Trophy Race in Northern Ireland. The range of M.G. sports cars is pretty comprehensive, the smaller models being the most popular. Look at the success of the J. 2 Midget, for example.

Consider the achievements, in the International Alpine Trial, the Relay Race at Brooklands and other events, of the new "L" type Magna! And remember the series of victories of the Magnette, which began with the startling performance of two of these cars in the Italian 1,000-miles Race.

A moment ago I mentioned the Alpine Trial—the world's hardest test of "stock" machines. This reminds me of the Frazer-Nash which, driven by Mr. H. J. Aldington, put up what was to my mind the finest performance of any car. An unsupercharged 12 h.p. model, it equalled the performance of a supercharged Bugatti, and a "blown" Alfa-Romeo, both of which had much more powerful engines, and was the only British car, out of about 50, to get through without the loss of a single mark.

INFLUENCE OF RACING

Although some years have passed since Lagondas officially took part in long-distance races, nevertheless the influence of racing remains. Here is a fine range of cars with splendid road-holding and a high performance, coupled with real comfort and 100 per cent. reliability.

I do not know which appeals to me most, the fine big 4½ litre model, on which I have covered many a mile, or the new small 10 h.p. "Rapier" model, capable of 80 m.p.h., that seems destined to make for itself an excellent reputation. This has a twin overhead camshaft engine, and has breeding in every line.

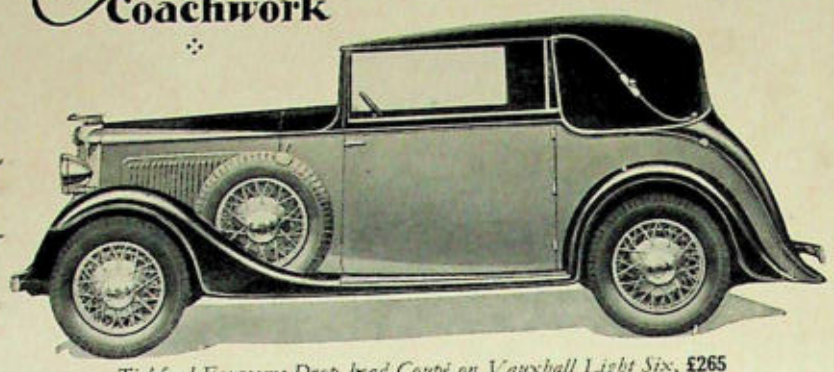
Both Rileys and Rovers make speed models, while the Morris concern is a newcomer to the sports car field, with a snappy little Ten-Six sports model having two carburettors and a specially tuned engine. The Austin Motor Co. passes on to its clients the experience gained in many years of racing, in the form of lively and attractive sports cars in the 7 h.p., Twelve-Six and Ten-Four models.

Just a word about the Singer sports model, in which are embodied the result of intensive testing in public competitions. Apart from the popular and well-known Singer Nine sports, there is the new 1½ litre sports four-seater at £295, and the still newer Le Mans two-seater 9 h.p. car, which is sold completely equipped for racing and competition work at £215. J. L.

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Sunshine Coachwork

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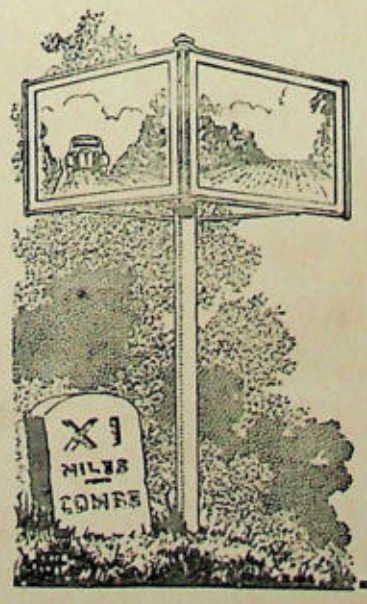
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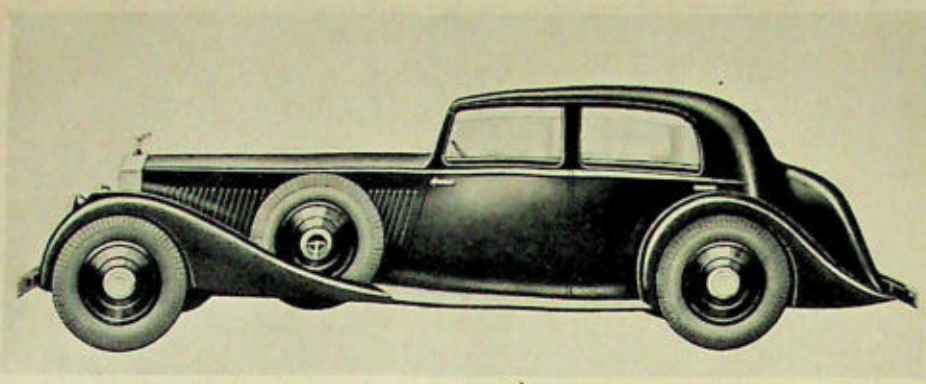
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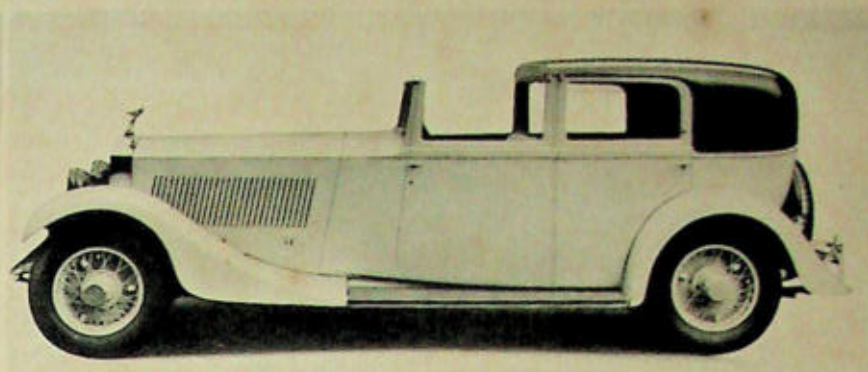
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THE MODERN TENDENCY TOWARDS STREAMLINING
A Rolls-Royce Continental touring saloon by Park-Ward on the 40–50 h.p. chassis



A THOROUGHLY DIGNIFIED CAR FOR TOWN OR COUNTRY
A Barker Sedanca de Ville, also on a Rolls-Royce Continental chassis

FASHIONS IN COACHWORK

New Styles to Meet Changing Tastes

NEW fashions in coachwork are set by many cars at Olympia this year. The most extreme departure from orthodox practice is the rear-engined 15.7 h.p. Crossley, which has a truly stream-lined body of unusual roominess, all four passengers being comfortably seated within the wheelbase.

It is only by re-designing the chassis on these lines that a body of true aero-dynamic form may be evolved, and while the Crossley concern are to be congratulated on the bold step that they have taken, time alone will show whether such a radical departure from time-honoured practice will meet with popular approval.

It is fairly certain that the public is now well accustomed to streamlined forms, and many would at once take to a saloon of the shape of the Crossley if it were possible to produce it on an ordinary chassis. But it is asking the average conservative Englishman rather a lot to take a revolutionary chassis and an entirely new body form at one and the same time.

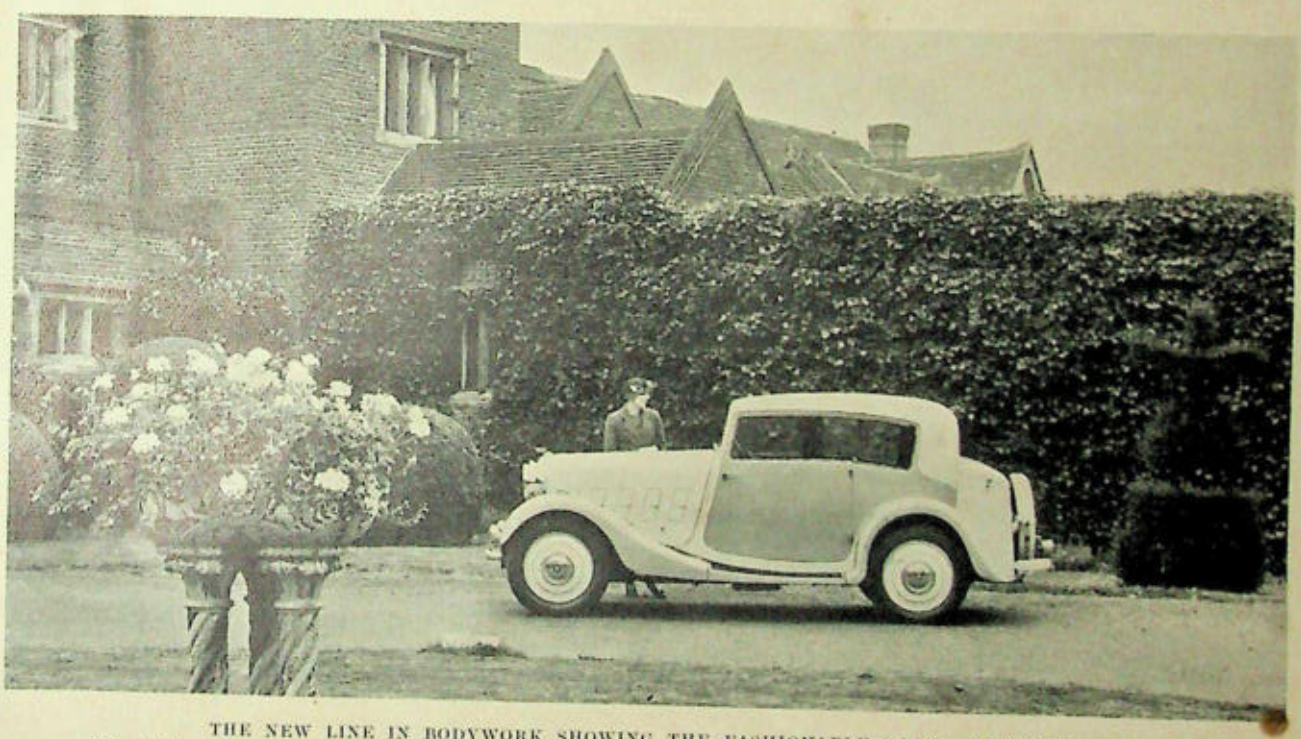
Then there is the new long, curving window, which extends without a break from the windscreen pillars to the rear quarters. A typical example of this is the Humber "Vogue" saloon, designed as the outcome of co-operation between Captain Molyneux, the famous dress designer of London and Paris, and the coachwork department of the Humber Company. A somewhat similar effect is to be found on some of the Talbot bodies.

One has only to sit in the driving seat of a car of this type to realise the greatly improved visibility, and the new sense of freedom and airiness provided. Many people will take a little time to get accustomed to this new line, but those who saw and admired bodies of this type at last year's Paris Salon, and fitted to one or two big Delage chassis at various English coachwork competitions early in the summer, recognise it as a fashion that is bound to take public fancy.

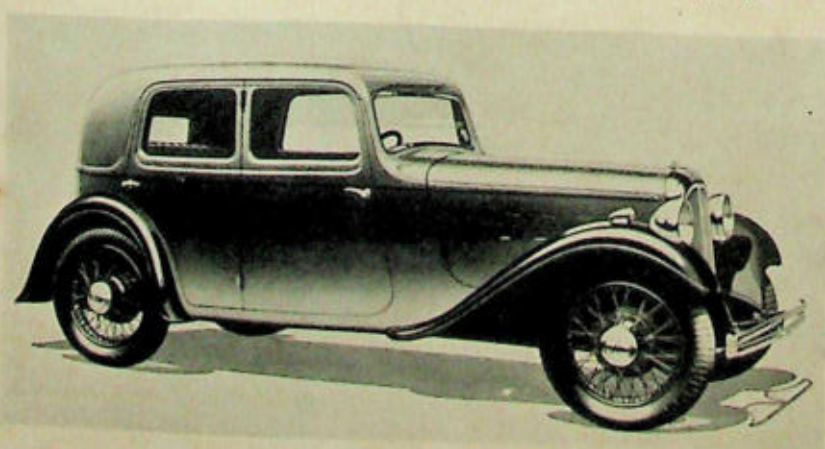
Much of the progress in coach-building that has been effected this year has had as its object simplification of upkeep. The new bodies are appreciably easier to clean than last year's models, for the spare wheels are in many cases hidden away in special lockers, the lids of which hinge down to form luggage platforms.

Where the spare wheels are exposed, the fitting of Cornercroft spare wheel covers has brought added smartness, besides reducing cleaning to the minimum. The new "flared skirts," as the outward-curving back panels are called, conceal the old ugly view of the rear axle and spring extremities; while the curved or sloping dummy radiator fronts get over the old difficulty of keeping clean the honeycomb of the radiator block itself, which for the last quarter of a century has formed a trap for the dust of the road, winged insects, and dead leaves.

Coachbuilders, too, have realised that the pristine finish of a car lasts much longer if the number of times it is washed can be reduced. Consequently, they have gone "all out" to protect the coachwork from mud splashes, by bringing the front wings well down, both in front and behind, and giving a rearward sweep to the after wings. Very deep valances, too, prevent mud being flung sideways and subsequently being blown by the wind over the main body panels.



THE NEW LINE IN BODYWORK SHOWING THE FASHIONABLE "LONG WINDOW"
The 12 h.p. Humber "Vogue" Saloon, evolved by collaboration between Captain Molyneux, the well-known dress designer, and the Humber Company



FLEET OF LINE, SENSIBLE, GRACEFUL AND COMFORTABLE
The new Austin "Greyhound" on the Twelve-Six chassis

That the various coachwork competitions held in this country during the last few years have had a beneficial effect is made evident by the really graceful lines of high-class British coachwork. Our coachbuilders have always been justly famed for the finish and workmanship of their productions, but they seemed in the past to aim at solid comfort rather than at true elegance.

Now all that has changed, and for sheer beauty, combined with luxurious comfort, there is not a carriage-builder in the world who can outrival the English craftsman.

The new, low Bentley chassis provides a splendid opportunity for coachbuilders, and the old-established concern of Barker & Co. are showing at Olympia a 3½-litre Bentley with Barker Foursome Coupé, seating four persons. It is cellulosed in two shades of red and upholstered in red leather, the cabinet work being of polished walnut. Triplex glass is fitted throughout, the fittings are of untarnishable metal, and the mouldings of stainless steel.

Messrs. Thrupp & Maberly also show a most graceful four-seater, coupé cabriolet on the new Bentley chassis; while Hoopers are showing a sports saloon. The latter is painted black with a green line, the interior being upholstered in green leather and fawn head-cloth.

It is still on the 40 50 h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis that our leading coachbuilders like to display their skill. The black-and-chromium Barker Sedanca de Ville body, seating six and upholstered in Sandstone cloth, is a perfect example of the really dignified town carriage.

All the cabinet-work is of polished walnut, while there is a built-in luggage container at the rear. Needless to say, Triplex glass and untarnishable fittings are used throughout, and a sun visor and two spare wheels with metal covers are additional features.

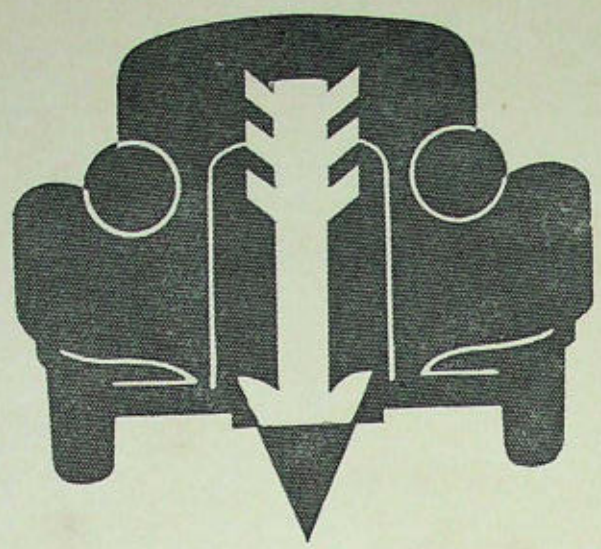
A handsome and practical saloon body is being shown by Park-Ward on a 40 50 h.p. short wheelbase Continental Rolls-Royce chassis. A capacious trunk containing two large suitcases is built into the coachwork, small tools being carried in a tray in the upper part. The hinged lid at the rear of the luggage container folds down to carry an additional trunk when required; while below the trunk and forming part of it, is another locker designed to carry sets of golf clubs.

The interior upholstery is carried out in blue leather in a modern style, with a combination of Latex and sprung cushions affording very luxurious seats. The outside of the car is black, with a floral blue moulding. Another interesting Park-Ward body is an enclosed limousine on a 20 25 h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis. There is room for six to eight persons, although the steering rake is of the owner-driver type.

A special apron is fitted over the rear dumbirons, and this opens out when required to form a large luggage grid. Items in the equipment include a radio set in the front compartment, and a box in the chassis frame for the chauffeur's kit.

L. P.

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CROSSLEY 10. AUSTIN 7. ROVER 10.

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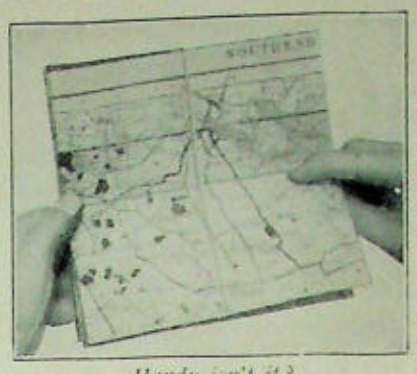
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WHY NOT OWN A SECOND CAR?

Olympia's Selection of Medium Priced Runabouts

By H. E. SYMONS

I HAVE often been gently amused at the unconscious extravagance of people who get out their fairly heavy family car to take a letter to the post. Very often the cost of the journey, reckoned up in petrol, oil and tyres, to say nothing of standing charges like tax and insurance, amounts to many times the value of the stamp.

The small car—I mean in this case the very smallest and cheapest obtainable—makes an admirable tender or "dinghy" to the full-sized family car. All sorts of little journeys can be made in the "baby" very much more economically, while should it be used in dirty weather it is a small ma ter to wash and polish it afterwards.

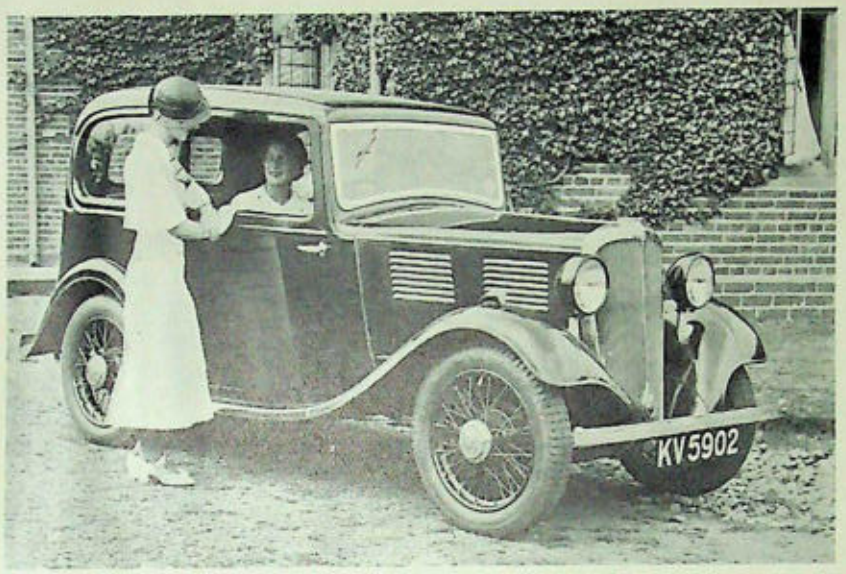
REAL ADVANTAGES

Then, again, there is the very real advantage of having a spare car. Those who live a mile or so from the nearest garage and do not keep a man to wash their car are inclined to get into somewhat slovenly habits and leave the car unwashed for weeks on end, simply because if they take it to a garage to be washed they will have a long walk back, and another long walk when they want to fetch it again. So, although conscious of the dirty, uncared-for appearance of the car they try and comfort themselves by the reflection that "it will probably rain to-morrow."

The "Baby" car may be looked at in two ways. In the first instance it supplies the most economical form of transport for one, two, three or four persons. The first cost is only a little over £100. The petrol consumption is little more than that of a motor cycle and the tyres, when they require replacement after thousands of miles running, can be bought for a few shillings.

Convenient easy payment systems, too, bring down the cost of buying such a car to a matter of a couple of pounds or so per week. So the "baby" cars are easy to get and easy to keep up, just the thing, in fact, for occasions when it is desired to take along a few friends and even an overloaded family five-seater inadequately meets the case.

The householder who goes off to his office each morning, leaving his wife and family stranded without a car, need no longer feel any pangs of remorse at his unavoidable selfishness, if he has left behind another car in which those at home can get about.



WITH AN ESSENTIALLY MODERN CHASSIS DESIGN THE LATEST STANDARD "NINE" SELLS AT £135

"What cars are there?" you ask. "What can I buy for something between £100 and £150?" In this lowest-priced range there are four cars. The improved but fundamentally unchanged Austin Seven, the 8 h.p. Ford, the Morris Minor, and the new Standard Nine.

The annual Olympia Motor Show is here, so the best plan will be to go along and see how these cars will meet your needs.

and situated between Avenues J and K in the Main Hall. It is easy to pick out owing to its bold and entirely new "winged pillar" design. Two Austin Sevens are shown. One is the new sports two-seater which costs £152, and is a really fast little car that can be used equally well for short trips or long journeys. The other is the de luxe saloon, which really does seat four people and is very smart into the bargain. It costs only £128. This is not the cheapest type of "Seven," however, for the two-seater costs only £105.

Although fundamentally unchanged and in its eleventh year, the Austin Seven has now been improved by the addition of synchromesh "easy-change" four-speed gearbox, dip-and-switch headlamps, semaphore type direction indicators, and, in the case of the de luxe saloon, an interior visor and fabric cover for the spare wheel.

smallest Morris has a synchromesh four-speed gearbox, leather upholstery, illuminated direction indicator, a battery master switch, a new brake lever and, in the case of the closed models, an interior sun visor. Draught excluders are also fitted over the gearbox and pedal slots.

The Morris Minor Saloon, which costs only £127 10s., is shown finished in green. It has Lockheed hydraulic brakes and pneumatic upholstery. It does 45 miles to the gallon with a full load, and can reach a speed of 50 m.p.h. The body gives plenty of room for four fully-grown persons even on a long journey. Just a little more expensive is the Ten-Four at £160 10s., which has similar refinements but calls for £10 tax and has a correspondingly better performance.

The new Standard Nine is a delightful little car and sells at the modest figure of £135. It has a chassis of the most modern design, the frame passing under the rear axle, and although fitted normally with "family" type saloon or touring bodies it lends itself very well to the low and rakish style of coachwork.

An unusually interesting body feature is the combined luggage grid and spare wheel carrier. The spare wheel is normally hidden from view, and thus does not require cleaning when the car is washed.

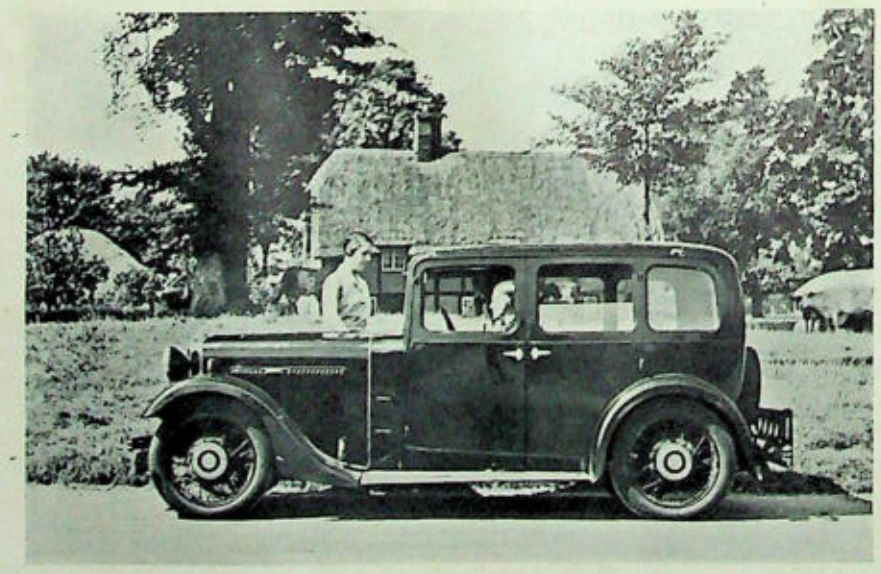
A WIDER CHOICE

So much for the real "babies."

If we exceed the rather low figure of £150 and can spend up to £200 our choice is very appreciably increased. I am not proposing to deal with the low-priced full-sized family cars (as an example, the 24 h.p. Ford costs only £190), but with all those attractive small cars which in scores of families, up and down the country, provide transport and pleasure for all.

Always very popular is the Hillman Minx, which is still claimed to be the roomiest car in its class. The lowest-priced model costs only £159, and the annual tax is £10. The standard bodies are extraordinary attractive and very satisfactory, while one of the most charming "special" jobs—I have owned one of these, so can write from experience—is the Tickford Minx, which provides all the advantages of an open or closed car at will.

This article has obviously to be written before the Show opens, but from the list I have before me the Hillman Stand will be positively seething with minxes. These range from the family saloon, finished in



PRICED AT £189 10s., THE NEW MORRIS TEN-SIX SALOON, WHICH COMFORTABLY ACCOMMODATES FOUR ADULTS, MAKES AN ADMIRABLE "SECOND CAR"



ANOTHER ENTIRELY NEW CAR: THE 9 H.P. WOLSELEY SALOON WHICH SELLS AT £179 AND HAS AN "EASY-CHANGE" GEARBOX

people with limited incomes who must have some form of individual transport.

But I would like to stress this matter of a second car per family, because it will prove so very useful. Apart from merely serving as a "dinghy," it provides an additional conveyance for picnicking, going to dances, to outdoor sporting events; in fact on scores of

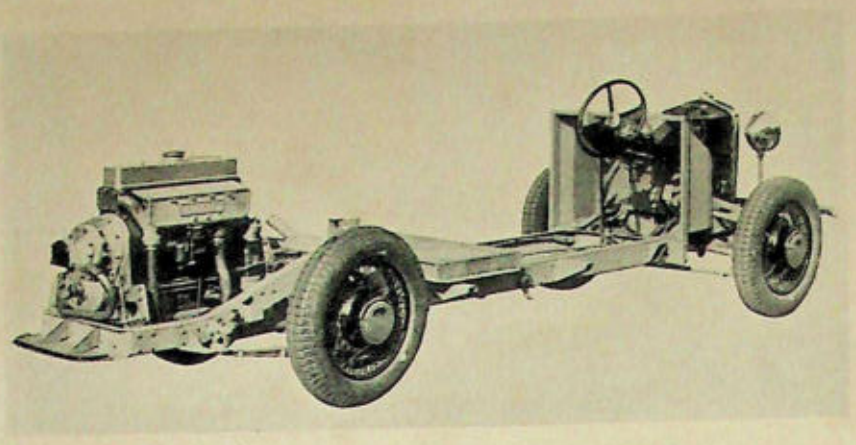
For the moment we can postpone examining the Ford, for this involves going to the special Ford Show at the Royal Albert Hall, which is on for the same period as the Olympia Exhibition: that is October 12th to 21st.

The Austin stand is easy to find, as it is one of the largest in the Show

For those who want just a little more room there is the Austin Ten-Four fixed head saloon at £158, while the price of the two-seater is £152. The Ten-Four, of course, has an excellent all-round performance, but is still very economical to run.

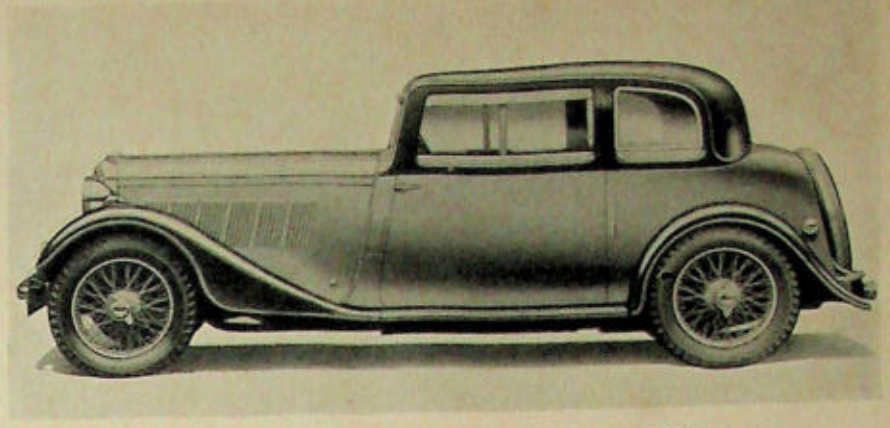
The Morris Minor will be found on Stand 131 in Avenue M. Even the

black, to the bright green Aero-Minx tourer. The Aero-Minx is, of course, a special sports job with a very low chassis and correspondingly high performance. The ordinary Minx is improving in all sorts of ways. A four-speed easy change synchromesh gearbox, for instance, is included in the specification; while on the de luxe



IS THIS THE CAR OF THE FUTURE?

The chassis of the rear-engined Crossley is shown as a fully streamlined saloon



WELL PROPORTIONED, FAST AND COMFORTABLE

The Rover 1934 "*Speed Fourteen*" *Hastings Coupé*

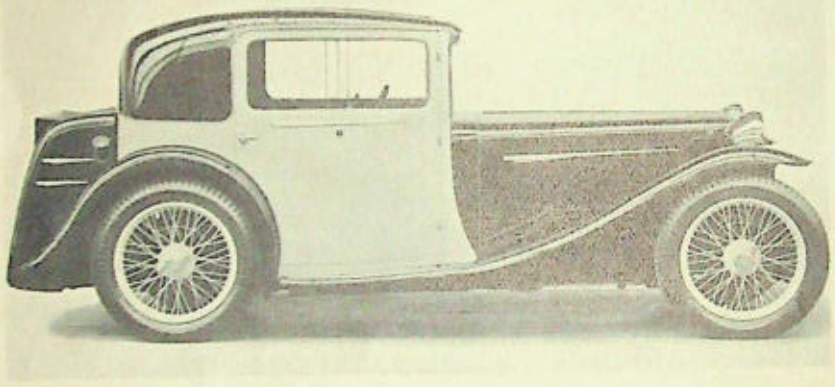
model a freewheel, giving what is called the clutchless gear change, is a standard feature.

The Jowett is the simplest possible car on the market to-day, having only a two-cylinder engine. It has, however, been improved immensely in appearance, and continues to find marked popularity, especially in the North, where heads are hard and purse-strings tight, owing to the fact that the tax is only £7 per annum. The short coachbuilt saloon sells at £151, while the most expensive model, with a very full equipment, is the Kestrel Saloon at £175.

off at its source, thus preventing mischievous small boys from blowing the horn or starting the engine, and incidentally effectively foiling the car thief.

There is, of course, also the popular Wolseley Hornet. There is, too, the entirely new model Hornet, which has an underslung frame and a longer wheelbase than the car which has proved to be so popular during this season.

The new Triumph Tens, which you will find on Stand 106, have engines of the type fitted to the current year's Southern Cross models, and are capable



THE 1934 M.G. MAGNA CONTINENTAL COUPE

There is a new Wolseley Nine, which is well worth seeing. This sells at £179, and has an overhead camshaft four-cylinder engine. As with all 1934 Wolseleys, the specification includes a synchromesh easy-change gearbox, Lockheed brakes, S.U. carburettor, and a very complete 12-volt electrical system. A good feature, which will be found also on one or two other cars, is the Pedomatic starter, which starts the engine directly the accelerator is depressed. There is a battery master switch which enables the current to the various accessories to be switched

of about 65 m.p.h. The black and maroon Popular Saloon shown costs £198 with £3 10s. extra for the sliding roof. The Super Eight is also shown, being finished in black and blue. This is a de luxe saloon at £175, and has improved bodywork, a freewheel allowing particularly easy gear changing, and a new sloping radiator.

Before we leave this question of economical cars, I should mention the Singer range, the main feature of which is the "clutchless gear-change" obtained by the use of a freewheel. A constant-mesh gearbox is used, which gives silent running on second and third gear. The Singer Nine de luxe costs £185; while there is an entirely new Singer Nine Le Mans two-seater. This is an extraordinarily attractive little sports car, selling at £215, but in its cornering, road holding and general handling it almost approaches the "feel" of a racing car. Altogether you will be able to see five Singer Nines on Stand 134, the least expensive being the saloon de luxe and sports four-seater, both of which cost £185.

FORD'S OWN MOTOR SHOW

The Albert Hall as a Huge Road-house

As usual, the Ford Motor Company is showing its independence by running its own Motor Show at the Royal Albert Hall. It will be open for the same time as the Olympia exhibition, from October 12th to 21st.

The interior of the Albert Hall is being transformed, for the occasion, into a representation of an immense road-house, an army of scene painters and artists having been engaged for weeks past in creating a suitable decorative setting.

The new Ford models are being revealed for the first time at this show. At the time of going to press no details of the 1934 programme have been disclosed, but it is generally expected that the Type 40 V-Eight Ford will be introduced. This has been on the American and Continental markets for some months. It has a longer wheelbase, giving a more elegant appearance, and aluminium alloy cylinder heads on the eight-cylinder, v-shaped engine.

Other exhibits include special sports bodywork designed for Ford chassis; the luxurious Lincoln cars built by the Ford organisation; Ford commercial vehicles; Fordson tractors and allied equipment for road haulage and agriculture; Ford power units for industrial, municipal and marine purposes; and much of special interest in the way of accessories and equipment.

There will also be exceedingly interesting demonstrations showing the latest methods of maintaining and repairing motor vehicles; while examples of unusual machines used in present-day motor manufacturing will be shown.

Six 8 h.p. Ford cars are being given away as prizes in ballot contests open to all visitors, free entry forms being handed to visitors as they enter. Well-known novelty bands have been engaged to play every afternoon and evening during the run of the exhibition; while there will be plenty of facilities for rest and refreshment, and numerous attractions such as a continuous cinema show, demonstrations of working models, and so on.

B. B.

The R.A.C. Stand at Olympia.

A special staff is in attendance at the R.A.C. stand to deal with any enquiries from members or other visitors. It will be possible to obtain at the stand a route from Olympia to any part of the British Isles, to consult maps, or to receive any other touring information. The club's engineer will be present to advise on technical matters, including the purchase of any of the cars shown in the exhibition.

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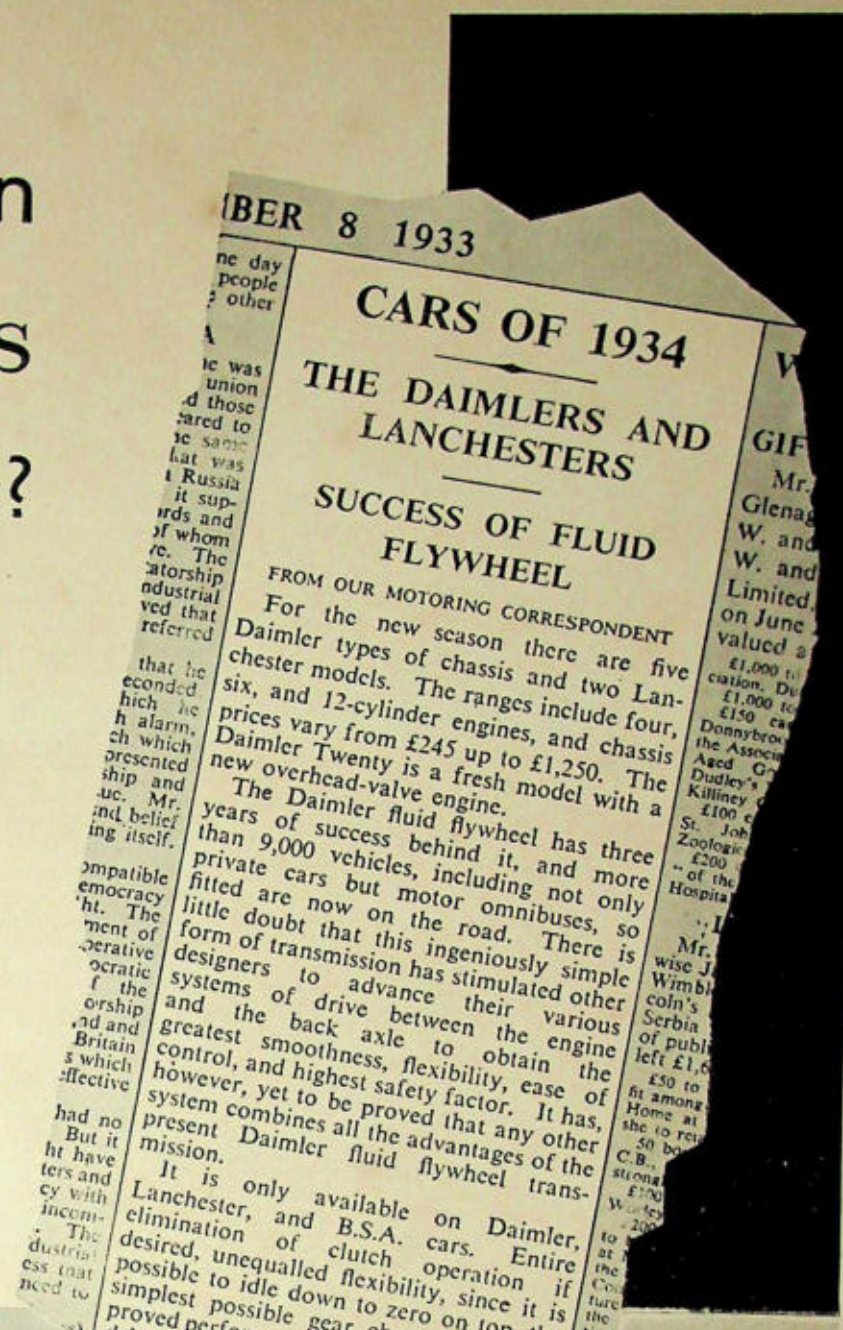
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BER 8 1933

CARS OF 1934

THE DAIMLERS AND LANCHESTERS

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FROM OUR MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

For the new season there are five Daimler types of chassis and two Lanchester models. The ranges include four, six, and 12-cylinder engines, and chassis prices vary from £245 up to £1,250. The Daimler Twenty is a fresh model with a new overhead-valve engine.

The Daimler fluid flywheel has three years of success behind it, and more than 9,000 vehicles, including not only private cars but motor omnibuses, so fitted are now on the road. There is little doubt that this ingeniously simple form of transmission has stimulated other designers to advance their various systems of drive between the engine and the back axle to obtain the greatest smoothness, flexibility, ease of control, and highest safety factor. It has, however, yet to be proved that any other system combines all the advantages of the present Daimler fluid flywheel transmission.

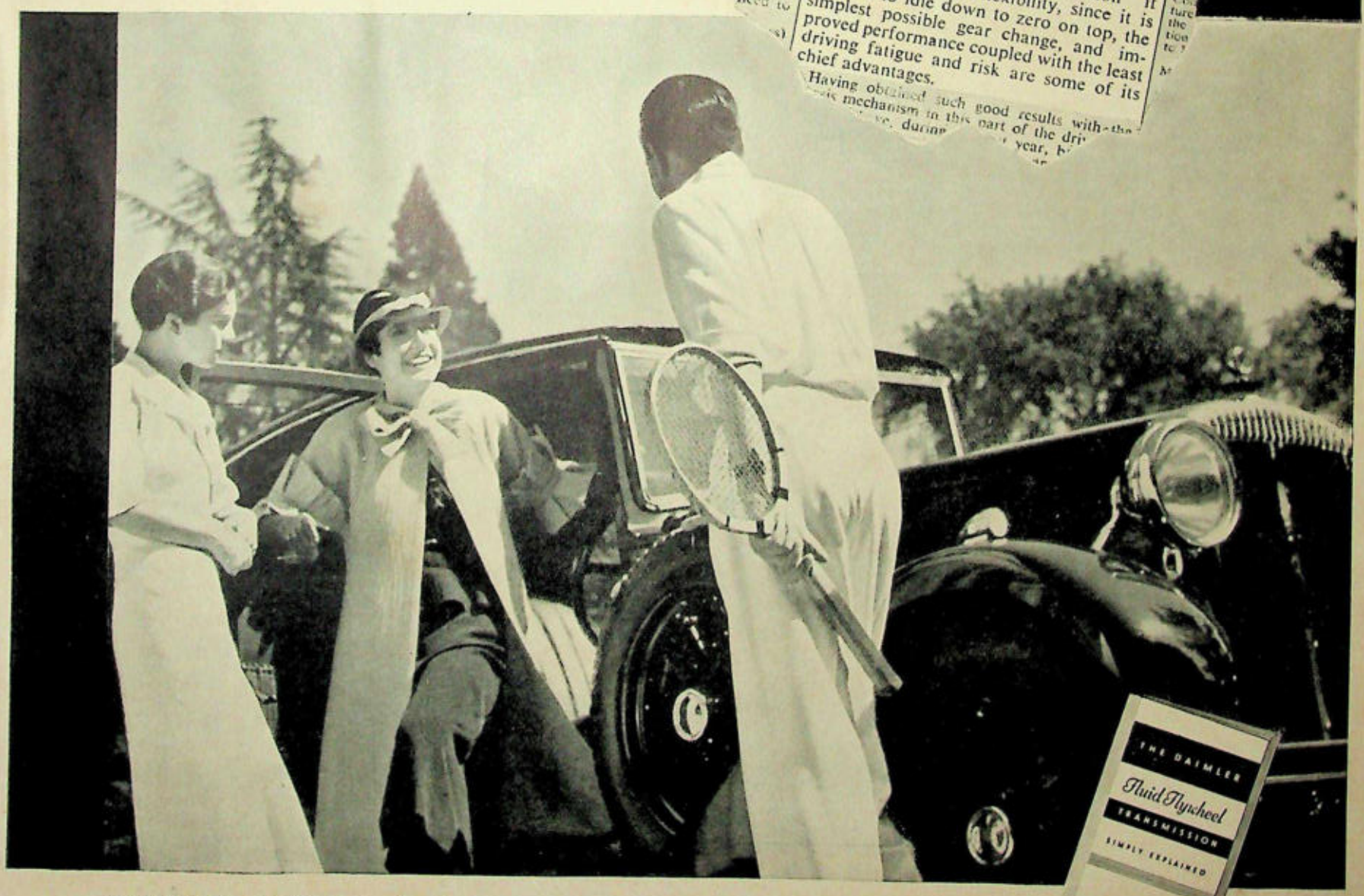
It is only available on Daimler, Lanchester, and B.S.A. cars. Entire elimination of clutch operation if desired, unequalled flexibility, since it is possible to idle down to zero on top, the simplest possible gear change, and improved performance coupled with the least driving fatigue and risk are some of its chief advantages.

Having obtained such good results with the

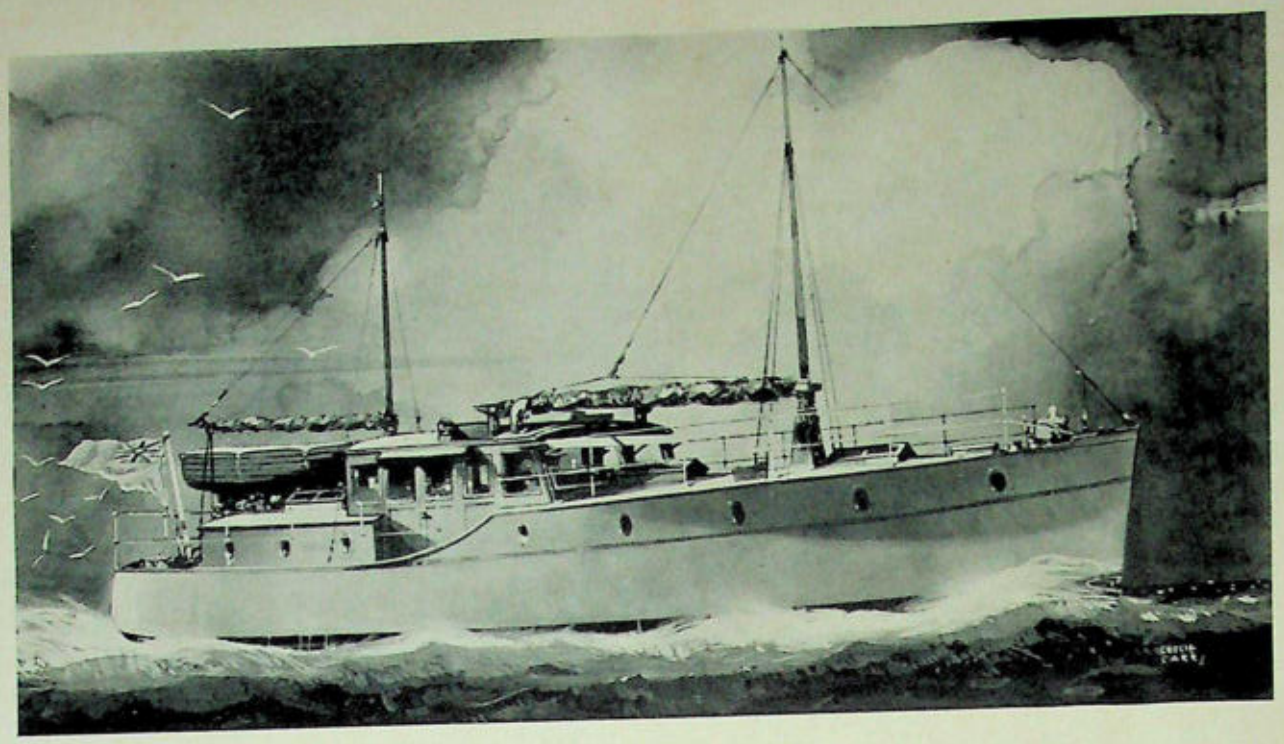
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THE BIGGEST BOAT AT OLYMPIA

This Hyland Diesel-engined yacht, 42ft. 6in. in length, has comfortable accommodation for six or seven people

MOTOR BOATS AND MARINE ENGINES AT OLYMPIA

Some Outstanding Examples of British Craftsmanship

SINCE its inception, some years ago, the idea of providing a marine section for the exhibition of boats and engines during the period of the Motor Show at Olympia has proved most successful.

This year the location of the boats and their equipment is in the annexe to the main hall, and here are gathered a fine display of yachts, the size of some of the boats presenting transport problems of no mean order.

For example, the largest craft has come to Olympia from Yorkshire, being the product of Hyland Ltd., of Wakefield. This boat measures 42ft. 6in. in length and is a gracefully proportioned craft, having comfortable accommodation for six or seven people. Apart from its size there are several points of special interest; for example, the 25/40 h.p. engine operates on heavy oil, although it is fitted with sparking plugs which come into operation momentarily when starting; at all other times ignition is by the heat of compression.

Even so large a craft as this can be controlled single-handed, for the throttle and reverse gear are operated hydraulically through the medium of a single lever. Hydraulic power, utilising lubricating oil as a medium, is used both for steering and working the anchor windlass.

BY SAIL OR POWER

Although this yacht is primarily intended for use as a power boat, a reasonable amount of sail is carried, ketch rig being chosen. In addition to the usual accommodation, the galley is particularly well arranged, whilst the provision of a baggage room satisfies a long-neglected need.

It is very noticeable in this year's exhibition that many of the boats and engines shown are the product of firms famous either for motor cars, commercial vehicles or aircraft, such names as Morris Motors, J. I. Thornycroft & Co., and Saunders-Roe coming prominently to mind.

The last named are showing a Cowes-built 35ft. twin-screw motor yacht of a type known as the Medina class. Two 12 h.p. Morris petrol engines are fitted. From stem to stern this craft is a delightful example of all that is best in yacht craftsmanship. There are cheaper boats of similar size which offer much the same amount of accommodation, but this is a luxury yacht in which every detail bears evidence of careful thought.

Cunningly concealed reading lights above the berths, a galley of which the most exacting of cooks cannot reasonably complain, a toilet room of sensible proportions, all combine to make this cruiser a thoroughly pleasing proposition.

It may interest those who are more technically minded to learn that the hull is copper fastened and that such fittings as bollards, side scuttles, fair leads, etc., are of untarnishable alloy. Thus the owner-skipper is not faced with the unwelcome task of polishing his own brasswork.

In keeping with usual practice, the boat is supplied with a comprehensive inventory which even includes the cutlery, and all for the price of £965. With both engines running at cruising speed, 8 m.p.h. is attained, and approximately 112 miles can be covered with a fuel expenditure of 25 gallons.

To those who require craft of essentially inexpensive type, there are cruisers costing less than £200, whilst a 12ft. mahogany inboard dinghy costs no more than £49 10s. A handy little craft of this type can be seen on the stand of the British Motor Boat Manufacturing Co., where several examples of the Britannia outboard motors are also shown.

This detachable outfit, which made its début at Olympia last year, has proved completely successful and it is practically unaltered for 1934.

The two-cylinder engine is rated at 4 h.p., and although the weight of the complete unit is little more than 40lb., the underwater sections are of bronze, and in fact all exposed parts are impervious to the effects of sea water. The price of the Britannia is £25.

This year there is an inboard engine named the "Middy," in which the power head of the Britannia is utilised practically without alteration, the steering arrangements are ingenious, whilst the price, with a car-type steering wheel, is £35.

Elto outboard engines, ranging from 2¼ h.p. to 31 h.p., are shown, together with a number of mahogany runabouts and dinghies.

This year there is only one boat on the Thornycroft stand, the space available being occupied largely with Diesel engines, ranging from 9 h.p. to 122 h.p., and an equally wide assortment of petrol and paraffin motors.

To revert to the motor boat, however, this is a twin-screw cabin cruiser 35ft. in length. The machinery is of the high speed variety, and the pair of Thornycroft 14 h.p. petrol engines run at 1,600 r.p.m., but the propellers turn at 800 r.p.m., the drive being taken through reducing gear-boxes. By this means the efficiency of the propellers is increased, and a speed of 9 m.p.h. attained.

Accommodation follows the usual lines favoured in a boat of this size. A sleeping cabin in the bows is followed by a saloon. The machinery space and bridge deck above are roughly amidships, whilst a toilet room, galley and double-berth cabin complete the arrangements aft. Variations in the accommodation are possible to suit individual taste. The hull is a sound piece of work, the skin planking being of mahogany.



AN EXAMPLE OF COWES BOAT-BUILDING

The 35ft. Medina twin-screw motor cruiser fitted with two 12 h.p. Morris engines, shown by Saunders-Roe, Ltd., at Olympia

HIGH-SPEED ENGINES

Another firm whose name is associated with some of the earliest developments in motor boating is Brooke Marine Motors Ltd. This concern has recently combined with the Associated Equipment Co. to produce high-speed Diesel engines, and the 130 h.p. motor shown is the first result of this arrangement to be shown publicly. This particular power unit, which can be started either by hand or electrically, is capable of running up to 2,000 r.p.m., and it is priced at £685.

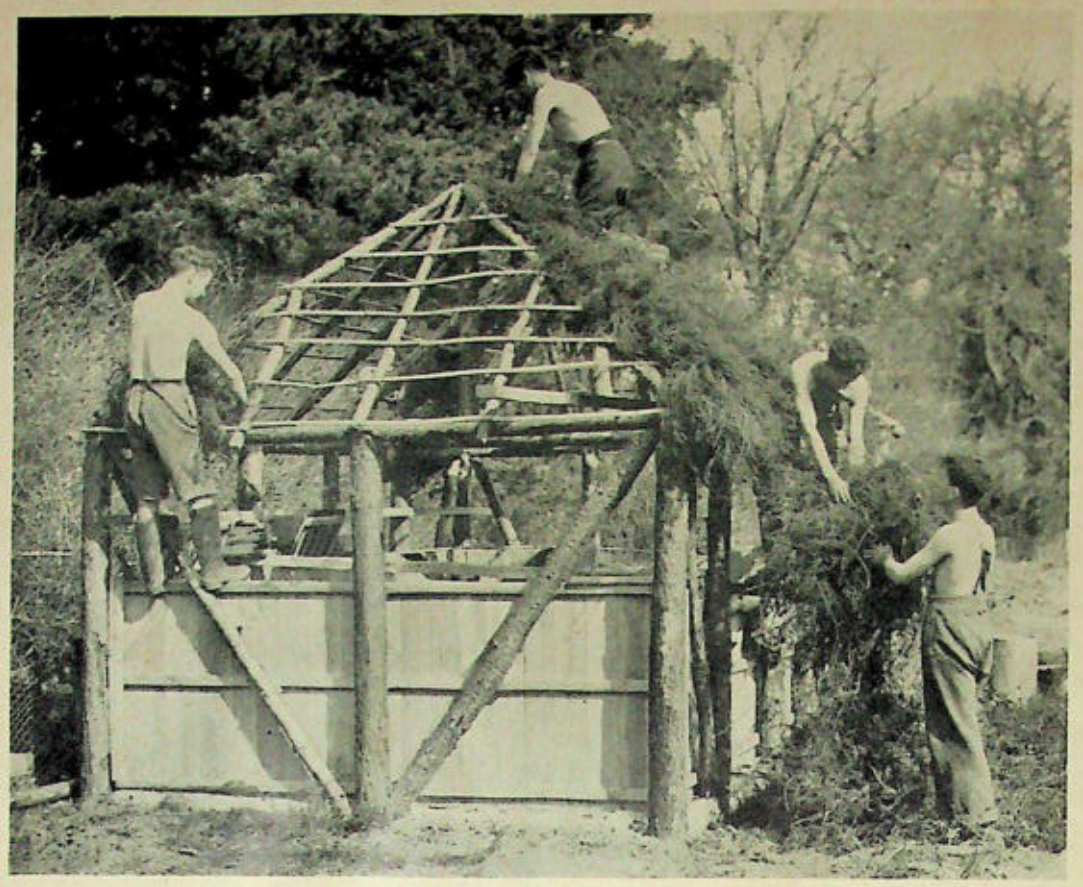
Various petrol engines are on view, but interest will centre in a nicely finished yacht's tender, 15ft. 6in. in length, and carvel-built of spruce. The power plant is a 5 h.p. two-cylinder Brooke motor; whilst the complete craft with cushions and the usual inventory is listed at £180.

It is only during recent years that Ruston's have supplied engines for boats, but the Ruston Lister Marine Co., which has been formed to handle this type of machinery alone, is making a bid for a large share of the marine trade. All motors built by this concern are of the Diesel type, one of the most interesting examples being a 14 h.p. two-cylinder unit running at 1,000 r.p.m.

A single control provides for three variations in compression. (1) Pressure release when hand cranking. (2) High compression for starting or idling. (3) Normal compression for ordinary running. The largest engine on the stand is a six-cylinder slow running model rated at 96/106 h.p.

No report of the exhibits would be complete without mention of engines shown by the Parsons Oil Engine Co., who have their headquarters at Southampton. Only petrol paraffin engines are shown, and these are the well-tried 12/24 h.p., 40/65 h.p., and 110 h.p. models.

M. RALPH HORNE.



BUILDING THEIR OWN QUARTERS
Putting the roof on a bunk-hut constructed at Fordingbridge

LAND TRAINING FOR THE UNEMPLOYED

What Grith Fyrd Camps Are Doing to Keep Youths Fit and Ready for Work

EVERY few years the cry of "Back to the Land" is heard in England, but its present revival is the stronger because it is felt that it may help in the solution of the unemployed problem, and because its foster-brother "A Cheap Breakfast Table" is now heard less loudly. Moreover, something at least has been learnt from experience: that it is futile to expect untried townsmen to make good on the land.

"Grith Fyrd Camps," besides performing other functions, act as a sieve for townsmen and others between the ages of 18 and 25 who may be destined for life in the country. It seeks to supply men to the excellent land settlement schemes already existing, in no way competing against them, and desires their co-operation.

Launched in March, 1932, with the object of giving its members an opportunity of learning citizenship in the widest sense of the word, it is just about to start its second camp. Men of widely differing classes, professions and trades are attracted to it, and live under pioneering conditions deep in the country, building their own dwellings and producing as much as possible of what they need by gardening, keeping small live stock, tree felling, camp construction, carpentry, and handicrafts of increasing variety.

Cooking and so forth is done by all in turn, and boot- and clothes-repairing and washing is done in camp. Leisure time is largely spent in further handicrafts, lectures and discussions, nature-study, dramatic work and outdoor games.

The scheme is entirely voluntary and unofficial. It is not restricted to unemployed men. It is maintained by members' payments, supplemented by donations from generous sympathisers. Insured unemployed pay the whole of whatever State Benefit they draw, and others pay £1 per week, all receiving back 2/- a week as pocket money and journey money for periodical week-end leave.

The Ministry of Labour allows members eligible to continue to draw State benefit, and releases them from daily attendance at the exchange. From experience, the organisers estimate that a camp, properly equipped at the start, will become independent of donations during the second year after inception. There remain, however, the central organising expenses, and the cost of initiating new camps and maintaining them till their gardens are bearing and industries established.

Grith Fyrd Camps do not sell their goods or services. To do so would be to compete on unfair terms with the producers and wage-earners outside. Production is for use within the movement. This cuts off a valuable source of income, but is necessary in consideration of the fact that it is contemplated expanding the scheme till there are camps of not exceeding 50 men wherever they are required.

The movement aims at producing its own leaders, and therefore responsibility is given to many. When members have become grounded in self-helpfulness by living and working for six months as described, small parties equipped with light-weight camping gear fare forth on long tramping expeditions to see all they can of England—country and town. They have the opportunity of studying life, work and people under the existing conditions, and the products of factory people, artisans, and of craftsmen.

This brings them into contact with social conditions, such as slums, which need improvement, and the measures that are being taken to effect this improvement, such as town planning and the work of Boy Scouts and the other youth movements. As a result, many will gain a desire to help in such work, besides gaining some knowledge of how it can be done; and as the term of service, which is normally eighteen months, draws to an end, they will be given the opportunity.

There is a vast field for voluntary service, for much that obviously needs doing (though there is no lack of labour) remains undone because the work would be uneconomic. Towns and villages might be made more beautiful; the number of town children taken to camps is limited largely because of the number of people with time and capability for organising; slag heaps might be planted over and recreation grounds made, in co-operation with local unemployed. There are many unexplored fields for service of this sort.

On leaving Grith Fyrd, a man has had the chance of learning much that our standard education, particularly in towns, fails to teach. He learns it by seeing and doing, and has the opportunity of gaining *experience* of active community service. It is claimed that he will return to ordinary life in many respects better equipped either as employee or employer, or as independent husbandman. So long as there are millions more seeking work than there are jobs to go round, it is well that a part at least of the vast mass of leisure available should be spent in thus learning the art of living.

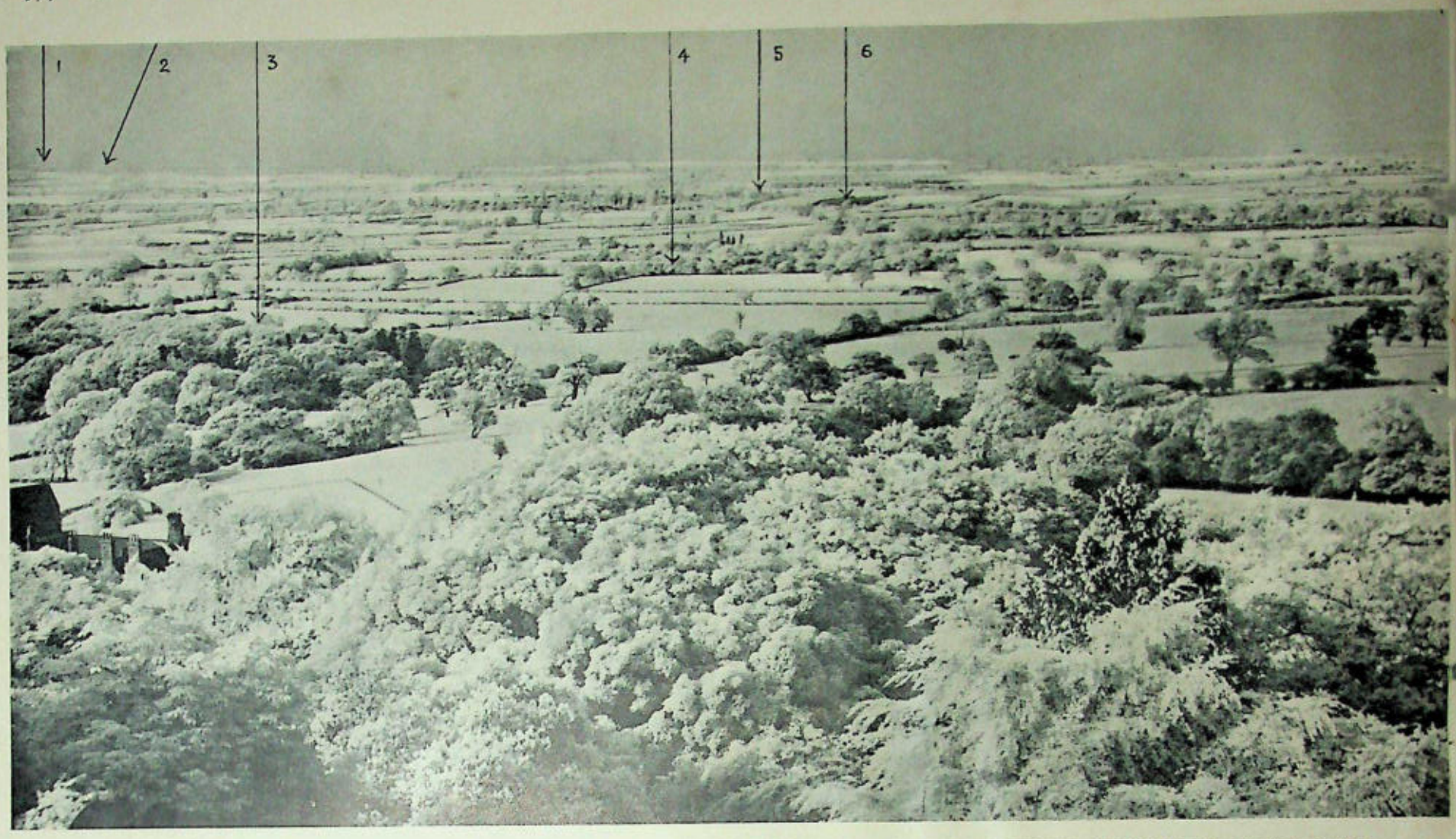
Further information may be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, Grith Fyrd Camps, Toynbee Hall, 28, Commercial Street, London, E. 1.

A. R. C.

LEFT: REAL SPADEWORK AT FORDINGBRIDGE. RIGHT: TEA IN THE MESSROOM, BUILT BY THE CAMP MEMBERS







LOOKING OVER THE VALE OF BELVOIR FROM THE TOP OF THE CASTLE

The coverts are marked as follows: 1, Normanton Little Covert; 2, Normanton Thorns; 3, Saltbacks; 4, Muston Gorse Covert;

FAMILIES FAMOUS IN SPORT—No. 3

The Dukes of Rutland at Belvoir

Part II.

[*In our last issue we brought the history of Belvoir down to the beginning of the last century, with Lord Forester as Master and Goosey as his huntsman.*]

YEARS passed, and Goosey was becoming old. And in 1835 he retired. He was nearly 70. He had passed 37 years in the Duke of Rutland's service, 26 as huntsman. He was succeeded by William Goodall. It was Goodall who introduced Rallywood into the kennels from Brocklesby—whose son Bitron Rallywood influenced nearly every kennel in England. The ensuing partnership represents the golden age of the Belvoir Hunt and showed such sport as has never been equalled, which, among others, Goodall has recorded for us an elaborate hunting diary, the volumes of which are still preserved at the Castle.

Ten years later an important event in the history of the Midlands took place. This was the visit of the Queen and the Prince Consort to Belvoir. The English aristocracy were rather inclined to regard the Prince Consort as no sportsman, he being a great lover of book learning. The Queen and her Consort were royally entertained, and the Prince covered himself with glory for, piloted by Lord Wilton, he was one of the few up after a very fast three-quarters of an hour from Newman's Gorse. The Queen, writing to King Leopold, said, "One can scarcely credit the absurdity of people, but Albert's riding so boldly has made such a sensation that it has been written all over the country, and they make much more of it than if he had done some great act."

THE GOLDEN AGE

Season followed brilliant season, but not without the difficulties we know so well to-day, and Lord Forester had at length to demand a subscription from the members of the Hunt. The pack itself, descendants many of them of the Belvoir Furrier, great-great-grandsire of Rallywood (sold to Squire Osbaldeston), were at this time second to none, and Goodall was improving them every year. But space precludes our dealing with hound-breeding, which requires an article in itself.

In 1857 the Grand Old Duke died, full of years and honours, and after 28 seasons of magnificent sport Lord Forester retired—he had married a year previously. Shortly after Will Goodall gave up, and once more the stage was set for a Duke of Rutland to be Master of his own hounds. Will Goodall, greatest possibly of all the Belvoir huntsmen, died in 1859, and the "Druid" has told for us the story of his funeral, touchingly enough, ". . . as the hearse moved off the hounds set up that sort of deep wailing sound, not singing and not chiming, which quite went through the followers and the crowd who stood at the distance to see the last of their old friend, and seemed, even to the whips, like a sound they had never heard before."

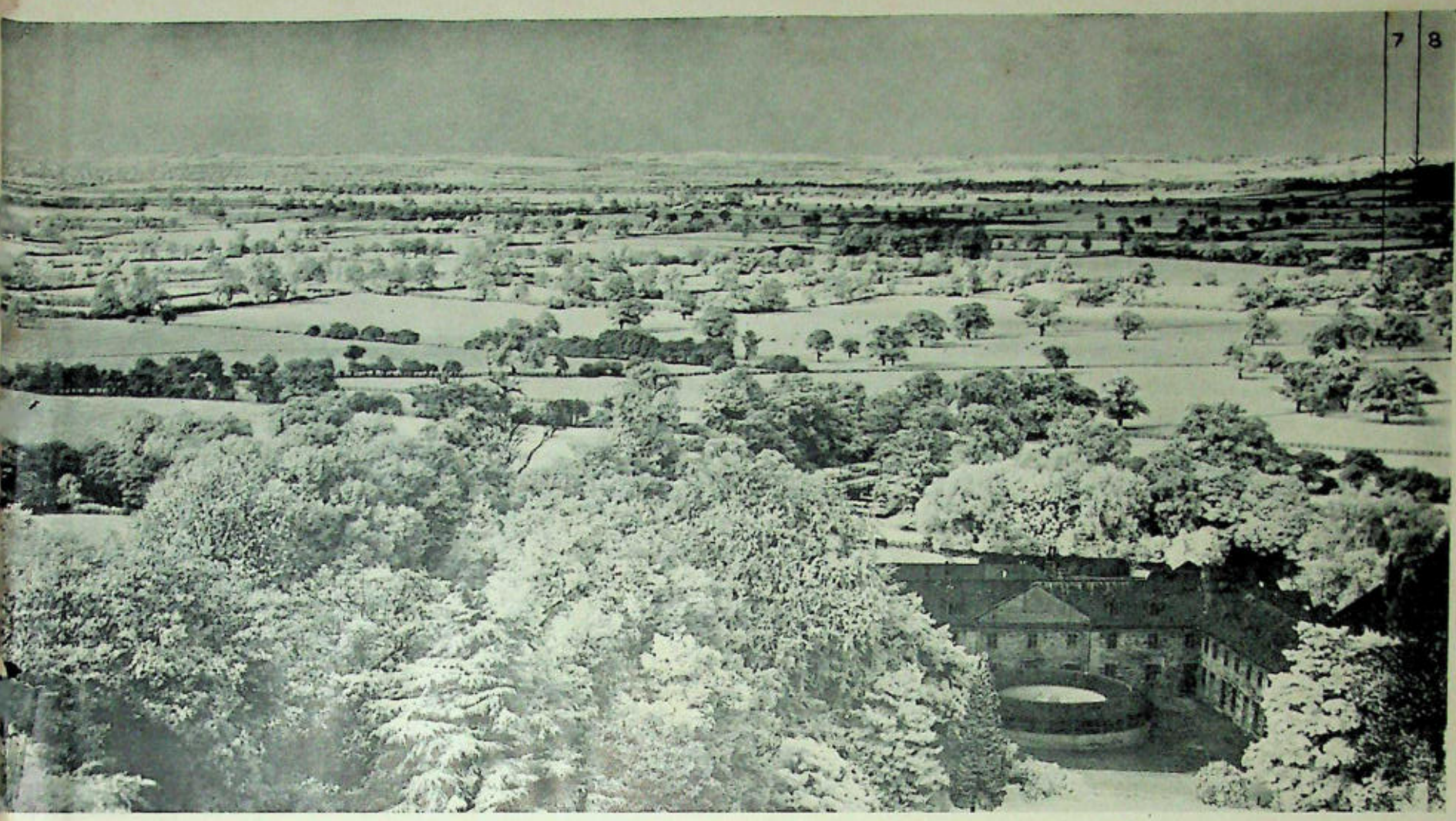


THE EIGHTH DUKE OF RUTLAND, 1852—1925

The sixth Duke was a reserved and rather silent man in the hunting field, but he was an extremely popular Master. He was a remarkably fine horseman, and knew his hounds and his country as no other. In 1866 the Prince and Princess of Wales stayed at the Castle, and the Prince was out twice and distinguished himself like his father before him. The Duke had engaged Cooper, the first whipper-in, to succeed Goodall, and if he was not quite the equal of that great huntsman, he hunted hounds with great success for eleven seasons. The Duke took the greatest interest in everything connected with the hounds, and when not at Belvoir kept up a voluminous correspondence with Cooper, which is still extant. Thus one September we find him writing: "I am glad you have begun cub-hunting, and are pleased with the hounds, but six cubs is too many to kill in one morning, and is too great a waste of the raw material and does the hounds no good."

THE OLD ORDER

As years passed the Duke suffered increasingly from gout, and his appearances in the field were less regular. Cooper had retired and been succeeded by Frank Gillard. Gillard found himself in the extremely difficult position of being Master in a sense as well as huntsman and secretary. Gillard bred Gambler, looked upon as the most perfect foxhound ever bred, 23in. at shoulder, 31in. in girth and his arm 8¼in. below the knee, 5¼in. of solid bone—he lived for sixteen years and hunted fourteen seasons. In 1888 the sixth Duke died. He represented an order of the aristocracy which began to disappear with the Reform Bill and the repeal of the Corn Laws. Although towards the end he could take little part in the field he had watched over the hounds zealously through all the years of his Dukedom, and he had maintained



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NIALL RANKIN TAKEN ON AN INFRA RED PHOTOGRAPHIC PLATE
5, Debdales; 6, Shipman's Plantation; 7, Belvoir Hunt Stables, Woolsthorpe; 8, Casthorpe Hills

and raised the high level of the Belvoir pack. He was a fine example of his order and stood for much that even in changing conditions England could ill-afford to lose.

Duke John, the seventh duke, better known as Lord John Manners, the friend of Disraeli, was already an elderly man when he succeeded, but he was an ardent supporter of the chase. He did not himself feel equal to undertaking the Mastership, but he appointed one of his younger sons, Lord Edward Manners, to do so in 1893. This was all to the good, as Gillard was thus relieved of work that was not properly his, and it was felt right and fitting that a Manners should once more hold the active Mastership. His predecessor had for some years since 1881 received a subscription from the Grantham side of the country, and this was continued. Unfortunately, it was only possible for this arrangement to continue for three years, and for various reasons the Duke felt compelled to give up sole responsibility for the hounds in 1896, though he still retained possession of the family pack which were loaned to the country. But the family connection was not and has never been severed, and we hope never will be so long as fox-hunting flourishes in England. This date closes a long epoch of the active participation of the Dukes of Rutland and their family in the management of the Hunt.

BRUMMELL'S BAG

The shooting records at Belvoir are no less interesting than those of hunting, but space forbids reference to them at length. Possibly the most stimulating entry is of a day's shooting when the guns were Beau Brummell and the fifth Duke. The bag is recorded as one partridge—half each. The story is the usual one of increasing bags as the century advances. In 1803 we find in 23 days' shooting at Cheveley an average of three guns produced 652 partridges, in 1806, at Croxton, 47 partridges were bagged in one day, and in 1834, 1,443 partridges were bagged in 22 days' driving. From then onwards the Cheveley shooting improved very much till at the time it was sold in 1888 3,000 partridges were bagged in the season. Again in 1808, 206 pheasants were bagged; in 1828, 236; in 1838, 102; and in 1847, 511.

There are two not unamusing entries which might be noted. In 1825, at a shoot when the Duke of York was present, we are told that "Colonel Trench went home ran away." And in 1803 "Sir John Shelley on ye road from Bury between Kentford and Cheveley 3 partridges and five hares." Evidently he had descended from his chariot to shoot what took his fancy.

To-day the Belvoir coverts offer some of the most sporting high birds in the kingdom, and the shooting is probably as good or better than it has ever been.

Ten years later, in 1906, the seventh Duke was succeeded by his eldest son, who died in 1925, to be succeeded in turn by the present (ninth) Duke. It is he who has restored the historic family home of Haddon Hall, where he lives in the summer months. And although he does not take any active participation in hunting, he takes the keenest interest in the traditions and well-being of the hounds; the kennels are his property, maintained entirely at his expense. Indeed, within the last four years, an entirely new drainage system has been introduced.

In a sketch of this nature no details can be added. Nor would the details serve by themselves to tell the story. It is a just and honourable one; no more just possibly or honourable than that of a dozen other great English families, but part of the whole story of English life, and that a part of which we should be proud.

A line here, a word there, is all that we can hope for to show the part that Belvoir and the Dukes of Rutland have played and will continue to play in the life of English sport, and to suggest that honourable continuity, flexible to change, yet instinct with historic association, which is so much part and parcel of English life and whose importance cannot be over-estimated. R. M.

[Previous articles in this series have been: The Dukes of Beaufort and Badminton Parts I. and II., published on September 16th and 23rd, and the Dukes of Richmond at Goodwood, published on September 30th. In our next issue we shall publish The Wingfield Digbys and Sherborne Castle.



BELVOIR CASTLE FROM THE DRIVE
(Photograph by Niall Rankin)



WELL AWAY WITH A CLEAR FIELD

The Harlequins breaking away with a passing attack in their match against London Scottish

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE RUGBY PROBLEMS

Is the 'Varsity Match Played Too Early?

A FEW years ago, when Cambridge won the 'Varsity Rugby match for four years in succession, it became fashionable to deride Oxford Rugby and to find reasons why Oxford Rugby never could be any good again. Of the last four matches, Oxford have won three and the fourth was drawn; and it is worth noting that Oxford still have the greater number of victories to their credit—26 against Cambridge's 21, with ten matches drawn.

There was not a great deal to choose between the teams last year. Oxford looked anything but a winning side until they suddenly found a hole in the Cambridge defence—at least, H. D. B. Lorraine did—and the way in which they seized two chances to score thoroughly entitled them to their victory.

Only the merest skeleton of this winning team remains at Oxford this season. It was hoped that three of last year's four international backs would be available again—Lorraine, Waide and Jackson—but I hear that Lorraine is not likely to be in residence again. This will be a great loss, for it was Lorraine who made the opening for both of Oxford's tries last year. On the other hand, Jackson, a freshman last year, should have gained much from his experience both in the Oxford team and in the Scotland team. He is one of the most promising stand-off half-backs Oxford have had for years—not forgetting W. Roberts, the Welsh international. He might make an equally brilliant centre three-quarter, but it would probably be wiser to leave him at half-back and search for new centres.

A new scrum-half will be wanted, too; and in the filling of these three positions seems to lie the key to the success or failure of the team. Waide should retain his place at wing three-quarter, and there seems likely to be little difficulty in finding another to succeed the great hearted P. C. Minns. For the pack, there are J. P. Bowers, the captain, and two other very good forwards from last year's team—Nicholson and Peacock—and the rest depends on judicious selection from the large number of forwards who always seem to be available at the Universities.

The greatest problem which faces a University captain is the shortness of the time at his disposal for trying experiments with likely players. If he does not very quickly find the players he wants, the team becomes unsettled, and the task of welding players strange to one another and of varying experience into a cohesive whole becomes all the more difficult. This has undoubtedly led to frequent disappointments in the standard of play in the 'Varsity match, and there is much to be said for playing the match in the Lent Term instead of in the Christmas Term.

It is possible that Cambridge last year might have made a success of the South African 3-4-1 scrummage formation if they had had time to master its technique and application. As it was, the experiment was a failure and stands as a warning to University captains to be chary of departing from the orthodox. The Universities should be foremost in the spirit of progress and enterprise, but they simply have not time to put new ideas into practice successfully.

As last year, the Cambridge captain, R. B. Jones, is a forward, but he has only one other of last season's pack available—W. J. Leather. On the other hand he has three of last year's three-quarter line left, all players who are likely to retain their places. They are K. C. Fyfe, who afterwards did well for Scotland at wing three-quarter, J. I. Rees, on his day a very fine centre, and W. G. S. Johnstone showed considerable promise.

In addition there will be W. Wooller, who, as a schoolboy, made good in the Welsh team last season. He was played first as a centre, then as a wing, and the Cambridge captain might well try him as a wing, since he will have two or three very good centres among the Seniors, including E. C. Mercer, the Durham player.

Cambridge's chief problem will be to find a new pair of half-backs to succeed Pope and Anderson. Both Universities seem reasonably sure of a good full-back. If H. G. Owen-Smith does not play for Oxford—and it seems doubtful whether he will be available—there is P. T. Lewis, who was considered by many as good as Owen-Smith last year. Cambridge still have G. W. Parker, who was last year given preference over D. I. Brown, though the latter afterwards gained his international cap for Wales.

An interesting reminder of the Oxford team which turned the tide of Cambridge victories in 1929 is the return to this country of P. D. Howard, who was perhaps the most outstanding forward in that side, and played for England in all four matches in the same season.

J. S. R. Reeve, another old English international, returned to the Harlequins team last Saturday, when the London Scottish gave an excellent demonstration of marking both him and the opposite wing three-quarter, J. C. Gibbs, who as a consequence had few opportunities to exploit his speed.

F. I. W.

BOXING TITLE FIGHTS

Questions for the Board of Control to Answer

By BRIAN VESEY FITZGERALD

LACK of public support has resulted in the first big promotion of the season being cancelled. We must sympathise with the promoter, who is faced with a big loss, because he has always done his utmost to provide the public with the right kind of entertainment, and because he has shown himself to be the only man in England capable of staging a big tournament. The reason given for the lack of support is that the Board of Control had refused to recognise the fight between Watson and Rogers as being for the championship.

Now Rogers was recognised as a contender for the championship, and the fight was to be at weight. Watson, whose championship it was, was perfectly willing to risk it, and was also prepared to return his Lonsdale Belt in the event of his being defeated. There was, moreover, the chance—which has since evaporated—that the winner would be matched with Chocolate for the World's Championship. Everything, therefore, pointed to the Watson-Rogers match as being in every way a championship contest. But since the promoter had omitted to ask permission of the Board before signing articles, the Board refused to recognise that the championship was at stake, despite the fact that every formality—saving that of obtaining the Board's sanction—had been fulfilled.

Had Rogers won he would have been recognised by everybody outside the Board as champion. A nasty situation would then have arisen. The Board has, however, shown itself to be powerful enough to kill the public interest. This is sufficiently surprising, but since it has been proved, it now remains for the Board to show that they are capable of using that power rightly. There are people who maintain that the Board is the only thing standing between order and chaos in boxing; there are others who can see nothing but favouritism behind the Board's actions.

The Watson-Rogers match was refused sanction; the McAvoy-Saxton match has received the official blessing. Did the promoter of the latters' contest ask the Board's permission before he signed the fight as a championship match? The point is most important. So far as the public can make out he did not, for the Board's sanction became news some time after the advertisements were published. The Board should make this point clear. For here again there appears to be—though perhaps all the facts are not known—every sign of favouritism.

There is a great deal that is wrong in boxing. Managers need no credentials to become licensed; many referees do not know the rules of the game; many newcomers to the ring are grossly underpaid and criminally exploited; some champions are nursed and some are forced to fight; some fouls are punished with suspension, some are overlooked with a "warning." All these things merit action on the part of a Board that means to "control."

The Board of Control comes in for a lot of criticism. It would not be too much to say that it is most unpopular with the great majority of promoters, boxers, critics and "fans." The fault is the Board's. It has yet to learn that in order to control there is no need to be a busybody.

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TOO **GREASY**?
OR TOO **DULL**?



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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, Student of Wild Life and Nature Lover. 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.

SALMON IN THE SEA

SIR,—Referring to Mr. H. D. Turing's criticism of Professor Roule's theory on the *habitat* of salmon in the sea (*Field*, August 5th), may I be allowed a short remark on the question?

To my mind it is inconceivable that any man who has had the opportunity of gathering facts as to the salmon's life in the sea can for a single moment believe that salmon spend any part of their lives in the abyssal parts of the ocean.

What do we know about this question? As far as my personal experience goes the only food animals which have been found in salmon taken in the sea are: Herring, sprat, sand-eels, capelan, euphausidæ, and the pelagic amphipod *Parathemisto oblivia*. As we see, all of them typical pelagic or surface animals. To my knowledge no deep sea prawn has ever been taken from the stomach of a salmon. The prawn used in fishing for the salmon—the English red prawn—is found in comparatively shallow shore waters.

Captures of salmon in the sea have been made from time to time with various kinds of gear—long lines, handlines, trawls and nets. But the actual depth at which the fish have been caught is, as a rule, uncertain beyond the fact that the fish have generally been caught in comparatively shallow water. The only definite and sure records on the actual depths at which salmon have been caught in the sea are the records of salmon caught in herring drift nets in the North Sea, and especially the salmon caught in mackerel drift nets in the Skager-Rack, as mentioned in my previous books. They have all been caught within a few fathoms of the surface.

In the Baltic salmon fishing in open water is carried out with long lines actually floating at or immediately below the surface. All salmon drift-nets, for instance, on the coast of Norway or off the Irish west coast are set in the surface. Every fact relating to the food of the salmon and the capture of the salmon in the sea goes to prove that the salmon lives in the surface layers and feeds in the surface layers of the ocean. It is a species as typically pelagic as the species on which it feeds.

Yours truly,
Oslo. KNUT DAHL.

EGG PRICES AND SUPPLIES

SIR,—Your correspondent's letter draws attention to the present deplorable condition of the egg trade and emphasises the inadequate protection afforded home industries under the present tariff system.

Following the recent fine and warm weather production all over the Northern Hemisphere has gone apace and surplus supplies have been freely dumped into this country to the detriment of the home-produced article. Additionally, autumn supplies from the Dominions in greatly increased quantities are arriving, or afloat, to increase the burden of the market.

The Ottawa agreement appears to be directly responsible for increased shipments from the Colonies.

The Minister of Agriculture is no doubt aware of the position, as can be seen by his request to the Dominions for regulated supplies. He has before him also sparkling examples of the effects of quotas in other commodities.

The hope breathed in your correspondent's letter would, however, appear a faint one. Whilst the Minister of Agriculture has assured us of his power under the Ottawa agreements, up to the present he has avoided their use. The butter trade is a notable example.

The consumption of eggs in this country is undoubtedly low and appears to be declining. Distributors adduce one reason, among others, as the cause—the marketing of badly graded eggs at uneconomic prices. The remedy seems to be implementing of the Marketing Act as to grading and the placing of values on a supply and demand basis under the quota system.

Yours truly,
50, Leigh Road, Hale. W. WRIGHT.

SHOOTING AT SINGAPORE

SIR,—With reference to the article by "Klaxon" under the above heading, appearing in a recent issue, I assume it is intended, primarily, for the guidance of naval officers; but even so (and I write as a resident of Ipoh, Perak, for over 20 years, who has taken a fairly keen interest in shooting) I think a little additional information may be of interest to some of your readers.

Doubtless naval people are specially privileged to receive a welcome in Jahore, but for ordinary sportsmen I believe it is anything but easy to shoot in that State unless you are a friend of the Sultan or have influence, and the game is pretty strictly preserved.

"Klaxon" mentions Seladang, but elephant and rhino are also obtainable in Perak, Pahana, etc., if we can afford the time to track them.

All these, however, require an expensive licence for shooting, and before it can issue the authorities have to be satisfied that the applicant possesses a rifle of effective power for this class of game, which, of course, puts the ordinary shotgun out of court.

With regard to his remarks about tackling tigers with a 12-bore shotgun and buckshot cartridges, I am afraid I disagree with him, as in my experience the bulk of the tigers which are shot (and they are fairly numerous) are killed with an ordinary smooth-bore shotgun loaded with buckshot—in many cases the gun being only a single-barrelled one, and I have never yet met a jungle Malay who used any other weapon than one of these two.

You may also recollect an account, which you published a year or two ago, by Mr. George Huntsman, of Parit, Perak, describing the shooting of a tiger which had killed a baby elephant on his estate. The weapon used was an ordinary 12-bore shotgun, and if I remember rightly, he commented on the ease with which it was killed.

In addition to tigers, panthers are fairly numerous, and in Perak, anyway, black panther.

Besides green pigeon and snipe (in season) jungle fowl are obtainable in certain localities and are excellent for eating.

Beaconsfield, Bucks. Yours faithfully, L. TREVOR WILLIAMS.

[Most sportsmen consider that "lethal" bullets at short range may be very effective, but that a large-bore rifle with a high striking power is necessary for all-round purposes in jungle shooting.—ED.]

POLLUTION AT SEASIDE RESORTS

SIR,—Your issue of September 23rd published a letter under the above title, signed by "South Coast," and it is hoped you will allow further space in which to emphasise the growing gravity of conditions to which the writer draws attention.

In the course of investigating every form of pollution in river and sea, particularly that affecting inshore waters, it has become manifest to this society that the increasing industrialisation and holiday population of South Coast towns has raised problems with which existing sewage disposal methods and facilities are entirely failing to cope. As your correspondent points out, the ever-increasing volume of crude or disintegrated sewage now being discharged into the sea is not rendered innocuous by any system of purifying apparatus on the quite mistaken assumption that the ebb-tide on which the effluent is timed to be released will carry the entire discharge away to sea.

For reasons explained, owing to the greater volume now dealt with, a large quantity of the effluent misses the force of the ebb outflow and influenced by wind and local tidal conditions, drifts with the succeeding flood tide into inshore waters used by bathers. In its whole-time effort to secure reforms by legislation or otherwise for the prevention of pollution this society is greatly handicapped by the apathy of the general public to this serious and growing menace.

Yours faithfully,
Pure River Society, London, W.C. 2. T. W. GOMM (Hon. Secretary).

HUNTING IN NEW ZEALAND

SIR,—In the *Field* of July 22nd, 1933, under the heading "Hunting in New Zealand," there was a curious letter describing a day's hunting, signed by "A. J. M." Many of us are wondering where this strangely turned-out pack is and who their Master is. There are eight or nine good packs of harriers in New Zealand, and after 30 years' Mastership I naturally know something of them and their doings, and they all to the best of their means and ability play the game, and their Masters and Hunt servants are dressed in the orthodox green or pink with distinctive collar and hunting cap. The bowler hat seems a bit out of place on a huntsman. It seems strange that they should hunt a "*rabbit* and present the 'tail' to a lady" and then change over to hare. I have generally found that hounds that hunt rabbit are not very reliable on a hare; but this amazing pack does both. The field, too, must be a keen lot of thrusters to swim the river across and back again. Although our winter climate is milder than England, I fancy the river water is just as cold.

Any of your readers who may wish to hunt in New Zealand may take it from me that they can get some first-class sport with packs that are well turned out and hounds that are bred from some of the best harrier blood in England, notably the Hawkes Bay Harriers, who have some imported hounds that for looks and work in the field would be hard to beat in England. The three couple of young hounds from this imported strain which they very kindly supplied me with has greatly strengthened and improved my Auckland pack, and visitors from England, and the keen hard-riding Navy men who have hunted with us this season, are full of praise for our pack and the good runs and capital sport they have had. Although young and very fit and used to the water, I do not think they would swim that river that "A. J. M." seems to make so light of.

I could tell your readers a lot more of hunting in New Zealand, but must not trespass on your valuable space.

Yours faithfully,
H. BULLOCK-WEBSTER.
Glendowie, St. Heliers Bay, Auckland, New Zealand.

CLOUDED YELLOW BUTTERFLY IN OUTER HEBRIDES

SIR,—I was much surprised to see on September 5th, at the north-west end of the island of Barra, a fine specimen of the clouded yellow butterfly, which as far as I could observe was in very fresh condition. This must be a most unusual occurrence in this locality. It would be interesting to know if this butterfly is plentiful this summer in the south of England generally.

Other butterflies I have seen here since August 4th are large white, painted lady, red admiral, small tortoiseshell, meadow brown, and common blue. I have been given a first-hand account of a caterpillar seen near Castlebay this summer which from the description could only have been the larva of the puss-moth—also an unlikely find in this locality, of which the lepidoptera do not seem to have been systematically investigated.

Yours truly,
North Bay, Barra, Inverness-shire. J. L. CAMPBELL.

ELIS BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST

SIR,—In the *Field* of September 30th the picture of "Elis—Artist Unknown."

It may be of interest to you, and perhaps His Grace, to know that the artist was Abraham Cooper, R.A.

The date should have been 1836 (not 1837), the year Elis won the St. Leger; and the interesting part of the picture is the van—he being the first horse ever to have travelled in one—and although he ran in the name and colours of Lord Lichfield, he was the property of Lord George Bentinck, and trained by John Doe at Goodwood and ridden by J. B. Day—my great-grandfather.

A copy (or the original) of this picture was sold by Christie's when my father died a few years ago to Messrs. Ackermann, Bond Street, for 550 guineas.

Yours faithfully,
Abington Place, Newmarket. A. D. SADLER.

ICHNEUMON AND SPIDER

SIR,—The following account of two fights between ichneumon flies and spiders which I watched in India may be of interest to some of your readers.

In the first case I noticed a large spider hanging head down by a thread from the branch of a tree and twirling round and round. As I looked it was attacked by a big red and black ichneumon fly. Owing to the twirling round of the spider the fly at first failed to land on its back, and, instead, the pair were locked for a few moments in a fierce embrace, with much high-pitched buzzing on the part of the fly. On breaking away the fly flew off, but was back again in a few seconds, and this time succeeded in alighting on the spider's back. After getting a firm hold it stung the spider in the back and immediately flew off. On being stung, all the spider's legs shot straight out and then slowly curled up, and it descended to the ground by its thread and lay there quite paralysed.

In the second instance a small black ichneumon fly had "bearded" one of the common house spiders in its own web. It had caught the spider by one leg and was energetically endeavouring to pull it out of the web. Suddenly the spider's leg came off, and the fly, momentarily thrown off its balance, fell back into part of the web. The spider was on it like a knife. Before the fly could recover, the spider rapidly spun a web round it, and then proceeded to eat it. Is it possible that this spider "undid" its leg on purpose? If so, it seems to show quite clearly that spiders have brains capable of thinking and scheming.

Yours truly,
London, S.W. G. W. P. MONEY.

THE PATIALA (RAJINDRA) TENT CLUB

SIR,—The past season has been quite a successful one despite a very late start owing to the weddings of His Highness the Maharaja of Patiala's two eldest sons.

The supply of pigs, about which one had grave doubts owing to the Sikh villagers' predilection for "Pork" and the march of civilisation in regard to widespread knowledge of the science of chemistry, proved to be good.

The meets were well attended, usually ranging about 25 spears; on one occasion 35 spears were out. It was very refreshing to note the keenness displayed by all, especially the young entry, both British and Indian. Carloads of enthusiasts



A PIG WITH WARTS, OR GLANDS, BENEATH THE EYES
(See Letter "The Patiala (Rajindra) Tent Club)

turned up from various cantonments such as Ferozepur, Jullundur and Amballa. We even had the pleasure of welcoming an enthusiast from Simla, Air-Commodore Arthur Barratt, who came down weekly during the season and retained his keenness despite several breakdowns on his return journey to the summer capital.

I am glad to say he obtained his "maiden" spear with our tent club, and was duly blooded. Several youngsters also obtained their first spears this season. I am enclosing a photograph of one of the larger pig killed. This is interesting, for it should be noted that this pig has very large warts, or glands, just beneath his eyes.

Of all the pig killed—36 in number—only two had these warts. Having been in at the death of several pig during my 38 years out here, I sent this photo to my friend General Sir Alexander Wardrop to know whether he had seen the like of it.

His reply was characteristic: "No. You must be breeding a special brand of warthog in Patiala." I should be very interested to know if the members of any other tent club have had any experience of Indian pig with these excrescences under the eyes.

Yours faithfully,
C. CONWAY-GORDON (Colonel, I.A.).
Hon. Secretary,
Rajindra Tent Club, Patiala.

GREY SQUIRRELS AS PETS

SIR,—Though much maligned, and thus killed ruthlessly, grey squirrels make delightful pets. But you must "catch 'em young" before their parents have had time to exert their derogatory influence, making them unfit for any decent sort of civilised life.

Grey squirrels tame easily, feed easily, grow quickly, and so make ideal pets for youngsters. When quite small they are charming creatures and take their milk avidly from a fountain-pen filler. As they grow the competition to be first at the fountain-pen filler becomes a most exciting contest, though there is generally one squirrel rather more voracious than the rest, who succeeds in obtaining more than his fair share of milk, and who clings on to the filler until he has sucked the last drop from it.

They are not particular about their meals and find fir cones or acorns most nourishing, though hazel nuts, except occasionally as a great delicacy, are rigorously withheld from their diet.

Yours faithfully,
Grenehurst Park, Capel, Surrey. C. M. ADCOCK.

A RARE HAWK MOTH IN BERKSHIRE

SIR,—The record under the above heading in a recent issue is very interesting, but the circumstances are so strange that I think they require confirmation. The bedstraw hawk moth (*Deilephila galii*) is excessively rare in this country, but has years of plenty owing to migration. Such years were 1859, 1870, and especially 1888, since when, with the exception of a very few in 1894 and 1897, scarcely a specimen has been recorded. In each of these plentiful years, although a few wandered inland, the great majority were taken on coast sandhills, notably Deal, in Kent, and Wallasey in Cheshire. The natural food plant in all cases was bedstraw, principally the yellow (*Galium verum*), and for choice the stunted form that grows on the sandhills; and although *galii* has been known to eat willow herb in confinement, I can find no record of its being a natural food plant.

There are no records from the coast up to date for 1933, and the taking of 30 larvæ on willow herb in an inland locality suggests the possible confusion with the larvæ of the comparatively common elephant hawk (*Chaerocampa elpenor*), whose natural food plant is the willow herb. The larvæ have characteristics in common. Both are about the same size; and while *elpenor* has large eye-like spots on the fifth and sixth segments, *galii* has similar but smaller spots, along the body. *Elpenor* is brown with an occasional green variety, and *galii* is green with an occasional olive brown form.

The record is of such importance that I am sure Mr. Eustace would agree that some further confirmation is desirable.

Yours faithfully,
Dial House, Ongar Park, Essex. RUSSELL JAMES, F.R.E.S.

HANDLING AT FIELD TRIALS

SIR,—The other day, at some setter and pointer trials in the West of England, I was very much surprised by the way in which quite a number of handlers dashed in to their dogs immediately they found birds. As cover was short, and scent, owing to hot, dry weather, bad, dogs were usually fairly close to their birds, and the result was generally that birds flushed before the guns were in a position to shoot.

Surely this is quite wrong, and any handler behaving in this way should be penalised, as it is simply a confession that he cannot trust his dog to remain steady on point. In my humble opinion the correct procedure is that when a dog points his handler should move quietly up to about 20yds. from him and remain there till he either sees that the guns are in a position to shoot, or receives a signal from the judge to go on, then go up to his dog and work out the point.

I also noticed some handlers of backing dogs putting their hands on their dogs as if to hold them while the point was being worked out. Failing some rule on these points, could not the Kennel Club issue some general instructions to judges which they in turn might convey to handlers before the trials?

Yours faithfully,
Burt House, Burt, Co. Donegal. W. A. BOWEN (Lieut.-Colonel).



NO HEEL TAPS
(See Letter "Grey Squirrels as Pets")

COMPANIONS OF THE BAG

SIR,—It may be of interest to your readers to hear of a most unusual occurrence which happened out grouse driving recently.

The drive was in progress, and, at one and the same time, grouse were flying over the butts, eight stags passed within 50yds. of the line, a fox came within 20yds., and an eagle was seen comparatively close by.

I should imagine this coincidence was extremely rare, if not unique.

Yours faithfully,
Inchrory Lodge, Ballindalloch, Scotland. LEOPOLD LONSDALE.

TWICE-HOOKED LEOPARD RAY

SIR,—The enclosed snap was taken at St. Lucia Bay, north coast of Zululand, last July. We were fishing with four rods out of a small boat at the mouth of the St. Lucia River. My son got a bite and played the fish for three-quarters of an hour. When he got it in we found it had been caught before and his line had got entangled in the line already hooked. It is a leopard ray weighing 35lb.

Yours faithfully,
P.O. Box 4579, Johannesburg, Transvaal, South Africa. A. M. WRIGHT.



A LUCKLESS FUGITIVE
(See Letter "Twice-Hooked Leopard Ray")

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THE DISAPPEARING HARVEST MOUSE

SIR,—with regard to Mr. Elwell's letter in a recent issue of the *Field* on the supposed decrease in numbers of the harvest mouse, these charming little animals are to be found as a rule "nesting" on the eastern sides of Norfolk and Suffolk, and in my experience prefer rough herbage and cornfields. Those which have come into my hands have been caught amongst densely growing reeds and rank grasses in moist places. Incidentally, this little mammal is a very thirsty one. Knapp (*Journal of a Naturalist*) rightly, I think, mentions harvest mice being carted home in the sheaves with the home crop, and it hides among the bean-ricks. Is it not possible that there are years of increase and decrease as with other small rodents?

I have kept and tamed these handsome little creatures as pets. It was odd to see a harvest mouse rush for a monkey nut, tuck it up under its chin and *run* to its box in great haste on its hind legs, not hopping like a kangaroo.



Several nests were found among the reeds bordering on the Waveney during the reed harvest; one beautifully "woven" into a ball was brought me recently, made of lank, soft grasses, with a reed-top or two built in with them. I have seen no little owls round about these low-lying fields and marshes, nor heard them. A vagrant Minorca cock came to the "wall" (bank) where my houseboat lay beside the Waveney daily, hunting for short-tailed field voles and doing some execution. The bird had started to knock one of them out of time, but I pounced on the busy mouse-hunter, saving the vole's life, and it went off with a hind leg limping. But the creature was game, too, and somehow found a hole to hide him.

Yours truly,
A. H. PATTERSON.

Houseboat Moorhen III.,
St. Olaves.

GUARDS FOR YOUNG TREES

SIR,—It may be of interest to many of your readers to know of a very simple and inexpensive way of protecting individual young trees from rabbits.

Last November I had occasion to plant out a long row of chestnut trees, 4ft. to 6ft. high, and at once rabbits commenced to gnaw the bark round the base of these.

To protect half a mile of single trees with wire was obviously (see photograph) a job to be avoided if possible. In fact, long before this could have been done the trees would have been useless. So I tied corrugated strawpaper (pieces about 8½in. by 8½in.) round the base of the trees and this completely stopped the rabbits, and the result was that all those trees that had not been completely ringed by the rabbits were saved.

The material is absurdly cheap—a few shillings will buy a thousand such pieces, and it is made by the Medway Corrugated Paper Co., Ltd., of Maidstone.

The extraordinary thing, too, is that these cheap guards have stood the snows of last winter, the summer drought, and are still there and still effective.

Yours truly,
SIDNEY D. LANE.

Northmoor,
Rendcomb, near Cirencester.



CHEAP, EFFECTIVE AND LASTING
(*See Letter "Guards for Young Trees"*)



FISHING FOR KAMLOOPS TROUT IN JONES LAKE
(*See Letter "A New Trout Lake in B.C."*)

A TAMED GANNET

SIR,—I am enclosing a photograph of a gannet found in a very exhausted condition on the beach at the end of October, 1932, during a severe storm. It was then speckled grey, but has now become practically black and white, so presumably it was a young bird. For quite a time it was unapproachable unless with gloves on, but now I can do anything with it, although when anyone else goes near it immediately utters loud squawks and jabs out at them. It has a tremendous appetite, and I get a supply of fish daily from the fishmonger, which, by the way, must be handed to it, as it refuses to lift anything placed on the ground.



SOON AFTER RESCUE
(*See Letter "A Tamed Gannet"*)

Although given its freedom in a large poultry run it has never offered to fly away, and has become quite domesticated, going into its house at night, and never interfering with my chickens, which have access to the same run.

Yours faithfully,
"Grangemuir," C. F. TULLOCH.
Prestwick, Ayrshire.

WAS THE STEEL CENTRE INTACT?

SIR,—In your issue of September 23rd a skiagram of a steel centre rod appears. I entirely disagree with the opinion expressed that the steel centre is intact. It is not possible to say definitely that the dark shadow in the centre of the cane is not rust. It is possible for a steel centre to disintegrate entirely, and provided that there is no extensive corrosion of the contiguous surface of the cane the iron oxide would throw a shadow equally opaque as the intact metal.

For some years I have been an amateur rod maker, and have often repaired damaged rods for my friends. With regard to steel centred rods, my experience has been that the steel has invariably been so corroded as to be quite functionless, and often has almost completely disappeared, leaving rust with a few thin fragments of corroded metal. I always advise my friends against the purchase of steel-centred rods, as I consider them to be far less durable.

Yours faithfully,
Officers Mess, FRANKLYN STONHAM.
Royal Army Medical Corps,
Millbank, S.W. 1.

A NEW TROUT LAKE IN B.C.

SIR,—The enclosed photograph of Jones Lake, which is situated about 100 miles east of Vancouver, may interest your readers. The lake is about 4½ miles in length and is at an altitude of about 2,500ft.

About five years ago the lake had not a fish of any kind in it, as there are a succession of falls on the creek which drains it. However, it was stocked with Kamloops trout, and excellent fly fishing is now obtained there, the fish running anywhere from 2lb. to 10lb.

Yours truly,
A. BRYAN WILLIAMS.

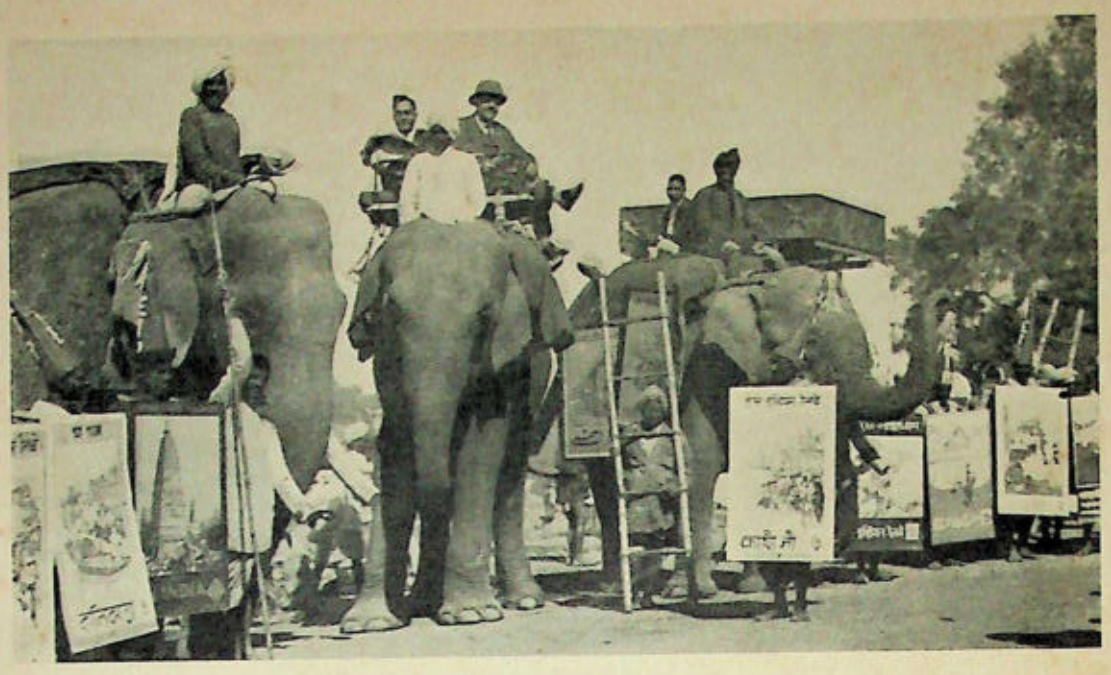
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ELEPHANTS AND POSTERS IN AN INDIAN PUBLICITY CAMPAIGN
(See Letter "New Ideas in Advertising")

HOW BIRDS SWIM UNDER WATER

SIR,—In view of recent correspondence under the above heading my observations may be of interest. These concern a cormorant which, having dived in clear, shallow, fresh water (so clear that from the bridge I stood on I could see the pursued fish pass below) proceeded towards me, its progress marked by ripples on the water and bubbles. When the bird came into view, I noticed the wings were lifted outwards, away from the body, and in a drooping position. Then they were snapped tightly closed, the water being forced backward and upwards, arriving to the surface in two disturbed patches.

The wing strokes were made seven or eight consecutively, and then the bird would progress a few yards, using feet only. The wake then was bubbles only, so that by reading the surface of the water, it was possible to visualise the actions of the bird when not in sight. I should imagine the wing action is very tiring, and resorted to only in cases of very speedy prey, and when the bird wishes to get on even terms with its quarry. The increased speed is very apparent when the bird resorts to its wings, and it does then, literally, "fly through the water."

Yours truly,
G. A. EWBANK.

Nunthorpe,
Yorkshire.

"SWING" IN SHOOTING

SIR,—In your issue of September 23rd, under the heading "Short Barrels" you say that to eliminate swing is to eliminate the hope of killing anything except a walked-up bird or a sitting rabbit. My grandfather taught me to shoot when I was twelve years old, in 1904. He was then in his seventies and had been one of the best shots of his day. His instructions were roughly thus: "Look at your bird; keep your left arm straight. Fire the moment the stock is into your shoulder. *Never swing.*" May I suggest in all humility that this second school does exist, and that "swing" is not the "whole art of shotgun shooting"?

Yours faithfully,
'SBOLAI.

London.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

New Ideas in Advertising.—The enclosed picture of a publicity campaign by the Indian State Railways may not be without interest. The posters, which were designed by D. Newson and K. I. Nixon, were sent on tour in the manner shown. Surely an original means of advertising.—K. N.

Bittern in the Lake District.—On September 13th I saw a bird fly into some thick reeds on Derwentwater. It had the appearance of a bittern, though, as I have never previously seen one in flight, I could not be certain. I rowed into the reeds, and attempted to flush the bird, but did not see it again. Earlier in the year a bittern was reported to have been seen at the other end of the lake near Lodore. I should be interested to know whether you consider this possible.—P. PATTINSON, Ingwell, Portinscale, Keswick.

[There is no reason why the bird seen should not have been a bittern.—ED.]

Early Departure of Migrant Birds.—Can anyone say why the departure of migrant birds has been so early this year? The swifts were nearly all gone by the end of July and the bulk of the swallows and martins by the third week in August, with the exception of those with late broods. Is it that this hot and dry summer has caused a shortage of insects?—LARNICK STUNT, Rochester.

Weight of Hares.—When out after partridges in September I shot two extra large hares, incidentally the only ones fired at; and, as I always like to weigh hares, grouse, blackcock, etc., of notable size, I had these two hares weighed, 9lb. 14oz. and 10lb. 7oz. These weights may not be individually exceptional, but for two consecutive hares they seem very unusual.—NORMAN B. SMITH, Avochie House, Rothiemay, Aberdeenshire.

Quail in Suffolk.—It may interest you to know that I shot a quail on September 11th in this neighbourhood. We were shooting partridges and I thought the quail was a "squeaker." I have not seen a quail in Suffolk before.—JOHN SHERWOOD, Ipswich.



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IN THE CITY

TO TAKE A PROFIT

A TABLE was set out last week which reviewed the price movements of the various securities that had been recommended for purchase in this column since Great Britain was forced off the Gold Standard at the end of September, 1931.

It is difficult indeed to offer anything in the nature of categorical advice to those who bought some of these stocks or shares at considerably lower levels than the current market quotation and are now wondering whether it would not be advisable to take a profit. Prices of the more popular industrial ordinary shares certainly seem to have reached a level as high as is justified for the time being, even when allowance is made for the improvement in trade that has occurred recently, and for the justifiable expectation that this improvement will continue. In other words, it may be found that even if the trade improvement were to continue, without a set-back, for another year or so current price levels had already discounted such an improvement, and at the end of that time would still appear amply high enough.

It is not difficult to envisage the coming of events that might seriously retard the progress of the trade recovery, and the possibility of a substantial set-back in market quotations should not be ignored. When the current prices of a number of ordinary shares are compared with the highest and lowest prices at which they have changed hands during the last ten years it will be found, in the majority of cases, that the scope for a further rise is certainly no greater than the scope for a fall, and the time may have arrived when the policy of consolidating capital gain, so far as is possible, rather than that of aiming at further capital appreciation, may well prove to have been well advised.

Of the securities included in last week's table of "rises" there are three that can still be bought to yield about 5 per cent., and which, in the writer's opinion, are unlikely to fall in saleable value to any substantial extent even if the optimism of the last few months were to give place to a period of falling price levels. These are:

	Current offered Price.	Yield (per cent.)
	s. d.	£ s. d.
The Wall Paper Manufacturers, Ltd., £1 ordinary shares	40 6	4 18 9
Harrisons & Crosfield, Ltd., £1 units of 10 per cent. cumulative preferred ordinary stock	39 6	5 0 0
Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa, Ltd., 6 per cent. second cumulative preference shares of £1 each	22 9	5 3 3
Average yield		£5 0 8

The yields have been calculated allowing for net accrued dividends and for all expenses of purchase. Those who bought such shares as J. Lyons "A" ordinary at about 85/-, Alexanders Discount at prices varying from 46/3 upwards, Victoria Falls and Transvaal Power ordinary at about 57/6, Distillers ordinary at 50/- or less, or Marks and Spencer 10/- shares at about 90/- might well consider the advisability of taking the very substantial capital profits that could now be safeguarded by their sale at current prices for the purpose of reinvesting the money in one or other of the securities set out in the above table, or for the purpose of dividing the proceeds approximately equally between these three securities.

Regular readers of these notes will remember how often the shares of Alexanders Discount Company have been recommended in the past, but the writer would not dissuade a holder of these shares from taking his profit now, even although the yield on the basis of last year's dividend is well over 5 per cent. at the current price of about 70/-. It is doubtful whether these discount companies will be able to earn such satisfactory profits during the next few years as they did during the post-War period of exceptionally high money rates.

THE LAGGARDS

There seems no reason to advise a sale of any of the five securities that were included in last week's table of "falls," and none have fallen to a price low enough to make a further purchase for averaging purposes seem worth while, with the possible exception of the Chinese 5 per cent. "Boxer" bonds, which can at present be bought at about £85.

PACTOLUS.

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HANDLING CRUISERS IN HEAVY WEATHER

Some General Precautions

By L. LUARD



JOLIE BRISE, THE FAMOUS OCEAN RACER WHICH HAS STOOD THE TEST OF ALL WEATHERS AT SEA

A GREAT deal has been written about the handling and the behaviour of the ordinary cruising yacht in heavy weather, and various hard and fast rules designed to meet any and every emergency have been laid down—rules, as often as not, based only upon the writer's experience of one particular type of craft, in one particular condition of wind and sea, and liable, therefore, to be misleading and even dangerous.

Up to a point the knowledge necessary to handle a cruiser in heavy weather is only a matter of common sense and intelligence; but when weather conditions become abnormal, then the action to be taken depends upon so many conflicting factors—upon the type of ship, the amount of sea room available, the nature of the seas, the state of sails, gear and rigging, and the ability and the physical, perhaps also the mental, condition of the crew, that no fixed rules can be advanced. One can only formulate tentative proposals, which may be of help.

The first lesson yachtsmen should remember is that facing heavy weather in deep water is far safer than running haphazard for a port of refuge. As soundings decrease, so the danger of damage from breaking seas increases; and the temptation to run too long under a press of canvas—a mistake so easily and, therefore, so often made—must be vigorously resisted; for the consequences of being pooped or of broaching to may be serious, and have only to be experienced once to bring the lesson home.

If then, weather conditions are such that running for a port of refuge means taking chances, or that the risks of entering the port in question are not justified, owing perhaps to the existence of a bar, a strong weather-going tide, backwash from piers, or outlying banks and intricate channels, the ship must obtain a good offing.

HELPING OUT WITH AN AUXILIARY

In nine cases out of ten this will mean a beat to windward. Sheets should not be trimmed dead taut, as the yacht will then lose speed and make unnecessary leeway. If an auxiliary engine is fitted, and the wind is rising rapidly, then the best and quickest way of obtaining sea room is to close reef and help her out with power—far less leeway being made than under sail alone. But with no engine a reef or two should be hauled down, and the ship sailed hard.

Until the seas become really high, the helmsman will find it unnecessary to luff, and will, by keeping a good full, and taking them on the upturned bilge, then pointing high as the yacht swings down the back of each wave, make good progress to windward. When this is no longer possible, the yacht must be luffed sufficiently, on the approach of breaking seas, to take them slightly on the bow, then as she breaks through the crest be sailed a good full to gather renewed way.

As wind and sea increase, so sail must be reduced, the precise moment depending upon the behaviour of the ship, the judgment of the skipper, and the circumstances of each case; but on no account should any attempt be made to drive yawls or ketches to windward under storm headsails and mizzens. No way will be made, unless a powerful auxiliary is aboard, and even then the ship will handle much better if all lowers are proportionately reduced.

When running before the wind, the main thing to remember is to shorten sail in good time, thereby reducing the yacht's speed through the water. As each sea rolls up, she should be put stern on to it; and as soon as she becomes hard-headed, and appears to hang on the wave crests, action should be taken.

It is the turbulence of a vessel's wake that causes the seas to break, and a yacht with a clumsy section and heavy quarters will not run so long or handle so well before a heavy sea as one with a clean, sweet underwater body. In this respect, contrary to popular belief, the fast cruiser with cut-away forefoot, long counter, outside ballast, and moderate area of lateral plane will run under perfect control longer than her heavier-bodied, long-keeled sister; and if she is Bermudian rigged the tall mast, acting as a pendulum, will exercise a surprisingly steadying effect. If the ship is caught running, long warps, or a small drogue, towed astern are very efficacious, especially in shallow water where high breaking seas exist; but a spitfire jib should be kept sheeted hard home to reduce the risk of broaching to.

When conditions reach a point where drastic measures are necessary—then the problem of heaving to under sail, lying to a sea anchor, or letting the ship look after herself under bare poles must be faced.

DRIFT AND SEA ROOM

The art of heaving to, in the accepted sense of the term, is to trim storm canvas so that the yacht makes little or no way through the water, but merely drifts with the seas, lying with her head from four to six points off the wind, and thus creating an area of water vacuum to windward, which acts as a defensive barrier. The direction of the yacht's drift will then be at right angles to the line of the keel, so that she will be making from twelve to fourteen points from the wind.

In the narrow waters of the English and the Irish Channels, however, the rate of drift is as important as its direction, because if sufficient sea room is not available "dodging" must be resorted to. This consists of trimming sails and nursing the ship with the helm so that leeway does not exceed four points, giving a direction of drift roughly at right angles to the wind, which just enables her to hold her own.

Data upon the rate of drift to leeward is conflicting. In my last ship, Maitenes II., we made, when "dodging" for 24 hours in a fresh gale, exactly 80 miles leeway eight points from the wind; but Jolie Brise, when properly hove to in the Gulf Stream, was carried the same distance to leeward in the same time, though Tern IV., when owned by Claud Worth, experienced a drift of only between one-and-a-half and two knots in an Atlantic gale, leeway being thirteen points from the wind. A maximum rate of nearly four knots should therefore be allowed, perhaps a shade more in light-draught vessels. This gives a good margin of security and may help the skipper to decide upon which tack the ship can safely heave to.

A long-keeled cutter, with mast in the orthodox position, will lie to quietly under close-reefed mainsail, reefed staysail hauled a-weather, and storm jib sheeted well home, or under trysail and storm staysail hauled a-weather, the helm being lashed hard-a-lee in both cases with a short length of bass rope, which is supple and resilient.

A ketch will lie to under mizzen and storm head-sails—though many yachtsmen prefer to use a main trysail—and a schooner under foresail alone; but a yawl's mizzen being too small to keep the ship's head pointing high, she must be treated as a cutter.

Fast cruisers will not lie to quietly unless carefully nursed, and even then are liable to become unmanageable, the seas knocking off the long overhanging bow and causing the ship to pay away, often broadside to the seas, till the mainsail or trysail regains control and swings the ship into the wind's eye with dangerous speed. The difficulties of handling a fast Bermudian-rigged cutter or sloop are still greater, because when close-reefed the centre of effort of the sails moves far forward of the centre of lateral resistance, giving rise to pronounced lee helm.

When a yacht will no longer heave to quietly, then she must resort to a sea anchor, or be left to her own devices, under bare poles—that is, allowed to lie as she wishes, which may be anywhere from five to ten points off the wind, according to the shape of the underwater body and the position and windage of the mast; but in no circumstances should this be attempted in shallow water where high breaking seas exist.

In deep water this may well be the best solution; for she offers no resistance to the seas, merely oscillating with them, and drift may be great enough to let oil—fish oil is the best—be used from weather bow, beam, and quarter with great effect.

SEA ANCHORS

But a sea anchor is essential to the ultimate safety of small yachts less than 40ft. L.W.L. The diameter should be at least one-tenth the water-line length—considerably larger if the ship is of the fast cruiser type—and the canvas and bridles of great strength. A short length of chain should be shackled to the inboard end of the warp to prevent chafe in the bow fairleads, and a cable-laid warp should be used, being unaffected by rotation.

Usually a riding sail must be set to keep the ship's head in the "classic" position—about four points from the wind—reefed mizzen in a ketch, ordinary mizzen in a yawl, spitfire jib tacked to the main-sheet horse and hoisted on peak or main halliards in a cutter, the clew being sheeted home to the mast. The main anchor, streamed on a long warp, forms an efficient substitute for a sea anchor, and can also be used to supplement one which proves too small in practice, though the alternative of riding by the stern is always at hand, oil bags being then used from each bow and quarter to create a slick. With an adequate sea anchor, drift should not exceed one knot downwind if riding by the head, two knots, if riding by the stern—considerably less than when hove-to under canvas.

There is much more to be considered when handling yachts in heavy weather than has been outlined. The nature of the emergency rules the final



OFF FOR AN AUTUMN RACE

A competitor in one of the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club's Thames Estuary races

decision, and the hazards must be met by measures that spring from the experience of years. Skill, luck, sea lore, weather wisdom, and knowledge of one's ship all play their part and form the pivot around which true seamanship revolves.

THE RATING OF YACHTS

Foreign Proposals and the International Rule

As has already been announced, the conference which is to be held by the International Yacht Racing Union in London will be opened on Monday, October 16th. Various matters touching the future of yacht racing will come under consideration, but the question of outstanding interest which will come before the meeting is undoubtedly that relating to the International Rating Rule.

In Section 1, Part 1 of the International Rule of Measurement, dated November 1929, the first paragraph runs as follows: "The International Rule shall henceforth be valid for fixed periods of each three years, denunciation of the validity to be made at least three years before the end of such a period, such notice being favourably seconded by a majority of the nations."

Under this rule, the Royal Norwegian and Royal Danish Yacht Clubs have given notice of their intention to terminate the rule as from January 1st, 1936, as they desire to have the opportunity of revising it from that date. The exact nature of the proposed revision will probably not be made known until the conference, but it is understood that, if adopted, it will not have any serious effect upon existing yachts, new yachts, or those now on order. If this is really the case, it would seem to be a matter of little moment whether or not the proposed change is made. It is understood that some of the technical experts who most strongly advocated the adoption, and later, the retention of the "girth" measurement and also that which records the difference between the "skin" and "chain" girth measurements, now wish to discard these factors in the rule.

The influence that these factors have on design is relatively small, but what effect they actually have is bad—hence the desire for a change. If objectionable features *can* be dropped without appreciably affecting vested interests there can be little reason why such a change should not be made; but I think it may be said that past experience has shown adjustments of this description to be neither particularly easy to make, nor necessarily satisfactory in actual practice. In addition to the action taken by the Scandinavian national authorities, I understand that the Royal Italian Sailing Federation has submitted certain proposals to the I.Y.R.U. After saying that for world-wide economic reasons they would have preferred to see any change in the Measurement Rule postponed until the end of 1938, they would like to see "the inevitable crisis" which would result from such change minimised as far as possible. They have, therefore, submitted the following considerations and proposals:

ITALIAN PROPOSALS

1. Considering: (*a*) That the closing date for the present formula, fixed for December 31st, 1935, be accepted, and the new formula not decided upon at the same time, there would be a period of over two years in which no new racers would be built; (*b*) That if a new formula were to be fixed immediately, it would not legally come into force until January 1st, 1936, and, therefore, the conditions (*a*) would not be noticeably bettered; and (*c*) That it is essential there should be the shortest possible period of doubt as to the future.

They propose, therefore, that (*a*) the I.Y.R.U. should take the necessary steps definitely to fix the new formula at the coming conference; (*b*) That although the present formula would remain legally in force until December 31st, 1935, all yachts—both existing and newly constructed—will be given the option of measurement under either the present or the new formula; and (*c*) That from January 1st, 1936, all yachts would be measured by the new formula.

2. They consider that while it is a good thing to attempt to perfect the present formula, it would be imprudent to adopt an entirely new rule and thereby lose the benefit of long standing experience and "risking a leap in the dark." They, therefore, propose that the base of the present formula be retained and (*a*) That the factors, length, sail area and freeboard should be retained and the factors, Girth and Girth difference should be dropped, and further that the formula $\frac{L + \sqrt{S} - F}{2{\cdot}36}$ = Rating should be adopted. (*b*) That the present maximum draft limit should be retained and maximum and minimum limits placed on beam.

3. They consider that the minimum obligatory displacement for yachts of 6-metres is too great, in view of the fact that a craft of that size does not provide habitable accommodation. It is proposed, therefore, that (*a*) the formula (·2 LWL + ·12) 3 shall be substituted for that now in force—(·2 LWL + ·15) 3; and (*b*) that the present formula shall be retained for the larger classes.

4. Considering that the freedom given by the I.Y.R.U. Rule "in the choice of the size of the $\sqrt{S}$" makes it possible to have in the same class yachts with extremely large or with extremely small sail areas—"a thing which often takes out all sporting interest in a regatta," the Royal Italian Sailing Federation propose that maximum and minimum limits be fixed for the $\sqrt{S}$ in every class

It is evident that the R.I.S.F. have given much thought to the whole question, but it is doubtful if their scheme would work out well in actual practice. Their proposals 1 (*b*) and 1 (*c*) might easily lead to difficulties, but taken in conjunction with the proposal 3 (*a*) they most certainly would.

In paragraph 4 they rightly point out a weakness in the rule as regards the minimum practical displacement for so small a yacht as a "six," and in paragraph 4 a definite weakness in the I.Y.R.U. formula as regards freedom in the choice of $\sqrt{S}$. Each of these points is worthy of careful consideration, but it is highly unlikely that they will get it.

A suggestion was made to me recently, by a representative of one of the Northern countries, to the effect that, in view of the very great vested interests on both sides of the Atlantic, it would be well to make no change, at present, in the existing rule, but, instead, to adopt a new rule, say, for a couple of small classes, in which lighter displacement would be made possible and in which sail would not be given such freedom as by the I.Y.R.U. formula or length by the Universal. Again, this is a point which is worthy of the most careful consideration.

MALDEN HECKSTALL-SMITH.

RETRIEVER TRIALS

An Overcrowded Card at Swaffham

THE 28th working trials of the International Gundog League were held near Swaffham, Norfolk, on October 5th and 6th, by permission of Mr. R. G. Heaton. The judges were Major Benson, Colonel Godman and Mr. Ernest Turner. To test the capabilities of 24 dogs in two days, even on ground where there is an ample supply of game, is really more than can be accomplished with satisfaction to competitors and judges. Those entrusted with the care of the administration of the rules and regulations of field trials or of assisting in their administration should always be thinking whether present conditions cannot be improved at the open meetings, for unless the blue pencil is freely used on the first day—and this means great dissatisfaction amongst the competitors who pay large entry fees and come long distances—there is no possibility of giving the best dogs a proper and suitable trial.

According to the present rule, every dog must come under two judges, except he runs in or shows hard mouth; consequently, however badly he may have done at his first trial, further time must be wasted on him later, even though he has no chance of success. So it is invariably the case that the judges find themselves at the end of the first day in a position they have no right to be placed in. My own solution is—two judges and a free hand, together with a referee; and I believe this would meet the case. It is certainly a matter that might be considered by the Field Trial Council.

To return to the meeting itself, two perfect days and excellent ground ensured a success, though there seemed to be an entire lack of scent. Mr. Heaton personally organised the beats and the Retriever Society very greatly appreciate his generosity and kindness. He not only gave ground for this meeting, but has also invited the Kennel Club to hold their Junior Stake at his Swaffham shoot and the Championship Stake at Bayfield. It was not until the evening of the second day that the awards were given as follows:

1st, Quest of Wilbury; 2nd, Banchory Painter; 3rd, Ch. Bramshaw Bob; 4th, Dominorum Dan; Reserve, F.T. Ch. Hiwood Chance.

Certificates of merit to F.T. Ch. Adderley Trim, Colesborne Belle, Birchanger Snap, Anningsley Henry, Darry of Chiltonfoliat, Colesborne Fuse, Bunty of the Cairnies, Ranger of Kentford, Gays Dora, Cedars Jane.

There was no outstanding performance to record, though much of the work was of a high standard, and though not quite in the prize list yet, if Gays Dora, Cedars Jane and Bunty of the Cairnies fulfil the promise they showed there is no doubt they will be there in the near future.

The card was as follows:

Mr. Bernard B. Riviere's Lab. d *Detmore Brandy*; Mr. Reginald Corbet's Lab. b *F.T. Ch. Adderley Trim*; the Hon. Mrs. J. Hill-Wood's Lab. b *F.T. Ch. Hiwood Chance*; Mr. H. Wentworth-Smith's Lab. d *Victor of Yelme*; Lieut.-Col. H. C. Elwes's flatcoated ret. b *Colesborne Belle*; Mr. R. G. Heaton's Lab. b *Xmas Nora*; Mr. H. Wentworth-Smith's golden ret. d *Beppo of Yelme*; Mr. Sydney Gold's Lab. b *Birchanger Snap*; Mr. J. Eccles's golden interbred d *Haulstone Bob*; Mr. A. B. Simpson's Lab. d *Shot of Upper Lodge*; Mr. H. Venables Kyrke's golden ret. d *Anningsley Henry*; the Hon. Lady Ward's liv. Lab. b *Darry of Chiltonfoliat*; Mr. Hugh Peacock's Lab. d *Dominorum Dan*; Lieut.-Col. H. C. Elwes's flatcoated ret. d *Colesborne Fuse*; the Hon. F. Baring's Lab. b *Northington Jewel*; Lorna Countess Howe's Lab. d *Ch. Bramshaw Bob*; Mr. Lewis D. Wigan's Lab. b *Bunty of the Cairnies*; the Hon. Mrs. J. Hill-Wood's Lab d *Ranger of Kentford*; Major D. G. Astley's Lab. b *Brunette*; Mr. R. G. Heaton's Lab. b *Gays Dora*; Major J. A. St. G. F. Despencer-Robertson's Lab. b *Quest of Wilbury*; Lorna Countess Howe's Lab. d *Banchory Painter*; Mr. J. Eccles's golden interbred b *Haulstone Lizzie*; Mr. C. H. Kennard's Lab. b *Cedars Jane*. Vacant nominations to: Mr. H. W. W. Hoskyns's golden ret. b *Tiny of Perrott*; Lieut.-Col the Hon. D. Carnegie's golden ret. d *Ch. Heydown Grip*; Colonel T. S. Cotgrave's Lab. d *Tug of Teign*.

EASTERN COUNTIES TRIALS

The 21st working trials of the Eastern Counties Retriever Society were held on October 3rd and 4th at Scole, by the permission of Sir Edward Mann, Bart., who had provided some excellent ground for the purpose. There is no doubt the society were extremely fortunate to celebrate their coming of age at such a place. Everything was admirably arranged by the hon. secretary, Major Jack Wormald, who had considered the comfort of everyone. The judges were Major Atkinson, Mr. W. Marchant and Mr. Ernest Turner, who were able to make their awards by lunch time on the second day, mainly due to the good organisation and supply of game. They were as follows:

1st, Mr. H. M. Peacock's Labrador Dominorum Dan. A bold dog with plenty of dash who stuck to his work without any semblance of tiring, and did well when sent for two runners. He certainly had two of the essential qualities, namely nose and perseverance.

2nd, Mr. R. G. Heaton's Labrador Gays Dora. A very smart bitch who improved as the time went on. She started by being a bit careless in her retrieves, but latterly did some exceedingly nice work. She is most attractive, quick and stylish.

3rd, Mr. F. C. Busuttil's Negus. Methodical and businesslike. Hunts his ground without unnecessary disturbance, is thoroughly reliable and is to all appearances easy to handle.

4th, Major D. G. Astley's Brunette. A bitch under perfect control, and always doing consistently good work.

Reserve, Mr. B. B. Riviere's Detmore Brandy. A really good dog who likes to do his work in his own way, and is more often right than wrong, though occasionally out of control.

Certificates of merit were awarded to Mr. L. D. Wigan's Bunty of the Cairnies; Dr. T. W. Stanton's Folkingham Sceptre; Mrs. Hardy's Vimlet; Major the Hon. F. S. Crossley's Brougham; Mrs. K. Evers Swindell's Speedwell Molly; Brig.-General W. K. Evan's Josephine of Caemawr; Mr. C. H. Kennard's Cedar's Jane; Mr. S. B. Winch's Swanington Sally; Mr. R. G. Heaton's Xmas Nora.

ERNEST TURNER.

PICTURES OF SPORT AND COUNTRY LIFE

The Editor of the "Field" offers prizes each month for the best photographs sent in by readers of sport, games and country life.

The prizes will be:—1st Prize, 3 guineas; 2nd Prize, 2 guineas; 3rd Prize, 1 guinea.

RULES.

1. *The latest date of entry for the second of these competitions is Saturday, November 11th. Envelopes must be marked "Photographic Competition," and addressed to The Editor, Field Newspaper, The Field House, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, E.C. 4.*

2. *Only amateur photographers are eligible to compete.*

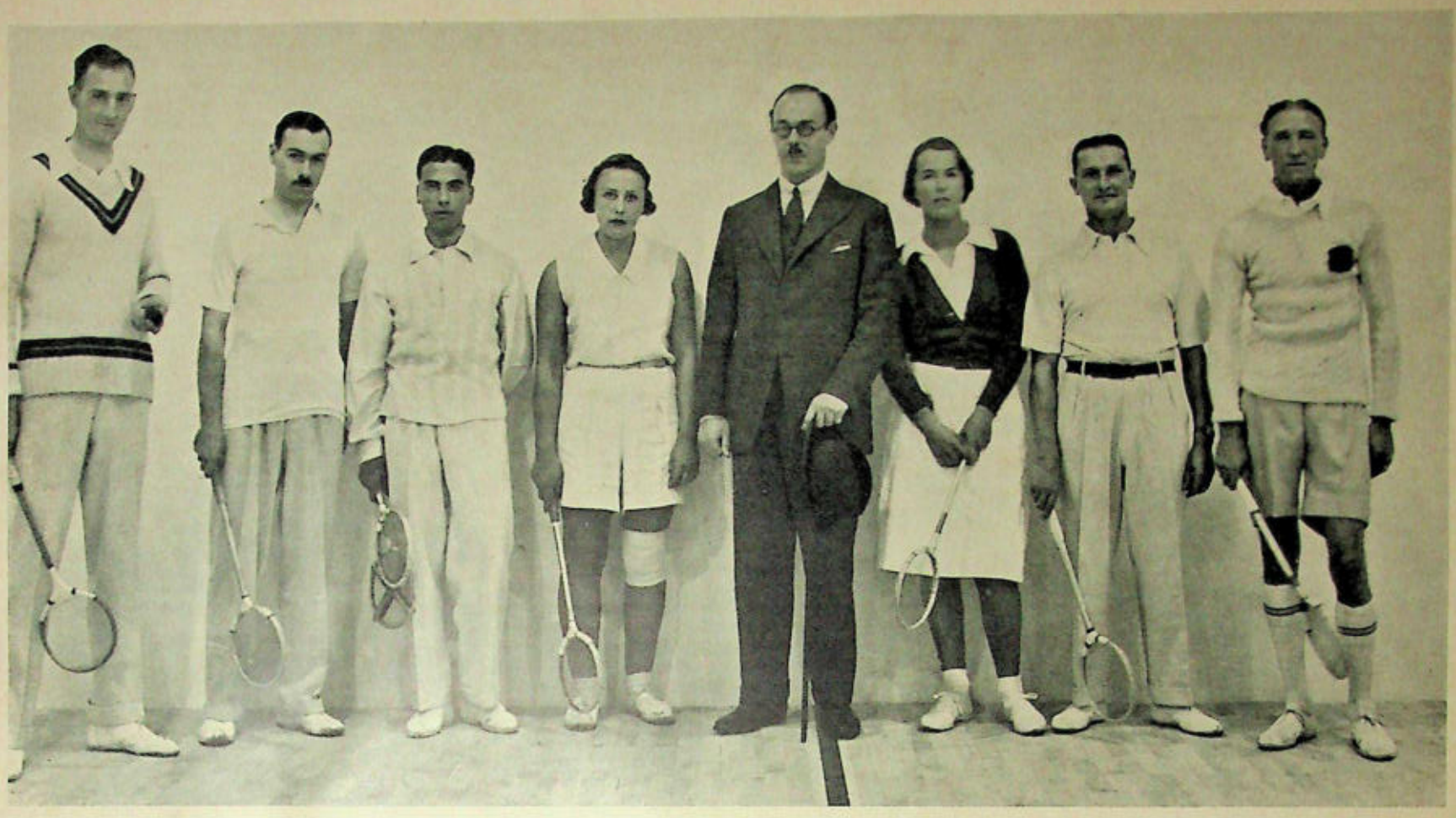
3. *Photographs should be sent unmounted, and no prints will be returned.*

4. *No correspondence will be entered into concerning the competition, and the Editor's decision will be final.*

5. *Any photograph reproduced in the "Field," apart from the winning entries, will be paid for at the rate of* 10/6.

Results of the First Competition will be announced next week.

Food of Birds.—Four more birds—Cuckoo, Dipper, Lapwing, and Barn Owl—have recently been added to the Bird Food Charts published by the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds. These charts set forth clearly and concisely the general diet of various species of wild birds by showing in colour the percentages of food, useful, harmful, or neutral—in the interests of man—which are consumed. Each chart has a coloured picture of the bird by Mr. Roland Green. The charts can be had from the Society, 82, Victoria Street, S.W.1, at 4d. each post, free, or the series of twelve by post for 3/3.



OPENING THE NEW SQUASH RACKETS CLUB AT THAMES HOUSE, MILLBANK, S.W.
Lord Melchett, who performed the ceremony, is seen in the centre of the picture with (from left to right) E. Johnson, D. Butcher, Amr Bey, Miss S. Noel, Miss M. Lumb, C. Read and C. Arnold

SQUASH RACKETS WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL

Much-Needed New Courts

AT first a game only for the members of the more wealthy clubs and a few private individuals, squash rackets has at last widened its field to include all classes of the sport-loving public.

Its popularity has come about during the last ten years, and now that Universities and the Public Schools have given it full recognition, by building courts and awarding colours, the demand for private courts has naturally increased tremendously. But it is the introduction of squash into the business houses and smaller clubs which has given it the impetus it needed to achieve real and lasting popularity.

The past squash rackets seasons was remarkable for an increasing enthusiasm for the game. But there has been one interesting development. Until this year there was in London no single squash rackets club, where a member of the general public was allowed to play without payment of a club subscription.

As it happened, it needed only the enterprise of one man to set the ball rolling, and following the erection of two splendid courts at Haven Green, Ealing, the Richmond Hard Court Lawn Tennis Club and the Lawrence Hall Hotel, Ham Common, both decided to follow suit with two courts. Five courts have been constructed at Thames House, Westminster, and the Kensington Palace Mansions and Hotel, de Vere Gardens, will be in the unique position this coming season of being the only hotel in London possessing a modern standard court.

The Thames House courts were opened during the first week of October. They have been built deep down in the earth below the level of the Thames, where, if necessary, there is room for 40 courts. Five is just a beginning, for there will be more the moment they are required. The scheme is a splendid one and deserves the full support of all young people who hitherto have complained bitterly that the game of squash rackets was the monopoly of the very rich. An annual subscription of 1 guinea secures admission to the club, which includes in this fee the use of changing rooms, shower baths, drying room for clothes and a locker. There is also a lounge and snack bar. The court charge is 2/- per player for 30 minutes.

On the opening night Lord Melchett, who is the chairman of the club, presided over a large company of distinguished persons who came to watch the play of champions in the five courts. F. D. Amr Bey, open and amateur champion, played D. Butcher, professional champion, in court No. 1, while at the same time the ladies' champion, Miss Noel, was playing Miss Lumb, and two old friends and enemies—Charles Read, of the Queen's Club, and Arnold, of the Bath Club—were renewing acquaintance with one another's play in court No. 4. The professional attached to these courts is Johnson, a member of the famous tennis and rackets family of that name and nephew of Oak Johnson, of the R.A.C. He is thus almost certain to do well.

At the opening of the Richmond Courts on Saturday last no less than 216 people paid for admission to the gallery of the courts in relays to see such players as F. D. Amr Bey, J. D. P. Wheatley, Dr. J. C. Gregory, F. M. Strawson, Miss Lumb, Mrs. Strawson and Mrs. Pittman perform. The first four named played singles and also a four-handed match, a form of squash rackets which has yet to prove popular in England, though practised regularly in America. It looks and is great fun. The club has now been re-named Kings Club.

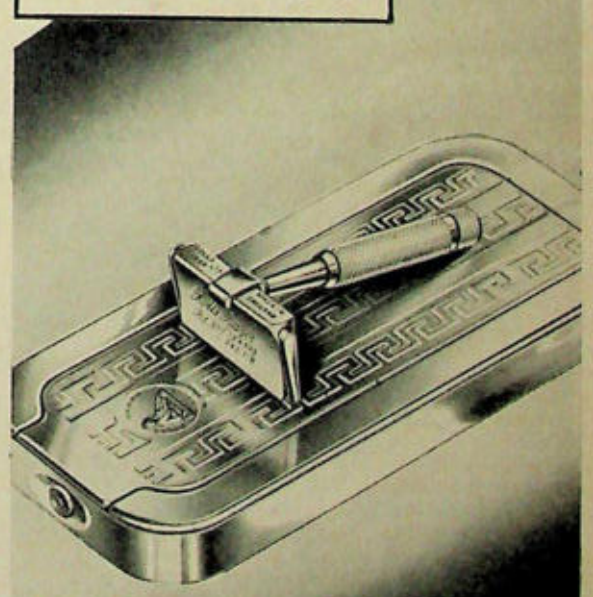
AMERICAN RIVALRY

The season for squash rackets is yet young, although there is every indication that it will be more than usually interesting. The Jesters Club have been honoured by an invitation from the Squash Rackets Association of Canada and America to tour those countries, an invitation they have been pleased to accept. It is hoped that the side will sail early in January for New York, visiting also Washington, Philadelphia, Chicago, Detroit, Hamilton, Toronto, Montreal, Buffalo and Boston. The names of those composing the team have not yet been announced, although it is known that several well-known players will be unable to accept on account of business reasons. The team, however, promises to be a young and good one.

Last January the Women's Squash Rackets Association sent out a team of English ladies to tour America. In all their matches they were overwhelmingly successful despite the handicap of playing on strange courts with heavier rackets and balls. This season it is expected that the American ladies will repay their visit. It does not seem probable that the American ladies will in twelve months have found a player capable of beating Miss Noel on her own courts.

It is the lure of good exercise which will ensure the success of courts built to-day as a commercial enterprise, for in squash sufficient exercise for the business man can easily be obtained in half an hour.

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New Books

LAURELS LIGHTLY WON

How to Make a Golf Course—Birds of the Broads

WHEN one took up Lord Tennyson's memoirs the words that were floating vaguely in one's mind till they gradually focused themselves were "breezy" and "racy." He has not failed us. He has presented us with a picture of full-blooded youth which hides nothing and extenuates nothing—or, shall we say, which reveals a lot? The very title is provocative enough. As is inevitable one compares the young Coldstreamer who could loose £12,000 on the Turf with the venerable laureate penning odes to Queen Victoria. And yet, as the author hints in his book, there were moments when the great Victorian himself could be anything but druidal.

Lord Tennyson passed in early life down a very well-trodden path—Cheam, Eton, Trinity, the Coldstream Guards. He was never much of a hand at book-learning, but his magnificent vitality and fine physique soon made him prominent.

He went to Eton at the end of the Warre régime, though he is wrong when he states that A. C. Benson "disappointed at not being made headmaster of Eton on Dr. Warre's resignation, resigned to become the Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge." Mr. Percy Lubbock's memoir clearly disproves this. His greatest friend at Eton was Billy Grenfell, who, probably, with Alfred Lyttelton, had the most splendid Eton career on record, and was one of the very few Oppidans to win the Newcastle.

GILDED YOUTH

Lionel Tennyson, contrary to his father's wishes, had set his heart on going into the Guards. He entered into the gayer side of London life with zest. He hunted. He raced. The end, already indicated, was inevitable. The crash came, and the author transferred to the Rifle Brigade, in which corps it was thought he would be more free from the attractions of the town.

As a cricketer in his early days he had shown comparatively little promise of what was to come. He did not appear in first-class cricket till 1913, and before he was established came the War, in which he played the part that would be expected of one of his temperament, being wounded three times. Then came the triumphs of the Test matches of 1921. The night before the second Test match, at about 1 a.m., he received an invitation to play for England owing to the intervention of C. B. Fry. "I replied that I was deeply grateful, but that if the selectors had informed me of their intentions a bit earlier, I should have gone to bed at a timelier hour and knocked off a cigar or two." Next day he returned to the pavilion and the "three grim faces of the selectors" with five runs. "'Never mind,' said I to them, with a wave of the hand, trying to dissipate the general gloom and their obvious dissatisfaction with myself, 'next time I'll get over for sure.'" The ensuring 74 not out against the invincible Australian fast bowlers, and the 63 and 36 made one-handed, which are described modestly enough, have passed into cricket history.

There are interesting chapters on his subsequent cricketing experiences, tours in South Africa and the West Indies, hunting at Melton, and impressions of the United States which complete a candid work in which the author has sparingly used the art of whitewash. It would seem probable that his book will attract a portion of that public still toiling up Parnassus from verse to worse. R. M.

From Verse to Worse. By Lionel Lord Tennyson. (Cassell; 10/6.)

WHAT THE PLAYER SELDOM SEES

The Arts of Golf Course Design

"THE enjoyment of a day on the links is by no means lessened when one is able to recognise the different types of grasses met with in various parts of the course." The truth of that statement cannot be disputed. But I wonder how many of the millions who play golf know anything about the hundred-and-one matters appertaining to a golf course and the upkeep of it? I feel the majority of us play our games day after day without so much as a thought of those behind the scenes except, perhaps, to curse the state of the greens or to find fault with the fairways.

The art of golf course construction, and the consequent maintenance, has developed into a highly scientific business. Gone are the days when just cutting down the grass and occasionally rolling it sufficed. The modern golf architect, contractor, foreman and secretary have all to be absolute experts in their own particular spheres. Yet golfers are familiar with the type of individual who thinks that he can better them, who thinks that his knowledge is more profound than theirs!

To such I would say, read *Golf Courses: Design, Construction and Upkeep*, edited by Mr. Martin A. F. Sutton, F.L.S. And then the vast technical knowledge that modern golf work entails will be appreciated. This volume will not only prove of exceptional interest to secretaries, greenkeepers and those in charge of any golf course, but will repay the average golfer who studies it, so informative and illuminating is every chapter.

Mr. T. Simpson's remarks on the design and construction of golf courses will be received favourably by all classes of players—in itself no small achievement. Amongst the very important features which he stresses are that "the course shall provide at least as much opportunity for mental agility as it does for physical effort. Each hole must present a definite problem. Nowhere in the world is there a single example of a classic hole that is a straightforward hole. . . . There must be qualities about a hole that escape the notice of the superficial observer. . . . Any feature that acts as a lighthouse to define a channel or one that lends assistance in judging distances is definitely to be deplored. . . . One thing is certain, and that is if we are to compete with any chance of success with the Americans our courses generally must be so planned that our targets must be apples and not haystacks. This does not involve more bunkers; on the contrary, it means fewer bunkers. . . . In all golf course construction the aim should be simplicity in design and the avoidance of unnecessary bunkers."

In his chapter on Golf Club Management, Mr. H. O. Hobson, besides giving much sound and useful advice, reveals an enthusiasm of which one dreams but seldom hears. To study the antics of those too prevalent leather-jackets, he spent several nights at Le Touquet making observations. He found that "the surface of a green would be quite clear of the pest up to 9 p.m., shortly after which it would be smothered with these creatures. At 2 a.m., when the night temperature is at its lowest, they would all return under ground."

With the ever-increasing use of machines he suggests that golf clubs would do well to employ a first-class mechanic. At Le Touquet, "instead of paying the man a wage he is given a bonus at the end of each year after taking into account the general condition of the machines throughout the year and the expenditure which has been incurred on spare parts." This rather reminds one of the wealthy foreigner who paid his several doctors a salary only when he was well, so that he was ill rarely for long! In like manner, supposedly, the Le Touquet Club's machines are rarely, if ever, out of commission. Such a practice bears imitation.

As Mr. Bernard Darwin has written, in an admirable Introduction, of Mr. Sutton's collaborators, T. Simpson, C. H. Alison, H. O. Hobson, P. Mackenzie Ross and H. S. Colt: "What they know not is not knowledge." Such a recommendation speaks for itself. E. R. T.

Golf Courses: Design, Construction and Upkeep. Edited by Martin A. F. Sutton (Simpkin, Marshall, Ltd.; 15/- net).



BITTERN ON NEST

Photo by Ian M. Thomson. From "Here and There with Birds"; Jonathan Cape

IN RARE BIRDS' HAUNTS

A West Country Naturalist on the East Coast

MR. E. W. HENDY'S latest book is something of a surprise, for in it he oversteps what we had come to regard as his natural boundaries. An Exmoor man, there is little that he does not know about the ways of the wild red deer, of the circling buzzard, of ravens, ring-ousels and dippers. It is of such as these, and the country pleasures of the West, that he usually writes.

In *Here and There With Birds* he goes adventuring in other parts of Britain, to the great contentment of the reader. He starts with a pen-picture of Norfolk bird-life that could not be bettered by a native, for he has the knack of bringing the landscape into his descriptions of the birds, so that those who do not know the country can vision it clearly, while anyone familiar with the East Coast marshes will be with him at every step. These lead him from the coastline at Cley and Salthouse, unequalled at migration time, westward to Blakeney Point and to the island sanctuary of Scolt Head. From there he slips southward to the Broads which, thanks to careful protection, are now the safe home of marshland birds unknown or very rare in other parts of Britain. Chief among these are the bittern, the marsh harrier, and the bearded tit, and of each, as well as other species, he gives delightful descriptions. Here, for instance, is an interview with golliwog young bitterns: "With long bills tilted upwards they goggled at us with yellow eyes, and from their pink mouths issued an uncanny, gibbering chuckling, like the crackling of a fire of thorns—a fire kindled by their indignation at unwarranted human intrusion. It is a sad fact that the sight of man acts upon the young bittern as an emetic. One promptly disgorged an eel several inches in length; so fearing to cause further digestive disturbances we discreetly retired."

From the Broads, Mr. Hendy passes on to the Norfolk heaths and wastelands where the stone curlew (or Norfolk plover) finds one of its last refuges from afforestation. And here, as in every other chapter, there is, quite apart from the description of the bird, a fine picture of country as wild and majestic as it always has been, and always will be, if we only have the sense to leave it so.

There are chapters, equally engrossing, on the bird-life of the Sussex Downs, of the Welsh mountains, and of Lundy Island, before the author returns to his own countryside of Devon and Somerset. And in between there are homelife studies of such rarities as the hobby and the Dartford warbler, as well as thought-provoking essays on bird-migration and bird-language.

Here and There with Birds. By E. W. Hendy (Jonathan Cape, Ltd.; 7/6).

GREYHOUND STUD BOOK

FOR the first time, as Keeper of the *Greyhound Stud Book*, Mr. Sydney H. Dalton has completed a volume of the *Greyhound Stud Book*. In stepping into the place vacated by Mr. Horace A. Groom, Mr. Dalton was confronted with a difficult task in maintaining the high standard of accuracy for which the Stud Book has been so long noted.

During the past year the registrations again show an increase, a sure sign that the breed of the greyhound is in a healthy condition—a fact which might be further proved by the number of litters, 1,846 as against 1,368 in 1932. Some of the bye-laws and rules have been revised, and the result will undoubtedly tighten up the constitution of the National Coursing Club, and clarify obscure points.

The Greyhound Stud Book. Vol. 52. Compiled by S. H. Dalton. (The Field Press, Ltd.; £1 net.)

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Amateur Pilot, by the Earl of Cardigan (Putnum; 7/6), is a useful book which starts at the first stages of a flying education, and leads the reader carefully along in a readable and intelligible manner.

The Longman Stories of Laughter Series, published at 3/6, have re-issued *Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.* and *Further Experiences of an Irish R.M.*, an opportunity which lovers of those books will be glad to know of.

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AUSTRALIA'S NATIONAL POET

The Centenary of Adam Lindsay Gordon

By CAPTAIN R. L. AGNEW

ON October 19th occurs the centenary of the birth of Adam Lindsay Gordon, the Australian poet, whose works have spread far beyond the land of his adoption to delight English-speaking peoples all over the world. As a fitting mark of the occasion a memorial is being placed in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey, a recognition of his fame that will give universal satisfaction.

To Australians Gordon is the great national poet, speaking with the very voice of Australia in the rough, yet great and kindly days when the country was shaping its early destinies. To the British Nation at large, he is the man who could sing of their inborn love of horses in verses that thrill. For however great the claim of his allegorical and Swinburnian stanzas, it is for his Bush Ballads and racing poems that he is known to the great percentage of his admirers.

Conan Doyle has spoken of Gordon as "the poet of the horse and the gun and the man that handles both." Therein, probably, lies the secret of his first hold over the people of Australia. There were not wanting in the old colonies, any more than in



ADAM LINDSAY GORDON

the Commonwealth of to-day, men who were bold horsemen and consummate race riders; but a man who could back the wildest unbroken horse or ride three winners in a day at Melbourne, and then sing of these events in stirring verses, made an irresistible appeal to that horse-loving people. He put into words the feelings of the stockman during the long, hot days, in the bush, or the reckless gallops after cattle thieves, of the jockey at the great moment when he took his horse on to win. It was a direct road to the affections of his countrymen, and he attained a place in their hearts that he has held with generations of their descendants.

SCHOOLBOY AND STEEPLECHASER

Born in 1833, the son of Captain Adam Burnford Gordon, young Adam Lindsay was educated at Cheltenham, Woolwich and Worcester Grammar School. At each of these places he gave proof that the bonds of conventional English life were not much to his liking. His spirits lead him into continual trouble, while most of his spare time was spent among the jockeys and grooms at the racing stables in the district. There he laid the foundation of the love of horses and steeple chasing that was to be the fabric of his whole life. It was, indeed, while he was at school that he rode his first winner in a steeple chase.

During this period it became clear to Captain Gordon that his high-spirited son would find a more congenial atmosphere in the freedom of a great country in the making than he could ever hope to find at home. So at the age of nineteen, young Gordon sailed for Australia, where he landed in November, 1853. He arrived with excellent introductions and the chance of a commission in the South Australian Police; he preferred, however, to enlist, entering with zest into the exciting life which at once opened to him. He immediately began breaking, training and racing his own horses, until, after he had been two years in the country, he resigned from the police to become a wandering horse-breaker.

A VAIN QUEST

It was undoubtedly during the time that he was following this profession, which he did for seven years, that he obtained his great knowledge of the bush and bush life. Month after month he spent riding about the country working wherever he was needed. In the evenings he commenced to write, and it was during this time that some of his earlier poems were written. He acquired a tremendous popularity among the squatters and stockmen, to whom his straightforward character and intrepid courage made instant appeal. One of his greatest friends described him as "the sort of man who always took the heavy end of the log." It was this popularity which caused him at a later date to enter the South Australian Parliament as a representative of the squatter interests.

In 1862 Gordon married and settled down. He bought some small properties and entered Parliament. In the latter vocation he did not prove very successful, but during the years 1864 to 1869 he wrote and published many of his best poems, and achieved his greatest successes in steeple chasing. He also, unfortunately, became obsessed by his claim to the large estate of Esslement in Aberdeenshire, to which he thought he was entitled.

During the year 1869 the value of his properties depreciated rapidly, and he became very pressed for money. At about this time, also, he had a very bad fall in a steeple chase, from which he never entirely recovered. There is no doubt that his poverty preyed considerably on a mind already affected by the depression that is known to be the result of severe concussion. In the summer of 1870 the news reached him that his claim to the Esslement estate had been definitely disallowed. This final blow to his hopes was more than he could stand, and on June 24th of that year he shot himself.

SONGS OF ACTION

Nearly all Gordon's poems are songs of action, and it is not unfitting that the greater part of them were written out of doors. The fact that he was short-sighted probably accounts for the small amount of his writing that is descriptive of the country that he loved so well. Probably the best known poems are "The Sick Stock Rider," and "How We Beat the Favourite." The former is undoubtedly one of his finest efforts, and is alone sufficient to ensure that his name would be remembered, although "Podus Okas" has probably more literary merit. Certain verses from his other poems which indicate his kindly and vigorous outlook on life have become almost proverbial in Australia as testifying a man's duty. It may be argued that many of Gordon's verses breathe an atmosphere of despondency. This is undoubtedly the case, for much that he wrote was influenced by Swinburne, particularly some of the poems he wrote when things had begun to go badly with him. At the same time this attitude is never the affected melancholy of a decadent, but the sorrow of a fighter who finds that his efforts are in vain.

For Gordon was a fighter; he looked upon life as a battle, usually against heavy odds. The circumstances of his death constitute the greatest conceivable tragedy. One can imagine him thinking in his own words:

"Shorter doom I've pictured dimly
On a bed of crimson sand;
Fighting hard and dying grimly,
Silent lips, and striking hand;
But the toughest lives are brittle
And the bravest and the best
Lightly fall—it matters little;
Now I only long for rest."

But such an end, which would have well befitted his life, was denied him. He had always held his life cheap in the hazards of an adventurous existence, and, as his last poem shows, he thought that he was entitled to end it when it became a burden to him.



THE GUARANTEE SYSTEM

In last week's issue of the "Field" I noticed an article on Silver Fox Farming entitled "Is the Guarantee System Sound?" It was stated that up to three or four years ago no one in the Silver Fox business gave or asked for any guarantee at all, that is to say . . . until I started.

It speaks also of a vendor now being FORCED to give guarantees. I OFFERED them and FORCED my competitors to come into line, and so saved a number of people from having a blank year. The article states also that a recent concession was to replace a cub vixen if she proved sterile for her first two years, and that the buyer took the risk. I started all this trouble, and I am proud of it. The article also goes on to say that to-day the buyer is on much safer ground. I quite agree. He is! The doubt is then expressed as to whether these results are an unmixed blessing, and it is actually urged that the beginner is safeguarded against ruin at the start, and if he is the right type, all the better, and if he is not the right type he should be pushed out and not coddled over, when it has been discovered too late for the buyer that he is not the right type, and qualifies for weeding out.

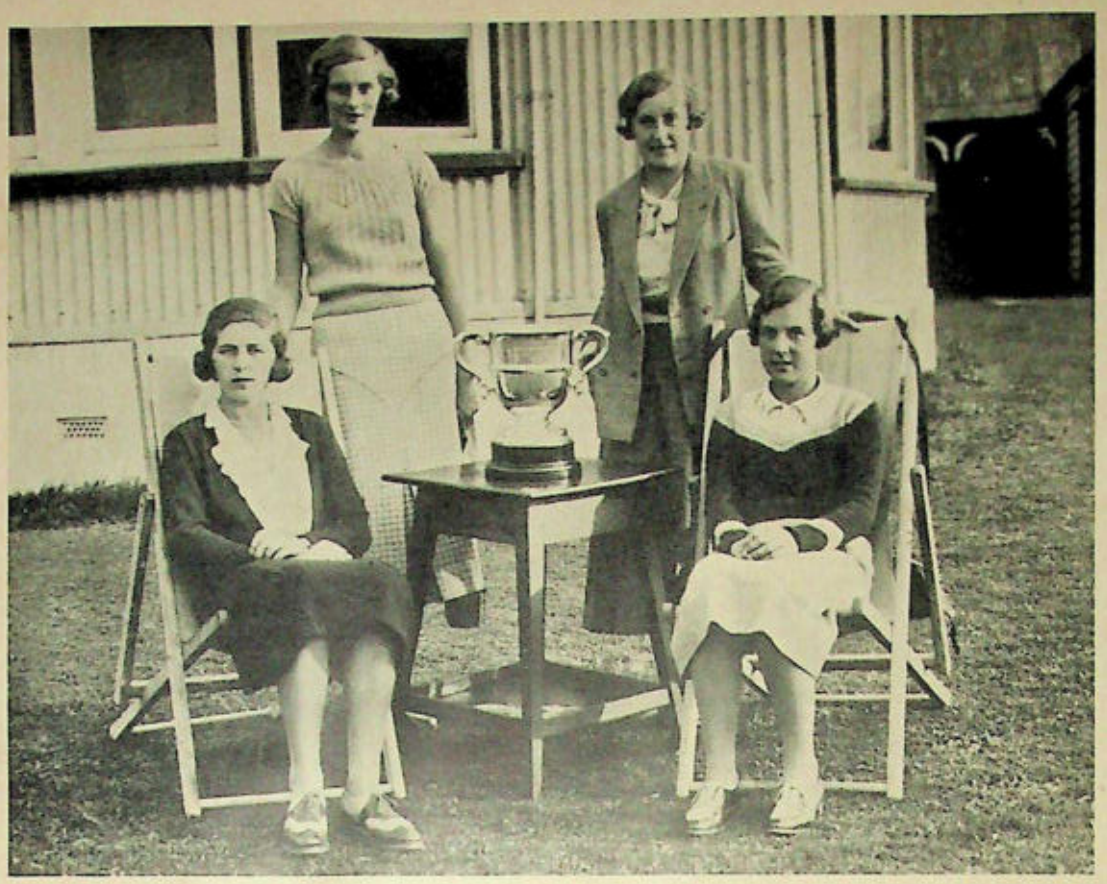
I don't know how this strikes readers of the "Field," but it struck us here at Nithsdale very forcibly. The idea would appear to be that a man attracted by the publicity in a reputable journal should purchase Silver Foxes because he liked the idea, and if, AFTER he had paid his money, it was unfortunately discovered that he was not the right type, he had to be, therefore, weeded out. The only thing which would not be weeded out with him would be his money. Great stuff!

Fox Farming is not comparable to any other business. We breeders ALONE know the business and are ALONE competent to judge of the suitability or otherwise of a prospective client. Here I make every endeavour BEFORE admitting anyone to my Organisation to see that he is entirely suitable in every way, and NOT AFTER he has become financially interested. I have advised many a man that he would be better off breeding white mice, and I am proud of that, too.

As a pioneer of the Guarantee System I say that it is sound, providing the Guarantor is. I had a man in recently to see me. A clever man, too, who started a small independent ranch three years ago, and to-day he is down the drain, finished, and done, unless I come to the rescue. The man he bought his stock from won't, so I suppose I shall have to. But I am getting tired of helping other people's lame ducks. Overseas readers have now very little time this season to write for a copy of "The Argosy of the Nithsdale Silver Foxes."

T. Milross

The Proprietor of The Nithsdale Silver Fox Ranch, Thornhill, Dumfries, Scotland.



SEMI-FINALISTS FOR THE ENGLISH LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP
Left to right are seen Miss D. Pearson (the winner), Miss N. Halstead, Miss M. Lake, and Miss M. Johnson (runner-up)

MISS PEARSON'S FLAWLESS GOLF

A Youthful Victor at Westward Ho! in the English Ladies' Championship

By E. R. TIPPLE

THE Royal North Devon links at Westward Ho! is one of the most exacting tests for the golfer to be found anywhere in the country. Atlantic gales have a habit of associating themselves with championship meetings there, adding to the terrors of the holes and encouraging competitors to visit the fearsome and unique giant rushes.

Last week, during the English Ladies' Championship no gales blew; on the contrary, the weather was perfect for golf, and not in vain. Rarely has such a general high standard of play been given in such a meeting. Although the conditions were easy it must not be forgotten that the lady golfers had to perform on a links measuring over 6,000yds., only some 400yds. short of the full championship stretch. Yet many of those taking part were able to reach the long holes in two strokes, sometimes using irons for their seconds; and their scores would have done credit to masculine "stars."

This course, which gave to golf the great John Henry Taylor, and where the present amateur champion and his brothers play as often as they are able, usually provides a worthy winner—a real test gives a real champion. Miss Dorothy Pearson is every inch a champion. Although but 25 years of age she can be counted almost a veteran as regards experience of competitive play.

AFTER THREE ATTEMPTS

Three times before had she reached the last fence in a national event only to fall. In the final of the Girls' Championship in 1924, and again at the same stage in the British event three years later, Mlle. Thion de la Chaume (now Mme. Rene Lacoste) overcame her. In 1929, Miss Wilson beat her in the last round. But this year she won at last.

Nevertheless, Miss Wilson's retirement and the absence of last year's winner, Miss Fishwick, must in no wise detract any credit from Miss Pearson's victory.

Throughout the meeting, with one exception, she was the sole "star" to do herself justice. Round after round she produced the same flawless golf. There was never any doubt concerning her winning her matches; one only wondered what the victorious margins would be.

Proficient in all departments of the game, and possessing the ability to "string her shots together," that is, to play a sequence of brilliant strokes, Miss Pearson had one great advantage over the others—she was able to produce accurate running approaches. She demonstrated her mastery of the St. Andrews pitch and run. Previous to this meeting she paid a visit to the home of the game. There she had the honour of playing with H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and several prominent golfers besides. There can be no doubt that her practice at St. Andrews considerably helped her for her games at Westward Ho! Both these links demand the pitch and run approach, not the pitch which is a dangerous stroke on such grounds. Moreover, as a means of tuning-up their game, lady golfers cannot do better than play with men. This, of course, Miss Pearson appreciated.

After such a consistent display of brilliance, it was disappointing for Miss Mary Johnson not to win the title. However, she accomplished the next best thing. This young Yorkshire player was the "find" of the week. She reached the final in relentless fashion. Her scalps included Miss Joy Winn and the J. A. Stout of feminine golf, Miss M. C. Clarke. At the beginning of the tournament those who saw her said that she would be in at the death, and for once these prophets were correct. Seemingly without any nerves, Miss Johnson plays every club well, particularly impressive are her crisp iron shots, and she should rise to the heights after a few years' more experience.

The way in which the final was played was an absolute example to men golfers. With little fuss and plenty of cheerful confidence, the two finished the first round in a trifle over two hours. No tedious game as was witnessed recently in the same stage of the most important masculine event. They showed that it is possible to play really magnificent golf whilst wasting no precious time.

The early defeats of players with such established reputations as Miss Wanda Morgan, Mrs. Garon, and Miss Garnham were not so surprising, because none of them touched their proper form. The shock of the meeting, however, was the appearance of Miss Gloria Minoprio in masculine attire and armed with but a single club—a specially constructed iron. I lay no claims to being a sartorial expert, but her black trousers, black jumper up to the neck, and beret, certainly provided a smart, although unusual ensemble. Miss Minoprio wore trousers for comfort's sake alone, confessing that a skirt hindered her play.

Her venture with one club was no reckless one. At her home course, Littlestone, she has practised for years in seclusion with this implement before making her entry into competitions. Her action created a precedent; never before has a player shown such courage of her convictions and carried out such an intention.

In the first match she was beaten, but no doubt more will be heard of this young lady. I believe that she will persevere with her lone weapon. She uses it for every stroke—off the tees, through the green, out of bunkers, in approaching, and on the putting greens. At any rate, she never has to make a hazardous choice of a club from an imposing array.

AUTUMN FOURSOMES

Many Interesting Competitions

PUTTING back of the clock is a signal for foursome competitions to begin. At Ranelagh and Roehampton this week the Ladies' Foursomes took place, nearly 500 players competing, and at Royal Wimbledon the men's London Amateur Foursomes were played. This latter event is always interesting, such notable and well-tried partnerships as the Hon. W. G. Brownlow and E. F. Storey (Addington), and the brothers Hartley (Chislehurst) make it the more so.

To-day sees the commencement of the Sunningdale Club's annual tournament for the Founder's Cup. This is a knock-out foursome event by match-play off handicap. The Prince of Wales is again competing, and, like last year, will be partnered by Rex Hartley.

Now that he has given up active participation in so many sports, the Prince to-day throws almost all his sporting energies into golf, and during the last year or so has made considerable progress at the game. He has had abundant lessons from Archie Compston, and these, coupled with his untiring energy for practice, are the cause for the improvement. His swing is sound, with a pronounced follow-through, and up to the green his play leaves little to be desired. But his putting might still be improved.

On Monday next, the Worplesdon Mixed Foursomes competition begins. This annual event has its own niche in the hall of fame; it is the scene of much jollity and much good golf. This year an even larger entry than before has been received, so that it will take five days to discover the winners. Miss Joyce Wethered is partnered by Bernard Darwin—they were to have played together last year, but the latter fell ill. R. H. Wethered is to play with Mme. R. Lacoste in an attempt to repeat their 1925 victory. Miss Enid Wilson comes out of her retirement to take part with Major G. N. C. Martin, the well-known Irish golfer, who has been resident in Canada for so long.

A Scottish combination with more than an outside chance of victory is Miss Doris Park and Stuart Forsyth. Miss M. Juta, of Johannesburg, makes her début in this country partnered by Raymond Oppenheimer. The amateur champion, the Hon. Michael Scott, has Miss Diana Esmond for an ally, and should go a long way.

The best match of the early stages should be between Mr. and Mrs. Eric Fiddian and Mme. Vogliano and Cyril Tolley. The winners of this game should figure in the closing stages, but with such a prominent field many surprises are sure to occur.



MISS GLORIA MINOPRIO IN NOVEL ATTIRE
The club in this competitor's hand was the only one she used



AN HERBACEOUS BORDER WELL STOCKED WITH LUPINS, NOW OBTAINABLE IN A WIDE RANGE OF COLOURS

The Country House

PLANTS FOR THE EARLY SUMMER HERBACEOUS BORDER

Planning the Positions of Tall Growers

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

COMPARED with the opulent, almost riotous colourings of the autumn herbaceous border, those of early summer are soft and restful. Of outstanding beauty are the blues, mauves and lavenders of the delphiniums, the rose-pinks, yellows and carmines of the pyrethrums, the delicate shades of the columbines, the varied blues of the anchusas, the powder-blue of the loveliest of all tall-growing campanulas, *C. persicifolia*, Telham Beauty, the soft rose and golden yellows of the stately eremuruses, the vivid coral of heucheras, such as Pluie de Feu, the mauves, lilac-blues, pinks, rose and fawns of the lupins, to mention but a very few.

In the autumn border the majority of plants are tall-growing, but in the spring border the majority are of moderate height, and I think it is always best to decide on the positions of the few outstandingly tall growers first. The giants of the early summer border are the eremuruses, notably *E. robustus*, which, given favourable conditions, attains 10ft. The conditions these glorious Himalayan fox-tail lilies like are a good loamy soil, good drainage, sun, a position facing south or south-west, and protection from cutting winds. I have never seen them thrive so well or look so delightful as in a Ross-shire garden, where they are planted in clumps almost under very tall old apple trees. The trees afford them protection but do not impoverish the soil too much. Moreover the eremuruses are in flower when the foliage of the trees is still young and fresh.

SOME THIRSTY SUBJECTS

Eremuruses have very queer roots, or rather tubers—just like an octopus. They are very brittle, and every care should be taken not to break them when planting. On heavy soil the site where they are to be planted must have sand incorporated in it and the tubers set on a layer of sand an inch thick.

The roots need the protection of coal ashes in the winter, especially old-established roots, because they gradually work themselves up to the surface. Also in spring they need protection in the form of light litter when the young growths appear above the ashes. Eremuruses are thirsty subjects and in dry spells during late spring or summer they need copious watering. Once planted, they should never be moved, if possible. In any case, lifting and separating the clumps has to be most carefully done.

Unfortunately these fox-tail lilies are not cheap, but they can be raised from seed sown as soon as ripe in a cold frame or cold greenhouse. Most of the eremuruses are June flowering, the two most magnificent being *E. robustus*, and the almost as tall *E. Himrob*. *E. Himalaicus* has snow-white flowers; *E. Elwesianus*, pale pink; and *E. Bungei* sulphur-yellow. The earliest to flower is *E. Warei*, with buff-yellow flowers.

The finest of the nearly related asphodels is the white-flowered *A. ramosus*, which attains 5ft. Now is the best time to plant the tubers. It is also easily raised from seed sown in shallow boxes of sandy soil in a cold frame in spring.

Delphiniums should be planted either after they have finished flowering in August or in spring, when the growths are 3in. high. Never when they are dormant, *i.e.*, during October and November, the best time for moving or planting the majority of herbaceous subjects. During the autumn clearing, the old stalks, being hollow, should not be cut lower than within a foot of the ground or the wet collects in them and rots the roots. I have already in a previous article on delphiniums emphasised the charm of the now neglected belladonna hybrids. They are amongst the most beautiful of blue flowers, invaluable for cutting and, unlike the towering modern hybrids, they require no staking.

Amongst the less stately subjects the most important are the anchusas, lupins, Oriental poppies and peonies. Anchusas, which belong to the borage family, are amongst the loveliest blue-flowered plants. The most popular is *A. italica Dropmore*, which grows 5ft. high and produces its cobalt-blue flowers in May and June. There is a new variety of *A. italica* called Morning Glory, with much larger flowers than Dropmore, but the same beautiful colour. The earliest flowering of the anchusas is *A. mysotidiflora*, which grows only about 2ft. high and produces its masses of forget-me-not blue flowers in April and May.

Lupins are amongst the most effective of early summer-flowering plants and the range of colours now obtainable is so wide that a lupin border is a joy to behold. In one garden I saw the drive on one side was bordered with clumps of lupins, each clump 3ft. across, of every shade—apricot, old rose, lavender, sulphur-yellow, shell-pink, deep purple, vivid pink, opal-blue, etc.

No lupin, alas, tolerates chalk; neither the tree lupins nor the polyphyllus hybrids. They like a good rich soil, and they have to be renewed every three years, or rather a new border made, for after three years they deteriorate rapidly. Cutting down lupins after the first flowers have faded is a serious blunder, for this encourages a second flowering, which exhausts the plants and then in two years they are worthless.

Unless good seedlings can be bought from a local nursery, the best way is to plant seed, sowing them singly in 3in. pots in a cold frame in March or out of doors in drills an inch deep in May. The seedlings should be put in their permanent positions in autumn. It is a good plan when sowing out of doors, to put the seeds in singly, quite 6in. apart. Because lupins make long tap roots and these should neither be disturbed nor crowded till they are moved into their permanent positions. It is the care given in raising that makes handsome plants.

ORIENTAL POPPIES FOR COLOUR

The Oriental poppies are unrivalled in their magnificence and glorious colours, but they are difficult to place in the herbaceous border, because the foliage in summer is so floppy. I have never seen them so effective as when grown in a bed by a dry wall overlooking a sunk garden. They were a lovely sight with sky-blue belladonna delphiniums (which grow about the same height) between them. The Oriental poppies were of various colours—salmons, apricot orange, white, rose, brilliant scarlet and pale blush. Oriental poppies do not take at all kindly to being moved, and newly-planted roots make a poor show their first year. In a border it is best to put them towards the back, for in July the old leaves are anything but attractive. These poppies can be very easily raised from seed sown in shallow boxes in very sandy soil in April or early May.

Numerous other subjects for the herbaceous border should be planted now—campanulas, linums, nepeta, heucheras, gypsophila, geums, anthemis, armeria (Bee's Ruby is the most effective for the border), thalictrums, potentillas, erigerons, galegas, columbines, stachys lanata, euphorbias, lychnis, mimulus, etc. Pyrethrums, which are amongst the most valuable early summer-flowering plants for cutting, are, however, best planted in spring, unless done the previous August.

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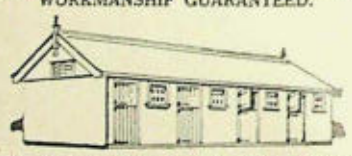
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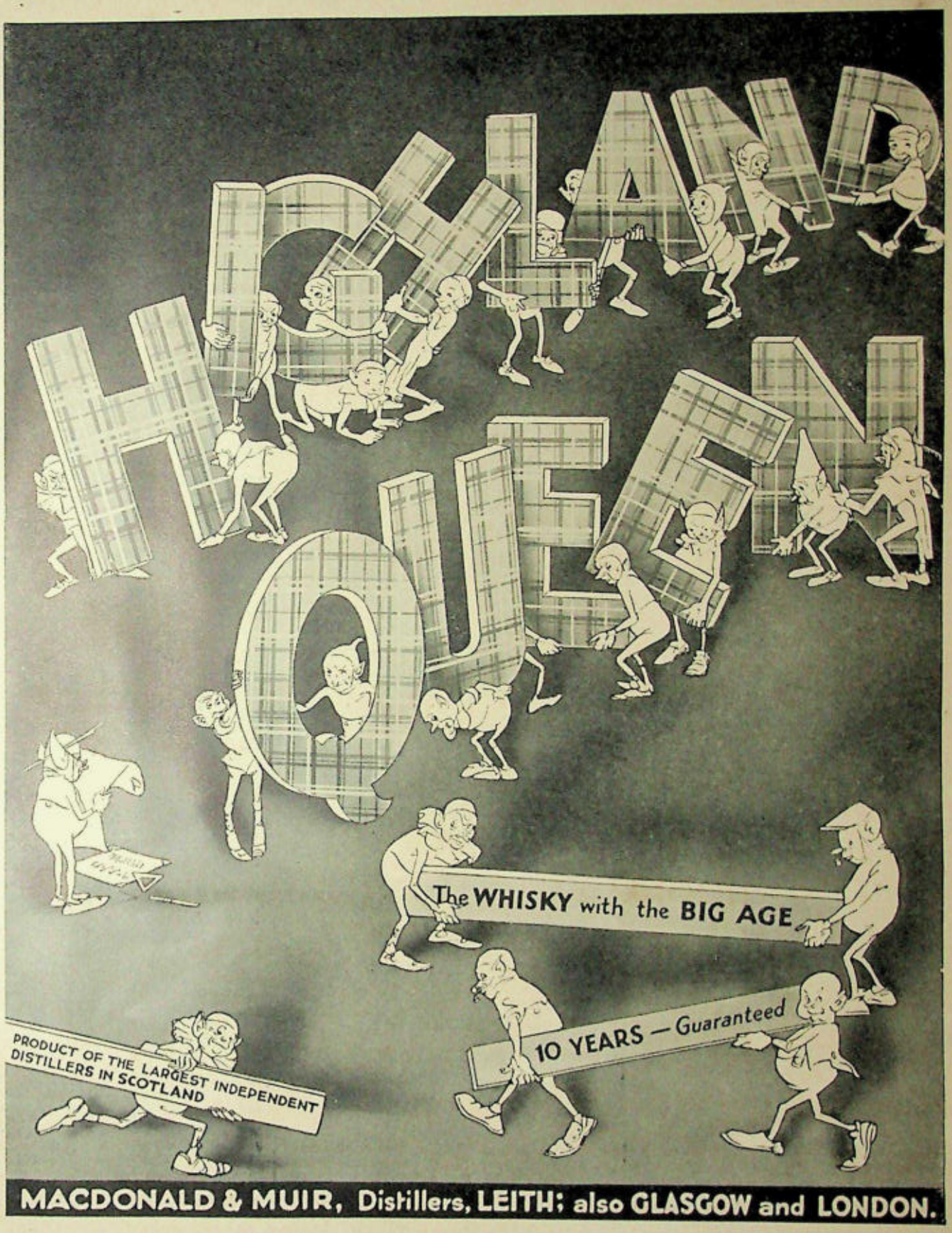
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HAS THE AIRSHIP A FUTURE?

The Question of the Atlantic Crossing—Germany and U.S.A. Forging Ahead While We Stand Still

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

THREE years have passed since R.101 dived to her tragic end at Beauvais: and the occasion has been fittingly marked by the unveiling of a memorial to her company on the site of the disaster.

There can be no one with the slightest interest in aviation to whom that tragedy is not still a vivid memory; and to those who look beyond the immediate and poignant personal side, it is the more appalling in that it marked, to all intents and purposes, the suspension of this country's participation in airship development.

We can now, without any disrespect to the gallant men who lost their lives, see the events of that period in better perspective; and it is beyond doubt that a misplaced sense of tragedy had not a little to do with the abandonment of a programme that might have gone far to help in the solution of the Empire's problems of communication.

A CHANGE OF MIND

A natural revulsion of feeling led, unfortunately, to the condemnation of the lighter-than-air principle as a whole. The country felt, in the first anguish of grief, that it could risk no more of its sons' lives.

Yet that that view was not so positive after all is proved by the fact that the question of the future of airships is still, in this country, debated; and there are growing signs of an uneasy feeling that the abandonment of the airship development programme was shortsighted.

A great issue like this is not to be solved by methods of immediate expediency. The R.101 disaster occurred during the period when national economy was being stressed from every angle. This, naturally, had its effect on the airship programme, which was as a result completely abandoned. Two ships were constructed, so that in the event of one being lost the other would be available for such a programme of full-scale experiments as might have been determined.

Instead of a modified programme being continued with the R.100, this vessel was ruthlessly and crudely broken up, and with few exceptions our airship personnel was dispersed to the four winds, the idea being that airship development elsewhere should be watched in a general way.

In the meantime, we have seen Germany and the United States forge ahead in the lighter-than-air field. The regular sailings of Graf Zeppelin on the South Atlantic have become so commonplace that they attract no more attention than the departures of ocean liners.

There alone, it might be urged, is a complete answer to the opponents of the airship. America is persevering with her programme, though she has suffered a disaster hardly less terrible than that which befell R.101.

In this country we have not even marked time: we have definitely slipped back. Notwithstanding that the Empire, more than any other state or group of states in the world, needs fast long-distance communications for its trade prosperity and its security, we have neglected the airship.

We cannot even say that the money so saved has been spent on aeroplane development, for several important experimental designs for the Air Ministry, including the large civil flying boat, have been cancelled. And the question of the Atlantic crossing still remains unanswered.

There have been plenty of promises of Atlantic air services recently; and, presumably, the flying boat was in mind. The flying boat is certainly the right type of heavier-than-air machine for long overseas journeys, but on a service such as the South Atlantic crossing it is not possible, in the light of the development of this type of craft to-day, to provide accommodation for passengers and mails in addition to the large load of fuel which must be carried.

RE-FUELLING IN MID-OCEAN

The most sensible plan for such a service, now about to be tried out, is undoubtedly that in which a steamship is kept permanently in the centre of the ocean to re-fuel and re-service the flying boats coming from either side carrying mails only. It is suggested that routes such as this can be more usefully served by the airship, leaving the flying boat to operate on many other of the shorter routes as yet untapped by air transport.

Examined from any angle, the question of long-distance commercial flying, with really comfortable accommodation and the added advantage of absence of motion, is answered only by admitting that the large commercial airship must come. There is, so far as we can see to-day, no substitute for it.

Critics of lighter-than-air craft point to the disasters that have befallen airships. Yet there have been aeroplane disasters whose aggregate toll of life has been no less; it is merely that the loss of 20 or 30 lives in one tragedy is more spectacular than the same loss spread over ten or twelve separate crashes.

DR. ECKENER'S ACHIEVEMENT

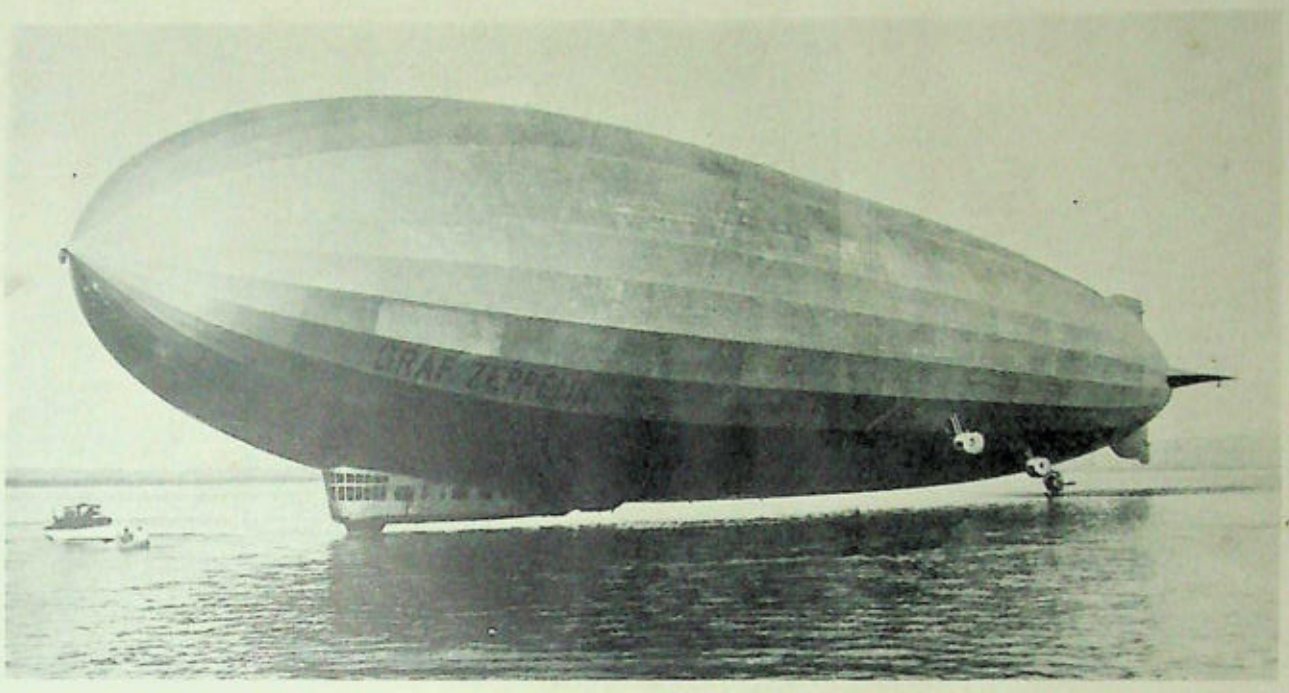
They ascribe the success of Graf Zeppelin to the skill of Dr. Eckener and his assistants. That skill is undoubted, but it is based on the continuity of experience they have had; and there, surely, is a strong case for airship development.

The Germans have achieved a well-deserved success in this field because they have worked on it with one end in view only for well over 30 years. We, on the other hand, have taken up the airship on several occasions with, perhaps one might say, undue enthusiasm, and then as rapidly dropped it when difficulties or disasters occurred. There is no reason to suppose that in the development of airships, or anything else, success can be achieved except by constant application in pushing forward a carefully conceived and agreed policy.

WHY WE SHOULD ACT

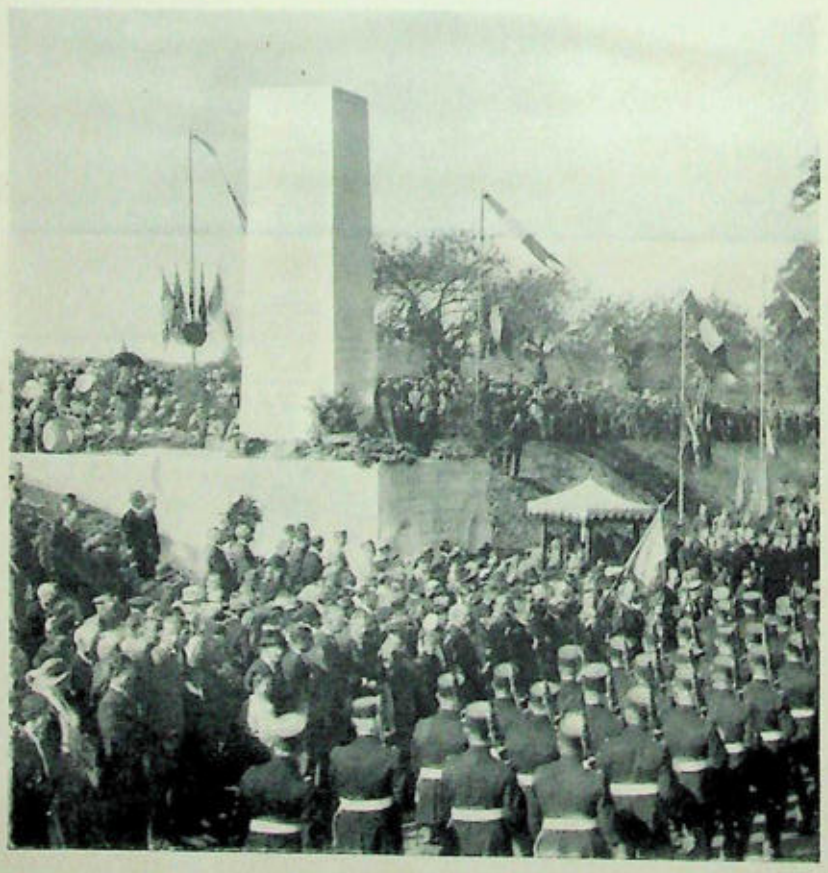
If regularity and safety can be achieved in so high a measure by the Graf Zeppelin which, after all, is more than a little out of date, merely as the result of experience, then truly wonderful results could be secured by greater experience with more modern ships. So it is nothing less than tragic that this country stands idly by while Germany and the U.S.A. add to their knowledge.

The weight of evidence, if balanced judicially, is definitely in favour of the airship's future. The mere fact that it continues to win success in the face of an opposition that has fought it since its earliest days, is a most significant thing; and this country could provide no more magnificent memorial to its airship pioneers, and make no finer contribution to to-morrow, than to consider and at the appropriate moment recommence, if only on a limited scale, active participation in the development of lighter-than-air craft.



THE GRAF ZEPPELIN, WHOSE REGULAR SAILINGS NOW ATTRACT NO MORE ATTENTION THAN THE DEPARTURES OF OCEAN LINERS

This photograph shows the German airship resting on the surface of Lake Constance, in Switzerland, on the occasion of her first landing on water



IN MEMORY OF BRITAIN'S LOST AIRSHIP

French troops marching past after the unveiling of the memorial to the victims of the R.101 disaster at Beauvais



NATIVES OF A DESERT VILLAGE OUTSIDE ASSUAN

WINTERING IN EGYPT AND THE SUDAN

From Cairo's Two Civilisations to the Tombs of the Kings

THERE are few pleasanter places during the winter than Egypt and the Sudan. The weather is never excessively hot, and anywhere on the Nile between Cairo and Khartoum one can be certain of cool breezes and bright sunshine. I often think a long journey is rather discouraging, however pleasant its end may be. But in the case of the sea voyage to Port Said it is different. Ten days on a modern liner with an excellent view of the Portuguese and Spanish coasts, Gibraltar, Algiers, and a lot of the African coast line as well, is not an experience to be missed. Besides, life on a liner is never dull.

Port Said is well termed the "Gateway to the East," but I can see no use in lingering in a gateway, and it is much better to get on to Cairo at once and make one's headquarters in this extraordinary city.

I say "extraordinary," for in Cairo one sees, as it were, two entirely different civilisations. In fact, it is the same all over Egypt; smart new motor cars and baggage camels, age-old mosques and huge modern hotels go hand in hand. Anyone with time to spare might well spend a month in Cairo. I once tried to see it in two days, but came away with my brain in a turmoil and a serious crick in my neck, so now I know that it cannot be done. The Museum itself would occupy an archæologist for a lifetime.

FROM MUSEUMS TO POLO

Tutankhamen's tomb can be seen on the Nile trip in the Valley of Kings, but all its wonders are now in the Museum, and this is the case with many other places of interest. The Museum is the keynote to Ancient Egypt, and it is worth studying carefully.

But I for one cannot spend all my time in a museum, and there are a thousand other things to see. I suppose that the Gezira Sporting Club could be likened to Hurlingham or Ranelagh in perpetual sunshine. The polo is certainly excellent and not out of reach of the moderate income; the tennis is quite first class, and the winter tournaments attract many international players; while there is also golf, cricket and squash, and all for the modest subscription of about £3 a month in English money.

Owing to the efforts of King Fuad, Cairo is now one of the first cities in the world for sport and amusement. It has an excellent racecourse equipped with a tote, and very sporting meetings are held there once a fortnight. There is a hacking track, somewhat equivalent to the Row, and it is very easy for a member of the club to hire or borrow a horse for an early morning ride. There are many beautiful mosques and palaces to visit, as well as theatres and cinemas in which to while away the evening.

Altogether, I could spend an indefinite time in Cairo, but there is every reason to explore and a trip up the Nile is the best way of seeing the real Egypt.

The Nile trip is accomplished in a most luxurious steamer, which stops at all the interesting places between Cairo and Assuan. It is an unparalleled experience. The Nile is Egypt. For countless centuries its annual rising has deposited a coating of fertile black mud on the sands of the desert, and peasant life has gone on along its banks, serene and untroubled, confident that the Nile will never fail.

This life goes on to-day as it did in the times of the Pharaohs, only now the traveller can watch it in absolute comfort. The peasant still squats on the bank working his creaking shadouf, and tipping a gallon of water at a time into the irrigation channels among the crops; the ancient water wheels are still worked by oxen; and strings of baggage camels can be seen plodding along the bank with their enormous loads of sugar cane. In spite of all our modern civilisation the Nile never seems to change.

Everyone comes back from Egypt with certain vivid impressions, and I can only give my own for what they are worth. I expected a lot from the three great pyramids of Ghiza and the Sphinx. But when I saw them I was disappointed. Enormous though they are, they did not seem to convey any impression of great size. Perhaps I expected too much. But Sakkara, the city of tombs, of which I had never even heard, made up for everything. It is impossible to describe it.

I advise anyone who wishes to be fascinated to go down into the Serapeum, the tombs of the Sacred Bulls of Apis, great gloomy vaults full of enormous sarchophagai, relics of the animal worship of the ancient Egyptians. Another but different tomb is that of Ti, a royal counsellor of the fifth Dynasty. It has been named the Happy Tomb, and is covered with gaily painted and wonderfully preserved carvings of everyday life. I was glad I visited the tomb of Ti after the gloomy Serapeum.

There is another city on the Nile trip which no traveller to Egypt must miss. That is Luxor, once Thebes and ancient capital of Upper Egypt. I was fascinated by Luxor; the ruins of the great temple on the banks of the Nile, its prosperous native life, its gardens, and last but not least its very comfortable hotel. Hotels are mundane things, I know, but comfort adds a lot to one's appreciation of beauty, and one finds it all over Egypt.

At Assuan the steamer returns to Cairo. But very little of the country has yet been seen, and as this trip only takes about ten days, there should be ample time to go on. By rail and river the journey can be continued by Wadi Halfa to Khartoum, and at Wadi Halfa can be seen one of the finest sights in Egypt—the temple of Abu Simbel at dawn.

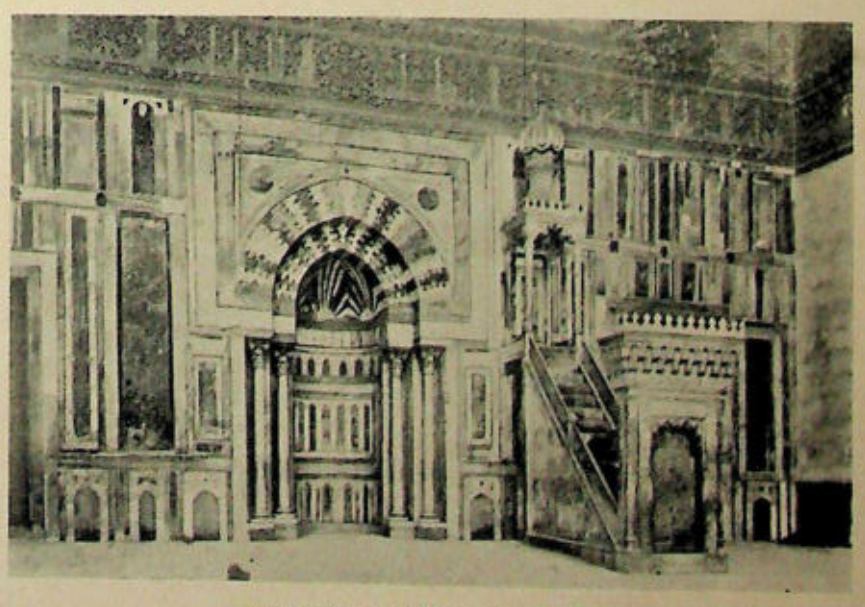
And now, when Khartoum is reached, the White Nile lies open to any traveller who wishes to penetrate into the very heart of Central Africa. I can only say here that it can be done in comfort and safety by way of the river, and that the journey can be continued right on to Juba and Lake Albert.

The Sudan is famous for its big game, and in March, when the country has dried up, the animals come close to the river bank, affording one ample opportunity of studying them. But if time presses, as it will with many, a new aspect of the country can be seen by returning to Cairo by way of Port Sudan and the Red Sea, and the whole journey will have been accomplished in about five short weeks.

WESSEX.



CAIRO VIEWED FROM THE SULTAN HASSAN MOSQUE



THE INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE

CRUISING NOTES

AMONG the winter cruises which have recently been announced are several by the White Star Line. These will be operated by their well-known vessels, Homeric, 35,000 tons, and Britannic, 27,000 tons.

The first, a sixteen-day Christmas cruise, will be made by the Homeric, leaving Southampton on December 21st and calling at Gibraltar, Ajaccio, Naples, Palermo, Algiers, and Lisbon. The minimum rate for this cruise is £28.

The second will also be by the Homeric, lasting 40 days, to the West Indies, Central America, Madeira, and the Canary Isles, leaving Southampton on January 27th. The rates for this cruise will be from 80 guineas.

The Swedish America Line announce a particularly attractive cruise to Ceylon, East Africa, Egypt, Palestine and the Mediterranean in the m/s Gripsholm, sailing from Southampton on January 17th, 1934.

Unlike many cruises, the itinerary of the Gripsholm, a motor ship, with a displacement of 23,600 tons, will be far off the beaten track, and only ports of the greatest interest will be called at.

The Gripsholm will return to Southampton on March 26th, which we have no doubt will be a sad day for many of those on board.

ANSWERS to CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored.

Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem examination, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. ***Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.*** *No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.*

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges, Class VI., Division I. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible.

Angling

Trapping Eels.—A recent publication of the Fishery Board for Scotland will give you the information you want—*The Common Eel and its Capture*, by W. J. M. Menzies, H.M. Stationery Office, 1/- net.—*S. P., Co. Cork.*

How to Dye Gentles.—The late J. H. R. Bazley in one of his chapters in *Fine Angling for Coarse Fish* (Lonsdale Library; Seeley Service, 12/6) gives several recipes. Auramine yellow for primrose, and chrysoidine for orange to red shades. The dye is mixed with boiling water and poured on to bran in which the gentles are put after it has cooled.—*C. H. H. A., Northants.*

Goldfish Dying in Pond.—Our biologist reports that the fish sent showed no sign of disease. The tails, however, had apparently been bitten away, probably by the larger fish in the pool, particularly if these larger fish were in possession when the smaller ones were introduced. You may find it necessary to have the fish much of a size to prevent this kind of trouble.—*S. C. K., Essex.*

Farm

Danish Pig Houses.—Galvanised steel partitions and other fittings for converting a barn into a pig fattening house on Danish lines are made by Messrs. S. M. Wilmot & Co., Ltd., St. Philip's, Bristol.—*T. R. T., Salop.*

Wheat Sowing.—Two to 3 bushels an acre is the normal rate of seeding in the case of autumn wheat, and if you intend to sow this month seeding at the rate of 2½ bushels should be ample. For spring seeding a higher rate—up to 4 bushels—may be economical, but it is not usual in the autumn.—*K., Wilts.*

Tuberculous Vaccine.—No final report on the experiments with the Spahlinger vaccine has been issued by the Ministry of Agriculture in Northern Ireland. If you write to the Secretary of the Ministry at Stormont, Belfast, you will be able to obtain copies of the interim reports. We may say that it will need several years' work to establish the proof of Mr. Spahlinger's vaccine treatment.—*L., London.*

Prices for Fat Bullocks.—There is generally a difference in the market values of beasts that have been box-fed and those which are off the grass. This may be particularly marked at the present time in some markets, but a difference of £3 a head in the price bid for 9-cwt. bullocks between those fed indoors and those that have been grass-fed is exceptional. The butcher's preference for the box-fed beast is accounted for by the general opinion that such a beast which is well-finished will carry a good proportion of suet, and there is a good demand for this as the weather becomes colder.—*C. N., Northants.*

Improving Poor Pasture.—Basic slag, or finely ground North African phosphate will generally give the best results on the type of land you mention. It would be economy to give a heavy dressing up to 10cwts. per acre. An essential preliminary treatment is severe harrowing in order to remove the mat dead material which is probably clogging the surface of the soil. It may be that harrowing alone will give a marked improvement.

It is difficult to give definite advice without seeing the field, and it would perhaps be advisable to seek the opinion on the spot of the Agricultural Officer of your County Council.—*K. D. O., Kelso.*

Silver Fox Farming.—Silver foxes have to be bought in pairs for breeding purposes. It is necessary to keep one dog per vixen, even though one need not necessarily use the particular dog to mate with the vixen he is running with. It is impossible for anyone not an absolute expert to say when a vixen is mateable if a dog is not running with her. One vixen produces one litter in the year only. Well-run farms having good stock average from three to four per vixen kept. Poorly-run farms average from one to two, some even less. Three must be aimed at as the minimum at which foxes are likely to pay. These figures are, of course, taking into consideration complete failures, such as occasionally occur, and are a general ranch average figure.

It would be risky for anyone who wishes to make from £300 a year upwards out of foxes to start with less than £1,800 to £2,000 available capital, though of course it has been done on very much less. The usual return from foxes to-day if properly run is in the region of 20 per cent. One absolute essential is to purchase good stock at the start.—*Fox, Highcliffe.*

Farm (*Continued*)

Garden

Plants for Identification.—The plants sent are species of Carex, the broader-leaved one being, perhaps, *Carex binervis*, and the smaller *Carex pilulifera*—both moorland and heath types. The feeding values of Carices are below those of the inferior grass types. They are characteristic of acid peat soils, indicating land requiring drainage, and phosphates and lime dressing.—*D. G. M. W., Perth.*

Hunting

Hunting in Ireland.—We should advise you to get into touch with the Irish Tourist Association, Upper O'Connell Street, Dublin, if you wish to obtain full details of the facilities for hunting in Ireland. They will no doubt be able to assist you as regards accommodation and the hiring of horses.—*G. H. V., Oxford.*

Southern Hounds.—We think the best way for you to discover the Southern Hounds would be to obtain a copy of *Records of the Old Charlton Hunt*. You may not be able to obtain this first hand, but we should strongly advise you to apply to such firms as Messrs. Foyle, of Charing Cross Road, London, W.C. 1, and Messrs. J. & E. Bumpus, 350, Oxford Street, W. 1.—*C. B. A., London.*

Kennel

Canvas Dog Bed.—If you write to Messrs. F. Goddard, Ltd., 146, Borough High Street, London, S.E. 1, giving them details as to size of bed, etc., they will be able to supply you with a canvas dog bed such as you require.—*R. N., Surrey.*

Pups with Eczema.—You state that your greyhound pups are suffering from eczema. It would be well to try the effect of a weekly bath in Cooper's Mange Dressing for at least one month, and at the same time to thoroughly clean up and disinfect the kennels, and renew the bedding to prevent reinfestation.—*W. F. W., Carlisle.*

Training an Irish Setter.—Training a gundog is not an easy matter, and you are wise to put your setter into the hands of a competent man. You might write to one of the following people: Mr. John Kent, Chrishall, Royston, Herts; Mr. G. Bennett, Hardmeade, Newport Pagnell, Bucks; Mr. A. Bishop, Wenhaston Grange, Halesworth, Suffolk.—*L. M. C., Dorset.*

Miscellaneous

"Deck Tennis" on Land.—To the best of our knowledge, no authoritative body exists to govern the rules of the game of deck tennis as played on land, and for that matter, as you are no doubt aware, the sizes of courts and even the markings vary considerably on ships. Messrs. R. H. Mottram, of Church Stretton, Shropshire, have laid down the following measurements for a court: length 40ft., breadth 18ft. The neutral ground each side of the net to be 3ft. The net should be of tanned or tarred cord, and may be from 18ft. to 20ft. in length and 18in. deep. The top of the net should be 5ft. high, and should be edged at the top with a white tape doubled and supported by a cord run through the tape and attached to the top of the posts, which should be 5ft. high.—*H. F. B. Haytor.*

Naturalist

Spelling of "Sheld-drake."—The word "sheld" means pied or parti-coloured. It was originally a local name, and was first adopted by the great naturalist Ray in the seventeenth century. The correct spelling of the name therefore should be sheld-drake and sheld-duck. For convenience, however, these correct spellings have often been merged into sheldrake and shelduck. James Harting, who is generally considered the first authority on the spelling of birds' names, in his *Handbook on British Birds* spells the name sheld-drake.—*P. L. B., Campbeltown.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Death of Cockerel.—Examination in this case was impossible owing to putrefaction.—*R. J. T., near Hastings.*

Disease in a Young Blackcock.—Your suspicion that strongylosis was the cause of the bird's condition was confirmed by the post-mortem findings.—*N. M.-U., Kirkcudbrightshire.*

Tuberculosis Suspected in Pheasants.—Your suspicion was confirmed by examination. The specimen bird sent was very emaciated, and its liver and spleen studded with tubercular nodules. An outbreak of this infectious disease suggests the desirability of killing off the entire stock, as all birds exposed to infection are likely to be affected. All birds that die or are killed should be burnt.—*P. M., Argyll.*

Grouse in Poor Condition.—The result of the post-mortem examination of the two grouse sent was to show that one was evidently suffering from strongylosis or grouse disease. The other showed no sign of this disease, but appeared to be a bird that had survived an attack of coccidiosis when young, but was still harbouring spores of coccidia, the causal parasite of this complaint. In the report of the committee of inquiry on grouse disease it is stated: "It is true that the occurrence of coccidian cysts have been observed in adult grouse at various times, but not in large numbers, and there is no evidence that their presence in adult birds is attended with fatal results in any but exceptional cases.—*C. M., Inverness-shire.*

Partridge Deaths

The bird marked 1 died of entero-hepatitis, a parasitic disease affecting the liver and intestines. Young turkeys and fowls are very susceptible to this complaint, and its occurrence among partridges may possibly be due to infection from stubbles on which poultry have been run. No. 2 was infested with the thread-worm (*Trichostrongylus tenuis*), a parasite associated with what is now recognised as partridge disease.—*J. A. A.-F., Ipswich.*

—— Dead partridges received from T. R. K., Yorks, and W. W., Stranraer, had suffered from the same disease as that referred to in the first part of answer to "J. A. A.-F., Ipswich," which please see.

—— Examination showed the bird to have suffered from enteritis—inflammation of the intestine—the cause of which was not apparent. No parasites were detected.—*H. J. H. B., Lincs.*

Shooting

Laying Out Rabbits.—To lay out rabbits in a large warren is not always easy because the galleries sometimes run very deep into the ground. This is especially the case on the side of a hill or bank.

However, something can be done even with the most extensive buries. You should obtain some such mixture as Renardine, which you can get from any ironmonger or direct from Messrs. Gilbertson & Page, Ltd., of Hertford, and place some substance, such as newspaper or rag, soaked in Renardine in the mouth of each hole, far enough in to prevent wind or rain reaching the paper. To be sure that the Renardine takes effect, you should do this on two or three days running, and if you have fine weather at night the rabbits will come out to feed and will not return to their bury. They may, however, seek some other bury, so that you must be sure that other holes in the neighbourhood are similarly treated. If you have not sufficient cover, such as bramble, bracken, etc., in the neighbourhood in which the rabbits can lay out, it is a good plan to scatter loose faggots of wood here and there in the neighbourhood so that the rabbits can take cover during the daytime.—*H. H. H., Sittingbourne.*

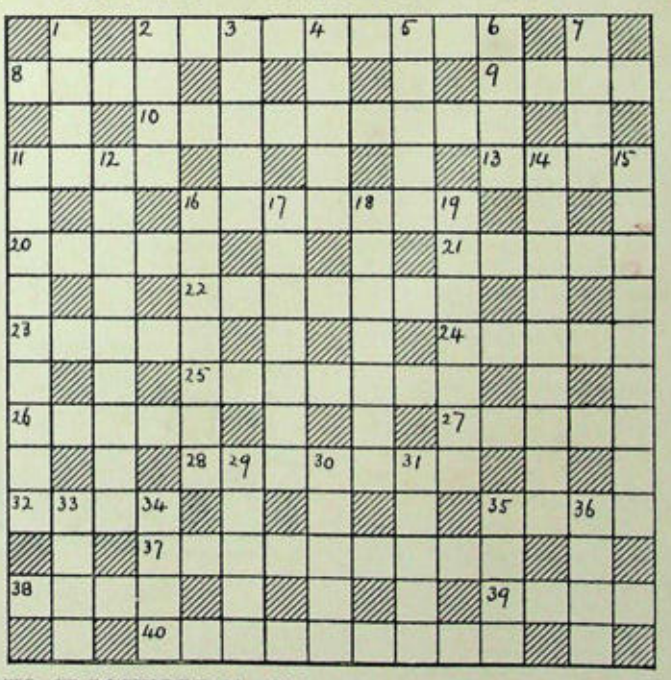
Cartridge Tests

(1) Your brown cartridges were loaded with a bare 33 grains of English flake powder and 1oz. of No. 6 shot. Normal pressure and recoil were recorded with a velocity of 1,105ft. per sec. The patterns obtained were irregular and averaged only 50 per cent. of pellets on a 30in. circle at 40yds. with a full-choke barrel; no doubt this was partly due to the condition of the cartridges, which had been damaged during transit or in the field, the turnover being badly displaced.

(2) The red cartridges were loaded with 33 grains of foreign flake powder and 1oz. of No. 6 shot. Normal pressure was recorded with a velocity of 1,142ft.; the recoil recorded was above normal, but should not cause discomfort to a firer using a gun of average weight. As with many high-velocity cartridges, patterns, which averaged 58 per cent., were inclined to be blown.

(3) Your blue cartridges were loaded with 36 grains of English granular powder and 1oz. of No. 5½ shot. Normal pressure and recoil were recorded with a velocity of 1,094ft. Regular patterns of 75 per cent. were obtained.—*Gosling, Essex.*

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE



CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 243

ACROSS.—2, A city with only 154 inhabitants. 8, The Duke of Plaza-Toro's place when leading his regiment into action. 9, Listen! 10, My one star (anag.). 11, Ingredient of all pills. 13, Without them modesty is practically empty. 16, What history does to itself. 20, Confused state. 21, Complete. 22, In them you're behindhand. 23, Sometimes put on cakes. 24, Infrequent sight in these days of bobbing and shingling. 25, Building of some size. 26, Reject with disdain. 27, Generally behind the wicket, if off a fast bowler. 28, Sudden divergent path of people of no fixity of purpose. 32, We can't all afford to do this to quids. 35, Dad's in a muddle. 37, Insurance companies find this assistance invaluable. 38, Freeman is this type of bowler. 39, Modest contribution. 40, Quality of being brief and to the point.

DOWN.—1, Resting place of "the rude forefathers of the hamlet." 2, "Come the three corners of the world in ——. And we shall shock them." (*King John.*) 3, Made from a cone. 4, Progeny. 5, Five in the middle would make this turn upside down. 6, Recent pastime. 7, Give up. 11, Inherent. 12, Languor. 14, Taken away. 15, Withdraws. 16, Get near (anag.). 17, Only a part but it may be one's lot. 18, Cupidity. 19, Act cups (anag.). 29, In motion. 30, "The paths of glory lead but to the ——." (Gray). 31, The increase in this, particularly in the towns, is a danger to health. 33, "—— springs eternal in the human breast." (Pope.) 34, Need. 35, May do something to relieve 34. 36, Impost.

SOLUTION TO No. 242. Published October 7th

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

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

VOL. CLXII. NO. 4217. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1933 REGISTERED. PRICE 1S. POSTAGE { INLAND, 1½D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND, 1½D.; FOREIGN 3D.



LORD AND LADY WEYMOUTH AT WINCANTON STEEPLE CHASES

Lady Weymouth, prior to her marriage, was the Hon. Daphne Vivian, and Lord Weymouth is heir to the Marquess of Bath

APOLLO

A Journal of the Arts for Connoisseurs and Collectors

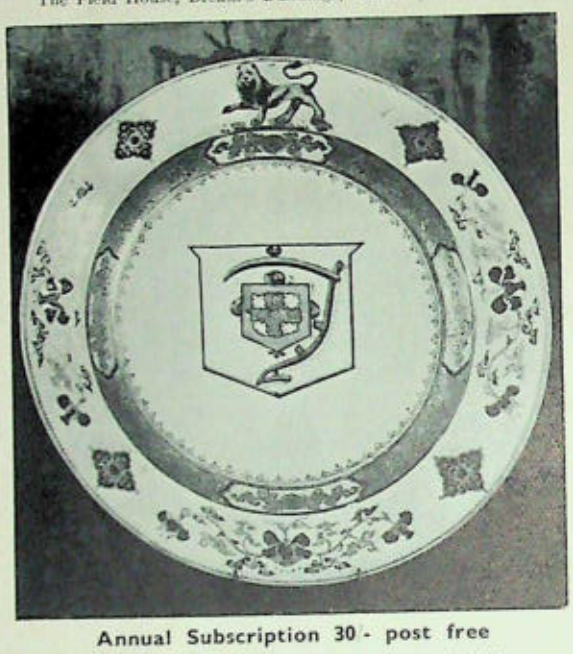
Published first of the month, TWO SHILLINGS

HERALDIC ENQUIRIES.

Replies by Sir Algernon Tudor-Craig, K.B.E., F.S.A.

Readers who may wish to identify British Armorial Bearings on Portraits, Plate, or China in their possession, should send a full description and a photograph or drawing, or, in the case of silver, a careful rubbing. IN NO CASE MUST THE ORIGINAL ARTICLE BE SENT. No charge is made for replies, which will be inserted as soon as possible in "Apollo."

Write to the Heraldic Expert of "Apollo,"
The Field House, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, E.C.4



Annual Subscription 30 - post free

From all Booksellers and Newsagents and the Publishers.

THE FIELD PRESS (1930) LTD., FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, CHANCERY LANE, E.C.4

Telephone: HOLBORN 3682

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.

AFRICAN FAUNA

THE official announcement of the conference to consider measures for the protection of the flora and fauna of Africa, which was mentioned on this page at the end of last month, has now been made. The conference opens on October 31st, and representatives of Abyssinia, Belgium, Egypt, France, Italy, Spain and the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, together with representatives of the Union of South Africa and the Government of Southern Rhodesia, will meet under the chairmanship of the Earl of Onslow.

This last fact in itself augurs extremely well for the success of the conference. It is essential that, at a gathering of this nature where a number of smaller colonising powers are meeting at the invitation of another whose experience of faunal protection is obviously larger, the chairman should be a man of both tact and expert knowledge. This is even more so when a draft treaty has been prepared as a basis of discussion. Nobody likes being "jumped." The members of the conference would resent any suggestion of a *fait accompli* being presented to them. Lord Onslow, with his experience as Chairman of Committees in the House of Lords, and as Chairman of the Fauna Society, is the ideal choice. The Government is much to be congratulated thereon.

The other members of the British Delegation are also extremely well chosen. Sir William Gowers, now Crown Agent for the Colonies, formerly Governor of Uganda, has an unrivalled knowledge of this subject, and of the practical difficulties that a local administrator has to meet in his efforts to conserve wild life. The same may be said of Sir Arnold Hodson, Governor of Sierra Leone, a practising naturalist, while Mr. D. B. Acheson, of the Colonial Office has a most comprehensive knowledge of the wild life in Africa. The strength and experience of the delegation certainly exceeds the general expectation.

The draft convention proposes to deal, among other matters, with the question of sanctuaries. Here there is a notable discrepancy between the various parts of the continent. South Africa, the Belgian Congo and the larger British Crown Colonies have gone a long way in this direction. In smaller colonies and the possessions of lesser powers it is naturally impossible to go so far. The Belgian Parc Albert, for instance, is a model. It is noticeable that the smaller powers and the West African Crown Colonies have done less in these matters, very possibly because they attract fewer tourists, and therefore their national parks would be less remunerative. An article by the Comte de Janzé in our issue of next week will show that the French Central Committee are really anxious to go ahead, for poaching has certainly been rife in French Equatorial Africa; the Portuguese also have established a Park to protect the giant sable, which it is hoped may prove effective.

But equally important is the question of poaching. Elephant ivory and rhinoceros horn poached in one country is much more easily disposed of in another. The Anglo-Italian Treaty to prevent poaching between Kenya and Italian Somaliland is a case in point. Such treaties can only be made effective when subordinate officials are efficient and sufficiently numerous to exert adequate supervision. A movement from above reaching to the most junior official will be required. Let us give a case in point. In 1930 the Government of Uganda placed a customs post in the S.W. Ankole on the Belgian Ruanda Border, where two notorious Italian rhino poachers were at work. In 1931 no horn passed through; in 1932, 2,084lb. passed through, and in 1933, 2,743lb. This represents 200 rhinoceros. It is reported that all consignments of horn over the border were accompanied by the necessary official documents issued by the Belgian authorities. It should be added here that the Belgian Government is, in general, very active in these matters, if we except the slaughter of large numbers of elephants for food, which has caused a general movement of elephants to the Sudan. Other matters which will no doubt be considered are tsetse fly and the slaughter of ungulates, motor cars, low-flying aeroplanes, and the complete protection of certain rare species.

One word of warning must be uttered. The decisions of the conference will be binding for many years. They will also affect countries with diverse laws and varying conditions. The conference will therefore do well to pass resolutions in broad terms, and leave it to local administrators to dot the i's and cross the t's by means of bi-lateral treaties to suit differing and changing conditions.

This conference is not, in the light of the present momentous happenings, the most pressing matter of the day; but it can truly be said that along its own lines it is the most important development of the last 30 years, and possibly in the whole history of wild life.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S SUCCESSOR

SPECULATION will be rife in yachting circles concerning the new "J" class vessel which Mr. Charles Nicholson has designed for Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith, for on it our hopes are pinned of capturing the America's Cup which has for so long eluded all attempts to bring it over the water. The Royal Yacht Squadron has challenged the New York Yacht Club on Mr. Sopwith's behalf, and only the formalities have to be completed. On both sides of the Atlantic it will be a most popular contest conducted in the finest amateur spirit, for we will have a practical yachtsman at the helm of his own yacht, and with his knowledge of aeronautics there is little fear that his opponent, whoever he may be, will, to employ an Americanism, "have anything on him" where sail is concerned.

As to the new yacht itself we are justified, in view of the fine performance of Velsheda during the past season, to expect a worthy challenger from the Gosport yard of Camper & Nicholsons. The Americans are not likely to stand still, and it is practically certain that one vessel or more will be built to compete for the honour of being chosen as defender. All British yachtsmen will join in congratulating Mr. Sopwith on his enterprise and wish his yacht, which is to be named Endeavour, the best of good fortune.

TROUBLES OF TUNNY FISHERS

A correspondent commenting last week in a contemporary on Mr. Mitchell-Henry's record tunny took occasion to remark that the Tunny Club, in all probability, would "refuse to recognise" the fish. The expression, reminding one as it does of the "cut direct," seems a little unfortunate. What is meant exactly by "refuse to recognise"? The club has formulated certain rules for competitive angling, a legitimate though minor offshoot of the sport as a whole. Where men compete they must do so upon equal terms and rules are necessary. The complaint with regard to Mr. Mitchell-Henry's fish seems to be simply that his fishing line was a size or two larger than is provided for in the rules. If this is so presumably the Club will not present the captor with a "certificate" (or whatever form of reward is customary); it could hardly act otherwise. But what has this to do with its "recognition" as a world's record?

ANGLING OR NOT ANGLING?

That there has been something radically wrong with much of the big-game fishing in the North Sea this year seems now to have got beyond the stage of mere suspicion. Methods of capture have been employed which the angling fraternity as a whole would certainly "refuse to recognise" as having any connection with their sport. Giant trimmering, if one may so term it, and cable hauling are not methods of fishing used nowadays by anglers, but the objection to them is not that they break rules, nor even that they are "unsportsmanlike" (that much misused word), but simply that they are *not angling*. Mr. Mitchell-Henry's fish was caught by the time-honoured method of rod and line fishing which is recognised as their own by fishermen all over the world, and we have no doubt that it will be accepted by the Tunny Club as a world's record, as it has been already by anglers at large.

PERFORMANCE WITHOUT PUBLICITY

Typically British is our attitude, as reflected by the daily Press, to the achievements of such men as Air-Commodore Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith. By flying from England to Australia, unaccompanied, in the short space of seven days, he reduced the previous record (Mr. E. W. A. Scott's 8 days 20 hours 47 minutes) by a handsome margin, yet his achievement attracted no more attention, and occupied no more space in the news columns than, let us say, the arrival of an American film star in England or a swimming of the Channel.

Possibly his own attitude to the methods of modern so-called publicity may account for the comparatively small space allotted to his success as compared with other flights more carefully advertised.

GAME AND THE SLUMP

One of the few benefits of the agricultural depression has been that a number of farmers have turned their attention to the improvement of the shooting on their holdings. When times are good there were always a number who ignored the possibility of rabbit or partridge as a source of revenue. But faced with a market in which it is impossible to sell, the small sums which can be made by sub-letting of shooting are not to be despised. And the shooting which is let for twenty pounds this year can be improved, and let for forty next year.

This is all to the good. Faced with the break-up of large estates, and the consequent increase of poaching and of vermin, increased interest on small shoots is essential if game is to remain as an asset to the countryside. And perhaps when better times come the good work started in a period of adversity will be carried on.

PEOPLE IN GLASS HOUSES

In recent months the *Field* has published a small paragraph entitled "Without Comment," in which we have poked a little mild fun at the more noticeable errors of a sporting nature that are to be found in the contemporary press. Judging from the correspondence we have received, these paragraphs are of interest to our readers, and we hope they have never been ill-natured.

However, the *Field* should not, possibly, be the only hurler of stones. Not long ago observant readers detected that at a shoot in Ross-shire "158½ brace of grouse and blackgame, 5 stags were killed by five guns all over dogs," while a week or two later a picture by Mr. Philip Rickman of four quite unmistakable grouse found themselves labelled equally unmistakably as partridges. These would certainly gain admission to our most select "Without Comment" paragraphs!

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a description of a sea voyage in a daily paper: ". . . the red and white flashes from the Wolf and the Longships kindle and are eclipsed by turns; the green port light of a steamer in the offing moves slowly across the bay. . . ."

ARMY FORAGE FOR THE FARMER

"Belling the wrong cat" was the phrase used in our leading article on this subject a month ago with reference to the ban on the Aldershot and Bordon Drags, owing to the refusal of the military authorities to use a proportion of local oats. At a specially convened meeting of the Hampshire Branch of the National Farmers' Union, the bell was not only muffled but removed. The young officers of the command will ride their usual lines, and the Hampshire farmers have reaffirmed their support of foxhunting. This is very much to the good.

It now remains to bell the right cat. And the Hampshire farmers have made a good start. They have pointed out in reasonable terms the injustice of their position, and requested that a fair percentage of the contract, not a monopoly, should be given to Hampshire oats. They also point out that it is ridiculous for one Government department to offer a price for oats which represents a loss to the producer, while another tries to buttress up the home market.

May that bell soon be firmly tied round the Treasury (or is it the War Office?) cat and ringing lustily.

A GENEROUS TRIBUTE

Owners of kennels will read with more than ordinary interest the letter which appears in our correspondence columns this week over the signature of Lorna Countess Howe. Some four years ago Lady Howe had a number of the dogs in the Idsworth Kennels inoculated against distemper, in accordance with the method recommended by the *Field* Distemper Council. This happened during the brief period when the Council had thought that it would be safe to entrust the supply of vaccine and virus to an eminent manufacturing laboratory, with the object of providing the preventives on a large scale. Unhappily this attempt at standardisation was temporarily attended with a certain percentage of failure, and Lady Howe, to the deep regret of all connected with the Distemper Council, was so unfortunate as to lose some forty retrievers and spaniels.

Lady Howe now writes to say that she has had other puppies in her kennels inoculated on the *Field* system, and has proved its success. To her characteristically generous silence at the time of her losses under the vicarious administration of the *Field* treatment she now adds this tribute to its efficacy.

F. T. CHAMPION MAIN

Followers of field trials will feel deep sympathy with Colonel Christopher Heseltine in the loss of his noble Labrador dog Main, one of the great field trial winners of recent seasons. Main belonged originally to the late Charles Alington, for whom he won the championship at Idsworth in 1930—"a very highly finished dog, ready to please" as he was described at the time in the *Field*.

He met an unkind end, being killed by a car on the road within a few yards of his master's gate. Other happy gates, some of us may believe, have welcomed him.

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON

Born 19th October, 1833.

If his songs have been sometimes sadder
Than all songs written or heard,
How oft has he held us stirred
With his verses gayer and gladder
Of brave men booted and spurred.

Himself in the saddle a master
He has pictured his art with art,
And where is the horseman's heart
That has not for a while beat faster
To the gallop of Britomarte?

While spurs are a man's for wearing,
While foam on the rein lies white,
While strong men strive in fight
And ride with a reckless daring
His songs shall be their delight.

With blossom of lyrics and idyls
The paths of the world are strown,
But Gordon, aloof and alone,
Has fastened a rose on our bridles—
A sweet wild rose of his own.

WILL H. OGILVIE.

Chemists in many seaside towns receive oiled birds for treatment



OIL POLLUTION ON OUR COASTS

A Menace to Sea Birds and to the Fishing Industry

ACTIVE interest has been shown at Westminster in the matter of oil pollution. The House of Lords this summer discussed a motion proposed by Lord Kilmaine; and Sir Cooper Rawson, M.P. for Brighton, is chairman of a joint committee consisting of various peers and M.P.'s keenly interested in the matter. Sir Cooper Rawson is anxious to promote legislation to make the use of separators on certain vessels compulsory, and several hundred peers and M.P.'s recently signed a memorial organised by the R.S.P.C.A. asking the Board of Trade and Ministry of Agriculture to receive a deputation on the matter. All this activity has stirred up interest; the Board of Trade has made official enquiries and it is understood a White Paper will be issued on the matter.

FIRST ATTRIBUTED TO SUBMARINES

Oil menace to bird life was first noticeable, to my experience, on the Lancashire coasts in the autumn of 1916 and 1917, when a number of black duck or scoter were found dead and dying with their plumage matted with waste oil, believed to have been tipped into the Irish Sea by submarines. The number of oiled birds became persistent and gradually increased, so that the real cause of the trouble soon became obvious. Since then the damage to bird life around the whole of the British Isles and the littoral waters of Western Europe has seen a remarkable increase, and many cases of the most appalling suffering have been recorded.

It has been possible to count more than 50 or 60 guillemots alive but helpless from oil littering the breakwater steps or massed about the lifeboat slip at Peel and the Point of Ayre Lighthouse, Isle of Man, and in their company find odd specimens of other birds, including a few great northern divers, long-tailed ducks, shearwaters and razorbills, all on a single day.

Tales of dogs worrying half-starved birds drifted up on the beach, of helpless eider ducks battered to death against the Aberdeenshire coast, and of birds picked out of the water with broken limbs or their bodies so lean and emaciated after helpless drifting for miles that their very bones protrude, are all too frequent, and one has had ample experience of these pitiable things.

Dr. W. G. Field, one of America's most respected naturalists, has described a continuous oil film stretching at least 500 miles outside New York harbour and off Cherbourg; while Professor Rudolf Drost says it is not unusual in winter to find 50 dead guillemots in a single day on Heligoland. In 1930 the South-Western Sea Fisheries District Committee issued a pamphlet compiled by its fishery officer, drawing attention to the failure of inshore fishermen through pollution; while in a recent issue of the Danish journal *Dyrecennen* P. Skovgaarde describes some appalling cases of birds suffering increased agony through the heat of the sun baking the thick, tarrying oil that matted their plumage. As less than six quarts of oil are required to cover a square mile of the sea, it can readily be perceived how the oil film, shutting the oxygen from the surface of the water, poisons fish fry and plankton, and ultimately fish of commercial value that depend on these.

Observations in Spain, France, Belgium and Germany, as well as in this country, show that guillemots and scoters or black duck are the most generally affected birds, with the herring gull, black-headed gull and razorbill very frequent. Puffins and divers, too, have been listed very largely in the returns from France and Germany. Gannets dead from oil have been found beneath the Flamborough cliffs during recent years; while inland, in Cheshire, birds visiting the meres from the coast have brought traces of oil on their feet.

When there has been a bad patch of oil on the sea off Liverpool, and the waters at night have looked like treacle in the light of the ship, I have seen body after body of herring gull or guillemot, then a couple of scoters with perhaps their yellow bills visible, or perhaps a puffin or a dunlin, all bundles of matted feathers, like dirty, sopped rags thrown into the sea, float by in a constant stream.

On the tide line, velvet-scoters, mergansers, phalaropes at times, perhaps a black-necked grebe, and usually plenty of auks and black duck, make any naturalist anxious at the waste of bird life, and any bird-lover agitated at the unnecessary suffering we know to be going on around our coasts.

INTERNATIONAL ACTION NEEDED

It is plainly evident that the Oil in Navigable Waters Act of 1922 and the Washington Conference of 1926 have failed to cope with the problem, for no matter where the oil is tipped, within territorial waters or outside, it drifts for many miles on the surface of the sea until finally it is washed inshore to litter the tide line along the beach. The use of the oil separator is the only sound remedy possible to put forward at the present, and, fortunately, practically all the large shipping companies of Great Britain are using separators.

It is the owners of tankers and tramp ships that are too callous and too parsimonious to fit these separators, but for our Board of Trade to make their use compulsory while other vessels of foreign countries are at liberty to tip their waste oil into the sea is futile.

According to the *Financial Times*, 500,000 barrels of oil, worth £250,000, are annually tipped into the sea. In the House of Lords recently it was stated that in a ship of 8,000 to 10,000 tons the cost of installing a separator would be about £250, and the oil can be used again. Of 150 British ships using separators, all but five reported a profit on their working, and of 159 American vessels using them all but three reported them a profitable investment.

ERIC HARDY.

REMOVING A PENALTY ON DISQUALIFIED HORSES

Lord Glanely's Suggested Change in an Important Racing Rule

OUR rules of racing stand as a model for the whole world, and there is no country whose regulations for the Turf have not been founded on them. They have been designed to meet every possible contingency, yet new points keep cropping up, and scarcely a season passes without a change occurring in one rule or another.

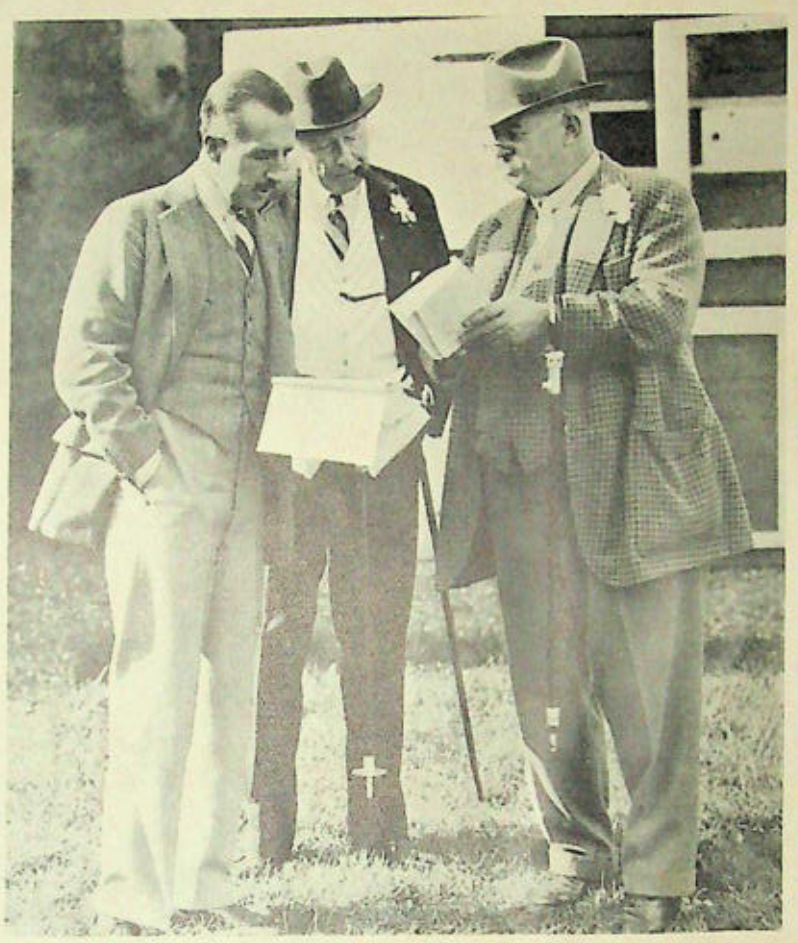
Among the most notable alterations of recent years was the abolition of the rule that entries should become void on the death of the nominator. The rule that dead-heats may not be run off and the alteration in the scale of penalties for horses running a dead-heat were other notable changes. It is now proposed that an important difference shall be made in the rule for disqualified horses, and it will be interesting to see whether the resolution meets with the approval of the Stewards of the Jockey Club when it comes up for discussion at Newmarket next week.

Unless the Stewards do approve, it has as much chance of becoming law as any private motion in the House of Commons, which is discountenanced by the Government. As a rule, the Jockey Club is not quick to take decisive action when changes in its rules are involved. A great number of years passed before a simple solution of the difficulty of void nominations was found. And when the change came into effect most people wondered why the reform had not been instituted long before. It was much the same with the dead-heat question, the National Hunt Committee adopting the present rule some time before the Jockey Club brought it into force.

CASE OF DISQUALIFIED WINNERS

Perhaps it is just as well for the well-being of the Turf that nothing is done hastily by our racing legislators. Lord Glanely's resolution may not be carried this time, but we think that in due course it will be incorporated in the racing code. The owner of Colombo is to move that Rule 173 be altered as follows: "If a horse is disqualified under Rule 140 (1) or Rule 140 (2), he shall be placed behind the horse or horses which he has interfered with, unless foul riding on the part of the jockey be proved to the satisfaction of the Stewards, when he shall be placed last in accordance with section 1 of this rule."

Briefly, the object of the proposed change is to avoid taking all the honours of the race away from a horse who may have interfered with only one or two opponents. Every racegoer has seen cases in which a disqualified horse would have finished second had he not been first past the post.



LORD GLANELY WITH LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE AND LORD LONSDALE AT THE OCTOBER SALES

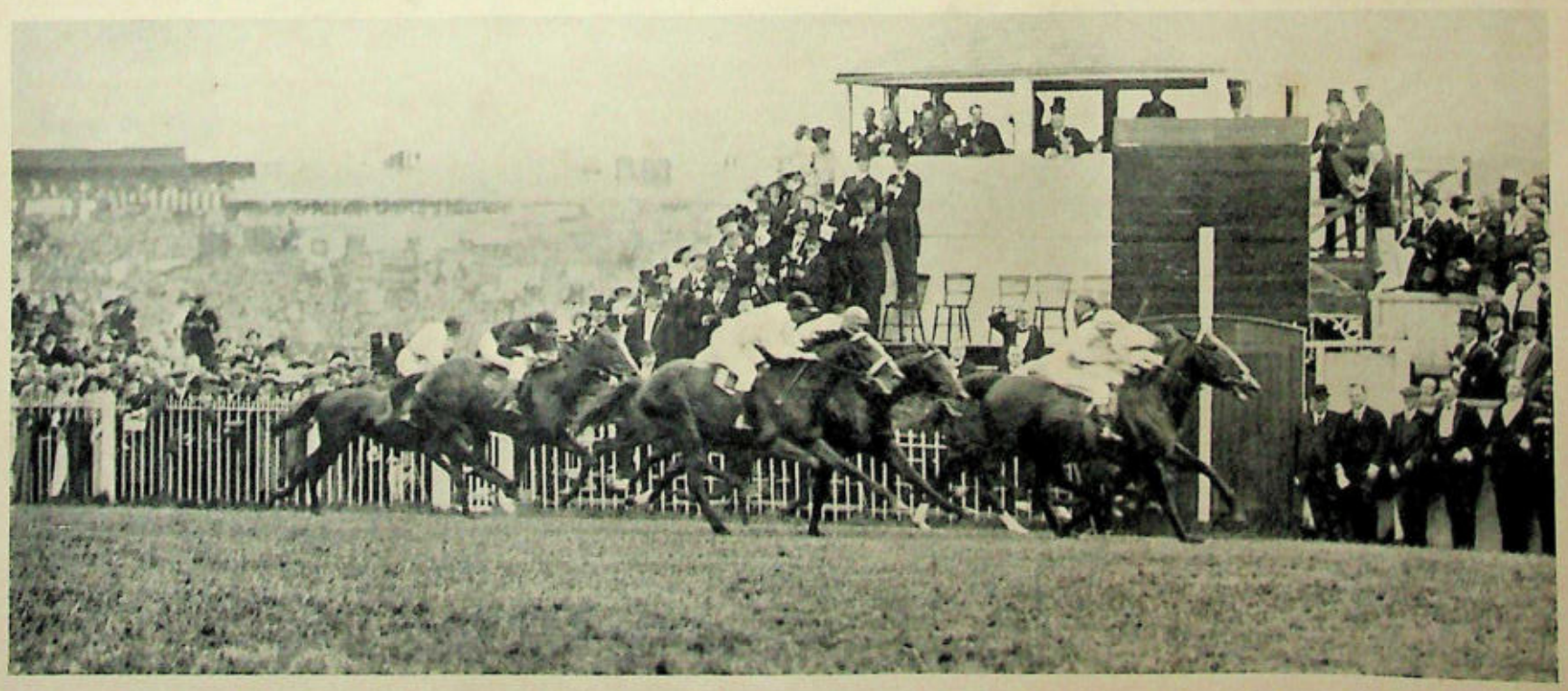
Two horses come right away from the rest of the field. One is objected to on the grounds of crossing, bumping or boring. The objection is sustained, and the offending horse not only loses the major prize, but any share of the place money. Automatically, other horses become second and third without having done anything in the race to entitle them to those positions. Is this quite fair or reasonable?

HOW THE RULE OPERATES ABROAD

Those who wish the present rule to be undisturbed argue that a horse who has infringed the rules by interfering with another is justly deprived of any particle of the prize money. Others declare that if Lord Glanely's resolution is passed it will mean that an intensely difficult task will be imposed on local Stewards in deciding whether more than one of his rivals have been hampered by the offender. The answer to those arguments is that in France a rule on the lines of that suggested by Lord Glanely has been working smoothly for a long time past.

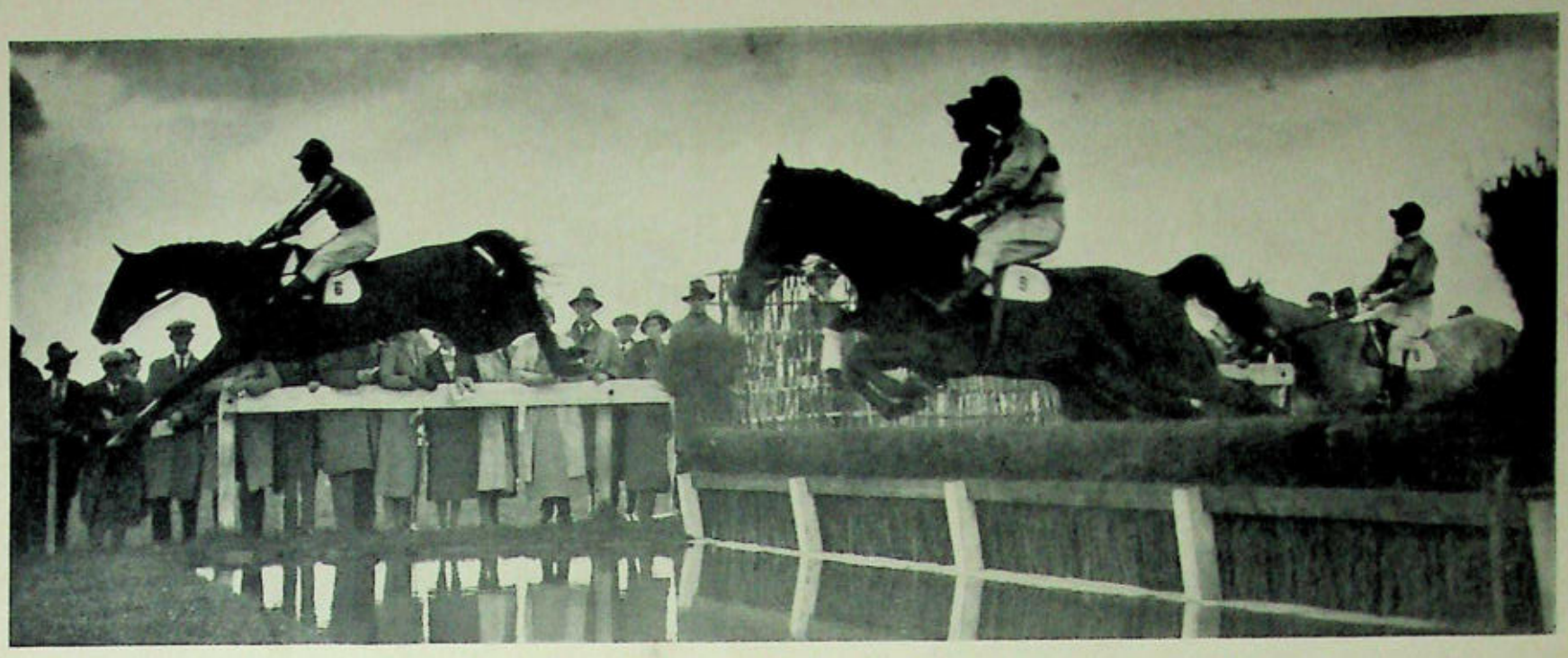
It frequently happens there that a disqualified winner is placed second, and there is no reason why similar action should not be taken in this country. Take the case of Manitoba in the Middle Park Stakes a year ago. Many onlookers of the race agreed that the colt was decidedly unlucky in having the stake taken away from him, but quite apart from that side of the case, was it equitable that he should have been placed last of the field? We must say that we are in complete sympathy with Lord Glanely's proposition, and it will be an advantage to the Rules of Racing if it is embodied with them.

The Cambridgeshire will be the great event next week, and the problem of finding the winner is, as usual, one of the most difficult of the whole season. On the whole, the bookmakers had the better of the argument in the Cesarewitch, for while Seminole started at the relatively short price for this race of 100 to 6, he was not a strong public fancy. So much is shown by the fact that his dividend on the totalisator was considerably larger than his starting-price on the ring. For a horse to win this race after having been three days



WHEN THE DERBY WINNER WAS DISQUALIFIED

The finish of the much-discussed race of 1913, which was also remarkable for the suffragette interference with the running of the King's horse. The judge placed Craganour first, Aboyeur second, and Louvois third. After an enquiry, Craganour was disqualified for not keeping a straight course and for bumping and boring Aboyeur



MR. J. H. WHITNEY'S THOMOND II. LEADING THE FIELD IN THE ROMSEY STEEPLE CHASE AT WINCANTON
Behind are seen, on the far side, Bluffo and Sham Ruby, which was unfortunate in falling three fences from home

in his box earlier in the month is surely unprecedented in its long history.

The stable in which Ximenes is trained was hopeful of carrying off both of the big autumn handicaps. The colt having failed, through no fault of his own, will Cotoneaster make amends in the Cambridgeshire? Here is a filly who has displayed consistently good form since the early days of the campaign. In the spring she won the Free Handicap. Since then she has run seven times, and her only defeat was sustained at Ascot over a journey much too far for her. She has been a winner since the weights were framed, and escapes a penalty.

COTONEASTER AND HER RIVALS

Her latest work at home has given complete satisfaction, and everybody agrees that at 7st. 9lb. the filly is well handicapped. It would seem, therefore, that the prominent place she holds in the betting is perfectly justified, and it will be surprising if she fails to figure prominently in the fighting line. Still more confidence would be felt in Cotoneaster if Gordon Richards were her jockey again, but that applies to most of the other runners within his weight.

Among those high up in the handicap Limelight escapes a penalty for his recent Kempton success. He has a great deal more to do here owing to the great strength of the opposition, but His Majesty's colt is at the top of his form, and it would be delightful if he could wind up his fine racing career with a success of this importance. In addition to Cotoneaster and Limelight, Cambridgeshire horses who have won since the appearance of the handicap include Andrea, Totaig, Chatelaine, Alluvial, Bow and Arrow, Galapas, Stalky, Old King Sole, Effaceable and Snooker.



SEMINOLE (DILIGENCE—BLANCHE), WINNER OF THE CESAREWITCH FOR HIS AMERICAN OWNER, MR. J. E. WIDENER
Fox, his jockey, rode his first Cesarewitch winner, Yentoi, twenty-five years ago. He also won the race on Noble Star in 1931

The last-mentioned is one of the acceptors for the Free Handicap on Thursday, so possibly his owner intends to leave the Cambridgeshire to the older horse Alluvial. Most of the horses we have named are sure to receive support on the grounds that they have shown themselves to be in form. Totaig, for example, became favourite after his success at the Second October Meeting, but there is an additional furlong to be covered this time, and his record indicates that a mile is about as far as he cares to travel. We make Cotoneaster our definite selection, and the North Country colt Stalky may prove himself a good long shot.

No course could have been in better trim than the Wincanton one was for last Saturday's fixture, and as usual at this meeting, fields were extremely good. This meeting always provides an enjoyable afternoon's sport and is admirably run. Yet it never seems to draw the attention it deserves. Possibly patrons of racing under National Hunt Rules do not know what they are missing, and it is much to be hoped that they will sample this good thing at the next opportunity, which will be Easter Monday, April 2nd. Additional meetings will be held at Taunton on Saturday, November 4th, and also at Stratford-on-Avon on Saturday, November 11th.

For Sporting Calendar see Page 1019





TWO PROMINENT RUNNERS FOR THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE HANDICAP NEXT WEEK
His Majesty's Limelight, by Pharos—Vervaine (J. Childs up), which has had a very successful season, and right, Totaig, by Dawson City—Miss Carlin

THE "FIELD" STALKING PROBLEM PICTURE

The Rock, the Ptarmigan and the March

ONCE again Mr. Balfour-Browne has provided readers of the *Field* with an extremely popular competition, and he will take it, we are sure, as a compliment to the skill of his brush and the ingenuity of his invention that no fewer than 61 competitors (among them readers as far distant as Victoria, Canada, and Jamaica) sent in answers to his problem, "The Rock, the Ptarmigan and the March." How many others may have pondered over the situation with which the imaginary stalker is confronted, and have either been baffled by it or have doubted their powers of versifying, we can only conjecture, but from the variety of the solutions offered we may guess that their number has been large.

It has not been an easy task to classify the verses sent in for competition. Some who see clearly what the problem is are not so successful with their verse; others who send us graceful lines, do not see that it is a problem. And that, obviously, is the first point to notice. When a problem is set, something has to be *done*. And since the problem is set to a deer-stalker, who must be supposed to wish to get a good head, it is not solved if the deer-stalker merely goes home. Nor is it sufficient, as several competitors decide, merely to thank heaven for a fine sight; nor does it solve the problem, as "John Macnab" makes his stalker say to himself of the stag shielded by the rock—

> "'Man, it's a sham',
> And I tak's another dram;
> Ye'd ha' done th' same yersel', so dinna mock.'"

What, then, is the problem? It could not be better stated than by a correspondent signing himself "Deere." He is good enough to thank the *Field* for "several hours' enjoyment" given him by the competition, and this is his "appreciation of the situation":

"The stalker has brought his gentleman almost to within bayoneting distance of the beasts. To enable him to do this, the wind must be coming straight down from the march, and the deer, when disturbed, will go straight up the beallach into the adjoining forest.

"It is fair to assume that the stalker will have placed his gentleman in front and given him the rifle, but directly the latter's cap is cautiously raised, three ptarmigan jump up with a rattle, and up come all the stags' heads.

"The young beast standing on the march has seen the cap, too, but as yet he is not certain what it is. None of the others have located the danger, but the big stag does not look like taking any chances. (The startled expression in his eye is a masterly touch, Mr. Balfour-Browne!)

"As soon as he moves the chance will be lost, for he will turn stern on and be shielded by the nearer beasts. The whole problem rests upon whether he will stay three seconds—not an impossible time, and one which should suffice to enable a quick shot to put a bullet through his neck at 30yds.

"Fortunately, all of him which is visible is vital, so there is no risk of a hurried shot merely wounding. The stalker, one hopes, has kept out of sight, so the decision is left entirely to the gentleman, who, it is expected, thinks *in English*!"

And this is "Deere's" solution:

> "Confound those ptarmigan—so often tame
> As barndoor fowls!—they've spoilt our chance,
> Unless he'll wait three seconds while I aim
> (I hardly trust that startled glance!)
>
> "It's 'Neck or nothing,' but, if he *does* stand,
> *He'll* not enter 'Naboth's Vineyard'!*—
> Anon, I'll let my stalker understand
> I use a rifle, not a poignard!"

* *For expression "Naboth's Vineyard" compare "The Gun at Home and Abroad," Vol. "British Deer and Ground Game," Plate by Archd. Thorburn.*

We may add to "Deere's" appreciation the remark that the head of the stag behind the rock carries nine points. Several competitors make him a ten-pointer, or even a royal, but the drawing is as clear as the telescope could show the head.

"Deere," it will be seen—as, of course, other competitors notice—realises that the ordinary broadside shot is impossible, so that those competitors who wait for the stag to move, and then fire at the heart, put themselves out of court. "Jungli" is one of those who realises that he must take the neck shot, but as he sees it, the "problem" is of own skill rather than the decision he has to make. He first tries his rifle at a target, and makes a group in a 4in. bull. Then he takes the hill:

> "We spied the beast, a stage of ten, from the side of the babbling burn,
> Where the sea trout spawn, and the blackgame live, where the wild duck flight and turn. . .
>
> "A 4in. bull at a hundred yards, with easy rest and light
> But a tawny neck and a hasty shot? The problem? Am I right?"

Others seem to consider that the problem is how to hit rather than to decide what to do. "Jolly Polly" softens the heart of the judge by stating that she is only nineteen, and "The Loch Ness Monster" is apparently the same age. Both have no difficulty in crashing the stag to the grass. "Jolly Polly," however, is rather disappointed with his weight:

> "O what a bonnie head is on him,
> Although his body's no' so great,
> And what a stalk I had to get him,
> Indeed, I'll no' forget!"

"Josephus" describes the big stag as having laid him a stymie. Is there a chance?

> "Yes, there is one, though the odds, were they quoted,
> Would be about, say, 1000 to 3;
> Old William Tell, or another as noted,
> Might bring it off—Ah! But what about me?"



THE PROBLEM
(Reproduced from the "Field" of September 9th)

"Cinders" sighs for deerhounds:

> "Now had I Bran and Buskar,
> No harm the boulder then,
> No harm the whirring bluster
> Of the startled ptarmigan."

The deerhounds give chase:

> "Now springs the matchless Buskar,
> And Bran is at his hock.
> These thoughts but chaff and husk are,
> Gone is the deerhound stock."

"Retlaw" prefers the head to the neck:

> "Oh! for a Merlin or some hawk of might,
> Trained to the chase to make these birds sit tight.
> Oh! for a wizard with great Merlin's skill,
> To split that rock as he rent Eildon Hill;
> Oh! for a power not yet vouchsafed to man,
> To make his neighbour's march recede to plan.
> 'A head shot,' Donald, my trembling hand and watery gaze,
> Can scarcely train a rifle in this mountain haze;
> Still, I must chance it. Ye gods of hag
> And heather, help me get this stag."

"Troutbeck" stresses the point that the neck shot is "hit or miss":

> "So be quick, take a chance, tho' your target looks small,
> Hit or miss, neck or nothing's your job.
> If you don't, well, you won't get to shooting at all,
> He'll be over the march for a bob!
>
> "Should you hit him he'll drop, and not know, I declare,
> That his life has been taken away;
> And the rock will be left to remind you of where,
> He fell on that red-letter day."

"Gainford" quite rightly points out that

> "Intelligent readers will surely avow
> That no stag in creation would wait this time,
> While a stalker's thoughts are put into rhyme."

So he decides to "take him now," but seems uncertain as to what happens next:

> "So I'll run the risk and take the shot,
> But history don't say if I got him or not!"

"Rory" is more confident:

> "One must take risks. Now: *straight* and *steady*.
> For 'faint heart never won fair lady' . . . .
> I am afraid I've hooked a snag,
> One can't say 'lady' of a stag."

"Old Cack" is critical:

> "An easy problem here you see
> 'Neck or nothing' it must be.
> Oh, lucky stalker—artist he
> Who gets the chance that does B.B.!
> Stags *never* stop for you or me!
>
> "(NOTE.—The birds in the picture,
> Tho' they may be abundant,
> Are for problem purposes
> Really redundant.)"

"Barnvourich's" skill with the rifle is remarkable:

> "By lucky chance I have this day
> A marksman of the highest class.
> A deadly bullet through the neck
> E're there is time to reach the pass.
> To think of missing is absurd—
> The second barrel drops a bird!"

The problem could hardly be more concisely nor wittily put than by "Res non Verba":

> "In the neck—
> Five 'sec.,'
> No time
> For a rhyme."

For perception of the problem, however, and for skill in verse the prize goes to "Hit or Miss":

> "Oh, hit or miss, how little 'tis
> —Do Mr. Kipling's stirring words
> Suggest a plan, when ptarmigan
> Thus spoil—Confound the whirring birds!—
> This chance for which I've climbed to-day
> The steepest mountain north of Spey?
>
> "Through wet peat-hag I've stalked this stag
> Within a hundred yards, and so
> I find it hard to disregard
> That dictum of the bard's, and go
> Back to the lodge, and there repeat
> A tale of sorrow and defeat.
>
> "So pass I by the lesser fry
> Which tempt my ancient Mauser, and
> (His neck's the spot to try the shot)
> I hear the stalker's 'Now, sir!' and
> I fire . . . and breathe a benison
> O'er twenty stone of venison!"

Will "Hit or Miss" kindly send his (or her) name and address to the Editor?

REPORTS FROM MOOR AND FOREST

SCOTLAND

Angus

GLENDOLL FOREST.—50 stags were killed, average weight 15st. Heads above normal. Several eleven-pointers. Mrs. T. B. Thornton stalked eight times and killed 18 stags without a miss.

Argyllshire

ARDNAMURCHAN DEER FOREST.—Lord and Lady Trent of Nottingham, who rented Glenborrodale Castle, on the Ardnamurchan Estate, Argyllshire, have completed a very successful stalking season; 55 stags were killed, including a number of Royals. Stags being well above the average weights.

Inverness-shire

MOIDART.—Mrs. Gadesden, Hereford, stalking in this forest from Dalilea House, has had some good sport. On September 28th she got a good nine-pointer; on the 29th, a very nice Royal; and on October 2nd, a very fine head of thirteen points. All were heavy stags in prime condition, and the forest holds some very good heads.

Ross-shire

BRAEMORE, GARVE.—On coming in July, the stalker reported nine weeks' drought, and during fourteen weeks since we have not had a really wet day. The river was only fishable twice, once after wet night, once after thunderstorm, when six salmon and a dozen sea trout were got. The grouse were nearly all killed with the drought, and half usual quantity were shot. On the other hand stags were never better, and are averaging over 15st., two weighing 18½st., best head having following (a thirteen-pointer): L., 31¼; circ., 4¼; T. to T., 26¼; widest inside, 29¼; spread, 36¼; points, 7.6.

GRUINARDS, ARDGAY.—Over 500 brace of grouse were killed, mostly over dogs. Guns: Mr. J. Lauriston Lewis and guests. Birds plentiful and very healthy and well grown. Large stock left, with plenty of keep, so prospects for next season are good.

ENGLAND

Yorkshire

TEESDALE GROUSE MOORS.—It is several years since grouse have been so plentiful on the famous Wemmergill and Holwick Moors, consequently the lessees, Mr. Trevor Benson and Lord Davies respectively, who have just finished their shoot for the season, have had excellent sport. The following are the total bags: Wemmergill (nineteen days), 7,451 head; Holwick (sixteen days), 4,282 head. Total, 11,733 head.



"MORNING FLIGHT OF PINKFOOTED GEESE COMING LOW FOR ONCE!" FROM A NEW DRAWING BY PETER SCOTT

THIS WILD GOOSE BUSINESS

A Call that Cannot be Denied

By PETER SCOTT

"WHAT I don't understand," said my friend, "is why you make such a fuss about them. I mean if it was a nightingale or a blackcap or a kingfisher, or even a green woodpecker, I could understand it; but these geese of yours—they aren't even the largest birds—a cock 'caper' is much bigger; and besides I don't get all excited about my Christmas turkey, and he weighs 20lb. and not a paltry 7½lb."

I turned from the man in disgust. Some people have no souls. . . .

"Well, it's no use even trying to explain it to people like you," I replied viciously. "You're beneath it all—that's what you are—beneath it!"

Relations were a bit strained when we parted, and it wasn't until the watches of the night that I wondered: Had I perhaps been a little hasty. After all, the poor unfortunate had never seen or heard a wild goose. How should he know what royal birds they are. I had not even attempted to tell him.

So I decided to try to analyse the peculiar aura which surrounds, in my mind (and, I believe, in many other people's), anything and everything to do with wild geese.

I wish it were possible accurately to estimate numbers after they have reached the thousands.

I remember an afternoon at the end of September when a great gathering of geese were sitting on a big grass marsh. All day we had watched them straggling in in bunches of half-a-dozen to a dozen—tiny specks in the sky suddenly hurtling downward to settle on the marsh. They had done it all the day before, and the day before that too—arriving from Spitzbergen and Iceland.

Some of them flew out and settled on the sand, and we tried to estimate their numbers. We counted and multiplied, counted and multiplied, starting first at one end and then at the other. Eight thousand was our estimate after half-an-hour of eye straining through a field glass.

And then suddenly behind us a roar broke out, and the whole surface of the marsh seemed to rise into the air. A black cloud of geese, which conveyed just the same oppressiveness as an approaching rain cloud, moved out over the sand where sat the ones we had been counting. They did not settle with them however, but stretched away down the crest of the high sand until those that pitched farthest were only visible as they turned to head the wind; fully two miles of solid pinkfooted geese.

It was idle to return to our futile estimates. We could only gasp and murmur that our 8,000 were but a quarter of them.

Is it possible that 20,000 geese made up that black line which stretched as far as the eye could reach along the high sand?

Perhaps there were half of the pinkfooted geese that exist in the world here before us. Nearly all of them winter in England and Scotland except for the few flocks which go to Holland. They breed in Spitzbergen and a few in Iceland, and although it is possible to see there vast numbers together, yet in their world distribution the pinkfeet are a tiny species of probably no more than 50,000 individuals.

When they first come south on migration they collect on this particular marsh, but after about a fortnight they split up and go to other marshes and estuaries to spend the winter.

However many there may have been on that September afternoon it was a sight and sound that must have thrilled the hardest heart. In this case perhaps it was their very numbers, or the volume of sound, or the mystery of their arrival from Arctic regions on the very date upon which they had arrived every year for who knows how long; perhaps it was the thought of so many great birds together, for pinkfeet are more than 5ft. from wing tip to wing tip; or the thought that although the flocks are so big, yet the places they come to are so very few—or perhaps it was a combination of all these things.

It is this individuality of the geese that is one of the "special" things about them. For the last three seasons there has been an albino amongst the pinkfeet. And, for instance, when they leave Norfolk in the spring, I have followed them, first to the Humber, and then, perhaps a week later, to the Solway Firth, knowing that I shall see "Old Pink," as we call her, again in each place—and seeing her.

This summer, however, the almost incredible happened when my friend, David Haig Thomas, visited the nesting colonies of pinkfooted geese in Iceland: There he found "Old Pink" sitting on a nest of four eggs. There can be no doubt that it was the same bird as it was clearly recognisable by a dark bar across the left shoulder which we knew well. She isn't really white, but a biscuit colour, especially about the head and neck.

But probably the chief reason why wild geese hold such a peculiar fascination is because of their wariness. They are so difficult to be near, that being near them itself is thrilling whether one is shooting them or photographing them, or catching them alive in a net. If you have been within five yards of unsuspecting wild geese you have achieved something, and that achievement alone has its special thrill. It is the knowledge that you have outwitted and gone one better than not one, but perhaps a thousand *very wily creatures*. And there is another thing that makes wild goose chasing so good. If you go after wild geese you will assuredly go into beautiful wild places at the most beautiful times of day—at dawn, or dusk, or moonrise—and, best of all you will hear them call.

I have been many hundreds of times on a certain marsh in Norfolk, but I see it now as I have only seen it once or twice each season. And I hear the geese calling—a music of indescribable beauty and wildness, and fitness for the flat marsh which is their home. The moon has just risen, very large and orange over the sea, and the tide is high, half covering the salting, and filling the creeks right up to the sea wall. There are a few widgeon calling as they fly along the shore, and away to the west a big pack of knots and dunlins twitter incessantly. Just an occasional call note reminds one that the geese are there waiting for enough light to come in and feed on the potato fields over the bank.

Suddenly there is a little burst of calling—the first ones are up—they're coming. By the sound they'll pass to the left. Run, then, run!

These in substance were the things that I told my friend when next I met him.

"But it's impossible to describe," I said. "You'd have to come out one night really to get the feel of it."

I'm afraid he wasn't convinced. "I might come," he said, "if only to prove that it's all a complex."

Of course he may be right—that may be all it is!

The Fauna Society Ball.—The Society for the Preservation of the Fauna of the Empire is organising a ball at the Dorchester Hotel on October 31st in aid of its funds. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has accorded his patronage. Tickets for the ball, including supper, are 1 guinea, and can be obtained from the Secretary of the Society, c/o The Zoological Society, Regent's Park, N.W. 8, or at the Dorchester Hotel.

ON THE TRAIL OF THE BEARDED COLLIE

Seeking Without Success at the Kennel Club Show

By PATRICK R. CHALMERS



"The comer to the ringside has little chance of seeing in comfort"

TRAVELLING to Sydenham last week, I read a paragraph in a newspaper advertising—not that it needed any advertisement in my case—the Kennel Club's Dog Show then in progress at the Crystal Palace. The advertisement called it "An Exhibition of Dogs," and announced it the 72nd of an annual series. And I was on my way there.

Seventy-two years is a long time, and I agreed with a writer in another paper—for I had bought two papers—that the appearance of dogs must have altered a surprising bit since 1861. It is within the bounds of possibility that there may have been present (to be surprised) at last week's Crystal Palace Show a veteran of the fancy who assisted, in his initial pantaloons, at the first show of the series.

NOT ONLY DOGS CHANGE

It is, of course, impossible that an entry in a mid-Victorian Puppy Class, Mr. So-and-So's Dash, maybe, or Mr. So-and-So 's Rover, could be with us in 1933. But let us *suppose*—let us suppose that poor old Dash was to-day dozing on his bench—No. 3999—next to poor old Rover—No. 4000—and that he woke up of a sudden and blinked a weak old eye and pushed a grey old muzzle round and into old next-door Rover's less deaf ear—what *would* he have to say as to changes in Christian style and habit? "I *liked* the old Whiskers-and-Pegtops, Rover, didn't you?" "Yes, old man, I did," Rover would reply. "And the Crinolines and Balmorals—ah, I haven't seen a Balmoral about since 1879."

So, in future, when I am tempted to criticise the new-fangled foxterrier, let us say, or the modern, narrow-head, curly-coat retriever, I shall remember my imaginary Dash and Rover and say that dogs are not the only animals that change in a space of 72 shows. Meantime I had arrived at the Palace. I was early, and from Victoria I had travelled by what was clearly an exhibitors' train; that is to say, a train on which exhibits, allowed out overnight, were returning with their friends each to his bench. I noticed that exhibitors of bull-terriers selected carriages in which no other dog travelled. I noticed that owners of other dogs respected their privacy.

I walked up the long glazed approach from the station. Newspaper placards told that this show was the biggest ever. The number of exhibits was so many thousands. The first dog I saw was the carven cocker who sits at the feet of the statue of the second Charles at the top of the stairs. Within, the live cockers were the biggest class in the show, which proves that the British sportsman still prefers his gun-dog a size too small for him.

One important dog show is much the same as another one. There is the odour of sawdust and antiseptic, there is the continued crying and contending of dogs—a cacophany that waxes and wanes in permanent billows of sound. The recession of the wave is the piercing opportunity of the soloist—a foxterrier always. And (I speak, of course, as the ordinary, inexpert, non-exhibiting visitor: the visitor too bashful to accost complete strangers and beg information) one big show is like another because, invariably, some printed word or picture intriguing me, I desire to see the actual dog written of or depicted. And then I never succeed in seeing him.

For example, as I entered the show the name of a class (a superscription exalted above the benches) caught my eye. "Scotch bearded collies." "First, then," said I. "I will see a bearded Scotch collie, a dog I have never heard of till now." But "when I got there the cupboards were bare." The class (limited to three and owned by one) was not in its seats. Well, that had happened before with other exhibits at other shows. I went, it seemed with resignation, to the bull-terriers.

Now, had I wanted to see Miss Dent's bull-terrier Sylvia (4449), I should have had to look for her from one end of the Palace to the other. But here was Sylvia, and here was she. I recognised her as an old acquaintance. When last we met it was at Crufts'. *Then* she had just bitten a stranger, now history had repeated itself. "Sylvia is a very bad girl," said her owner. "Here's her son-in-law——"

Mrs. Adlam's big, active-looking white dog was a past champion of Islington and elsewhere, and, in his case also, history had repeated itself at the Palace. He was stripped for my inspection and I ran my hand, rather nervously, over his "awful symmetry," and said what seem appropriate. But, all the time, I was thinking less of Ch. Brendon Gold Standard than of Scotch bearded collies.

SEARCH WITHOUT A GUIDE

I asked Sylvia's owner where the latter were likely to be—if not on their benches? "Being judged, probably," I was told, "at the other end of the building." Then it occurred to me that, without its superscription I should not know the bearded collie when I saw it in the ring. I asked a question. The answer was: "Something like a cross between a Kerry blue and a hearthrug, I expect; but there's sure to be a picture in the catalogue."

There was *not*. The catalogue contained only the pictures of dogs—deerhounds, Dalmatians and dandies—that even I know by sight. The unknown—the Finsk Spet, the Falkland Island pug and the Scotch bearded collie—were unrepresented by any guiding art. I went to the ring at the end of the building. There was certainly a judgment in session, but unless you are a judge, unless you are an owner of an exhibit now on the sawdust, or unless you have previously lined up, as though you waited at Wimbledon or the Opera House, the comer to the ring-side has little chance of seeing in comfort; indeed, of seeing at all.

I asked a friendly bystander if the Scotch bearded collies were being judged, and he answered through his nose that they were, he thought, not. He said that he was interested in bird-shooting, and was here to see the field spaniels. He added that in Boston ("Boston, Mass.?" said I. "The identical," said he. "Is there another?") dogs were judged in theatres, which you watched comfortably as a medical student watches the removal of an appendix. I thanked him and, over half-a-dozen shoulders, I caught a *coup d'œil*: A big young Airedale terrier (surely an Airedale is the most graceful mover in Dogdom?) went gambolling, and about him and above him flitted and flew and ducked and danced a magnificent Peacock butterfly.

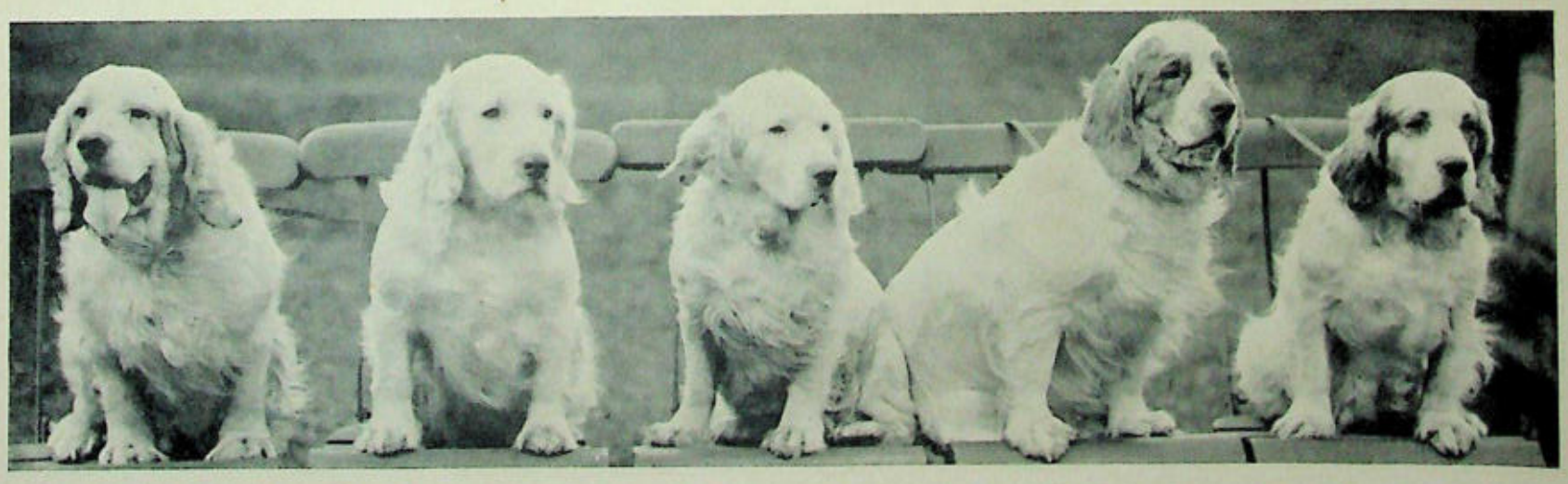
Where the latter had come from I cannot say, but there he was, and the pair, in a sudden October sun, were the pretty picture, and one that almost consoled me for the Scotch bearded collies. But not quite, and I made a leisurely way back to their bench. As I went I saw the Pekinese, lovely White Boi (*hors concours*), and also a Pekinese dog-basket, a conceit of a basket, made as a pagoda. I passed by a water-tap whereat drinking-bowls may be filled. An enormous St. Bernard, couchant, lay open-mouthed beside it, and his owner let the tap run into his pet's huge jaws. "He won't drink any other way," said he.

DRAWN BLANK

When I came, at length, to the superscription that said Scotch bearded collies, the three chairs were again as empty as the wind. The friend of the charming little Miniature Schnauzer, benched hard-by—Crowsteps Golda von Sachsen, I think it was—said that the Scotch bearded collies had probably gone out to run in the gardens—yes, right at the other end of the building—*not* where the judging was at all—I had "only *just* missed them."

So to the gardens I went. There were some 50 dogs on the grass, but none had beards. In fact, they were all easy and familiar dogs. There was a team of snow-white, stately clumbers. There were three of the prettiest pugs. There was a Peke who chased a leaf as Octoberly tinted as he. There were cockers and foxterriers, there were pointers and setters. Indeed, there was but one dog that I had to look twice at to recognise. It was a liver-coloured curly-coat with light fantastic eyes. I had not seen the marrow of it since I was a boy and went shooting with a gamekeeper in Angus who owned a retriever just like that.

Somewhere down the hill, in Sydenham, a clock struck the hour. It was time for me to go, and my exit did not lie conveniently for the Scotch bearded collie bench. So I cannot say if it was ever re-occupied. And I can tell you no more of these interesting dogs than I could before. Will not the kindly Kennel Club see to it, against its 73rd exhibition, that tickets be issued for the use of exhibitors and the convenience of those who wish to see—Scotch bearded collies, for instance? "Gone to ring," "Gone to be photographed," "Gone for a little walk in garden—back in no time"? It sounds easy.



A TEAM OF STATELY WHITE CLUMBERS

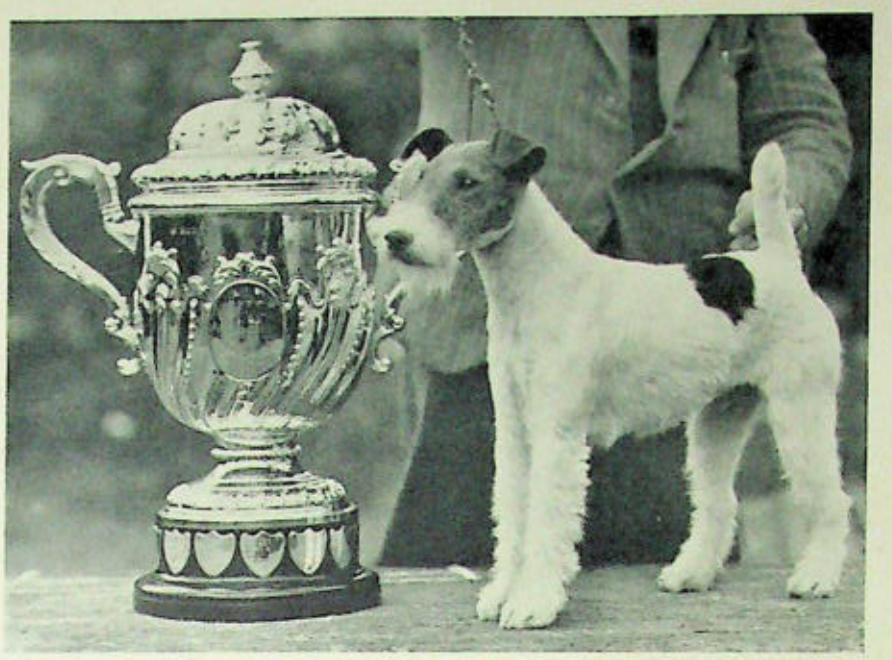
Mr. R. Cope's Carnforth Peter, Carnforth Celia, Carnforth Commodore, Silky of Runnymede and Westwood Windybrae

THE PICK OF THEIR BREEDS IN THE KENNEL CLUB'S SHOW

A Few Varied Types from the Crystal Palace Benches



MRS. J. H. CHARTERS'S SEALYHAM ST. MARGARETS MITZI



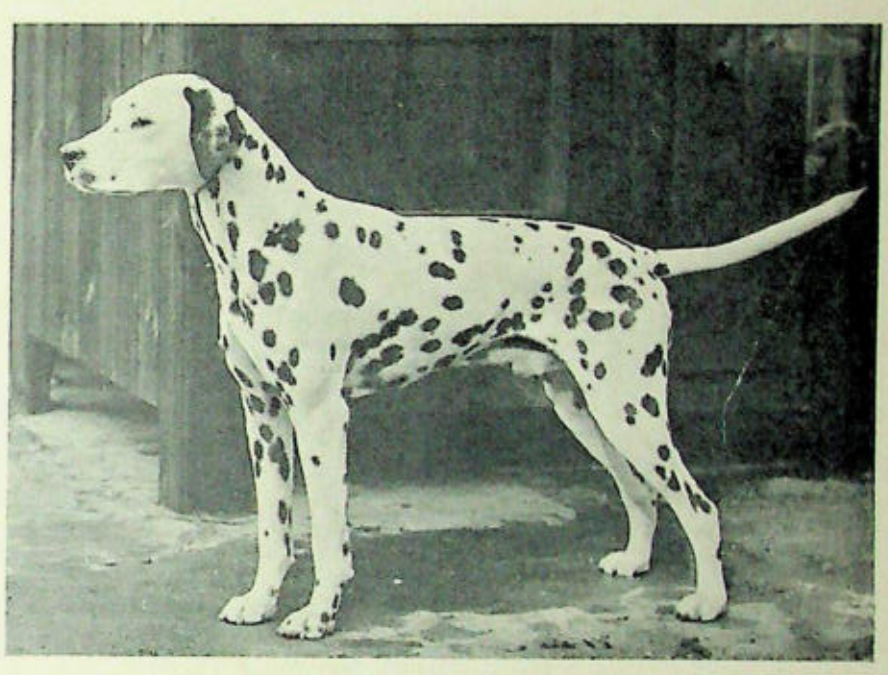
MR. J. R. BARLOW'S WIRE-HAIRED FOXTERRIER CRACKLEY SURETHING, WITH THE LONSDALE CUP AWARDED HIM AS THE BEST DOG OF THE SHOW



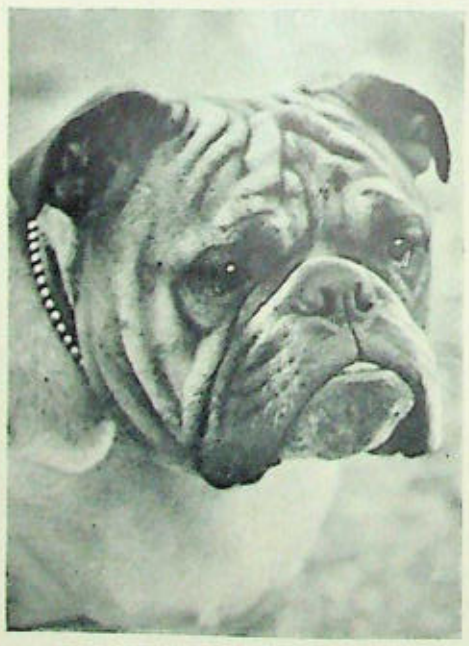
MRS. R. E. JAMES'S COLLIE, MARIE-MEAU FANTAIL



MRS. A. NAIRN'S GOLDEN RETRIEVER CH. BIRLING JAMES OF SOMERSBY



MRS. V. M. EGGO'S HANDSOME DALMATIAN ORCHID CARNATION

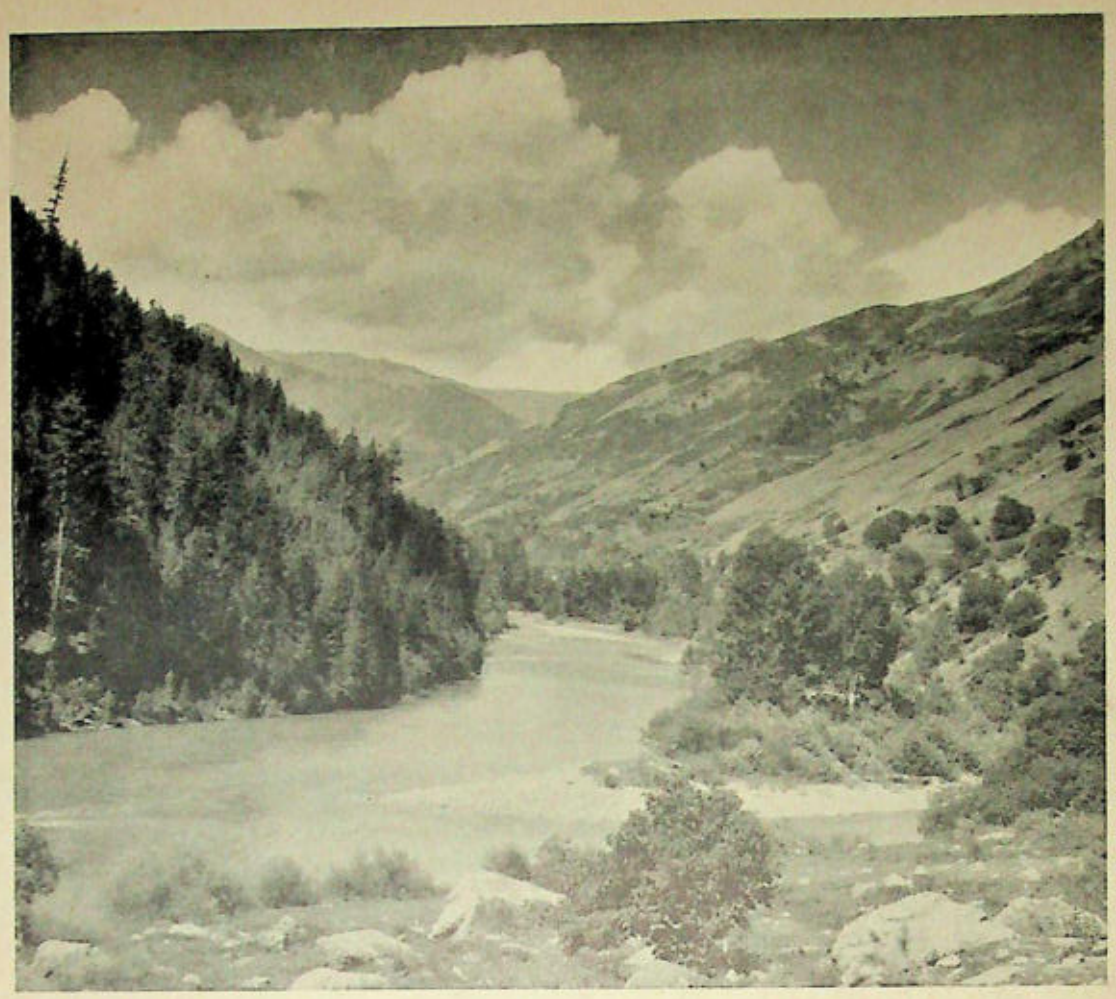






THE MODERN BULLDOG, A SHARP WEST HIGHLAND WHITE TERRIER, AND ANOTHER WINNING COCKER FROM THE WARE KENNELS. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: MR. W. SHAW'S NOVO NERO, MRS. PACEY'S CH. WOLVEY POACHER, AND MR. H. S. LLOYD'S COCKER SPANIEL WALLET OF WARE, WINNER OF THE PUPPY CRITERION

(Photographs by Thos. Fall. Crackley Surething by Sport and General)



THE KISHENGANGA RIVER
A trout stream in the beautiful Gurais Valley

KASHMIR AND ITS TROUT STREAMS

A Wonderful Response to Stocking

KASHMIR waters were innocent of English trout until 1901. In 1899 a fishing club had been formed for the purpose of introducing English trout. The Duke of Bedford very kindly presented to the club two consignments of 10,000 brown trout ova. These were given over to the enthusiastic care of Mr. F. J. Mitchell, and the first lot of fry were put down in the Dachigam Valley. To Mr. Mitchell more than anyone else is due the credit for introducing trout to Kashmir.

Raja Sir Amar Singh, K.C.S.I., father of the present Maharaja of Kashmir, Colonel Sir Hari Singh, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., K.C.V.O., A.D.C., was quick to recognise the advantages that would accrue to his country from the introduction of trout, and gave the venture his personal support as well as financial assistance. No fisheries department or proper regulations then existed. This position was rectified, and a regulation for the protection of trout and indigenous fish as well was made law in 1903.

THE FIRST SUCCESS

In spite of one or two reverses English trout were firmly established in the Dachigam Valley by 1902; the original fry increased and multiplied in a most satisfactory manner. By 1905 three-pounders were being killed, and in 1906 the Dachigam stream gave wonderful results; numbers of fish, many weighing from 5lb. to 10lb., were taken by a few privileged rods. From this time onwards stocking of the most promising lakes and rivers throughout Kashmir was begun.

In spite of setbacks, there are now 23 beats open to sportsmen, all of which except one carry two rods each.

One of the most successful areas stocked is the Bringhi, which gives seven beats, including the Deusoo and Nowbug streams, which, after their junction, form the main Bringhi stream. The Bringhi area has produced magnificent sport for many years past. The record trout for Kashmir taken by rod and line was killed in the Lower Bringhi water in 1924. This weighed 14½lb. The successful angler, Major Sir S. Hissamuddin Khan, took another fish of 10½lb. on the same day in the same beat.

Sir Philip Chetwode, the Commander-in-Chief in India, and party (four rods) had excellent sport for ten days in April last year and took just under 100 sizeable fish, including several of 4lb. or over. The size limit for all waters in Kashmir is 12in.

The Kokanag stream, also situated in the Bringhi Valley, takes its source from springs and is therefore not subject to spates to the same extent as those waters in Kashmir which are fed by the melting snows from the snow-capped mountains which encircle the Kashmir Valley. The Kokanag joins the Bringhi in its lower reaches. This water has fished well consistently for the past ten years. It is not so well known for the size of its trout as for their fine condition, although every year it produces its quota of four- and five-pounders; the best fish killed in 1932 weighed 8lb. 2oz.

The Kokanag is not so popular with the inexperienced angler as with the expert; in places which hold the best fish casting is difficult, and the expert alone can get his fly just where he wants it. This stream offers opportunities to the dry-fly fisherman.

Sind River provides excellent sport in April and September. In the intervening months the water is swollen and discoloured by the melting snows, and good sport is unusual except in some of the small side streams and at those places where they join the main river and produce a patch of clean water. It is, however, well stocked with good fish. It gives six beats for two rods each. In 1932 all beats produced a number of fish of 3lb. or over.

In the Gurais Valley is the Kishenganga River, taking its source from the Burzil and Kamri Passes which lead into Gilgit. It is a big river, at 8,000ft. altitude, and its water is discoloured and very heavy until the end of July. In August it gives good sport. In 1932, in the third week of August, one rod took seventeen fish of an aggregate weight of 40lb., the best being just under 4lb. The Kishenganga has at least 50 miles of water, although only a small section is reserved at present as "trout water."

A SUGGESTION FOR THE EARLY SEASON

It is probable that enterprising anglers would have good sport in the lower and warmer reaches of the Kishenganga in the earlier months of the season, when the river at Gurais is too cold and the water too heavy for fly fishing.

A small tributary stream, the Burdwan, joins the Kishenganga near Gurais. For the purpose of licences it is included with the Kishenganga. It is full of small fish and contains few over 1½lb. It is suitable for dry fly, and the expert may spend a very happy week here if he is content with fish of from 1lb. to 1½lb.

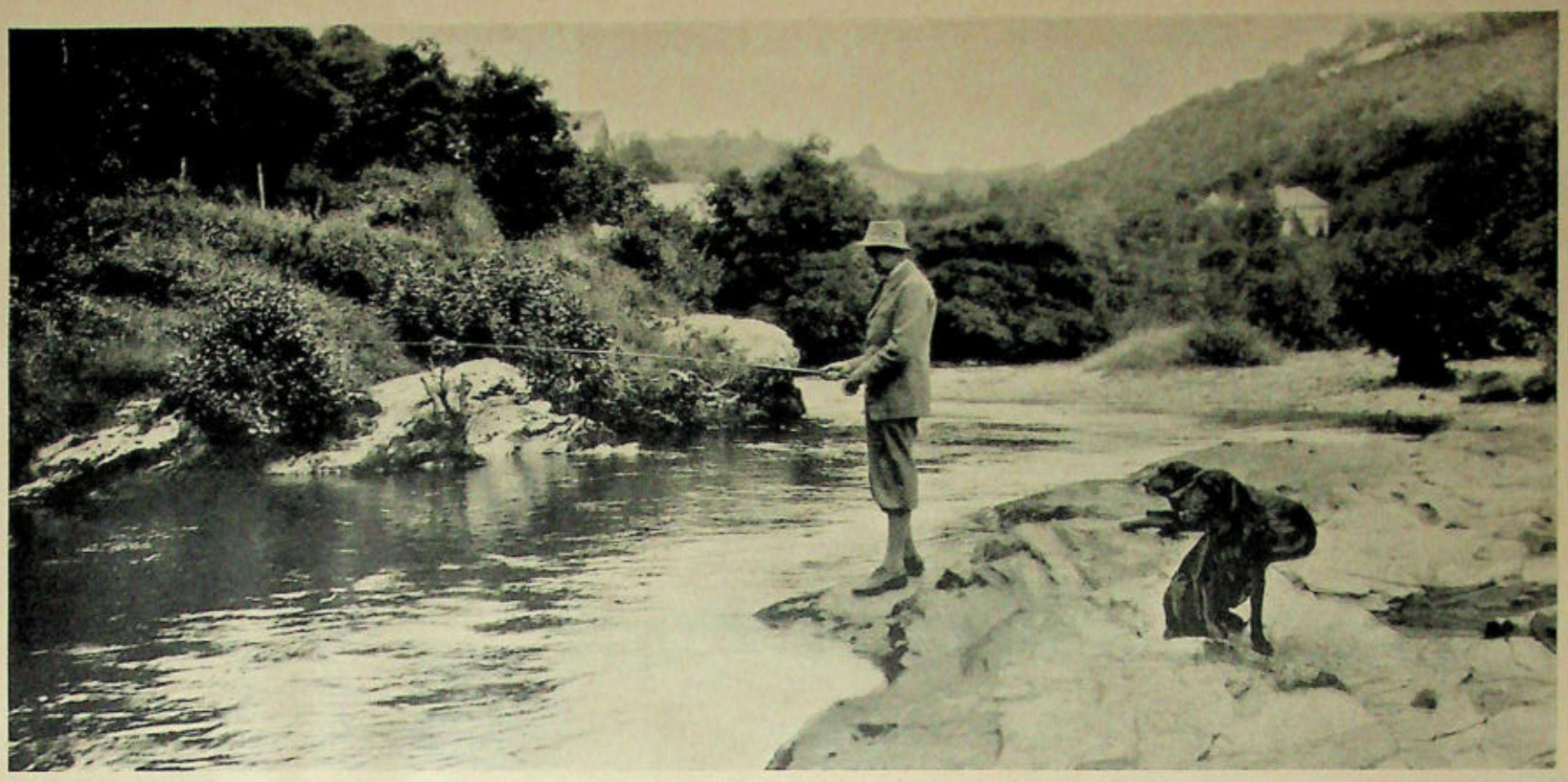
The Erin and Madmatti streams are in adjacent nullahs and flow into the Woolar Lake. Both waters have given good sport of recent years and have yielded fish up to 4lb. each year. The Erin, in particular, has the added charm of magnificent scenery.

There is no space to discuss the best and most deadly flies. Suffice it to say that trout in all waters take a fly readily, even those running up to 10lb. While dry fly will not produce such heavy baskets as wet fly, there is plenty of good dry-fly water in Kashmir. The Thricker, Lowest Bringhi (in the later months when water is low), the mill streams at Dewalgam and Dandipur (Middle and Upper Bringhi respectively), many stretches of the Bringhi and Nowbug when the river is not in flood, all give opportunities for the use of a dry fly. In fact, there are stretches of water in almost every beat when the flood water has run off where the expert can use a dry fly if he so wishes.

R. G. WREFORD.



A PROFITABLE TROUT POOL ON THE SIND
"Sind River provides excellent sport in April and September"



SPINNING A POOL ON THE TAVY

Lighter design for spinning rods has made this form of fishing popular on the smaller salmon streams

WANTED—A NEW SPINNING LINE

Objections to the Existing Patterns

By WEST COUNTRY

WITHIN the last few years spinning as a means of taking salmon and trout has increased greatly in popularity owing to the development of fixed spool reels which, to many men, are much easier to cast with than the revolving drum type, and with which it is customary to use considerably lighter baits.

With these reels have appeared new rods designed to utilise to the full the peculiar qualities of the former, new hooks of very fine wire with small barbs to ensure easy penetration, special flights, and even transparent "jackets" in which tiny natural baits may be encased to add to their longevity.

Spinning tackle has, indeed, been revolutionised except in one particular item—lines; and yet surely the line is almost, if not quite, the most important component in the whole outfit? It is certainly harder worked than any other part; its reserve of strength is less, and, as the main connecting link between angler and fish, any failure is at once disastrous.

NO ADVANCE IN 20 YEARS

And in spite of this, one might go back 20 years or more and still find the same lines as are in common use to-day practically unaltered. It is true that the employment of gut substitute as a reel line is quite a recent innovation, but the actual material is unchanged. I have part of a 40yd. coil of "Ja Gut" bought in pre-War days, and it differs no whit, so far as I can discover, from the same substance to-day. There are more brands on the market in 1933 than there were in 1913, but they vary only in name, and possibly slightly in the percentage of silk and glue from which they are made.

In the same way the very fine silk lines which are used on the fixed spool reels of present-day anglers differ little, if at all, from the lines employed by roach fishers of past generations, and therefore it is really quite true to say that in the matter of lines we have advanced not at all since the days of our fathers and grandfathers.

Indeed, in point of fact, we are considerably worse off, because we ask our lines to do work of a nature which would have terrified an older generation. Imagine a Victorian angler being invited to tackle a 20lb. salmon with a line of 4lb. breaking strain, and a 1x trace. He would either have had an apoplectic fit, or thrown the person who made such an idiotic suggestion into the river.

Now, silk from which all, or practically all, spinning lines are made (for gut substitute is simply some 85 per cent. of silk fibre and 15 per cent. of glue) possesses one marked disadvantage in that much of its strength disappears when wetted, and in this condition it wears quickly until perhaps four-fifths of its breaking strain when new and dry may have vanished without any marked change in its appearance being visible to warn the angler.

9LB. LINES—AND FINER

A 9lb. line is considered quite a stout one for use with a fixed spool reel, yet after a day or two of hard use the last few yards will certainly have lost from 50 to 75 per cent. of their original strength. If this is the case with what certainly cannot be called a "thread line," how much more is it true of the 4lb. 6lb. lines which some people use, because such very fine lines lose strength at a proportionally greater rate than do those of 12lb. and upwards.

What, then, are the alternatives? Personally I can see but two. First, some method of rendering silk lines completely waterproof without adding to their weight and bulk as does dressing with oil, because if the silk can be kept dry its original breaking strain is retained far longer than when it is wet. Second, some new material to replace silk.

Here, I think, lies the solution of the problem, and it seems curious that the fishing tackle trade, which has welcomed this new vogue for spinning with open arms, since it meant good business at a very depressed time, should apparently have so neglected this one important item in the thread-line outfit while catering abundantly and lavishly for every other conceivable requirement.

THE ADVANTAGE OF LINEN

What new material can be utilised for spinning lines in place of the unsatisfactory silk? I think there is at least one definite reply—linen or flax, which has the extremely important and useful property of not losing its strength when wet. Why, then, is it not possible to buy *fine* linen lines suitable for spinning?

I have made repeated inquiries in many quarters, but I have yet to find anything suitable, and in most cases to find anything at all. The nearest I have got is a line sold for sea fishing in various sizes; this is amazingly cheap—2/9 for 100yds. of 12lb. breaking strain, the finest made. On this, congers up to 25lb. have been landed, a proof that its pulling powers are ample, because for sheer strength a conger has a salmon all ends up in a tug of war.

At first I felt inclined to cry "Eureka," but, unfortunately, a week's hard and continuous use discovered the joints in the armour. To begin with, it was only twisted, not plaited, and even with the most elaborate arrangement of swivels it began to kink, and then the several threads to come apart. Second, the surface became rough and ragged with ring friction, which cut down casting distance appreciably.

But even at the end of a hard week, when the line was kinked and frayed, and looked like a piece of well-chewed string, its breaking strain was apparently quite unimpaired. At any rate, I could not break off a single inch of the 12lb. line, whereas a 15lb. silk line with similar use would, without the slightest doubt, have been several yards shorter at the end of the time.

This characteristic of flax or linen to retain its strength when wet is so valuable that I hope it will in course of time render silk completely obsolete for fishing lines, because even the most expensive oil-dressed lines deteriorate in use owing to the dressing wearing and water working up from the end and rotting the silk.

For spinning, the finer the line which can be safely used the better. It is less visible, casts farther and more accurately, and a 10lb. line which will retain that breaking strain when wet would be sufficiently strong for all but the very heaviest salmon fishing, and for this 15lb. would serve in place of the 25-30lb. now employed.

All this is so obvious that the fishing tackle trade, which cannot ordinarily be accused of lack of enterprise, will surely buckle-to and supply this urgent need. The first firm to give us satisfactory fine plaited linen lines will certainly reap a rich harvest.

NATURE SHOWS THE WAY

A Bluebottle Nymph?

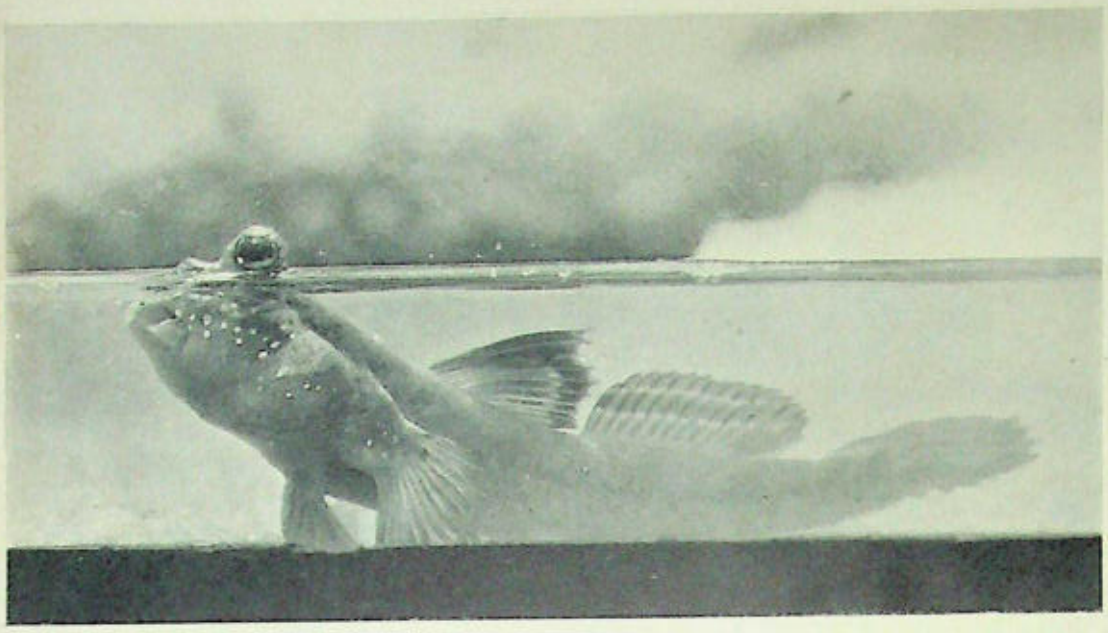
TOWARDS the end of last season an angler swimming the worm for grayling, and not meeting with much success, was handed the remains of a bag of maggots by a brother rodster who had been fishing higher up the stream. Looking over his acquisition, preparatory to turning over from worm to maggot, he found that the maggots had reached such a mature stage that many of them had already turned into chrysalids. Picking these out as useless, he threw them into the stream, when, to his astonishment, grayling after grayling rose and took them from the surface before they had time to sink. Out of the several he threw out he does not think one escaped the rising grayling.

Here was clearly the suggestion for a new artificial a floater of the size and appearance of a bluebottle pupa. Since his discovery the aforesaid angler has experimented with various ideas, but has not yet succeeded in finding the correct formula. Can you find it?

W. C. P.

"CLOSE-UPS" IN A WORLD-FAMOUS AQUARIUM

A Selection of Curiosities from the New York Zoo

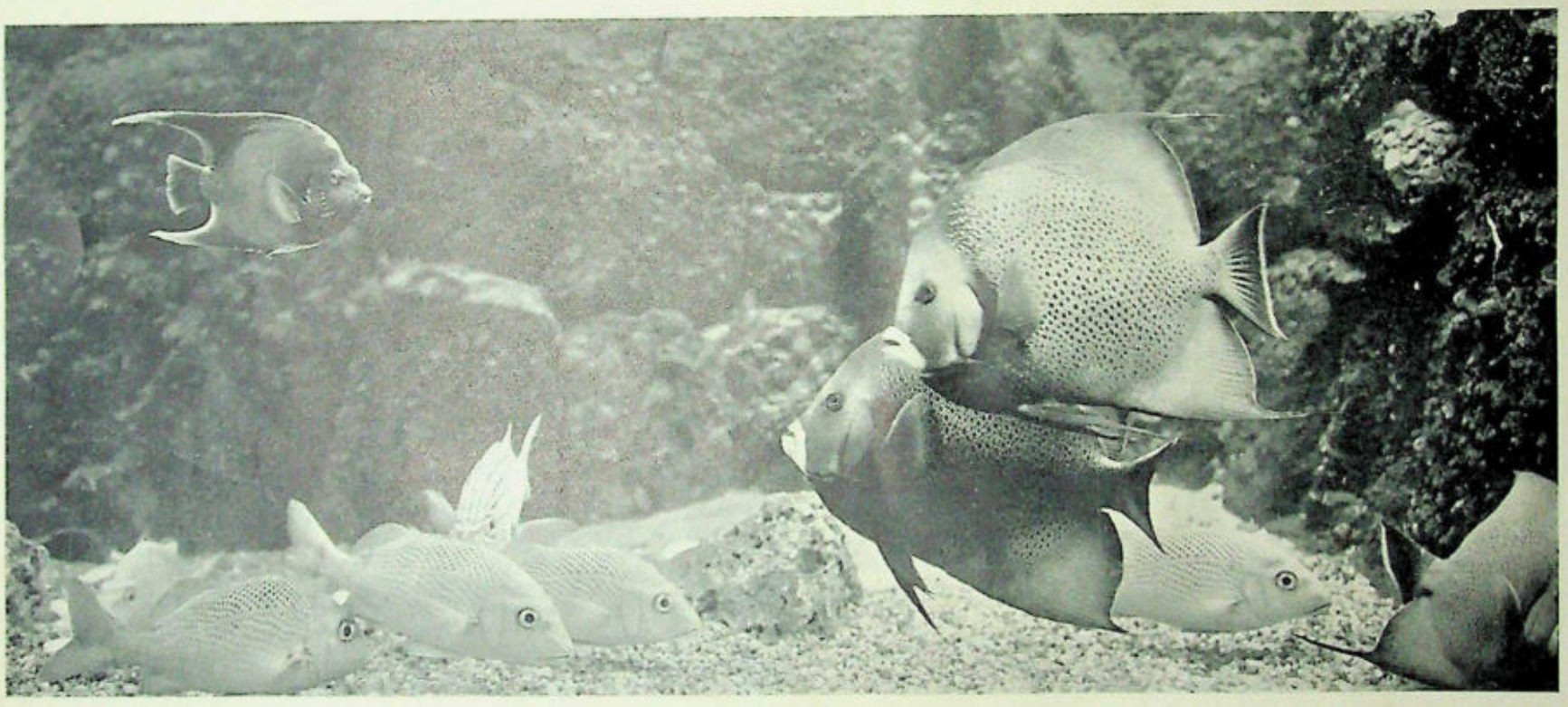


A LIVING PERISCOPE—AND SOMETIMES AN ADVENTURER ON LAND

The Mud-Skipper, whose stalked eyes enable it to see above the surface while remaining submerged, also hunts for its prey on land, skipping along on its fins

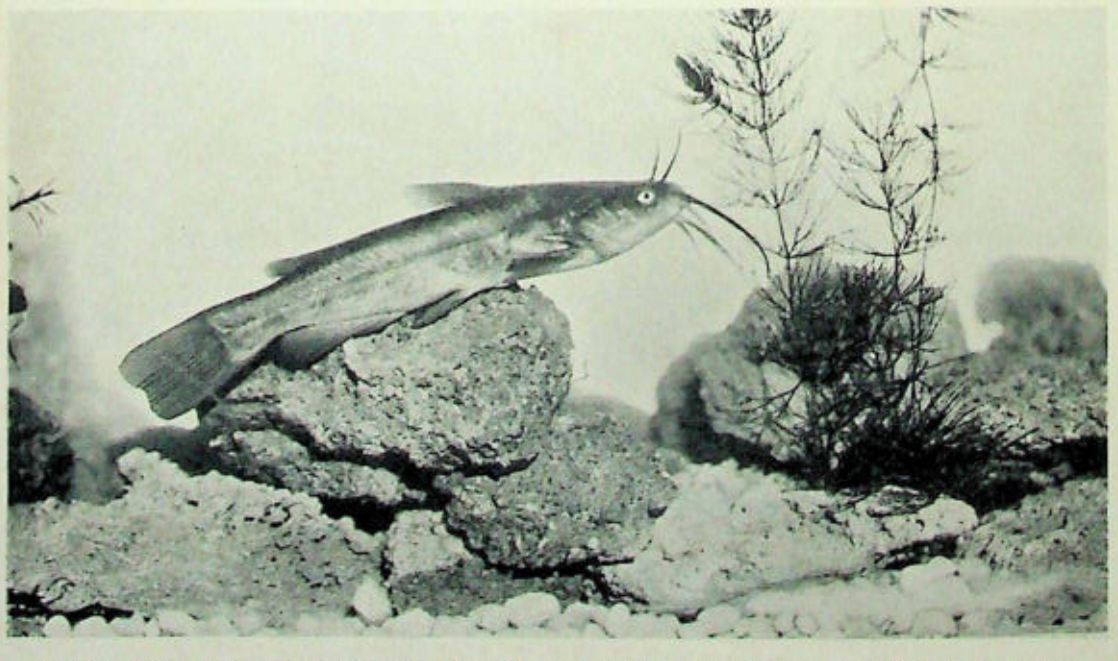
ONE of the queerest fish in the New York Zoo's Aquarium is the mud-skipper (*Periophthalmus koelreuteri*), a small but very interesting goby, which has its eyes raised on short stalks on top of its head to enable it to observe its insect prey while its body remains submerged in the water. The mud-skipper's fins are strong and can be used as limbs, this fish having the power of remaining out of water for long periods and skipping along over wet sands and mud, even skimming rapidly over the surface of the water.

Another peculiar group is represented by the queen trigger-fish (*Balistes vidua*) a beautiful species from the West Indies. In this the first dorsal fin is composed of a large rough spine with two smaller ones behind it, the large spine being held erect by an ingenious locking device which is released when the third spine is depressed. Trigger-fish are useless as food, most of the tropical species having a poisonous alkali in the flesh which produces a disease called "ciguatera." Their teeth are sharp and chisel-like, capable of biting off pieces of coral, on the polyps of which they feed, or of boring through the shell of an oyster to devour the animal inside.



FISH THAT SNORE—AND THE "BLACK ANGEL" OF WEST INDIAN REEFS

The group on left are Grey Grunts—so named from the snoring noise they make. The larger fish on the right are Black Angels, while in the top left-hand corner is an Isabelita



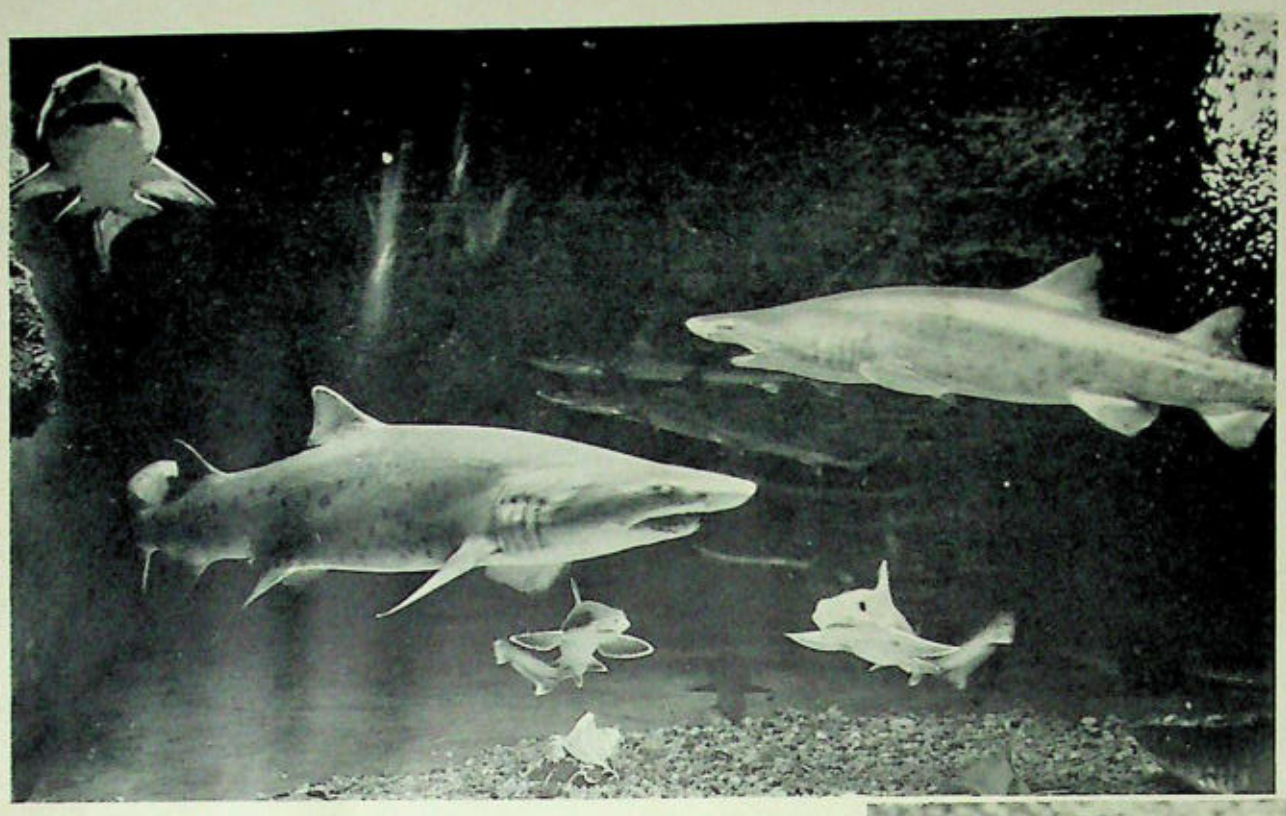
NAMED FROM ITS WHISKERS—THE CATFISH, A COMMON FRESHWATER SPECIES IN AMERICA

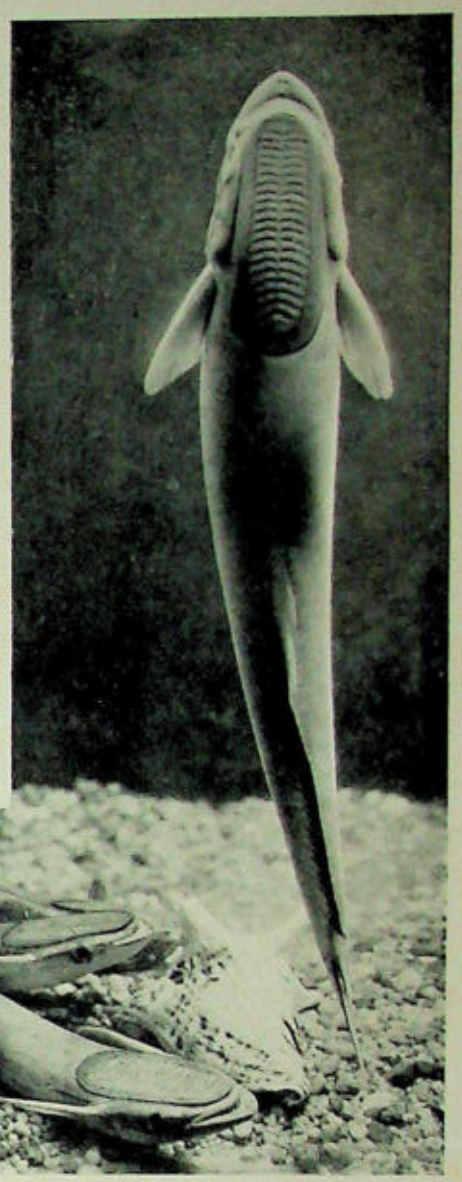
The giant grouper (*Promicrops itaiara*), shown in one photograph, weighs 200lb. and is about 6ft. in length, its mouth measuring 10in. across. This species is found on both coasts of tropical America and in the West Indies, where it is known as "guasa." It is one of the large kinds of sea-bass often known as jewfish, and some of its relatives, like *Promicrops lanceolatus* of the South Pacific, and the members of the genus *Stereolepis*, grow to an even larger size and are much sought after by big-game fishermen. The specimen shown is the largest Jewfish ever kept alive in an aquarium.

The remora, or sucker-fish (*Remora remora*) has long attracted attention on account of its remarkable power of attaching itself to large fishes and other objects by means of the powerful sucking disc on top of its head. This disc is actually the first dorsal fin of the fish, the rays of which are modified into transverse plates which effect suction by friction of their edges. In Florida, few sharks are found without one or more sucker-fishes attached to them; when the shark is caught, however, the suckers leave it instantly, swimming away rapidly. They do not harm the shark, except by impeding its movements slightly; their object appears to be merely that of a passenger, to be carried about with little effort.

Sucker-fish are predaceous, feeding on young herrings, anchovies, etc. In East Africa and the East Indies the natives attach a line to the tail of a

"THE STRAPHANGER" AND OTHER (TRUE) FISH STORIES





BLUE SHARKS (*PRIONACE GLAUCA*) WHICH ARE OFTEN USED AS "OMNIBUSES" BY—



—THE REMORA OR SUCKER-FISH, WHICH ADHERE TO THEM BY THE SUCKING DISC ON THE TOP OF THE HEAD

In this photograph the one shown in a vertical position is adhering to the glass

sucker and send it forth to attach itself to a turtle, and so great is the suction that the turtle can be drawn ashore by this means. When pulled backwards the sucker is quite unable to release its hold.

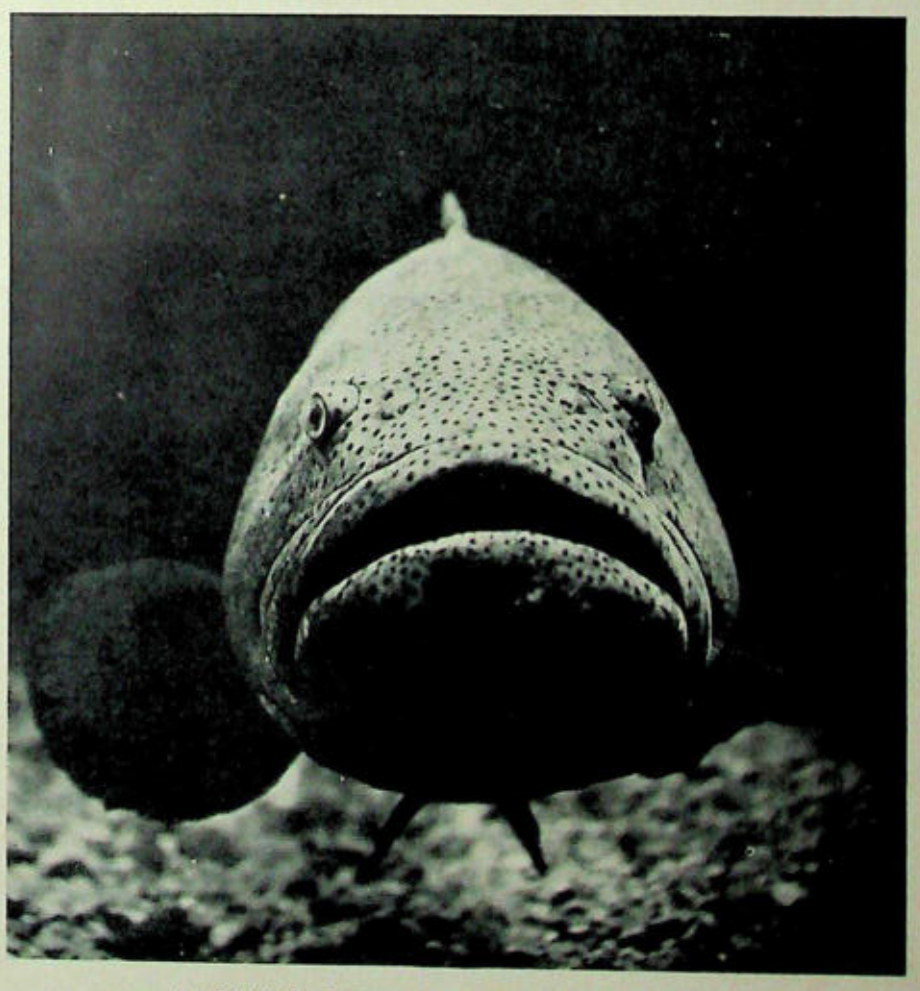
One of the commonest of American freshwater fishes is the catfish (*Ameiurus nebulosus*), which receives its popular name from the whisker-like appendages which adorn the lips. It is a very popular quarry for the young "bent-pin" fisherman, but must be handled with care on account of the sharp barbed spines on the pectoral fins.

In another photograph are shown two inhabitants of the West Indian reefs, the grey grunt (*Hæmulon macrostomum*) and the handsome black angel fish (*Pomacanthus arcuatus*). The former is a rather uncommon member of an otherwise prolific group, the grunts or roncos being among the most abundant of West Indian fishes. They receive their common name from the snoring noise they emit, either by the air bladder or the pharyngeal teeth. The black angel is one of the chætodonts, or butterfly fishes, and is moderately common. The immature fish is quite unlike the adult in colour pattern, being intense black with conspicuous yellow transverse stripes. A. FRASER BRUNNER.



TEETH THAT BITE THROUGH OYSTER SHELLS

The Trigger-fish, with chisel-like teeth capable of biting off pieces of coral or of boring through the shell of an oyster



A SIX-FOOT MONSTER WITH A TEN-INCH MOUTH

The Giant Grouper is one of the large sea-basses known as "Jewfish," and the specimen shown above is the largest ever kept in captivity

(Photographs by courtesy of the New York Zoological Society)



AN OPENING MEET OF THE BLACKMORE VALE HOUNDS AT SHERBORNE CASTLE
Colonel Wingfield Digby, M.F.H., is seen second from the left with Jack Doe, the huntsman, on his right

FAMILIES FAMOUS IN SPORT—No. 4

The Wingfield Digbys and Sherborne Castle

SINCE the history of Sherborne and its castles begins in the year 1100, and carries us down to the present day, it is evident that this account of it must be of the briefest.

The original castle was built by Bishop Roger of Caen, and in the words of Henry of Huntingdon, was "scarcely inferior to that of Devizes, than which there is none finer within the confines of England."

Bishop Roger inhabited his castle until 1139, in which year he was forced by King Stephen to hand it over to the Crown, in whose hands it remained for some years until granted to the Bishop of Salisbury. It seems that at this time its owners must have allowed it to fall into a state of disrepair, for the Abbot of Sherborne was appointed to inquire into the condition of the castle.

The Bishop eventually recovered the property, which remained in the hands of the see until 1590, when it once more returned to the Crown, and was held by Queen Elizabeth.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Two years later the Sherborne Estate was bought by Sir Walter Raleigh, who found that the castle was in such a bad condition that he decided to build himself a new house, and erected what was then known as Sherborne Lodge.

In honour of his friend Prince Henry, son of James I., the "Lodge" was built in the form of the letter H, and must have been very much as we see it to-day.

Of the many relics which it contained, by no means the least interesting are Raleigh's arms on the ceiling of the green drawing room, and in the grounds "Raleigh's seat." This is particularly interesting as it was the scene of Sir Walter's first and, as it turned out, unfortunate attempt at smoking a pipe. A curious feature of the seat, which is not unlike a pulpit, is a niche provided below it where Sir Walter's attendant presumably rested himself. As a stream flows close by, it seems probable that it was water and not ale that the servant used to extinguish his burning master, though the "fire" being internal, no doubt ale played a prominent part as well.

Sir Walter was not at Sherborne long, for in 1603 he was indicted for High Treason, and the estate



COLONEL F. J. B. WINGFIELD DIGBY, D.S.O., M.F.H.
(From a portrait by Mr. Keturah Collings)

was once more forfeited by the Crown. Permission was sought for Lady Raleigh and her children to remain at Sherborne, but after lengthy and complicated proceedings, it was eventually refused, and in 1607 the castle and estate were given to Robert Carre first Earl of Somerset.

His tenancy was also destined to be a short one, for in 1616 he was convicted of being an accessory to the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, and once more Sherborne reverted to the Crown.

The following year the King granted it to Lord Digby, first Earl of Bristol, for the sum of £10,000, a reward for his services rendered as Ambassador in Madrid, and from that date it has remained in the Digby family.

Much history has been made at Sherborne, and in 1642, when King Charles raised the Royal Standard at Nottingham, the old castle comes into prominence once more. The Marquis of Hertford, who was on his way to the West Country to raise men for the King, was so hard pressed that he retired on Sherborne, to which siege was laid by Sir John Horne and Colonel Alexander Popham. Two years later it suffered a second siege at the hands of Cromwell and General Fairfax, by which it suffered so much damage that the castle was considered unsafe, and ordered to be pulled down.

EARLY SPORTING RECORDS

The next historical event of importance was the visit of the Prince of Orange in 1688 on his way from Torquay to London.

During this visit a printing press was erected on the hearthstone of the drawing room fireplace, and it was here that his "Proclamation to the English people" was printed. A permanent reminder of this is a crack across the hearthstone caused by the weight and working of the press.

Of sport at Sherborne, there seem to be no records earlier than 1755, but a combined game book and Diary, starting in that year, makes very interesting reading by no means devoid of humour. One of the facts which strikes one most forcibly is the amazingly small bags with which these sportsmen seemed perfectly content, often driving as many as ten and fourteen miles to secure them. But we shall see, as some of the entries are well worth quoting.

One in August, 1755, tells us that: "My Lord Digby went out a shooting for the first time this season, with Mr. H. Digby and Mr. W. Digby, towards Gote Hill and Heydon

Ye 25 killed.

By Lord Digby.....	4	Partridges
,, Mr. Digby.....	2	,,
,, Mr. W. Digby	2	,,
Double Shot Mr Digby's	1	,,

Who accounted for the remainder of the bag appears to be shrouded in mystery, and it is interesting to note that partridges are the only game mentioned, and that the month was August.



MR. GEORGE WINGFIELD DIGBY ON FORRESTER
Mr. Digby was painted by Sir Francis Grant, the horse and hounds being by Landseer

The entry for December 4th, 1763 gives an account of a truly remarkable day's hunting :

" A cold bad day for hunting. Mr. King breakfasted here, went with his hounds to Sherborne field, killed a broken-legged hare in her form. Hunted a bagged hare which we lost, and afterwards found hares pretty plenty but had poor sport." One can only hope that the breakfast was a greater success than the sport !

On September 6th, 1765, we find faithfully recorded the fact that Lord Digby shot a cat and a kitten, while on the 14th, Captain Digby shot frequently but killed nothing. This was very strange, as later in the same month there is a note to the effect that " Whenever that ' good shooter ' is put to Capt. Digby's name it is observable that it is always in his own hand-writing." So even in those days there must have been jealous shots.

THE BLACKMORE VALE HUNT

But let us hark forward to the present day, and something of the Blackmore Vale Hounds, of which Colonel Wingfield Digby has been Master for the last 22 seasons.

It is generally believed that the history of this Hunt dates from 1806 (though Baily has it as 1826), when Mr. J. J. Farquharson hunted his private pack over the Blackmore Vale, and part of what is now the Portman country. This latter had been lent to Mr. Farquharson by Mr. Drax Grosvenor " until such time as one of the Drax family should wish to reclaim it."

After a reign of 21 years, Mr. Farquharson gave up the Blackmore Vale, and was succeeded by the Rev. Harry Farr Yeatman. During his Mastership Mr. Yeatman bought Squire Osbaldeston's famous hound Furrier, who is said to have made his mark in the Blackmore Vale Kennel, though some doubt attaches to the probability of this, as the famous hound must have been long past his best by the time Mr. Yeatman got him, and was probably of little use as a stallion.

In 1833, Mr. J. S. Earle Drax took over the hounds which he hunted for many years, and was succeeded in 1858 by Mr. George Wingfield Digby, the great-great-uncle of the present Master, of whom there is a very interesting portrait in Sherborne Castle. Mr. Digby is shown riding his horse Forrester, surrounded by his favourite hounds ; the Master being painted by Sir Francis Grant, while the horse and hounds are the work of Landseer. Between the Masterships of Mr. Earl Drax and Mr. Digby there was a lapse of two years, during which there seems to have been some very unfortunate and unsuccessful attempts at hound breeding, for Mr. Digby had to purchase no less than 20 couple of " superior " hounds from Lord Portsmouth, then Master of the Vine. Mr. Digby built the present kennels at Charlton Horethorne, and it was during his reign that Jack Press, the famous huntsman of the Cambridgeshire, came to hunt the Blackmore Vale, where his name soon became a by-word on account of the wonderful sport he showed.

A MASTER BUT NO HOUNDS

In 1865, Mr. Digby very generously gave his hounds, horses, kennels and equipment to his successor, Sir Richard Glynn, who, at the end of his office, was equally generous to the incoming Master, Mr. Methyr Guest. Sir Richard, however, made a proviso that, on Mr. Guest's retirement, he should offer the hounds firstly to the then owner of Sherborne Castle, and, in the event of his refusing them, to the Blackmore Vale Hunt. Mr. Digby refused them. Great friction arose, and the hounds were finally sold. The country was now faced with a new Master, who had no hounds to take over. The difficulty was solved, however, by Mr. Hargreaves bringing some of his own Cattistock bitches, the country providing the dog pack by purchasing Colonel Chandos-Pole's hounds. Nothing, of course, could be worse for the continuity of hound breeding than such disturbances, and to ensure no such recurrence in the future the country bought Mr. Hargreaves' bitch pack.

In 1905, Colonel J. P. Browne became Master, and, together with his huntsman, George Alcock, did much to improve the pack, so that in 1909, when he handed over to Colonel F. J. B. Wingfield Digby, things were in pretty fair shape. With the help of his huntsman, Will Welch, Colonel Digby did much to improve his pack, as was shown by their successes at Peterborough in 1913, when their Sampson and Dreadnought took first prize for the best couple of unentered hounds whelped since December, 1911.

Welch was succeeded by Jack Doe in 1916, and far indeed would one have to search for a better huntsman, both in kennel and out. Colonel Digby and Doe hunt hounds two days a week each. Long may this combination continue to show the excellent sport they do over a country which calls for a horse as good and better than most, for the Blackmore Vale is far from a " funker's paradise."

Every country has its own particular form of obstacle, and most can show something calculated to stop even the best. In this respect the Blackmore Vale is by no means behind hand, for its big banks, often with a strong growth on the top of them, call for a combination of skill and courage rarely demanded in other countries.

There are no obstacles like these in the whole of the hunting world, and a horse which is at all inclined to be hot will soon give its rider a fall—such a fall as turned the heart of the Master of the Handley Cross to water !

Finally, mention must be made of another activity of Colonel and Mrs. Digby's, as they were responsible for introducing and popularising the Keeshond, or Dutch barge dog, in England.

Some 30 years ago, while yachting in Holland,



CH. KONSTANT VAN ZAANDAM
Bred at Sherborne, and a winner of many prizes

they were so struck by the characteristics and charm of these dogs that they brought home two puppies, which were the progenitors of the now famous Van Zaandam Kennel.

These dogs are rather wolf-like in appearance, and completely lamb-like in disposition, being extremely faithful and of great intelligence.

Colonel and Mrs. Digby have been very successful with them on the show bench, their Karel van Zaandam being the champion Keeshond at Cruft's in 1930, Karelina van Zaandam, champion certificate at the Kennel Club Show in 1931, and Kenan van Zaandam winning two firsts, champion certificate and green star at the Irish Kennel Club Show in 1932.

And now, if we must say *au revoir* to historical and sporting Sherborne, may it only be until November 1st.



STEPS LEADING TO RALEIGH'S SEAT IN THE GROUNDS OF THE CASTLE
This was the scene of Sir Walter's first attempt at smoking a pipe. His attendant's seat is shown below on the left



REVIVING A DYING ART IN RUGBY?
A cross kick well backed up in the Seniors' match at Oxford

NEW FORCES IN RUGBY

Clubs that are Levelling the Standard of Play

EVEN among Rugby football clubs the old order changeth. These are times when the old clubs of established prominence are finding their sway challenged by lesser lights, who are making big progress in the game. The gulf between best and second best is becoming considerably narrower—is, in fact, imperceptible in many cases. Some good judges hold that the process is as much one of levelling down as of levelling up. Some of the leading clubs are certainly not as strong as they were. In London the Harlequins are at present outstanding, and have so far carried all before them. But we should hesitate to say that the side is as good as that of W. W. Wakefield's day.

Blackheath are still dissipating their talents in two so-called first teams, and while their best players are spread over two fifteens, it is impossible to say how strong the club really is. The experiment has had a very good trial, has always had unsatisfactory elements, and is likely to be dropped after this season. Other leading London clubs have mostly fluctuated uncertainly, and could not by any means count on beating some of the less prominent clubs who do not at present figure on their fixture lists.

Richmond are no more than a promising side so far this season. London Scottish and London Welsh do not regain their former quality; Guy's Hospital are still awaiting the arrival of another Albertijn and von Schalkwijk to bring new brilliance to the side. On the other hand, forging to the front, we have clubs like the Wasps, demonstrating that real team-work still pays in Rugby; the Trojans, who had an extraordinary record last season, winning 21 out of 25 matches, and scoring 400 points against 75, and who number among their members H. G. Owen-Smith, the Oxford Blue, and J. H. Thom, the Scottish international; and the Saracens, who are doing well again this season; to say nothing of the several Old Boys clubs who are perhaps making more progress than any others.

CHANGES IN THE MIDLANDS

In the provinces, the same trend may be observed. Leicester and Northampton, in the Midlands, are now seriously challenged for supremacy by such clubs as Bedford, Coventry and Rugby. In the North, Bradford, Birkenhead Park and Hartlepool Rovers used to be outstanding; now clubs like Fylde, Headingley and Sale command attention. In the West Country, the best players seem still to gravitate to Bath, Bristol, Gloucester and Plymouth Albion; but clubs like Camborne, Redruth, Stroud and Torquay have greatly improved in strength.

Welsh Rugby enthusiasts were thoroughly startled at the beginning of the season at the way some of the leading clubs suffered defeat at the hands of less prominent ones. Scotland, too, was lamenting last season the lapse of two or three of her leading clubs, though others made striking advances.

It is undoubtedly a very healthy sign that progress is being achieved by many of the rank and file of clubs, even though it may be accompanied by deterioration in others better known. A more level standard of play should open the way to interchange of fixtures between more and more clubs; but here the innate conservatism of Rugby plays a part.

Year after year fixtures appear on club lists for no other reason than they have always been arranged as a matter of tradition. No one wants to see tradition thrown to the winds entirely, but the time seems to have come, in the general interests of the game, to broaden fixture lists as much as possible.

Richmond have set a good example this season by including the Wasps on their list, and Oxford University are also to play the Wasps this season—for the first time since 1875. There is only one drawback to any general broadening of fixtures. It might render even more difficult than it is now the task of selecting international teams.

Already the Selectors have to cover an enormous amount of ground in order to see likely players. They had, years ago, to give up relying on a few clubs to produce or attract to their doors the most talented players in the country. With its growing popularity the game has become more democratic, and the players more independent. They do not seek a passport to international honours through any particular club. They have to be sought for diligently in all sorts of corners. Last season, for instance, the players in the English trial matches were drawn from nearly 30 clubs—some of them almost unknown to the general body of Rugby followers.

It is sometimes said that as England has many more players than Scotland, Wales or Ireland, she should be able to find stronger international teams than the other unions. In point of fact, the advantage lies with the other unions, for still in Scotland, Wales and Ireland the most talented players are concentrated in a comparatively few clubs, and thus are not only easily studied by the Selectors, but gain valuable experience of one another's play into the bargain.

An England team is sometimes a collection of almost entire strangers, lacking knowledge of one another's methods and without opportunity to acquire it. With more and more clubs becoming more or less of a level standard, so will the difficulty of selection increase; but much might be done to simplify it by utilising the County Championship as a means of sifting the best players in each area. This, of course, is only possible if the County Championship is made a real live contest all over the country instead of a mid-week incidental, as it is still regarded in the South. F. I. W.

OUR YOUNG BOXERS

Their Hard Path to Fame

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

JOCK McAVOY, our middleweight champion, successfully defended his title when he knocked out Archie Sexton, his London challenger, after a very poor fight. I had not expected to see a knockout, for Sexton is the possessor of a superlative defence. However, he boxed in a very lethargic manner, almost as if he was overtrained, and allowed the champion to do all the forcing and to hold the initiative throughout the fight. Had McAvoy not connected with a decisive punch he must still have won on points by the largest of margins. It was a dull fight, and does not hold out much promise for our middle-weights.

McAvoy has now the chance of a match with Thil, who is champion of the world on this side of the Atlantic. He has a small chance of winning, for the Frenchman is a man of moods. The chance is, however, very slight. Thil in defence of his title is a man to be feared, as he showed in defeating Tunero. He is fully as tough as our champion and considerably more clever. But Thil on an off day is a very poor example of the English second-rater than whom there is no worse fighter. McAvoy might win. But McAvoy shows no signs of improvement. He has become set, and his deterioration is to be expected in the near future.

He would have no hope of lasting two rounds with Brouillard, the Canadian, who has a punch heavier than that of the average heavy-weight, and who is a skilled fighter into the bargain. Sooner or later some European will have to meet the Canadian, and at present there is no European, including Thil, who is in the same class.

LITTLE ATTENTION TO YOUNGSTERS

In this country little attention is paid to the aspiring youngster until too late. We have a middle-weight with all the makings of a world champion in Ernie Simmons. Some time ago this youngster defeated Casey, a feat by no means easy to accomplish. He was then unknown. He showed really promising form. Now he seems to have been forgotten. I have not seen him since, nor have I heard that he has fought since. Why? Is he out of favour with promoters? Or is he considered too dangerous to the favoured few?

There appears to be no half-way house in British boxing. The promising youngster is either left or exploited. It seems to be a matter of influence. The promising youngster who manages to get into one of the big managers' "stables" or under the control of someone who has influence with the big promoters stands a very good chance of being ridden to death. If he does not succeed in being taken up by a big man he runs the risk of being exploited shamefully by some small and dishonest manager, or of being shut out (in the event of his finding an honest manager) by those who control the interests of the champions. There are, of course, many exceptions. But "Graft" is not unknown in English rings. Ernie Simmons may or may not be a victim, I do not know. But I do know that he has not received the attention he should have received, and I do know that he is not the only one.



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, Student of Wild Life and Nature Lover. 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 "FIELD" DISTEMPER VACCINE

SIR,—I have so often been asked if I have found the *Field* distemper vaccine effective that I think possibly the following facts may be of interest.

Four years ago I used it with most disastrous results, and lost in the subsequent six months over 40 Labradors and Spaniels. Two years ago, when I had some more puppies and young dogs, I decided to try it again. I was not, as you will understand, unduly prejudiced in its favour. Up to the last eight months I could not definitely say that the dogs inoculated had been in actual contact with distemper. Now I can definitely say that they have. Last spring, and through the summer, I had young dogs at shows where I know distemper was contracted by other dogs, and mine never showed a trace of it. In May I had a puppy sent in as choice of a litter. This puppy came from a place I thought was absolutely safe. He was put in with four others of his age, and they all died of distemper, and I afterwards learned the puppy came from others with distemper. Puppies which had been inoculated came in contact with the ones that had it, and suffered no ill effects at all. During the last two years I have had over 30 dogs and puppies inoculated, and I cannot trace a single breakdown. They were inoculated by Mr. M. Bridgeman, M.R.C.V.S., of Cosham, who regularly attends my kennels. He used the vaccine sent by Major Dalling from Burroughs & Wellcome, and gave the protective inoculation first, and seventeen days after gave the actual virus. Of course, the dogs and puppies were treated with every precaution and kept warm and dry, and on a light diet. It is very pleasing to be able to write with such appreciation of the *Field* distemper vaccine after the first heartbreaking experience.

Yours faithfully,

Idsworth, Horndean, Hants. LORNA HOWE.

[Reference to this letter is made in our notes on page 1023.—ED.]

BRACE AND TEAM STAKES AT SPANIEL TRIALS

SIR,—Now is the season when field trial committees are drawing up their schedules of stakes for the spaniel trials. May I put in a plea for the continuance of Brace and Team Stakes, because (1) they are the most practical way of using spaniels for shooting. You can kill more game over a brace or team at less cost, in these days of high wages for beaters, than in any other way. (2) They have behind them a most interesting history. (3) They afford the prettiest and most popular spectacle to be seen at field trials. To encourage these competitions I would ask field trial committees (1) to make the entrance fees only just so large as to secure *bona fide* nominations. The prizes are usually supplied by the competitors themselves on the percentage system, so I am not asking for much. (2) To revive the old rule, which only required *one* of the brace or team to retrieve. This is in ordinary shooting the most desirable method. (3) Where there are certificates or prizes for handlers, they should almost invariably be given to the satisfactory brace and team handlers. They seldom are. The successful Single Stake dog very seldom makes much demand on his handler, but a brace or team with all the spaniel's well-known keenness heightened to fever heat by rivalry, not to say jealousy, of his comrades, calls for the best and highest a trainer can give.

Lastly, I have reason to believe that more converts are made to the spaniel field trial ranks by the work of braces and teams than in any other way. And we need recruits badly to-day.

Yours truly,

Salisbury. N.

HIKING IN DEER FORESTS

SIR,—I should like to enlist your aid and advice in providing some solution to a problem which is becoming acute.

During the month of September, out of about 24 stalking days, I have had eight of them partially or wholly ruined owing to the deer being scared by hikers.

I have been tenant this year of a forest in the popular Cairngorm range, which is attractive both to hikers and to stalkers.

I have every sympathy with the hiker, but would like to state the point of view of the shooting tenant.

A large rent is paid for stalking rights. In my own case four keepers, six ghillies, one chauffeur, and five ponies are employed. Supplies of a varied character are required, and altogether a considerable amount of employment is furnished. I should estimate that taking everything into consideration each stag brought down costs £20, and the number killed in Scotland annually must be several thousands.

The deer stalker requires almost complete silence and no disturbance on the hills in order to make his stalk a success. He is seldom on the sky-line, and always has to take advantage of cover wherever possible, with due regard to the wind. The hiker, on the other hand, shoulders his pack and sets out to climb hills, taking the top of every ridge to get the best views. He is probably wholly unaware that while on the trail he can completely destroy stalking for a day over an area of 10,000 acres. He may never see a deer, although they may see him or wind him sometimes a mile away.

On one occasion we spied the deer at a considerable distance, which necessitated a laborious and cautious climb of about an hour. We reached our point breathless but full of anticipation, and instead of deer we found a pretty amber green comb! Incidentally, if the fair owner should happen to read this I should be glad to restore it.

On another occasion this year I discovered, to my horror, my rifle pointing at the stag and a hiker a few hundred yards further on.

Cannot some accommodation between the two interests be reached? For myself, I would suggest that hikers should always keep out of deer forests except on Saturdays and Sundays, and always make a point of consulting the keepers as to whether the route they are proposing to take is likely to interfere with a stalk. I am quite satisfied that with a little goodwill accommodation can be reached and processes of law avoided.

I should be very glad to hear your views, and also the views of proprietors, stalkers and hikers.

Yours faithfully,

Norfolk House, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C. 2. ALEXANDER ROGER.

GROUSE AT GLENDYE

SIR,—Some of your readers may be interested in the following account of a day's grouse driving to one gun only at Glendye. The achievement is rather remarkable for being so late in the season.

On September 29th Colonel Claude Beddington had a day to himself on the Laigie beat. It was the fifth time this beat had been shot this season, 1,990 grouse having already been killed there. There were two sets of beaters of eight each, with seven flankers in all, and there had been no drives in blank.

The bag was made as follows:

Time.	Drive.	Grouse picked up.
11 a.m.	1. Water of Avon	19
	2. Cockhill East	41
	(Lunch.)	
	3. Cockhill West	89
	4. Cockhill East) Very	39
	5. Cockhill West) short ..	14
	6. Cockhill East) drives ..	9
	Picked up next day	3
	Total	214

Glendye, Banchory, N.B. Yours faithfully, D. FRASER (Headkeeper).

OSPREY IN THE MIDLANDS

SIR,—While fishing at a reservoir in Northamptonshire on September 27th I was amazed to see a large bird, which at first sight might have been mistaken for a buzzard. My brother and the boatman watched him with interest for several minutes as he wheeled and hovered over the water. After about 10 minutes we observed him stoop from a height of about 80ft. to 90ft., descending at an angle of approximately 60° to the water. He hit the water with considerable force about 150yds. from us, and a shower of spray went up as he practically disappeared from sight. After about three or four seconds he spread his wings, and with what appeared to be great effort rose from the water with a 1lb. to a 1½lb. trout in his claws. He wheeled around for two or three minutes carrying the fish, and several times shook himself in the air. After this he disappeared from view into a wood on the lakeside, where presumably he devoured his catch. After seeing this we came to the conclusion that the bird was an osprey.

He reappeared half an hour later, and we observed him make two more stoops, in exactly the same way as described above, but neither time was he successful. While he was flying around the lake he was at intervals mobbed by carrion crows, and on one occasion was driven back to the wood, where he sat on a dead branch of an oak tree while the crows swirled about angrily around him for five minutes. He stayed here for fully half an hour, until we disturbed him by trying to get too close to him in the boat. He hung about the lake till about 12.30, after which we saw no more of him. On one occasion he came within doubtful gunshot of the boat, but we could see quite clearly he had a hooked beak. The breast was greyish white, and the wings and back were brown. The wing span was approximately 4ft. If the bird was an osprey, of which there seems little doubt, you might think it of sufficient importance to make a note of in your columns.

Yours truly,

Hill, near Rugby. W. HAROLD BLYTH.

[There is no doubt the bird was an osprey.—ED.]

HOW DO BIRDS RECOGNISE THEIR FRIENDS?

SIR,—By whatever marks they know us there is no question in my mind that, as Mr. Metge says, birds are able to recognise their friends. Our chaffinches and robins quite definitely know my husband and myself, however we may appear to be dressed. They call at regular times and come to a whistle, but associate us conspicuously with motor-cars. A cock chaffinch and a robin wait generally on the stand pipe by the garage for our homecoming and refuse to let us put the car in till they have had their peanuts.

My husband's return from London is anticipated, and a robin stations himself at the garage door with my black pug when the appropriate hour is near. Our great friend is "Ragged Robin," a two-year-old cock, who is a terrible fighter. He is always out at elbows and seems not to have a feather to his back or adequate cover to his head. He comes for his butter at breakfast-time and peanuts through the day, but if by chance my husband's car is left unattended in front of the house we find him standing under the running board. He seems to have connected in his small mind the car and the husband and a pocketful of peanuts.

Yours truly,

Fairfield, Burnham, Bucks. GWLADYS MCKENNA.

SWANS AND GRASS WRACK

SIR,—I notice in your columns a somewhat misleading letter from a Bournemouth correspondent on the subject of my swannery at Abbotsbury, and I feel that I must ask for space to qualify his statements. It is perfectly true that we have noticed with much dismay during the past four years a progressive disappearance of the *Zostera marina*, or eel grass, which constitutes the staple food of the swans. A similar shortage on a very large scale, in the same period, is reported from the eastern coast of the United States and Canada, from Brittany, and from other districts in Great Britain, the cause of which is said to be some infection or microbe not at present located.

There is, however, no possible parallel between the present situation and the temporary disappearance of the grass in the past, to which your correspondent alludes. A succession of very severe winters, 1878–9, 1880–1, culminated in that of 1881–2 when both the East and West Fleets were solidly frozen on a neap tide and remained so for weeks. When the ice at last broke up, it tore out by the roots all the grass, which was frozen into it. But there was then no sign of disease.

Nor do our records show anything remotely resembling his suggestion of the actual mortality of the swans. There was certainly a large diminution of numbers, for, notwithstanding heavy artificial feeding many birds spread inland and along the coast. The highest figures of birds actually found dead were in 1881–2. The autumn count of that period may be of interest, and includes birds in Weymouth Backwater and Portland Harbour, as well as on the Fleets: 1879, 1,511; 1880, 1,506; 1881, 1,108; 1882, 600; 1883, 458; 1884, 425; 1885, 584. My own count in recent years averages between 800 and 900, but the stock belonging to the Weymouth Corporation has shown considerable increase.

Examinations during the present summer point to an almost total disappearance of the *Zostera marina*. On the other hand, latest advices show that a new weed of a more slender and wiry nature is appearing in some quantities, anyhow in the West Fleet, that the swans are taking kindly to it, and will no longer touch artificial food. Whether it is of a sufficiently substantial nature to withstand the winter, or whether it will be present in sufficient quantities to be of real use, remains to be seen.

Yours faithfully,

Melbury, Dorchester. ILCHESTER.



AFTER A FIVE-HOUR BATTLE
(See Letter "South American Swordfish")

SOUTH AMERICAN SWORDFISH

SIR,—The enclosed photograph was recently received by me from Mr. W. E. S. Tuker, of Tocopilla, Chile, with the following remarks:

"On Sunday last (September 10th) I hooked and killed my first Broadbill swordfish on No. 36 thread line after a five-hour battle. On the following morning—I did not get back until after 9 a.m.—the fish weighed 619lb., and measured 11ft. 11in. from tip of sword to tip of tail. As far as I can find out, this looks like a record. What do you say? About six weeks ago I was into a Broadbill for over an hour, but the hook pulled out. The bait used was 'squid,' and the fish was stone dead, drowned, when I got it to the gaff. It was heart-breaking work pulling it up to the surface from about 300yds. down below."

I should be most interested to hear if this constitutes a new world record, as I am inclined to believe it does. As far as I know, the next biggest Broadbills are 582lb. by Zane Grey, Avalon, 1926; and 568lb., Stanley Ellis, New Zealand, 1929.

In June last, Mr. Tuker also caught a Marlin weighing about 220lb. As far I know, these are the only two swordfish to be caught on rod and line in these waters.

Lima, Peru. Yours faithfully, T. G. S.

[Mr. White Wickham took a Broadbill weighing 673lb. off Cape Brett, N.Z., in 1928. There is also on record a swordfish (precise species uncertain) caught by Mr. Zane Grey in the Pacific which weighed 1,040lb.—ED.]

A SWALLOW'S NEST INDOORS

SIR,—Early in July we were away from home for six days, the house being shut up except for a ventilating window in the kitchen. On our return we found a swallow's nest supported on the curtain rod above the kitchen window, with the hen swallow sitting on the nest, and her mate perched on the curtain rod beside the nest. In due course, four eggs were laid and hatched out, the swallows flying in and out of the ventilating window. Every night saw the hen on the nest, and the male swallow on the curtain rod.

The swallows paid no attention to the continual coming and going incidental to the work of a kitchen. One day 30 members of a women's institute crowded into the kitchen to watch the baby birds being fed. When the wireless was on in the evening, the swallows would often perch together on top of the kitchen door, apparently enjoying the music. We were away for three weeks from the middle of August, the house being again shut up, and we heard that all the four young birds had been seen flying in and out of the ventilator.

After we came home on September 8th we saw the four young ones sitting on the roof just outside the kitchen window, and until September 14th two swallows came in each night and perched on the curtain rod beside the rest. We have seen no swallows here since September 14th, so imagine they must have migrated.

Yours truly,
Bishopstrow Farm, Warminster, Wilts. IRENE OLPHERTS.

REMOVING GLINT FROM GUT

SIR,—A few alder leaves well crushed in the hands produces some green juice, and if the new cast is drawn through the leaves the glint will be very effectively removed. Alder trees are nearly always found growing on the banks of rivers, but failing them dock leaves do almost as well. Miss Maude Pilcher, in her letter on this subject in your issue of October 7th, writes of using black wax. But surely this is a question of staining gut—a very different matter. It would be interesting to hear the views of your readers as to whether it really pays to stain gut, and if so what is the best colour. Many years ago I remember reading about a man who put on a diving suit and lay on his back at the bottom of a tank while someone trailed casts of many different colours over him. His conclusions were that colour mattered hardly at all, but that the least visible casts were those which most nearly approached a true cylinder in section, *i.e.*, the rounder the better. That points to undrawn gut being less visible than drawn gut. I have used "camouflaged" casts when dry-fly fishing; these are made by some tackle firm in the Midlands and are stained in bands of about 6in. long in three or four different colours. I came to the conclusion that in very bright weather I was slightly more successful with them, but that on dull days they made no difference at all. I have also used Hardy's pale green casts, but I do not think they catch any more fish than the ordinary white cast.

A short time ago you printed a most interesting article by someone who had studied the behaviour of salmon through a water glass on the Aberdeenshire Dee, and the two things that really terrified fish were the ordinary unstained cast and a yellow dog. He also said that a black cast did not seem to frighten fish at all. Has the writer of the article or anyone else tried using black casts, and if so with what result?

Yours truly,
9, Sydney Place, Onslow Square, S.W. 7. GEORGE CHETWODE (Vice-Admiral).

JERSEY TIGER MOTHS IN DEVON

SIR,—Perhaps it may be of some interest to record that the Jersey Tiger moth (*Callimorpha quadripunctaria*), whose sole habitat in this country, I believe, used to be the district on the west side of the Exe estuary, is now firmly established in the Exmouth-Budleigh Salterton area on the east side of that river. A few specimens were noted by reliable observers in August during the years 1930–2, and this year three have been captured near Budleigh Salterton and several others seen both in Budleigh Salterton and in Exmouth. It is to be hoped that this fine species will continue to enlarge its boundaries in future years. The Comma butterfly (*Vanessa c. album*) is almost numerous this year in the same district.

Yours faithfully,
W. WALMESLEY WHITE.
Budleigh Salterton.

SPARROWHAWK IN SPARROW TRAP

SIR,—Mr. L. J. Allen's description of a hawk trying to get at some budgerigars in an aviary is interesting, but, I imagine, not very unusual. We have a home-made sparrow trap which is usually kept in the pheasant pens here. It is oblong in shape, about 5ft. long by 4ft. wide by 4ft. high, made of light timber framing and covered with small-mesh wire netting. In appearance it resembles a span-roof shed with an inverted roof. There is a hole about 3in. in diameter half-way along the inverted ridge. The trap is baited with corn, the sparrows enter by way of the hole and cannot find their way out again. On three occasions during the last twelve or eighteen months sparrowhawks have entered the trap, killed and eaten the bird or birds inside and have then been captured themselves, having been unable to find their way out.

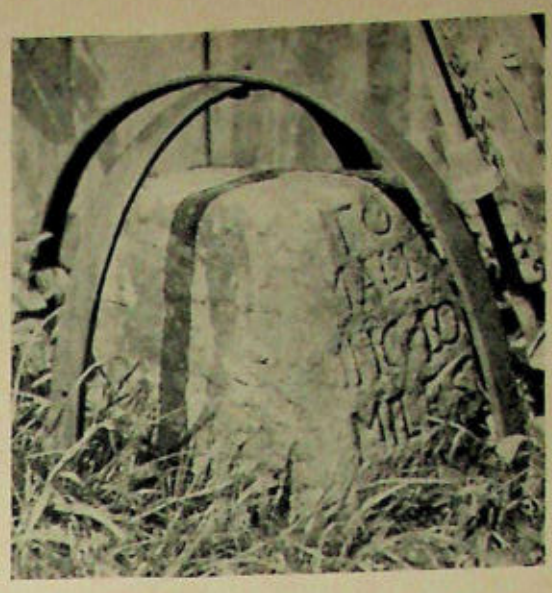
If any of your readers are interested in this contrivance I shall be pleased to send them a sketch and particulars; a rough carpenter can make one for a few shillings. We find it very useful.

Yours faithfully,
Sandon Estate Office, Stafford. T. W. KNOWLES.

AN ANCIENT MILESTONE

SIR,—The accompanying photograph shows what must surely be one of the first milestones erected on English soil for English people. It is to be found on the Pilgrims' Way, that runs from Winchester to Canterbury, at the first cross-roads after leaving Otford in Kent.

After the Romans left these islands, the inhabitants had no use for milestones, and, according to



ON THE PILGRIMS' WAY
(See Letter "An Ancient Milestone")

Sidney and Beatrice Webb, in Vol. II. of *English Local Government*, milestones were not again erected until about 1720.

The fact that this milestone has the date 1720 carved on it indicates that it is certainly one of the oldest; and I wonder if any of your readers know of an *English* milestone of greater age.

Another respect in which this stone is unusual is that it gives directions and distances to four places—to Malling, Dartford, Sevenoaks and Bromley.

Our thanks are due to some authority for protecting this stone by means of serviceable, if ugly, iron hoops.

Yours faithfully,
54, Orchards Way, Highfield, Southampton. W. E. WARD.

A SQUIRREL'S STRANGE END

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a grey squirrel, which somehow or other ended its life as follows: Having snared a pike, I placed the rod up against the horizontal branch of a tree. The snare (at the end of the rod) was hanging—open—about a yard from the bark of the tree. Next day I went to fetch the snare, and found the squirrel hanging by its neck in the snare. It will be noticed that the rod is bent by the weight of the squirrel.

The snare was made of two strands of copper wire, whilst the top of the "rod" is strengthened by a further branch, the wire being tied to the two ends. When I placed the "rod" against the branch of the tree I stood it upright, and the end of the rod—on the ground—had not moved at all. In the squirrel's endeavours to escape the rod had slipped along the branch and was prevented by tension from slipping right off the branch.

Yours truly,
Digswell Fisheries, Benslow, Hitchin. G. W. KING.



A PIKE SNARE DOES OVERTIME
(See Letter "A Squirrel's Strange End")

HOW FAST DO BIRDS FLY?

SIR,—In Miss Frances Pitt's interesting article in your issue of September 30th, reference is made to the speed of racing pigeons. Miss Pitt mentions that the speed of 60 miles an hour has been attained by a racing pigeon. Actually, the highest speed of which we have record is 2,768yds. a minute, and there are many records of pigeons flying at a rate of over 2,000yds. a minute.

For purposes of comparison it should be remembered that these speeds are calculated on the distance flown, but the time that the bird is flying round to get height and direction, and also the time it might fly round at its home end, and the time necessary for catching it, are included in the time on which the speed is calculated, so that the speeds in most cases would be somewhat higher than those recorded. Yours faithfully,

19, Doughty Street, London, W.C. 1. W. H. OSMAN (Editor, *Racing Pigeon*).

SIR,—Miss Frances Pitt says that teal can outdistance mallard. Is not the superior speed of teal an illusion created by their smaller size? Do not falconers find, when they spring mallard and teal together, that it is always teal which drop behind and are struck down by their hawks?

Apropos the speed of swallows. It was reported from Germany in the summer of 1932 that a pigeon fancier who had caught a swallow and marked it with red tape had sent it with his pigeons to be released at a place 372 miles distant. The swallow was home within three hours. I cannot authenticate these facts and must admit that a reader's scepticism would not necessarily be allayed by the last sentence of the report I saw: "The pigeons did not reach home until some time afterwards!"

Yours faithfully,

Berks. J. D. U. W.



AFTER THE BATTLE
(*See Letter "Two Japanese Stags"*)

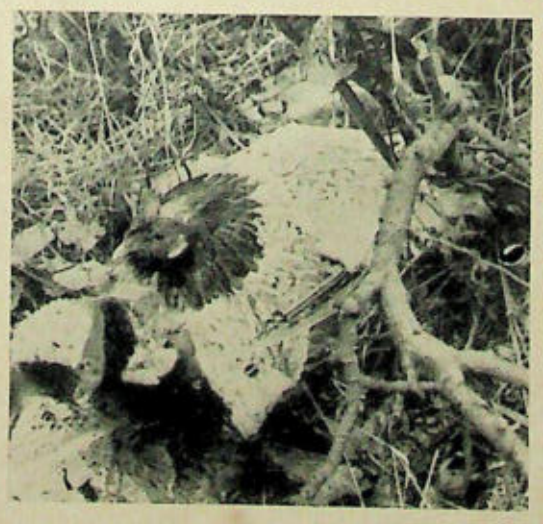
TWO JAPANESE STAGS

SIR,—I enclose photograph of two Japanese bucks which were found on September 24th, which fought and were locked together and died in the New Forest about a mile from Beaulieu Road Station. The right brow antler of the buck of which the head shows on top was in the throat, and his left horn was between the brow antlers and locked to the right horn of the other buck. This photograph was taken as they were found.

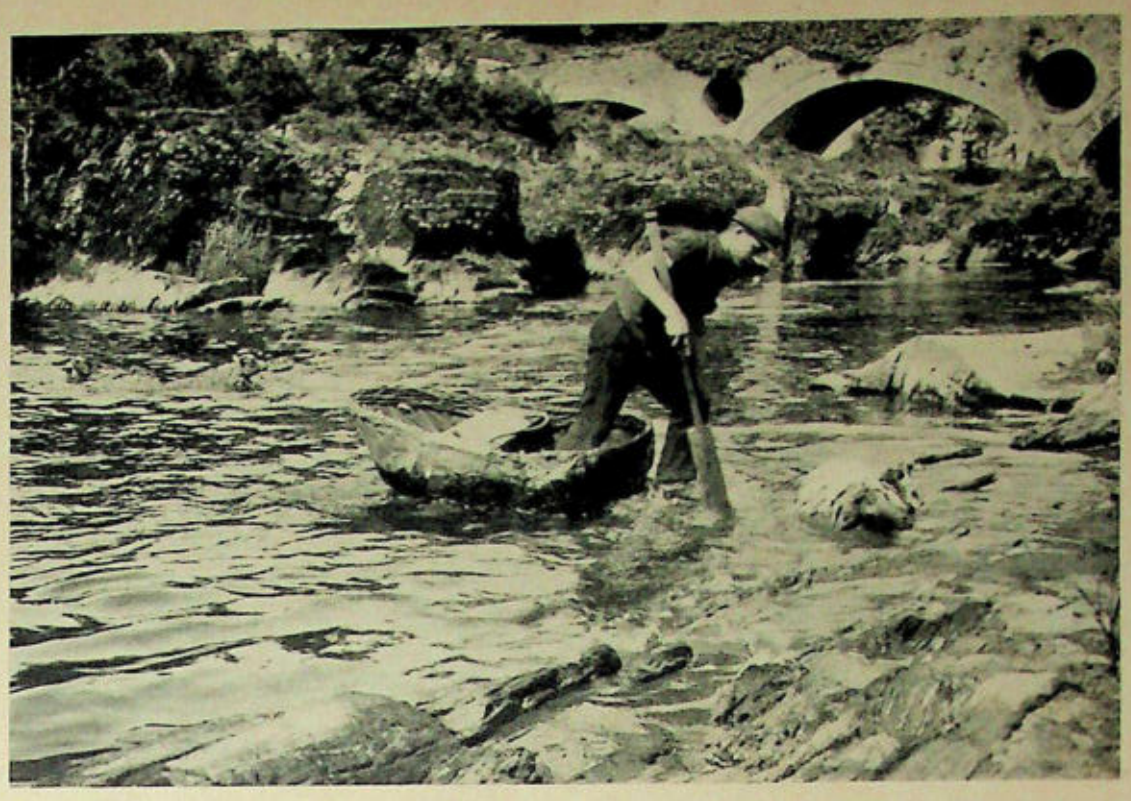
Yours truly,

Parkground Cottage, Clay Hill, Lyndhurst, Hants. E. SMITH (Head Keeper).





GREAT EXPECTATIONS—OR A NEW USE FOR WINDFALLS
(*See Letter "A Hen's Clutch of Apples"*)



CORACLE MAN TO THE RESCUE
(*See Letter "Primitive Sheep Washing"*)

PRIMITIVE SHEEP WASHING

SIR,—You may like to publish the enclosed photographs of sheep washing in the Tivy at Cenarth.

The sheep are thrown into the river from the side where the bank is steepest and swim across to the other side, where they can climb out fairly easily, though sometimes, as you will see, they slip and have to be rescued.

The coracle men stay one above and one below where the sheep are crossing, to head them off if they get out of the course or to rescue them if likely to be carried away by the current, which is very swift.

The picture shows this happening. The men paddle very swiftly to the rescue when needed. The flock is rested when all have reached the farther bank, and then taken back across the bridge to repeat the process twice more.

Yours faithfully,

M. W.

WHAT IS A MOOR?

SIR,—I was dictating a letter to my clerk the other day, which was being sent to my bank at Muir of Ord, in Scotland. My clerk, who is a Levantine, asked me what Muir meant, so I said, "Do you know what a moor is?" and he answered, "Oh, yes, sir, that is love."

I think it is too good a remark to be stored in one's memory and not passed on.

Yours faithfully,

Barakat, Sudan. HECTOR MACKENZIE.

A HEN'S CLUTCH OF APPLES

SIR,—This hen made a nest under the trees, and her eggs were taken away from her. She persisted in sitting, however, and, as she had no eggs, gathered a number of fallen apples from under the trees and raked them into her nest. The apples were gathered by the hen herself and dragged some distance to the nest. It will be noticed that the apples are withered through being sat upon.

Marr Vicarage, Doncaster. Yours truly, G. H. HEWISON.

HORSE'S DIGESTIVE POWERS

SIR,—Whilst taking a walk through meadows adjoining the Bishop's Stortford Golf Links and swishing my stout oak stick, I saw a small object bound away out of some horse droppings. On closer inspection I saw it was the remains of a golf ball, which had evidently passed through the horse. The coating had all gone and only rubber shreds remain. Is this unique?

Yours truly,

Firland, Warwick Road, Bishop's Stortford. GEO. F. RAPINARY.



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Just a few drops of Larola used regularly night and morning and after washing is all that is necessary for the sensible daily care of the skin. It keeps the most delicate complexion free from the ill-effects of autumnal wind and rain, and the hands soft and white. This fragrant and refreshing liquid will keep your skin beautifully smooth and soft, and prevent all redness, roughness and chaps. It also forms a perfect powder base.

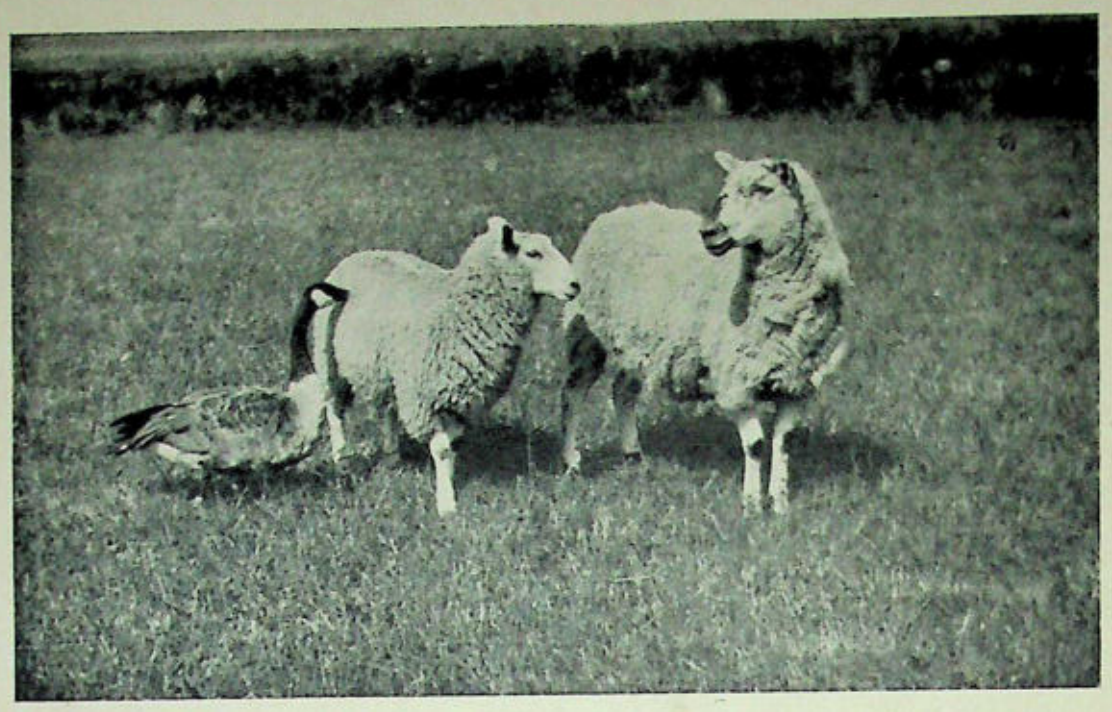
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"A SURREPTITIOUS PECK AT THE YOUNGEST OF THE FAMILY"
(See Letter "Strange Company")

STRANGE COMPANY

SIR,—The accompanying photograph shows a strangely assorted trio which can be seen daily on an Angus farm near Kirriemuir. The bird is a Canada gander which was brought up from the nest and which became curiously attached to a St. Kilda ewe. When a lamb was born, the bird showed as much interest in it as its mother did, and when later on it was removed to a different field, the gander honked all night in the greatest excitement.

A year later the St. Kilda ewe died, closely attended to the last by the faithful bird, which then seemed to become even more attached to the lamb. When she in her turn gave birth to a lamb, the gander's behaviour underwent a curious change, and he viewed the new arrival with intense jealousy. Again and again he tried to kill it by vicious pecks, and was once found trying to drown it in the farm pond.

The youngster, however, survived, and the three are never seen far from each other, although it is noticeable that the gander prefers the company of the mother and often gives a surreptitious peck at the youngest of the family.

Yours faithfully,
Ashwood. T. LESLIE SMITH.

A HAWK AT THE TEA-TABLE

SIR,—In a recent issue there was a letter from C. E. Turner about a hawk and mahseer. As illustrating the daring of these birds, I had a curious experience at Dera Ismail Khan early in 1914.

I used to be carried out on my bed to lie out in the bungalow compound in the afternoon, and had my tea there. The table was always placed by the bed on the far side from the bungalow, and the butter in a glass bowl such as one buys potted meats in. I was just turning over in bed to start my tea when a hawk swooped down and picked a pat of butter out of the bowl without upsetting a single thing. I think the bird was considerably surprised to find the softness of its catch, as he had difficulty in recovering himself when he felt the butter sliding off his talons!

Yours faithfully,
Kilworthy, J. D. LEMAN.
Tavistock, Devon.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

The Spread of the Comma.—On August 30th my little boy, aged seven, captured a fine specimen of the comma butterfly on a dahlia in my garden. This is only the second time in four years that I have seen this butterfly here.—J. E. AUSTIN, Kirkstone, Wadhurst, Sussex.

Early Wild Geese.—On September 29th I saw a flock of wild geese flying over Moffat and honking loudly. They came from the north-east and were heading for the Solway.—DENIS D. LYELL, Belmont, Moffat.

White-winged Lark in Scotland.—A friend and I were able to identify a white-winged lark on the shore in Nigg Bay here on September 25th. It was seen at close range and was quite unmistakable. As this bird is a somewhat rare straggler to these islands, particularly as far north as this, perhaps its occurrence is worthy of record.—Lieutenant J. BRETT, R.N., H.M.S. Renown, Cromarty.

Marked Grouse.—A grouse has been shot on my moor at Carleton bearing a ring on its leg with the number P 32. Unfortunately the bird was disposed of without the ring being removed. It would be interesting to know where this bird came from. I can only imagine that it might be from Pendle, Pennyghent or Pennistone Moors.—PERCY HUDSON, The Grange, Carleton, Skipton.

Late Nightjar.—On October 12th, about 9 a.m., I flushed a nightjar from a bank in the garden. It flew slowly about 40yds. across an orchard and squatted on a path. I flushed it twice again, and each time it flew about the same distance. The third time it turned the corner of a ride in the wood, and I could not find it. Yarrell gives two instances of nightjars seen in November, but I have never before seen one later than early September.—ERIC PARKER, Feathercombe, Hambledon, Godalming.



NATURE'S PERSISTENCE
(See Letter "A Compressed Rose Stem")

A Compressed Rose Stem.—Perhaps you might care to reproduce the accompanying photograph as a curious instance of fasciation in a climbing rose.—ALFRED HERBERT, Dunley Manor, Whitchurch, Hants.

Cart Horse Face Brasses.—I am anxious to know if there is any book or articles published concerning cart horse face brasses. I wonder if any of your readers could supply me with information on the subject.—L. C., Oakham.

IN THE CITY

IN SEARCH OF STABILITY

THE view was expressed in this column last week that the time may have arrived when the policy of consolidating capital gain, so far as is possible, rather than that of aiming at further capital appreciation, may prove to have been well advised, and three securities were mentioned which gave an average yield of a few pence more than 5 per cent., and which seemed unlikely to fall in saleable value to any substantial extent even if the optimism of the last few months were to give place to a period of falling price levels. The 12½ per cent. cumulative preference shares of J. Sears & Co. might, with just cause, lay claim to be included in any selection of this latter type of security, and the shares can at present be bought at 46/6 to yield £5 6s. 6d. per cent., allowing for net accrued dividend and for all expenses of purchase. The company is engaged both in the manufacture and retail business of boots and shoes, and is under capable management. The dividend on the 12½ per cent. preference shares, which is paid on January 1st and July, requires £46,713 per annum, whereas the amount available has not fallen below £150,000 for the last ten years. Bearing these figures in mind, the yield is rather exceptional and the shares would seem to be worth buying at anything up to 50/-.

IN SEARCH OF APPRECIATION

It is doubtful whether the risk incurred nowadays by the purchase of speculative shares at a low price is any greater than the risk incurred by the purchase of the shares of most of the first-class industrial companies at the very high prices that must be paid. For the speculative investor who wishes to aim at capital appreciation rather than a high percentage of income return, without incurring more risk than is absolutely necessary, it is all a question of the scope for a rise in the price of the stock or share under consideration as compared with the scope for a fall. Market sentiment is capable of moving price levels a long way, either up or down, and has a nasty habit of changing when least expected. However favourable the prospects of still higher market quotations may seem at present it is as well to remember that such prices could only be justified by matters of opinion regarding the future as opposed to matters of fact. The opinion of no man is infallible.

Brief particulars are set out below relating to a share that seems to the writer to have considerably more scope for appreciation in value than for depreciation. A purchase would obviously necessitate the incurring of some risk, but for the reason stated just above such risk would not appear unbusinesslike.

The £1 ordinary shares of Primitiva Holdings, Ltd., have changed hands during the current year at prices varying from 11/- to 18/3, and can at present be bought at 16/9. During 1929 the price range was 26/6 to 37/9. The company holds 98.67 per cent. of the capital of the Primitiva Gas Company of Buenos Aires, Ltd., which latter concern has an eminently satisfactory record of trading results over the last ten years, which are set out below.

Year.	Gross Revenue.	Year.	Gross Revenue.
1923 ..	£75,319	1928 ..	£303,570
1924 ..	140,432	1929 ..	340,820
1925 ..	156,508	1930 ..	393,214
1926 ..	203,656	1931 ..	401,935
1927 ..	253,809	1932 ..	400,170

No dividend was paid on the ordinary shares of the holdings company in respect of the year ended April 30th last since the gas company was unable to remit funds to this country owing to the currency restrictions in the Argentine. For the time being it seems to have been overlooked that the holdings company will stand to benefit more than most other concerns from the steps that are being taken to "unfreeze" the Argentine Exchange.

The following is a verbatim extract from the directors' report of Primitiva Holdings, Ltd., issued on May 11th this year, which refers to the gas company:

"Owing to the rigid control over foreign exchange in Argentina with the resultant restriction upon the transfer of funds to Great Britain, this subsidiary had at the end of 1932 accumulated in Buenos Aires the equivalent of over £300,000 at current rates of exchange, which it was unable to remit."

The sum of £300,000 represents approximately 12½ per cent. on the issued ordinary capital of the holdings company, and although it is not suggested that a dividend of that amount is likely to be distributed forthwith, it does not seem unreasonable to look for the declaration of a dividend next May at a rate that would more than justify the current price of the shares.

PACTOLUS.

INTERNATIONAL LAWN TENNIS

Borotra Proves He is Not Too Old for Singles

By J. E. COLLETT

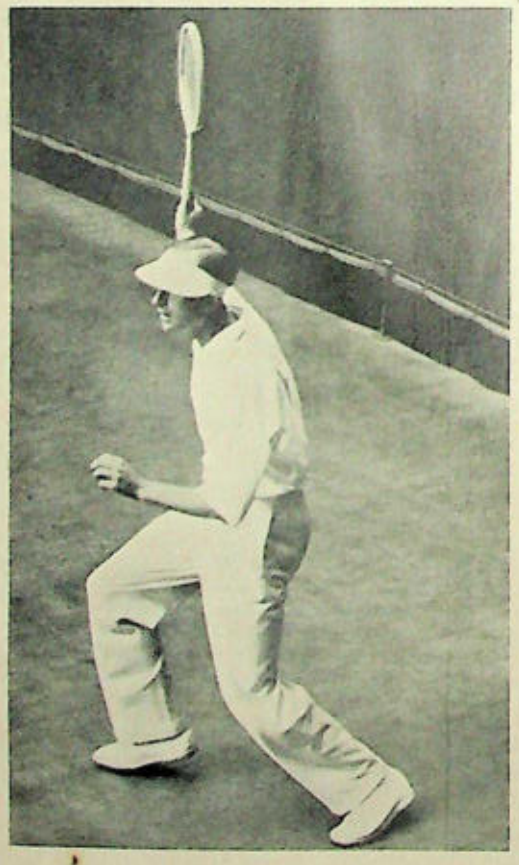
THAT the International Club has taken a definite place in lawn tennis was again emphasised in the annual two-day meeting between the British and French sections at Queen's Club last week. This time France won by the narrow margin of eight rubbers to seven.

The play and the company gathered to watch it were of Wimbledon class. The match on the second day between H. W. Austin and J. Borotra was umpired by Commander G. W. Hillyard, and below him, on the "committee" cane chairs, sat, among others, the King of Greece, M. Corbin (the French Ambassador), and Lord and Lady Jellicoe.

France, of course, had the benefit of the presence of Jean Borotra, as active and magnificent as ever, the merry monarch of the volley, beloved of all people.

John Olliff, though playing with a bandaged leg, teased the great Frenchman nevertheless on the first day. He was beaten 4/6, 6/2, 6/4, but he gave nearly as good as he got. He indulged in an orgy of his favourite finesse against the fine force of Borotra's attack, and skill and fortune combined to allow him a number of metaphorical kings on the right side for his points. He tempted Borotra frequently to foozle a volley of a comparatively slow ball, artfully angled and dropping with spin. A little more luck with passes narrowly out might have given him the seventh game for 4/3 in the deciding set, and a better chance of fighting more closely for it, but Borotra had more vigour and reserve, and stormed out with a rush at the finish.

When Borotra began against Austin he seemed about to prove his own assertion that he was growing too old for singles. Austin wended his rhythmic way, and Borotra could not break the measure. It is doubtful whether he was trying fully to do so towards the latter part of the set; perhaps he preferred the constantly deterrent effect of an easy first set on a worthy opponent. This is as it may have been, but it is not possible to subscribe



E. C. PETERS
Who beat T. Feret 6/3, 6/3 at Queen's Club on the first day

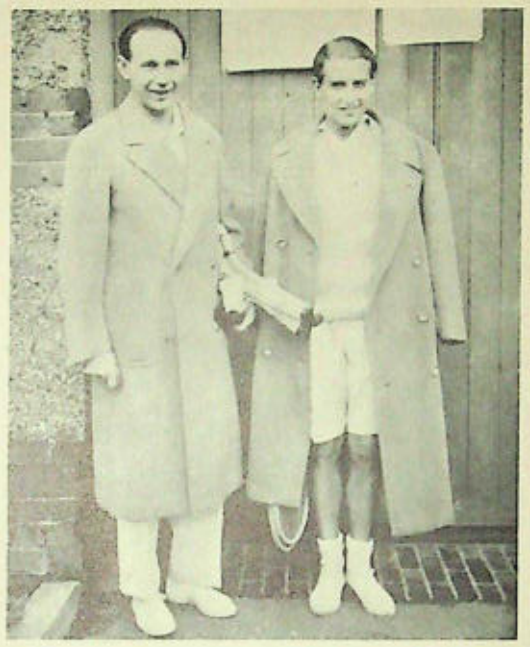
to the opinion that Austin fell into the obvious snare which catches so many who ought to know better. The fact was that for the rest of the match the Borotra of old was predominant.

Not without dispute, because the new Austin was there to contest every point with something more than ground strokes for his weapons. His service had sting, and his smashes were splendidly angled. He was his own man enough to pull up from 2/5 down in the second set (the score in Borotra's favour was 1/6, 9/7, 6/3), and in the process he had a few winning lobs; he also won three out of six of a remarkable interchange of love service games.

But in the deciding set, helped perhaps by the tense atmosphere of encouragement engendered by a friendly crowd in an indoor court, Borotra literally sprang to his job. The panther leap, the volley punched to an irretrievable placement, the telescopic smash were flung into the game by this man of iron with the heart of gold. The last stroke saw Borotra triumphant at the net with Austin pecking feebly at a hurtling ball in his backhand corner.

C. R. D. Tuckey and R. K. Tinkler did well against C. Boussus and A. Gentian, who are a good pair. Tuckey was playing sound stuff on the whole, but at times had rather more luck than judgment. Tinkler seemed to lack the latter quality. It would appear that if Tuckey is able to devote the time to it, he should be regarded as a person to be provided with a partner for international purposes.

Though Boussus was beaten by an easy-looking score (6/1, 6/3) by Austin, he fought well, and the



TO MEET AGAIN TO-DAY?
Jean Borotra and H. W. Austin, protagonists in the International Club Meeting, may face each other in the finals of the Covered Courts Championship

match was undeniably as pretty a piece of straight forward lawn tennis as might be wished for anywhere, the kind of work at which only H. L. Doherty has been Austin's superior. Boussus need be no more ashamed of being beaten that way than was Austin at what he got from Borotra.

On the other hand, Boussus cannot have been satisfied with the bad first set he put up against Tinkler. He won the next two confidently enough, but he had not the game he produced against Austin.

A match which was not played on the main show court and therefore escaped notice rather undeservedly was the one in which E. C. Peters beat P. Feret, 6/3, 6/3, on the first day. Feret is a shrewd and careful player with all his wits about him, but he was outwitted by Peters, who submitted him to his well-known theme with variations, ranging from short drops to deep and lofted loops, which was once almost too much even for that master of slow motion M. Sleem. But that is another Queen's story.

OUR ANNUAL TABLE OF HUNTS

THE following particulars came to hand too late to be included in our annual Table of Hunts published on October 7th. The "cap" for the Woodland Pytchley is now £1 instead of £2. Captain R. H. Fox has resigned from the Hon. Secretaryship to the Mid-Kent, and his successor has not yet been appointed. The kennels of this pack are now at "Goldwell," Great Chart, near Ashford, and Mr. W. L. Dawes no longer acts as hon. whipper-in.

In Ireland Mr. H. M. Read has taken over the Mastership of the Ormond, which he formerly shared with Mr. G. S. Webb.

The K.O.S.B. Beagles now have Captain L. F. Machin as Master, and the hunting days are Monday and Thursdays, with occasional bye-days. Mr. D. Dundas carries the horn, and also acts as hon. secretary, while Mr. J. N. Stewart and Mr. R. M. Crosthwaite are the new whippers-in.

Sir D'Arcy Waechter, Bart., has been carrying on as Master of the Kirby Muxloe Beagles as Dr. C. F. Garfit, the late Master, had to take up an appointment in India. Major H. Miles, of Gopsall Hall, Leicestershire, is mentioned as a possible successor. In referring to the Limbourne Beagles it should have been stated that these hounds are all S.B. Beagles.

The Widdrington Beagles consist of thirteen couple of 15½in. S.B. Beagles, and hunt twice a week. The Master, Brig.-General F. Widdrington, C.M.G., D.S.O., hunts hounds himself, and the kennels are at Newton Hall, Felton, Northumberland.

FIELD TRIALS

Spaniels at Bleasdale Towers

THE trials for any variety spaniels, under the auspices of the North Western Counties Field Trial Association, were held at Bleasdale Towers, near Garstang, Lancashire, on October 3rd and 4th, by kind permission of Messrs. W. A. and R. P. Silcock. The judges were Lady Hollins and Dr. W. J. Dawson. The results were as follows:

OPEN STAKE FOR ANY VARIETY RETRIEVING SPANIELS (except Cockers).—The Maharaja of Patiala's b, Dalshangan Maida (h., A. L. Trotter), 1; Mr. F. C. A. Church's b, Mutali Busy (h., Owner), 2; Dr. B. G. Goodwin's b, Hillhampton Susie (h., Owner), 3. Mr. S. C. Jones's d, Don O'Vara (h., J. T. Greatorex), reserve. Certificates of merit: Mr. George Clarke's Actress of Blair and Dryfe of Blair, Mr. S. C. Jones's Buster O'Vara, Captain A. Beal's Huntercombe Fiddler. The following also competed: Miss A. Boardman's Belinda of Rossing, Mr. A. Byrne's Tedwyns Tiger, Lieut.-Col. Tilney's Clonyard Frolic, Mr. J. C. Dalton's Delightful Pal, Mr. H. L. May's Longridge Norah.

OPEN NOVICE STAKE FOR ANY VARIETY RETRIEVING SPANIELS.—Mr. George Clarke's Eng. S., b, Nancy of Blair (h., W. Bell), 1; Mrs. S. G. Jones's Eng. S., d, Spy O'Vara (h., T. J. Greatorex), 2; Mr. John C. Dalton's Eng. S, b, Delightful Pal (h., Owner), 3. Dr. B. G. Goodwin's Eng. S, d, Milhampton Trailer reserve. Certificates of merit: Sir Ian Malcolm's Poltaloch Rex, Mr. G. Henriques' Dalshangan Best, Mr. S. C. Jones's Slick O'Vara, Mr. J. Elphinstone's Rufton Flash, Mrs. T. M. Miller's Bracinscale Major, Mr. F. C. A. Church's Mutali Lad, Lieut.-Col. Tilney's Clonyard Frolic, Mr. J. Robinson's Binta, Mr. A. Byrne's Tedwyns Tiger, Mr. Percy Short's Roisterer. Mr. Ernest Brace's Western Electric also competed.

OPEN STAKE FOR COCKER SPANIELS.—Mr. C. A. Phillips's b, Rivington Hopalong (h., Mr. J. Thompson), 1; Mr. J. Scott's b, Jig's Bairn (h., Owner), 2; Mr. H. Ogden's b, Merlin Mistleto (h., H. White), 3. Mr. H. White's b, Jovial Judy (h., Owner), reserve. Certificates of merit: Mr. Greenfield's Norbank Spotty, Mr. C. C. F. Addie's Yoredale Pattern and Yordale Bounty. Mr. C. A. Phillips's Rivington Merry. The following also competed: Mr. J. C. Dalton's Foresome; Mr. E. Brace's Western Electric.

Other accounts have been unavoidably held over.



Definitely superior for all occasions

BOOTH'S
THE ONLY *Matured*
DRY GIN

New Book.

DARK DAYS OF THE WAR

The Old East Indiamen—A Great Sportsman

THE second volume of Mr. Lloyd George's Memoirs appears to be sprightlier and more vivid than the first, which was positively subdued in tone. He lays about him with great freedom and has no mercy on anybody who disagreed with him. There are quite a number of villains in this piece: there is no difficulty in finding the hero.

The volume opens with a dissertation on "Easterners and Westerners," as things stood in 1915. "The General Staffs of France and Britain had not won *the* war, but they had won *their* war. The Dardanelles had been evacuated; the Balkans had been transferred from Allied to enemy hands; the road to the Danube, to Constantinople and the Black Sea had been finally blocked; Serbia had been wiped out; Russia was tottering to her fall; Roumania was isolated. What consummate strategy!"

"The whole mind of the Western strategists was concentrated on one or other of the hamlets along the Somme. They exaggerated the effect of every slight advance, and worked themselves into a belief that the Germans were so pulverised by these attacks that they had not the men, the guns, nor the spirit to fight anywhere much longer. . . . This is no exaggeration of their illusions." Yet let us compare this with a quotation from the chapter in which he describes his work in the Ministry of Munitions. "In the Somme fighting of 1916 there was a spirit of heroism which was never again found in the division . . ." [the 27th (Wurtemberg) Division] and "The Somme was the muddy grave of the German Army." Mr. Lloyd George is right that the Somme was not a great strategic conception. But it was part of the victory of 1918.

There are several interesting pen portraits, and considering how warmly the author holds to his views they are not unkind. Lord Kitchener, he thinks, "may or may not have been a great man, but he was certainly not a small one . . . when he saw, his vision was penetrating. Even his failings were not ordinary. He held childish opinions on some matters, but they were not commonplace. When he did silly things, as the wisest men occasionally do, they were extraordinarily silly." Again, "Sir Douglas Haig was a stronger man [than Sir William Robertson]. I doubt whether he was abler than Robertson, but he had better fighting qualities. He was a man of more indomitable will and courage."

The book ends at the 1916 crisis, the result of which was Mr. Lloyd George's meteoric rise and fall. His account of the affair emphasises throughout that he accepted the Premiership unwillingly. He makes much more of a point of this than any other writer on the subject. His account tallies with Lord Beaverbrook's and in some degree with Mr. Churchill's. Allowing for different points of view, it may even be reconciled with that in Lord Asquith's biography. Two points seem to me to emerge from the welter of controversy. Firstly, a man of Mr. Asquith's high character would be in an impossible position as titular Prime Minister with no executive power; secondly, had Mr. Asquith appealed to the House of Commons he would almost certainly have remained in office.

We leave Mr. Lloyd George to give us the third volume concerning his greatest services to his country. They were very great services indeed, possibly the greatest of a generation. This book is naturally, therefore, a contribution to history. But it only shows one side of the medal, and that with his own image and superscription. R. M.

Memoirs of David Lloyd George. Vol. II. (Ivor Nicholson & Watson; 21/-.)

HISTORY AND THE HIGH SEAS

Ships That Sailed to the East

IT was with mixed feelings of pleasure and regret that I read Mr. E. Keble Chatterton's *The Old East Indiamen*—pleasure that I could spend many happy hours with such an enthralling story, and regret that this story, first published nearly twenty years ago, had not previously found its way to the shelves of my library. Here is a book that I could pick up and read, and read again, without losing any of the thrill of first acquaintanceship, for the story that it tells is one that cannot fail to quicken the pulses of any Englishman.

In this book Mr. Chatterton sets down the history of the Honourable East India Company from the day of its formation 300 years ago. And what inspiring reading that history makes! No single company, before or since, has ever been so powerful as that which held the monopoly of the trade with the East for more than two centuries. Formed by Elizabethan adventurers and London merchants, the East India Company did more to build up the British Empire than any other organisation since the days when Englishmen set out bravely, and almost blindly, to discover the vast oceans of the world.

None is better qualified to tell this remarkable story than Mr. Keble Chatterton, with his wide knowledge of the sea and ships, and his virile pen. There is not a dull paragraph from beginning to end of this book. Whether he is describing a running sea-fight between East Indiaman and privateer, a storm off the Cape of Good Hope, or the miseries of sea travel in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, he does so with equal power.

But the author is something more than a story-teller—he is an historian—and as one reads this book one finds oneself regretting that there are not



SIR DOUGLAS HAIG, GENERAL JOFFRE AND MR. LLOYD GEORGE

(From "War Memories of David Lloyd George." Ivor Nicholson & Watson)

more historians with Mr. Chatterton's capacity for description, for if there were the average schoolboy would face the world with a wider and happier knowledge of his country's story. At the risk of shocking the dry-as-dust educationalists I would suggest that here is a book that should be read by all the boys and girls who are at school at the present time. I would send it, too, to all those moderns whose irritating custom it is to decry all things British, because it is a story of a wonderful epoch in our country's progress, and as such it must surely kindle the dying spark of patriotism within them. It is scarcely necessary to recommend this book to lovers of the sea and ships, for they will naturally place it in their libraries beside the many other works by Mr. Chatterton, which already enliven their shelves. SOLENT.

The Old East Indiamen. By E. Keble Chatterton. (Rich & Cowan; 15/-.)

WITH GUN, ROD AND RIFLE

Memoirs of a Great Sportsman

IT is a difficult thing to review a book extracts from which have already appeared in the *Field*. In the first place, the *Field* obviously considers the book to be one of exceptional merit and interest, otherwise it would not have serialised it. In the second place, readers of the paper must have gathered already much of its flavour if not the full details of its contents.

The Duke of Portland is the *doyen* of the great landowners and great sportsmen. His book was not written either as a text-book or even as official reminiscences. It was meant for private circulation among his friends, but the decision to issue it to a wider public was a very wise one, for the book is full of those small and intimate touches from hill and moor and river which awaken happy personal memories. Moreover, there is definite information in it likely to add to our knowledge of grouse and salmon and red deer.

In the chapters on fishing the Duke tells of a remarkable experience that Sir Ronald Graham had on the Upper Floors water in his younger days. Sir Ronald says: "On September 30th I hooked a fish just above the Slap. Almost immediately a small grayling took the top bob, and a few minutes later a very small trout took the middle fly. . . . The trout and the grayling were soon drowned by the salmon's short rushes. The grayling broke off and floated down the stream—the fisherman caught it in the net as it passed. The trout also came off, but went by out of reach. They cannot have weighed ½lb. between them. I was then able to work the salmon down the Slap and get him off—a red fish of 17lb."

Langwell is more noted for its forest than its moors, but there are interesting chapters on grouse, and on the introduction of falconry to the North of Scotland. The Duke also deals with wild life in Caithness. "Wild cats were quite numerous here when Donald Ross (a stalker) first came in 1848, but when I arrived in 1880 they were said to be extinct. Arch McEwan (another stalker), however, trapped one in 1887; but there were no more found for 30 years, when one was caught by J. McEwan in Braemore. Since then several more have been caught. This recurrence I put down to the war, and also to the fact that the Duke of Sutherland has given orders for the preservation of wild cats on his estates. Personally I see no object in preserving them, as they are hardly ever seen, and are most destructive to grouse—more so than even foxes or falcons."

There are a number of good stories interspersed through the book. We can only quote one here: "Lord Alexander Paget, commonly known as 'Dandy' Paget, used often to come here. He was always very smartly dressed. I remember on one occasion he had a green Lovat mixture suit with the largest red checks I have ever seen or could possibly imagine. He appeared one morning in this, and Donald Ross remarked: 'Oh, my Lord, that is exactly the same suiting that was given to me 25 years ago, and I have some of it the noo'!' This rather took the shine out of Dandy and his new suit."

Good books like good wine have *bouquet*. It is something intimate. One cannot define it. Whatever it is this book has it. R. M.

Fifty Years and More of Sport in Scotland. By the Duke of Portland, K.G., G.C.V.O. (Faber and Faber; 21/-.)

ARTIST AND M.F.H.

IT has been written that no book, however deficient in quality or quantity it may be, is not so poor that something may not be learned from it. And, further, those who write upon hunting—after racing, I suppose the most highly specialised sport in the world—must have a correct way of taking part in it. The former does not apply to Mr. Aldin: the latter does. He must have an observant brain, for he can write of hunting matters very nearly as well as he can paint a hunting scene.

Of all the sporting artists who have delighted us with various conceptions of the hunting field, Mr. Aldin is the only one who has actually been a Master of Hounds himself. He has known a Master's cares and troubles, he has realised to the full a Master's joys and rewards. Some years ago he gave a delighted sporting public a volume crammed with instruction and good advice and common sense, entitled *Ratcatcher to Scarlet*, which an American reviewer, by the way, summed up in these strange words: "This book treats of catching rats and hunting foxes," and now he has once more set his facile pen upon paper.

Mr. Alden takes us through the whole gamut of buying horses, cubhunting, kennel management, riding to hounds and digging, and in all these things is found the hand of the Master, who has done things for himself, seen with his own eyes, and felt with his own hands. True, these topics have been treated many times before, from the days of Peter Beckford to the inception of the Lonsdale Library volume on *Foxhunting*, but few authors treat matters from a novice's point of view; they generally assume that the reader possesses knowledge.

Not so Mr. Alden, he explains everything in the simplest manner possible, and nothing is too small or too elementary for him not to bother about. The book is dedicated to "those good sportsmen who have much enthusiasm but little money." There are many such in these days of high taxes and reduced incomes, and they will welcome this book as an addition to hunting literature. W. F.

Scarlet to M.F.H. By Cecil Alden. Illustrated by the Author. (Eyre & Spottiswoode; 7/6.)



GOING INTO A DEAD STAG, FOREST OF GAICK
(From the painting by Philip Rickman, to be exhibited on November 15th at Greatorex Galleries)

A HAUNTED FOREST

Some Highland Legends Which Still Survive

By THE HON. R. ERSKINE OF MARR

HOUSES that are haunted, by repute at least, are no novelty; but districts of country of which the same is alleged are uncommon. Such a one, however, is the large district of Gaick, which forms a part of Badenoch, in Inverness-shire. Most of it is deer forest; it is highly mountainous, and its appearance generally is grim, forbidding.

The word Badenoch means "swamped land," and so "marshy territory." But there are no marshes to speak of in Gaick—only mountain, loch, rock and heather; generally desolateness, and—witches.

At least, there were witches by common report till comparatively recently; and even now an evil fame attaches to this wild and uncanny district. It is a good deal celebrated, or rather decried, in old Gaelic poetry. One Duncan Gow made a poem about it towards the close of the eighteenth century, which has the following quatrain:

"Black Gaick of crooked glens through which the blast whistles,
Was she not ever but the harlot?
Into the net of the witches
Has passed each one who thought to go in unto them."

According to vulgar belief Gaick was always haunted. It may have been a haunt and home of Druidism; but then the mists that shroud its early history are as impenetrable as those which on occasions fill its corries, and hide in ghost-like fashion its gloomy hills.

Somewhat early in Scottish history the whole of this district passed to the Comyns. This family was of Norman extraction, and for long it was unpopular in Scotland.

"As long as there's tree in wood
So long there'll be guile in Comyn,"

says the old Gaelic couplet; and certainly to this very day the family mentioned has no great name in Badenoch. Once upon a time there was a certain Walter Comyn, one no doubt of the family that came to possess Badenoch. The man had a grotesque and certainly most unseemly humour. He showed this on one occasion by commanding all the women of Ruthven to reap his fields stark naked; but the day before this horrid exhibition was appointed to take place his horse came in from the hunting hill with nothing of its master about it but one of his legs, which was fixed in the stirrup. Search was made for the rest of the body; and the eagles that were devouring it were thought to have been, in that shape, some of the mothers of the young women whom this Comyn designed to insult in so barbarous a fashion.

In Gaelic folk-lore there is a tale of a man who went hunting, but, as often as he raised his fusil to shoot, the object changed shape, appearing to him in the form of a witch. In Perthshire, it is a hare that changes into woman; but in Gaick the story goes that a hind takes turn about in this fashion with witch. It should seem that deer and hares were creatures peculiarly susceptible to magic influences.

How firmly fixed in witchery of all kinds is Gaick's repute may be collected from the fact that when in the year 1800 a certain Captain John MacPherson with four attendants and several fine greyhounds were overwhelmed and killed by an avalanche, the melancholy circumstance was widely attributed to magic. The party had gone to the hill to hunt. Night and bad weather coming simultaneously, they sought refuge in a mountain hut or bothy. Even whilst they slept the avalanche descended, and one and all were smothered.

And how deep the outrage contemplated by Walter Comyn has bit into the memory and imagination of the people may be collected from the fact that to this day a common form of malediction in Badenoch is, "Diol Bhaltair an gaig ort!" That is, "Walter's fate in Gaick on thee!"

ROUND THE WORLD WITH A SHOT GUN

No. 14—South America

OF all the countries that the naval officer visits in His Majesty's ships, none will give him such magnificent shooting as South America. The wildfowl and snipe shooting is as good as the best in India, and the so-called partridge shooting is also of a very high order. The various species of bird commonly called partridge in this country is not a partridge at all, but is a tinamou, which actually belongs to the emu tribe. Although there are 70 different species of this bird in South America, the kinds most generally met with are the chico—which is the commonest of all—copitone, Darwin's tinamou, monteraz and Martinetta. With the exception of copitone, all the other tinamou are in the habit of rising singly, and rarely go about in coveys. They lie very close, and for this reason the services of a good pointer are invaluable, for otherwise they will be walked over. A good retrieving dog will also be a great help, as wounded birds are adepts at hiding themselves in the most inaccessible places and would otherwise be very difficult to find. All shooting at tinamou is done by walking them up either over dogs or over a wire drawn by two peons on horseback. They cannot be driven satisfactorily, as they only fly for a short distance on being flushed.

It must be clearly understood, when reading of the good shooting grounds that will be described in subsequent articles, that although no preserving is done, all the places mentioned are private property and permission to shoot over them must first be obtained. There is little doubt, however, that this will speedily be granted, for no place in the world is so famous for its unbounded hospitality as South America.

Very wide ranges of temperature and height will be experienced, for which one must be prepared. An army "flea bag" is quite indispensable for camping out, as it provides an excellent warm bed, will carry a fair amount of clothes, and constitutes a comfortable seat when folded up. In the high altitudes of Chile, Peru and Bolivia, mountain sickness, or puna as it is locally called, is very trying, and some people cannot stand it or ever get acclimatised to it.

The sportsman will probably travel many miles on the most excellent railways, which are all run by British managers. A reserved family coach will probably be lent to a party; and this provides the height of comfort, as they consist of a very comfortable sitting-room, shower-baths, kitchens and sleeping cabins. Not only is travelling thus done in greater luxury, but the coach can be unshackled from the train and used as a depot while away on a shooting trip.

A small collapsible boat that can be carried by two men will be found of the greatest value when shooting the lagoons, which are too deep to wade or for transporting the guns to various positions for flighting. A well-organised party, preferably horsemen, is essential for stirring up the duck on the large lagoons, and each gun should have, if possible, a boy attached to him to act as a retriever, for otherwise many birds will be lost, especially when flighting.

If a choice of partridge, snipe or duck shooting is offered, choose one of the latter, as the partridge, unless a strong side wind is blowing, offers a comparatively easy shot to which we are all accustomed. The duck and snipe shooting, however-is in a class by itself and quite unattainable any, where in Great Britain or, indeed, in very few other places in the world.

PINTAIL.



MISS PAMELA AND MISS MERVIN BARTON
Winners of the Ladies' Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh

FOURSOME GOLF—AN EXACTING TEST

Two Perfect Partnerships

By E. R. TIPPLE

ONLY at this time of the year does foursome golf achieve real prominence. Why that should be is quite a mystery. This type of game is recognised as a most exacting test—a test of both a player's physical and mental ability. To excel in it one must have other qualifications than merely being a good golfer. One must be able to forget one's partner and play a natural game, come what may. Above all, for the partnership to be successful, there must be a complete and absolute understanding between the two concerned.

The result of the Ladies' Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh, promoted by the *Bystander*, proves this fact. The young Barton sisters showed that, as well as being extremely capable golfers individually, they were able to produce almost an ideal combination. Having played together so often, they understand each other's game, and last week if one played a bad stroke the other would follow on by laying quite a brilliant one. How this would have delighted Walter Hagen if he had been there watching!

Only a month ago these sisters met in the Girls' Championship, when the younger triumphed. As I commented then, Miss Pam Barton is a most promising player, as is Miss Mervin also. They are both most workmanlike, dismissing all frills and striking the ball with almost a carefree abandon which is a delight to behold. Their combined age is 34, so that they are the youngest winners of this event, and their victory is all the more creditable when the strength of the large number of entrants is considered. Almost every prominent lady golfer who was able to competed.

Throughout the competition they both gave a magnificent display of long driving—drives of a length usually associated with men. This gave them a great advantage, and they invariably clinched matters by holing long and testing putts after a lapse in approach work. It is obvious that their hearts are in golf; they possess an enviable natural temperament for the big occasion, a temperament that is a gift of the gods and rarely acquired.

The runners-up, Mrs. and Miss Rieben—another family combination which shows that some relations can agree even at golf!—are another couple skilled in the art of foursome play. Both have won the Welsh Championship—something of a record in itself—and, like the winners, they have a perfect understanding of each other's game. Mrs. Rieben is one of the steadiest of players, and that is the most comforting asset a golfer can bring to foursomes. Miss Rieben earned the admiration of the spectators by not allowing the opposition's long drives in the final to upset her. And on the greens she gave as good as she received, showing that confident hitting of the ball is the only method whereby the best results can be gained.

The men's London Amateur Foursomes produced a surprise winner in the Stoke Poges Club, who were represented by C. K. Cotton and E. Moss. This pair caught the last year's winner, Addington, rather on the rebound and won through after a see-saw kind of match, by the best possible margin.

The "tit-bit" of the tournament was the meeting between Chislehurst (the brothers Hartley) and Addington, represented by the Hon. W. G. Brownlow and E. F. Storey. These four have all taken part in the Walker Cup match and, if they presented an extraordinary variety of weird styles, they gave as well a magnificent display of fighting golf. Brownlow and Storey, after being behind most of the way, staged a come-back and won when it seemed that victory was not to be their portion.

That golf is a fickle game was shown by their defeat in the afternoon of the same day. The Stoke Poges pair, in their turn, successfully fought out a losing battle. Cotton was the steady rock of the partnership, whilst Moss, last year's Oxford University golf captain, played several deadly strokes at crucial moments. But Brownlow, whose health is still far from satisfactory, tired under the strain of two rounds in one day and this, with due respect to the winners, assisted towards their victory.

In their semi-final game against Royal Wimbledon and again against Royal Ashdown Forest in the final, both Cotton and Moss displayed great tenacity of purpose. When it was needed most they were able to call upon hidden reserves of strength and skill. When a player is able to hole a putt of some 10yds. on the nineteenth green, whilst knowing that his opponents are quite "dead," and when he can play boldly for the pin instead of just being content with reaching the green, he deserves his success. This is precisely what first one and then the other of the Stoke representatives did.

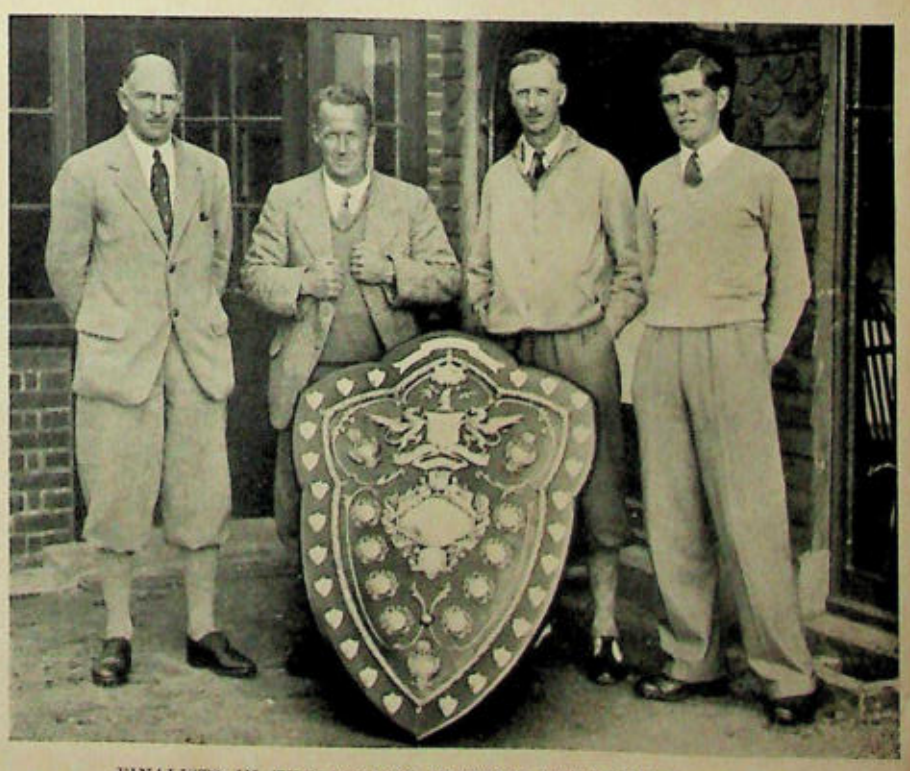
At Pyle and Kenfig, Glamorgan, the first Welsh professional foursomes tournament ever to be staged took place last week. It aroused such interest in the Principality that J. G. Hutcheson, the veteran professional to the Royal Porthcawl Club, participated after an absence of 20 years from competitive play. The event was notable for the fact that the partners were decided by a draw, so that beforehand no one knew with whom he was to play. This proceeding, strangely enough, brought together a powerful combination made up of Fred Collins, the present champion, and W. G. Smalldon, an ex-title holder. But they could only tie for second place with J. W. Harrison and R. Watts, the first award being won by a young couple, W. H. Green and R. Norman.



MRS. RIEBEN WATCHING HER DAUGHTER ISABELLA RECOVER FROM A BUNKER
This partnership was beaten in the final of the Ladies' Autumn Foursomes



D. WATSON, OF ROYAL ASHDOWN FOREST, PLAYING FROM AN AWKWARD LIE TO THE FOURTH GREEN
A scene during the London Amateur Foursomes, the popular event in which all leading clubs take part



FINALISTS IN THE LONDON AMATEUR FOURSOMES AT ROYAL WIMBLEDON GOLF CLUB
Left to right are seen D. Watson and E. B. Tipping, Royal Ashdown Forest, who lost to C. K. Cotton and E. Moss, Stoke Poges, in the final by 2 and 1

A MIXED BAG

Advice on the Selection of Golf Clubs

By V. HAYDON

THAT the greatest charm of golf is its difficulty, its uncertainty, is true only up to a point. It ceases to be true when the game is always more difficult than it need be. Why should it on one day reduce a player to exasperation and despair, and on the next lift him to the seventh heaven? He remembers long raking drives and perfectly hit iron shots which covered the pin all the way, and never looked like doing anything else.

He deludes himself that he is at last playing to his true form, and can repeat those shots at will. But all too often disillusionment awaits him, and the secret of a higher degree of accuracy remains just as elusive as ever. That better golf of yesterday defies recapture.

OLD BUT UNTRUSTWORTHY FRIENDS

And so he goes to his professional who by advice and precept can put him right—and does—but only for the time. He will be shown why he has been slicing all his drives, and the cause of that most evil and demoralising of all golfing faults, socketing, will be brought to light and eradicated. And so for a space he will play better, until once again he finds that mashie play defies him, or that a No. 2 iron fills him with an apprehension only too well founded.

It remains then to find the root cause of such disappointing inconsistency. In nine cases out of ten it lies in a mixed bag of clubs.

To all golfers it is both instructive and interesting to go into the caddie master's shop at any club and to pick up a golf bag at random and examine its contents. In the first one, for instance, will be found twelve clubs. All of them are good examples of the clubmaker's art; well balanced, well made, bearing famous names. But observe that they were purchased at clubs many leagues apart. Here is a heavy mashie which came from St. Andrews; here a mashie niblick from Addington Palace; there a No. 2 iron from another famous South of England club. Then here is a steel shafted driver, with a stiff shaft, a brassie with a shaft of medium whip, in company with a hickory shafted brassie and a spoon, obviously veterans, and old and trusted friends.

MATCHED SHAFTS

But even if every one of the twelve is faultless in itself, the owner of those clubs has set himself a hopeless and impossible task. They are utterly at variance in weight, feel and lie. The balance of no single one of those clubs remotely resembles that of any other in the set, only the word "set" does not apply to them, for it is a misnomer. They are an assortment, and as ill-assorted at that as they could possibly be.

Not so very long ago, even some professionals with their matched sets would still retain and play with old favourites they were reluctant to discard, but now they very rarely do so. Far more important than the vogue of the matched club is the recognised necessity for matched shafts, and it is upon this problem that British Steel Golf Shafts have devoted much time and research at the great tube and steel works at Oldbury. Eventually they evolved the Master range of matched shafts in three different grades of whip, and in the opinion of Henry Cotton and other famous professionals they have solved many vital problems.

They produced shafts of absolutely unvarying uniformity such as no natural woods could possibly possess; the "life" and driving power in these shafts could never be affected by weather or climatic conditions and would not pass out of them in course of time; the clubs on which everything depended for low scoring could be used for practice as well as play, without fear of damage, thus overcoming the greatest bugbear of keen tournament players; and lastly, the physical strength of players could be exactly accommodated by one or other of the grades of whip in the range.



A MASHIE SHOT PERFECTLY PLAYED
Another picture of Cotton, a firm believer in "a balanced bag"

Thus the possibility of possessing a set of shafts, all identical, with a set of heads of suitable weight to match, made a greater degree of consistency mathematically certain. It is further claimed for all Master shafts that they afford real help to the player, and make it possible for him to attain greater length with considerably less effort.

THE PROFESSIONALS' BAG

If golf is admittedly a very difficult game, perfection is the essence of simplicity in execution, which is why champions make it look so easy. But unlike their weaker brethren, they do not make the game very much more difficult for themselves than it need be, wherein lies the answer to why a champion is seldom, if ever, seen playing with a mixed bag of clubs.

A grooved swing, secret of accuracy and low scoring, would be abortive where each and every club in a bag required to be handled in a different way.

The introduction of the Master range of shafts is improving the standard of golf all over the country, because it is being more generally realised that a matched set of shafts make a so-called "matched" set matched in the true sense of the word. From this it follows that greater consistency in swinging is a logical certainty, and its result an altogether higher standard of play. And so more and more old favourites are discarded for the last time, but are surprisingly soon forgotten. They are not as indispensable as they seemed, for the old order changeth, yielding place to new.



HENRY COTTON AT THE FINISH OF HIS SWING
One of our leading golfers in action



I have been asked if it is possible to begin a silver fox ranch in this country with any hope of eventual success with a total capital of One Thousand Pounds, and no other resources such as a pension, etc. As far as my experience of the industry goes, it is Not—definitely NOT . . . NO Business, not even a doll's-eyes and flypaper shop, could be started to earn a living wage on an invested capital of this amount, and silver fox farming is no exception to the economic laws of finance. The sanest, and the only possible way for the official due to retire in a few years is to begin at once with a small amount of money, and allow the herd to increase in the ordinary manner with time. NO "ranching fees" should ever be paid in cash; the parent farm should be required to look for its return for the keeping of the animals to a proportion of the litter. My own charge is one-third, which in practice means anything over two cubs. One man wrote to me to-day to the effect that he was due to retire in about fifteen years. He will be able to count upon a good herd by that time by starting with one pair of foxes only, and he will have earned a very good interest on his cash in the interim, starting from the third year of ownership. My book on the subject, entitled "The Argosy of The Nithsdale Silver Foxes," explains this thoroughly, and will be sent free and post free to any interested reader of the "Field."

T. Milross

The Proprietor of The Nithsdale Silver Fox Ranch, Thornhill, Dumfries, Scotland.



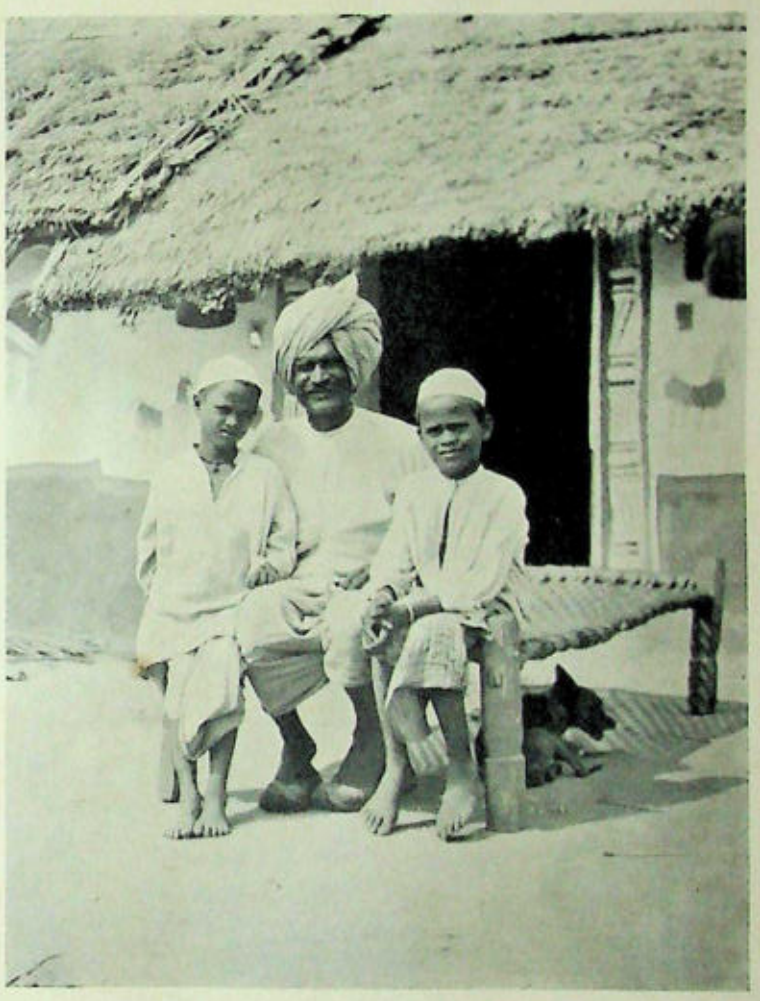
WAITING THEIR TURN: GHILLIES WITH POINTERS, SOUTH BRODICK MOORS, ISLE OF ARRAN

First Prize. From R. Foster, Coldharbour, Wivelsfield, Sussex



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Second Prize. From A. G. Martyr, Royal Scots Greys, Mooltan Barracks, Tidworth, Hants



THE STRANGE VISITOR TO THE BEACH—A GUILLEMOT IN NORFOLK

From Miss H. M. D. Stacey, Beach Cottage, Porthmellon, Megavissey, Cornwall

PRIZE WINNING ENTRIES IN THE "FIELD" PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

Reproduced on this page are the selected pictures from the photographic competition which closed on October 7th

The Editor of the "Field" offers prizes each month for the best photographs sent in by readers of sport, games and country life. Entries will be judged on their merits as action pictures, on their pictorial value, and on their value as records of unusual interest.

The prizes are: 1st Prize, 3 guineas; 2nd Prize, 2 guineas; 3rd Prize, 1 guinea.

RULES.—1. The latest date of entry for the second of these competitions is Saturday, November 11th. Envelopes must be marked "Photographic Competition," and addressed to The Editor, "Field" Newspaper, The Field House, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, E.C. 4. 2. Only amateur photographers are eligible to compete. 3. Photographs should be sent unmounted, and no prints will be returned. 4. No correspondence will be entered into concerning the competition, and the Editor's decision will be final. 5. Any photograph reproduced in the "Field," apart from the winning entries, will be paid for at the rate of 10/6.

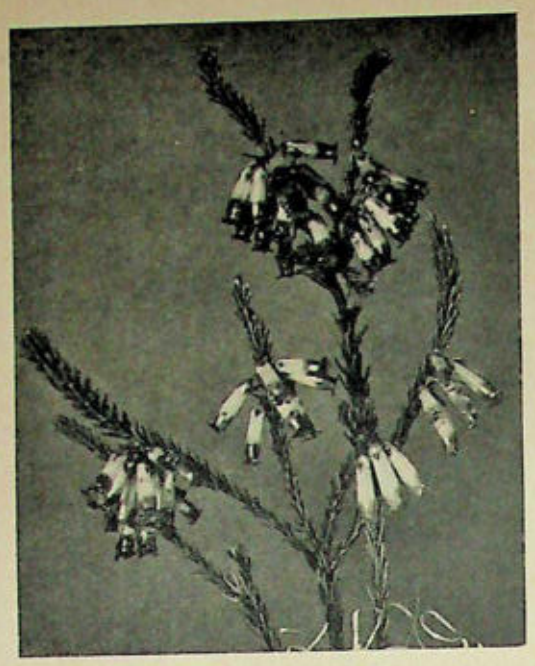
DON'T BE VAGUE
ORDER HAIG



Right and Left

Haig

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE



THE DAINTY ELIN HEATH

The Country House

FLOWERS BROUGHT 6,000 MILES FOR EXHIBITION

South African Blooms at the Horticultural Hall

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

WITHOUT doubt the exhibit of South African wild flowers to be opened next Tuesday by H.R.H. Princess Alice of Athlone will be of exceptional interest to garden lovers.

That this remarkable collection has been brought a distance of 6,000 miles is but another modern miracle, and miracles are now so numerous that even the most imaginative have ceased to marvel at them. Perhaps in a few years' time when television has been further developed, we shall be able to see these plants in all their glory in their native haunts. The bulbs in flower on the veldt, shimmering like vast expanses of jewels in the radiant South African spring sunlight, the curious distorted tree euphorbias by the banks of the Buffalo River, the Maid of the Mist (*Gladiolus cardinalis*) growing in the spray of the Klein Drakenstein waterfall, the vivid blue masses of the tall spikes of *Aristea capitata* on Table Mountain and the scarlet magnificence of *Disa grandiflora*, the wild cinerarias on the hill sides by Kalk Bay, and thousands of other wonderful spectacles.

For over a century our gardens have been enriched by treasures from the boundless floral wealth of that vast sub-continent, but what we grow now represents probably only a fraction of what we shall be growing in a few years' time. It is interesting to recall that the earliest plant collector sent out from Kew was sent to the Cape of Good Hope. This was Francis Masson, who went there in 1772. Another early collector was James Bowie, who went to the Cape in 1817 and died there in 1869.

CAPE PLANTS IN ENGLISH GARDENS

Even before the close of the eighteenth century a considerable number of Cape plants were in cultivation in our gardens, the most important being ixias, agapanthus, sparaxis, crinums, arums and some of the nerines. Agapanthus, the "African lily," is grown in tubs in nearly every garden of any size in these islands, but the small, dark blue-flowered kind is not grown. The arum lily—*Richardia æthiopica*—is commonly called the pig lily in its native haunts, and great expanses of it are amongst the loveliest flower "pictures" on a vast scale. The yellow arums come from the Transvaal.

Curiously enough the South African bulbs most easily grown in our gardens and greenhouses were not introduced till late in the nineteenth century. Freesias were not introduced till 1875, and montbretias a few years later.

An enormous number of heaths were introduced during the early years of the nineteenth century, most of them by Francis Masson. Loudon, writing in 1830, states that over 400 had been introduced, but many of them were lost. In his magnificent six volume monograph on the heaths (*The Heathery*, 1804–14), H. C. Andrews figured over 200 species. The Cape heaths which grow so luxuriantly on their native hillsides and veldts are of such beauty that even in South Africa efforts have been made to introduce them into cultivation. But those with experience of South African gardens state that for some unexplained reason they are far from easy to propagate in their native land.

Few plants have captured the fancy of rich and poor alike so swiftly as "geraniums." When first introduced about 1795 they became universally popular, and were grown on every cottage window-sill, as well as in the greenhouses of the wealthy. There were about 200 species of sweet-scented geraniums in cultivation under glass in early Victorian times, but they are sadly few now. The finest collection I ever saw was that made by the late Mr. Vicary Gibbs at Aldenham. He had those fine old favourites Purple Unique, Lady Plymouth, the variegated Prince of Orange (very difficult to grow), all the charming crispums, the deliciously-scented Attar of Roses, Schotte (tuberous rooted, and difficult to propagate), and many others, far too numerous to mention. Some of his standards measured 5ft. round. In Victorian times collecting these sweet-scented plants was a favourite hobby of ladies. It was the introduction of the showy zonal pelargoniums that diminished the popularity



AGAPANTHUS, THE POPULAR "AFRICAN LILY"

of the humbler plants. But now the sweet-scented geraniums are at last returning to favour.

The South African collection of mesembryanthemums exhibited should prove extraordinarily interesting. Even 50 years ago about 300 kinds were grown. *Mesembryanthemum edule*, the "Hottentot fig," grows on the Cape Flats. The fruit is candied in South Africa, and the natives use the juice of the leaves for burns and decoctions of it as a gargle. It is credited with antiseptic properties.

Kniphofias were amongst the most popular of South African plants, and I mentioned in a recent article in the *Field* a delightful new kniphofia—*K. Galpini*—suitable for the rock garden or border. This charming treasure attains only about 18in., it blooms well into November and is most floriferous. The specimen I saw was exhibited by Mr. Ingwerson.

Many of our showiest half-hardy plants hail from South Africa. Gazanias were introduced as long ago as 1755, but have only recently become popular. Their colour is startling even when grown in small clumps, but seen in vast masses on the shores of Saldanha Bay, for instance, in the glory of the South African sun and they are dazzling. There are various hybrids now of *Dimorphoteca aurantiaca*, but I think the rich apricot flowers of the type are more attractive than the florists' varieties. Exhibits of the "Barberton daisies," *Gerbera Jamesoni*, invariably attract admiration at shows, and they are rapidly becoming favourite flowers for the cool greenhouse. *Arctotis grandis* is now grown in most gardens; an invaluable plant, for even in October its blue-centred daisy-like flowers are in full beauty.

Of all the South African flowers no other is sent to this country in such quantities as *Ornithogalum thyrsoides*. Literally tons of it are sent every year, and even in this country we usually speak of this flower by the name it is usually called in its native part—chincherinchee. This name is said to have originated from the sound the stalks make when rubbed together!

LONG-LASTING CUT FLOWERS

In South Africa chincherinchees are used in large quantities for church decoration at Christmas time. In this country they are sold in every florist's shop, and few flowers are more popular in mid-winter owing to the length of time they keep fresh in water. Cut in bud they travel extraordinarily well, and after being put in water every star-like flower expands and the long sprays of them retain their beauty for quite two months. There is an orange-coloured variety of this flower, but the white chincherinchee is the most popular, at least in this country.

I look forward with special interest to seeing the collection of proteas. In spite of their beauty they are not commonly cultivated in Cape gardens, for gardeners at the Cape, as elsewhere, are not inclined to grow plants they regard as weeds. The natives make a syrup of *Protea mellifera* for diseases of the chest; the bark of *Protea grandiflora* was also used medicinally, and the Dutch housewives in old days used a decoction of *P. mellifera* as a syrup. This "sugar" is much appreciated by the "sugar birds" that haunt this flower in its native land, and perhaps the Dutch housewives learnt from the birds to appreciate the sugar.



DISA GRANDIFLORA, WHICH GROWS IN SCARLET MAGNIFICENCE ON TABLE MOUNTAIN



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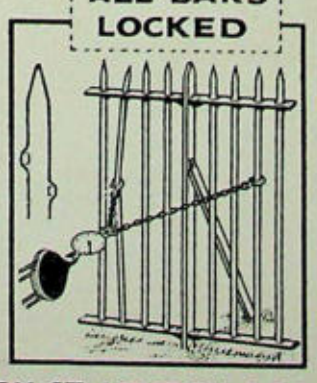
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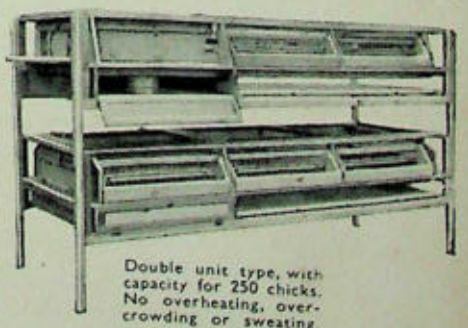
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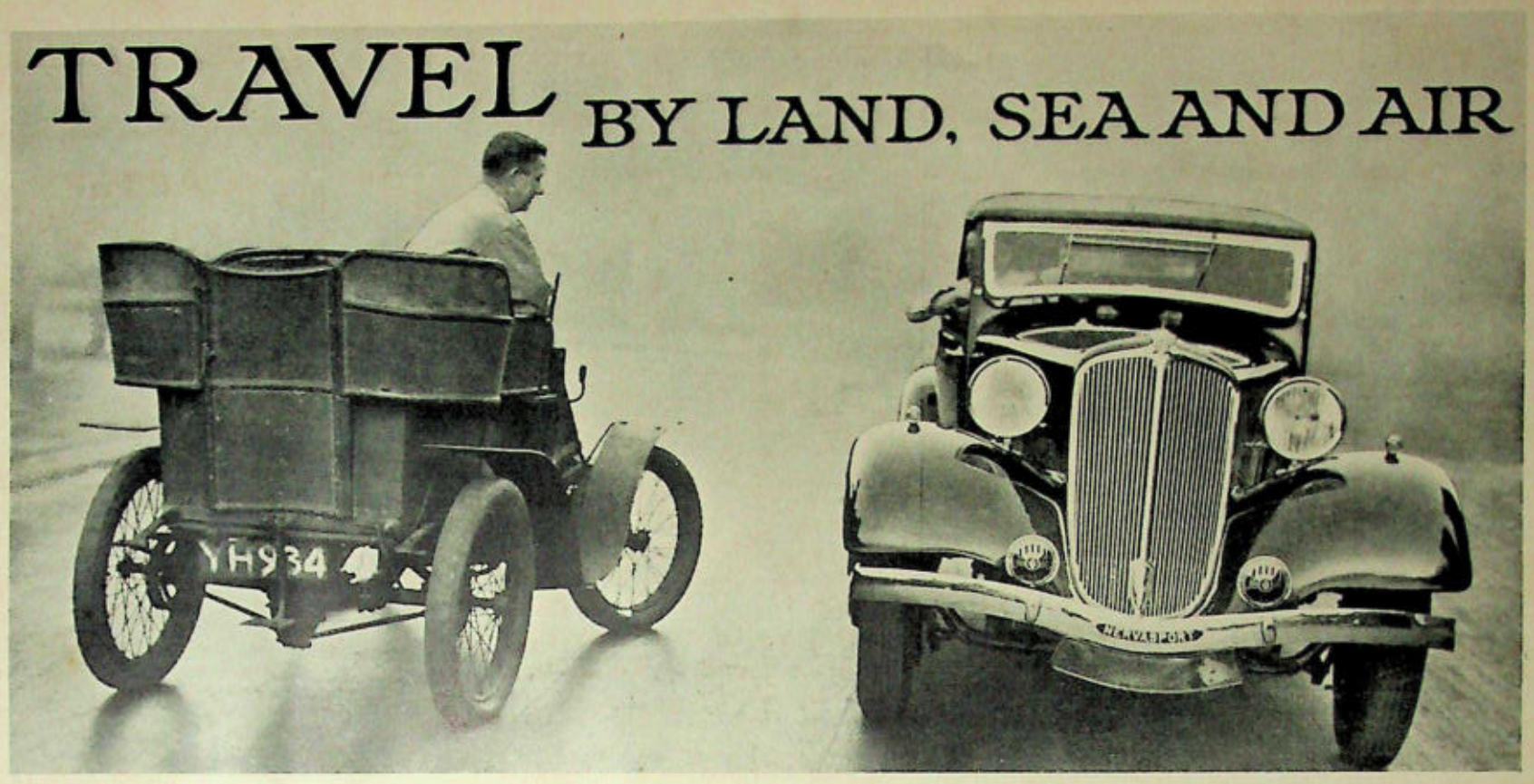


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COACHWORK TENDENCIES THEN AND NOW: A 1934 RENAULT ON ITS WAY TO OLYMPIA PASSES A 1900 VETERAN OF THE SAME MAKE

COACHWORK TENDENCIES—AT HOME AND ABROAD

A Disappointing Paris Show—German Ideas—Return of the Double-Purpose Car

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

OLYMPIA has shown us the trend of motor car design in this country. By way of contrast it is interesting to turn to the Continent, to see what our French and German neighbours are doing.

My visit to the Paris Salon—which used to be placed above Olympia in importance—was, quite frankly, disappointing. More than half the space available was devoted to commercial vehicles, and although these aroused many interesting thoughts I came away firmly convinced that, so far as pleasure cars are concerned, our manufacturers have nothing whatever to learn from the French.

On the other hand, it was most interesting to study the German line of thought—all the more so since I am firmly convinced that they are working along the right lines.

INDEPENDENT SUSPENSION

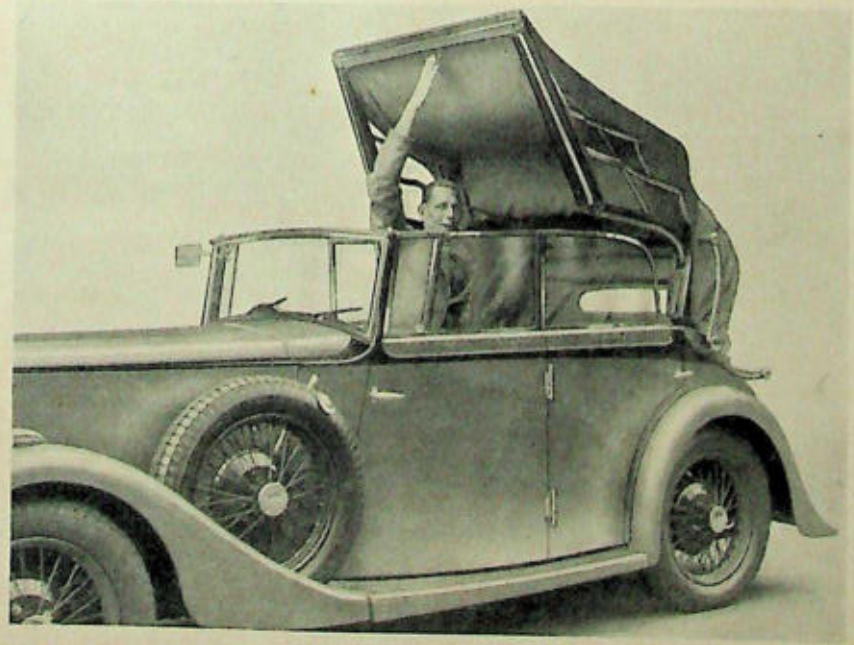
Their trend of design is to build the moderately low-powered type of vehicle that is inexpensive in both purchase price and running costs. They are, moreover, concentrating their entire energies on improving the suspension of these light vehicles. As a result, the German light car is for the most part fitted with independent front wheel suspension, or, in the more expensive cars, independent suspension to all four wheels.

This fact is most interesting and instructive, and I feel sure that it is only a question of time before all cars will be fitted with this form of springing—to the front wheels, at any rate.

German manufacturers have also made a great study of front wheel drive, and have, apparently, come to the conclusion that this method is satisfactory, but only with cars having a maximum length of wheelbase up to 2m. 80c., *i.e.*, approximately 9ft. 2in. They appear to have found that when front wheel drive is employed with longer types of chassis than this, they are faced with the difficulty of obtaining correct weight distribution.

Fashions change in coachwork as in so many other things. Shortly after the war the cabriolet and the two-seater drop-head coupé became very popular—in fact, the almost universal demand at that time was for a car that could be opened or closed at will. Both these types of coachwork, however, eventually lost their popularity and in due course were superseded by the saloon.

The fabric body, built under the Weymann patents, had a long run at about that period, but, again, after a time the public demanded a coach-built saloon. For the past few years nine cars out of ten have been fitted with this type of body with and without the sunshine or sliding roof.



THE DOUBLE-PURPOSE CAR
A new type of folding head, brought out by Martin Walter, Ltd., which can be adapted to any type of body

It is interesting, however, to note that once more an increasing demand is being made for the double-purpose type of body, one that opens or closes completely. This demand has apparently been even stronger on the Continent than over here, and it is difficult, at the moment, to decide whether it is a passing phase or a lasting tendency.

Martin Walter, Ltd., of Folkestone, have made arrangements to cope with any orders of this nature, and are now specialising on a cabriolet with a new type of folding head, which can be supplied either with two or four doors. This new patented head is spring-loaded and balanced, with the result that even a woman can throw it up and down single-handed with the minimum of effort.

With this particular type of body there are no folding pillars, as used to be the case. This is a most excellent feature, for those pillars were an abomination—they always used to rattle, and, moreover, increased the weight of the body considerably.

A LUGGAGE NOVELTY

It should be noted that this new head can be raised or lowered with the windows up or down, and a very ingenious luggage device is also incorporated. This consists of a sliding compartment, fitted to the rear panel of the body, which can be made to open partially or fully by means of a winding handle, the platform sliding out of the tail along runners.

At the same time, metal side pieces rise into position as the platform slides out, thus preventing the luggage from falling sideways. This device may be likened to a drawer which can be opened to its fullest extent, or only partially, according to the amount of luggage to be carried. This is certainly a very clever idea, being adaptable to any type of body.

Whether an improved type of cabriolet is likely to become popular in this country once more is impossible to say. For all-round purposes the saloon with a sliding roof cannot, I think, be improved upon; but no two people think alike, and it is quite likely that the double-purpose body is coming back into its own once more.

TRANSMISSION TEST

A Seven Days' Trial Under R.A.C. Supervision

IT is more than ever obvious, now that we have seen the new models at Olympia, that 1934 is to be a year of "transmission war." Generally speaking, every manufacturer is offering some form of easy-change transmission, from the Daimler fluid flywheel system to the plain free-wheel.

Perhaps in anticipation of this

conflict, the Daimler Co. recently entered an 18 h.p. Lanchester car for a test under R.A.C. supervision. The purpose of the test was to obtain comparisons of hill climbing and petrol consumption, first with the fluid flywheel in action and secondly with it locked solid.

The petrol consumption tests were run over a 500-mile course at a speed of 35.8 m.p.h., the consumption working out at 18.31 m.p.g. with the flywheel in action, and 18.85 m.p.g. with it locked. The very small difference recorded is evidence that the "slip" sometimes attributed to the fluid flywheel is a negligible quantity.

The hill-climbing test proved that the transmission definitely endows a car with an extra margin of tractive effort or pulling power. Warmington Hill, a steep ascent on the Warwick-Banbury Road, was selected, and the car was driven up it in top gear at a steady pre-arranged speed. Before it came to a rest it covered 795ft. with the flywheel locked. On a second attempt at the same speed, with the flywheel in action, it covered 918ft.

PLEASURE CRUISES BY AIR

Civil Aviation's Latest Development — Seeing the World from a New Angle

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

DURING the present month Imperial Airways have made an experiment that is of great interest, and may well open up a profitable and popular field for the whole of civil aviation. This was the conducting of the first air cruise, which left Croydon on October 10th.

The itinerary of this included Paris, Marseilles, Rome, Malta and the North African coast, with Cairo as the final objective; and the journey time of four days was sufficient to enable tourists to obtain a good idea of the places visited. The inclusive fare enabled the passengers to return at any time by any available I.A.L. service.

In every way the cruise was planned on comparable lines to those of the sea cruises that have become so exceedingly popular in the past few years, and that have done so much for the British Mercantile Marine. The machine was one of the large Eastern Handley-Pages of the Heracles class—the Helena; but in order that tourists might enjoy the utmost comfort, and take with them the maximum amount of baggage, bookings were restricted to ten.

Although no definite future program has been published, there is little doubt that this cruise will be repeated, and that Imperial Airways will develop the idea. It is clear that cruises could play an even more important part in the development of civil aviation than they have done in enabling our shipping lines to weather a period of extreme depression.

The cruise, to a greater extent than the regular sailing, does undoubtedly attract the holidaymaker and those in search of leisured change. It is true that many fly from London to various places abroad for pleasure, but the bulk of the traffic consists of business travellers.

The existing airways have been planned primarily for practical reasons—for ensuring the quickest journey with the maximum of safety and reliability at all times of the year; but the cruising itinerary is bound by no such restrictions, and could be made to include not only the more frequented holiday and interest centres of the world, but those less accessible by ordinary means.

Moreover, the use of large machines brings to air touring all the luxury and spaciousness that modern standards demand. The popularity of the sea cruise is due in no small measure to the fact that large ocean-going liners are employed on trips hitherto made only by smaller and less luxurious ships; the same incentive to travel would apply perhaps even more strongly when aeroplanes were concerned.

Assuming that air liners could be released from the normal services for cruising, there are many advantages to be expected from the new idea. Not only would an additional form of luxury holiday-making be made available to the public, but the publicity value would be inestimable.

There can be no doubt that familiarity with the larger machines breeds a confidence in air transport still not so widespread as it should be; and the visit of our biggest machines to out-of-the-way places they do not ordinarily reach would be a big advertisement for civil aviation in general, and—more important still—for British flying in particular.

This argument applies no less strongly to inland cruises, in the development of which lie big potentialities. Inland services have grown strikingly in the past year, but they are necessarily—and rightly—mainly utilitarian. Moreover, the machines used are comparatively small.

An inland air cruise embracing the key spots of Britain—historical, beautiful, and industrial—would undoubtedly attract many foreign visitors, who would thus be enabled to gain a bird's eye view of Britain in the shortest possible time, and—if an air liner were employed—in the greatest luxury; and the visit of large commercial machines to those airports which normally handle small traffic only would attract keen local interest.

In the wider sphere of international travel the air cruise offers advantages that no other form of travel could bring. The sea cruise enables the traveller to visit the chief ports of the world; but if he wishes to see more he has to change and resort to slow-moving trains or cars.

The air cruise can cover both coast and inland places with equal facility: more than anything else, it can give the tourist a quick summary of the charm and activity of each individual country. It can extend, too, to places that are to-day right outside the ordinary tourist's itinerary.

It can include, for example, the Black Forest and the Alps, the beauties of which cannot be explored by surface methods in anything less than a protracted holiday. For seeing mountainous scenery the air cruise would be ideal, since it would give an opportunity of enjoying beauties that are normally only for the athletic and strong.

As the airways establish themselves more and more firmly in their normal function of connecting together the chief places of the world they will undoubtedly turn more and more attention to this valuable aspect of air transport which, both inland and overseas, holds promise of bringing bigger revenues to the aircraft operators and of providing additional facilities for the traveller who seeks comfort and variety, but whose time for sightseeing and pleasure is limited by the claims of the modern world.



AT THE OPENING MEET OF THE OLD ETONIAN FLYING CLUB
Members are seen grouped around the newly-purchased club machine at Heston airport, their headquarters (see the Master of Sempill's article in the issue of Sept. 23rd)



THE RECORD BREAKER
Air Commodore Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith, who broke all records for the solo flight to Australia last week



LOOKING DOWN ON TIME
Interested visitors setting their watches by the Heston airport clock

PAPER-HUNTING IN CHINA

A Day's Sport at Shanghai, with Plenty of "Local Colour"

By MARTIN LINDSAY

ALL over the world, wherever it is humanly possible, Englishmen will follow the chase. So in China, British residents have hunted successively otter, badger, civet, hare and deer; but the most successful of all sports is paper-hunting.

The Shanghai Paper-Hunt Club was founded in the 1860's, the early days of the settlement, in the midst of the disorder of the Taiping Rebellion. Officers of the regiments stationed in Shanghai began to go paper-hunting, having known it as a substitute for foxhunting in the Crimea and India. This club, founded 70 years ago by a handful of British officers, is now most cosmopolitan, with scarcely a nation unrepresented. The paper-hunting in Shanghai soon spread to Hong-Kong, Peking, Hankow and Tientsin, and has flourished there on the same lines ever since.

The hunts are laid by the Master or one of the stewards, and are usually between five and ten miles long with one or two checks, but hunts of twelve or even fifteen miles are by no means unknown. There are no fences but a number of creeks about 10ft. wide, and the finish is always along a good line of jumps.

The season begins at the end of November, after the cotton and beans have been picked, and goes on till about the end of February or beginning of March when growing crops have to be respected. The country is quite flat; the nearest hills, some eighteen miles west of the hunting country, are only 400ft. high.

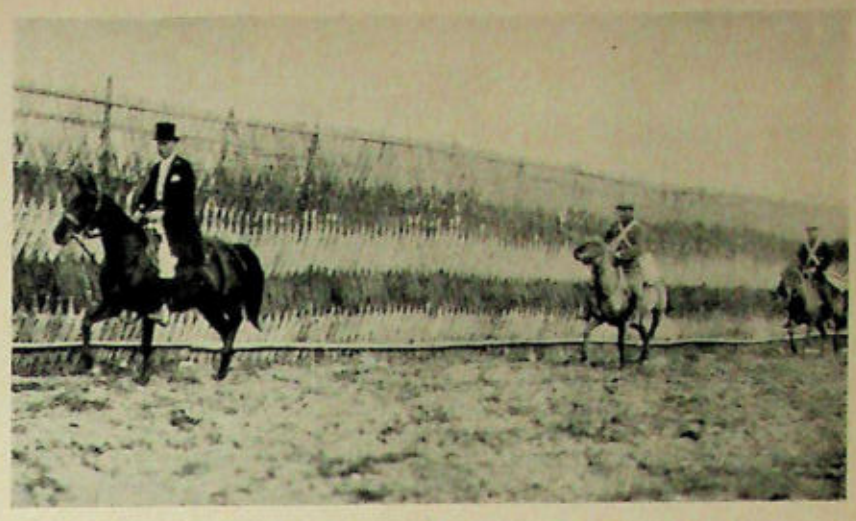
Where a creek is too wide to jump and too deep to wade, the club pays the nearest villagers to make a platform. In many places there are Chinese bridges made of slabs of stone no smaller than those at Stonehenge, and one again wonders how the unsophisticated native managed to manipulate them into place.

INTEREST AND "HUMOUR"

Although flat, the country is far from uninteresting. Several times in the day one rides through a grey-tiled hamlet surrounded by a mediæval moat. Beyond the moat there will be a family graveyard in a grove of elm, cypress or juniper trees, and a red or yellow temple adding colour to the scene.

Blue-clad men and women are at work in the fields, spinning and winding cotton, or tending a team of water buffaloes, circling blindfold round and round, endlessly turning the water-wheel. Children are seen fishing with cormorants in the creeks, while junks with patched and ragged sails glide past.

The Chinese peasant is possessed of an active sense of humour and sometimes picks up paper and lays it over impossible places, to revel in the ensuing disaster. A full-throated shout of joy goes up whenever some unfortunate is submerged in one of the creeks. Occasionally their love of mischief leads them to dig holes in the fords so as to have the pleasure of seeing not one but maybe ten men come to grief. A soaking on a bitterly cold day when seven miles from home detracts from the pleasure of a hunt.



LAYING THE TRAIL

The China pony, more accurately called the Mongolian pony, is said to be the direct descendant of the wild horse—the tarpan—and of Przewalski's wild horse, ponies in size and now almost extinct. He ranges in height from 12 hands 3 inches to 14 hands, but for the purposes of paper-hunting 13 hands 1 inch is a big pony, while those of 13 hands 2 inches are difficult to procure. He has a large head, short ewe neck, deep chest, short legs, long body and sloping quarters.

He is fast for his size and remarkably clever over trappy country, but it is for his powers of endurance that he deserves the highest praise. Not only can he stand tropical heat, but also the minus thirties and forties of a Mongolian winter, and it was for this reason that Scott and Shackleton selected the China pony for their polar sledge journeys.

OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCES

It is worth quoting a few instances of the truly phenomenal powers of these ponies. "Sawnee Bill" (13 hands), ridden by Mr. Sowerby on the Clark Expedition, did 102 miles in 36 hours, carrying over 200lb. The same pony had previously, as a pack pony, carried 260lb. of tobacco from 25 to 30 miles a day, year in and year out, between Honan Fu and Sianfu.

In a race of 78 miles between Tientsin and Peking the first two ponies, both 13 hands 1 inch and both carrying 12st. 7lb., completed the distance in just over seven-and-a-half hours. In 1929 Lieut.-Col. Souvoroff rode a white pony named "Almas" (12 hands 3 inches) from Shanghai to Nanking and back, covering a distance of 700 miles in sixteen days, an average of nearly 45 miles a day.

There is a hunt every Saturday during the season. The field usually numbers well over a hundred, and past winners are privileged to wear red coats. The Senior Steward sends them away with the customary: "Gentlemen, you may go," and like a cavalry charge they gallop down to the first jump, which for some is the end of the hunt.

The field is soon well strung-out, and spreads far and wide as the trail is lost. Then there is a "tally-ho" . . . and away they go again. After half an hour or so the pace quickens; everybody knows that the finish cannot be far off. The thrusters sit down and begin to push their mounts, at the same time keeping a wary eye on each other.

A HARD-WON TROPHY

Suddenly round a corner the line of spectators comes in view, and then a desperate race begins. The excitement is intense. As soon as the leaders can be distinguished their names are shouted by the crowd, and the winner is given a cheer as he passes between the flags. The winner, and the first heavy-weight home (provided that he finishes in the first six) receive a cup, a very small one but highly prized. As the odds are roughly a hundred to one against winning, it is not surprising that there are men good riders and well mounted who have been trying for ten years to win their first hunt.

British officers of the garrison are enthusiastic supporters of the sport started by their forerunners; but, in 70 years, only two, a Scots Guardsman and a Scots Fusilier, have taken the coveted little cup home with them.





WATERS JUMPABLE AND UNJUMPABLE: INCIDENTS IN THE COURSE OF THE RUN



THE FINISH

FIVE DAYS IN PALESTINE

A Cruising Pilgrimage to the Holy Land



TIBERIAS AFTER TWO THOUSAND YEARS

ONE of the most popular centres for monthly cruises in British ships during the winter is the Holy Land. Vastly improved hotel accommodation and the first-class roads constructed in Palestine by British engineers during the war have brought all the Holy places within easy reach of cruising liners.

In the old days it required months, and was something of an adventure, to visit all these historic spots, especially the more remote places. To-day the tour can be made in comfort from the liners within the space of a single week.

Here is a graphic illustration of the changed conditions. Just before the outbreak of war Baedeker advised three days for a tour from Jerusalem to the Dead Sea and Jericho, gave directions where *tents* could be pitched, and explained that the best way was to journey by *cart*, but cautioned the intending traveller that a great deal must be done on foot. Allenby's war-time roads and motor saloons have effected a transformation, because the whole journey of 65 miles, with ample time for sightseeing, can now be done any day before lunch from Jerusalem.

Passengers from the Orient liner Orford, of whom I was one, were accommodated at the imposing new hotel in Jerusalem called The King David, built by a wealthy syndicate in a healthy situation on a hilltop outside the city walls. On the trip to the Dead Sea the ship's passengers passed first through the Valley of Kidron, the old Valley of Jehoshaphat, which contained water in winter during the time of Christ. The tradition that it will be the Valley of the Last Judgment still clings to it, and this accounts for the many graves of Moslem on one side and Jew on the other.



Marine Photo Service Co.

THE CARPENTER'S SHOP AT NAZARETH

Ascending rapidly, we reached the ancient village of Bethany, entirely Moslem (on the south-east spur of the Mount of Olives). The village is inseparably associated with the life of Christ and His Mother and was the scene of the raising from the dead of Lazarus, still venerated alike by Christian, Jew and Moslem.

We found the people of the countryside still cling to their old dress and travel on asses. The only incongruous note was that many Rebeccas going to the well prefer petrol cans to their picturesque earthenware jars, though they still carry these with a jaunty air. Life seemed to be going on exactly as it has done through the centuries. Bethany remains unspoilt and inspiring.

Descending to sea level we found prominent notice boards in English announcing this fact. The country then assumed a forlorn and desert formation, but that the rainfall in season is still torrential was soon evidenced, as we had to make a detour because, in a recent storm, the tar-macadamed roadway had disappeared.

Around modern Jericho water flows freely and is carefully harnessed, so that everything looks green and refreshing. Baedeker, even in 1912, warned its readers that the inhabitants of Jericho were degenerate and thieves. We found them simply pleasantly curious, and in the midst of the town we came under the direction of a traffic policeman who spoke excellent English!

It was a surprise to learn from him that there are three Jerichos—the ancient, the mediæval, and the modern. We soon discovered the modern town beside a fine highway, near the excavations of the ancient city, and learned that efforts are being made to develop it as a winter resort, with a good hotel and table d'hôte meals. It will be remembered that ancient Jericho was a winter resort, and that Herod built his winter palace here and died.

BIBLICAL REMINDERS

Vegetation is sub-tropical, and in March bougainvillea in gorgeous bloom and eucalyptus trees still with their autumn tints were to be seen. Yet, in the midst of it all wandered nomadic Arabs, with their low brown tents, tethered camels and asses and squalid children, exactly as in Biblical days.

Quite near, in the hillside, are ruins of the ancient walls of Jericho, on which excavations are still proceeding in the hope of verification of historic dates. Recent work tends to prove that the walls fell outward, and that the principal cause was an earthquake, after which arose a serious fire.

Visibility was so good on our visit that from the Jericho ruins we could distinguish snow on Mount Hermon, near Damascus, now in French Syria. We had to cross a deserted plain to reach the River Jordan, and seized the opportunity to cross the Allenby bridge and enter Transjordania. There was nothing disappointing in the River Jordan. Indeed, we were thrilled by its swift waters and tree-lined banks. To complete the picture there arrived Bedouins with camels, and a turbaned boy with goats.

To-day the river separates Transjordania and Palestine, and on each side of the bridge are frontier posts and customs, with soldiers and police, and stables over-populated with horse flies. The whole spot teems with Biblical associations, and we, naturally, bottled some Jordan water for our children and their children.

One of the stablemen told us that the river overflowed so much the previous year that the bridge was useless, and he had to cross in a boat. We found that the river winds entrancingly; indeed its name means "crooked river"; and though its main course from the Sea of Galilee to the Dead Sea, as flown by the war-time aeroplanes, is 60 miles, the river course actually extends to 185 miles.

FROM JERICHO TO THE DEAD SEA

In mediæval Jericho on market day we noticed stacked in the market-place large coils of barbed wire, gathered from the British and Turkish trenches, now for sale to pastoral Arabs to fence the top of their stone walls.

The flat road from Jericho to the Dead Sea is now always practicable for motor cars, though in pre-war days carts could travel over it only in dry weather, because the clay soil, coated with a strata of salt and gypsum, became very soft after rain.

The Dead Sea, in the spring sunshine of our visit, provided imperishable memories. Mountains seemed to reach from sea to sky, and it is difficult to realise that this inland sea is 1,290ft. below the level of the Mediterranean, and at one place has a further depth of 1,310ft.

We dipped our hands in the oily sea and let them dry in the sun, and immediately the skin was so thickly impregnated with salt that it looked as if we had plunged them in a bag of flour. It was easy to imagine how, in ancient days, anyone entering the sea would emerge looking like a "pillar of salt." Our reveries were cut short by the unmistakable splutter of a petrol engine, and there, racing over the waters of the Dead Sea, the old Lake of Lot, was a speedboat!

All this, and much more, we saw in five days.

We left the ship at Jaffa, comfortably accommodated in saloon motor cars, on a Wednesday morning, and returned to her at Beirout at tea-time on the following Sunday, having motored over 1,000 miles in the Holy Land and stayed at first-class hotels, all with good meals and running hot and cold water in bedrooms, at Jerusalem, Tiberias and Damascus, reaching the Orford by way of the precipitous passes in the snow-capped Lebanon Mountains.

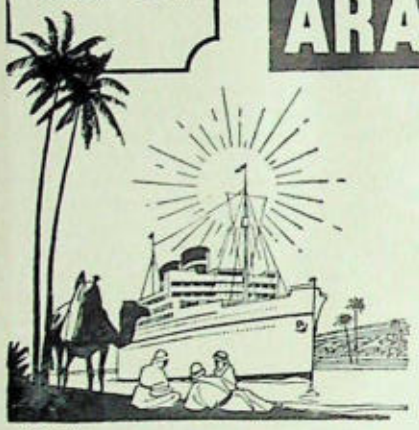
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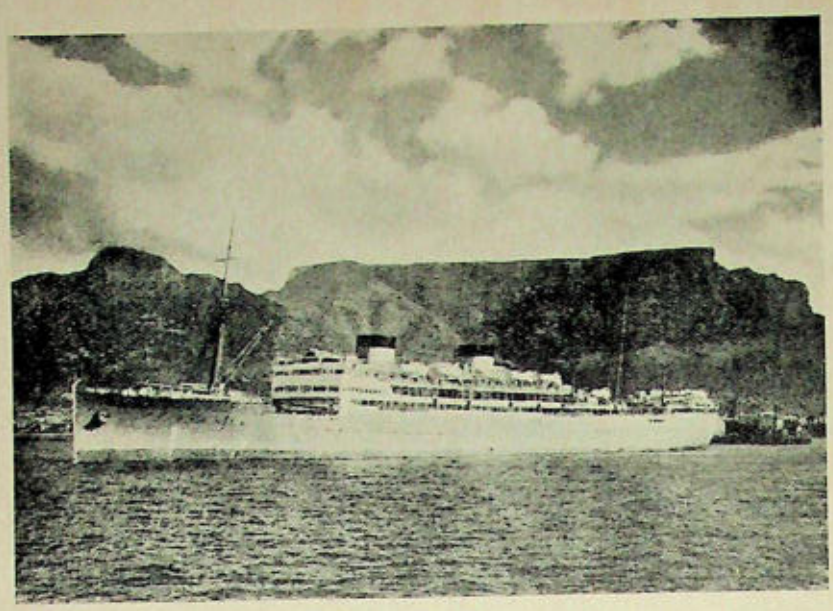
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The "Winchester Castle" at Capetown

ATLANTIC CRUISES—SOUTH OR WEST

Long Sea Voyages for the Winter Months

CRUISES have their seasons, and with the approach of winter the more ambitious ones become most popular. It is no longer a question of a short respite from work, but a search for the sun, as also an escape from possible English fog and overcast skies. There are prolonged trips in the Mediterranean, round the world cruises, visits to South Africa, cruises round South America, to the West Indies, the Amazon and many other interesting voyages.

Voyages to South Africa are becoming particularly popular. This Dominion is indeed becoming, if it has not already done so, the Imperial British Riviera. The cargoes of fruit that come to this country from South Africa in ever-increasing quantities—oranges, grapefruit, peaches and plums—are an indication of the climate that the traveller will find, for South Africa is one of the few spots on earth blessed with what is called a Mediterranean climate—that is, some rain in the winter (the Southern winter, of course) and a warm, dry summer without excessive heat.

Communication between the Cape and England has been enormously improved in recent years. The Union Castle line was one of the first steamship companies to adopt the policy of large tonnage motor vessels, and in general the liners are well suited for cruising. All cruises to South Africa stop at Madeira, putting in at the Bay of Funchal, where passengers have an opportunity of landing and visiting the island, making excursions to the mountain-side hotels, two or three thousand feet high, from which one obtains such pleasing views. The whole journey from England to Capetown takes only just over a fortnight.

The tours of the line mentioned give one plenty of latitude as to the length of time to be spent in South Africa, and what excursions to make. If one continues beyond Capetown along the coast to Algoa Bay, East London and Natal, and returns the same way the tour will only have taken eighteen days from the time one is first confronted with Table Mountain until one regretfully loses sight of it on the homeward journey.

Without any extra cost the passenger can, if he likes, miss the steamer in which he came out and take one on the following week's schedule, and please himself as to the extent of his exploration of the hinterland.

Other attractive tours to South Africa are those of the Ellerman line, in which 80 guineas covers the 65 days, inclusive of residence on board at all ports.

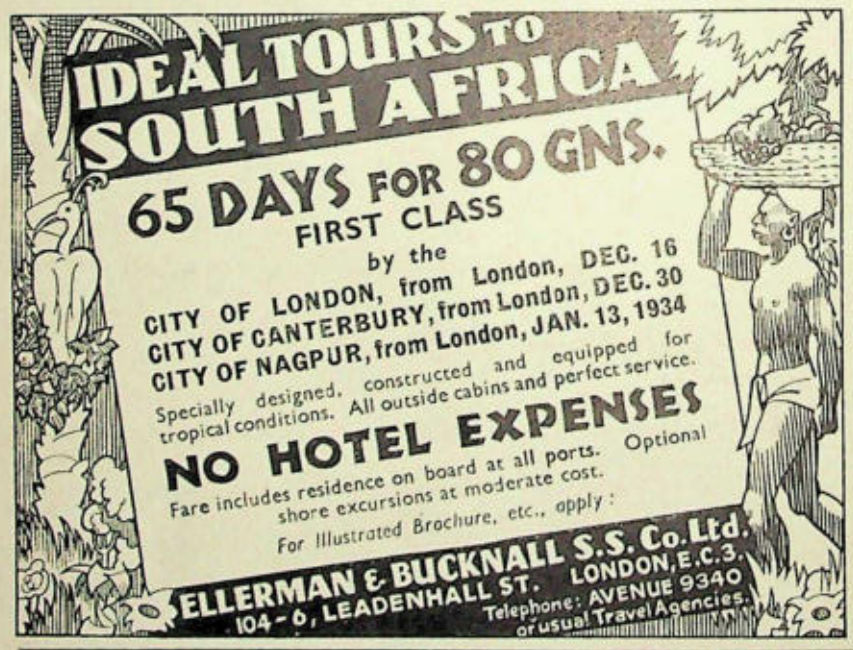
South Africa offers the happy combination of delightful climate, unusually beautiful and diversified scenery, and native local colour of unrivalled interest. A motor drive of three or four hours along the Victoria Drive which encircles the Cape is imperative, and a three-days' train journey north-east of Capetown to the Victoria Falls should be taken if time allows. South Africa prides herself, and rightly, on the comfort of her trains.

There will be plenty of opportunity for sport, not only on deck but in South Africa itself, where there are ample facilities for golf or tennis, bathing and surf-riding, and the rest.

Another type of prolonged cruise is that of the P. & O. liner Viceroy of India, which starts at the very end of December. The cruise is to what might be called the Equatorial Atlantic, visiting Madeira, Teneriffe and the Cape Verde Islands, the equatorial coast of Africa at Sierra Leone, Brazil at Rio de Janeiro and Bahia, as well as the south-eastern West Indies at Trinidad and Barbados.

This cruise takes about six-and-a-half weeks of which about twelve days are devoted to sightseeing. It embraces a wide range of the world's beauty spots and covers some 13,000 miles in all. Many globe trotters insist that the huge sweep of the entrance to Rio is the sight that stands out in their memory above all else the world has to show.

Still more ambitious is the cruise of the Reina del Pacifico, the Sunshine Ship, as this motor vessel is called. She leaves the English winter behind in the middle of January, and does not return till two-and-a-half months later, by which time the early spring flowers will have come up once more to welcome the lucky passengers after a trip of over 20,000 miles. Within that time the whole of South America will have been encircled—clockwise—and the Panama Canal negotiated, and the West Indies visited on the return journey. G. M.





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THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

VOL. CLXII. NO. 4218. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1933 REGISTERED. PRICE 1s. POSTAGE { INLAND, 1½D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND, 1½D.; FOREIGN 3D.



LORD TENNYSON

The subject of this new sketch by Mr. Charles Ambrose is the grandson of the poet, captain of Hampshire, former captain of England and a golfer of no mean capabilities. Nobody who saw it will ever forget his splendid stand against Australia at Lord's in 1921, which was one of the most inspiring innings ever played. His recently published reminiscences *From Verse to Worse*, dedicated to his grandfather, "still the greatest author of the family," has attracted a wide public

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BOXING VERSUS BUSINESS

WILL the present state of British boxing, which is undeniably bad, go from bad to worse? Or will Lord Lonsdale manage to rally the scattered units that go to make up boxing and to stage a "comeback" that will restore this country to the position that is hers by right in the boxing world? The present is a time of crisis. Within the next week or two the question will have to be answered: Order or Chaos?

The annual general meeting of the Board of Control held on the night of October 6th brought the crisis to a head. Amid scenes of disorder hard to imagine certain resolutions were passed, which, had there been less noise, would never have received consideration. These resolutions were revolutionary and struck at the very life of the Board. They were proposals which were calculated to put business interests in front of boxing, and to do so would be to the detriment of all efforts to place professional boxing on a high plane.

To those who study boxing it has long been obvious that the Board of Control was not all that it might be. It has also been obvious that the real issue lay between the stewards and the promoters. So it proved at the general meeting. If the resolutions are allowed to stand the Board passes into the hands of the promoters. Alternatively the stewards can resign. Both solutions mean chaos. The resolutions passed must be rescinded, but that does not necessarily mean that the Board must remain just as at present constituted. The old Board of Control has been killed. It did its best, but some of its decisions were questionable, and it laid itself open to many charges, possibly including one of favouritism.

Control in boxing is both necessary and desirable, but it is required in the old form as exemplified by the National Sporting Club. With the passing of the old N.S.C. there went from British boxing something of dignity and rigid honesty, and in its place came big business which destroyed the old atmosphere of unbiased judgment. Over and over again the public has paid large sums of money to see fights unworthy of the name, and ridiculous contests have been staged and boomed for the benefit of promoters who, with managers, have in the past brought boxing in this country to the brink of that ill-repute from which, 42 years ago, it was rescued by the National Sporting Club and Lord Lonsdale. Now we are asked to allow it again to pass under the sole control of other promoters and managers, a situation which must be prevented at all costs.

The National Sporting Club has been revivified, and to it we look for all that we revered in the old N.S.C. to give us the control that the board has failed to provide. Old-time boxers and the public respected it; its successor must be honoured in like manner.

What need will we then have for a Board of Control? Lord Lonsdale, President for 42 years, is still President, and the stewards are men of unquestioned integrity, whose souls are in the welfare of boxing. All that is needed is a man strong enough and fearless enough to put any unscrupulous promoters who may arise in their proper place and to see that they stay there. Such a man would have the support of all lovers of boxing. We look to the future with hope, to see British boxing arise again triumphant, and its spirit reborn in the New National Sporting Club.

TESTS FOR MOTORISTS

OFFICIAL figures show that in the fifteen years which have elapsed since the war, about 2,000,000 persons have been killed and injured in road accidents. In protest, the Cyclists' Touring Club and the Pedestrians' Association announce that they will hold a meeting in the Friends' Lecture Hall, Euston Road, on Wednesday, November 22nd, at 8 o'clock, demanding action from the Government to reduce the number of these accidents.

We have every sympathy with the objects of these two associations. But at the same time it is impossible to blame the motorist and the speed of modern cars as the sole causes of this lamentable loss of life. All motorists, and particularly the most careful, know the dangers which are caused to pedestrians and motorists alike by the casual walker who does not look where he is going. Even more to blame is the cyclist coming out of a side road without any regard for passing traffic. Many motorists have been killed in trying to avoid collision with careless persons walking and riding bicycles.

At the same time it is certainly possible to attempt some kind of reform. It is absurd that any person above a certain age, no matter what may be his skill or judgment, can take a car out on to the road and drive it any pace which pleases him. There can be no question that tests ought to be as rigorously imposed on the amateur driver as on the men who are employed by omnibus lines, or those who earn their living with taxicabs. Here at least the Minister of Transport could take action. The necessity for a driving test to be applied to those who already have cars on the road as well as to beginners is too obvious to need argument.

SIR JOHN FORTESCUE

From the time of John Fortescue, Governor of Meaux, and one of Henry V.'s Captains, the Fortescues have given many sons to help to make the fine traditions of the British fighting man. But it was to one of them who never fired a shot in anger that it fell to embellish those records with skill and devotion, and leave them recorded for all time. Sir John Fortescue's history of the British Army was a labour of love, and though it brought him general recognition, he drew from it small material reward. Had he chosen otherwise he might have become one of the greatest of writers on country life, for *The Story of a Red Deer* has had a wide and deserved popularity.

By a sad coincidence a review of his autobiography, published this week, had been prepared for this week's *Field*, and words intended as a tribute to a great living historian stand as his obituary notice.

GUNDOG AQUATINTS

Good painters of sporting dogs have never been plentiful and are as scarce as ever to-day. But there is consolation in the knowledge that we possess in Mr. Ward Binks an artist whose work when handed down will portray the best characteristics of the sporting breeds of his era. His autumn exhibition at the Greatorex Galleries is attracting all who love a good painting of a good dog, and is even better than its forerunners. Clumbers, Labradors, pointers, cockers, all are there. In addition, Mr. Ward Binks is showing a new departure in his work, and one that should be widely welcomed, a series of eight coloured aquatint etchings priced at from 3½ to 4 guineas. They are of single dogs with the exception of a group of the King's clumbers, and constitute, it is to be hoped, the nucleus of a much larger collection of the artist's work in so popular a form.

OLD PRINTS IN THE MINT STATE

A genuine old print can often be purchased for a small outlay, but to see the old Alkens, Pollards and Wolstenholmes in the mint state is to realise what a gap there is between the average specimen and that which appeals to the connoisseur. Such reflections must occur to anyone poring over the brilliantly-coloured engravings of St. Leger Winners of 1815–24 from the paintings by Herring, first published in book form by Sheardon & Son, of Doncaster. The volume lies on the table of Messrs. Graves, in their Sloane Street Art Gallery, for all to see, and also a set of the "Trip to Epsom and Back," by J. Pollard, in similar condition—four pictures which were published for 2 guineas! If you are curious as to other prices and look at the old lists at the back of the book you will see that the Quorn Hunt series of eight by Alken, which fetch anything up to 500 guineas to-day, went for £4 14s. 6d. There are fine sets of old prints and pictures to be seen at Graves's exhibition, including Alken originals for a foxhunting set of 1818, a fine Cooper Henderson painting of the Exeter coach hold-up, and a particularly striking Ferneley portrait.

OCTOBER GRAYLING

Grayling weather this year seems to be lagging behind the calendar. It is true that there were a few days immediately after the close of the trout season when autumn sunshine on the green and gold at the edge of the coppice made one think of rapids where the shadows of russet leaves borne seawards mingled with the shadowy forms of fish moving hither and thither, and rising occasionally with that sudden dimple which betokens a shoal of grayling intent upon its breakfast. But the thought perished in the actuality of a water still green with floating algæ and dark from a bottom bestrewn with the leavings of the summer drought.

Since then the debris has gone, swept off by the urgency of autumn spates; but the grayling weather has gone too. The fishing should be good this year if frost arrives betimes. With appetite attuned to a wealth of bottom food which the great algal growths of the sunny months have fostered the fish should turn with avidity to the fly when colder water makes their former larder bare.

NED FARMER

By the death of Ned Farmer, which took place last week at Hambledon, in Surrey, at the age of 80, the hunting world has lost one of the best sportsmen and huntsmen of his day. Almost his whole life was spent with hounds. Beginning his career with the Vine, he served in turn with the East Sussex, the Rufford and the Oakley; he was first whip of the Atherstone, and huntsman successively of the East Essex, the Southdown and the Chiddingfold, retiring—but still riding to hounds—in 1924. His alert figure and handsome face will long be remembered by those who saw him in the saddle, and his cheery humour carried him through the longest day. Above all, he was a hard worker. In the war he had the horses and hounds of the Chiddingfold to look after almost single-handed, and only a man of splendid health could have done what he did for the Hunt. He is mourned by many friends.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From an article in a Canadian paper entitled "V—— Catches Lions on Fish Hook": "We had ropes and fish hooks along, big shark and tarpon hooks, and we baited these hooks with zebra meat.

"Then we drove out in the veldt to where the lions were, and tossed out the ropes. Pretty soon the lions came sniffing around, same as a fish would, and we started hooking them in. We got 25 in two days. Of course, they put up a terrific uproar once they got hooked, but we just speeded up the car and dragged those lions along till we knocked all the fight out of them. A lot of them got away because we didn't have barbed hooks."

"DILUTING" ENGLISH RUGBY

As though to confound their detractors, several of the Old Boys' Rugby teams have been doing very well this season. Thus we have had the Old Millhillians drawing with Northampton and beating the London Irish, and the Old Merchant Taylors beating Blackheath. Yet it seems that some of the big clubs cannot take the Old Boys' clubs seriously. To them a star player is irretrievably lost if he plays for his old school team.

The Old Millhillians provide one sort of answer, for they have in recent years numbered among their players the England international half-backs, Sobey and Spong, the English forward P. D. Howard, and the Scottish three-quarter J. G. W. Hume. But there are more good things in Rugby than the production of international players, and the Old Boys' clubs deserve every encouragement, if only because they preserve so well the spirit of Rugby as a game played for the enjoyment of the players.

CRICKET QUALIFICATION

It is reported that the Nawab of Pataudi, who was a member of the English cricket team sent to Australia last winter, has decided that he will not play for India in the Test matches against the English touring team this winter, thus following the example of K. S. Duleepsinhji.

These two famous players have thus signified their preference to play for England rather than India. By the rules of Test match qualification they are eligible to play for the country of their birth at any time, but by so doing they would not be eligible to play for England for another four years, assuming that they remained in residence in England. Before India began to play Test matches there was no reason at all why Indian players shou'd not qualify to play for England, but there is now far less justification for Indian players to neglect the country of their birth or for them to be included in England teams.

THREE TIMES UNLUCKY

Misfortune seems to be dogging the steps of W. Stott. When victory was almost within his grasp he fell at the last fence in the Grand National, his mount, Pelorus Jack, being pretty well done.

Shortly afterwards he had a very serious motor accident, from which he has not long recovered, and to complete, or so we hope, this chapter of accidents, on his first appearance of the season at Sandown Park last week, he had another nasty fall.

Fortunately his injuries were not so severe as was at first thought. May they be the last he will receive for many a long day.

BUTTERFLIES AND WASPS

This has been a wonderful year for butterflies. It will be known as an *Edusa* year, for Clouded Yellows have been plentiful throughout the southern counties from July onwards. Commas, obeying some obscure law, during recent years and especially during 1933 have been spreading into south-east England away from the Wye Valley, which years ago was recognised as their home. Red Admirals and Painted Ladies, those migrants of whose habits we know so little, have visited us in swarms, and—perhaps even more difficult to understand—there have been more specimens of the foreign Milkweed butterfly seen on the wing than in any year on record.

It might have been supposed that a year in which butterflies were abundant would also be a "good" year for other insect life. But, for whatever reason, that is not so. In many parts of the country, without any lamentations for their absence, there has been a marked scarcity of wasps.

AUTUMN ENDING

Of poets writing to-day who has more surely the gift of setting beauty in sharp contrast so as to produce the perfect picture of the English countryside than Edmund Blunden? In these lines, for instance, from *The Last of Autumn*:

"Ivy with wasp and hornet buzzes still,
Blue glittering flies are sunning on the stones,
And the hives among the nettles' chalky flowers
Are toiling; welcome, wayside thistles' crown,
And rare-grown daisy in the meadow, shine,
Though your pale cheeks have lost their lovely red.

"But the wind that frets the old and lingering leaves
Arises deep, the very dirge and knell
Of this doomed dream;
And sets the weazel, where she hangs and dries
To skin and bone, still with her whiskered snarl,
A-swaying on the barren sloe-tree's thorn."



What is the titheowner's fair share?

TITHE DISCUSSIONS AGAIN

Inquiry Demanded by Landowners and Farmers

By LORD CRANWORTH

IN the Anglo-Saxon period tithe originated in free gifts made from the landowners to the Church. Such gifts gradually became customary on a recognised basis, and such custom became gradually legalised.

Tithes were then collected from the occupier in person by the rector of the parish and were invariably in kind, and one must bear in mind that at that time the Church was responsible for not only all poor relief in the land, but most of the road maintenance as well. This practice continued till 1836, when the Tithe Commutation Act converted the payment in kind into tithe rent charge as we know it to-day, based on the average price of corn during the preceding seven years. In 1891, a time of great agricultural depression, the liability to pay was transferred from the occupier to the landowner. Further, it was laid down that should the tithe exceed two-thirds of the Schedule B assessment (*i.e.*, the rental value) relief could be obtained.

In 1918 a Tithe Act fixed £100 tithe rent-charge, as commuted in 1836, at £109 3s. 11d. to operate till 1925. In 1925 another Act was passed which had, with the facile optimism of the period, the intention of stabilising tithe for all time. This it did at the figure of £105, plus a compulsory redemption charge of £4 10s. which would extinguish the charge in 85 years.

The figure was probably a reasonable one at the time, but it is only fair to say that the landowners through their representative bodies never agreed to it. At the same time Queen Anne's Bounty agreed to undertake the collection of the charge, and thus severed the last personal link between the tithepayer and the recipient.

Among other facts that emerge I would stress two. Firstly, the charge has always been, right up to the legislation of 1925, based on ability to pay. Obviously this was so when payment was in kind; demonstrably it was so later. The Act of 1925 changed a practice which has surely been the basis of all our taxation, and saddled the landowner with a charge in perpetuity, without in any way safeguarding his ability to pay. On this rests the whole basis of the present intense dissatisfaction.

WHERE THE BURDEN FALLS

It has been suggested that the right method to restore this ability would be to relate the charge invariably to the annual value of the land—say, 20 per cent. of the Schedule B assessment. While this would appear both logical and just it has one objection. It would be received with enthusiasm by those whose burden was reduced, but with pronounced hostility by those to whom the charge was increased and who would in all probability be the majority.

Secondly, it is, since 1891, on the owner of land that the tax primarily falls. This is not to say that it is not the affair of the farmer also. Many farmers, and an increasing number, own their own land, and, moreover, the N.F.U. is rightly and necessarily concerned with every factor that affects British agriculture. Nevertheless, it is a burden that falls first and foremost on the landowner.

It is sometimes argued that a man who has bought his land with full knowledge of the charge on it has no right to complain. Yet, surely it is absurd to suggest that the act of buying can deprive a man for ever from using any proper effort to redress anything that he may hold to be a grave injustice.

From the consideration given by the Central Landowners' Association to this burning question of tithes at least two definite conclusions have been reached:

(*a*) Tithe is a definite legal property to-day. Certainly a body which exists for the very purpose of guarding the possession and amenities of one kind of property would be as foolish as they would be wrong to attack the legal status of another.

(*b*) Tithe as it operates at present is a burden which in many instances is quite intolerable. The burden varies, it is true, but in the corn-growing counties, which before the repeal of the Corn Laws and the subsequent influx of cheap corn from abroad were best able to bear it, it is grievous indeed. I venture to suggest that in most cases it amounts to more than the net rent, in many it swallows up the whole surplus, while there is a considerable number of estates in which, after reasonable repairs and maintenance and the payment of tithe and other overheads, the result of the ownership of land over the last ten years has been an annual deficit of over five shillings an acre. Of two such estates I have access to the accounts. The lot of the owner-occupier is even worse, since his resources are more limited.

UNSYMPATHETIC OFFICIALDOM

There are some who say that a round table conference held, say, eighteen months ago would have settled the whole question; more wonder why Queen Anne's Bounty have not from the first dealt with the trouble along the lines on which good landowners have met their tenants—by a remission of rent.

Surely the answer is simple and carries a lesson that all may learn. In 1925 the individual collection of tithe ceased, and both collection and administration became the province of a corporate body. That body's concern is to collect the money. It cannot look on the matter in the same spirit of fellowship as can the individual landowner. A committee of officials in Whitehall in its corporate capacity has "neither a soul to be saved, nor a body to be kicked."

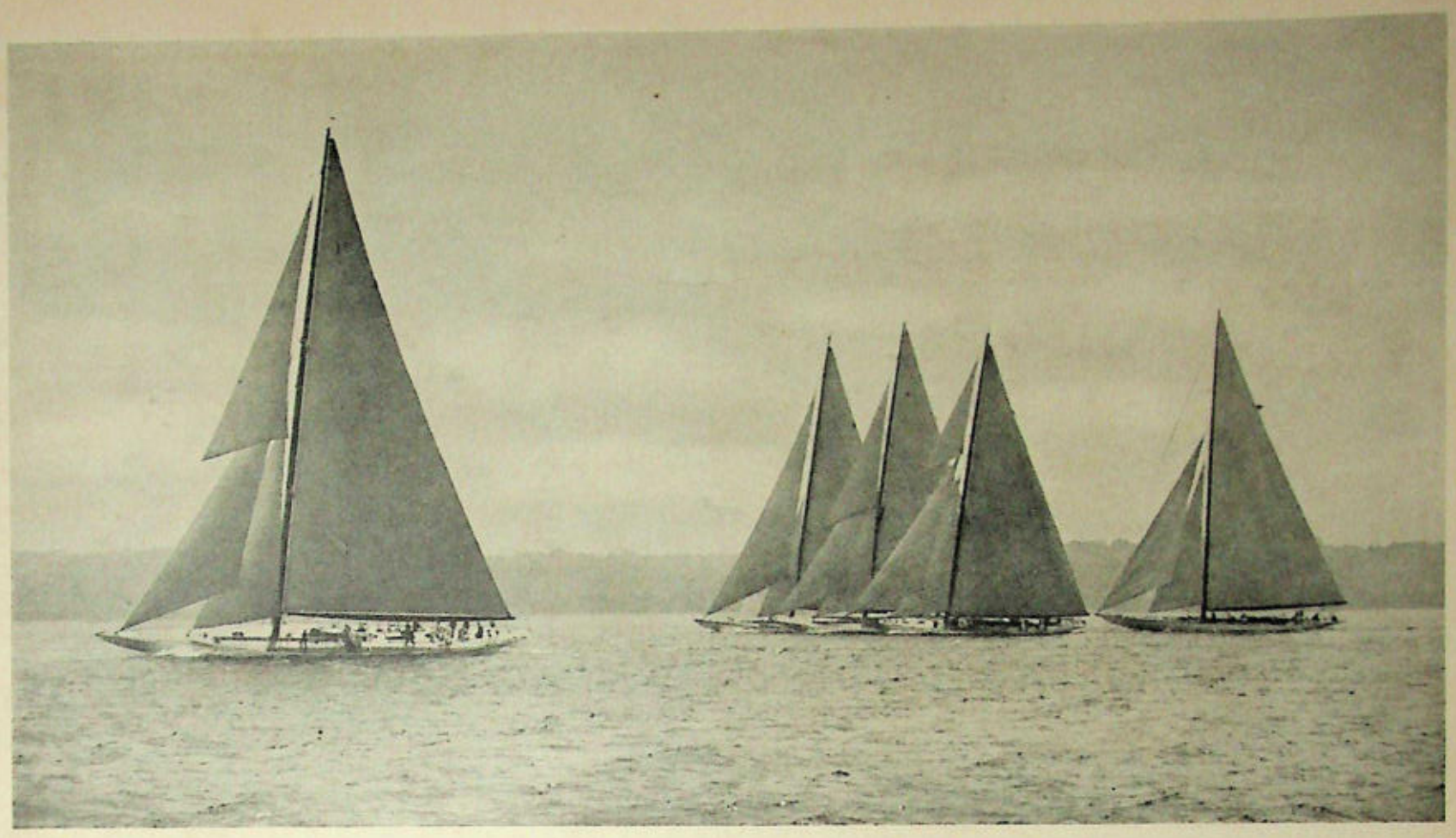
After intensive consideration the Council of the Central Landowners' Association has decided to give its entire support to two resolutions which were passed unanimously by the Agricultural Committee of the House of Commons:

> Firstly: "That in order to deal with the immediate situation, the Government be urged to amend forthwith Section 8 of the Tithe Act of 1891, so as to give facilities which are quicker in action and of which every aggrieved person can take advantage."

This is the section which in theory limits tithe to two-thirds of the gross rent. This relief should be made easily accessible. Furthermore, in many cases, the vast majority in the Eastern Counties, one-third of the present rent—all that would be left—would be more than swallowed up after other overheads and reasonable maintenance had been paid. It is submitted that one-quarter, or at the very most one-third, should be substituted. This would, at all events, bring Queen Anne's Bounty once more into some touch with the realities of farming.

> Secondly: "That with a view to a permanent tithe policy the Government be urged to institute an inquiry into the grievances which have arisen under the Act of 1925."

There is an overwhelming case for such an inquiry, and there is no time to be lost. Every month the situation gets more acute, and whereas a year ago it might have been the case that restored prosperity would have removed the problem, it is, I fear, most doubtful if it would do so now.



A TRIAL TO SELECT A DEFENDER FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP IN 1930
The Americans, as defenders, have always had the advantage of selecting the best performer of several yachts

CHALLENGING FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP

Our Chances To-Day Compared with Past Conditions

By COMMANDER J. IRVING



ALL through the past season there have been rumours of a possible challenge for the America's Cup. It has now been announced officially—what was already suspected by some—that the new J.-class yacht which Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith ordered from Nicholson a fortnight or more ago is to be the Challenger. Her chosen name, Endeavour, could not have been better suited to the task before her; the challenge itself, issued by the Squadron, is already on its way to the New York Yacht Club.

Admittedly these are difficult times, and the United States is passing through a grim period of financial depression. Nevertheless, there seems to be no likelihood that the challenge will be declined. After all, much of the expense of defending the America's Cup results from building three or four "trial horses," and then selecting the best performer as the actual Defender. The series of races would be just as effective, and the actual racing just as keen if only one potential Defender were built—just as there *can* only be one Challenger. Nor would this hamper the defence, for with the contestants bound as they now are to J.-class rules, the existing yachts of that class on both sides of the Atlantic could act as pacers in the trials.

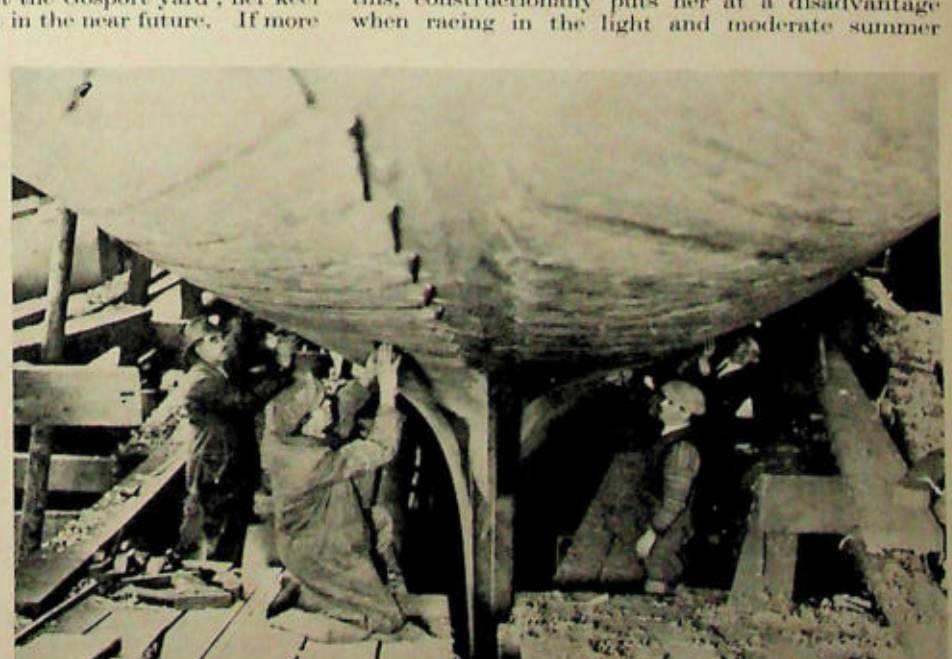
There is another factor, however, which should practically guarantee an acceptance of the challenge, even apart from innate American sea-sportsmanship. According to one American yachtsman, the New York Y.C. would be almost glad to see their defence challenged and the cup lifted and brought over here. Not that they want to lose it for good, but many of them would welcome a change of arena.

Of Mr. Sopwith himself, the owner of the Challenger, there is little to be said that is not already well known. A skilful, fearless helmsman, he has an almost unequalled record of class-racing successes; his Mouette amassed 109 prizes in three years, including 75 firsts, with 28 of these in one season; he has got the utmost out of Shamrock V. this past season, and time and again has demonstrated an unerring tactical judgment. Presumably he would handle the Challenger himself as he handles all his craft, and this should cause the liveliest satisfaction among American yachtsmen. Always prone to amateur helmsmen themselves, it has been some years since a British Challenger raced with a Corinthian owner at the helm.

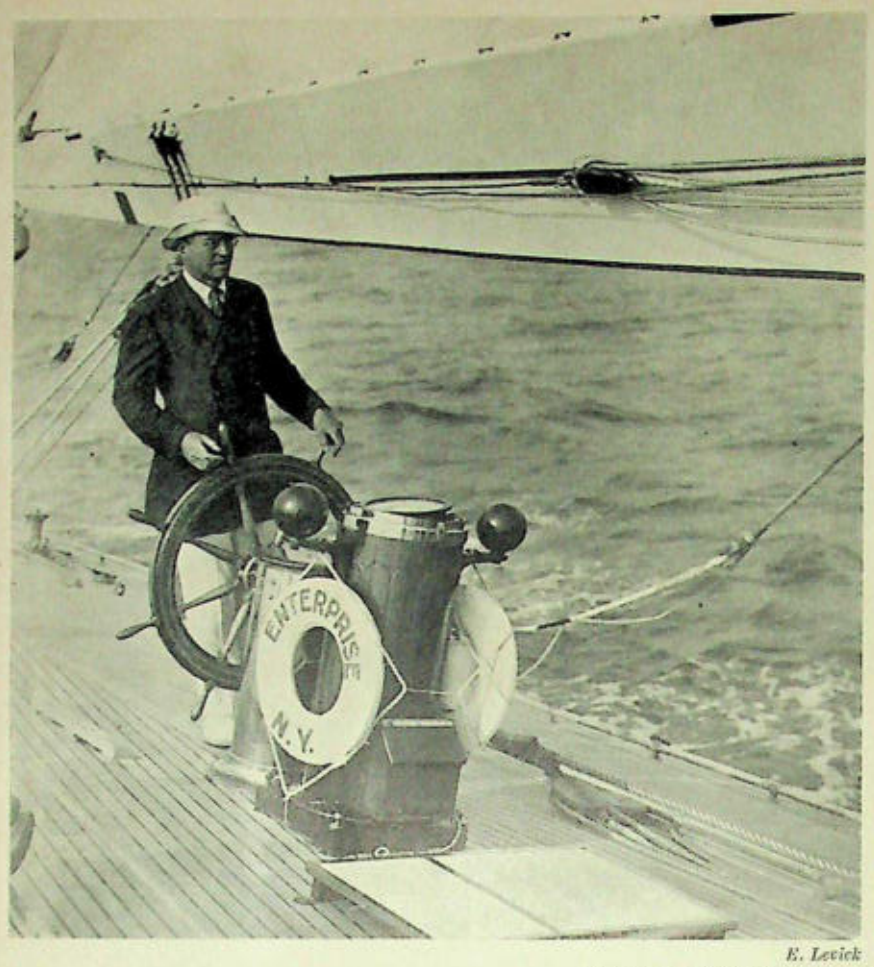
And that is all—officially at least—that is known for the moment. Charles Nicholson, the designer of the Shamrocks is again to design the Challenger, and she is to be built at the Gosport yard; her keel will presumably be cast in the near future. If more were known it might only increase the problems of her designer.

But, as with every previous quest for this yachting Grail, the same old questions crop up: "Is the Cup worth the powder and shot?" "Is it really possible to lift the Cup at all?" To both the answer must be "Yes!" It must be worth while or there would not have been so many attempts to bring back to these waters what the America took away in 1851. Fourteen times a British Challenger has crossed the Atlantic and tried her skill; fourteen times there has been failure, and still Endeavour comes along to test the epic defence of this strangest and most coveted of sporting trophies. As for the sheer possibility of success: although we were well trounced last time, the challenging Shamrock in 1920 all but broke through the American defence, just a fluking wind lay between us and the Cup—and Resolute got the wind first. If success could draw so close when the conditions of the contest did not exactly favour a Challenger's chances, how much more possibility of success is there now when conditions of challenge and defence are infinitely more even.

Frequently one hears the lament that the challenger has to sail across the Atlantic, and that this, constructionally puts her at a disadvantage when racing in the light and moderate summer



STILL A MATTER OF CONJECTURE: WHETHER THE YACHT OF WOOD—
Men at work on the underbody of Shamrock V.





E. Levick

AMATEUR SKIPPERS ON BOTH SIDES OF THE ATLANTIC

Mr. Harold S. Vanderbilt at the wheel of Enterprise, the successful defender of the last America's Cup race, and Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith sailing Shamrock V., Sir Thomas Lipton's last challenger. The much discussed triangular boom is seen in the picture taken on board Enterprise

breeze conditions of the New York seaboard. This is, I think, a greatly over-laboured point, and in actual practice it is extremely doubtful if this has had the slightest adverse influence on the fate of recent challenges. In any case, now that both Defender and Challenger must be built to Lloyds' Rules, it can in no way affect the issue.

If the actual contest is integrated into its component parts of ship, crew, weather and helmsmanship, it will be seen that, with the exception of the first, these components are virtually common to both attack and defence. It is the ship herself which principally decides the issue—and there was a world of truth in Sir Thomas Lipton's well-worn joke that "it was something the Americans put in the water" which prevented him from winning. It was, indeed—it was their defending yacht. It has always been a battle of design, a struggle of designers; but with Mr. Sopwith's Challenger, for the first time since the classic Deed of Gift transferred the defence of the trophy to the N.Y.Y.C., the Challenger's designer will not be facing very long odds.

What the challengers are really up against may be summarised briefly: their choice must be named and described many months before the actual racing, whereas the Defender need not be named till the day of the first race; the Challenger must cross the Atlantic under sail; and she must race in waters relatively unknown to her helmsman and under unaccustomed weather conditions. Arrayed side by side these conditions in previous contests have presented almost insuperable difficulties, but time and circumstance have now combined to brush most of them away. The long notice of the challenge is of much less import now that both Defender and Challenger must be built to the present J-class rule. That both yachts must now be built to Lloyds' Rules for scantlings, etc., robs the Atlantic crossing of any significant drawbacks it had in the past. Only the local weather and sea conditions remain as the Challenger's handicap, and on an open-sea course off Newport these conditions are not likely to prove more harassing than racing on our own coasts this last summer when the mild, soft-breeze days closely resembled the summer weather conditions of the western shores of the Atlantic.

Far more than ever before, therefore, the success or failure of the challenge will lie with the Challenger herself, with Endeavour's design and with her designer. And even his problem has been greatly simplified, for he is no longer working in the dark as with previous contests. He will be working to a definite and successful rule, and he will have the valued experience derived from designing and building the successful Velsheda—in fact, it may well be one of his more difficult tasks to design a faster ship than that. Moreover, four J-class yachts have so far been built in the United States as against two built in England; but both of ours came from Nicholson's board, which rather puts the odds of design-experience on our side. The actual crux of the problem must, however, lie within the confines of the rating rule itself. A J-class yacht must have a draught of 15ft., a water-line length of between 80ft. and 87ft. for a displacement of between 128 and 165 tons. Her sail area is limited to about 7,500 sq. ft. Her hull-form is most rigidly restricted and her dimensions for freeboard, beam and displacement must vary directly with her waterline length. Thus a J-class yacht with a waterline length of 80ft. must have a displacement of 128 tons; but by increasing the waterline length, say, to 85ft., the displacement must be increased to 153 tons, and for this added length of 4ft. the same sail area would have to drive an extra 25 tons through the water. Where such careful limitations and restrictions exist there cannot possibly be any very great difference between the lines of Challenger and Defender.

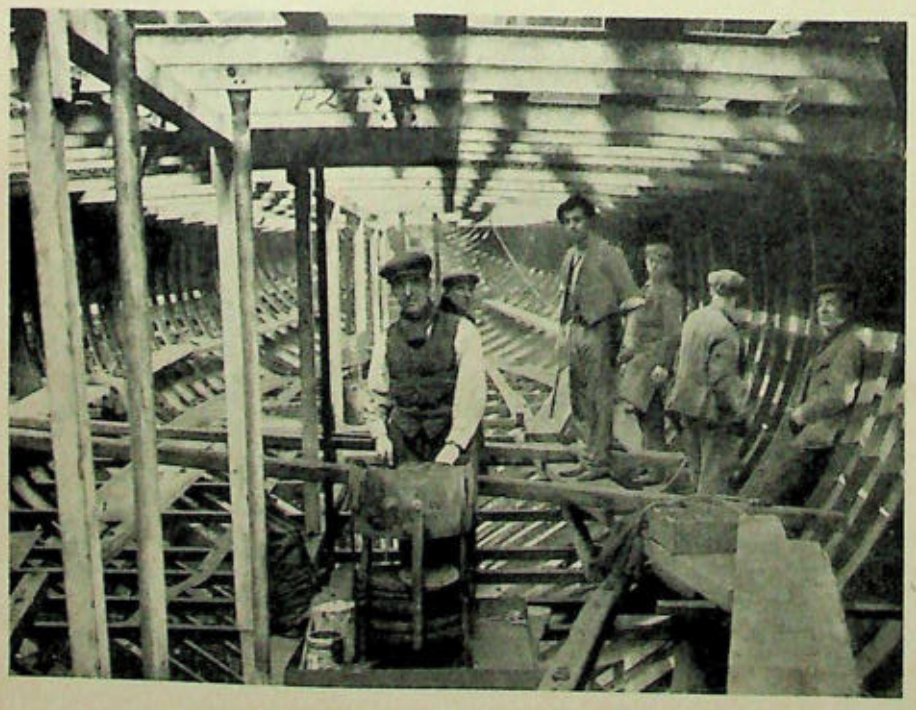
There is, of course, the possibility that the defence may come out with some unforeseen device, as they did with the 47,000 dollar Duralumin mast and the "Park Avenue" boom in Enterprise in 1930. But even the opportunities for this have been so much restricted by the revised rules since that contest that it is very difficult to see what form this innovation can take.

In point of fact, it may be questioned if Enterprise's mast and boom did make all the difference in 1930 as has been suggested. In the American M-class since then races have been sailed between class yachts with Duralumin lattice masts and Enterprise booms against similar yachts not so fitted; and the balance of victory, even in light weather, would appear to have gone rather to the latter.

Analysing it as far as is possible, therefore, it really would seem that this time the margin of variability of design in any direction can be very slight indeed; the structural differences are likely to be negligible; the possibilities of "gadgets" are immeasurably reduced. In short, the designer of the Defender, and the designer of the Challenger will virtually start level and be working on the same lines.

The one factor which always before has been to our disadvantage is the condition which enables the defence to build several yachts and pick out, over a series of trials, their actual Defender. Owing to the type of yacht required for the challenge in the past it has been impracticable for us to build a "trial horse," and it is doubtful if one would have been of much use. There was the psychological point to be considered that the best could never be got out of a "trial horse" and crew, which, even if she proved to be ten times faster than the Challenger, could never carry the challenge. This time, however, Nicholson will have Velsheda with her success as a spur to his design. When Endeavour takes the water there will be Velsheda to put her through her paces, a similar ship built to the same rule; and if Endeavour is to outsail Velsheda in light weather she will have to be a fast ship indeed.

Taking it all "bye and large," we seem to stand about the best chance we have ever stood of producing a successful challenger, and when the challenge is accepted, of bringing the Cup this side of the Atlantic once more.

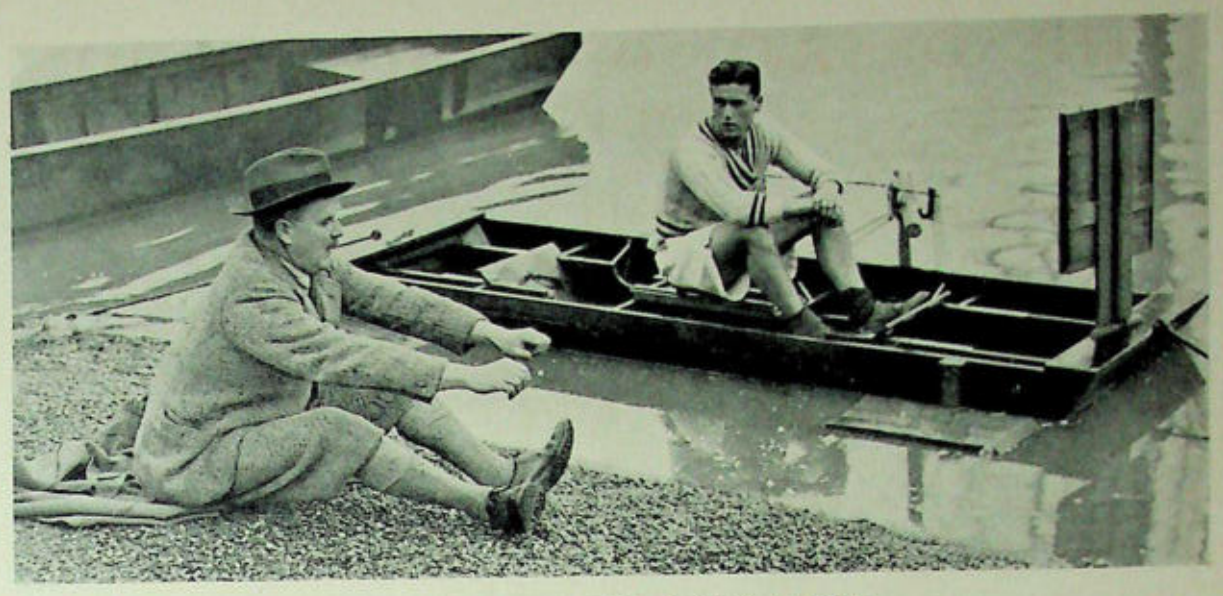


—IS INFERIOR TO THE YACHT OF STEEL

Velsheda under construction at Gosport



G. A. ELLISON
This year's O.U.B.C. President



MR. HAIG-THOMAS SHOWING HOW IT IS DONE
Third Trinity, Cambridge, with a good four on paper, have the benefit of his coaching

YACHT RATINGS

The New Formulæ

By MAJOR MALDEN HECKSTALL-SMITH

AT the International Conference on Yacht Measurement, held recently in London at the Royal Thames Y.C., decisions were arrived at which may have a far-reaching effect on the future of yacht racing. The most important work of the Conference was that which dealt with the question as to whether any change should be made in the I.Y.R.U. Rating Rule for yachts of 14½ metres and under.

Prince Olav of Norway and Mr. Johan Anker—representing Norway—strongly advocated a change being made, on the grounds that in Scandinavia the more recently built boats, and especially those in the 6-metre class, have been of a definitely undesirable type. While being fast for their rating, they are wet and uncomfortable, and are also unsuitable as cruisers when their racing days are over. The newest "Sixes" are long and narrow, having a beam of only 5ft. 9in. on a load waterline length of 24ft. and, due to this length, their displacement is proportionately high.

A SPREADING EVIL?

These tendencies, while being most marked in the 6-metre class, would, it was thought, very shortly extend to the "Eights," "Tens" and "Twelves." Already there were "Eights" with a beam of only 7ft. 9in. So serious had the situation become that unless definite action were to be taken immediately to put a stop to the development of these and other undesirable features, very few boats would be built to the I.Y.R.U. rate, and the sport of yacht racing would suffer a severe set-back.

As opposed to this proposal, which had the support of Great Britain, Sweden and Denmark, the opinion was expressed that no change should be made in the existing rule, but that two additional classes—say of 5-metres and 7-metres—should be adopted, and a new rate formulated which would give a lighter displacement relatively to existing practice.

The following decisions were arrived at:

(1) That the new formula for the I.Y.R.U. Rule shall be $\frac{L + 2d + \sqrt{S} - F}{2.37}$ = Rating. That is to say, the length of the yacht, plus twice the difference between the "skin" and "chain" girths, taken to a depth of one-eighth of the class rating below the water line, plus the square root of the sail area, minus the average freeboard, divided by 2.37, equals the yacht's rating.

(2) The new rule to become law immediately.

(3) The old rule remains valid until January 1st, 1937. The two rules are to run concurrently, and it was left to the National Authorities of each country to decide as to the conditions under which old and new boats shall race. Incidentally, on this point, the Chairman of the Conference, Sir William Burton, stated that he had no doubt that the Yacht Racing Association would allow yachts built to the new rule to race with those built to the old.

(4) The following alteration was made in the method of measuring length, and I am quoting this clause in full, as it constitutes a greater deviation from the old method than the dropping of the "girth" measurement. "The length 'L' for the formula is to be the length measured at a height of 1.5 per cent. of the Class Rating above the L.W.L., plus one-and-one-half times the difference between the girth at the bow section measured to points 5 per cent. of the rating above 'L' and twice the vertical height to those points, plus one-third of the difference between the girth covering board to covering board at the stern ending of this length, and twice the vertical height at the side of the yacht at this station. The minimum difference of girth at the bow station, as above defined, to be 30 per cent. of twice the said vertical height. The removal of the girth measurement from the formula should have the effect of checking the tendency towards narrow beam, and also of limiting the rake of the keel to a reasonable amount. The new method of measuring the bow girth should remove all inducement to pinch in the forward deck line—a feature which mars quite a number of otherwise nice designs. In each case the change of rule is one which definitely makes for the better, but one of the objections to the old rule, as pointed out by the Royal Italian Sailing Federation, still remains. As stated in their memorandum of May 18th, 1933, to the I.Y.R.U., the present freedom in the choice of the amount of sail area renders it possible to have in yachts of the same class an undue variation of area, "a thing which often takes out all sporting interest in a regatta."

Under a rule which allows great latitude in sail area for a relatively slight change in length, it is highly unlikely that the crack boat, say, on the Mediterranean, will have much chance of being successful on the Solent or *vice versa*. The questions relating to masts which were dealt with so inadequately at the last I.Y.R.U. conference, have been satisfactorily settled—the regulation as to thickness of shell having been dropped, excepting that uniformity of thickness is now required.

It was not considered necessary at the present time to adopt any new open classes, either under a rating rule or under restrictions but the 12-square metre Sharpie Class has now been given international status. This should lead to its adoption in many districts in this and other countries, and it should also lead to a greater number of both International and inter-club matches. The price of a Sharpie is restricted to £50 complete and ready for racing, and being a little under 20ft. in length, and of very light weight, it is easy and cheap to transport from place to place by steamer, train, lorry or trailer.

There can, I think, be no doubt that the conference has been, on the whole, a great success, and it is most satisfactory to feel assured that, in view of the modifications in the rule of measurement, the threatened stagnation in yacht building has been averted.

ROWING AT THE UNIVERSITIES

Finding Next Year's Crews

By D. H. E. McCOWEN

ONCE again a rowing season is upon us, and captains and coaches are getting busy with new material and wondering how on earth next year's oarsmen are to be cajoled into pushing a boat along at all.

The Universities hold the floor in rowing until April, and the chief interest just now is in the light fours, an event second only to the eights and Mays, and the result of which has an important bearing on the selection of the 'Varsity crews and trials.

If one goes by numbers, then there is a decided increase in keenness at Oxford. This fact seems to have stimulated activity, and it is very gratifying to note that the all-round efficiency of Oxford rowing is on the up grade.

At the same time they have a long way to go and much hard work to do before they can emulate the recent victories of Cambridge.

In all there are 22 crews practising for the fours, and not a bad lot either. There is very gradually creeping in a solidity of bladework, which in former years was conspicuous by its absence, and also every now and then you see a boat that is "running between the stroke," surely the best sign of a revival of fast moving crews.

B.N.C., the holders, sadly miss the services of their stroke, Holdsworth, and it does not look as if they can win without him. Oriel, like their Head of the River crew, are very neat but lack power. Nevertheless, their rowing is very true and easy, and they have a definite chance. New College are the most promising lot on the river. Ellison, the new O.U.B.C. president, and another Blue, Hogg, form the nucleus of a powerful four.

Trinity have A. V. Suteliffe, stroke of the Shrewsbury crew which won the Ladies' in 1932, occupying the same position, and it will be interesting to see if he can establish himself as a racer in his new surroundings.

Bankes and Couchman, the Blues, are the mainstay of Christchurch, but, along with Worcester, they just lack the snap and ease to make them go fast. Still, they have plenty of time to obtain more finesse.

At Cambridge competition is as keen as ever, and all the crews with a potential chance of winning were hard at it before term started. Pembroke and Magdalene have been to Putney for a week, and several other crews have been loosening up and generally going through the initial stages of training on the Cam. Cambridge has always set a very high standard in four-oared boating, particularly so in the last ten years, their crews having won the Stewards' five and the Visitors' eight times besides supplying the victorious Olympic fours of 1924 and 1928.

CREWS ABOVE THE AVERAGE

This year there seem to be four crews well above the average. Third Trinity have last year's 'Varsity stroke (Frame Thompson) and seven (Fletcher) at stroke and three respectively. Payne, after an enforced rest, is back again and rowing at two—his presence ought to have a big effect on the pace of the crew, as he is a most powerful and solid oarsman; Powell, who won the Goblets with Gilmour, is bow. On paper it looks a good combination, and with Mr. Haig-Thomas coaching they are sure to give a good account of themselves. They are certain to be fast for a short way, but unless stroke and three have improved since Henley they will not be strong finishers.

Selwyn are a very workmanlike crew, and with that very fine oarsman, J. C. Wansey, at three, they will keep hard at it all the time.

Pembroke have the best rhythm and the easiest stride of any crew on the river, and with Bradley and Wilson in a winning mood there is no reason why they should not record another victory. Their boat runs a very long way without any check whatsoever, a sure sign that it is travelling fast.

Christ's, with two of the winning Visitors' crew rowing, are quite good, and if they have a lucky draw will show up well.

Clare, the holders, look about the next best. They are experimenting with the style of Kent School, on which move they are to be congratulated—the more enterprise shown in this line the better; it all helps to improve our standard of rowing, and so I wish them all success and hope that they will reproduce the attractive rhythm of those schoolboys.

Cambridge is very well supplied with scullers again. Buckle (Magdalene), who was third in the Wingfields this year, and, incidentally, broke the record, must be an established favourite. Bradley and Wilson (Pembroke), who as a pair broke the double sculling record last summer, are both useful scullers; while Faulkener (L.M.B.C.) and Moir, the "Caius Colossus," are sculling very strenuously just now. Sambell (Pembroke) is, I hear, thinking of entering, and if what I know of his watermanship and determination is anything to go by he will cause one or two people some hard thinking.

Candidates for trials are already being sifted, but until the fours are over, their merits and demerits cannot be discussed.

THE DEARTH OF LIGHT-WEIGHT JOCKEYS

How Young Talent Could Be Brought to the Fore

IT is doubtful whether there was ever a period in English racing when the dearth of good light-weight jockeys was so noticeable as it is to-day. The reason is not far to seek. Owing to eminently proper educational regulations boys go into racing stables much later in life than was formerly the case. In the days of Fred Archer it was customary for little fellows of eleven and twelve years old to be apprenticed to trainers, whose wives or housekeepers usually made themselves responsible for giving the boys a "bit of schooling" in their spare time. The great jockey himself was only eleven when he went into the hands of Matthew Dawson.

Gordon Richards, on the other hand, was fourteen before he was taken into Mr. Martin Hartigan's stable, and the difference between the age at which these two remarkable practitioners started on their active careers can be accepted as approximately representing the difference between the apprentices of yesterday and to-day.

Nobody will pretend that it is not the right thing for the boys to begin their careers in stables later in life than was the practice at one period. At the same time it helps to explain why first-rate light-weight jockeys are becoming increasingly fewer. An interval of at least two years elapses between the date of a boy's arrival in a racing establishment and the time he is considered fit to take his first ride in public. Although Richards was a lad who soon caught the eye of his master, he was sixteen years old before he was given a mount on a race-course.

At that age the majority of lads are putting on weight, and in two or three more seasons they can be no longer included in the feather-weight class. The advance of the age standard for apprentices has undoubtedly diminished the supply of right material, and trainers are finding it more and more difficult to find the type of lad they require.

THE "BEST HORSE IN THE STABLE"

Every trainer is naturally anxious to give a promising apprentice every possible encouragement. It is well known that a successful apprentice can be the "best horse in the stable." But if we are to judge by the infrequency with which young talent comes to the front a great many disappointments are experienced in modern racing stables. In many cases, it is to be feared, owners are to blame for not putting more opportunities in the way of the lads of their own stables.

When a horse is regarded as being favourably handicapped it is too often the practice of owners to search round for a rider of established reputation rather than to entrust the mount to one of his own trainer's novices. In these circumstances it is only the predominance of natural genius which enables the average apprentice to make his mark and maintain his position in the struggle for riding honours.

That the dearth of good light-weight riders is not over-stated is shown by the fact that in the recent race for the Cesarewitch no fewer than ten of the jockeys were unable to do the weights at which their mounts were handicapped. In one case as much as 5lb. overweight was declared and in another instance a rider carried 4lb. more than the weight allotted to his horse. This is typical of many other big handicaps in the present season. Two years ago the Jockey Club raised the minimum weight by 7lb., and Rule 116 now reads: "No horse shall carry less than 6st. 7lb. in any race, unless the 5lb. apprentice allowance under Rule 55 be claimed, but in races confined to apprentices the lowest weight may be 6st." In spite of this advancement in the minimum weight trainers are complaining that it is even more difficult to get the right jockeys for horses weighted at from 6st. 7lb. to 7st. than it was in the days when the lowest weight was 6st.

NEED FOR MORE WELTER HANDICAPS

What is the remedy for this unfortunate state of affairs? One suggestion is that the majority of handicaps should be arranged with a minimum of 7st. This would be accompanied by a proportionate increase in the weight allotted to the top-weights, and we should at once hear the outcry that our best horses were being overburdened.

But is not this objection dictated by sentiment rather than by common sense? Generations of racing people have been accustomed to see handicaps framed with 9st. 7lb. as the absolute maximum—and then only in exceptional cases. Anything over that burden they are inclined to condemn as an unfair racing weight. Do they forget that Minting carried 10st. to an easy victory in the Kempton Park Jubilee? Further, that the lowest weight carried in that race was 5st. 10lb. and that the winner was a hot favourite in a field of nineteen? Much more recently we saw Heronslea win a welter race at Manchester, with the going fetlock deep and with no less than 10st. 7lb. in the saddle.

All this talk about the limitation of maximum weight is misdirected. Nobody complains when a penalised two-year-old has to carry 9st. 7lb. A stone more is surely not too much for a mature horse. Weights ranging up to 13st. have to be carried in steeplechasing, and nobody murmurs.

The question resolves itself into this—what is a fair racing weight for a thoroughbred horse? If you agree that the present standard for handicaps can be raised without doing any harm to the blood-stock breed you will have stated a fair case for a large increase in the number of welter races. And that would not only solve the problem of the shortage of light-weight riders, but would enable owners and trainers to make further use of the services of senior riders of the type of Carslake, Childs and R. A. Jones, who find themselves standing down from handicap after handicap because there are no mounts available at their weights.

WHY NOT MORE APPRENTICE RACES?

Another question which arises is whether there are enough races confined to apprentices. The Rule says: "Upon all racecourses having four or more days' racing during the year (except those having only one fixture) there shall be at least one race during the season confined to apprentices." Is this sufficient encouragement for the young riders?

This rule, if taken literally, means that the Jockey Club, if they thought fit, could content themselves with only one apprentice race for the whole of the season's eight meetings at Newmarket. Of course the authorities at headquarters are much more sensible than to treat their own rule in this restricted manner. We are fully aware that apprentice races are not popular with the general racing public. Presumably they feel they cannot bet with reasonable safety on jockeys they know little of.

It is to be feared that some racegoers regard these races as being a nuisance, a necessary nuisance perhaps, but still a nuisance. They should, on the contrary, regard these tests for the junior riders as being among the most useful and interesting things in racing. We think the Jockey Club would be doing a service to the sport by taking steps to double the number of apprentice races at present being run.

That would be assuredly an excellent means of bringing young talent to the fore, especially if races of this type could be occasionally of the value of £500 instead of the trifling stakes which are now the order.



CARRYING A BIG WEIGHT TO VICTORY

The two-year-old Shalfleet (Diomedes—Prince Charming), on left, winning the Theale Plate at Newbury, with 9st. 2lb. in the saddle, from Thauma and Miltondale

HUNTER BREEDERS' POSITION

Another Islington Show Next Year

AT a meeting of the Hunters Improvement and Light Horse Breeding Society, it was reported that steps had been taken in regard to applying for a renewal of the grant for light horse breeding, and that the Society had placed before the Government the full facts of the present position. Nothing definite had, however, been decided, but it was hoped that all might hear something definite before the next meeting of the Council. It was understood that in addition to the Society's negotiations, some 50 to 60 agricultural county committees and societies had sent in strong resolutions to the Minister of Agriculture in regard to a renewal of the light horse breeding scheme in some form or other.

The date of the next London show was provisionally fixed for Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, February 27th, 28th and March 1st, 1934, and the schedule of classes for the hunter section adopted.



WHERE SYNDICATES SOMETIMES FAIL

Klaxon maintains that gundogs are usually not nearly enough considered by syndicates

DO SYNDICATES SPOIL SHOOTING?

Dangers of Absentee Ownership

By KLAXON

EVERY season more shooting estates are given up by private owners and syndicates take them over. This is financially inevitable, yet I sometimes think that a book of instruction to lessees by a competent sporting author should be published. I will try to explain: A group of (shall we say) Throgmorton Street friends takes 3,000 acres within 50 miles of London, appoints an *ad hoc* member who is a local resident, and leaves it to him to fix convenient days, pay the keeper and show the game. There is seldom any check on the amount of breeding stock that should be left. Of course, the seven-years'-lease rule, as usually followed for grouse moors is too drastic for southern shoots, but I do think that tenants should consider more those who will come after them. Again, I know of shoots where the local resident is entrusted with the care of a large estate and yet has no keepers. He goes round himself with a gun occasionally and tips the village policeman when he discusses poaching with him.

And how many times has one been one of the guests at an eight-gun "absentee" shoot when there have been no dogs at all out? I have been among those present, somewhat to my distress. I should add that on one of those days the guns waited round one covert while the beaters drove another. No, the captain of the shoot was *not* an Army Staff Officer. I think the best-run syndicates I have met have been in Yorkshire. A typical example is one of four tenants—all living within easy car distance—of whom one is appointed captain. He does secretary, treasurer and receiver of suggestions. Each partner is allowed one guest for each day's shooting, and, as the bags are big and the game marketable, a careful check is kept on the birds actually picked up by host and guest. The share-out is on business lines, and I may say that guests are not chosen at random. If you make a fool of yourself and fail to reduce your host's expenses by a decent "pick-up," you must look elsewhere for sport that season. I rather like that. The Yorkshireman may be hard-hearted, but he is a sportsman. If a runner was lost on that moor it was an exception which was a topic of comment at lunch. There would be about five Labradors and a retriever out—all good.

There is another kind of syndicate in existence of which I approve. A local man (with business of his own, but a keen shooter) takes up the rights over X acres, and asks for partners from London or elsewhere who will pay their subscriptions, give him enough profit to pay for his cartridges and obey his orders. Naturally, having a long lease he sees to it that the game is not thinned out. Everybody will conclude that he is making his fortune out of the transaction, but, in my experience, he is inadequately compensated for his trouble (except in pleasure). Of course, one knows of places where a day's shooting may be had (with other guns) at £2 a head "all-in." I have not tried that. I have been peppered more than once at known shoots. I would not like to stand next door to a "day-gun."

I am not in any way decrying syndicates (through their existence the farmers of this country pay for their annual deficits); but I would like the new members to glance through the published shooting books between Colonel Hawker and—no, I won't say—but modern experts can tell you; and I will *now* try to tell a parable about what I have rudely called "London shoots." In the first there were eight guns, 20 beaters and no dogs. The committee made no attempt to pick up runners (pheasants); they were there to shoot and had a train to catch.

The second was in Yorkshire. Just between beats we walked a mile of rough land towards the next covert. We were supposed to be driving in wild pheasants. We met game on the way. The gun on my right (a guest also) was an eminent London surgeon. During the walk he killed 21 head of mixed game to 21 cartridges. Then we met an open dyke. We unloaded guns and he took a run and jumped over. He was on his knees when I passed one gun across. As I did so two snipe rose on his right and went forward. I think he was still on one knee as he did it, but he loaded and made his 23 head to 23 cartridges. I should note that he was using my gun, as I had passed it over first. I mention this as an illustration of the standard expected of guests on certain shoots. But what a lot of surgeons and doctors form syndicates. As a matter of fact, the best man I have known on a ferreted rabbit is a professional on the appendix, though the connection is obscure.

A privately owned shoot is very different. But their numbers get less every year. Before 1912 I used to shoot with a host who had fought all through the Indian Mutiny. A fine old sportsman. His guests mustered at 9 a.m. precisely, placed their guns in the hall (each opening the breech in front of the old colonel before discarding it) and filed into the library. The host then filled six glasses with really old liqueur brandy and spoke for the first time: "To our good sport, gentlemen." We all murmured something and swallowed the medicine. He would then add, "Now, come on," and lead us out. A very good pheasant shoot, and well run. The veteran, a connoisseur in food and sport, died suddenly at table when dining out. The butler, finding that he was paying no attention to a dish held beside him, respectfully touched him and discovered the grim truth. A real old Irish gentleman. May his future life include the pheasants he was so fond of.

But as I started out to write of syndicates, I will try to stick to the point. My old Mutiny colonel provided five dogs for five guns. Whether you brought your own or not, a working spaniel was in leash behind you at each stand. There was no pottering about, and very few pricked birds got away. "London guns" (good shots as many of them are) cannot keep and train dogs. I make two suggestions: (*a*) That syndicates should arrange for dogs to be maintained locally at their expense (breeding and shape do not matter—results count); (*b*) somebody should start a kennel of retrieving dogs near London. Such animals to be supplied on receipt of this sort of telegram: "Send five dogs to my keeper at Stoat Lodge, address Partridge Station. Hire for two days."

I believe it would pay to be able to reply suitably to such a wire, and the expenses of the syndicates would be reduced in Leadenhall Market.

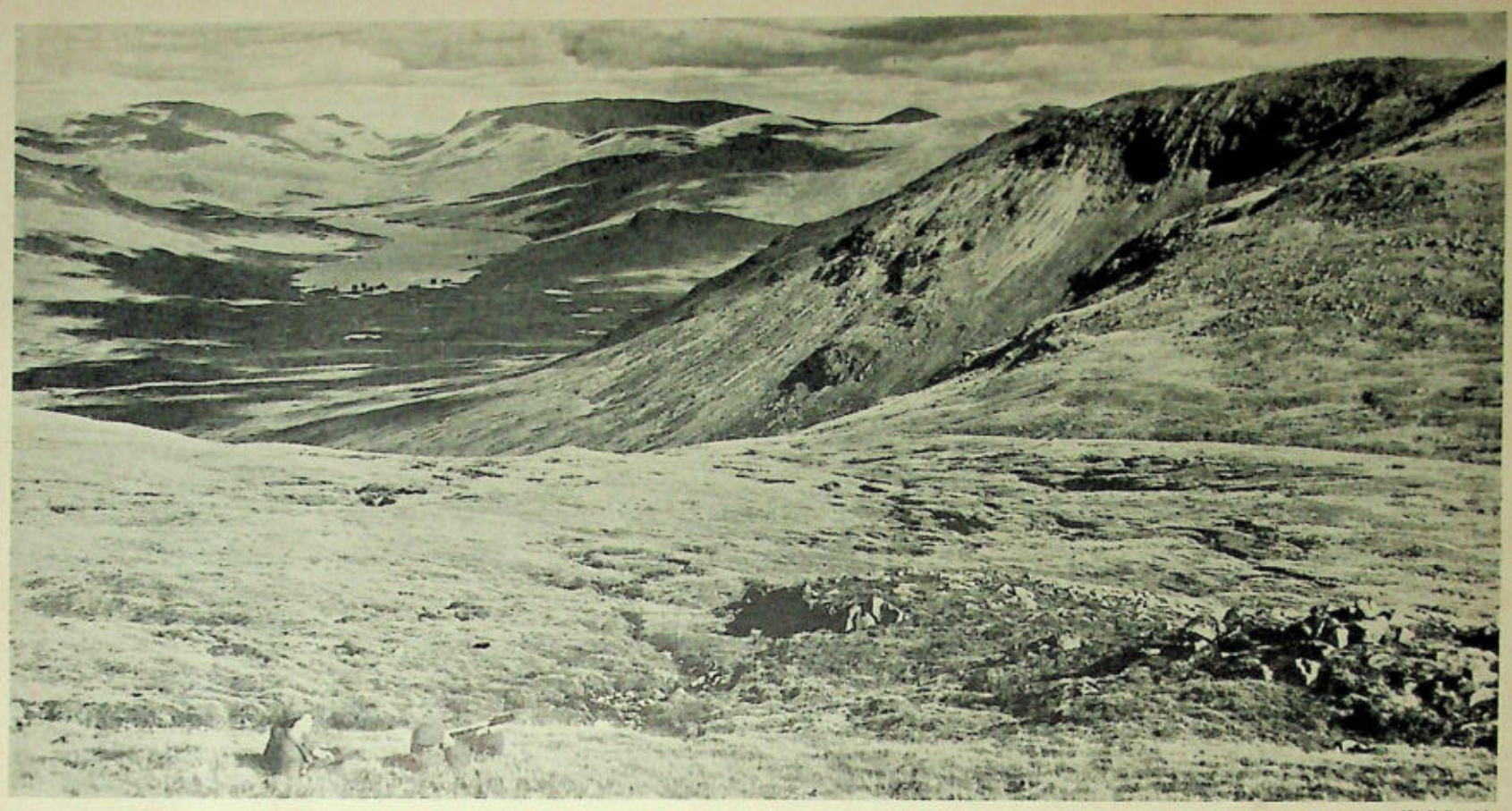
In general, I should say that the ideal syndicate shoot should consist of two members, one living on the spot and the other in London.

[Syndicates represent a form of shooting in which there are doubtless objections, but which has come to stay. In these difficult times they offer sport to many who cannot afford it otherwise, and have saved certain shoots from extinction. We wonder whether all our readers share Klaxon's views.—ED.]



THE IMPORTANCE OF PICKING UP RUNNERS. A SCENE ON A KENTISH SHOOT

Klaxon, writing of a syndicate shoot where this was not observed, says, "The committee made no attempt to pick up runners; they were there to shoot and had a train to catch"



Niall Rankin

"AND IT WAS THEN WITHOUT A DOUBT PAST TWO, FIVE MILES AWAY FROM THE CAR, AND BELOW US WAS A 'MUCKLE HART'"

TIME AND SPACE ON THE HILL

The Stag, the Stalker, and the 6.20

TO be in an office in view of St. Paul's on a Friday evening at 6.30; to get into your sleeper at King's Cross at 7.30; and to wake next morning at seven o'clock in the Highlands—that is a thrill that never palls for most of us. And, incidentally, it is the most comfortable form of travel bar none. And this year I was able to improve on it. For I was able to leave my train at half-past eight, meet the stalker, and be making my first spy before ten o'clock, so fortunately situated in a corner of Perthshire and Argyle and Inverness was the forest I was lucky enough to find myself in for a few days.

Not that I was in luck that day, for I wounded a stag, a thing that we all hate to do, and which it takes all one's courage to commit to cold print; and Ewan and I, after a chase half-way to Kintyre, came home very unhappy to the Lodge. But two days later we had an experience in almost the same ground which was to me at any rate unique. We had spied a stag on a little hill on a flat piece of ground. It was a bright light, and only by crawling could we reach him—either up the winding course of a burn or more or less across the open. We chose the latter, but before we had covered 200 of the 400 odd yards we realised how much better—how infinitely more preferable would have been the burn!

However, we got our stag, and his hinds made off. I ascended the little hill to spy for the pony, and Ewan after a bit went to another eminence about a mile off to look for him. As he went he put up the hinds again, who circled round and came nervously back till they chanced on the dead body of their lord. They were not 50 yards from me, but I lay very still, and as I was above they did not get my wind. They stood and gazed at him without surprise, without fear, without interest, but with a sort of subdued look of enquiry. At least that was my impression. They fed as they watched, and three times one hind, their new leader as I judged her, came forward to within a couple of yards of him and looked. (I should add that he had been gralloched.) And then they trotted slowly off, their leader twice looking back. They were there about ten minutes in all. John McNab, who is knowledgeable on most things sporting, knew of no parallel, but suggested that the leader had stamped with her foot to wake him. But, frankly, I did not see this.

However, all things come to an end, though time on the hill is measured by generous standards. Where there is youth and enthusiasm only dawn or dusk need be counted, and the interval for eating what Ewan or McPhee call "the bit piece." (How sublimely different "the bit piece" devoured by the Tummel is from the "'am samwiches" which we toy with by the Test!) As elsewhere, there is the inexorable last day, for though you ignore the change from summer hours and every other convention of the outside world, nothing but a calculation of time and space can bring you safely to the ordained 6.20 and back to England and the office near St. Paul's.

The car must be reached by four-thirty, said Donald. Half-an-hour for tea at the Lodge and a



"THE ANTLERS GAVE A HEAVE, DISAPPEARED AND ROSE AS HIS MAJESTIC BROADSIDE TURNED TO WATCH US"

change, and we should do it nicely. Let us cut out the tea and change in the train and call it five. And it was then without a doubt past two, five miles away from the car, and below us was a "muckle hart." Now it is an undoubted fact that even in the Highlands trains are a frequent and terrestrial occurrence: "muckle harts," or "a nice wee staggie," as McPhee called him, are on another plane. McPhee finished his spy and I finished mine. My spy was always slower under way and clumsier of completion. And down the hillside we descended to the big flat where the "nice wee staggie" and his attendant hinds and two other wee staggies—less nice these twain—were making a leisurely meal.

The wind was with us, and so up to a point was the lie of the ground. But after that point there were 300 yards of perilous approach, and after that another 200 yards which could not be crossed. Still they appeared unsuspicious and we had the wind with us. We repeated that as a sort of talisman. The best that we could hope for was a solitary rock on a small knoll about 200 yards from him. And our only way to get there was to crawl down a very small burn.

Now there are three methods of approach on the hill. There is the apache crouch, the doubled-up walk for the beginning of the approach march; there is the Nebuchadnezzar crawl, humped up on all fours as you get nearer; and there is the upon-thy-belly-shalt-thou-go slither when the ground is very open and the stag's eyes sear into your back. It was this last method that we adopted, for the burn's banks were low. Our only variant was to descend into it on all fours.

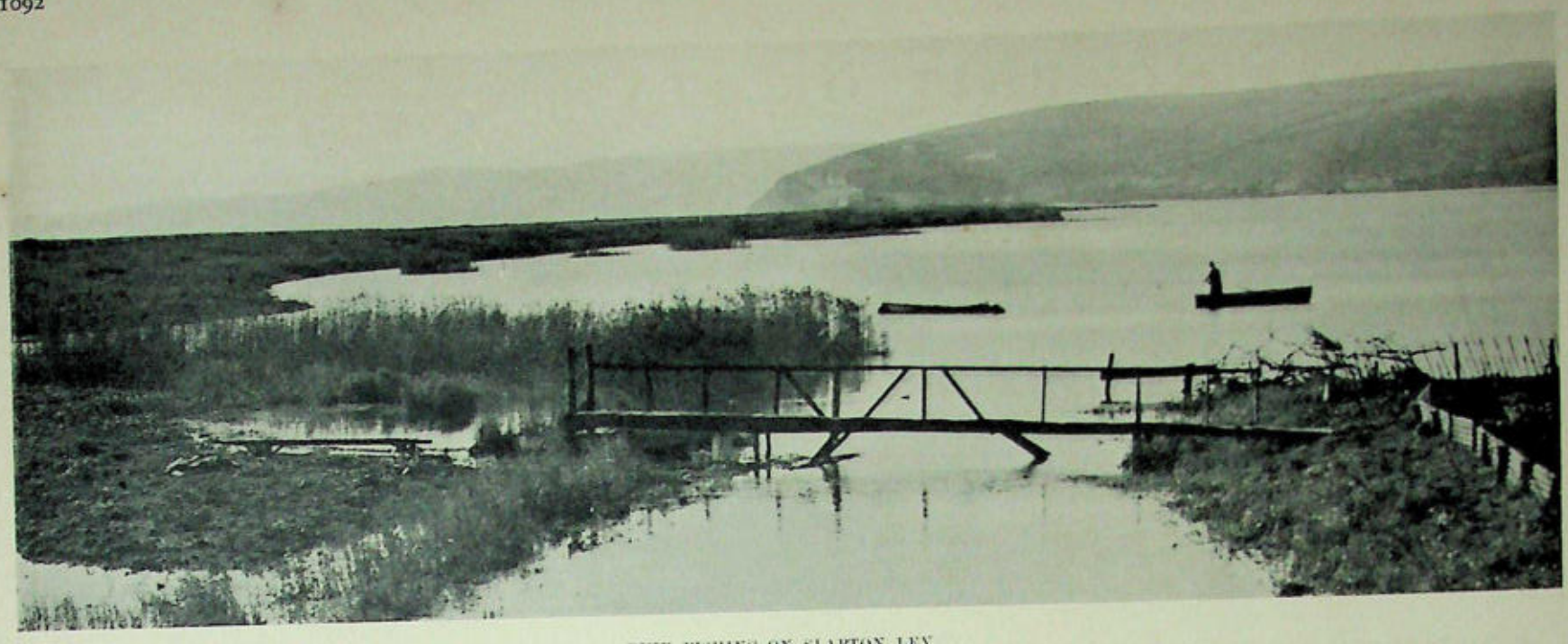
Thus and thus we reached our rock, faint yet pursuing, and when at last we poked our heads over the rise there were the small stags, there were the hinds, but where, oh! where the muckle hart? Cautiously we raised our heads, till at last we saw the tips of his antlers. He was lying down beyond the curve of the slope just out of sight. To go forward was impossible. To go back almost equally so. There was nothing for it but to wait till he shifted.

And wait we did. Three o'clock came and half past, and twice we saw a puff of smoke far out below us to remind us of vulgar terrestrial trains. By a quarter to four the last possible moment had come. McPhee tried a low whistle. He repeated it. Up went the hinds; up the two small stags. But the whited tops of those majestic antlers never moved. Again the whistle. This time a trifle louder. Off went the hinds and stags for 50 yards and then turned again to watch. But for some unexplained reason the stag never moved. Once more the whistle, this time piercing and insistent. The antlers gave a heave, disappeared and rose as his majestic broadside turned to watch us. He took a step forward and turned chest on, but that, if anything, was to the good, as it meant kill or miss. Slowly the head came up, shivered a little, focused and held still; as the trigger came back the muckle hart fell dead.

There was just time for the gralloch and a good look at his head; nine points on fine, black, roughened horns, spoilt of perfect symmetry by the missing point of his right antler. And, as the pony was waved up, back across the hill as fast as legs would go, back to the waiting car, back to the last Scotch scone and the final dash to the 6.20 train which swung round the distant curve of firs as we reached the station. In truth a finish in style.

R. M.

The Rock, the Ptarmigan, the Moor.—The identity of *Hit or Miss*, the author of the prize-winning poem for the *Field* stalking problem, stands revealed as Mr. W. G. M. Dobie, of Maxwelltown, whom we congratulate on his undoubted bull's-eye.



PIKE FISHING ON SLAPTON LEY
The famous Devonshire lake by the sea which always holds a good store of pike

A PIKE TO LOOK FORWARD TO

Winter Fishing That is Good Sport and Good Keepering

As soon as the trout season is over, the thoughts of many a fly-fisher turn to his pike-fishing tackle. Now is the time to see if we can get that pike which we saw last August, lying at a queer angle in the eddy below the hatch hole, for we can try for it without feeling that we are losing any chance of catching trout. There be those who prefer to prolong their fly-fishing season by catching grayling, but to me autumn grayling fishing is too much of an anti-climax. With the end of the trout season most of the glory of the river departs, and I like to make a clean break with it.

I began spinning for pike as a sort of duty, which had for its object the ridding of trout waters of a dangerous enemy; but, in the end, I acquired a liking for the sport for its own sake. I find it fascinating; it provides a complete change from chalk-stream fly fishing. Who can help admiring the speed, boldness and ferocity with which a pike takes the spoon? No fish can spring into action or cover short distances as fast as a pike. It can lie as immobile as a log of wood, and in an instant can be darting at full speed to seize its prey.

I remember once on the lower Test seeing a large pike of some 15lb. weight cruising very slowly, almost imperceptibly, up the river, very close to my bank. While I watched it swam very quietly and slowly about 30yds. or 40yds. upstream, until it arrived opposite a 10in. trout, which was lying near the surface, rising, about 4ft. or 5ft. out from the bank. It manœuvred between the bank and the rising trout, moving gently inch by inch, and then, suddenly, turned at right angles and leapt at it, so quickly that the eye could scarcely follow, seized the trout and disappeared into deep water—a masterly performance.

CHALK STREAM PIKE

Almost all chalk streams hold some pike, especially in the hatch holes or slow-moving reedy pools, and these places are always worth trying with a spoon during the winter. Such rivers as the Kennet or the Hampshire Avon contain many pike, and 10-pounders are not uncommon.

It is a curious thing, but I have always found that it pays to cast upstream and spin down. Pike seem unable to resist the temptation to turn and slash at a spoon spun over them in a down-stream direction. River pike always seem to me to fight better than those in lakes, but this may only be due to the help given to the fish by the running water. I have heard that the great pike of the Irish loughs fight wonderfully well, but I have no experience of them; and the same may be said of the Norfolk Broads, which provide some of the best winter pike fishing in the kingdom. My experience of lake fishing for pike has been largely confined to two private pools in Hampshire. In the first one the pike are very uniform in size. I never caught one smaller than 3½lb. or larger than 5lb.

They had the peculiarity of always coming on the feed just before dusk, between three and four o'clock of a winter's day, whatever the weather, and I do not remember ever failing to catch one if I fished between those hours. They were not good fighting fish, though in very good condition as a rule. They used to make one rush of about 15yds. or 20yds., and then allow themselves to be drawn to the bank and netted out.

In the other lake, which was very clear and shallow, it was said that the big pike could not be caught by spinning, and it seemed to be true, for though I never caught one above 8lb., fish of 20lb. and over were caught by live baiting. I do not want for one moment to suggest that live baiting is not a sporting and legitimate way of catching pike, but I do not care for it. In the first place, one usually fishes for pike in cold weather, and it is a freezing job sitting still watching a float. Secondly, I never feel quite happy about the bait. It always seems to me rather rough on the unfortunate dace or roach.

To return to our lake, the pike were very good fighters, and quite unlike those in the first lake. They were very silvery in colour, and in the clear shallow water flashed brilliantly as they took the spoon.

Pike fishing, like all other fishing, is not devoid of oddities and surprises. I remember one very cold day fishing in a reservoir not far from London. I was in a boat with a companion, and we had spun hard all the morning without any result. The country was in the iron grip of a black frost; the air was hazy and still, the sky overcast and leaden. Our feet and hands were stiff with cold, but we kept at it till about two o'clock, when we grounded the boat on a shallow, and proceeded to eat our lunch and warm ourselves with a pull at the flask. I had tried various spoons, Devon minnows and phantoms during the morning, and when we knocked off had on a spinning bait which consisted of a very realistic looking celluloid fish. While we lunched this bait was resting on the bottom close beside the boat in about 1ft. of water.

At about half-past two we decided to start again. I picked up my rod and found that my bait was fixed into something. I thought that it had caught in some weed on the bottom, and jerked it sharply to free it. I felt a violent pull and the line began to run out. My bait had been taken either while lying on the bottom, or, more probably, just as I lifted it, by a 6lb. pike, which was duly netted. Although we spun until four o'clock in a water full of pike, we had not another touch.

One final recommendation should be given to the pike—it is, the perch alone excepted, the only really palatable freshwater coarse fish. I once persuaded my household to cook one, following exactly the recipe given in the *Compleat Angler*. Many were the complaints about the quantities of "sweet butter, oysters and claret wine" involved, but the result was worth it. I remember it to this day; and that reminds me that the next time I catch one "more than half a yard long" I really must try it again. Walton says, "This dish of meat is too good for any but anglers, or very honest men," and I am sure that he is right.

P. H. M. S. S.



ON THE NORFOLK BROADS
At the entrance to Wroxham Broad—a good pike water

GRAYLING—BAIT OR FLY?

How to Combine Both Successfully

By W. CARTER PLATTS

LIKE the Shakespearean mercy, late autumnal and winter grayling fishing is twice blessed on the rivers where *Thymallus* is more condemned than commended. It blesseth with good sport him who takes, and with good riddance the stream that gives. But to reap the twofold blessing, on streams where "fly only" may be the rule, such limitation should be relaxed with the expiration of the trout season.

Take, for instance, the case of the Costa, a miniature Test and one of the finest trout and grayling streams in England: bait fishing is allowed for grayling, and last winter one member, in one day, by swimming the worm, landed 39 grayling, the biggest weighing 1lb. 12oz. On this stream, in round numbers, 1,000 grayling are netted out annually, and this, combined with the rod-and-line fishing, keeps the balance down to a capital sporting standard.

"Swimming the worm, or maggot," is the most popular way of bait fishing for grayling. A generation ago this method was confined almost exclusively to trout fishers accustomed to handling the fly rod during the earlier part of the year, and the change over to swimming the worm entailed no more trouble than the simple substitution of the float tackle for the fly cast. Then the coarse-fish angler added grayling fishing to his repertory, and hitched his roach rod and "thread line" to the float. The fundamental principle is the same in both methods. The roach rod and fine line have their advantages in negotiating a long swim from the bank, but the fly rod and fly line combination possesses one capability which weighs heavily in its favour, especially with the all-round angler.

As autumn merges into winter the natural fly becomes scarcer on the river, and the fly fishing, with any reasonable chance of success, is restricted to an hour or two during the middle of the day. But when declining to rise, the grayling is still generally willing to take the bait, and so, by merely changing his cast to suit the circumstances, the man with the fly rod gets it both ways: the man with the roach outfit is limited to bait fishing only.

A No. 9 hook will be found a serviceable size, and it may be of the "gilt crystal" pattern or the fine wire "crank-shanked" variety, attached to some 6ft. of fine gut, of which at least the last two links should not be thicker than 3x. This gut is threaded through a tiny round cork float, which is kept in position by a short wooden plug, the float being adjusted so that the bait travels a few inches above the bed of the stream. The upper half of the float should be painted red, to show clearly in white water, and it is a good tip, when sport is prolonged into the fast-fading light, to let the float show the white feather by inserting an upstanding slip of white duck's plumage between the cork and the plug. This is a great help when visibility is poor. A single large shot, or a couple of medium-sized ditto, nipped on the cast about 9in. above the hook will give due weight to the proceedings.

Whether the bait be a tempting 2in. cockspur worm or a pair of juicy maggots, or whether the weapon be roach rod or fly rod, the method of procedure is the same: Cast the baited tackle upstream and across, say, at an angle of about 45 degrees with the bank, and let the float come poppling down as far as you conveniently can.

HOW GRAYLING RISE

The bite of a grayling affects a float in many and divers ways, therefore strike at everything, and sometimes you will hit a grayling. And strike firmly and courageously, even though you may not try to "knock him for six," for, despite current fable, the grayling has, as William Caine said, "a mouth like an umbrella ring," and many a good fish has been lost through timid striking failing to embed the hook. Anywhere and everywhere in a gravel-bedded river the water should be searched—glides, streams and eddies—and a specially good spot is where a stream tails off into a deep pool.

Throughout the greater part of the nineteenth century there was no form of bait fishing for grayling more generally lauded in angling literature than "grasshopper" fishing, its reputation for wholesale massacre being vividly reflected in Francis Francis's *Book on Angling*: "The most slaughtering way of fishing for grayling is with the grasshopper . . . and it ought only to be tolerated when the grayling get so far ahead as to want thinning down pretty freely."

Probably owing to a paucity of references to it in the angling press during the present century, an impression seems to have become rife that grasshopper fishing for grayling is fast dying out, if not already dead. This impression belies the situation; or, otherwise, grasshopper fishing is about the liveliest corpse that ever led the revels at its own wake. On the grayling streams of Shropshire, Worcestershire and Herefordshire there are to-day as many grasshopper fishers as ever there were, and these anglers are as fervent in praise of their pet method as were their forefathers.

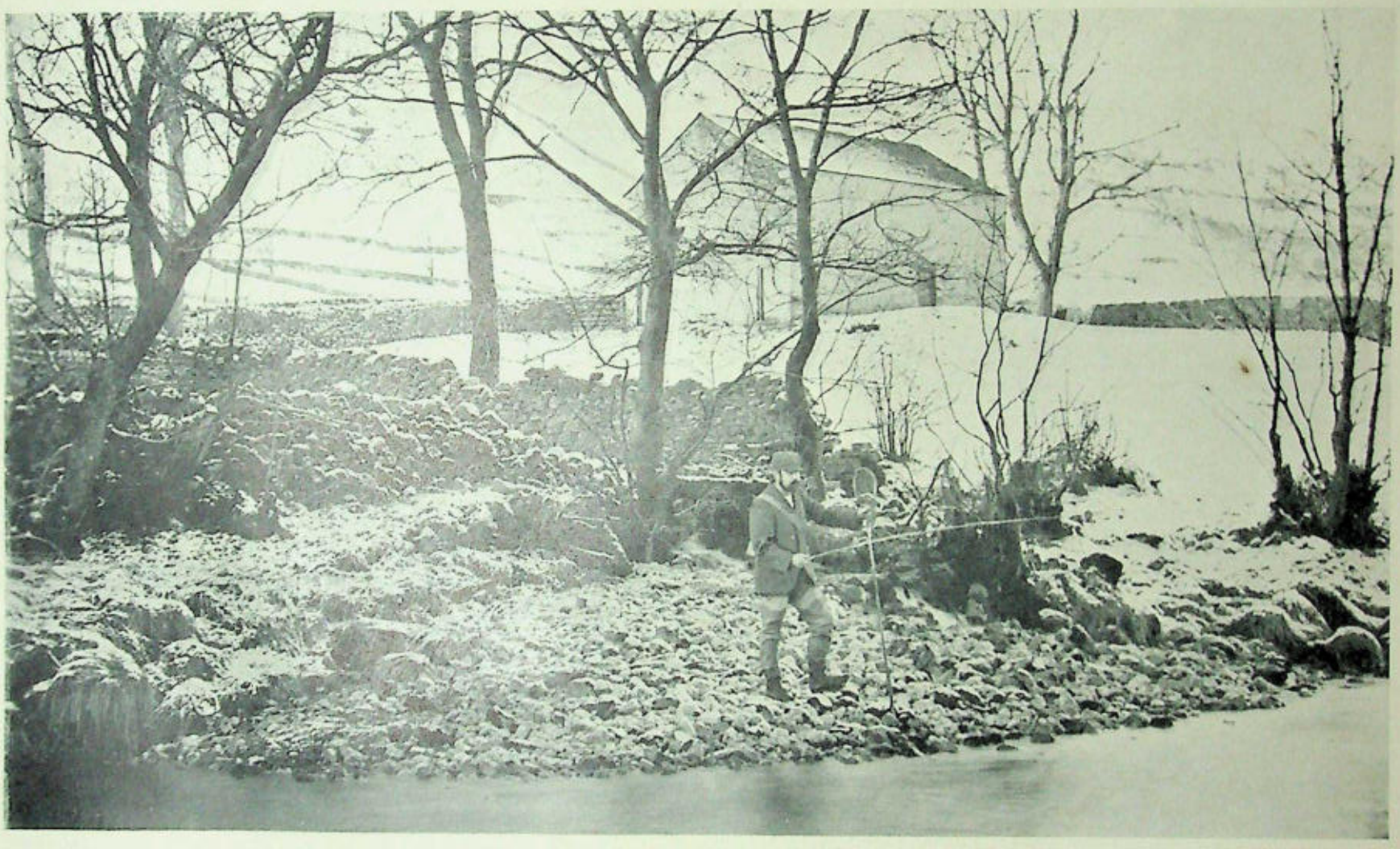
GRASSHOPPERS SO CALLED

The so-called grasshopper as now used is dressed on a No. 5 or 6 eyed hook, on the shank of which is moulded a pronounced double-tapered tumour of lead. Various colour schemes are in vogue, but this may be taken as typical: Cover the *embonpoint* with a wrapping of darkish grass-green Berlin wool or silk cord, along each side of which, full length, lay a strip of straw strapped in position with seven or eight spiral turns of light yellow silk. The point of the hook is embellished with a tempting bunch of five or six maggots.

It may seem strange that a fish with a small mouth, for which, in fly-fishing, the tiniest hooks are considered *de rigueur*, should take—and take readily—this walloping dollop of maggots and millinery, but it does in the districts mentioned. The bait is fished, with a long, light, stiffish rod, fine waterproofed line, and a 3yds. cast of fine gut, somewhat after the manner of the drop minnow, sinking-and-drawing in short jerks. A little collar of white quill is wedged on the line a few inches above the depth of water fished to serve as an indication of the depth at which the bait is working.

The sides of heavy streams, eddies, and—as in the case of swimming the worm—the point where the stream runs off into a deep are all promising grounds for exploration.

Grasshopper fishing will take grayling throughout the season, but the most favourable period is from September to January, and the best times are the few hours before and after noon.



"THE MAN WITH THE FLY ROD GETS IT BOTH WAYS"
Fishing for grayling on a Yorkshire stream where the technique has been highly developed

TACKLING A FOX IN THE DARK

Tasks that a Working Terrier Must Face



WAITING FOR THE HUNTSMAN'S SIGNAL

HUNT terriers must revel in their work, for to tackle a fox when he's cornered underground is no job for a faint heart. Of course, all foxes are not the same. Some will let a terrier take liberties with them which, with another fox, they would pay for dearly. But taken altogether a fox at the end of a hole is a nasty customer for a small terrier. I have had foxes dragged out two or three yards by the terrier; and on one occasion when I was down in a narrow pit—one of the men had dug ahead of us in the hopes of hitting off the pipe—the terrier suddenly brought the fox out at my feet. I grabbed him by one hind leg and his brush, but, the pit being a very narrow one, I had rather an exciting time until hounds came up. A good terrier is a very useful member in all hunts, but in a wild, rough country, where stopping is next to impossible, he becomes a necessity; and the kind of terrier one wants is not too easy to find.

THE IDEAL TERRIER'S WEIGHT

To start with, he must be small—I think 14lb. an ideal weight, but bigger dogs can get there providing they are not wide at the shoulders, for it is extraordinary into what a small place a fox can poke himself. No one who had not seen it would believe it.

I was once digging a fox, and the pipe gradually dwindled into an ordinary rabbit hole. The terrier could get no farther, but as he seemed keen to get on we dug it out. I, at last, came on a fox jammed into the end of the hole. He was so tightly wedged I could hardly pull him out, and he was a very big dog fox. I weighed him afterwards and he went 17lb. — the terrier weighed 15lb., and he could not begin to get into the hole the fox—2lb. heavier—had got along.

After size, the terrier must have the necessary courage to stay with a fox underground; he is not intended to tackle the fox, but just bay him; but if the fox tries to pass him he should do his best to stop him. It is disheartening, when to ground in a big place, to have the fox break past the terrier just when you think you have him cut off in a side pipe and get back into the main earth.

Next in importance I should put a good nose, as a fox is a master at hiding himself and even burying himself. All other points are, in comparison, details, but a thick coat does protect a dog when hanging about on cold, wet winter days. The trouble is to get such a terrier. Supposing one has a good unrelated dog and bitch of a reliable strain, one would naturally think that if one bred from them one would get equally good puppies. If you do you are lucky. You are more likely to get one or two who will go in and say, "How d'ye do?" and come out again before things get too warm, and the rest will not go at all. That is why, when one has a really first-class dog, one prizes him above any money value.

I once put a terrier to ground at about 2 p.m. It was a much bigger place than I thought, and at 6 p.m. he had gone clean out of hearing. By 10 p.m. I was alone in my glory; everyone else had gone home. I knew I could not do much, but somehow I did not like the idea of leaving him till next morning. Sometime later it started to snow, and I looked forward to a miserable night. However, at midnight, in the dead silence, I suddenly caught a muffled bay somewhere below me, and by 1 a.m. I had got him out. I do not know which of us was the most pleased.



BEFORE GOING TO GROUND
Mr. A. J. Bramly with a couple of his famous working terriers



WHEN DIGGING OPERATIONS ARE IN PROGRESS
A scene in the Cowdray country, with a spare terrier held in reserve



THE BICESTER TERRIER BOY

It is very good to break a terrier of rabbits if possible. I say "if possible" because some terriers are never really broken. They will leave rabbits alone if there is a fox or badger there, but if there is only a rabbit and they cannot reach it they may lie and bay it. Sometimes a hunted fox will go to ground in a place which he soon discovers is too small to be safe; he therefore moves on, leaving a very strong scent in the hole. Hounds come there and mark. All you know about it when you get there with the terriers is that hounds marked to ground there, the hunt having moved on to draw again. This is where a really reliable terrier will put you straight. There may be a rabbit somewhere beyond which your unbroken terrier, finding no fox, bays at. If in sand he will scratch on to get at the rabbit; and if you do not know the terrier, you will think he is scratching after the fox and go on digging to him. I have been led astray by a terrier of this sort, and had the pleasure of hearing about it for weeks afterwards! The fitter a terrier is the longer he can stay underground and the more reliable is his nose.

METHODS OF TRAINING

I take my terriers along the hedgerows or riverside in summer and let them scratch out and hunt any vermin they come across. It is a very good way of finding out which have the most reliable nose. A stoat gives the best fun, and you can have a really good hunt if there are not too many rabbit burrows about. I once hunted one for four hours, and had to leave him as he got to ground in a big rabbit bury. He had previously nearly gone to ground, but changed his mind before the terrier could close his jaws on him. The way a stoat can turn and twist himself out of danger is wonderful.

The need of a hunt terrier being thoroughly fit is emphasised because digging a fox and digging a badger are two very different things. One takes one's own time and as many terriers as one likes for a badger dig. Hounds, however, may run to ground late and, deserving blood, it may be decided to try and dig, and there may be no one to help, so that it is essential that the terrier should find his fox quickly, drive him up to a blind end and keep him there until dug down to.

A. J. BRAMLY.

WILD LIFE PREPARES FOR WINTER

"Eating as Much as Possible and Getting as Fat as Can Be"

By FRANCES PITT



READY FOR THE WINTER SLEEP
A very plump dormouse

WHEN the cawing rooks pass in long procession across the grey evening sky on their way to their great winter roosting rookery, when the crowing of the cock pheasants calling as they fly up into the trees for the night comes down the chill breeze, and the short gruff bark of a fox is heard as the twilight deepens into darkness, we know that November has really come and winter is at hand.

Wild life of all kinds is now preparing for cold days, from the blue hare on the northern moors and hills which is donning its winter coat of white, to the wee beasts of coppice and hedgerow, which are garnering nuts.

The past summer, with its wonderfully fine weather, has left an amazing crop of wild fruits in its wake; acorns, hazel nuts, hips and haws, sweet chestnuts, etc., have afforded the wild creatures a bountiful harvest. There is an old countryside belief that a rich crop of berries betokens a severe winter, because Providence always provides for the birds. Whatever the coming season may have in store for us, it is certain that the birds and beasts have a great supply of good things, and that the small rodents, bank voles, long-tailed and yellow-necked mice, have been making the best of their opportunities.



PROOF THAT IT DOES NOT HIBERNATE
A badger's footprints in the snow

These three mice are all of a provident nature, and make a practice of carrying home superfluous food, to hide it in some nook or corner and accumulate considerable stores. I wish I could add "as provision against bad times," but experiments with captive bank voles have left me with grave doubts as to there being any forethought in the matter. My mice, when confronted with more good things than they could eat, such as a supply of grain, seemed obsessed by an urge to carry it away and hide it.

They worked hard to do so. One mouse carried off 75 grains of barley to clear a heap and buried it all, but I never saw a cache purposely opened. The hidden corn appeared to be forgotten, and was only accidentally, as when putting away more grain, discovered, to be then treated as a new find.

It is the same with the red squirrel, which can now be seen working very hard, as if looking ahead and preparing for winter. It gathers a nut, comes down from its tree-top world, runs over the moss and fallen leaves which carpet the woodland floor, hastily scratches a hole, drops its nut in, and covers it up.

This done, it is off to look for another, perhaps one of the many lying scattered on the ground, or to return aloft for a nut yet clinging to its twig. Nevertheless, and despite the squirrel's air of hurried busyness, I doubt that it is making purposeful preparations for winter, and think it is rather animated by an urge to hide what it cannot immediately use.

Yet this scatter-brained putting away of stores is after all a preparation for hard times. It ensures a supply of nuts and acorns hidden in all sorts of nooks and crannies and beneath the fern and moss, where the owners may find them when they need food in those chill days when ice needles are shooting across ditch and pond, or they may be discovered by others in equal need.

The sleepers, of course, do not store away food. Had they stores they would not need to hibernate. Yet after all they have their hoards, namely, of fat upon their persons. Most beasts, and birds, too, for that matter, make preparation for winter by getting very plump upon the good things of autumn.

Deer, hares, rabbits, badgers and hedgehogs all get marvellously prosperous as the autumn advances. They grow new winter coats, in many instances adding thick woolly underfur to their usual jackets, and by the time the cold weather comes are well able to withstand it.

The badger is usually credited with being one of the mammals which hibernate, but I do not think it does so in the proper sense of the term. It is true that it gets exceedingly fat in the autumn, and that it can and will lie up for days at a time when so inclined, but tame badgers I have kept showed no less activity in the winter, and I have tracked wild badgers abroad during the most severe weather. After the great blizzard of last spring, which made itself especially felt in my home county of Shropshire, badgers travelled far through the snow. I followed their trails in many directions.

Brock, to use its old name, is an animal of many tastes, and can no doubt find something to eat under most conditions. It is the truly insectivorous creatures like the bats which *must* prepare for winter by sinking into the comatose condition of true hibernation; and it is doubtless the dormouse's leaning to insect fare which compelled it to become our best example of a hibernating mammal. It makes its preparations for cold times by leaving its aerial nest and going to ground down a mole run or beneath an old tree stump, where it can make a winter nest and sleep in safety.

Although the mammals make the best preparations for winter as regards new wear, mostly donning lovely furs, certain birds are not to be overlooked, such as the Scandinavian willow grouse and our own ptarmigan, both of which turn white and afford the upholders of the theory of protective resemblance a strong bit of evidence, for in the case of these two birds the words "winter" and "snow" are synonymous, and white birds on white ground are, indeed, difficult to see.

It is well known that in regions where snow lies the winter through the stoat also changes colour, and that its autumn preparations consist of becoming completely white save for the tip of the tail, but what is not such general knowledge is that as we come southward, where the need for change is not so great, it is only the female stoats which retain any claim to wear regal ermine. In the southern counties of England the occasional white stoat is invariably a female.



WHAT SHALL I DO WITH THIS NUT?
Red squirrels are now busy burying acorns and nuts, thus providing, intentionally or not, a winter store of food

Among the lower creatures, such as the snakes, lizards, frogs and toads, preparations for winter chiefly consist of finding an out-of-the-way hole and staying therein. Frogs like to tuck themselves away in the muddy banks of the ponds, whence they can creep out to spawn in early March.

Wild life preparations for winter consist, therefore, first of eating as much as possible and getting as fat as can be; secondly, of finding a snug retreat, in some cases of putting away food, and in many cases of growing new jackets either of fur or feathers.



A SLEEPER AWAKENS
Hedgehogs hibernate, but mild weather often awakens them



Niall Rankin

FLOORS CASTLE FROM THE TWEED

FAMILIES FAMOUS IN SPORT—No. 5

The Dukes of Roxburghe at Floors

Part I.

IT is not easy to trace the exact origin of the family of Ker; the name is Scandinavian and is found in an early Norse saga of the tenth century.

It is interesting however, to note, in an article on one of the "families famous in sport," that John Kerr, the first of the name on record in Scotland, appears under the designation of "the hunter of Swhynhope": he lived in the second half of the twelfth century.

There is no necessity, for our present purpose, to enumerate every generation of the Kers of Cessford, but mention of a few members of the family may help to show why Floors Castle has become one of the great homes of sport.

John Ker was the first of Altonburn, which may be said to be the home of the family known as the Kers of Cessford. Attonburn (as it is now spelt) lies in the valley of the Bowmont Water from which the Dukes of Roxburghe's eldest sons take their title of Marquess of Bowmont.

This John Ker obtained a charter of the lands of Attonburn in 1357, and was the founder of those two great families, Ker of Cessford and Kerr of Ferniehirst, the latter now represented by the Marquess of Lothian. In 1439 Andrew Ker had a charter of the lands of Primside and another charter in 1443 of the lands of Hownam.

WARDENS OF THE MIDDLE MARCHES

In 1460, King James II. laid seige to Roxburgh Castle, then held by the English, and was killed by the bursting of a Flemish gun named "The Lion," with which he hoped to make a breach in the castle walls. A stone cannon ball fired during the seige and recovered from the river Teviot, below the castle walls, is still preserved at Floors. The photograph of the holly bush in the park at Floors marks the spot where the King fell. The King's widow, with her son, James III., aged eight years, carried on the seige so vigorously that the castle was taken.

Andrew Ker was Warden of the Middle Marches; he fought at Flodden and his lands of Cessford and others were devastated by the English in 1522, and he was killed in 1526. Walter Ker, who succeeded his father, Andrew, was Warden of the Middle Marches at the time of the visit of Mary Queen of Scots to Jedburgh, as the letter from that most beautiful and gracious lady, at present loaned by the Duke of Roxburghe and exhibited in Queen Mary's house in Jedburgh, proves. William Ker held the office of Warden after Walter, and Robert Ker, who succeeded his father, William, in 1600, was created 1st Earl of Roxburghe, September 18th, 1616. He also was "Warden" and the last to reside at Cessford. Henceforward Floors was the family seat.

We have no records of game killed in those far-off days; that hunting with both hawk and hound was extremely popular we know, and from the records it is clear that red deer and other game were plentiful, but by far the most popular and exciting sport was riding over the Border into England and driving home the Englishman's flocks and herds.

The plan was to cross the Border shortly after dark, raid some English farm, carry off the cattle and drive them home into Scotland. If a long journey had to be made they would ride as far as possible the first night, lie hidden during the day,



Niall Rankin

THE HOLLY BUSH IN THE PARK AT FLOORS WHICH MARKS THE SPOT WHERE JAMES II. WAS KILLED IN 1460

so as to be able to make the raid early the following night and have time to get home before daylight.

The owner of the cattle, if he thought himself strong enough, would do his best to defend his property, and many spirited battles were fought by moonlight. If the raiders were victorious they would return home leaving behind them smoking ruins of houses and barns, and there is no doubt that the Englishmen were just as fond of the sport as the Scotsmen.

Anyone who has tried to ride the Border by daylight will appreciate the horsemanship required to ride it by night; and that swiftly. The rules of the sport permitted the man whose cattle had been lifted to raise "hue and cry" and follow the raiders on their homeward way with bloodhounds. Sir Robert Bowes states that in 1551 injured persons may "lawfully follow their goodes either with sleuth hound the trodde thereof, or elles by such other means as they can best advyse."

In Nicholson's *Leges Marchiarum* it is laid down that in 1563 "parties grieved were permitted to follow their lawful trodde with hound and horn, with hue and cry, and all other accustomed manner of fresh pursuit, for the recovery of their goods spoiled." This was known as the "Hot Trodde," and must have been a very exciting form of riding to hounds, with a steel cap in place of a silk hat, a lance instead of a hunting whip, and with the certainty of a fight at the finish.

When the raiders heard the hounds speaking on their line they would kill one of the lifted steers, and the bloodhounds coming to the blood would follow the trail no farther. What feats of horsemanship must have been performed, and what superb horsemasters they must have been! If you rode your horse to a standstill you were certainly killed yourself.

In those days blunt spurs or dummy spurs had not been invented; and to have suggested to a man that he had better ride without spurs for fear he spurred his horse inadvertently would have led to instant murder, which would have been considered justifiable. Now, it has been seen that the office of Warden of the Marches had been held by the Kers of Cessford for very many years, and the office was not hereditary after 1445. It was the duty of the Warden on the Scottish side to prevent raids from England, and the best way of doing this was to harry the English to such an extent that they had neither the time nor the inclination to raid Scotland.

We may take it, therefore, that the Kers of Cessford were considered to be the best horsemen in this desperately exacting school, and to have held the office of Warden successively over such a long period is remarkable.

BORDER RAIDS

William Selby the elder, writing to William Selby the junior, says: "None of your friends dare lie in their beds at night, but bide themselves in the fields, except such as lie in towers, on account of Cessford's harryings."

John Lesley wrote: "The more skilful any captain is to pass through those wild deserts, crooked turnings, and deep precipices, in the thickest mists and darkness, his reputation is the greater, and he is looked upon as a man of an excellent head." He again says: "All the Borderers are horsemen; they hold pedestrians in contempt and consider it a disgrace to take a journey on foot."

Surrey speaks in the highest terms of the courage of the Borderers, and states that they were the boldest men and the hottest that he had ever encountered.

It is not out of place to mention the subject of the Border raids in an article on sport; those who took part were in no sense considered thieves or robbers; it was a gentlemanly occupation indulged in by gentlemen. In all the accounts and ballads

relating to the raiding and warfare on both sides of the Border there is no reference to an act of cruelty to woman or child.

We must now turn to John, 5th Earl and 1st Duke of Roxburghe, who succeeded in 1696 and died in 1741. He was created Duke on April 25th, 1707, for his services in connection with the Union; his contributions to the debates in 1707 being of the greatest value.

John, 3rd Duke, was the celebrated collector of Books and Ballads.

William, 4th Duke, had his picture painted by Raeburn; this is thought to be one of the best of Raeburn's portraits, and a photograph of it is here reproduced; this picture is only one of the many very valuable treasures the house contains. We are coming now to more modern times. The game books commence on August 12th, 1834, and the fishing record in the spring of 1839, that is to say, in the lifetime of James Robert, 6th Duke.

James Henry, Robert seventh Duke of Roxburghe, was a man of dignified and imposing appearance, as his picture shows. The vogue of sport was at its height, and here was a man with tradition behind him and the ability to improve on the methods of his predecessors. He was one of the greatest game shots of his day, and is mentioned as being in the same class as Lord Walsingham and Earl de Grey. Until he succeeded, all the game on the estate had been shot over dogs, or by walking up. He introduced grouse driving on his moor at Byrecleugh in 1879; previous to that date the grouse had all been shot over dogs. It may be said that the partridges were never driven during his lifetime; all the partridges were walked up, and this in itself would now be considered a great feat, when one considers the vast extent of partridge ground on the estate, and the fact that the party seldom exceeded three, or at the most four guns.



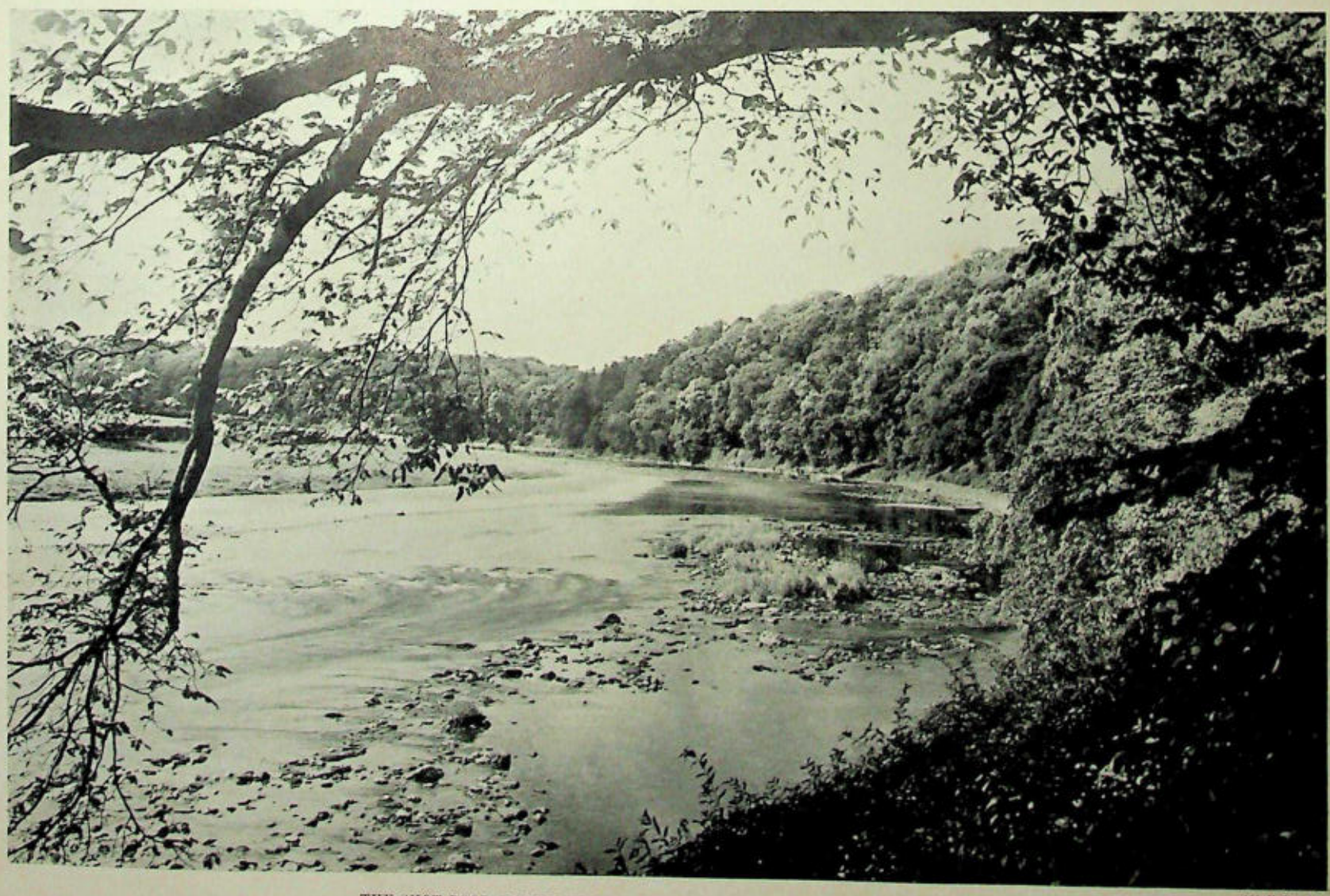
WILLIAM, FOURTH DUKE OF ROXBURGHE
From the picture by Raeburn in the collection at Floors Castle

BEFORE THE SHOOTING-STICK AGE

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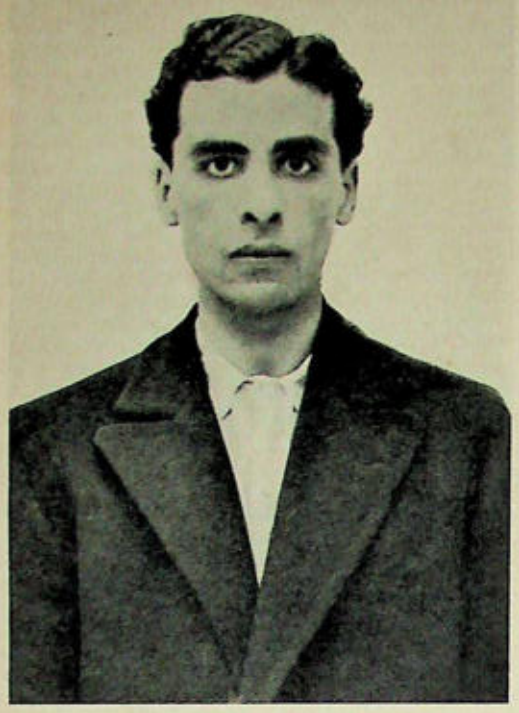
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(*To be continued.*)



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It was here that Mr. Arthur Pryor killed the record salmon for the Tweed—57½ lbs.—on October 27th, 1886

Niall Rankin



AMR BEY ONE OF THE STRONGEST MEMBERS OF THE R.A.F. SQUASH RACKETS TEAM

SQUASH RACKETS

Leading Teams for the Bath Club Cup

NOW in its twelfth season, the Bath Club Cup competition has been in progress for two weeks. In many ways it is an important occasion, for it is a tournament which has for long been considered the most important event in competitive squash rackets.

More than 100 players now take part in the Bath Club Cup every year, and this season, for the first time in its history, there is a full complement of eighteen clubs to make up three divisions of six clubs each.

Until this year, with a fluctuating number of clubs competing, there has been no fixed rule for promotion and relegation from one division to another, but now uncertainty is banished, and the second becomes quite definitely the sandwich division. Such a state of affairs has been the ambition of the organisers for a long time. Two new clubs, the New University and the United University, are competing in the third division and the tournament for the first time.

The six clubs in the first division are : the R.A.C., The Queen's, the Bachelors', the R.A.F., the Conservative and the Bath Club themselves.

Of these the R.A.C., the holders of the Cup, appear by far the strongest. In the first place they are able to call upon F. D. Amr Bey, the open and amateur champion, for their first string at any time, and he has already given proof of his good form by defeating T. C. S. Haywood of the Bath Club as easily as possible by 9—3, 9—2, 9—0 when Haywood was playing at his best. As their second string they have O. Lerwill, an older, yet very good player, and for their third they have ample material from which to choose. It is unlikely that Colonel Basset will make many appearances for the R.A.C. this year. He is no longer a young man, but his personality on and off the courts will be much missed.

DISAPPEARING STALWARTS

It would seem that the old order changeth in squash rackets, for there are a number of players whose names no longer figure prominently in the competition. Captain Cazalet (Bath) and W. D. Macpherson (Queen's) are both unlikely to play often, although it will be an unhappy decision for the game if K. C. Gandar Dower continues his policy of taking part only in friendly games of squash and not in the Bath Club Cup and other championships.

A few stalwarts still remain. P. Q. Reiss and C. L. Stubbs of the R.A.F., despite repeated rumours that they were about to retire, have turned out once again for their club, and Reiss appears to be as good as ever. Another old player, C. Browning, played again in the first week of the new season for the Union Club against the Army and Navy, and won his match. Browning was a member of the R.A.C. team when they won the Cup in the first year of the tournament—1922.

Last year the Bath Club had a hard task to prevent themselves from slipping into the second division. This year it is good news to hear that they have not only strengthened their team by the inclusion of Dr. Gregory and R. C. Greville, but they have determined to play their best team on every possible occasion, instead of relying on a larger number of players. T. C. S. Haywood will captain the side, and he will have the assistance of Arnold in choosing his team.

What has been good fortune for the Bath Club has been unfortunate for the Bachelors' Club. The Bachelors' enter the first division for the first time and without the assistance of Greville, who did so much to help them win promotion. Against Queen's Club in their first match they managed to win the third string game, but it would seem that they will have to work hard to avoid relegation at the end of the season, as Queen's are now by no means the strongest side. J. D. P. Wheatley, the most charming of squash players, will again play as first string for Queen's, and it is likely that he will be assisted mainly by A. Baird Murray and J. N. S. Ridgers.

Baird Murray is only just recovering from an illness, and although playing, is not yet in his best form, but there has been a marked improvement in the play of Ridgers, who is said to have won many excellent victories during the last few weeks. The other team in the first division, the Conservative Club, have no brilliant player, yet, in A. J. Peech, G. D'O. Sheppard and H. M. Backhouse, they possess three of the best club players to be found anywhere.

Of the other divisions, the M.C.C., who were relegated last season to division two, once again have the assistance of G. O. Allen, even if Jardine is still away. C. P. Hamilton, their first string, is one of the best players in the country, and they may well return to the first division if Prince's Club do not prove too strong for them. None of the other teams can call upon a really first-class player, although there are likely to be many keen matches, both in this division and the third.

J. ARMITAGE.

A CALL TO YOUTH IN RUGBY

Should Specialisation Be Checked ?

CAN the Rugby Union, through the Schools, accomplish what the International Rugby Board failed to accomplish through international, county and club Rugby ? That is the first question suggested by the letter recently addressed by the Rugby Union Committee to headmasters of schools which play the Rugby game, imploring them to discourage specialisation among young players.

The statement issued by the International Board last year deprecating the increase of specialisation among forwards and urging a return to the old fundamentals of forward play, failed in its object for two main reasons. The first was that specialisation had already gone too far. The second was that no direct lead was given to clubs to discourage specialisation, and teams were naturally unwilling to give up methods which, temporarily at any rate, would impair their efficieney.

For years clubs—and, be it added, the national unions themselves—have given an analytical study to forward play which has definitely encouraged the specialist. Players have been chosen for their special qualities of physique or skill to play in particular positions—first, second or third row of the scrummage. And the players themselves have developed the specialist instinct so thoroughly that any attempt to negative it could only lead to confusion and irritation.

" First up, first down " in the scrummage sounds excellent in principle. In practice the scrummage is formed quicker and better by players who know their positions than by players taking up positions haphazard. The Rugby Union itself probably hastened the development of specialist forwards when it established the ruling that no more than three players should form the front row of the scrummage. Before that we certainly had the " loose head " evil, but that in itself accustomed players to varying positions in the scrummage.

Overseas teams that have visited this country have almost invariably demonstrated the greater efficiency of a pack composed of specialist forwards, notably the last South African team with its 3–4–1 formation and the last New Zealand team with its 2–3–2 formation.

Very few clubs made any serious effort to observe the spirit of the International Board's appeal last year. The Yorkshire county team gallantly did so, but when it came to the selection of international teams they were found to be as replete as ever with forward specialists.

In these circumstances the Rugby Union's present appeal to the schools is a little reminiscent of the Army sergeant's dictum : " Don't do as I do ; do as I tell you." The ideal is excellent—that boys, more particularly the younger ones, should be taught " the whole art and fundamentals of both forward and back play in any position, before specialisation in any department of the game." Here is something to keep the games masters busy, and it would be interesting to know how many of them would be prepared to place their slowest players at wing three-quarter or their lightest ones in the pack, or what good that could do either type of players.

It is true that in all games boys are very quick to imitate the methods of the great players, and it is only natural for them to specialise when they see players in all other grades doing it. The Rugby Union Committee has appealed to the schools as the *fons et origo* of the game, but there seems little chance of much being done without parallel action by clubs and the Universities.

Specialisation has now reached such a point that even wing forwards are no longer merely wing forwards. They are classified as wingers on the open side or wingers on the blind side. Oxford are apparently adopting this development, for in their match against the Old Merchant Taylors at Teddington last Saturday we had the wing men changing from side to side according to the position of the scrum, so that one player was always on the open side and the other always on the blind side.

Both players were of the very modern winging type, scarcely pushing their weight in the scrums in their eagerness to break away quickly. Whether or not this had anything to do with it, the fact was that the Oxford pack were badly outscrummaged by the Taylors. In the open they were as fiery as young men playing for their Blues can be but were well matched even here.

Behind the scrummage Oxford were none too happy. A great deal is likely to depend on the ultimate choice of a scrum half. On Saturday L. B. Bok, who filled the position, was too handicapped by beaten forwards to be seen to the best advantage, but he at least introduced us to what must be nearly the ideal method of putting the ball into the scrummage. He does not throw or lob it in as most players do ; his hands come down as though to swing it in, but he then turns his wrists behind the ball and pushes it along the ground. This method does away with any possible bounce and ensures that the ball travels straight between the two sets of forwards.

Bok was not able to give out quite long or swift enough passes to his partner, K. L. T. Jackson, who apparently likes to stand well back, and what with that and some rather stereotyped passing the Oxford three-quarters did little in attack, and the side was really a little lucky to beat the Taylors.

F. I. W.

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relating to the raiding and warfare on both sides of the Border there is no reference to an act of cruelty to woman or child.

We must now turn to John, 5th Earl and 1st Duke of Roxburghe, who succeeded in 1696 and died in 1741. He was created Duke on April 25th, 1707, for his services in connection with the Union; his contributions to the debates in 1707 being of the greatest value.

John, 3rd Duke, was the celebrated collector of Books and Ballads.

William, 4th Duke, had his picture painted by Raeburn; this is thought to be one of the best of Raeburn's portraits, and a photograph of it is here reproduced; this picture is only one of the many very valuable treasures the house contains. We are coming now to more modern times. The game books commence on August 12th, 1834, and the fishing record in the spring of 1839, that is to say, in the lifetime of James Robert, 6th Duke.

James Henry, Robert seventh Duke of Roxburghe, was a man of dignified and imposing appearance, as his picture shows. The vogue of sport was at its height, and here was a man with tradition behind him and the ability to improve on the methods of his predecessors. He was one of the greatest game shots of his day, and is mentioned as being in the same class as Lord Walsingham and Earl de Grey. Until he succeeded, all the game on the estate had been shot over dogs, or by walking up. He introduced grouse driving on his moor at Byrecleugh in 1879; previous to that date the grouse had all been shot over dogs. It may be said that the partridges were never driven during his lifetime; all the partridges were walked up, and this in itself would now be considered a great feat, when one considers the vast extent of partridge ground on the estate, and the fact that the party seldom exceeded three, or at the most four guns.



WILLIAM, FOURTH DUKE OF ROXBURGHE
From the picture by Raeburn in the collection at Floors Castle

BEFORE THE SHOOTING-STICK AGE

He was never tired, and could mark the spot where a bird fell with greater accuracy than any keeper or beater on the property; in fact, he is reported to have been a great walker, even in those days when the universal mode of progression was that intended by the Almighty and men walked upright upon their feet. There was no pony to carry the gun to the butt, no shooting stick for him to rest upon when he got there.

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Niall Rankin

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, Student of Wild Life and Nature Lover. 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.

WHAT IS TUNNY FISHING?

SIR,—I was much impressed with your leading article on this subject in your issue of September 30th last, from its breadth of view and sound common sense.

Every angler and sportsman in the world will be charmed with the noble sentiments expressed in the letters of Colonel Peel and the joint Secretaries of the Tunny Club which appear in the same issue, but alas, we have all heard, that there is a certain place that is "paved with good intentions" and before "Certificates" can be considered as of the slightest value to real sportsmen, the conditions under which they can be acquired will have to be considerably tightened up. If evidence of this is required, it is enough to refer again to the instance I gave in my article of September 30th last of an angler, who up to this season had only one fish to his credit after many years of fishing for tunny, and this one was taken only after an exhausting and lengthy fight, not to say one resulting in personal danger to himself. I pointed out that this year the same angler caught five in one day and one in twelve minutes. I have since been credibly informed that he caught these five fish in less than one hour *for the lot!* As these fish were taken on a line with a breaking strain of 200lb. (Tunny Club rules only allow line of 108lb. B.S.) and as no angler or rod could break a line of even 15 per cent. of this strain—by fair fishing—perhaps this sportsman will come forward and inform us as to what method he employed to accomplish this "feat," and incidentally to bring the grand sport of tunny fishing to be universally laughed at.

A line of 100lb. B.S. could not be broken by human strength unless:

1. Rotten.
2. Fixed to the boat.
3. Towing boat by direct pull from fish through harness to reel.
4. Towing boat by rod held flat or horizontal.

Hence only by universally foul methods.

I use heavy lines for economic reasons, not to assist in killing a fish, and the line I used this year was tested at the same time and on two separate occasions with about two months interval, and proved to be 25 per cent. less in strength than that used for the purpose of killing the fish referred to above, at the average rate of twelve minutes per fish!

I have known of a one-inch manilla rope broken by a tunny with five men on the other end of it, so the above must in any case bear out my contention that these fish were practically dead from the start.

In short, those with "fight" got off and the half-dead ones have served to make "fame"!

Yours faithfully,

London, W. L. MITCHELL-HENRY.

DUNLIN AND RINGED PLOVER

SIR,—When bird-watching on Breydon some years ago, I observed a greenshank feeding on a moist mudflat; it was industriously probing for small red nereid worms, and so persistently hopped on one leg that I imagined the bird to be minus the other. At length I put it to flight, when the long-legged wader straightened the limb and betook itself to another patch of ooze. In time I found this was quite a habit with many waders.

On July 28th I persuaded a waterside frequenter to row me out on the top of the flood tide. He discovered a goodly batch of dunlin and ringed plover—some five score of them, sound asleep, and evidently tired out with a long night journey behind them. It was the lifting of a ringed plover's wings that attracted us; every bird facing north-east, standing on one leg in a trickle of water that merely covered their feet. Every bill was snugly tucked in under cover of the wing. We had pushed the nose of the punt into the flock without disturbing them, when simultaneously all awoke, drew up a leg, and hopped around, without contact and in silence. I have seen many flocks of immigrants in my time probing, running, courting, but never saw anything so amusing in bird-land. They appeared to be nearly all adults.

Ringed plover no longer nest on Yarmouth beach; but usually in early September, once in a while, a large flock of mixed birds, quite 1,000 of them, come to a great flat patch of sand and pebbles, well away from the water's edge, to rest day after day, before noon. Unless one catches sight of an uplifted wing, he may pass by without seeing a single bird. On catching sight of a raised wing, one may in a few moments discern their little grey backs. Most of them are asleep, with here and there a vigilant sentinel.

In the '70's, when I spent many early mornings among the sand-hills and marram grasses at the edge of the cliffs, flocks of these waders might be seen busily disturbing the swarms of sandhoppers that—in those days—abounded. But local coast erosion has swept away the marrams; stronger tides obtain, and very little seaweed now comes to Yarmouth beach. To-day the jerry-builder is dumping his bungalows where dotterel and turnstone, rabbit and grey plover once delighted the eye of the naturalist, as well as the man with the gun.

Yours faithfully,

Gt. Yarmouth. A. H. PATTERSON.

MIGRATIONS OF GROUSE

SIR,—With reference to Professor Ritchie's letter on the above subject, it may interest some of your readers to know that a grouse marked with an Aberdeen University ring in Caithness in the spring of this year has been shot on Dunachton Moor, Inverness-shire. Although much has been written about grouse migration, we really know very little of their movement, and it is difficult to see how anything fresh can be discovered except by a systematic marking of a number of the young birds each year in all districts.

Everyone concerned in the management of grouse moors must surely feel indebted to Professor Ritchie, the originator of the Aberdeen University ringing scheme, for the great interest he has taken in the matter. Ringing experiments have been carried out here over a period of years, and while occasionally a marked bird was found many miles from its breeding place, the results do not prove that any general migration ever took place.

Yours faithfully,

Kingussie. "MERLIN."

GROUSE AT GLENDYE

SIR,—I have read in the *Field* of October 21st the description of the day's grouse driving at Glendye on September 29th. I would like to make it clear that credit for the day was entirely due to the headkeeper, Duncan Fraser, and his assistant keepers, who displayed marvellous skill in driving most of the grouse over a single butt. They were ably assisted by a most excellent team of beaters and flankers, and I was greatly helped by first-class loading.

Yours faithfully,

CLAUDE BEDDINGTON.

33, Grosvenor Street, W. 1.

ROUND THE WORLD WITH A SHOT GUN

SIR,—Perhaps a few addenda to Klaxon's "No. 12.—Singapore," in your issue of September 23rd, may be useful to naval officers and others.

(*a*) If you want sea fishing get in touch with Mr. C. N. Maxwell (M.C.S., retired). He is the greatest authority on the subject in Malaya. The Colonial Secretariat will have his address or can get it, as he lives in the Federated Malay States.

(*b*) For freshwater fishing obtain a book, *Some Freshwater Fishing in Malaya*, by Simon and Leona Starr, obtainable from the authors at 4, Galle Face Cottages, Colombo, and probably from Kelly and Walsh in Singapore. Price 6/–.

(*c*) Seladang (*Bos gaurus Hubbacki*) is not a "wild buffalo," nor can he be hunted with a shot-gun! He is a wild ox, and belongs to a group which comprises the gaur, the gayal and the bantin. There are no genuine wild buffaloes in Malaya; you must go to Ceylon for them. "Heavy artillery" is essential for hunting the seladang; a .500 or .577 double cordite rifle or an 8-bore rifle is advised. If interested, read *Elephant and Seladang Hunting in the Federated Malay States*, by Theodore R. Hubback, published by Rowland Ward, Ltd., and if you can get an introduction to Mr. Hubback (he is still resident in Malaya), do so. There are seladang in Johore, but they are not easily come by. The Sultan has shot some very good heads. Pahang is a better State than Perak for this sport.

(*d*) The green pigeon and snipe shooting in Johore is magnificent if you can get local advice and help. Take plenty of No. 6 for green pigeon, and No. 8 for snipe—at least 200 of either.

(*e*) For wild swine, I emphatically do *not* advise a "small-bore high-velocity rifle." It has not sufficient stopping power to justify its use in jungle. The ideal weapon is a 12-bore Paradox or other ball-and-shot gun, but spherical ball cartridges or buckshot are effective in an ordinary shotgun; ball in the right barrel and buck in the left is recommended. The same weapon and ammunition will do for sambur ("Rusa"—*not* "Roussa") and tigers. For really close-quarters work a buck-shot cartridge (S.S.G.) in the left barrel of either a ball-and-shot gun or an ordinary 12-bore can hardly be beaten for either pig or tiger, but at 20yds. or over ball is recommended. For any range over 25yds. the spherical bullet in a 12-bore is not too accurate and a proper ball-and-shot gun is advised.

(*f*) If it is possible to get local assistance and advice, be sure to try for one or two evenings' shooting at flighting green pigeon. I know of no better country for this sport than certain parts of Johore. But you must hold straight and you need "caddies" to pick up your birds; there will be no time to do it yourself.

(*g*) Klaxon has omitted teal from his game list. These little duck are plentiful in some parts of Johore, and give very good sport.

Yours faithfully.

Singapore. MALAYA.

A SALMON TO THE RESCUE

SIR, I was concealed on the edge of the River Spey at a time when the water was particularly low and clear, and was watching the movements of about six or eight salmon which could be very clearly discerned almost beneath me. A movement on the other bank caught my eye, and I there saw an otter emerge from the undergrowth and proceed to a rock which gave an excellent take-off into deep water and formed a natural "slide."

On reaching this position, the otter lay without moving for some minutes and then entered the water, and could be seen to swim rapidly under water to where the salmon were lying. It could be clearly seen all the time up to the moment it seized a salmon of about 8lb–10lb. weight by the "shoulder."

At this juncture there was a "flurry" in the water, and all details could not be definitely observed for a few seconds, although the otter's body could still be clearly seen apparently on top and spread-eagled on the salmon, which appeared to be clasped head and tail by the otter. Considerable activity was displayed by the other salmon, which shot about the pool in all directions.

Within about five seconds of the otter's attack, a salmon of about 30lb. was seen to shoot across and "torpedo" the otter, striking the latter amidships. This sudden attack caused the otter to relinquish its prey and to escape to the bank, where, after licking and shaking itself for a few minutes, it disappeared among the undergrowth.

Yours faithfully,

W. N. T. BECKETT

H.M.S. Amazon. (Commander, R.N.).

RECORD PARTRIDGE BAG FOR SCOTLAND

SIR,—I am sending you an account of two days' partridge shooting which may be of interest to some of your readers, as I believe them to be driving records for Scotland.

They took place in the county of Angus, at Edzell.

On October 16th seven guns killed 318½ brace of partridges. The first drive began at nine o'clock. There were eight drives in the morning, which produced 84 brace. There were seven drives in the afternoon on fresh ground, which produced 234½ brace.

The morning was spoilt by a strong north-west wind which took the birds over the West Water, a tributary of the North Esk, and so off the ground. The wind did not affect the afternoon so much, though a still day would have been preferable. Two sets of beaters were used.

On October 18th, 403 brace of partridges were obtained under perfect conditions with one set of beaters.

The first drive began at nine o'clock, and there were eleven drives during the day. The whole beat was covered before lunch for 184½ brace in six drives, and was covered again in five drives after lunch for 218½ brace.

The biggest drive was between 60 and 65 brace. I enclose an exact note of the bag, as there were eleven varieties killed on this day: 806 partridges, 46 pheasants, 1 golden plover, 1 snipe, 1 jack snipe, 1 capercailzie, 2 teal, 2 woodcock, 5 pigeons, 64 hares, 8 rabbits.

Brechin Castle, Yours truly,

Brechin, N.B. DALHOUSIE.

[In *Record Bags and Shooting Records*, Mr. H. S. Gladstone gives the following interesting note. "On October 10th, 1914, six guns killed 486 partridges at Hutton Castle (Berwick)."

On October 9th, 1906, Lord Elphinstowe with five other guns killed 513 partridges, 8 pheasants and 65 hares at Prestonhall (Midlothian). The Duke of Roxburghe with five other guns shot 560 partridges, 20 pheasants, 81 hares, 1 rabbit, 1 snipe, and 3 plover on October 22nd, 1913; and 516 partridges, 69 pheasants and 33 hares on October 4th, 1921, at Floors (Roxburghshire).

From these accounts it would appear that Lord Dalhousie's bag is indeed a Scottish record.—ED.]



REFLECTED GLORY
(See Letter "A Jacobite Relic")

"A JACOBITE RELIC"

SIR,—Believed to be the only one in existence, this remarkable painting of Bonnie Prince Charlie is to be seen in the West Highland Museum at Fort William. The true perspective is seen by looking in the polished steel cylinder, and is a reflection of the semi-circular painting on the base board.

Used by the Jacobites in toasting "the Prince over the Water," the cylinder had a leather cover which could conceal from uninitiated persons its true significance. Very little seems to be known about its origin, and it is doubtful if the name of the artist of this unique piece of work will ever be brought to light.

Yours faithfully,
96, George Street, GRAHAM HOOD.
Glasgow, C. 1.

BIG GAME PHOTOGRAPHY

SIR,—I see that in your review of Mr. F. W. Champion's *The Jungle in Sunlight and Shadow* it is stated that big game photography is a matter of chance. This is probably so to a certain degree, but I should like to point out that a few years ago there appeared in the *Illustrated London News* several photographs of the Himalayan ibex (*Capra ægragus*), obtained by a certain foreign nobleman, and that at about the same time there appeared also several of *Ovis ammon* and burrhel. Surely if one devotes oneself to the task, it is no harder to photograph than to shoot this mountain game?

Yours truly,
Radley College, N. M. C.
Abingdon, Berks.

[The chances of approaching really close to Himalayan game such as ibex (*Capra sibirica*) or *Ovis ammon Hodgsoni* are small. Continued attempts might be rewarded, possibly by luck rather than judgment. At present effective rifle range and effective camera range are not comparable—hence the paucity of mountain game photographs mentioned in our review, in which, incidentally, it was not stated that big game photography is a matter of chance.—ED.]

QUAIL IN 1933

SIR,—I am sending you for examination and disposal as you think fit a quail shot on September 16th, on Whitsbury Down, near the Martin Drove, in Hampshire, as I feel you may wish to record the presence of quail. When shooting on the 13th, I saw a bevy of five in the same field; yesterday we flushed three or four at least.

Two seasons ago, about four miles from the place where this quail was shot, I saw about a dozen flushed, and tried to shoot one; the remainder of the party I was out with said they were cheeper partridges. I therefore did not report the fact. The same season I saw what I thought were quail flushed when cutting corn. They would seem to be definitely on the increase near here.

Yours faithfully,
Whitsbury, R. H. WILLAN
Near Salisbury. (Colonel).

NEED FOR CONTROL OF HERONRIES

SIR,—I wonder if people who keep heronries realise the damage done by these birds to the fishing on shallow streams. I feel sure if they did they would try to keep down the number of herons by destroying most of the eggs. One can understand that when the sport of hawking was much more indulged in than now, a large reduction in numbers would have been to spoil sport.

Many people nowadays are trying to improve the fishing on small streams, and I think I am right in saying their chief enemy is this bird. It may kill a number of eels, but eels can be kept down by traps. I am sure that eels, by eating fish and spawn do far less harm than the heron, which kills a very large number of spawning fish. I am not anxious to see herons exterminated, but kept within a reasonable limit.

Yours faithfully,
Jewell's House, H. ADDERLEY CRADOCK.
Stanford Dingley, Reading.

STRANGLED BLACKBIRD

SIR,—I am enclosing two photographs of a young blackbird, which was picked up dead, and had probably died from strangulation caused by a piece of pampas grass becoming twisted round its neck. One photograph shows the collar formed by the pampas grass, and the other that it must have been there for a considerable time, as there is no sign of growing feathers underneath. The collar was twisted round several times, as the photograph shows, and was quite hard. The photograph was taken by Mr. Bushell, of Henley-on-Thames.

Yours faithfully,
Common Barn, VICTOR RHODES
Remenham, (Major).
Henley-on-Thames.

LARGE TROUT FROM A SMALL STREAM

SIR,—The capture of a large male Bull trout (*Salmo eriox*) recently in the tiny Avon water (Hants) may be of interest. When I first saw it the mill at Ifford was working and the fish was lying in the mill stream, but refused all lures and (the water being very low) dropped back into the pool below when the mill sluice was shut down. Just as I was packing up to go, my son-in-law saw it again in the tail of the pool, and I tried it with a fly-minnow. Whether the fish took the minnow or by some chance the tiny single hook fouled its jaw I cannot say, but at the second cast it was hooked. Having only a brook rod and a small folding net, landing from the high bank was impossible, and after playing the fish for half an hour I asked my son-in-law to wade into the tail of the pool with the net, which he did.

After two vain attempts he succeeded in getting enough of the fish into the net for me to lie down



AN EIGHT-YEAR-OLD SEA TROUT
(See Letter "Large Trout from a Small Stream")

on the bank, grab fish and net, and heave both over my head into the field. The fish was beyond all doubt a Bull trout, and measured 2ft. 9½in., weighing 9lb. 7oz.

Yours faithfully,
Beach Warren, R. J. B. CLAYTON.
Milford-on-Sea,
Hants.

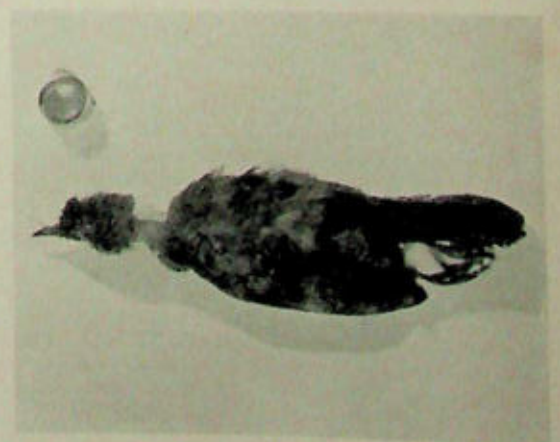
[Though Bull trout, as a separate species, are no longer recognised, the scales seem to confirm our correspondent's opinion that this was an old sea trout. They show two years parr life, followed by two maiden sea years ending in a spawning mark, and then four years each with a probable spawning mark. It is a mystery how so large a fish could have spawned five times in an inconsiderable stream without being seen and suggests the possibility that it may have got into a strange water owing to the drought.—ED.]



'FISHERMAN'S LUCK!'... THE BIG FELLOWS RISING... YOU'RE HAULING THEM IN... DOESN'T A PIPE OF RHODIAN TASTE GOOD!

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THE PAMPAS GRASS COLLAR, UNDER WHICH NO FEATHERS GREW
(See Letter "Strangled Blackbird")

HARE SNARED BY THE EARS

SIR,—A farmer visiting his cattle in a large grass field the other day, found them staring excitedly at something in the bottom of the thorn fence. He discovered the cause of their excitement to be a large hare struggling in a snare tied to the fence, caught only by its ears. Thinking it strange that the animal should be so trapped, he cut and broke away part of the snare, leaving the part attached to the ears just as I forward it to you.

I am puzzled as to how the noose tightened on to the ears, unless, as my wife suggests, the hare had been withdrawing her head out of a partly drawn noose. Of course, when the noose once tightened, it was impossible for the hare to break away. Can you suggest how she got caught ?

Yours truly,
JAMES GREEN.

Thornton Dale,
Yorks.

[The noose was drawn tightly round the base of the ears. Possibly some reader has known of a hare being caught in the same way ?—ED.]

SHELDRAKE INLAND

SIR,—I shot an immature sheldrake off Blackford Pond, which lies about one-and-a-half miles south of Ringwood Church. It was alone, and flew high and strongly.

I have shot in the Avon Valley for over 30 years, but have never seen a sheldrake here before—Dr. T. G. Longstaff tells me he has known them to breed in the east of the New Forest, but not in this valley. The pond lies a few hundred yards east of the Avon, and about seven-and-a-half miles from the sea.

Yours faithfully,
J. D. MILLS, M.P.

Bisterne, Ringwood, Hants. (Major).

[The carcase was that of a this year's bird, at which stage the sexes are alike in plumage.—ED.]



"DIGNIFIED AND SEDATE"
(See Letter "A Feline Patriarch")

A FELINE PATRIARCH

SIR,—My son took this photograph of "Ginger," who is 21 this month, at the house of his owner, Rev. N. Cooper-Horsfall—one of Yorkshire's keenest sportsmen.

Ginger is therefore a patriarch of 147 ! He is a Manx, and was owned by Mr. Cooper-Horsfall's father. He is dignified and sedate, as befits his years, treating his companions—a French poodle and a wire-haired terrier—with the aloof dignity of the honourably aged !

Yours truly,
HILDA TREVELYAN-THOMSON.

Knightsbridge,
London, S.W. 1.

BLACK MOUNTAIN HARES

SIR,—On August 29th two black hares were shot by a lady when shooting over dogs at Sciberscross, Sutherland, the best specimen being sent to the British Museum. This variety may be counted as rare ; the late J. G. Millais, in his *British Mammals* (1906), only mentions three instances—at Braemar, in Roxburghshire and at Langwell, where a few are reported to exist in two places. It is presumably possible that the Sciberscross hares originated from there, but it is curious that they appear only in that one place in Sutherland. One was shot there in 1927, and is in Dunrobin Castle museum. One of the buff-coloured variety was also seen but not shot at, and Millais states this variety to be very rare in Scotland, though the Irish mountain hare is frequently of this colour. Neither of the above varieties of the mountain hare turn white in winter as does the ordinary type.

Yours, etc.,
M. PORTAL.

Orleans Club, London.



A FAMOUS HOUSE OF OTHER DAYS
(See Letter "Welsh National Drama")

WELSH NATIONAL DRAMA

SIR,—Lord Howard de Walden, President of the Welsh National Theatre, London, and Miss Evelyn Bowen, Secretary, have carefully inspected Plas Newydd, the old carved oak residence of the famous "Ladies of Llangollen," with a view to making this the home of Welsh National Drama. The greatest event ever attempted in Welsh drama was at the last National Eisteddfod when *Everyman* was twice performed before audiences of 12,000.

Plas Newydd is thought to be eminently fitted as a centre for the development of the drama of Wales. Lord Howard de Walden and Major Denby-Jones, chairman of the Llangollen Urban Council, have presented a scheme by which the new portion of the famous mansion, together with the spacious grounds can be utilised for plays and for various phases of dramatic production. It is hoped to establish a summer school for Easter.

Plas Newydd, the scene of Scott's *Betrothed*, is placed in a beautiful amphitheatre of hills and woodlands under the shadow of the ancient castle of Dinas Bran on an eminence of 1,000ft. The "Ladies of Llangollen" were devoted to drama, and entertained the poets and dramatists of their time.

Yours faithfully,
R. DARLINGTON.

Llangollen.

HEDGEHOGS AND POULTRY

SIR,—One night recently, about 11 p.m., when there was a bright half moon, I heard a chicken uttering cries of distress. On going to investigate I saw a chicken making those inane short rushes it is apt to the breed when disturbed at night, followed closely by an animal, which grabbed it at each halt, but let go as soon as the bird struggled. Switching on my torch, I discovered the animal to be a hedgehog, and the chicken so badly mauled about the legs and vent that I had to destroy it. I weighed them both this morning : the hedgehog (a male) was exactly 2½lb., and the chicken (eight weeks old) a trifle over 1½lb. This suggests that hedgehogs are not only a danger to partridge chicks but also to the sitting mother.

Yours faithfully,
E. P. H. PARDOE.

Oak Tree Farm,
Waldron, Sussex. (Major)

[It is, unfortunately, an established fact that hedgehogs will attack sitting hens.—ED.]

A GANNET INLAND

SIR,—An immature gannet was found in the middle of Blackmoor Golf Course, near Bordon, Hants. The bird appeared to be in its second year. When found it was very weak, but after two days it had gained considerably in strength and activity. It was placed in the garden, where it crouched with its wings half drooped, making no attempt to fly, and showing little inclination to walk. It was fed with pieces of raw beef and fish, but could only swallow small pieces, and would not take anything unless it was held out to it on the end of a stick.

The gannet has now been sent to the London Zoo, as it appeared to be incapable of feeding or fishing by itself. But it would be interesting to know where it came from and how it reached the middle of the golf course. The wind has only been light and from the west for the last five days. If it has escaped from a private collection, the owner should communicate direct with the Zoo.

Yours faithfully,
W. M. PALMER.

Blackmoor,
Liss, Hants.

CAMEL RACING

SIR,—Recently I was very interested to read an article in your paper about camel races at Assuan. I have also witnessed these, but in speed I do not think they can be compared with the small racing camels I saw in Somaliland. They belonged to the Somaliland Camel Corps and were perfectly trained. I was lucky enough to arrive at Burao, the headquarters of the S.C.C., on the day of their annual gymkhana.

It was most interesting and there were displays of excellent horsemanship, but perhaps the most interesting event was that of the racing camels. They were specially trained to jump over a small barrier, which, I understand, it is extraordinarily difficult for a camel to do. They were made to jump over the barriers first of all in pairs, with natives stationed at the sides if they baulked. Then they went over again in pairs, the rider of the first camel leading the second camel, whose rider was mounted facing the wrong way.

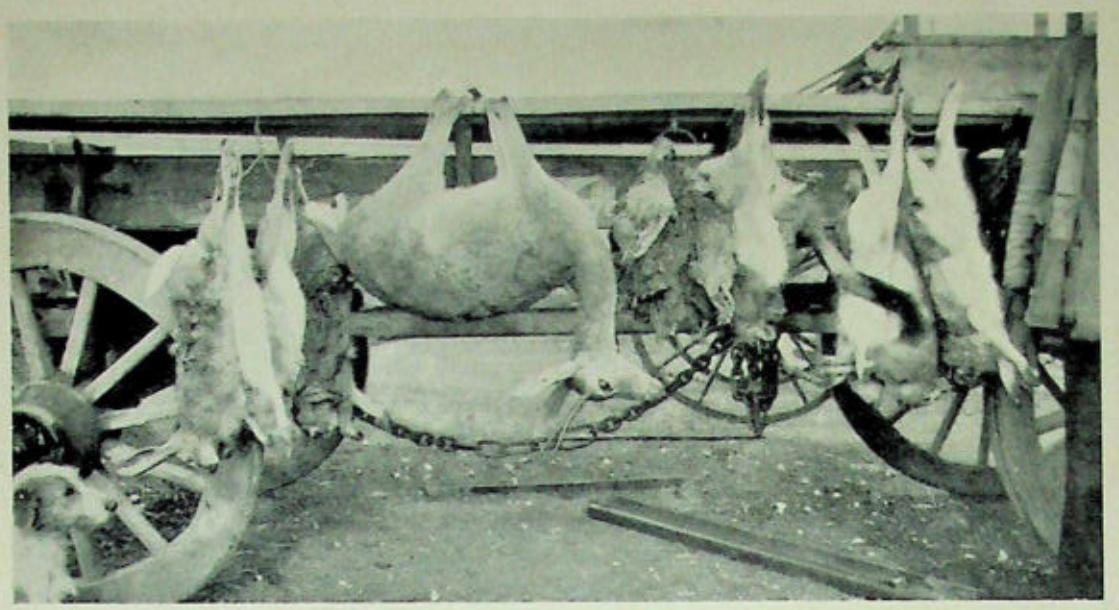
The company carrying out this feat were very proud of it.

Yours faithfully,
L. A. CURTIS.

Wittering, near Peterborough.



HIGH-CLASS TRICK RIDING IN SOMALILAND
(See Letter "Camel Racing")



GOOD SPORT FOR ONE GUN IN A SINGLE AFTERNOON
(See Letter "Shooting in Cape Province")

HOW FAST DO BIRDS FLY?

SIR,—Having read with interest the article by Miss Frances Pitt, I would like to mention a species of bird whose flight is most remarkable, but which is seldom named when the celerity of birds is discussed. It is the bronze-winged dove of India (*Chalcophaps indicus*), a bird that is fairly common in Eastern India and only found singly or in pairs, as it is not gregarious. Often when after jungle-fowl in Assam, Cachar and Sylhet, I have seen this bird flash past, showing its bronzy-green colouring, and its flight on most occasions was so rapid that one could hardly pick out the form of the bird.

In an article in *The Oriental Sporting Magazine* of 1871 a writer on this bird remarks: "They have a remarkably swift flight, hardly short of the speed of a bolt discharged from a bow"; and this seems a good description. Certainly no bird I have seen fly fast in this country, or in Africa, can compare for speed with this small dove, and although the turtle dove is noted in Miss Pitt's article as probably the "fastest of all," I doubt if it is anything like so speedy as the Indian bronze-winged dove.

Yours truly,
Belmont, Moffat. DENIS D. LYELL.

AN ANCIENT AIR GUN

SIR,—I have an air gun in Ireland identical with the gun illustrated in your issue of October 7th.

It works as follows: The butt is, in effect, a large sparklet, made of copper, and covered with red leather; it has a "collar stud" valve, and is blown up with an iron pump.

A tube magazine lies along the barrel, and the gun is loaded by pushing the breech block against the flat spring lying along the magazine, so that the aperture through it receives a bullet from the magazine; the spring, when released, brings the aperture into alignment with butt and barrel.

Raising the hammer compresses the spring of the air-releaser and, when the trigger is pulled, the valve of the air cylinder (butt) is momentarily compressed, and the bullet blown through the barrel.

The barrel is brass lined and grooved, possibly rifled, though the bullets are circular, and there would seem to be no object in rifling. One cannot see down it.

The weight of the gun is enormous, and it is inscribed "Bates, London, L.H. 605." The case has a beautifully inscribed label bearing the name Riviere, London, "patentee for the guns without locks," and the Royal Arms.

If anyone wants the gun I will sell it, subject to my brother's consent. Yours truly,
Bath Club, JAMES DICKIE.
London, W. 1.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Throstle's St. Leger.—Will you permit me to correct "H. H. P., London, W." *re* St. Leger of 1894. Throstle's (M. Cannon) starting price was 50 to 1 and not 33 to 1 (eight runners). The winner was a filly.—BERT VARKER, Forest Hill.

Pale Clouded Yellow Butterfly.—I had not observed a pale clouded yellow butterfly in Gloucestershire for over 30 years until towards the end of September, when my daughter took a fine specimen here.—SIDNEY D. LANE, Readcomb, Cirencester.

Eel Choked by Salmon Parr.—I am sending you a small eel choked to death by a salmon parr which it was attempting to swallow. I found this on the bank of the River Spey, and thought it might interest your readers.—R. A. FELLOWES, The Palace Hotel, Grantown-on-Spey.

Shooting in Cape Province.—The enclosed picture shows a mixed bag shot by one gun in an afternoon—one Rhebok ram, seven hares, fourteen partridges and one spring hare, the latter obtained while going home in the evening.—L. J. WEBB, Jamestown, Cape Province.

Increase of the Corncrake.—I wonder if you have noticed the large increase of corncrakes this year? Between September 1st and 23rd I could have shot (or shall I say fired at?) at least 40, whereas last year I only saw two. My spaniels flushed six in about five minutes in quite a small field. I have flushed them in roots, clover, stubble, grass and even heather.—Colonel M. C. COLLIER, Furzetor, Horrabridge, S. Devon.

Bird-Life in the Ardennes.—Motoring between Luxemburg and Strasburg recently I saw eleven buzzards in the air; four of these were together, doubtless a family party. Though persecuted—most small hotels in this part of the country have stuffed specimens—the bird seems to be holding its own in the well-wooded Ardennes. I also saw two kites.—F. W. A. PRIDEAUX, Hotel Löwen, Andermatt.

Wasp Community of Queens.—One of the gardeners here has dug out a wasp nest which appears to be of some interest. It is an almost perfect sphere nearly a foot in diameter. One layer contained 520 fully developed queen wasps, and two other layers consisted entirely of queen-size cells; these layers each contained over 500 grubs.—JAMES STUART, Estate Office, Foxwarren Park, Byfleet, Surrey.

Kingfishers in the North.—When fishing the Don on September 23rd, I saw two kingfishers above Alford Bridge, Aberdeenshire.—Mrs. M. HARDY, Denton, Feltwell, Norfolk.

"Blue Rocks."—With reference to Mr. H. W. Robinson's letter in your issue of July 29th, it is quite common to see rock pigeons feeding in fields in India. Apart from cliffs and caves, many disused mine-shafts or wells all over the country hold "blue rocks."—RANDOLPH C. MORRIS, Honnametti Estate, Attikan P.O., via Mysore, South India.

PICTURES OF SPORT AND COUNTRY LIFE

The Editor of the "Field" offers prizes each month for the best photographs sent in by readers of sport, games and country life. Entries will be judged on their merits as action pictures, on their pictorial value, and on their value as records of unusual interest.

The prizes are: 1st Prize, 3 guineas; 2nd Prize, 2 guineas; 3rd Prize, 1 guinea.

RULES.—1. The latest date of entry for the second of these competitions is Saturday, November 11th. Envelopes must be marked "Photographic Competition," and addressed to The Editor, "Field" Newspaper, The Field House, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, E.C.4. 2. Only amateur photographers are eligible to compete. 3. Photographs should be sent unmounted, and no prints will be returned. 4. No correspondence will be entered into concerning the competition, and the Editor's decision will be final. 5. Any photograph reproduced in the "Field," apart from the winning entries, will be paid for at the rate of 10/6.

IN THE CITY

A YIELD OF 5¾ PER CENT.

ON the 9th of this month notices were sent to the holders of the 6½ per cent. cumulative preferred ordinary shares of £1 each (10/- paid) of Booth's Distilleries Ltd. that the directors had decided to make two calls of 5/- per share, one payable on October 31st and the other on January 31st next. The shares (10/- paid) can at present be bought at 12/3. The yield on a £1 share bearing interest at 6½ per cent. and standing at 22/6 (a sum of 3d. per share has been added to cover the expenses of purchase) works out to £5 15s. 6d. per cent. On August 31st last 142,596 of these preferred ordinary shares were converted into ordinary shares, when the right of conversion finally expired, and it seems to have been rather overlooked that the security of the remaining preferred ordinary shares has been substantially improved by this conversion. In August last there were 324,891 preferred ordinary shares ranking in front of 325,681 ordinary shares of £1 each, but now there are only 182,295 of the former ranking in front of 468,277 of the latter.

The conversion of the 6 per cent. Debenture Stock to a 5 per cent. basis, which was carried out earlier this year, will save the company, in the service of its debenture debt, £7,500 net per annum, and even if the profits earned during the current year were to show no increase over those earned in respect of the year ended March 31st last, the amount required to pay the dividend on the preferred ordinary capital remaining in issue would be covered more than twice over.

The company are the distillers of the world-famous Booth's Matured Dry Gin and other gins and cordials, and in addition carry on an important general wholesale wine and spirit trade.

In his speech at the annual general meeting, held July last, Lord Lurgan said: "For the current year the company has had a really bright and most encouraging increase in business in all departments up to date," and the fact that the profits earned in future years are expected to increase may be deduced from the fact that the price of the ordinary shares has risen this year from 9/- to the current price of about 23/-. At this latter price the yield, on the basis of the 3 per cent. dividend paid in respect of the year ended March 31st last, is only a little more than 2½ per cent.

The company recently entered into contracts with an American firm for the marketing, and, if necessary, the production of the company's brands in the United States of America, and if the Prohibition Act is eventually repealed the company may derive substantial profits from business in that country.

It seems, therefore, that no unbusinesslike risk would be incurred by the purchase of these preferred ordinary shares, and under all the circumstances the yield of 5¾ per cent. may be considered as rather exceptional. It would surprise the writer if the shares could still be bought on such a high yield basis when the report for the current year has been issued.

SCOPE FOR APPRECIATION

The 7 per cent. preference shares of the Financial Times Ltd. can at present be picked up in small numbers at a time at about 15/3.

No dividend has been paid on the shares since June 1931, and by next December the shares will, therefore, carry two-and-a-half years' arrears of dividend, which is 3/6 per share gross, or 2/7½ net. The current price may, therefore, be regarded as 12/7½ plus 2/7½ arrears of dividend.

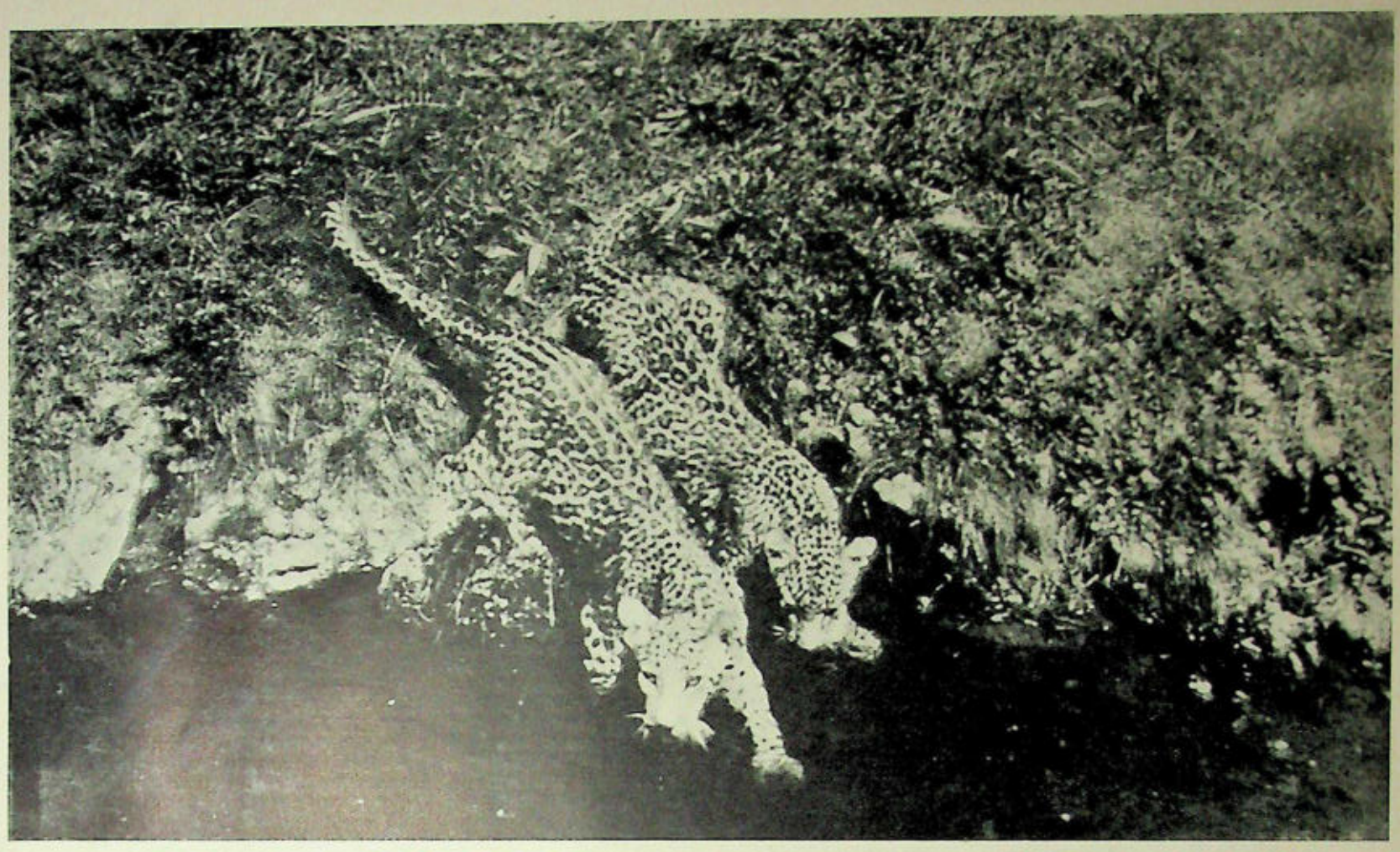
Up to and including 1929 the preference dividend was earned with a satisfactory margin, but the company has since fallen on bad times owing to the slump. The paper derives the bulk of its revenue from advertising prospectuses of new issues and it is, of course, common knowledge that exceptionally few new issues of capital were attempted during the years 1930, 1931 and 1932, owing to the feeling of pessimism that prevailed and financial uncertainties of all descriptions. During the current year quite a number of new issues have been made and present indications seem to be that their number will increase still further.

The profits of the *Financial Times* in respect of 1933 are almost certain to be substantially in excess of those earned during either 1931 or 1932, and it is not unlikely that they will be sufficient in volume to enable the directors to pay something on account of the arrears of the preference dividend which is cumulative.

During the current year to date the preference shares have changed hands at prices varying from 9/4½ to 17/-.

PACTOLUS.

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AN EXAMPLE OF THE FRENCH BIG GAME PHOTOGRAPHER'S ART: LEOPARDS WATERING, TAKEN BY M. JEAN LEBAUDY

FIELDS TO CONQUER IN FRENCH EQUATORIAL AFRICA

By THE COMTE DE JANZÉ

With Paris only a few hours away by air and train, British sportsmen will be interested to learn of the forthcoming exhibition of big game trophies to be held there on November 15th under the auspices of the Syndicat d'Etudes des Grandes Chasses Coloniales at 35, rue François Ier.

IT is difficult to embrace at one glance the immense tract of land which figures on the maps as French Africa. If you can imagine simultaneously the burning rocks and sand of the central desert, the swamps and overhanging jungles of the equatorial forests, the smiling plateaux of Algeria and Morocco, the great sweeping grasslands and bush country of the Ubangui-Shari province, you can also see on this kaleidoscope the million animals of a thousand species which roam and fight across this land. And yet, little has been published about these colonies. Pioneers, such as Major Powell-Cotton, have wandered through them, but to many English-speaking sportsmen they might just as well not exist.

That we ourselves have discovered them will be proved when, in November, the salons of the Studio Piaz, 35, rue François Ier, Paris, will open to an exhibition of photographic records made by those of us who have roamed these wastes. Some people may have considered big game hunting in French Africa as a precarious pursuit hedged in with difficulties. This might have been a true view a few years ago, but now French African Colonies are in the period of development. A committee of French sportsmen, calling themselves the Syndicat d'Initiative des Grandes Chasses Coloniales Françaises, have leased a large tract of country, where they are going to make thorough investigation concerning game preservation. All the data they collect is put to good use in the offices of the Minister for Colonies, and they are also willing to help all those who are planning a trip in those parts.

Is game plentiful? is naturally the first question, and the answer is a decided affirmative. One morning, on the fringe of a swamp in the Cameroons, I looked down on herd after herd of buffalo. In certain mountain patches of French West Africa I have counted ten Bongo browsing at dawn on the edge of the forest. Once upon a time, in the days before I learned about such things, I shot a large horned animal to feed the mess at Zinderneuf. Struck by the size of the horns, I brought them home, only to be told that I had unwittingly bagged a Lord Derby's eland; it now hangs in the place of honour in my collection. There exists practically every known African animal in these colonies, as well as species only to be found in them.

French Africa is now on the map from the sportsman's and the photographer's point of view. To-morrow game sanctuaries will preserve for posterity the wild fauna that European civilisation might destroy. Wire and hedging drive off game quicker even than shooting or poaching. The French Colonies have suffered from the latter, and as to the former we are going to see to it that great tracts of every sort of country are kept for the preservation of fauna and flora.



M. PRUD'HOMME

This unique malformed rhinoceros horn is on exhibition at present at Messrs. Rowland Ward's in Piccadilly



THE COMTE DE JANZÉ

A member of the Committee of the French Big Game Trophies Exhibition with a Lord Derby's (Giant) eland

"THE BEST GOLFER IN THE WORLD"

Miss Wethered's Seventh Win in the Worplesdon Mixed Foursomes

By E. R. TIPPLE

THOUGHTS of Worplesdon automatically turn into thoughts of Miss Joyce Wethered, for each year she dominates the play in the Open Mixed Foursomes Tournament. As film stars have set a fashion by dragging many husbands to the altar and bewildering their friends by their changes of partners, so Miss Wethered has given others the lead by winning this popular event seven times in thirteen years with six different partners.

In the year of its inception she and her famous brother figured unsuccessfully in the final, but they achieved victory the following year. Then in 1923 and again in 1927 Miss Wethered and Cyril Tolley won. John Morrison, that versatile athlete, was the "lucky man" in 1928. Her last three victories have been gained with the help of the Hon. Michael Scott, R. H. Oppenheimer and now Bernard Darwin.

Nowadays this is almost the only competition in which she takes part, more's the pity, but these rare appearances show that she has lost none of her skill. Bobby Jones himself considers her to be the best golfer in the world, and it could be added that she is the ideal ally for foursome play. Those who partner her experience two conflicting emotions. They feel strengthened yet rather demoralised. It is comforting for them to know that they have such a wonderful partner, yet it is difficult not to make stupid errors by attempting to play an effortless game.

The main feature, I think, of this Worplesdon meeting is the superiority of the women players or the inferiority of the men. Mixed foursomes used to be regarded by men as a fearful trial born under sufferance. Illustrative of this is the story of a golfer seen out on the course alone, practising by alternately hitting the ball and then kicking it. When asked why he was adopting such an unusual procedure he replied, "I'm preparing for the mixed foursomes!" However, at Worplesdon the majority of the lady partners do more than kick the ball along. It is not they who usually put the side into trouble, but the men, and the latter, in fairness bound, have to take all the blame for defect and give away most of the credit for victory.

The course is one that demands accuracy throughout, from tee to green. Wild drives do not escape just penalties there, as they do on too many courses. The heather, gorse and trees exact their tributes as strictly as does an income-tax collector. Once in their clutches the full penalty has to be paid before recovery can be gained.

It is rare that the winners of knock-out tournaments have an easy passage, round by round, to the final. Usually one close game is experienced as if Fate would test their fighting powers. Miss Wethered and Bernard Darwin gave their supporters a measure of doubt when they met Mrs. Fleming and G. Russell, two players who had made good progress "unheralded and unsung." It was hardly Miss Wethered's fault that they had to visit the 20th hole before the right of entry into the next round could be earned. The opposition missed chances, but at the last Darwin produced a match-winning stroke in redemption for his past sins.

Miss Wethered's partners have to suffer under the glare of the light directed at them. But it must be mentioned that Darwin, who is now, as he himself says, in the veteran class, did his share of the work. Early in the meeting his putting failed him, so he abandoned the club for a trusted old wry-necked mashie. Several times the ball leapt into the hole with a bang and once around a stymie. Some would say that he should have persevered with his putter, but it must be agreed that his courage in playing on the greens with such an unusual weapon deserved the reward it received.

The final, as finals often are, was disappointing—from the spectators' point of view anyway. The first round gave Miss Wethered and her partner a comfortable lead which, immediately after luncheon, they proceeded to increase in devastating fashion. Those who, once they obtain the lead in a match, ease up and then lose it should watch Miss Wethered's play. She commits no such fault; on the contrary, she keeps on adding to her margin in so ruthless a way that is almost inhuman. Darwin caught the atmosphere and he, too, played like his true self so that the lead of three holes was turned into one of eight at the ninth in the afternoon and then came the end. Miss Wethered's mashie shot to the ninth which dropped just short of the flag and trickled into the hole for a two will not be forgotten for a long time. It rather added insult to injury, and Mrs. Garon and McNair gave up the unequal struggle.

This latter couple reached the last stage by a display of most consistent, and at times brilliant, play. They defeated, first, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Fiddian, then Miss Enid Wilson and Major Martin in a manner which suggested that they would extend their opponents on the morrow. But McNair, like so many have done before him, tried to do more than his share and, in attempting much, achieved little.



THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND PRESENTING THE CUP TO MISS JOYCE WETHERED AND MR. BERNARD DARWIN

This partnership defeated Mrs. Percy Garon and Andrew McNair, a Scottish International, in the final

With such a prominent field there were many clashings and subsequently many closely contested matches. The very first was perhaps the best, the game between the Fiddians and Mme. Vagliano and Cyril Tolley. The family combination, as others have done, only recently, owed their success to their understanding of each other's game. Although beaten, Tolley showed that he is still a master of the game, able to produce a superlative stroke when it is needed most. He played a grand iron shot to the home green, carrying the hateful bunker which to the approaching player appears to possess jaws waiting to snap up all golf balls.

The meeting between the Miss Wilson—Major Martin and Mme. Lacoste—Roger Wethered pairs resulted in a surprisingly easy win for the former. Wethered, using his famous cleek instead of a wooden club, found his partner on an off-day. Martin, also, had to carry the main offensive as Miss Wilson for once played very indifferently. But golf is a see-saw game, a player is up one round and down the next, and in their subsequent game Martin adopted a roving commission, and Miss Wilson was forced to taste the heather and the gorse; in this she was not alone. Nevertheless with all these trials, the Worplesdon meeting remains as it always will do—unique—giving entertainment and providing a test of the best type of the game.

BOROTRA'S PLAY AT QUEEN'S CLUB

A Lawn Tennis Covered Courts Episode

THE history of the Covered Courts Championships of 1933 at Queen's Club resolves itself into the dramatic meeting between Jean Borotra and H. W. Austin, and a consideration of some questions arising from it.

Borotra won 6/3, 5/7, 6/4, 1/6, 6/4, thus equalling the record of seven holdings established by E. W. Lewis in the years 1887–1891 and 1895–96. The tactics Borotra employed against Austin have been misunderstood and disapproved of by some who understood them, and open expression of disapproval was heard as he left the court. It would be unfair to avoid the issues involved.

Borotra, with two sets to one, decided on a rest. He proceeded to throw away the fourth set. Although the crowd at Queen's Club is mainly knowledgeable, the method of obtaining his rest puzzled many; they had heard of the tactic, but had never seen it in operation. It is a legitimate manœuvre. And, in point of fact, Austin had the best of it. He had a needed rest as well by managing to lose the sixth game, while winning the set at 6/1 was able to begin the fifth set with service.

It was in the sixth game that the incident upon which misconstruction may have been placed occurred. Borotra sprinted across, made an amazing backhand volley, caught his toe when "putting the break on," and pitched head first towards the umpire's chair. He "saved" himself, but collided with the net and knocked out the side post. The ball was dead before he touched the net, so the point was rightly given to him by the umpire. It looked a very bad fall, as indeed it might have been, because it was not one of Borotra's bits of clowning.

Contrary to expectations, he was re-fired and restored by his fall, and was active and fresh while winning this sixth game and four more—a run of five for set and match. Austin was without doubt unhinged, possibly by growing disappointment at having the tables turned on him by a mixed physical and psychical enigma; therein he lacked strength of character at a crisis. His strokes at the end were nerveless.

No good purpose is served by concealing the fact that Borotra was hissed by a few of the crowd when he left the court. None but he can know how much of the "tiredness" his various gestures import is theatrical, and how much of his gymnastics is for the benefit of the audience entirely. He began last Saturday's match as the greatest favourite lawn tennis crowds have ever had. He finished it with an impaired popularity. On this occasion there is more than a doubt whether he deserved condemnation; on other occasions when there has been nothing but overt public approval he has been censured rightly, if covertly, by his peers, who have said that it is a trying business to have to play Borotra—and the crowd. Nevertheless, lawn tennis is greatly beholden to Borotra, and it would be infamous to turn on him now for the very characteristics which have made his fame and much of the financial fortune of the game. J. E. COLLETT.

James Buchanan & Co., Ltd., wish to announce that in a recent issue of the *Field* they inserted an advertisement in which appeared the photograph of a well-known amateur golfer. This photograph was used without the knowledge of the person concerned, for which they desire to take this opportunity of expressing their sincere regrets.

New Books

A GREAT HISTORIAN

Wilson of the Antarctic—Two Books of the Navy

THERE can have been few great tasks of history-making undertaken so greatly as Sir John Fortescue's history of the British Army. There can have been few which have been more of a labour of love, and few which reaped less of reward in this world's goods. Now its author has given us a charming and unobtrusive autobiography under the title of *Author and Curator*, told with all his own charm, and packed with interest and insight.

There are charming pictures of the Devon of his youth, a youth shared with thirteen brothers and sisters. "Seventy years ago a country house was still somewhat self-contained and self-sufficient. It brewed its own beer, made its own bread, cured its own hams and preserved its own fruit as a matter of course, and all these things called for a multitude of servants. . . ."

In due course the author left Exmoor for Harrow, and Harrow for a mid-Victorian parallel to the Grand Tour, and the Continent of Europe for the islands of America, becoming Private Secretary to the Governor of Barbados. At that time "the West Indies were in a state of transition, midway between the past when they were the envy of the world for their wealth, and the rather sordid present when their glory was daily growing dimmer." And the difficulties of the Governor's secretary were not lessened thereby.

Later Sir John returned; went, somewhat fortuitously, to New Zealand, entered the ranks of literary aspirants, and equally fortuitously embarked on his famous history. His knowledge of the West Indies had helped with compilation of a history of the 17th Lancers; and it was followed by an offer for the larger work. "Now it was one volume, now two; now it was to be illustrated, now it was not. But at the last I received a free hand, and in my own mind I decided that if I could not compress the story into two volumes, I could certainly conclude it in three or four at most. Poor ignorant mortal that I was!"

But the most interesting part of the book is probably that which deals with his duties as librarian at Windsor Castle, an office which fell vacant just at the time when King Edward was redistributing the accumulations of the long reign of Queen Victoria. They were the more spacious days of entertaining: 100 sat down in the steward's room, 200 in the servants' hall, 180 would sit down at one table to dinner in the St. George's Hall, and two hours later would have supper in the same room off countless small tables. Of Queen Alexandra he says: "She was always beautifully dressed, and by some mysterious gift could carry off this great profusion of jewels without effort. Any other woman would have looked vulgar in them, but no human power could have made Queen Alexandra look vulgar."

To me, at any rate, the multitude and complexity of the Royal Librarian's duties was no small surprise—it begins with archives and baby's clothes!—and the fact that Sir John Fortescue could associate them efficiently with his life's work is yet another of the claims he has on posterity. And is he not the author of *The Story of a Red Deer*?

Since writing this review I have heard of Sir John Fortescue's death. It would be easy to add a few words of warmer praise. Yet so sensitive an artist and so conscientious a craftsman would not surely wish for any praise in death that was not given in life, and he will surely have much of both. R. M.

Author and Curator. By the Hon. Sir John Fortescue. (Blackwood; 7/6.)

EXPLORER AND SAINT

An Epic of the Antarctic

TWENTY years have passed since Captain Scott and the whole of his party perished on their way back from the South Pole. Scott, the figure-head, will always be remembered, and so probably will Oates—the "very gallant gentleman" who walked out to his death in a blizzard in order not to delay his companions. But the other three great ones, Bill Wilson, "Birdie" Bowers and "Taff" Evans are apt to be forgotten. This is especially to be regretted in the case of Wilson, and if this excellent biography in some measure perpetuates his memory both author and publishers will have done a great service.

Dr. Edward Adrian Wilson, physician, naturalist and artist, was as nearly a saint as is possible in the 20th century. In the annals of exploration he has a place that is unique. Scott took him with him when he sailed for the Antarctic in 1902, and on the voyage out these two formed a friendship which was unsevered by death. Wilson was Scott's first selection for the main purpose of the expedition—that initial Southern journey which was not only heroic but historic, being the first of a series of similar endeavours. As a naturalist, Wilson was not altogether happy at this choice, for: "I am afraid this long journey is taking me right away from my proper sphere of work to monotonous hard pulling over an icy desert where we shall see neither beast nor bird, nor life of any kind, nor land, and nothing whatever to sketch. . . ." He was not a man to whom the "record" of a high latitude had any appeal: effort meant more to him than achievement, and it is significant that when, eight years later, after months of laborious preparation and weeks of anxiety and courage, and back-breaking toil, they reached the Pole to find that Amundsen's Norwegians had forestalled them, Wilson made no comment whatsoever.

When Scott went South for the last time Wilson inevitably accompanied him. One of the most striking things about the personal chronicles of this



THE LATE SIR JOHN FORTESCUE

expedition (of which there are no less than six) is how frequently the term "lovable" was applied to Wilson by his comrades. Mr. Cherry-Garrard, who lived with him on boardship and at the base, and who sledged with him in the autumn and winter, and two-thirds of the way to the Pole the following summer, has written: "If you knew him you could not like him: you simply had to love him." Wilson had a great influence in that small community. The standard of work that he set was very high, but, above all, he set an example which was—as Scott said—"more potent than any other factor in maintaining the bond of good-fellowship." They called him Uncle Bill, and each man confided in him his personal dislikes and grievances; he was always consulted, not only in the wider issues but in the small problems of every day, before any decision was taken. Thus he went through life in pursuit of his own ideals: a source of inspiration to his fellow-men. And in the last terrible marches: "Wilson, the best fellow that ever stepped, has sacrified himself again and again to the sick men of the party."

Edward Wilson is illustrated with a score of half-tone and coloured illustrations from Dr. Wilson's own work. The author has had access to personal correspondence, and he has presented his material with faultless self-effacement. M. L.

Edward Wilson of the Antarctic. By George Seaver. (John Murray; 10/6.)

A WAY THEY HAVE IN THE NAVY

Stories of All Manner of Craft

KLAXON, so well known to readers of the *Field* and *Blackwood's*, has reprinted two of his early post-war books, *Dead Reckoning* and *H.M.S.* ——. I prefer *The Story of our Submarines* as the original title of the former, for it *is* a story of our submarines and of the wonderful work they did in the war.

Dead Reckoning should be read by everybody, for in these days, when the question of the legitimacy of the submarine is so much questioned, it explains most clearly the enormous value of such craft when used with humanity in honourable warfare, and portrays with great accuracy, skill and charm the character of their crews.

The Navy is composed of many branches and specialists, and there is little doubt that much criticism can be justly levelled at the efficiency of many of them during the war, but there is also little doubt that the one branch that stood out head and shoulders above all the others was the submarine service. Commanded, as they were, by very young officers, they were an object lesson in efficiency and sound judgment to the whole service. The reason of this is not far to seek, for they *had* to be efficient or else perish, the slightest mistake or carelessness on the part of any officer or man in the boat might very well spell disaster and death to the whole of the crew. It is, therefore, not surprising that their fame became so great, not, indeed, to the public, who rarely heard of their doings, but to their brother officers and men.

The submarine officer and rating are the cream of the Navy, as efficient as the human being can be, cool headed, quick witted and possessing that rarest of all forms of courage which enables men to face the greatest dangers in cold blood, often against an unseen and unattackable enemy. *Dead Reckoning* abounds in stories and descriptions of the doings of the men that went to man these ships.

H.M.S. —— is a collection of yarns portraying many aspects of life in all conditions of craft that go to the making of the Navy. Some of the yarns are excellent, notably "According to their lights," which expounds the views on religion of a padre and an able seaman, both of whom are clinging with the last of their strength to the keel of an upturned boat with death by exhaustion and eventual drowning staring them in the face.

I have a suspicion that in some of the others the author has let his imagination rather run riot to the extent of laying himself open to criticism by his peers and brother officers. Though some may be a bit far fetched, all the stories make most pleasant reading and give, if allowance is made for obvious cases of artist's licence, a very accurate description of life in the Navy. The yarn I like best is the one he calls "A most untrue story." Why he chooses such a title I cannot guess, for knowing the author's skill with a shotgun I should imagine it was the truest of them all! D. L.

Dead Reckoning and *H.M.S.* ——. By Klaxon. (Rich & Cowan; 2/6 each.)

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Secret Commonwealth of Elves, Fauns and Fairies, by Robert Kirk, Minister of Aberfoyle (Eneas Mackay, Stirling; 7/6), was first published in 1691, and is the fullest description that has been preserved of the beliefs in elves, fairies and all their kin prevalent as late as the seventeenth century. There are still folk who claim to see fairies, usually people whose truthfulness is beyond question. This Scottish minister's sober account bears the stamp of truth on every page. A comparison of his elves with those depicted in Anglo-Saxon literature would make a long and interesting study.

The Letters and Diaries of A. F. R. Wollaston, edited by Mary Wollaston, is a splendid, though restrained, tribute to a great Englishman and explorer. It tells, with unerring taste, the life-story of a most notable Englishman. (Cambridge University Press; 12/-.)

Ivory Poaching and Cannibals in Africa, by J. T. Muirhead (Macmillan; 10/6), is a genuine shikar book whose title tells its own story.

Duckworth have issued two more of the popular 2/- biographies, bringing the total up to 22. They are *Chopin*, by Basil Maine, and *Nelson*, by Brian Tunstall.

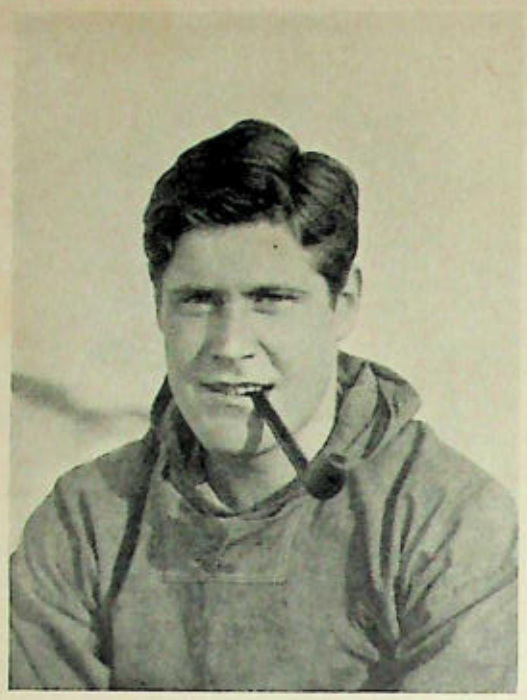
Readers of Eric Muspratt expect excitement and virile writing, and his voyage in the *Greek Seas* (Duckworth; 7/6) will not disappoint them.

Horsemanship as it is To-day is the engaging work of Sarah Bowes Lyon (*ætat.* twelve), reproduced in facsimile, and full of ingenuous observation and not a few home truths. (Dent; 7/6.)

Contemporary Essays, 1933 (Elkin, Mathews and Marrot; 10/6) is a very stimulating and diverse collection of essays which have been gathered together into a well-balanced whole. We very strongly recommend this book.

The Trail that is Always New, by Willoughby P. Lowe (Gurney & Jackson; 10/-), contains the wide travels—chiefly in Africa—of a very distinguished naturalist, and is a worthy book far above the ordinary run of nature observers.

"William Cummings'" *Farewell to Poaching* is an excellent seven-and-sixpenny novel, with much knowledge of country life and country characters. It will bring a number of new facts to light to many shooting people. (Selwyn & Blount.)



J. M. SCOTT
Whose book "The Land that God gave Cain" is reviewed on this page

IN A LAND UNKNOWN

Exploration of Labrador

THE lady gave the 'bus-conductor a penny and said: "How far will it take me?" "To the door of the Ritz," was the answer; "but it will not take you far inside."

Ambition, or curiosity, or restlessness may take you to the outer edge of Labrador. But it will not take you far inside. Only courage and fortitude can do so, together with all the other ingredients of that priceless thing that men call *guts*. And to these must be added other virtues: unselfishness, tact, sound condition, good temper, and good judgment. Here is a book that tells of all these qualities.

The Land that God gave Cain is the account of a year's exploration in the backwoods of Labrador: a year of striving and stress, of hard work under cruelly hard conditions. The author and the late H. G. Watkins, who was so tragically drowned a year ago, went there to map uncharted rivers and huge undiscovered waterfalls. The interior of that little-known land is for the most part unexplored, and the reason is not hard to discover. It is one of the most inaccessible parts of the globe and can only be reached by two methods. In summer by working one's way up rivers with a canoe heavily laden with equipment and provisions, hauling and pushing it against a strong current and "portaging" it round numerous rapids and falls; in winter by long sledging journeys in low temperatures, through a thickly wooded country where the snow lies deep and game is scarce. Both kinds of travel mortify the flesh; both call for the highest qualities of man.

This book is the exception to the majority of its class in that Mr. Scott is quite as good a writer as he is traveller. As such it calls for no little notice. But there are additional reasons for uncommon enthusiasm—enthusiasm which has caused the reviewer to order half a dozen copies with an eye to Christmas. Perhaps the most prominent of them are, firstly, a delicious sense of humour which cannot fail to make the reader chuckle constantly, and, secondly, the engrossing descriptions of the little community of trappers—those brave, half-white sons of Scottish fathers and Eskimo or Cree mothers. The old Scottish fear-of-God Christianity has been inherited by the present generation who will not kill game on Sunday, even when starving. Presbyterian ancestors are ancestors indeed! M. L.

The Land that God gave Cain. By J. M. Scott. (Chatto & Windus; 12/6.)

HOME THOUGHTS FOR ABROAD

Canada Sees England

MR. LUKIN JOHNSTON is already known to a wide and appreciative public for the beauty of his descriptive prose. In his latest book he maintains, if not increases, his reputation. Here is convincing proof that the hackneyed guide book literature is, or seemed to be, a thing of the past. Not that it should be thought that *Down English Lanes* is merely a better form of guide book. Far from it. It is a remarkably well-written piece of work with an interesting history.

The author is a Canadian journalist of repute who returned to this country five years ago. It has been his pleasant task since then to paint day-to-day pictures of English life for Canadian readers, and principally for those who wish to renew their memories of the Mother country.

To accomplish this task successfully, Mr. Johnston has toured the villages and byways of England in a way which possibly no Englishman has ever done. He has a happy knack of seeing England through the eyes of a prodigal son, and such is his pleasant and attractive style that the book holds the reader from the first page as does (or is supposed to do) the popular thriller.

The Countess of Willingdon aptly remarks in the foreword: "This is a book for exiles—those thousands of men and women whom Fate sends to spend their days across the seas, in great Dominions, in strange lands of the East or in forgotten islands of the Pacific." It is the ideal book for the exile who wishes to rekindle memories of Home, and yet it is also a book which every lover of the country will read with avidity, for it reveals the beauties of England in a way which they can be best appreciated.

Mr. Lukin Johnston seems to have two weaknesses—old inns and churches; but it is in these that the true history of England is really to be found. Wherever his jaunts have carried him, the author has sought out, and discovered, the country inn with its time-honoured hospitality, unspoilt by the rush and turmoil of modern life. To those who like to tour England by car, or on foot, this book is valuable if only as a guide to the comfortable old hostelries, hidden away in the countryside, where the true savour of England may be enjoyed. The townsman cannot help reading this book without envying the author's charming personality, which allows him to mingle with farm labourer and country parson in such a manner that his descriptions of the towns and villages are truly alive.

Almost every corner of England has been covered in *Down English Lanes*. From the New Forest to the Izaak Walton country; from "the heart of a nation"—Parliament Square—to Land's End, the author leads the reader to the unspoilt and historic beauties of the Old Country. He tells of inns and churches; of the Surrey woods in their autumn glory; of Yorkshire dales in early summer; of historic towns and humble hamlets which have seen and played their part in the great pageant of England's history; of simple, kindly folk, unconscious that they and unnumbered generations of their forbears have been the material from which has been moulded the English character.

Down English Lanes is a book for all lovers of England, at home, or abroad. In addition, it is a timely and excellently written refutation of those who think that the English character is on the decay and that the knell of the "Old Country" has been rung. D. C. T.

Down English Lanes. By Lukin Johnston. (Heath Cranton; 7/6.)

A VERSATILE ARCHITECT'S ACTIVITIES

IN a slight book which takes no more than half-an-hour to read, Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis gives a lively picture of the late Sir Lawrence Weaver and his works. Architecture was always the centre of his activities, and from this his many other interests sprung. To his profession he brought a fresh breath of realism in design, and into all his undertakings, whether as Director-General of United Kingdom exhibits at the Wembley Exhibition, at the Land Settlement Office at the Ministry of Agriculture at the end of the War, or as Chairman of the Haig Memorial Homes, he infused a flair for beauty and good order in design.

Agriculture knew Sir Lawrence Weaver for his work in designing the farm houses and farm buildings for the land settlement scheme for ex-soldiers. Mr. Williams-Ellis tells us that "with his new zeal for the well-being of English agriculture joined to his old concern for rural amenities, Lawrence did contrive to get several farm colonies successfully established and to infuse the whole small-holding movement—for a time at least—with something of his own valorous enterprise and care for right building and general seemliness. But gradually the vision faded, and although Lawrence succeeded in leaving his beneficent mark here and there on post-war England, disillusionment and the Geddes Axe soon fell upon him and his staff at the Land Settlement Office."

The National Institute of Agricultural Botany at Cambridge, which has become the official seed-testing station for the whole country, is another monument in the agricultural world to Sir Lawrence Weaver's talents and to what the writer of this memoir calls his "natural zest for beneficent banditry" on behalf of causes which he has made his own.

Lawrence Weaver, a Memoir by Clough Williams-Ellis. (Geoffrey Bles, 6/-.)



Next week the annual Show of The Silver Fox Breeders Association of Great Britain and Northern Ireland will be held in The Agricultural Hall, London. It is anticipated that over 300 of the crack foxes of this country will be exhibited, and will compete for the various awards.

I, and my confrères, will be showing about thirty foxes, and The Nithsdale Stand will be a simple, but effective, demonstration of the service which my organisation offers to its members.

I do not anticipate being much at the Hall myself, but those interested can obtain full information from some of the Nithsdale Resident Owners on the spot.

My own appointments will not permit of my being actually in the Exhibition for long periods, but anyone who wishes to see me personally on the subject of Silver Fox Farming, either for the Resident Owner, or as an absentee speculation, is requested to write to me at Thornhill, to arrive not later than first post on Tuesday, October 31st. Communications after this date should be addressed to me at Jules Hotel, Jermyn Street.

T. Mulross

The Proprietor of The Nithsdale Silver Fox Ranch, Thornhill, Dumfries, Scotland.

FIELD TRIALS IN FULL SWING

With The Gamekeepers at Cornhill

THE Gamekeepers' National Association held their Field Trials for Retrievers at Barelees, Cornhill-on-Tweed, by kind permission of the Hon. Arthur Joicey, on October 13th and 14th. The judges were Captain W. S. Medlicott, Sir Meyrick Hollins and Mr. D. Johnstone.

The meet the first day was at East Learmouth. Mr. J. Coupland's Ingleston Nora was the winner, and I think she did all she was asked. She was under good control, quite steady on ground game, marked well, and never got too far out.

Mr. W. Lightfoot's Sodger Lad was second, failing on a running hen pheasant, given first chance, which was not gathered by other dogs—I think his only failure. Was under particularly good control, went over fences to order, hunted where required, marked well, and one felt would never unnecessarily disturb fresh ground; should not be allowed to jump up on handler. Mr. A. White's Serog Blossom was third, and did fairly good work all through. Not under the same control as the two placed above him. Got a useful runner under the right-hand judge.

The two outstanding faults of most of the other dogs in this stake which prevented them being placed higher were getting out too far and flushing, and poor marking.

The meet was at Barelees for the National Stake. The winner was Lorna Countess Howe's Banchory Painter. Even the most exacting critic could not have faulted this dog's work. He knew exactly what was wanted of him and did it all on his own, requiring practically no assistance from his handler. Out and back at top speed after perfect marking; quick pick-up and clean delivery; no disturbing ground; plenty of drive in hunting; very persevering. Made his placing secure by a brilliant find of a pheasant in very thick undergrowth, having to hunt it down inch by inch.

Sir Chas. Cayzer's Kilpurnie Kate was second. She would have won many stakes on the work she did here with No. 2 absent. She has not quite the drive and pace of No. 2, but is a most attractive bitch to watch in all her work; can be directed anywhere to whatever bird is wanted, and is always "out to please." Quite perfectly handled. Wiped No. 4's eye on a dead partridge. Nos. 2 and 8 were much above all the other dogs in the stake.

Mr. A. Sidney Villar's Kestrel was awarded third place. He wiped the eyes of Nos. 5 and 1, and did useful work throughout; not so finished nor so easily successful in finding as the two placed over him. Fourth place was awarded to Mr. J. Eccles's Haulstone Bob, who proved himself a very efficient shooting dog; under me, marked really well every time sent out but not so well under another judge.

W. S. MEDLICOTT.

The results were:

THE CASTLE MILE STAKE (open all-aged).—Mr. J. Coupland's Lab. b Ingleston Nora, 1; Mr. W. Lightfoot's yel. Lab. d Sodger Lad, 2; Mr. A. White's Lab. b Serog Blossom, 3; Mr. A. J. M'Crindle's Lab. d Rab of Cadrona, 4; Mr. W. M. M'Call's Lab. d St. Mary's Daniel (h., R. Anderson), reserve. Mr. H. White's Braeroy Maize, Mrs. E. Dawson's Ready's Seal, Mr. S. H. Carruthers's Orchardton Dawn, certificates of merit. The following also competed: Mr. E. Dawson's Raquet, Mr. Ronald MacDonald's Rockstead Footpad, Mr. J. Dinwoodie's The Plodder.

THE NATIONAL STAKE.—Lorna Countess Howe's Lab. d Banchory Painter, 1; Sir Charles Cayzer's Lab. b Kilpurnie Kate (h., J. Coates), 2; Mr. Sidney Villar's yel. Lab. d Kestrel (h., R. MacDonald), 3; Mr. J. Eccles's interbred d Haulstone Bob (h., Mrs. Eccles), 4. Miss Newton Deakin's g. Lab. b Silence of Tone, reserve. Lorna Countess Howe's Bramshaw Bob, Mr. K. S. Dobie's Ingleston Nith, Lady Ward's Darry of Chiltonfoliat, Mr. J. Eccles's Haulstone Janet, certificates of merit. The following also competed: Mr. Wentworth Smith's Beppo of Yelme and Golden Prospect of Yelme, Mr. Greer's Jock of Beantown, Captain J. F. Hodges's Glenravel Jock, Mr. J. G. Severn's Towy River Banner, and Mr. Edgar Winter's Staindrop Sifter. (All placed dogs handled by Owners where not otherwise mentioned).

ON THE WELSH BORDER

THE Cheshire, North Wales and Shropshire Retriever and Spaniel Society held their trials at Apley Park, Bridgnorth, by kind permission of Major A. Foster, on October 9th and 10th. The judges were Captain O. P. Traherne, Major A. Warde and Mr. J. H. Gibson. The results were:

ALL-AGED STAKE.—Mr. Reginald Corbett's Lab. b Adderley Trim (h., Owner), 1; Mr. J. Eccles's g. interbred b Haulstone Janet (h., H. Henshaw), 2; Dr. E. I. Spriggs's yel. Lab. b Janet (h., D. D. Conacher), 3; Mr. G. T. Johnson Houghton's Lab. b Croughton Syren, reserve. Mr. Villar's Kestrel, Mr. Muir Wilson's Windle Popular, Mr. Birch's Elwy Mary, Mr. Cooke's Rip of Riverside, certificates of merit. The following also competed: Major Fletcher's Gillyflower, Mr. Yeoward's Stanthorne Silk, Mr. Hulme's Withington Spratt and Mr. Eccles's Haulstone Bob.

JUNIOR STAKE.—Mr. Reginald Corbett's Lab. d Adderley Tracker (h., Owner), 1; Mr. R. MacDonald's Lab. d Rockstead Footpad (h., Owner), 2; Mr. R. Cooke's Flatcoat d Quick of Riverside (h., S. Cutting), 3; Captain J. M. Blakiston Houston's Lab. b Orange Nell (h., Owner), reserve. Mrs. Birch's Flatcoat b Pin Money, certificate of merit. The following also competed: Miss Margery Evans's Sally o'Fon, Mr. J. H. Hulme's Withington Nigger, Captain P. Barrett's Elwy Flynn, Dr. E. I. Spriggs's Coed Lady.

SUCCESSFUL TRIALS AT SPRINGKELD

Success of St. Colme Judy

THE Scottish Field Trials Association held their 22nd Retriever Trials at Springkeld on October 17th and 18th, by kind permission of Sir Edward Johnson-Ferguson, Bart. The judges were Mr. J. Eccles, Captain A. C. Fraser and Captain J. Steel. Scent was by no means good after a sharp white frost, but it is felt that this cannot be held to account for the many failures on runners, for in many cases the birds were picked up afterwards by a keeper's spaniel.

By far the most convincing display was given by the winner, Mr. Hewitt's St. Colme Judy, a six-year-old Labrador bitch. Judy was always perfectly to heel, but taking the most intelligent



ST. COLME JUDY RETURNING A PARTRIDGE TO HER OWNER, THE HON. W. J. HEWITT, AT THE SPRINGKELD TRIALS

interest in all that happened around her. The first test of a hare, quickly retrieved from long rushes, was obviously too easy. The second, however, showed something of her work for having been sent for a pheasant, she dropped without command immediately another rose and was killed close to her, and then proceeded on her quest of the first at a given order from her master. A rabbit jumped up just before she arrived at her bird, which, however, disturbed her not one bit. It was obvious that she would be in the first three, but her last test assured her of the first prize. A blackcock had been dropped over a thick fence about 80yds. from the line. Pete of Bannside was sent for it, but could not be made to go out sufficiently far. Judy was then given her chance, and well did she respond, for after a few low orders from her master she went through the hedge, ranged thoroughly over an acre of ground, found the fall, puzzled out the line and returned in triumph through the hedge with the wounded bird. A beautiful performance which delighted everyone.

Sir Charles Cayzer's well-known bitch F.T. Ch. Kilpurnie Kate also gave an excellent performance. She is fast, works energetically with her nose well down, and remains oblivious of any other game shot in her vicinity while hunting for her own particular quarry.

Mr. Dinwoodie's The Plodder did all he was asked to do well, found a wounded woodcock in long rushes, secured a strong-running partridge in roots, and gathered without any fuss a snipe off the flow. A good close worker with a very good delivery. Mr. Corbett's Adderley Tracker who gained a reserve, deserves a good deal of notice, for he was certainly the most thoroughly broken dog seen during the day. Mr. Yeoward gave a very good display with his young bitch Ledsham Gamble, which appeared certain of a place until right at the end. Many were disappointed at her failure, as she is a very fast and persistent worker, and was beautifully handled.

D. L.

The results were:

THE OPEN STAKES.—The Hon. W. J. Hewitt's Lab. b St. Colme Judy (h., Owner), 1; Sir Charles Cayzer's Lab. b Kilpurnie Kate (h., J. Coates), 2; Mr. J. Dinwoodie's Lab. d The Plodder (h., T. Dinwoodie), 3; Mr. R. Corbett's Lab. d Adderley Tracker (h., Owner), reserve. Lady Ward's Darry of Chiltonfoliat, Mr. Houghton Johnston's Croughton Syren, Mr. Phillips's Pete of Bannside, Captain Sharp's Hero of Clava, certificates of merit. The following also competed: Miss P. M. and Captain H. Lyle's Knocktarna Trig-Pat, Mr. Villar's Kestrel, the Hon. Arthur Joicey's Franco and Mr. Dalzell's Ingleston Sam.

THE NON-WINNER STAKES.—Captain R. G. Sharp's Lab. d Hero of Clava (h., G. Christie), 1; the Hon. Arthur Joicey's Lab. d Font of Flodden (h., T. Perry) and Captain E. W. Brook's Lab. d Kinmount Pilot (h., D. Johnstone), equal 2; Mr. J. Dinwoodie's Lab. b Lochar Betty (h., T. Dinwoodie), 4; Mr. W. M. M'Call's Lab. d St. Mary's Daniel (h., R. Anderson), reserve. Mr. J. Coupland's Ingleston Nora, Mr. R. MacDonald's Rockstead Footpad, Mr. Reginald Corbett's Adderley Tracker, Mr. D. M'Donald's Lile Binkie, Mr. C. H. Yeoward's Ledsham Gamble, certificates of merit. The following also competed: Mr. G. T. Johnson Houghton's Croughton Syren, Captain F. G. Byng Stephens's Blackhambleton Minnow, Captain Hodge's Clenravel Jock, Mr. Lightfoot's Sodger Lad and Miss P. M. and Captain H. Lyle's Knocktarna Brandy.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS AND FLATCOATS

THE Irish Water Spaniel Association Meeting was held on October 2nd and 3rd, near Settle, Yorks, over ground kindly lent by Colonel Birkbeck. The weather was perfect on both days, and with an excellent supply of game of every description it was possible to give the dogs a thorough testing.

The results were as follows:

Mr. Trench O'Rorke's b Breifney Gloria (h., Owner), 1; Captain H. M. Anwyl's b Sally of Lligwy (h., Owner), 2; Mrs. H. M. Birkbeck's b Faithful Tess (h., Owner), 3. The following also competed: Miss Farrer's Flash of Dawn, Miss Barrington's Dora of Ederyn and Bess of Annagh, and Colonel Birkbeck's Watchful Paddy.

OPEN STAKE.—Sir Clive Coates's d Qui Hi of Helperby (h., C. Topham), 1; Sir Clive Coates's b Ratie of Helperby (h., C. Topham), 2; Captain H. M. Anwyl's b Thunder of Lligwy (h., Owner), 3; Major B. T. Court-Treatt's b Lyddite Joy (h., Owner), reserve; Mrs. H. M. Birkbeck's Faithful Tess and Mr. F. Trench O'Rorke's Breifny Gloria, certificates of merit. The following also competed: Major Court-Treatt's Lyddite Amber, Colonel Birkbeck's Watchful Paddy, Mrs. Farrer's Flash of Dawn, Miss Barrington's Dora of Ederyn.

On October 13th and 14th, The Flatcoated Retriever Association held their meeting at Ruthin, by kind permission of Sir Edward Naylor-Leyland. The judges were Mr. F. M. Remnant, Mr. J. C. Rogers-Coltman and Mr. D. D. Conacher. The results were:

Mr. J. H. Hulme's d Brynasaph Adam (h., Owner), 1; Mr. R. E. Birch's b Elwy Mary (h., Owner), 2; Mr. R. Muir Wilson b Windle Popular (h., A. J. Pattle), 3. Mr. H. R. Cooke's d Rip of Riverside, reserve. Rear-Admiral Rowley-Conwy's Bod, Mrs. Birch's Pin Money, Miss Brodrick's Llwyd, Mr. Venables Kyrke's Anningsley Black Diamond, Lieut.-Colonel Elwes's Colesborne Belle, certificates of merit. The following also competed: Mr. P. Barrett's Elwy Flynn, Mr. Barber-Starkey's Toby of Knockshannoch, Mr. Fletcher's Gillyflower, Mr. Southam's Specialist, Mr. Cooke's Quick of Riverside, Lieut.-Colonel Elwes's Colesborne Fuse.

WITH THE RETRIEVERS AND SPANIELS

BY permission of Mr. John Bell, The Yorkshire Retriever Field Trial Society held their meeting at Thirsk, on October 16th and 17th. The judges were Major W. Callander, Lieut.-Colonel R. Fife and Major J. Wormald. The results were as follows:

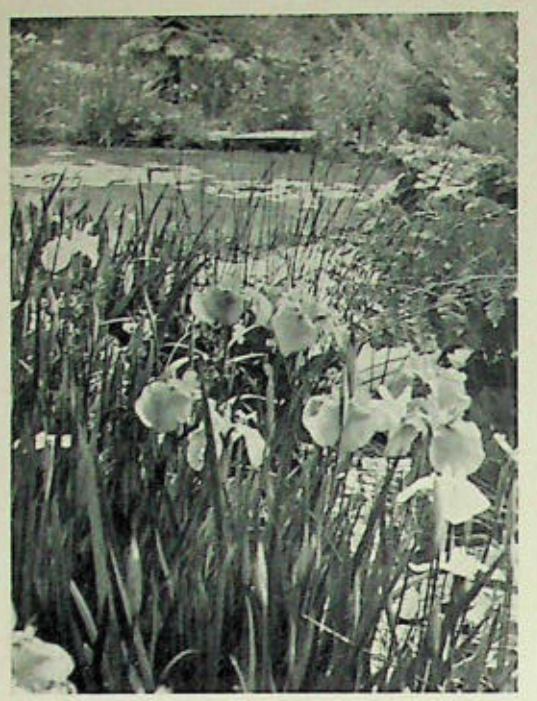
NON-WINNERS STAKE.—Dr. A. F. A. Fairweather's bl Lab. b Janet of Faircote, 1; Lord Middleton's yel. Lab. b Birdsall Venture, 2; Captain W. S. Medlicott's bl Lab. b Twife, 3; Mr. A. Card's yel. Lab. b Brown Betty, reserve. Captain F. G. Byng Stephens's Blackambleton Dace, Lord Middleton's Birdsall Valour, Mr. Arthur Wormalds Knaith Bliss, certificates of merit. The following also competed: Mr. John Brown's Westwood Tar, Mr. E. Winter's Staindrop Sterling and Staindrop Sandy, Mr. E. B. Richardson's Potto Jess, Dr. T. R. Wilshaw's Sprite of Aldgrove, Captain F. G. Stephens's Blackhambleton Minnow.

ALL-AGED STAKE.—Mrs. A. Wormald's yel. Lab. d Knaith Brock, 1; Sir Maurice Bell's bl. Lab. d Rounton Sea Foam, 2; Mr. J. Brown's bl. Lab. b Coteliffe Pride, 3. Dr. A. J. F. Fairweather's bl. Lab. d Faircote Ranger, reserve. Certificates of Merit: Mrs. Wormald's Knaith Bliss and Knaith Burn, Mr. A. U. Greer's Jock of Beantown, Dr. Fairweather's Faircote Ranger. The following also competed: Mr. J. C. Hinksman's Patch of Prusthouse, Mr. E. Winter's Staindrop Sifter, Mr. S. R. Smith's Selling Stake, Miss W. M. Barran's Drizzle of Pickerston.

The Midland Counties Field Trial Society held a successful meeting at Milton, by kind permission of Mr. G. Wentworth Fitzwilliam, on October 17th. The judges were Mr. J. L. Marriott, and Dr. E. A. Hutton-Attenborough. The results were:

ALL-AGED STAKE.—Dr. Bernard Goodwin's l. and w. E. s. d Hillhampton Trailer (h., Owner), 1; Captain N. W. Tredinnick's bl. and w. E. s. d Newburie Bruce (h., Owner), 2; Dr. Bernard Goodwin's l. and w. E. s. b Hillhampton Susie (h., Owner), 3; Mr. Lewis D. Wigan's l. and w. E. s. d Jed of the Cairnies (h., James Scott), 4. Mr. Maurice Moreton's r. and w. E. s. b Sobenhal Amber, reserve. Mr. H. H. K. Wigan's Holifield Gem, Mr. J. A. Jefferson's Diana of Packwood, Mr. Geoffrey Wilson's Janet, Colonel Horsley's Bisque, certificates of merit. The following also competed: Lieut.-Commander Willoughby's Breckonhill Bunker, Captain Tredinnick's Newburie Chiquita, Mr. Jefferson's Shot of Packwood.

(Accounts of other Trials are unavoidably held over.)



A QUEEN OF THE WATERSIDE BORDER
Iris Kaempferi, which likes to have its roots in water

The Country House

THE WATERSIDE GARDEN

Spring and Summer Flowering Subjects to Plant Now

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

A WATERSIDE garden should be at its best in early summer, and now is the best time for planting. Spring flowering plants are not numerous. Amongst the handsomest is that fine old favourite, the globe flower. It is always seen at its best when its roots can get all the moisture they want, and it is one of the accommodating plants that flourishes either in full sun or in part shade. Most of the globe flowers are about 2ft. high, but *Trollius giganteus* is quite 3ft. This fine plant has globular yellow flowers with a reddish tone on the backs of the petals. It is late flowering, however. Mr. Amos Perry's Earliest of All is true to its name and has big yellow flowers. Empire Day is another early kind, with huge orange yellow flowers and deep orange-coloured stamens. Orange Globe and Juliana, both with magnificent orange yellow flowers, are first rate. Golden Wonder, also with deep orange flowers, is rather late.

A species one does not often see is the true *Trollius Ledebouri*. This is a first-rate plant and valuable not only for its height (3ft.) and the beauty of its huge rich orange flowers, but for the fact that it frequently flowers as late as July and August, a time when the majority of globe flowers are long past the flowering stage. In the majority of catalogues it is listed as flowering in May, but its tendency to flower late is well known. Now is the time to plant the roots.

THE REAL BACHELOR'S BUTTONS

Ranunculus aconitifolius is another May-flowering treasure that likes a moist spot. It is not so often grown as it might be in modern gardens, yet it deserves a place, for, apart from its beauty when in flower, it has the pretty old name of Fair Maids of France. Further, this is undoubtedly the true Bachelor's Buttons. Through the centuries the popular name Bachelor's Buttons has been applied to many plants—double daisies, various ranunculi, pyrethrums, etc. But Gerard gives the name Bachelor's Buttons to this plant. And certainly no other plant deserves the name so well, for the flowers, in spite of being double, are so trim and so neat, every petal faultlessly in position, and the purity of the white not marred by any eye. The flowers are produced in succession for a long time, and the dark, shining, deeply-cut leaves set forth the myriads of flowers to perfection. Where *Ranunculus aconitifolius* originated is uncertain. Gerard says, "It groweth in the gardens of herbarists and lovers of strange plants whereof we have good plentie, but it groweth not wild anywhere."

The yellow Bachelor's Buttons (*Ranunculus acris plenus*) grows 2ft. high and produces double golden-yellow flowers, like diminutive roses. It flowers from April to June. The flowers of the bulbous double buttercup look as though they had been taken from a piece of Stuart needlework, they are so flat and conventional. This rather rare plant grows only about a foot high.

Anemone rivularis is a charming June flowering waterside plant. It grows about 18in. high, and the beauty of the snowy white petals is enhanced by the purplish blue stamens.

The astrantias are pleasant old-fashioned flowers and traditionally were introduced in Roman times. The showiest is *Astrantia carniolica*, with its pinkish bracts. But being one of those odd folk with a liking for green and greenish flowers, I prefer *Astrantia major*, with green-white bracts. *Astrantia gracilis* is a charming little species that grows only 6in. high.

The queens of the waterside border are the numerous varieties of *Iris Kaempferi*, *Iris sibirica* and the candelabra primulas. In the iris garden at Sutton Place *Iris Kaempferi* is planted all round the long water lily pool in the centre of the iris garden. *Iris Kaempferi* likes to sit, so to speak, on the dry and have its roots in water. The flowers are like big beautiful clematises, and the ones I like best are the rich petunia shades, the soft pinks and the light blues. These irises, however, should be moved either immediately after flowering or in April, not now. They need full sun.

Iris sibirica likes a fairly rich, heavy soil. Their rhizomes should be lifted and divided every three years, in the autumn—in October in the South and September in the North. These irises vary greatly, for some of the older forms have very poor flowers. One of the very best is Perry's Blue, a charming sky-blue with broad falls flushed white. Another first-rate sky-blue is Papillon, and it is very free-flowering.

VIGOROUS IRISES

The best dark blue *I. sibirica* is Kingfisher, with violet standards and rich dark-blue falls. It is also very free flowering and a strong grower, attaining quite 4ft. The best white is Snow Queen, with big petals blotched yellow. Two of the best that originated at the Experimental Farm, Ottawa, are China Blue and Ottawa (rich purple flowers edged white). Dragonfly is another tall, strong grower (4ft.) with pale blue standards flushed lilac and sky-blue falls.

To my thinking, the loveliest of all the summer flowering waterside plants are the candelabra primulas. Great drifts of them by a stream are a continual delight. Given sufficient moisture, they do not resent full sun. They are fairly accommodating plants, but what they like is a good rich fibrous loam and plenty of leaf mould. *P. Beesiana*, *P. Bulleyana* and their hybrids, also *P. japonica* and *P. Cockburniana*, all flower in May and June. *P. Cockburniana* is the only member of the primrose family with orange-scarlet flowers. Unfortunately it is practically a biennial.

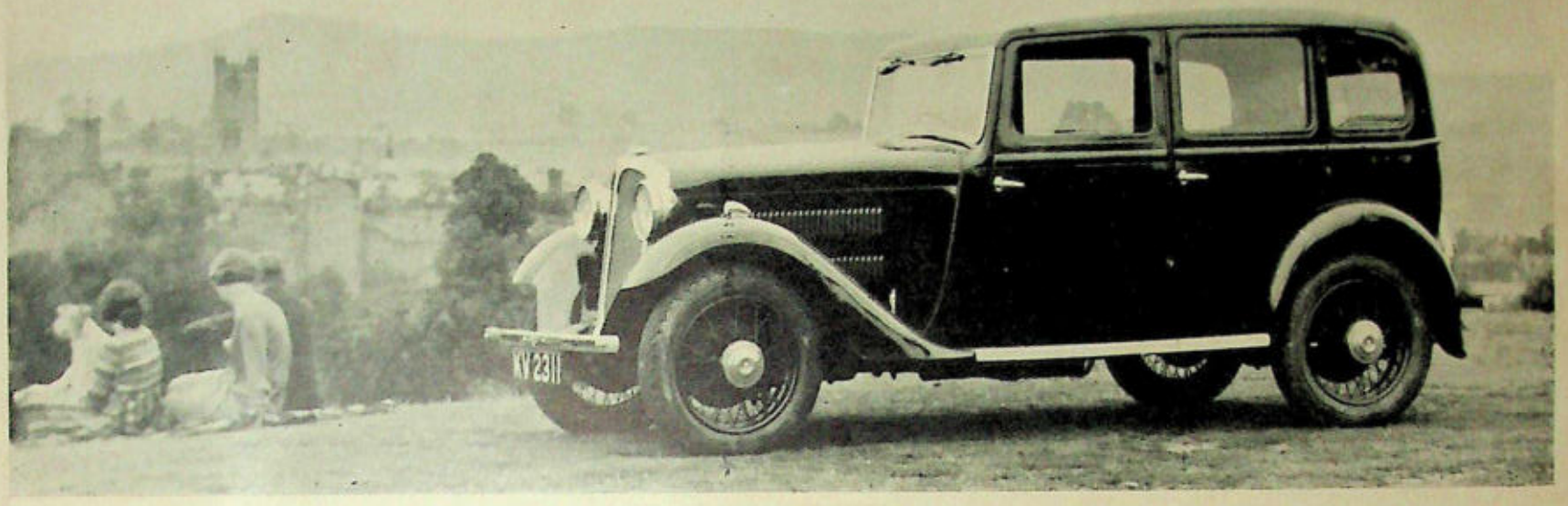
Then there are the glorious Bartley hybrids of *P. pulverulenta*, unequalled when planted in masses, for they are every shade of rose and pink. They flower May to July. I think, too, that the type, *i.e.*, *P. pulverulenta*, with its whorls of gorgeous velvety crimson flowers, is hard to beat. *P. Florindæ*, the giant of the Sikkimensis primulas, found in S.E. Tibet by Captain Kingdon Ward at an altitude of 12,000ft., is deliciously cowslip scented. When well established it attains 4ft. It likes any amount of moisture, but not stagnant water. *P. involucrata*, one of the early introductions from the Himalayas, rarely attains more than 9in. It flowers from June onwards. It is one of the best scented primulas, a true perennial and very vigorous. The dainty white flowers are borne in loose umbels. *P. helodoxa*, found by the late Mr. Forrest in Yunnan, grows over 3ft., with yellow flowers, and is one of the best for a moist position.

P. Littoniana, with its torch-like heads of flowers, always looks effective in clumps, but though it likes moisture it must be in a well-drained part and not where there is stagnant moisture. *P. chionantha* likes similar conditions and part shade. This lovely primula, closely related to *P. nivalis*, has drooping, sweetly-scented creamy flowers with dark centres and yellow tubes and long, narrow, tough foliage. It blooms in May or early June.



THE WATER GARDEN AT ASHTON HOUSE, ASHTON KEYNES

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR



ON SHROPSHIRE HEIGHTS: A ROVER PILOT SALOON ON THE HILL OVERLOOKING LUDLOW

AUTUMN MOTORING ROBBED OF ITS TERRORS

Fog Precautions for November—The Use of Spot Lights—A Wonderful New Lamp

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

TWO days, and it will be November, a month invariably associated with that bugbear of the motorist fog. No doubt it is very largely this dread of fog that leads so many owner-drivers to lay up their cars for the winter, and this is rather a pity, for by doing so they miss some of the pleasantest motoring of the year.

Roads devoid of congestion, weather neither too cold nor too hot, a countryside beautified by autumnal tints; the worst November has its golden days.

Even fog can be robbed of much of its terrors by taking a few simple precautions and by following certain rules.

For instance, you must remember if the fog is particularly dense, that to have one's headlamps burning is worse than useless, the bright light produced merely having the effect of shining on the particles of moisture, and reflecting back on the glass screen. It may help a bit to have the head and side lamps covered over with amber yellow, or even white tissue paper, but this is, at the most, a makeshift solution of the problem.

It is far better to have the headlamps fitted on the dim and dip principle, for this enables the driver to see the curb on the left-hand side of the road. There are also several makes of fog lamps on the market, and these, when set to shine at an angle of 45° are of great assistance.

If the fog is so thick that forward vision of the road is almost negligible, it will be best to focus your attention on to the left-hand curb, and get along as best you can in this manner. It will then be the passenger's job to keep a keen lookout in front to warn the driver of obstructions ahead.

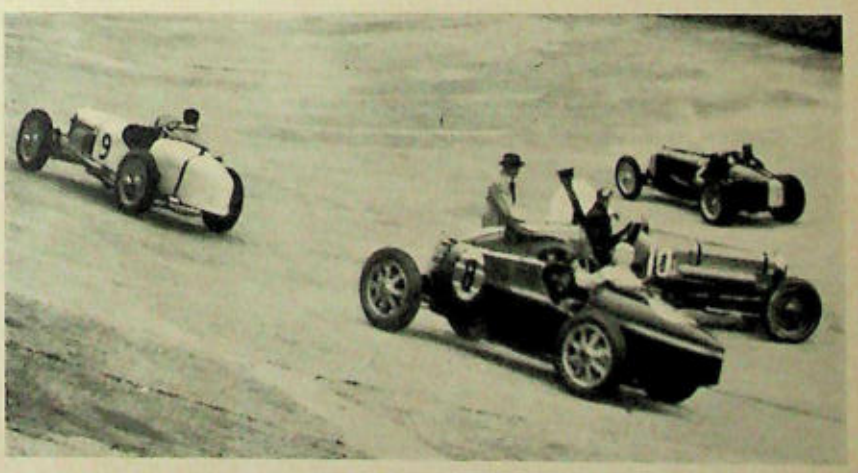
A car fitted with left-hand steering is, of course, much easier to handle under these conditions, since the curb can be seen much more clearly. It is also worth noting that it is much easier to drive through fog in an open car than in a saloon.

If you are not certain of your ability to follow the road safely, tack on behind another car going in the same direction. If you do this, however, be sure and turn your headlamps out, otherwise the reflection of your lights will increase the difficulties of the motorist who is helping you along.

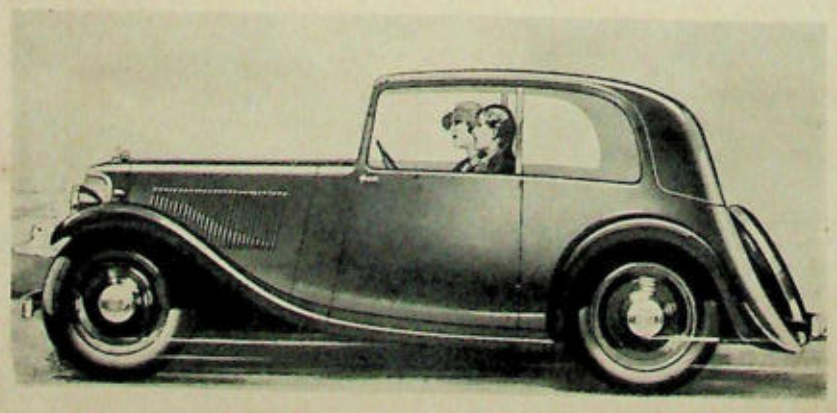
I have found the use of a spot lamp extremely valuable at times, for it can be turned almost at right angles to shine over to the right-hand side of the road, or to the left, according to the conditions ruling at the time. The light should not, however, be set at such an angle that it will dazzle oncoming traffic.

I always rely upon getting sufficient light to shine on the left-hand side of the road, and have found that the best angle is obtained by arranging the light so as to reflect about 8yds. to 10yds. in front of the car. Should the fog lift a little, the light can be altered to shine still farther forward, when the speed of the car can also, of course, be increased with safety.

In the near future I hope to be able to announce the completion of a test I have made with a new lamp which has recently been patented, and which the inventors claim will penetrate thick fog to a distance of a quarter of a mile. This seems almost too good to be true, but nothing, in these days, is impossible, and even if it penetrates only half the distance claimed, it will have solved one of the motorist's worst problems. Apart from its great value to motorists, such a lamp should revolutionise steamship and even air transport as well.



SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL'S FIRST COLLISION
In the mountain championship meeting at Brooklands last Saturday Mr. Rose-Richards' Bugatti skidded and banged into Sir Malcolm's Sunbeam. Both cars were damaged, but neither driver was hurt



LUXURY FOR £235
The new Armstrong-Siddeley 12 h.p. Sports Coupé, one of Olympia's best-guarded secrets

In conclusion there are two things the winter motorist should never be without: an electric torch and a set of chains. The days of fog, slush, frost, and long hours of darkness are near, when they may be needed at any moment.

Chains, in particular, are most important, and the motorist who attends such fixtures as Point-to-Point meetings, which usually necessitates leaving the car in wet fields, would be well advised to invest in a set at once.



AN EMPIRE ACHIEVEMENT BY MONOPLANE
Mr. C. T. Ulm's plane photographed during preparations for its flight from England to Australia in the record time of 6 days, 17 hours, 45 minutes

MONOPLANE OR BIPLANE?

Their Characteristics Compared from the Private Owner's Standpoint

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

"MONOPLANE or biplane?" is one of the oldest questions in aviation. It goes right back to the earliest days when the success of the Wright machine and later the Farman, Voisin and Cody biplanes was compared with the exploits of such famous monoplanes as the Deperdussin, Antoinette, Morane, Bleriot, Handley Page, Bristol, etc.

British pilots and designers have, particularly since the War, pinned their faith mainly to the biplane, especially for larger machines; but elsewhere both types have had numerous supporters, and to-day Germany and America are the leading exponents of the large-monoplane school, although a great deal of the progress in monoplane design is due to the work of that great Dutch designer Fokker.

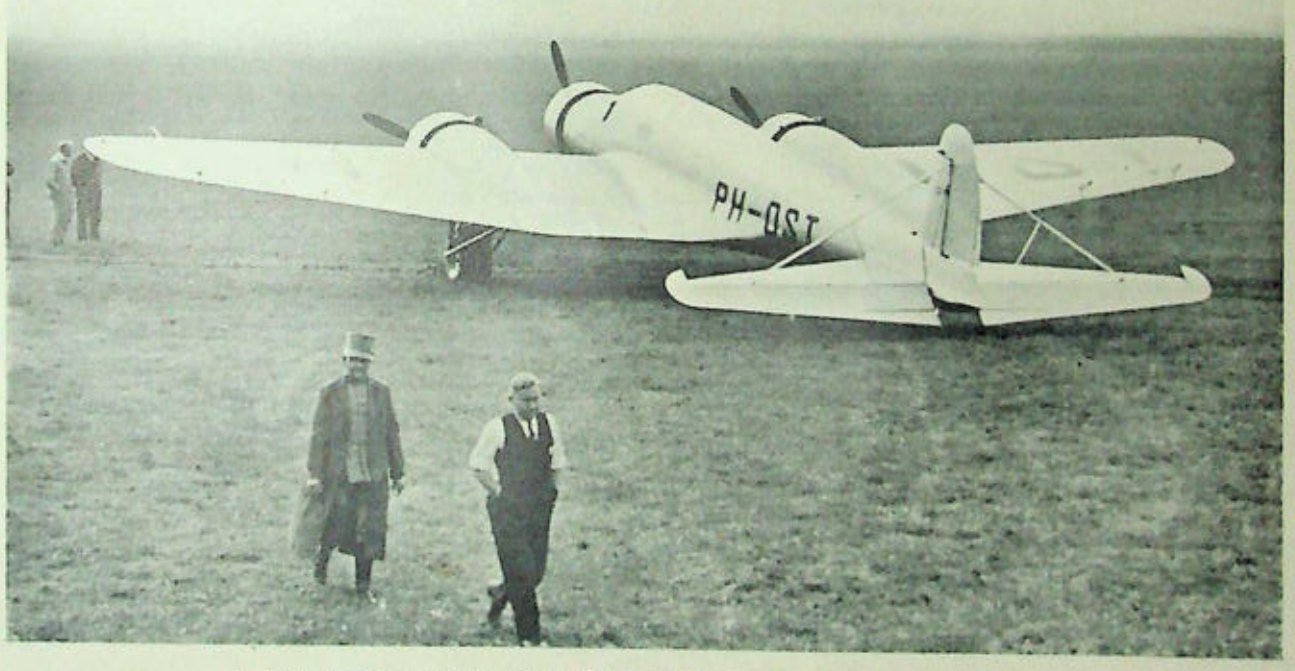
A NEW VIEWPOINT

In the past few years there has been an increasing tendency towards the use of monoplanes for smaller types in this country, though the supremacy of the biplane for large commercial and military machines has remained until recently virtually unchallenged so far as Britain is concerned. So it is that the old question has acquired a new significance. A new flying public, composed of private pilots and club members, has come into being; and is reviewing this long-standing problem from the standpoint of its own requirements.

No discussion from the technical and design angle is here contemplated; it is sought briefly to compare the relative merits of the two types, more especially in view of the rather remarkable divergence between British and certain continental practices in this connection. In this country there is a marked trend towards adopting the monoplane for light and medium-sized types; while for the moment the biplane retains its leadership for the larger classes. In Germany, while the majority of large machines are monoplanes, there has been a tendency to revert to biplane design for a certain type of small machine.

The early post-War light aeroplanes were biplanes, the Moth and Avian setting the fashion in this respect. But when the light aeroplane had proved its worth greater comfort was sought, and it was then that the claims of the monoplane came to be more closely considered. The Desoutter high-wing cabin monoplane was followed almost immediately by the D. H. Puss Moth.

The success of these machines, emphasised by the good results obtained on the Continent with smaller monoplanes, such as the Klemm, was naturally followed by the introduction of more machines of this class; and of new aircraft placed on the market in the past two years, the majority have been monoplanes.



A MONOPLANE SERVICE THAT WILL SPEED UP AIR MAILS TO THE EAST
The new Dutch "Post Jager" aeroplane, which will operate between Amsterdam and Batavia, a distance of 8,700 miles, is capable of a speed of 224 m.p.h. The return journey will take just over a week

Among the chief practical advantages of the cabin monoplane, particularly the high wing type, is the better visibility it gives combined with comfort and accessibility. It is not too much to say that it would be virtually impossible to design a machine of the same size as the Puss Moth to give a similar freedom of view with a biplane-wing arrangement. The monoplane has this characteristic as a primary advantage; and it is a very important one. When a twin-engine arrangement is used with it, as, for example, on the Monospar, the frontal view becomes additionally improved.

There is no doubt that the rigging difficulties are fewer in the case of the monoplane, and this is emphasised in modern cantilever construction. The biplane with its efficiency dependent on perfect adjustment of its wire-braced construction needs much more attention. The monoplane is easier to keep clean and its good appearance is more easily maintained. Vital parts exposed to the weather in the biplane can be protected in the monoplane.

The monoplane undoubtedly scores in the matter of performance, although the protagonist of the biplane will point to the fact that the British single-seater fighters, which are of biplane design, are the fastest in the world. Whilst this is true, there is every reason to believe that given equally skilful design and taking advantage of new methods of cantilever wing construction, speed and climb of military machines would be improved by utilising the monoplane.

There is another and most important factor, however, to consider in this connection, and that is manœuvrability. For military purposes the biplane with its rigidly braced construction and its ability to withstand extreme torsional stresses, is in this respect probably the more suitable type in the light of present knowledge.

For pure speed the British and Italian machines designed for the Schneider Trophy and world's record attempt give an indication of what can be accomplished with the monoplane. Ages before man turned his attention to problems of flight, bird species, which the designer seeks to emulate, developed flying performance by presenting as little resistance to the air as possible.

STREAMLINING

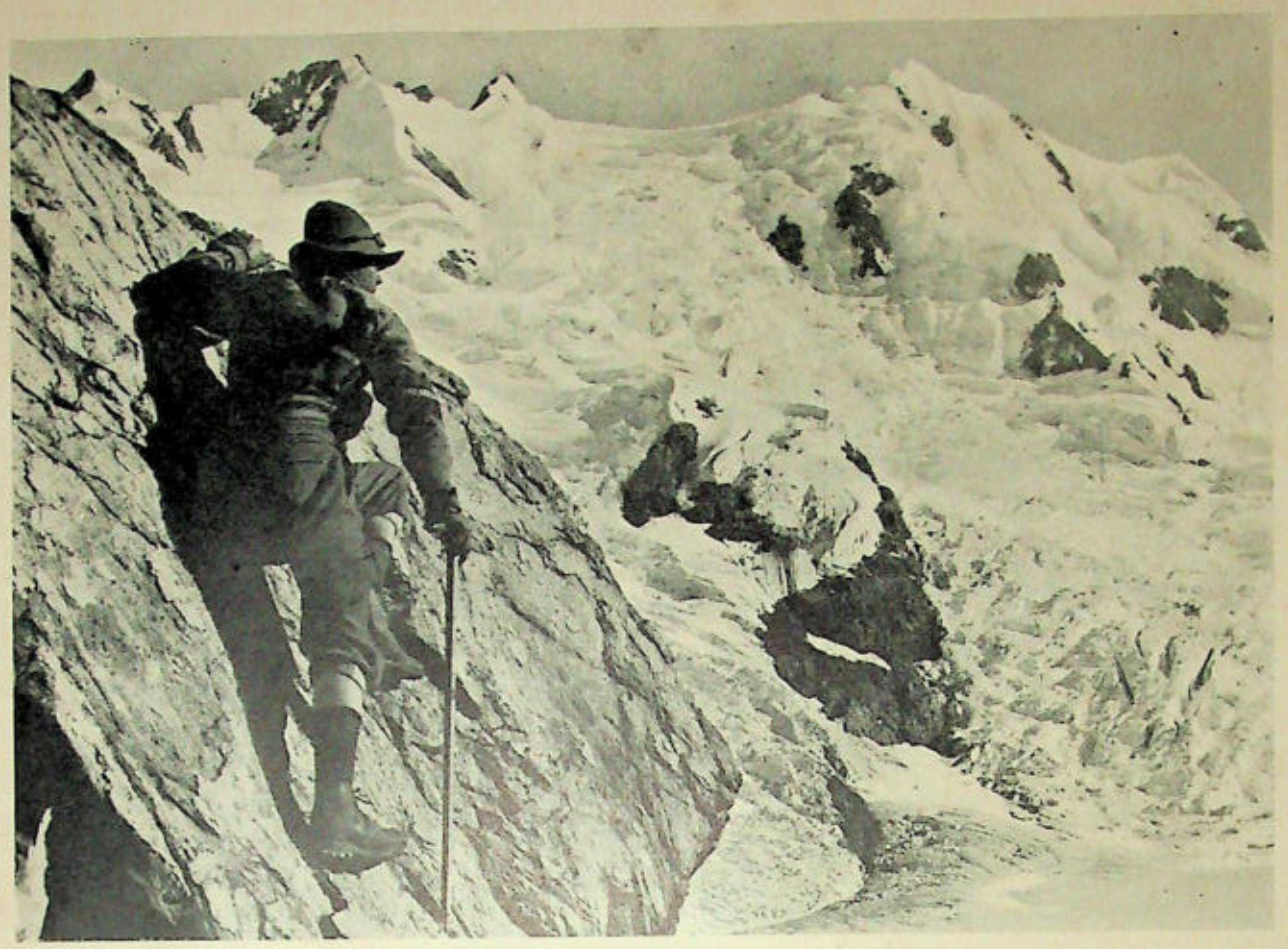
The question of streamlining is assuming more and more importance, not only for machines built for racing purposes, but for civil and commercial aircraft. The drag and consequent waste of power involved in exposed structural details such as struts and outside bracing, etc., must be eliminated.

Chief amongst these offending details is the ordinary undercarriage and landing wheels. The bird long ago disposed of this problem by drawing up its legs under its body, and the retractable undercarriage, now being more widely adopted, will add greatly to the performance of future aircraft. The incorporation of this desirable feature is much easier in monoplane design. The problem of the efficient streamlining of the power plant is also more likely to be solved by the development of the monoplane.

The future commercial machine will undoubtedly resemble more and more a flying wing, with engines and passengers enclosed within a thick cantilever construction exposing little or nothing to cause resistance outside its supporting surfaces.

For the immediate future the biplane will serve many useful purposes. It is less expensive to build, and has proved very serviceable in a wide variety of conditions. For use in countries where expert facilities for repairs are not available, it has, perhaps, the advantage of being more easily kept in service in circumstances where a damaged modern monoplane might tax too greatly the available resources.

There are many problems to overcome before the perfect monoplane becomes available for all purposes. It is at present more costly to build; while great progress has been made in reducing the weight of construction, designers have still much to learn before this inherent difficulty is overcome. There can be little doubt, however, that the monoplane will be the machine of the future.



IN THE SOUTHERN ALPS OF NEW ZEALAND
Rock-climbing near Malteban Hut, Mount Cook

SEEING NEW ZEALAND IN SIX WEEKS

By Car, by Rail, and by Steamer

TO land in New Zealand with only a month or six weeks to spare for exploration of the country presents rather a problem to the uninitiated. Fortunately, however, New Zealand is small in compass, being very little larger than Great Britain, and excellent railway and motor services provide quick transport to all parts.

It has been said that New Zealand is a pocket edition of the world, that the visitor can see there the fiords of Norway, the Alps of Switzerland, the lakes of Italy, the thermal and volcanic wonders of Yellowstone Park, and the peaceful downs and uplands of England—and this, indeed, is scarcely an exaggeration.

WHERE TO LINGER

With careful planning, most of this can be seen in a tour lasting just over a month, although the visitor would naturally desire to remain more than a few days among the Southern lakes, or among the magnificent fiords at the extreme south-west end of the South Island. Extra time will be wanted, too, to explore the remarkable evidences of the forces which lie beneath the earth's crust in the thermal district of which Rotorua is the centre.

Should the visitor land at Auckland a day or two can well be spent in this the largest city of New Zealand, in short excursions in her justly-famed harbour, or in visits to the kauri forests and other resorts at the back of the city. It may even be possible to steal another day or two and journey farther north for 150 or 200 miles to see the historic places where Marsden landed and preached his first sermon to the Maoris on Christmas Day, 1814; and where, also, in 1840, the Treaty of Waitangi, by which New Zealand was ceded to Queen Victoria, was signed by leading Maori chiefs and by Captain Hobson, New Zealand's first Governor.

From Auckland the traveller has a brief run to the Waitomo limestone caves, ranked by many visitors, especially those from America, among the leading wonders of the world. These caves are on the edge of the thermal region, a narrow strip of land running down from White Island in the north to Mount Ruapehu and her two minor peaks, Tongariro and Ngauruhoe—a strip about 170 miles long and little more than 30 miles wide.

Rotorua offers the best accommodation to visitors, and it is from this centre that most of the well-organised trips in this region are made. One can well spend eight or ten days there, and see something new every hour of each day.

The first glimpse of mountain grandeur for the traveller going south is obtained in the Tongariro National Park, the motor road through which skirts Mount Ruapehu and the two other peaks already mentioned. Ruapehu towers over 9,000ft. above the surrounding country, where there are fine stretches of almost virgin bush.

Eastward there is interesting and varied motor travel over roads that climb high mountain ranges, and which descend ultimately to the town of Napier, recently destroyed by earthquake, but now almost entirely restored. Westward is the "Rhine" of New Zealand, the Wanganui River, down which small but comfortable river steamers carry the tourist through bush-clad gorges. And still further westward is one of the most symmetrical mountain peaks in the world—Mount Egmont (8,000ft.).

In the south of the North Island is Wellington, the capital city of the Dominion, a town of over 150,000 people. Here also is one of the most beautiful and spacious harbours in New Zealand, and round about Wellington are resorts, both on the coast and inland, well worth visiting.

The best of the mountain scenery, and New Zealand's most famous lakes, are in the South Island. There is excellent motor travelling down the West Coast of the Island over really wonderful mountain roads, threading in places through dense bush, and running beside deep river gorges—reaching, more than half-way down the Island, the Franz Josef Glacier—a sight of which all New Zealanders are proud.

From the West Coast it is an easy journey by rail across the Island to Christchurch, passing through the Otira Tunnel under the Southern Alps, the longest tunnel in the British Empire.

Christchurch, originally an English Church settlement, to-day exhibits much manufacturing activity. It is a city of the plains, whereas the other three New Zealand capitals are built upon hills.

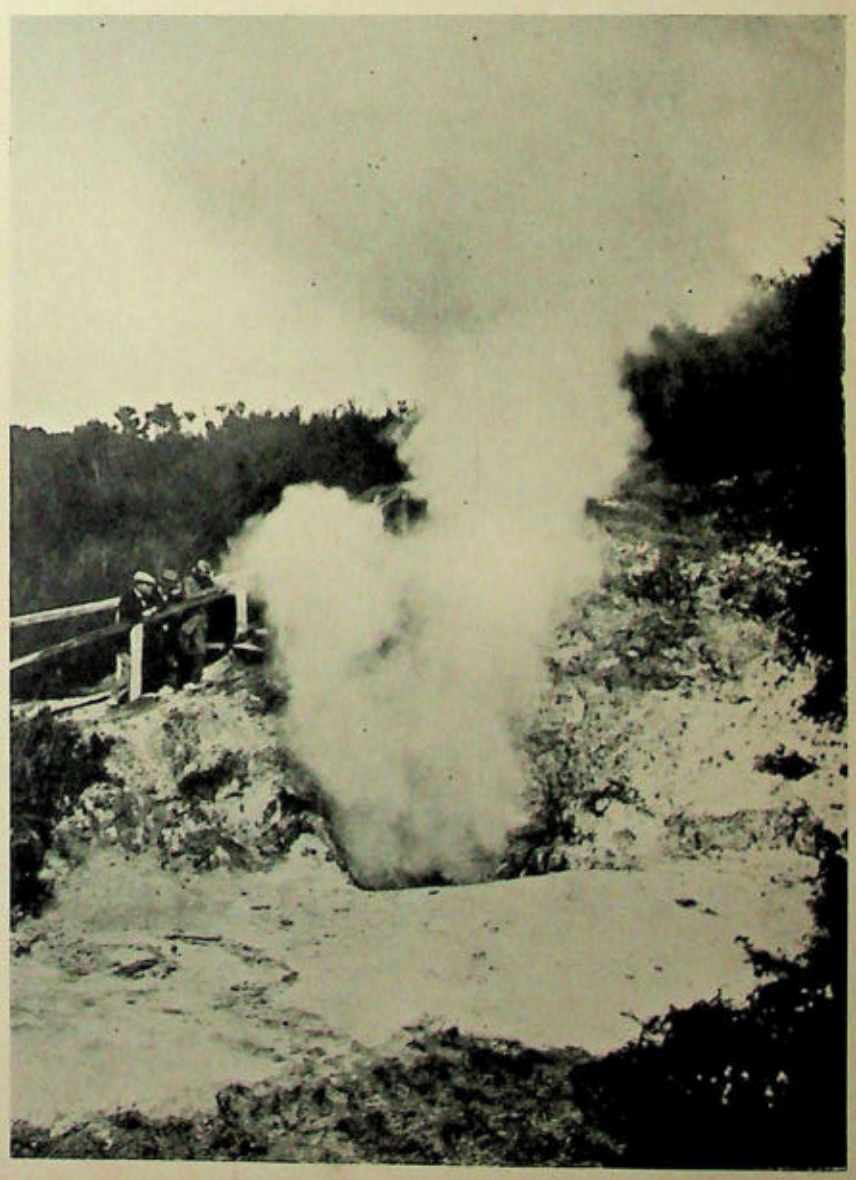
A day's journey south brings you to the heart of the Southern Alpine chain at the Mount Cook Hermitage, a large modern hotel situated almost at the foot of Mount Cook, the greatest of all the mountains of New Zealand—over 12,000ft. high. There are sixteen other peaks over 10,000ft. high in this southern chain. The Hermitage is the centre of New Zealand's mountaineering, and of her alpine sports.

South again, and in a day's journey, you reach the great chain of mountain lakes—Hawea, Wanaka, Wakatipu, Te Anau, Manapouri to name the biggest only. They lie in peace and quiet among the mountains, their depths in some cases unplumbed, the heights above them beautifully tinted in the evening by changing hues from the setting sun.

Many days can be spent here with profit to health, and in satisfying one's longing for the grand and the beautiful. And little more than a day's journey westward, reached by mountain road and bush track, are the Southern Fiords, upon which tourist steamers glide quietly along from sound to sound in the shadows of mountains that rise sheer above for thousands of feet.

These are some of the wonders of New Zealand. There are many others, and, lest it should be thought that too much stress has been laid upon the wild and rugged aspects of New Zealand's scenery, there are her great stretches of plains and downlands, with their grazing and farming industries, and the many thriving towns and townships situated throughout the country along the main thoroughfares.

H. T. B. D.



IN THE REGION OF HOT SPRINGS
The Karapiti Blowhole at Wairakei, in the North Island

ANSWERS to CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored.

Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem examination, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. ***Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.*** *No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.*

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges, Class VI., Division I. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible.

Angling

Goldfish Dead in an Artificial Stream.—The goldfish appeared to have died from something affecting the gills, as they were completely covered with a green scum. It would be interesting to know if a sudden crop of *algæ* has infested the water.—*H. S. W., Middlesex.*

Cards

Solo Whist

Can Proposer Call Misere?—You ask: "When a player proposes and another player then calls Solo, can the proposer then call misere or abundance?"

Answer. It is perfectly in order for a proposer and accepter at Solo Whist, whose call has been overcalled, to call individually higher still. Over the call of Solo the proposer may call misere or abundance.—*R. B. T., Leicester.*

Contract Bridge

Wrong Bidding. You write: "My partner dealt and went Two Hearts (forcing). I held ♠ K, Q, J, x; ♡ J, x; ◇ x, x, x; ♣ x, x, x, x; and bid Two No Trumps, not having any quick trick beyond the Spades. My partner objected, saying I should have bid Two Spades."

Answer. Holding one quick trick, the K, Q of Spades, your response should be Two Spades. Only when holding less than one honour trick bid Two No Trumps.—*W. L. C., Ripon.*

Two Club Convention.—You ask: "What is the correct calling on the following hand, playing the Two Club Convention? Opener held ♠ A, x, x; ♡ A, K, 10; ◇ A, K, x, x, x; ♣ A, J. He bid Two Clubs. Partner held ♠ x, x; ♡ J, x, x, x, x; ◇ 10, x, x, x; ♣ x, x, and bid Two Diamonds. Opener then bid Three Diamonds and partner said No bid. The score was 90 below the line; opponents, 30 below the line."

Answer. There are so many variations of the Two Club that it is not possible to lay down the law. In the case given the caller opening with Two Clubs at a score of 90 below the line was evidently hoping for a slam. The Two Club is always forcing for two rounds. The initial Two Diamond response was correct, but when the opener bid Three Diamonds partner must continue either with Four Diamonds or Three Hearts to keep the bidding alive for another round. In this case, however, no slams could or should be called by the opener.—*M. W. S., Norfolk.*

Farm

Butterfly Farm in Yorkshire.—For particulars of the butterfly farm referred to in a recent article in the *Field* you should write to Mr. H. W. Head, the Butterfly Farm, Burniston, near Scarborough.—*J. S. P., Cambridge.*

Cod-liver Oil for Cattle.—You will be able to obtain cattle cod-liver oil at any chemist's shop which does an agricultural business. One of the best is "Plough" brand, which is a product of Messrs. Allen & Hanburys, Ltd.—*W. W., Tidworth.*

Motor Hay Sweeps.—The hay sweep attachment which is being used in this country with motor cars is pushed by the car, and is bolted to the dumb irons.—The inventor of this sweep is Mr. A. J. Hosier, Wexcombe, Marlborough, Wilts, and he will no doubt be glad to send you further particulars.—*R. J. L., Natal.*

Garden

Oak Trees and Acorns.—Oak trees bear acorns annually, but the time of fruiting varies according to latitude. English oaks are usually in bloom (i.e., bearing catkins) towards the end of May, and the acorns which follow are shed the first autumn. Acorns sometimes, however, take two seasons to mature.—*H. F. K., Roxburgh.*

Leaves for Identification.—The leaves you sent for identification, although very withered when received, were apparently those of the "Tree of Heaven" (*Ailanthus glandulosa*). They are certainly not from a walnut. As your tree has no fruit it is probably a male—the female trees are usually loaded with

Garden (*Continued*)

purplish-brown or reddish winged fruit in early autumn.—*E. P., Woodstock.*

Plant for Identification.—The plant which came up with cabbage seeds in your garden, and of which you enclose a specimen, is Thorn-apple (*Datura stramonium*), now not uncommon as a weed in this country although originally a native of the East Indies. It belongs to the nightshade family, bears white funnel-shaped flowers which are succeeded by large prickly seed pods, and is extremely poisonous.—*S. W., Warmley.*

How to Kill Plantains.—The leaves of the common plantain die off, as you say, during the winter, but it is from the seeds of these and the other lawn pests mentioned that most of the mischief is done. The best remedy is to apply Carterite wherever the young plants appear, according to the directions on the cartons. Full-grown plantains are difficult to kill, but a few applications should be sufficient.—*G. P. M. H., Stratford-on-Avon.*

Kennel

Prevention of Fouling.—We know of no preparation that would prevent dogs fouling a door post. When this offence has once been committed wiping down with a strong disinfectant removes the temptation to a repetition.—*C. F. W., Navan.*

The Barking Nuisance. You can do nothing to prevent your dog barking in the kennel continuously beyond rating him and making him as comfortable as possible. Probably he does it because of a craving for human society. Do you give him plenty of exercise? That would probably make him more contented.—*H. B. T., Eton.*

Dog Losing Hair.—The condition of your setter, which you say is losing its hair and has a scaly appearance round the eyes, is known as orbital eczema, and it is due to irritation of the skin by dust, chapping from the tears, etc. Most cases respond well to daily dressings with zinc ointment, which should be well massaged into the parts with the tips of the fingers, and any surplus removed with cotton wool.—*S. S. P., Upton.*

Cure for Eczema.—You state that your Sealyham bitch has been suffering from eczema for six months and that you have tried various methods for curing her without success. We would advise you to try the effect of the following ointment well rubbed into the affected parts once daily: Oil of cade, 1oz.; milk of sulphur, 1oz.; lanoline, 4oz.; soft paraffin, 4oz. Also give a cleansing bath of soap and water once weekly.—*F. E. B., Tavistock.*

Lawn Tennis

Self-constructed Hard Courts.—With regard to your hard court query, there has been nothing published recently on the construction of hard courts, but you will find some quite useful data in a little book issued by *Lawn Tennis and Badminton*, 12, Carey Street, S.W. 1, entitled *The Book of the Hard Court*, price 2/-. You may not be aware that the En Tout Cas people, of Syston, near Leicester, make some cheaper varieties of courts than the well-known red surface. One of their productions is the Griselda, for which an approximate price of £85 is quoted; while there is another, No Upkeep court, approximately rated at £190.—*T. P. H. B., London.*

Area for a Hard Court.—If your grass courts have been well drained, new ones should serve as well on their site, but in order to assist you, you may like to obtain a copy of *The Book of the Hard Court*, referred to in the previous reply. This gives a good many details concerning the site and construction of courts. There is a chapter devoted to the siting: 120ft. from north to south and 60ft. from east to west should be regarded as the minimum for a hard court, while another 10ft. each way is desirable. You will see that in the doubles court this would give 12ft. side run on each side, and there would be adequate run back. As regards the placing of two courts side by side, if you wish to economise space you could use the side space between the two courts as a neutral ground for each of them, but it would be better to allow half as much again, as when

Lawn Tennis (*Continued*)

both are being played upon at the same time you run the risk of one set of players poaching on the preserves of another party.—*J. P., Lewes.*

Naturalist

Badgers and Wasps' Nests.—Yes, badgers commonly dig up the nests of both bumble bees and wasps, being very fond of honey and also eating the grubs.—*F. G. M., Cheshire.*

Moth Identified.—The pretty moth, with both body and wings suffused with a delicate shade of rosy-red, found indoors on a curtain and forwarded for identification, is a large elephant hawk-moth (*Chaerocampa elpenor*).—*J. A. S., Somerset.*

"Maggots" in Grouse Droppings.—We have microscopically examined the contents of the grouse dropping received. The particles you considered to be "white maggots" are fragments of the awns of the wild oat (*Avena fatua*), which are extremely sensitive to moisture and dryness of the air, and contract or straighten out accordingly.—*C. B., Co. Donegal.*

A Shower of "Eggs."—The specimens received, which you thought must be eggs or spawn of some sort brought down by the rain, are the fruits of a barberry (*Berberis*), no doubt those of one of the Chinese species so commonly grown in gardens, such as *B. wilsonæ*. Undoubtedly, there was a sudden gust of wind during the shower of rain which scattered the fruits as you describe.—*H. D. G., London.*

Shooting

American Cartridges in an English Gun.—(1) It might be safe to fire American 12-bore 2¾in. cartridges in your English gun, which you state is chambered for the 2½ in. (2 ⅝in.) cartridge, but you would be well advised before doing so to send the gun to your gunmaker and have the chambers deepened and gun reproved for the heavier load. The 2¾in. case when fired would be ⅛in. longer than the chamber; this would add considerably to the pressure developed, and also might adversely affect the shooting. (2) American No. 8 shot is considerably larger than English, there being only 399 pellets to the ounce as against 450.—"*Judy.*" *Waterville.*

Cartridge Tests

The violet cartridges which gave exceptionally regular ballistics contained full 35 grains

Shooting (*Continued*)

of E.C. powder and 450 grains (1 1/16oz.) No. 6 shot. Pressure at 1in. from base 3.13 tons per square inch. Velocity over 20yds. 1,164ft. per second. Pattern from a choke barrel at 40yds., 18 per cent. in 15in. circle, 57 per cent. in 30in. circle. Patterns were regular, but, as is usual with most high velocity cartridges, inclined to be blown.

Your brown cartridges contained 36 grains of E.C. powder and 447 grains (1 1/16oz.) No. 6 shot. Pressure at 1in. from base 2.70 tons per square inch. Velocity over 20yds. 1,089ft. per second. Patterns from a choke barrel at 40yds., 13 per cent. in 15in. circle, 51 per cent. in a 30in. circle. Patterns rather patchy.—*J. C. G., Amersham.*

Your light blue cartridges contained bare 34 grains of N.S. powder and 468 grains (1 1/16oz.) No. 6 shot. The pressure at 1in. from base 2.92 tons per square inch. Velocity over 20yds. 1,085ft. per second. Patterns from a choke barrel at 40yds. 25 per cent. in 15in. circle, 70 per cent. in 30in. circle. Patterns regular and well distributed.

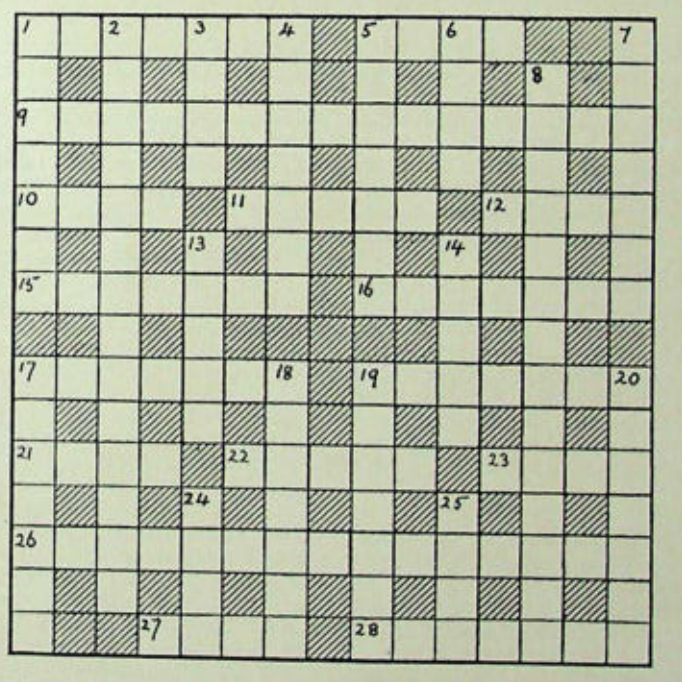
The brown cartridges contained 32½ grains of Smokeless Diamond powder and 489 grains (1⅛oz.) No. 7 shot. Average pressure at 1in. from breech 3.67 tons per square inch. (The pressure developed by one cartridge was excessive.) The velocity over 20yds. 1,048ft. per second. Patterns from a choke barrel at 40yds., 20 per cent. in 15in. circle, 58 per cent. in 30in. circle. Patterns regular and well distributed.

The difficulty experienced in cleaning barrels near the breech ends after firing the brown cartridges was due to leading, which was very noticeable. Leading has no ill-effect on the steel, and can easily be removed by the aid of "Cinirid" or similar abrasive paste, constant use of a wire brush is not recommended.—*Sokoto, Arden.*

Travel

November in Capri.—In November the weather at Capri should still be good and sunny, with a warm but not hot temperature. The sea temperature should be about the same as in England during the height of the summer. The best hotel is the Quisisana Grand Hotel, where the charges are from £1 per day and upwards. The International Hotel can also be recommended, the prices ranging from 15/- per day. A cheaper hotel is the La Palma, where the rates are from 11/6.—*G. T. B., Surrey.*

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE



CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 245

ACROSS. 1, Cooked or chaffed. 5, Crooked. 9, The aftermath of a day's shopping (three words). 10, Macaulay wrote these of ancient Rome. 11, Is it a dog or a pile of stones? 12, Needed if we are to make a guest welcome. 15, Instrument of punishment. 16, Break in pieces. 17, Trying severely. 19, "What ardently we wish, we soon ——" (Young). 21, On the move. 22, Exclude. 23, Blood has been spilt here. 26, Proverbially a thief. 27, The men distinctly remembered that soon after tea-time they saw Edwin slip sideways and collapse (hidden). 28, Seal fur (anag.).

DOWN. 1, A cracksman at bazaars. 2, A giver in secret (two words). 3, Hard—and apparently greasy—labour. 4, Reduce in rank. 5, Sticks fast. 6, An Archbishop is standing on his head! 7, He rubs along and earns a living. 8, These are obtained by evil means (two words). 13, Morally weak. 14, Cloys. 17, Caught. 18, Such palms will provide 8. 19, The night watchman generally has one. 20, "Hope springs —— in the human breast" (Pope). 24, The captain wouldn't like it if his this did this. 25, Abandoned child.

SOLUTION TO No. 244. Published October 21st

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

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

VOL. CLXII. NO. 4219. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1933 REGISTERED. PRICE 1s. POSTAGE { INLAND, 1½D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND, 1½D.; FOREIGN 3D.



Bassano

MR. W. H. MIDWOOD, MASTER OF THE CHESHIRE

In 1923, Mr. Midwood took over the Mastership of the large Cheshire country, which he hunted six days a week, until it was divided in 1931, when Major B. W. Heaton took over the northern portion. Mr. Midwood still hunts the southern part of the country with the bitch pack four days a week. A prominent supporter of sport under National Hunt Rules, Mr. Midwood won the Grand National in 1930 with his Irish-bred horse Shaun Goilin

APOLLO

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FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

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

THE BREAKFAST RASHER

SUCH wild rumours have been circulated about the pigs marketing scheme that anyone reading some of the daily newspapers might well think that Mr. Elliot and his advisers at the Ministry of Agriculture were qualifying for Bedlam. One day it was announced that the marketing scheme had caused an acute shortage of bacon and that prices would rise until bacon became food for the very rich only. The next day the story was that the English bacon factories were so overwhelmed with pigs and bacon prices were so low that the curers were facing bankruptcy. Since so much alarm has been expressed on behalf of curers, foreign importers and consumers, farmers can perhaps go ahead with their business of breeding and feeding more pigs in the assurance that the marketing scheme will work out fairly to all interests.

All that has actually happened is that the pigs marketing scheme has made a much better start than any one imagined possible. For the next four months, November to February, which is the first contract period, farmers have undertaken to supply the bacon factories with 620,000 pigs. This total is considerably in excess of the estimate which the Ministry of Agriculture had formed of home production in allotting quotas to Denmark and other foreign suppliers, and now their share of the market has necessarily to be cut by another 16 per cent. There is nothing calamitous in this. The British farmer has undertaken to do more than was expected of him, which is thoroughly satisfactory.

There may, it is true, be some dislocation of trade channels now that the home product is to replace the imported product so rapidly, but the situation has been well safeguarded by the loan which the Ministry of Agriculture has offered to tide bacon curers over the initial period when they may find some difficulty in placing their increased output on the market at remunerative prices. But now the air is cleared and all interests concerned know where they stand for the next four months and what they may expect when the full contract year starts in March. Farmers have been given the opportunity to regain the bacon market, and they mean to make a success of the undertaking.

It is not a light responsibility that rests on farmers and curers. For their part farmers have to find means of reducing production costs to a minimum to enable them to earn a satisfactory rate of profit within the contract terms laid down in the scheme. The selection of breeding stock is the first point that calls for attention on many farms. To produce the long, lean side of bacon that the public fancies to-day the farmers' sows and boars must have exceptional length with no coarseness about the shoulders. It is only this type of pig which will earn bonus payments at the factories, and which will indeed be worth producing. Farmers themselves, who lead an active life, may prefer rather more fat in the breakfast rasher, but it is a sound maxim in business that the customer is always right.

A part no less important has to be played by the bacon curers in presenting English bacon in appetising form. Until now many factories have not taken the bacon side of their business seriously enough and they have failed to keep pace with their Continental competitors. The pork pie and cooked meat trade is extraordinarily profitable in these days of snacks and small families, and straightforward bacon curing seems to have been neglected. The curers are, however, prepared to make amends, and several factories have been re-equipped and extended to deal efficiently with a larger production and to turn out bacon that is in every way as good as the imported article.

The pig industry has a long way to go yet before the bacon market is won back. Of every eight sides of bacon sold in the grocers' shops seven have been imported. But if farmers and curers will pull together and the Government will keep imports within strict limits, there is every reason to believe that the marketing scheme will achieve its purpose. Five years hence we shall wonder why the country ever became so completely dependent on foreigners for the rasher on the breakfast table.

IMPERIAL AIRWAYS

TO attempt to prophesy the development of air traffic is to voyage into the space of imagination. Sir Eric Geddes's speech at the ninth general meeting of Imperial Airways, Ltd., revealed a rate of progress in flying, as regards freight and passengers, astonishing in its rapidity and extent. During the past year the company carried a revenue traffic amounting to 2,196,000 ton miles, and its aircraft flew 2,031,000 miles, of which 1,760,000 were on regular services. The total traffic increased by 65 per cent. and passenger traffic by 86 per cent. over the previous year. Such increases could hardly continue in the same proportion, but that is only to say that they are a magnificent tribute to the efficiency of the service provided.

No greater compliment to the company could be paid than that of the insurance world. Lloyd's rate for Imperial Airways passengers is the same per day of travel as that quoted for sea and land transport. The only drawback to the company's progress seems to be the difficulties placed in the way of air mails by our own Post Office. In commenting on that situation, so typical of the attitude towards progress of Government departments, we may remember that we still have no air mail postage stamp. When shall we see another Rowland Hill?

REPORTS OF HUNTING RUNS

In next week's issue of the "Field" reports of runs will be found in pages IMMEDIATELY PRECEDING THE FRONTISPIECE. *By this means readers will be ensured of a fixed position for accounts of the doings of any particular packs in which they are interested, and in order to facilitate reference the various hunts will be given in alphabetical order. It is hoped to give much more space to reports in this way than would be possible in the body of the paper.*

THE MASTER OF SEMPILL'S ACCIDENT

Within a week accidents have taken place which might have involved the loss of two leading experts in the world of motoring and aeronautics, both of them valued contributors to the columns of the *Field*. It was only through his skill and presence of mind that Sir Malcolm Campbell narrowly averted disaster when a car skidded in front of him on the racing track at Brooklands; and the Master of Sempill was badly injured in an accident to a motor car in the United States which proved fatal to one of its three occupants. We are glad to hear that the Master of Sempill's injuries are not so serious as the first reports of concussion and a fractured skull would have suggested. His recovery is expected after a month's convalescence. But all sympathy will be felt with Mrs. Forbes Sempill, who expected her husband to return on the Graf Zeppelin, which he was on his way to join at Akron when the disaster occurred.

AT THE BIG GAME CONFERENCE

The speeches both of Lord Onslow and Lord Plymouth at the opening of the Conference for the Protection of African Fauna, in the House of Lords last Tuesday, presented the views of the British delegation admirably. Lord Plymouth, speaking in the unavoidable absence of Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, Secretary of State for the Colonies, covered most of the important points with which the conference will have to deal in a manner that was extremely moderate and to which no exception could be taken in any quarter.

The draft convention will deal with the question of national parks and their permanency, of reserves for rare species, of a schedule of animals in danger of extinction, of the questions of trophies and aircraft, and of a machinery for future consultation to implement the treaty. We hope the matter of tsetse fly and the slaughter of ungulates will not be forgotten. The question may be a delicate one, but in matters of this sort it is generally better to grasp the nettle.

AUTUMN IN BOND STREET

Every November brings the breath of the hills and the fields into the Bond Street galleries, and once again Messrs. Vicars Brothers are staging their welcome exhibition of Mr. J. C. Harrison's paintings, many of which reflect the reds and golds and browns of this season of the year. Mr. Harrison is an artist who imparts life to his studies of game and wildfowl. He can make a bird fly on paper. His wigeon, geese, partridges or pheasants are not birds just painted on to a landscape, but features of the country itself. A picture of "The Helmsdale," Sutherland, illustrates the point; the blackcock flying over a rich landscape command attention, yet do not insist on their presence. A place of honour in the exhibition is given to a fine painting of a golden eagle on the nest, and we note that in his study for this work the artist has had the co-operation of no less an authority than Mr. Seton-Gordon.

LORD HARDINGE'S TIGER

In Lord Hardinge's delightful book of Indian Shooting Recollections, *On Hill and Plain*, which John Murray issues this week, he gives a picture of the large tiger he shot in Gwalior reported to measure 11ft. 5½in. At the time the *Field* refused to accept this measurement, and though we are unwilling to re-open a stale controversy we cannot accept it now, nor can we let pass, even its present charming surroundings, the repeated statement that it is "the record tiger."

Nobody doubts the honesty of Lord Hardinge and the many witnesses who measured the tiger, and it is equally unnecessary to point out here that Lord Hardinge is a sportsman of the very best type and a man whose services in many spheres have been of the greatest value to the country. But his own account rules out the acceptance of this tiger as "the record." We are told it was measured down the back, from nose to tail-tip. The recognised way to measure tigers is to place a peg at the nose tip and the end of the stretched tail before skinning, remove the body and measure between the pegs. As Lord Hardinge's tiger was not so measured it cannot be accepted: it *may* have been the record, but its length was not, unfortunately, correctly recorded.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a letter to an Argentine paper. "Sir, Allow me to protest against the extraordinary theory of your correspondent 'Goliath' that foxes ought to be tortured to death because they happen to be considered vermin. It is quite easy to get rid of the animals, either by shooting or poison, as they are rarely to be found in large number. I believe there used to be a prejudice against this method in England, but am told that it has now died down.—Yours, etc., DAVID."

E. L. BROWNE MEMORIAL

It will interest the many hundreds of pupils and friends of the late E. L. Browne, headmaster of St. Andrew's School, Eastbourne, to know that a fund has been opened to provide a memorial to him. No more remarkable personality existed among schoolmasters, and during his 50 years of teaching none can have helped others more by example and by counsel. He was, too, a great sportsman, and will be remembered by many guests as the owner of a number of delightful poodle-retrievers.

It has not yet been decided what form the memorial shall take, but there will, of course, be a memorial in the chapel, and the bulk of the fund will be devoted to the welfare of St. Andrew's and St. Andrew's boys. Subscriptions should be sent to the Manager, Westminster Bank Ltd., Meads, Eastbourne, cheques being made payable to the "E. L. Browne Memorial Fund." Any information may be obtained from the hon. secretary of the fund, J. Baines, Esq., St. Andrew's School, Eastbourne.

RUGBY RELATIONS WITH FRANCE

An air of mystery has been created around reported efforts to bring about the resumption of international Rugby matches between the British Unions and France. It was recently stated that a committee representative of the British Unions was to make an investigation of French Rugby to see whether it had been purged of the professionalism which led the British Unions to suspend international matches. Later, the existence of any such committee or intention to make an investigation was denied, but now Rugby players are talking in a vague way about the possibility of a resumption of matches next season and it has even been stated that the home Unions may act independently in the matter. An invitation from the Welsh Union to France to send over a team to play Wales is foreshadowed.

We cannot imagine that the home Unions would act in any other way than in unison, or that they would act at all unless they are satisfied that the French teams they are to meet would be absolute amateurs. But the rumours and counter-rumours that have gained publicity are doing no good, and it would be well for the home Unions to set them at rest by giving a clear statement of the present position in relation to France.

BLAGDON'S SEASON

After the long series of discouraging reports of drought, high temperature and flat calms, it might have been expected that the season's record on Blagdon would have been "nothing to write home about." It is rather surprising, therefore, to find that the number of trout taken was a full 40 per cent. more than in 1932. The average weight has dropped a little, as is natural, considering the number of fish caught, but is still 2lb. 3oz. which, for an average, should satisfy even an exacting angler.

But what has happened to the big rainbows? Week by week the reports have repeated the phrase "best a brown" or its equivalent: indeed now that the final figures are available it appears that only two rainbow trout of over 4lb. were caught, against ten last year, while the number of large browns is only seven less than in 1932. Normally *Irideus* is supposed to be more amenable to high temperature, of which we have had so much this year, than its European cousin. Does it mean that Blagdon rainbows are giving us their version of the vanishing trick? Reports of the spawning season, when the big fellows come into the daylight of the redds will be awaited with interest.

SUSSEX

If you are to choose a poem typical of a particular county, to represent it as fully and completely as possible in the minds of those who know the county best, which, for each in turn, would it be? There can be no question as to what should be the text for such a series—it would be the final haunting stanza of Rudyard Kipling's *Sussex*:

"God gives all men all earth to love,
But since man's heart is small,
Ordains for each one spot shall prove
Beloved over all.
Each to his choice, and I rejoice
The lot has fallen to me
In a fair ground—in a fair ground—
Yea, Sussex by the sea!

And now, which are to be the poems for the other counties?



LINNETS IN CLUB ROW

When Will the Law Prevent Traffic in Wild Birds?

By ERIC PARKER

ON a Sunday morning in December last year I went to the East End of London to see for myself what were the conditions of the market in wild birds, to which I had seen a reference in the *Times* in a letter from Lord Howard of Penrith. I found a large number of newly-caught wild birds—sparrows, linnets, bullfinches, goldfinches—being bought and sold, and I myself bought three linnets, which were given me to take away in small paper bags. I also bought a thrush, which was packed up for me in a small cardboard box. I took these birds home and let them go; the linnets flew away, but the thrush was so numb with fright and cramp that it was hours before it could fly.

I did not know then that Lord Howard was framing a Bill designed to put an end to this market. But a Bill was so framed, and was introduced into the House of Lords by Lord Buckmaster early in the present year. It was referred to a Committee of the House of Lords, and in its amended form passed the Report Stage in the House of Lords on April 25th and was sent to the House of Commons.

A GUIDE TO PUBLIC OPINION

It came up for its second reading in the House of Commons on June 29th, when it was read for a second time without division. And if any member of the House of Commons was doubtful as to the general opinion of the country in this matter of trapping and selling wild birds, he had only to refer to the report of the Annual Conference of the National Federation of Women's Institutes, which took place in the Albert Hall on May 30th. At this meeting there were over 8,000 women present, delegates from Women's Institutes all over the country, and a resolution was proposed by Hambledon, Surrey, urging the Government to promote legislation prohibiting the sale of British live wild birds throughout the year. This resolution was carried unanimously. There could be no clearer indication of the trend of public opinion than that.

Yet in the Report Stage in the House of Commons the Bill was blocked. For what reason I do not know; but it is a fact that under the rules of the procedure of the House of Commons a single member can prevent the passage into law of a measure desired by majorities in Parliament and by the country at large. In this case I believe that there were two members who blocked the Bill, which otherwise would have become law.

The Bill will now be considered again when Parliament re-assembles in November. And meanwhile, on every Sunday morning, as it has gone on through all the time since the Bill first came before the House of Lords, this traffic in newly-caught wild birds continues. Still it happens that linnets, goldfinches, thrushes and blackbirds are netted and trapped for the market in East London—trapped to die in cages.

I went down to Club Row on Sunday, October 22nd, to see how things were going on. As last year, I left my watch and pocket-book behind. I arrived there with a friend as the market was opening, and as before, in December last year, we walked through a crowd in which dogs of all breeds, mostly puppies, were being offered for sale. Along Sclater Street there were the usual lines of barrows, displaying caps, braces, boots, shoes, socks, ribbons, trinkets, books—almost anything and everything. There were rabbits and poultry in hutches and coops and crates, but the market in these was not so brisk as it was in the Christmas season last year. In the birdshops there were hundreds of canaries and budgerigars in cages, clean, healthy and happy. Here was a trade in birds and bird-seed to which no one, unless he would have no bird of any kind in a cage, could object. These are foreign birds bred in captivity.

But on the stalls in the street? In small, dirty cages there were fluttering goldfinches and linnets. There was no question as to what was the matter with them, and indeed the proprietors of the stalls made no pretence about it. "Freshly-caught linnets! Bob a cock linnet!" one of them proclaimed. My friend said he would take two of the linnets. An assistant took them out of their cages. Should he put them in a bag? he asked his boss. I thought there was a glance round. "No, in a box." The two linnets were put into cardboard boxes, one of which had contained Players' tobacco and the other Bethnal Green Borough Council Brand C Dried Milk. Holes were bored in the boxes, which were then fastened up with string.

On the wall behind the stall hung three cages tied up in black handkerchiefs. "What's in there?" asked my companion, pointing. "Cock chaffinch, freshly caught. Singing beautiful." (In October.) My companion asked the price. "Five bob the lot." But when he went back a few minutes later he was charged another shilling for the black handkerchief.

I thought I would buy another linnet. When the first two were bought the assistant went behind the stall, put his hand into some receptacle covered with sacking, and took out two more linnets, which he placed in the vacant cages. On my way back to them I saw a cock blackbird crouching on the floor of a cage hung on the wall. A boy stood by it. "How much?" I asked. Half-a-crown, I was told, and would I pay twopence for a box? The box was six inches long. The blackbird was put in, unable to move. In a cage near by was a thrush. Could I have it for two shillings? I asked. "No, a dollar," I was told, and I remembered that I had bought a thrush in December for six shillings from a boy something like him. Anyhow, by this time I had only two shillings left.

NEXT SUNDAY'S MARKET

I drove home, and when I took the birds out into the garden the linnets flew away, chirruping, just as they did last year. Away flew the chaffinch. But the blackbird could not move. At last it stumbled off into the shelter of a myrtle bush. I thought its wings might be broken, so I caught it and found that they were not. It stumbled away again, fluttered forward and turned completely over, lying on its back with its tail, its legs and its beak pointing to the sky.

I placed it in shelter and left it. (I have no cats.) Twice later in the day I saw it stumbling about the lawn. I do not know whether it eventually found its wings, or whether it died. But with that stumbling blackbird in my mind, and thinking of the birds I could not buy, and the birds that will be sold next Sunday, I am left wondering what can be the argument of members of Parliament who set themselves deliberately to prevent the passing into law of a Bill designed to put a stop to such cruelty.



CUB-HUNTING WITH A PACK OF GREAT TRADITIONS
The Heythrop at their Cornbury Park meet in the late cub-hunting season

THE START OF THE HUNTING SEASON

Tasks for Masters and Secretaries and a Curious Poultry Claims Suggestion

FOXHUNTING has changed a good deal since the days of Jorrocks and Pigg and Leech. A great deal more is expected of the Master, his Hunt servants, and the Hunt committee by hunting people, farmers and shooting landowners. To fulfil a Master's position to-day successfully calls for much ready tact, friendliness, good manners to farmers and others employed on the land, and hospitality of a high order. And in addition to all these things a Master has the new duty—a pleasant, though arduous one, it is true—of lecturing to the Pony Club, an advantage which we of another generation never enjoyed. But it brings satisfaction in the realisation of the fact that the children members will grow up in the right way, do things in the correct spirit, and carry on the traditions of hunting into the third and fourth generation. The establishment of Pony Clubs in various countries is one of the best things that ever happened in the hunting history of the twentieth century.

All over the country, in holiday time, we see young, fresh faces out at the covertside, keen and wistful and bubbling over with happiness. It is certainly a happy augury for the future, and confirms me in my belief that the future of hunting is assured for very many years yet, though perhaps this does not apply to London. Within a 50 mile radius of the capital it is probable that within the next decade or so many of the now subsisting packs will be turned into draghounds owing to the overflow of population from the Metropolis and the consequent increased demand for local housing needs. Nor do the planning and laying down of broad arterial roads help the cause of foxhunting; in fact, for some time it has been a mystery how some of the packs which hunt on the outskirts of northern London manage to keep up a high standard of sport, through these roads, which cleave their way through what were choice bits of country. A season or two back I remember having a day with one of these packs, when our afternoon fox got on to an arterial road, and literally threaded his way through motor cars, buses and lorries in a manner marvellous to behold. But I must confess that that particular day does not live in my memory with any pleasurable recollection, as we seemed to hunt most of the time among bricks and mortar.

In spite of these drawbacks and hard as a Master's life must be in all countries, there seems to be no falling off this season, either in new Masters coming forward to take old packs, or the number of followers who respond to the call of boot and saddle. And let it be said that nearly 60 per cent. of Hunt followers to-day are ladies, who not only go well when hounds are running, but also are conversant of everything to do with hunting, frequently acting as Masters, secretaries and even upon occasion (as Lady Harrington did last season) as huntsmen as well. The fact seems to be that women have more time to hunt in these days, when business interests absorb most of a man's time. But the inclusion of so many women in the hunting field has had a marked and



IN A WILD COUNTRY WHERE THE STANDARD OF SPORT IS HIGH
The Jed Forest, who hunt a portion of Roxburghshire, crossing Kirkton Burn, after meeting at Kirkton, near Hawick

beneficial effect in more ways than one. It is generally admitted that women possess more tact than their menfolk, and even the most hard-hearted of anti-foxhunting farmers will generally remove wire, or keep a litter of cubs, when implored to do so by the honeyed voice of Diana.

COMBATING POULTRY CLAIMS

It is the same with poultry claims. And here I touch upon a very delicate subject. In many countries the amount claimed for poultry which is reported to have been slain by foxes has risen to a very large sum, and all sorts of expedients have been suggested to combat the increase in these claims. I am afraid that some farmers and their wives regard them as a regular form of income, rather in the same fashion as the Oxford saddler in the old care-free days used, at the end of the season, to send a bill for a new saddle to every undergraduate who hunted. And it is said that nine-tenths of them paid it! But what most of us forget is that on a farm the poultry are the especial perquisite of the farmer's wife, who may have no love for either hounds or hunting or foxes, and who, when depredations take place, persuades her husband to send a wrathful letter—and a large claim—to the harassed and bewildered Hunt secretary. Such matters are not easy to deal with, but would it not be far easier if a committee of ladies was appointed in each Hunt especially to inquire into poultry claims? No one can talk to women like women.

To abate the increased cost of poultry claims it has been suggested that each Hunt should establish its own poultry farm, and so repair the ravages of foxes among the farmers' poultry in a useful and practical manner at a very much reduced cost. I talked the matter over recently with a Hunt secretary of wide experience, and he gave it as his opinion that such a farm could be made to be self-supporting in three years, and thereafter would probably show a profit.

With that view I am afraid I cannot quite agree. The idea may be sound, but would such a system work? In the first place, the farm itself would have to be a considerable place stocked with every known species of fowl, for it would not be altogether wise or tactful or profitable to offer an enraged farmer's wife who had just had half-a-dozen prize Rhode Island Reds killed by foxes the same number of Wyandottes in exchange. Nor would it be very much use in supplying the ravaged hen-house with a new consignment of poultry when the farmer's wife had promised herself a new hat or silk dress out of the compensation money! A friend of mine who breeds poultry in a hunting country lost some valuable hens last season, and the Hunt secretary (they run a Hunt poultry farm in that part of the world) offered him a dozen young cockerels in exchange, and thereby offended an influential supporter of hunting who, although he does not hunt himself, is always pleased to see hounds and has always preserved foxes.

For the reasons which I have detailed the establishment of a Hunt poultry farm is not within the realm of practicability, and, moreover, I think it would offend a most influential body of men who in many countries are the backbone of the sport. I refer to the non-hunting farmer, who patiently bears with damage, gates left open, wheat ridden over, and stock astray, with the most exemplary patience. Moreover, although he does not hunt, he very often walks a puppy, always attends the Point-to-Point, and can generally tell the huntsman where there is a litter of cubs. Not many farmers hunt in these days, but life at a farmhouse is, at best, not very eventful, and certainly a mixture of hospitality, pride, excitement and tradition still ensures that most farmers thoroughly enjoy seeing hounds cross their land—if (and it is a potent if, too), the fact that it is *their* land is not forgotten.

THE MASTER'S TASK

The task of emphasising that fact, and of dealing with grievances or complaints, falls principally on the Master and the Hunt secretary, and everything depends upon their varying personalities; but for any serious difficulty a personal visit is the only course. At all events the non-hunting farmer should never be disregarded or offended, and if his wife does lose some of her poultry, is it not better to pay and look pleasant than to offer her some dubious fowls in exchange for her well-fattened birds? I think it is. In any event, the expenditure of a few pounds is better than being warned off a farm in one of the best bits of country the Hunt possesses. Such a happening would lead to untold difficulties, possibly in the resignation of the Master and other officials. And the value of a good Master of Hounds cannot be reckoned in terms of cash.

Although the non-hunting farmer does much to stimulate the cause of foxhunting, it is unfortunate that so many of them do not breed hunters as they used to in the olden days. I recall in my young days that practically every farmer in a hunting country had an old mare which annually produced foals, which his sons broke, made and rode. It is vastly different to-day, and it seems that in the future we shall not be able to regard the farmer as a hunter-breeder. To whom, then, shall we turn? The supply of high-class hunters is low enough, and it seems that in the future the onus of hunter-breeding must rest upon private persons who have time, money and patience to pursue this interesting but not always profitable pursuit.

THE HUNTER CONTINUES TO IMPROVE

Not that the breed of the hunter has suffered, or is likely to suffer, from this cause; in fact, it has improved, and the horse of 1933 possesses more quality, is better-bred, and as a whole much more level than the hunter of five-and-twenty years ago. King's Premiums, shows, research into cause and effect, and hunter trials are all partly responsible for this improvement; in fact, I think that hunter trials are one of the best things for improving the standard of both horse and rider which have come rapidly to the forefront since the war.

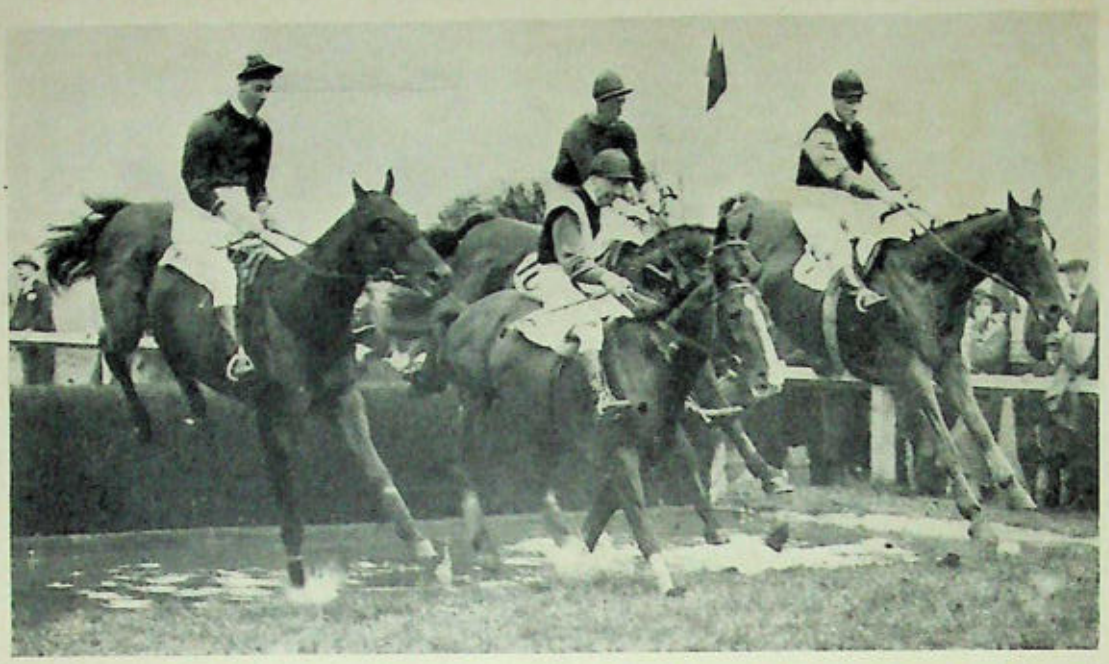
All their tact will be required by both Master and secretary this season, for cub-hunting was delayed; owing to the hard state of the ground, not so many cubs were killed; others did not learn to know the country of their birth; farmers are having a very thin time; and to crown all, the vile spectre of foot and mouth disease has reared its head in various countries. It is serious enough in the West, but far more so in the home counties, for the Cambridgeshire can only hunt a small strip of their country, while the Puckeridge are precluded from hunting altogether. Such a state of affairs is ominous to say the least, and one can but hope that the disease will not spread. Thanks to the energetic measures taken by the Government, the disease is generally checked in time; but these ever-recurring outbreaks must bring fresh anxiety to the already worried mind of many a Master, and also to every hunting man and woman.

WILLIAM FAWCETT.



WHEN A FERRY IS CALLED INTO REQUISITION

The York and Ainsty (South) hounds, horses and Hunt servants crossing the Ouse at Naburn, after meeting at Crockay Hill



OVER THE WATER AT NOTTINGHAM

The field taking the water jump at the Nottingham meeting in the Newark Handicap, which was won by Lady Lindsay's Inverse (on left), with R. Lyall—who triumphed in the Grand National in 1930 on Grakle—in the saddle

THE NATIONAL HUNT SEASON OPENS

A Successful Winter Campaign in Prospect

OWING to the hard ground the preliminary stages of the National Hunt season were worked through with difficulty and several fixtures had to be cancelled. An improvement in the going has brought success to meetings held during the last few weeks, and the outlook for the winter is entirely favourable.

It is to be feared that so long as the deplorable excise duty on stock imported from Ireland continues to hold good the influx of high-class Irish 'chasers to this country will become increasingly smaller. For the time being Irish breeders and owners must be left to surmount the difficult situation as best they can. A shortage of Irish-bred horses will mean that the flat-racing stables here must make good the deficiency, and already it is clear that this policy is being carried into effect. More recruits from the flat will be found in jumping stables this winter than has ever been the case before. Thus entries for coming events under National Hunt Rules show no marked falling off, and the majority of the leading jumping establishments are adequately stocked.

In any case it must not be supposed that taxation worries have entirely knocked the bottom out of the Irish steeple chasing market. As much as 2,000gs. was given for Coolinalagh at the Dublin sales last summer, though he would probably have fetched half as much again in normal circumstances. This eight-year-old chaser was secured on behalf of Mr. V. H. Smith by Mr. George Beeby, who made several other judicious purchases at the same sales. Coolinalagh has a fine record in his own country. Copper Court, another likely horse for the Grand National, did not make his reserve at Dublin, but Mrs. B. M. Webster has entered him for the Grand Sefton at Liverpool next week.

ONCE WELL KNOWN ON THE FLAT

Few recruits from the flat in recent seasons have done so well as Brienz, who carried Mr. Somerville Tattersall's colours into third place in the Derby of 1929. At the end of that year he was drafted out of the Manton stable. Last season he won six steeple chases for Mr. Beeby, and now we find him as top weight in the Grand Sefton. This, the first big race of the National Hunt campaign, often gives us a usual pointer to Grand National prospects.

Two of the acceptors, Inverse and Apostasy belong to Lady Lindsay, and that keen sportswoman is to be congratulated on having won a race with each horse on one afternoon at the recent Nottingham meeting.

Although he sold Slater before that horse finished third in the Grand National, Mr. J. H. Whitney maintains his practical interest in English racing. True, it may be a long time before he finds another champion like Easter Hero, but Thomond II and Lone Eagle II will win races for him this winter, and Jack Anthony is busily schooling some promising young horses for his American patron.

Kellsboro' Jack, it has been stated, is not to run at Aintree again, a curious decision in the case of so young a horse: but he is in active training at Wroughton, and we shall not be at all surprised to see this grand jumper in the Grand National field again. Forbra, another hero of the premier steeple chase, is fresh and well and should gain further honours over the fences this winter. It will be interesting to observe whether Golden Miller will maintain his form. Nobody thinks any the worse of this grand chaser for his failure to get round the Liverpool country at the first attempt.

Miss Dorothy Paget will maintain a strong string of jumpers again, with Insurance still one of the finest hurdle racers of his time, and possibly Trapper and the much-talked-of Tuppence will atone over the obstacles for their disappointing records on the flat this year. Women owners continue to be strong supporters of steeple chasing.

In addition to Miss Paget and Lady Lindsay, we observe that Mrs. H. M. Hollins, Lady Helen McCalmont, Mrs. C. S. Bird, Jun., Mrs. J. C. Lewis, Lady Beryl Groves (the new owner of the stallion Craig an Eran), Mrs. Coote, Mrs. B. Brinsley Plunkett, Mrs. Crossman, Lady Warrender, Mrs. Mundy, the Countess E. de Pret-Roose, the Dowager Lady Penrhyn, Lady Samman, and Kellsboro' Jack's owner, Mrs. Ambrose Clark—to select at random a few names from races recently closed—are all hopeful of seeing their colours to the fore in the new jumping campaign.



W. A. Rouch

A LEADING AMATEUR RIDER

Sir Peter Grant Lawson, who has already ridden winners under National Hunt rules, and who is one of the keenest supporters of the winter sport

Not the least satisfactory feature of current National Hunt sport is the excellent supply of amateur riders, and this in spite of the fact that several have relinquished their amateur status in recent seasons and joined the ranks of the professionals, J. Fawcus being among them. At Sandown Park last month a fine turn-out was seen for the amateur riders' race, an experience certain to be repeated many times during the season. Among those who have made their mark on the racecourse lately is Mr. F. Walwyn, who had the distinction of winning three races on one day at Wincanton. Mr. R. Corbett has shown himself an eminently capable horseman by winning two hurdle races on the plater Roi des Enfers, this being in races in which nearly all his rivals were professionals.

Sir Peter Grant Lawson and Mr. P. Payne Gallwey had each won more than one race up to the end of October. Other riders of winners include Lord Haddington, Mr. R. G. Fanshawe, Mr. F. Cundell and Mr. A. Marsh, while Mr. Hugh Lloyd Thomas, the owner of Destiny Bay, is riding as well as ever. Fifteen of the jockeys in last season's Grand National were amateurs. Although Dudley Williams rode the winner, Mr. F. Furlong was second and Mr. M. Barry was third. The last-named is riding as a professional this winter.

Enough has been written to show that National Hunt sport has started promisingly enough, and, granted a reasonably open winter, it should maintain the success it has achieved in recent seasons.



W. A. Rouch

WINNER OF THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE STAKES

Raymond (Gainsborough—Nipisiquit), which won the Newmarket race for Sir Abe Bailey, from the two Middleham-trained colts, Denbigh and Stalky. Raymond was ridden by the South African jockey G. Nicoll

WITH STAG, FOX AND HARE



Ketvrah Collings

JOINT-MASTER OF THE MIDDLETON

Lord Grimthorpe, who partners Lord Irwin in control of this famous Yorkshire pack



Hay Wrightson

A LADY MASTER OF STAGHOUNDS

Miss F. Weston, who has had the Lunesdale and Oxenholme Staghounds since 1930

A HUNTING GALLERY



Ketvrah Collings

IN DUAL CONTROL OF THE SOUTHDOWN

Mr. A. W. H. Dalgety, Joint-Master of the Southdown since 1929



WITH THE ETON BEAGLES

The Hon. F. H. P. C. Wood, Master of the Eton College Beagles



HUNTING ON THE BORDER

Lady Haddington, a keen lady follower of the Buccleuch



IN THE WEST COUNTRY

Mrs. Stanley Hosegood, at the opening meet of the Minehead Harriers







Hay Wrightson

MASTERS IN NORTH AND SOUTH

Colonel R. Milvain (left), who hunts a private pack in the West Percy country; Mr. H. Buckland (centre), one of the foremost show-ring riders before the war, who has taken over the Llangibby; and (right) Major E. Howard, Master of the Mid-Surrey Draghounds



FISHING ON DRIFFIELD BECK
The famous Yorkshire chalk stream where the new snail has established itself

SNAILS AND FLY FISHING

New Light on the Mystery of the Evening Rise

By DR. F. C. EVE

ABOUT four years ago, in the celebrated chalk stream at Driffield, Mr. Whitehead, the well-known biologist from Leeds, made an investigation of the various trout foods and their relative abundance in the different weeds. He discovered a rare little snail almost confined to a side stream. From here it spread rapidly, and I imported, last year, several hundreds for our club water a few miles lower down. This year it is abundant in both stretches and has become an important food for trout and grayling.

It rejoices in the name of *Paludestrina jenkinsi*. About 30 or 40 years ago it was first found in the brackish estuarine waters of the Thames and Humber. The books describe it as very rare. It is a small spiral snail, about one-eighth of an inch in length and almost black in colour (unless empty). It prefers starwort and marestail, nibbling the under side of their tender leaves with its tiny teeth. It is valuable because it rapidly converts the energy of vegetable food—unavailable for trout—into animal food which they can eat.

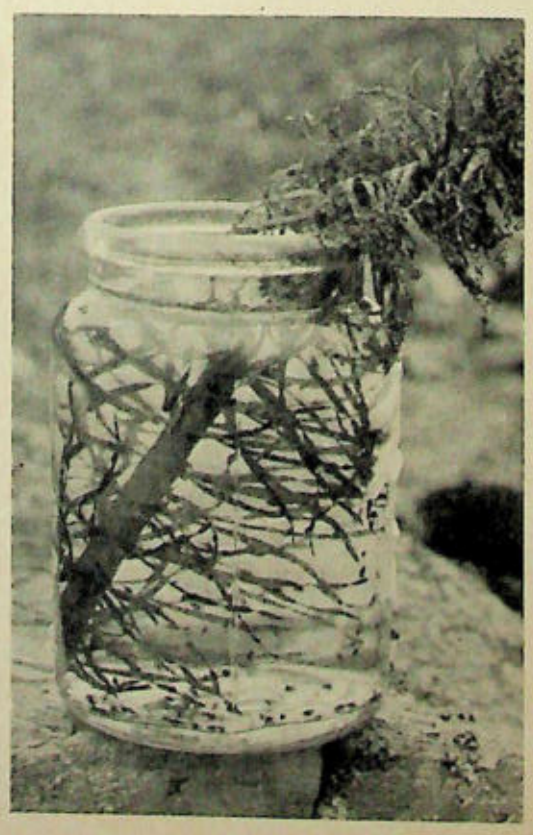
60 SNAILS AT A MEAL

The late Mr. Bennett found it in the stomachs of trout he had caught at Driffield, and I have found it forming half the stomach contents. My son opened a small three-quarter pound grayling he had caught on the fly and found no less than 60 of these snails in its stomach and in its gut, right up to the vent. One of them—a veritable Jonah—was alive next morning, after spending six hours in the grayling's stomach after death and the rest of the night in a dry envelope. Its operculum must have saved its life. Four other grayling contained few or none, but lots of tiny beetles which they evidently prefer.

A marine biologist tells me he has found the jenkinsi lying on the mud of a brackish estuary in mid-winter. So that if they neither hibernate nor hide in cold weather they will be a valuable winter food for trout or grayling, though apparently not quickly digestible.

My son (I. S. Eve) was surprised to find (and show me) half a dozen floating foot upwards in slow water in the Driffield stream—like flies walking on the ceiling. This is "Up, Jenkins" with a vengeance! It raises the horrible possibility that when trout are rising at invisible quarry in the evening—as they so often do—they may be taking snails and we shall have to fish the dry jenkinsi!

The interest evinced by the *Field* when I wrote to the Editor on the matter induced me recently to keep about 500 of these snails as pets in a big glass jam jar with water weed and mud. Their habits are most regular. By day they feed on the weed or on the unicellular plants on the glass walls, keeping them very clean. At dusk they soon crawl to the surface, where they crowd the water's edge—four or five deep on the glass. Some crawl right out of the water, especially in the rain. At night a few would always be creeping slowly on the water's surface—wriggling along, wrong way up, uncannily.



A PIECE OF MARESTAIL FROM DRIFFIELD
The small dots on jar and weed are snails

I marvelled how they could launch themselves so cleverly, but it was quite simple. My son observed one crawl along the underside of a leaf which was almost floating, and the little snail merely continued its promenade along the water ceiling.

After being in a dark cupboard all night they were put into the sun at 10 a.m. Within a few minutes they had all left the water surface and were scattered over the weeds and glass walls. Here they will find oxygen being manufactured by green plants in daylight, but at night the snails have to seek oxygen dissolved from the air at the surface. That is my interpretation of their consistent conduct.

To me this is a new and illuminating explanation of much nocturnal behaviour. The weeds give off carbonic acid gas at night and actually absorb oxygen. Small wonder if the snails avoid them then. Nurses are taught to remove plants from the sick room at night, to prevent the trifling contamination by the carbonic acid they produce. Snails have much greater reason to avoid water weeds at night. The shrimps also in my jar lay on their sides on the very surface during the night, and left it later than the snails in the morning, perhaps because their food was not green weed which would quickly give off oxygen by day.

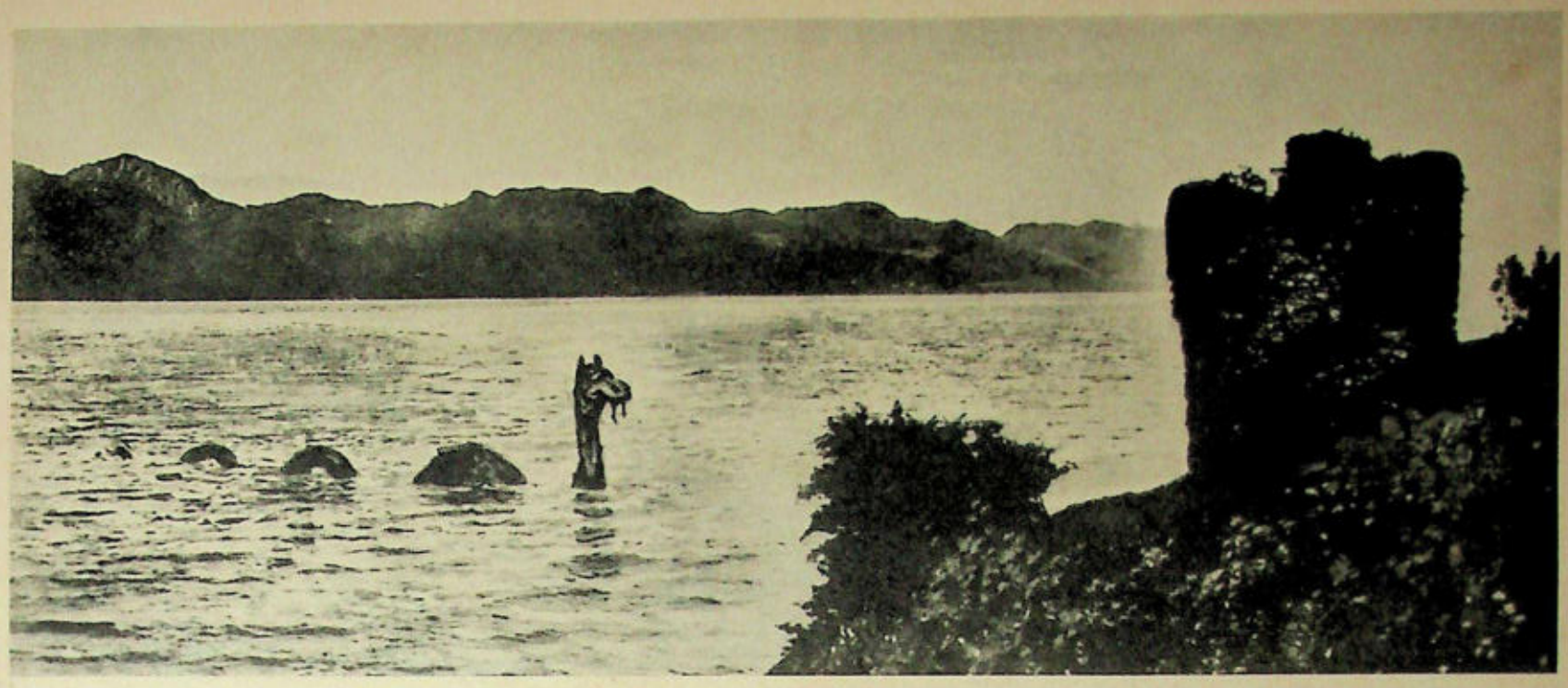
NIGHT HABITS OF TROUT

The night habits of the trout must be determined largely by local absence of oxygen caused by green weeds—either for their own breathing or for that of their prey. I have often fished till midnight at the outfall of Lough Erne. There the big trout, lying at the surface, would rise steadily and very quietly at things invisible on the tranquil lake, or would explore the very edges of its shallow beaches. The jenkinsi has not the art, like some snails, of floating to the surface by means of the air under its shell, but it often sinks when it wants a change and soon crawls up again.

These last few days of mid October have been colder than any since May. The Caddis in my jar have sunk inert. The shrimps confine themselves now to the shallow mud, perhaps because their prey has done so too. Some jenkinsi are lying on the mud, but most are eating weed more quickly as it grows more slowly. All this is a presage of winter, but the jenkinsi retains its hardy, cheery, active, prolific nature.

CURSE OR BLESSING?

It remains to be proved whether they will turn out a blessing to the fish or a curse to the dry-fly angler. This last summer of great drought the trout rose freely at smuts (duns being very scarce) in spite of the alternative food of jenkinsi, which is presumably more filling but less appetising. But I have never seen the grayling in our stream rise so little or become so hard to catch, even in October. It is not so in our Upper Derwent. They are well fed; but let us hope that their failure to rise has been due to very low water and not to these little snails which their downward-pointing mouths enable them to pick so easily off the mud where they can be seen in such tempting abundance.



AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE LOCH NESS MONSTER, BASED UPON DESCRIPTIONS BY EYEWITNESSES

THE LOCH NESS MONSTER

And Sea Serpents in General

By J. E. HAMILTON

(Of the Discovery Investigation)

RECENT reports of the presence of a monster in Loch Ness call for little criticism. Assuming that accounts of sea-serpents are based on living creatures of great size, it is impossible to believe that one of them could have passed through the various locks at either end of the Caledonian Canal and finally appeared in the fresh water.

Anyone who has had opportunities of observing logs or other vegetable matter floating among waves will at once realise that to those not used to such sights the translation of the thing seen to the thing believed in is almost incredibly easy. When opinion is supported by the occasional rearing up of a "head"—a tree root or branch—belief in the life of the object seen is unshakably confirmed.

It appears that Loch Ness has for many years been supposed to harbour a strange monster, but this sort of belief has been attached to other lochs than Loch Ness and to streams in various places. Has not Australia a water monster, the bunyip, and the Paraguay River is reported to be haunted by a large animal of great ferocity—"the yaquaru."

At this moment it may be opportune to consider other monsters, not in lochs artificially enclosed, but in the sea. They may be usefully collected under the name of sea-serpent. They have been written of and illustrated for hundreds of years, and two valiant attempts to elucidate the mystery, if there is one, have been made within recent years—the first by Dr. A. C. Oudemans (1892) and the other by Lieut.-Commander R. T. Gould (1930).

Oudemans records 162 "occurrences" and no less than 23 explanations besides his own, which in short is this, that the sea serpent is a primitive survival of an ancestor of the seals. He goes further and gives it a complete scientific name, *Megophias megophias*, and figures it, side view and back view, in the most precise fashion.

Gould's book brings the question up to date; it was published in 1930. This writer gives voluminous extracts from various reports, such as those of H.M.S. Daedalus, 1848, and Osborne, 1877, of the yacht Valhalla, 1905, and of H.M.S. Hilary, 1917, and from H.M. surveying ship Kellett in 1923 in the Thames estuary. Mr. Gould proposes not one but three monsters to explain the innumerable reports, one a long-necked seal, one a gigantic sort of turtle and one a creature corresponding approximately to Oudemans' animal.

It may be worth while to consider some of the appearances. The Daedalus monster is one of the most minutely described. It is said that the head was long, pointed, flattened at the top and perhaps 10ft. in length and that the upper jaw projected considerably. The fin was perhaps 20ft. to the rear of the head and only occasionally visible, and it was thought that another fin, on the tail, was visible another 20ft. beyond that. It was brown above and pale white beneath the chin, at any rate.

The Royal Yacht Osborne sighted a creature off the coast of Sicily in 1877, first a ridge or rather row of triangular fins, then a large head with a neck running down into shoulders about 15ft. thick, to which were attached large "flappers" about 15ft. long.

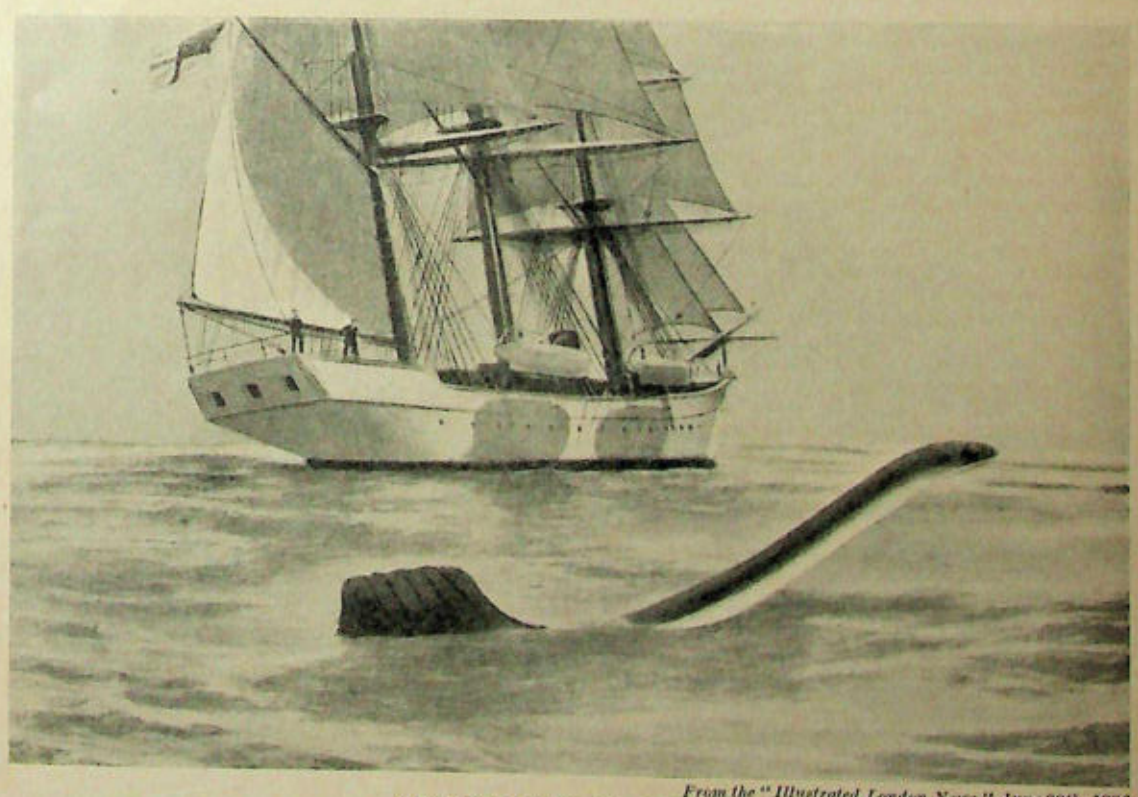
Although the reported presence of a neck is indeed an obstacle, it seems possible that this animal may have been a specimen of the humpback whale which had strayed into the Mediterranean.

The humpback whale possesses flippers of the requisite length—15ft.—and is often white beneath, as well as being black above. Now the Osborne's animal was not less than 400yds. distant at any time, and at that range it is possible that only the black parts could be seen. This would account for the appearance of the neck.

This is all very well, but it does not account for the rows of fins. One's difficulty is that of Frank Buckland, who explained the ridge of fins, but *not* the rest of the appearance, and although he attributed the fins to sharks, which are not found in the Mediterranean, they could also be explained by the presence of a congregation of dolphins. There is, nevertheless, a certain amount of mental discomfort in bringing a school of dolphins *and* a humpback whale together in order to explain the phenomenon.

The greatest objections to the supposition that the "sea serpent" is a seal-like creature are these. All seals known to us are incapable of withstanding the pressures of even moderate depths, and therefore all seals are surface animals. If the "sea serpent" is a seal, it is a surface animal, and should be much more often seen, and of course would have been collected before this, and its carcass might have been cast ashore or found floating.

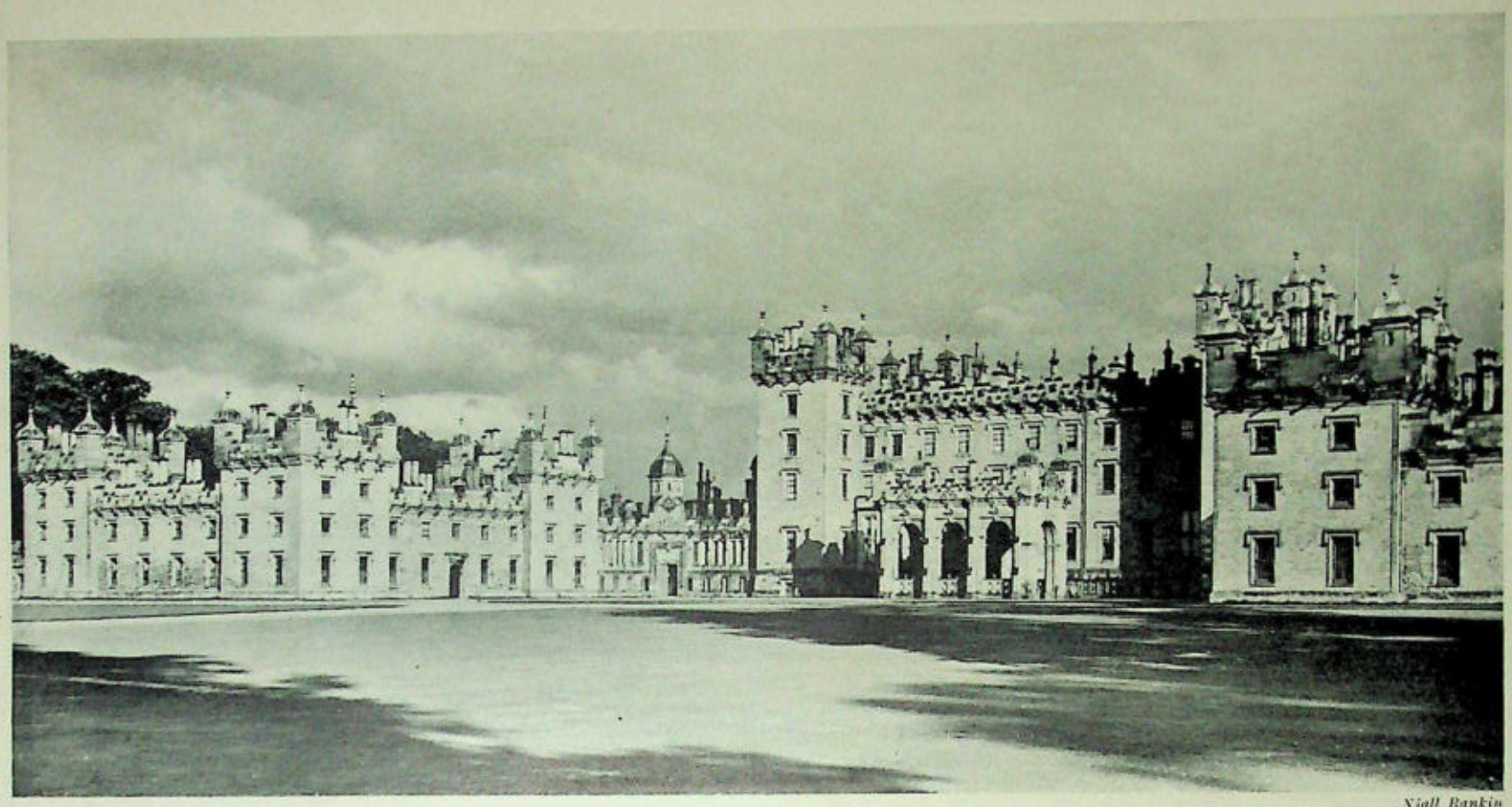
There may be, and very likely are, many large, powerful and quite unknown creatures in the depths. They may be fish or large invertebrates. An important point is this, that no deep-water net yet used has been able to catch any animal more than about 4ft. long. That very large squids exist is well known from stranded specimens, but they have never been netted. There is not the faintest chance of catching the larger creatures of the depths with the apparatus at present in use, nor will there be until some expedition devises a method. The production of the proper apparatus is almost certainly within the region of practical politics, but the expense would be very considerable.



From the "Illustrated London News," June 30th, 1906

THE VALHALLA'S SEA MONSTER

Founded on a sketch made by Mr. M. J. Nicholl of an unknown animal seen off the coast of Brazil by him and Mr. E. G. B. Meade-Waldo, during a cruise in the late Earl of Crawford's yacht the Valhalla on December 7th, 1905



Niall Rankin

FLOORS CASTLE FROM THE NORTH SIDE

Floors is one of the very few estates in the country where first-class grouse and partridge shooting, salmon fishing, and fox-hunting can be enjoyed

FAMILIES FAMOUS IN SPORT—No. 5

The Dukes of Roxburghe at Floors

Part II.

In our last issue we traced the history of Floors down to the regime of the seventh Duke. The sixth Duke started the very comprehensive shooting and fishing records which have been kept at Floors for nearly a hundred years, and which are among the most interesting in the country. For the sake of comparison we will place all the extracts from these records here in one place, and not chronologically throughout this account.

POSSIBLY the most noticeable point from the entries in the fishing records at Floors in the early days is the large number of kelts killed. It is this fact no doubt that caused the clause in servants' contracts in older days of salmon only so many times a week. Salmon fishing, of course, in very early days was not regarded as a proper pursuit for the laird. Another interesting fact would appear to be that the Tweed has changed from an autumn river to a spring river.

In 1839 we find that 162 salmon and 69 grilse were killed, including 88 kelts and 24 bagots. In 1841 we find an entry that the salmon and grilse killed October 2nd to November 6th were all clean, and the salmon of large size. One fish weighed 29lb. and another 27lb. In 1842, 178 fish were killed up to the end of April, and 182 by November. In 1846, in seventeen days in April there were killed 71 fish, of which 37 were clean salmon; in eight days in May there were 20. In 1866, 90 fish were killed to May 6th, and from September 18th onwards 31 salmon and 9 grilse. In 1891, on November 25th, 14 fish were killed by one rod in a day, and on the 28th of that month 18 were secured. Again, on November 8th, 1901, 18 fish were killed in a day, and on November 20th, 1903, the bag for one rod was 19. In 1931 General Trotter killed 20 salmon on February 19th, and Mr. Kidson had 19 salmon on April 15th in the following year.

The following extracts spread over the last three decades are of statistical interest.

	1903.		1913.		1931.	
	Fish.	lb.	Fish.	lb.	Fish.	lb.
Floors Upper Water .	276	5,145	54	676	371	3,587
Floors Lower Water .	321	5,838	57	729	237	2,163
Floors Junction Water	143	2,725	68	793	402	3,540
Sprouston Water	231	4,146	214	2,790	625	5,588
Teviot	—	—	—	—	181	1,567

In these cases the weight of the catches was being made in the spring. In 1913 at Sprouston 106 fish were caught up to the end of May, 108 in the rest of the season, the same ratio at the Junction Water being 45 to 23, at Floors Lower Water 31 to 26, and at Floors Upper Water 31 to 23. Similarly in 1931, of the 181 fish caught in the Teviot 150 were caught by the end of May; the same figures for Floors Junction being 402 fish and 373 by the end of May, at Floors Lower Water 210 by the end of May out of a total of 237, and at Floors Upper Water 314 by the end of May out of 371.

The shooting diaries and records are no less full and date from August 1834. In that year on the Twelfth the bag was 25 brace of grouse, of which the Duke shot 12 brace, Colonel O'Reilly 3 brace, Mr. James Innes 6 brace, and Mr. John Innes 8 brace. In the week 107 brace were shot. In the same year at Cessford on September 1st 17½ brace of partridges were shot to six guns, of which the Duke contributed 7 brace. Only 3 pheasants are recorded as having been shot that year.



THE SIXTH DUKE OF ROXBURGHE

In his reign the very comprehensive sporting records at Floors were begun

In a week's shooting in 1860, at the beginning of September, 192 grouse 40 partridges, 4 snipe, 3 plover and 5 wild duck, a total of 337 head, were killed, all the partridges being bagged on September 1st. In 1873 occurs the first bag of over 100 partridges in a day, "Bowmont and Jem" (Lord James Ker) bagging 101 partridges at Bowmont Water.

The bag of pheasants tells the usual tale of an upward curve common to shootings in these islands, but the pheasant shooting has never been the main stand-by at Floors. In 1835 the Duke and a keeper bagged 7 pheasants; in 1839, 33 were bagged; in 1844, 60; in 1847, 85; in 1852, 288 and in 1861, 251.

Turning to more recent years we find recorded that in 1911, to take an example, on October 10th, 11th and 12th, six guns killed 503, 569 and 265 partridges; and on the 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th of the same month 409, 520, 325 and 269 partridges were killed. The following year—1912—on August 12th, 13th, 15th and 16th, the Duke, Lord Alastair Innes Ker, the Hon. John Ward, the Hon. R. Molyneux, Sir George Boswall and R. W. Duff, Esq., bagged 1,032, 978, 873 and 734 grouse on Byrecleugh, the most productive of the Duke's moors.

In the season 1930-31, 3,482 grouse, 1,769 partridges and 1,993 pheasants were killed.

A GREAT LANDOWNER

Henry John, eighth Duke of Roxburghe, succeeded his father at the age of sixteen years, while still at Eton, going on to Sandhurst and subsequently into the Blues. It was not until his marriage in 1903 to the present Duchess of Roxburghe that he was able to spend sufficient time on his estates to enjoy the position for which he was so eminently fitted. He immediately entered not only into the enjoyment of sport, but also into the management of his property, and at once showed that ability as an administrator for which he afterwards became famous.

How could it be otherwise—with a long line of statesmen and sportsmen behind him, from his hard-riding ancestors down to his immediate forefathers? Sportsmen in the true sense are not made in a day, or even a generation; nor can claim to that title be purchased with gold. One of his first steps was to ensure that his ideas with regard to shooting would be worthily put into practice, and when he appointed Harry Bond as head gamekeeper a combination was formed which it would have been difficult to surpass.

With all the modern facilities—ejector guns had long been brought to perfection, motor cars were coming in, methods of management had been improved, the art of driving game had been thoroughly studied—everything was ready, and at the head of affairs was the late Duke of Roxburghe, and behind him, possibly, the best head gamekeeper

of his generation. The game books show that the success which was inevitable speedily rewarded the plans that had been so carefully laid.

One might go out on a day when over two or three hundred brace of partridges were to be killed, and one would see one of the ten best shots in Great Britain walking with the beaters with a stick in his hand to ensure that the best possible sport was provided for his guests.

As a salmon fisherman the late Duke of Roxburghe was justly famous, and amongst the fishermen on the Tweed there is no doubt he was unsurpassed; his knowledge of the river and all that pertains to the sport was acknowledged to be as great as that of any man of his day. Not only on Tweedside but also in Norway the Duke's skill as a fisherman was well known, and he spent some weeks every year on his River Alten. The records of the fish killed there would occupy too much space; suffice it to say that the Duke killed a salmon of 53lb. in 1926. It may be worth mentioning that the now famous salmon fly, the "Jock Scott," was first tied on the way to Norway by a fisherman in the service of the Duke's grandfather.

WITH THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH'S

We have seen how in earlier days numbers of the family were famous for their horsemanship at a time when all men rode; here was a man who in this field of sport stood out, as he did in every other sphere in which he moved. He had hunted in Leicestershire and there acquired that polish which no other school can give; but in his own country there was more to test the skill of the horseman than is required to ride over big fences on sound turf. At this time the Duke of Buccleuch's hounds had been brought to perfection under the management of Lord George Scott, brother of the present Duke of Buccleuch.

The country over which these hounds hunt comprises the whole of the Roxburghe estates, and is another instance of the fact that game and foxes can live together; it is varied in character—the low country with flying fences and the hills. As a heavyweight, the late Duke of Roxburghe could hold his own with any man in Leicestershire or elsewhere, and in what he himself once described as the "there they go country"—by which he meant the hills, where all that the foremost horseman ever saw was the last hound disappearing over the next rise—he was pre-eminent.

Tradition handed down in this home of sport from his ancestors, who could ride the hills by night in pursuit of different game, he inherited that eye for a country and the ability to make decisions instantly which mark the artist.

Over ground which the writer is prepared to bet would cause a Melton field to pull back to a walk, he sailed without apparent effort, and for that very reason was beloved by all in the whole countryside, not only those who strove to follow, but also by the shepherds and hinds who stood and rejoiced to see a thing well done.



W. A. Rouch

THE EIGHTH DUKE OF ROXBURGHE AND HIS POLO TEAM, THE MAGPIES
Left to right: Mr. R. N. Grenfell, The Duke of Roxburghe, Captain H. E. Brassey, and Mr. U. O. Thynne

The year 1914 was probably one of the best game years of recent times, but more important matters were on foot. Rejoining his old regiment on the outbreak of war, the Duke of Roxburghe was back in this country within a fortnight of having crossed the Channel, so crippled that he would never again rejoice in the stride of a thoroughbred horse, or hear the wild delirious pulse of the hoofs behind him, with the hills five miles away and every hound with its stern down.

Yet no word of complaint ever passed his lips; his wonderful charm and deep sense of humour never deserted him, no man ever found him hasty; like all true sportsmen he could overcome adversity.

Others have written about the Duke's capabilities as a polo player. A photograph appears of the Magpies, a team which took part in the tournaments of 1906, and all who remember that polo season in London will know the measure of success attained. The following year 1907 the Duke played in the Freebooters' team (composed of the Grenfell twins, Captain Jenner and himself); this team won the Champion Cup at Hurlingham in that year.

The Duke never allowed his innate love of sport to stand in the way of duty, and no man had a higher sense of the meaning of that word or did more for the country to which he belonged and loved so well. As chairman of the county council he showed powers of administration which engendered the admiration and genuine affection of every member of that body irrespective of opinion or policy, and the same thoroughness and knowledge with which he pursued all forms of sport were applied to his work as lord-lieutenant of the county and the many other public offices he held.

The death of the Duke of Roxburghe in September 1932, was a calamity which was felt over a much wider area than that comprised by his estates; something reliable and dependable had been removed; there was no man who could fill the position he occupied; but tradition lives on.



FLOORS LOWER WATER, LOOKING DOWN STREAM TO THE COACH WYND POOL

Niall Rankin

WET OR DRY: NEAR OR FAR

Reflections on Grouse Butts

By LORD DORCHESTER



STEADY AS A ROCK

Mr. Hubert Martineau demonstrates that in practice as well as theory "all dogs should be steady and non-slip." Lord Dorchester only knows of one moor where the butts are provided with tethering stakes—a problem he solves by carrying a picket peg

I HAVE never owned or leased a grouse moor, wherefore I have no right to criticise anything appertaining to its management, since this might seem to imply looking a gift horse in the mouth.

On the other hand, as a guest, I have killed grouse in Devonshire and Ross-shire and on many moors lying between these two counties, during which peregrinations I have sampled most recognised forms of concealment. The study of butts, their construction and siting is to me a matter of the greatest interest, so I am sometimes struck by the haphazard methods in vogue on some moors.

The good line of butts is taken as a matter of course, but in the case of a bad line it is always a subject of wonder why the owner or his keeper fail to recognise its shortcomings. Shortcomings that always show themselves during the course of a season, if not in the first drive, yet on some moors, year after year, the same butts are reconstructed on the same spot. Year after year such and such a butt is a bad one, but no change is made. Again, some lines are suitable only for certain wind, yet there is no alternative, though the wind may remain for a whole month in the wrong quarter.

Infinite variety is a criterion of charm—a charm that applies peculiarly to grouse butts. The good butt, the bad, the dry and well drained, the soggy horror with crumbling walls, where the shooting stick sinks over the disc and continues to descend until your head is well below seeing level. The wet and duck-boarded butt where precarious purchase is obtained between the slats or, worst of all, a plain wooden floor affording no purchase at all, either to shooting stick or hob-nailed shoes. . . .

The simple heather-thatched hurdle, or the circular stone-built omnibus with ample room for shooter, loader, dog and fair lady; the sheep-trodden mound a mere apology for a butt eloquent of an ill-kept moor and a bad keeper. . . .

Each and every one possesses an individuality of its own, and could it but speak would tell moving tales of happy or nervous anticipations, of the hopes realised or fears fulfilled of many a bygone sportsman. Add to these the wall embrasured by the simple method of pulling down a few stones, or a glorified rabbit scrape hastily improvised among the peat hags and the list is almost complete.

In theory, all dogs are steady and non-slip; in practice the majority should be anchored during a grouse drive, and yet I know of but one moor where the butts are provided with tethering stakes. In times past I have tied my dog to myself, to my cartridge bag, or my shooting stick; I have been jerked out of my swing, and I have seen bag or stick careering over the heather, from which it may be inferred that I prefer dash to steadiness. So I do, although a combination of such qualities is not incompatible, only in my case want of pence or patience is the real reason why my dog is not perfection. Now, however, I solve the problem by carrying a picket peg.

So much for butts *qua* butts. Now as to their siting. Here again the variety is great, too great even to touch upon in general, so I will content myself by describing my two favourites.

Pleasure taking precedence of business, give me



IN A DIP OF THE HILLSIDE

"I can shoot best with only a short horizon"

a butt on a nice gentle slope; so placed that I can see and appreciate the performance of the whole line, and also the whole drive. A two-mile view to the front enables me to pick out the widely extended beaters, converging, oh so slowly! upon their objective. From time to time I note the flags of flankers raised or lowered as occasion demands, and coveys too, appearing and disappearing. This is pure joy, and a never-failing interest even if I personally do not get a shot. If it is a case of business, I know I can shoot best with only a short horizon and, above all, I like to have a knoll some 50yds. to my front, which serving as a screen from the advancing beaters, may attract birds to seek its shelter at the end of their flight. Fifty yards is far enough, otherwise there is danger of birds pitching and going back when scared by the shooting.

I recall a butt and knoll so situated, upon which every covey seemed to converge coming nicely into range, and never before or since have I loosed off so many cartridges.

Another line comes to mind where the lowest butt rests on the edge of a burn, and thence at 40yds. interval the others climb a face so steep and rocky that the approach is by steps rather than by a path. Here the top gun overlooks his friends from the edge of a precipice, and a low bird for number three is out of shot of number one.

My pet abomination in the way of siting are butts placed too far apart. Such butts are a source of danger if a shooter happens to be excitable or careless.

If a bird is coming on a line equi-distant between two butts placed 80yds. apart he is a long shot for both guns even at the nearest point, *i.e.*, exactly between the two butts. The humane sportsman will not shoot at all, his less humane but careful neighbour will try him in front at about 100yds., while the eager or careless gun will wait to get him at the nearest and apparently safest spot just short of the danger zone, and Heaven help his neighbours if he makes a miscalculation! This grave danger is much increased if birds are coming thick and fast, when even the safest shot may have a lapse.

Good, bad or indifferent, I never sit in a butt without comparing it with the hundreds of others that I have known, speculating at the same time upon who may have occupied it before me and who in due course shall follow.



TAKING ONE BEHIND

"And above all I like to have a knoll some fifty yards to my front"

PARTRIDGE SHOOTING AMONG THE CHALK PITS



AN UNUSUAL SETTING FOR A DRIVE: LORD HOLLENDEN TAKING A HIGH SHOT AS THE BIRDS COME OVER THE CHALK PITS AT MR. T. H. ROBERTS'S SHOOT AT HOLBOROUGH, SNODLAND KENT



LOOKING OVER THE LINE OF GUNS IN A RIDE UNDER A HIGH BANK



"HE WAS BENDING OVER ONE OF THE SNARES WHEN WE MADE OUR RUSH"

NIGHTS AFTER POACHERS

No. 1—Will Brewer and His Snares

AN old gamekeeper of ours, who was known to everyone as Jake, used to divide poachers into three classes: the native, the gypsy, and the tramp. From the tramp he had little trouble, but the native and the gypsy were a constant source of anxiety. The native, as the name implies, was the villager, and these Jake had ample time to study at his leisure. Every poacher has his methods and his little fads. Some use nets, some snares, and some even guns. One night we caught a bold spirit carrying an old hammer gun and a bag containing twelve brace of pheasants, all of them hens. The hen always roosts below the cock, and the fellow had quite naturally taken the easiest shot. Jake made short work of him. Then, each poacher has his particular kind of night. There was one who only came when there was a moon, and another who favoured wind and rain, and so on. But one and all Jake knew their little ways, and there were few who had not seen the inside of a cell from his unwearying efforts.

One day I paid the old man a visit, and found him near a big rabbit warren, contemplating some tracks in the grass. It was about nine o'clock of a winter morning with the dew still thick, and they showed up plainly enough. I asked him what was the matter, and he shook his head slowly. "Will Brewer's been around," he said, naming a notorious poacher. I asked him what he was going to do, he said he intended to stop up that night. I had never been out after poachers, and the opportunity seemed too good to be missed. I said as much, and Jake laughed. But beyond remarking that it would be infernally cold, and that I had better wrap up, he took no exception to my offer. So it was settled.

I spent most of that day thinking what I should do if I found myself alone with the redoubtable Brewer. I knew him well, a tall, heavy man, often to be seen against the village inn, and it seemed to me that the two of us would have our work cut out. However, that night, after a hasty supper, I changed into my warmest things; thick tweeds, and overcoat, and a long hunting mac belted over the lot. I must have looked rather like an Eskimo as I strode up to the keeper's cottage.

Jake was ready when I arrived, wrapped in a night coat, and carrying a thick stick. He told me that Brewer would have set his snares by now, and that it would be quite safe for us to go to the warren. He always made his preparations before dark, and returned shortly after midnight.

Then, when Jake had professed his approval of my kit, we set off across the fields to the warren. It was a long walk, and I was glad when we arrived under the shelter of a thick thorn hedge, which was to be our camp for the night. Here we lay down, and Jake showed me a gap in the bottom of it, just big enough for a man to crawl through. It made an excellent look-out place, and from it I could just distinguish the slopes of the warren, and a regular line of what appeared to be faint white chalk marks, showing at intervals of five or six yards. These, I was told, were squares of white paper marking the snares. Will Brewer was a quick worker, and after driving the rabbits down their runs into his snares, he liked to make no mistake as to their exact position.

Then began the wait. For the first hour I was lively enough, and lay staring out through the gap in the fence, imagining I could see all sorts of things moving in the field beyond. It was a fine starlit night with no moon, and every bush and tussock of grass seemed to be alive. During the next hour we had recourse to the flask, as the cold was terrible. But the chief discomfort of the night was not being allowed to smoke. "Will's got a nose like a stoat," said old Jake when I tried to produce my case. It was nearly one o'clock, and I was just beginning to snooze in spite of the cold, when my arm was gripped as a rabbit stamped out in the field. Then there was a shrill squeal as a snare did its work, and the old keeper slipped noiselessly through the hedge. I followed as quietly as possible, and we lay down to wait on the other side. Rabbits were flying in all directions, and I could just make out the dark form of the poacher coming towards us. Nearer and nearer he came, and he was just bending down over one of the snares, when we made our rush. Few poachers I have met with have put up much of a fight, and Will Brewer was no exception. We soon over-powered him and led him off to the town.

Confirmed reprobate though he was, Will had a sense of humour, and a mile or so from the town he quietly informed us that we were bound by law to take him to court in a conveyance. Jake was thunderstruck at this piece of impudence, but he recovered himself quickly enough. "I've only a wheelbarrow at home," he said, "and I'm damned if I'll push you four miles in that!"

"WESSEX."

ROUND THE WORLD WITH A SHOT GUN

No. 15—Chile and Trinidad

SOME interesting shooting can be had in the estuary of the Guemales River, which is some seventy miles up the Baker Channel in the Gulf of Penas, where a mixed bag of guemal in the scrub and trees, and duck and geese in swamps and mudflats, can be got. Walking over the mudflats has to be done with caution, as they contain many dangerous quicksands which will engulf a person after the first warning quiver.

There is little shooting to be had from Valparaiso, but one very good lagoon exists about an hour's journey from Valpo which has a deservedly big reputation for duck. This neighbourhood is on the main route of migration to Peru of the golden plover, and they rest here generally for the last fortnight of May. Unfortunately, however, they are hardly worth shooting, as they are then very thin and in very bad condition.

The best shooting in Chile is probably in the vicinity of Maullin, which is just north of the island of Chiloe. It is a dirty little place, and clean accommodation is difficult to find. It is also very inaccessible, being two-and-a-half hours' ride from Carelmapu, which in itself can only be reached by road from Puerto Montt or from Ancud in a steamboat. The sea here is very dangerous, especially during a "weather tide," so calm weather is essential for the trip. Practically all the country between Carelmapu and Maullin consists of marsh and swamp, and is ideal holding ground for duck and snipe. In order to get good bags, however, it is imperative to choose March and April for the visit, when black-headed swan, widgeon and teal are there in great numbers, in addition to other widfowl. The mudflats on the Maullin River abound with wimbrel, which at flighting time provide excellent sport. The estuaries both up and down river from Maullin will also well repay exploration, but these can only be done successfully in flat-bottomed boats.

There is a small place called Nutria some way down river from Maullin, where there is a large island covered with coarse grass and intersected by a gridiron of ditches. Do not miss this locality, as, although the cover is sparse, it abounds with waterfowl, which afford excellent shooting if the guns are well separated. The chief difficulty experienced will be gathering the birds, as the mud is very deep and difficult to wade through.

CRUSOE'S ISLAND

Juan Fernandez is better known for its crayfish and sea fishing than it is for shooting, yet, if for nothing else, its fame as Robinson Crusoe's island entitles it to some mention in this series. Cumberland Bay is the only anchorage, and is the only portion that is inhabited. The island is densely wooded and grows the most wonderful plants and fruits. Game and bird life are, however, scarce, but really excellent rock pigeon shooting can be had. The cliffs are very high, and the only practical method is to shoot them from a boat, which method produces the most difficult shot imaginable on account of the movement of the boat in the swell and the difficulty of judging the distance of the birds over the water.

There are several wild goat in the island which are supposed to be the descendants of those landed there by the famous seaman Valdes. French Bay is the best place from which to commence operations against them, but the going is very bad and entails some very strenuous climbing. The finer the weather the higher up the hills are the goats to be found, but on approach of bad weather they descend much lower, and in this way act as a very accurate barometer.

There is some very excellent shooting to be had in this island at the large pigeon which sometimes come over in thousands from Venezuela during the winter months. The pigeon, however, which is found all over the island, is about the size of a turtle dove and go about in large flocks. If you take the trouble to keep acquainted with their feeding grounds, which they are constantly changing, very good sport can be had at them as they flight into the trees close at hand to roost.

There is a good duck lagoon in the middle of the Caroni Swamp, on the Chagnauco road. Shooting conditions, though, are very difficult, as the reeds often come over one's head and the water sometimes up to one's waist. It is consequently nearly impossible to pick up any birds, unless a boy is attached to each gun to act as a retriever.

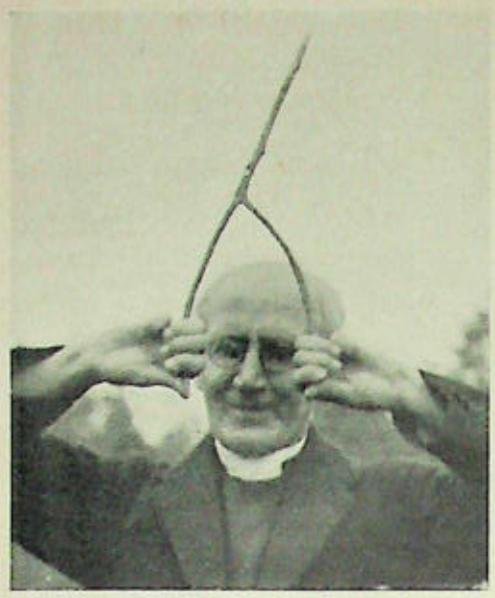
PINTAIL.

The Tredegar Hounds.—Arrangements have been made whereby Viscount Tredegar's Hounds will be continued until the end of the year. After January 1st, 1934, the pack will become a subscription one, known as the Tredegar Hounds, and the country will be hunted under the sole Mastership of Mr. C. C. Williams, of Llanrumney Hall.

EXPERIMENTS IN WATER DIVINING

A Test and Its Result

By CHEVIOT



The way the twig is held



TRACING THE LINE OF AN UNDERGROUND STREAM



Joining the fingers destroys the "power"

FOR years past I had wanted to assure myself as to the truth about water-divining. I had read much, I had heard much; I wanted to see and know for myself. And so I set about the task of trying to find a professed water-diviner who would come and visit me on ground chosen by myself, who would work over an area with which he would be quite unfamiliar, who would let me watch him closely, and who would find, or would not find, water—or would tell me, at all events, where water could be found.

I found the task oddly difficult. If I advertised, I knew that I should get replies, but then I should have the task of selection, of entering on correspondence which would take up time, and possibly of having to verify references and testimonials. There were other reasons, one being that I did not want to sink a well, merely to watch to see where a well might be sunk. So I tried to hear privately of a water-diviner who would be willing to spend, possibly to waste, his time on my experiment. I failed with one after another. One was too busy, a second became ill, a third wrote that he might be able to make an appointment later on. It was not so simple as it sounded.

And then a letter was put into my hands which I saw at once gave me my opportunity. It was a private letter, not written to myself, but stating the terms on which the writer would undertake to try to find water. It came from a clergyman, the Rev. C. R. Hall, Rector of North Waltham, Hampshire, who some years ago found that he possessed the gift of divining where water was to be found, and who had proved his capacity by finding water in certain places for certain persons and public bodies, with the consequence that in each case wells had been sunk and an abundant supply provided. These successes I could verify. Further, I was attracted by his terms, which were that he wanted no fee for himself, but that he would charge his out-of-pocket expenses and a fee of two guineas, asking for an additional gift if he found the required water, the money to be spent on schemes for benefiting objects in his parish, such as the school, the boys' club, and so on.

This was just what I wanted, and the visit was easily arranged. Mr. Hall drove over to spend the afternoon with me, and I took him over the ground I had chosen. I live on the side of a hill, on sandy soil which in one direction lies over Bargate stone, and in another is packed with ironstone like a cake with currants. Through this sand and ironstone runs a vein of sticky, clayey sand which bakes in drought to a consistency which is quite unworkable, and in wet weather oozes like a sponge. This vein runs from above the house under it and out into the field below a strip of hazel which borders the garden.

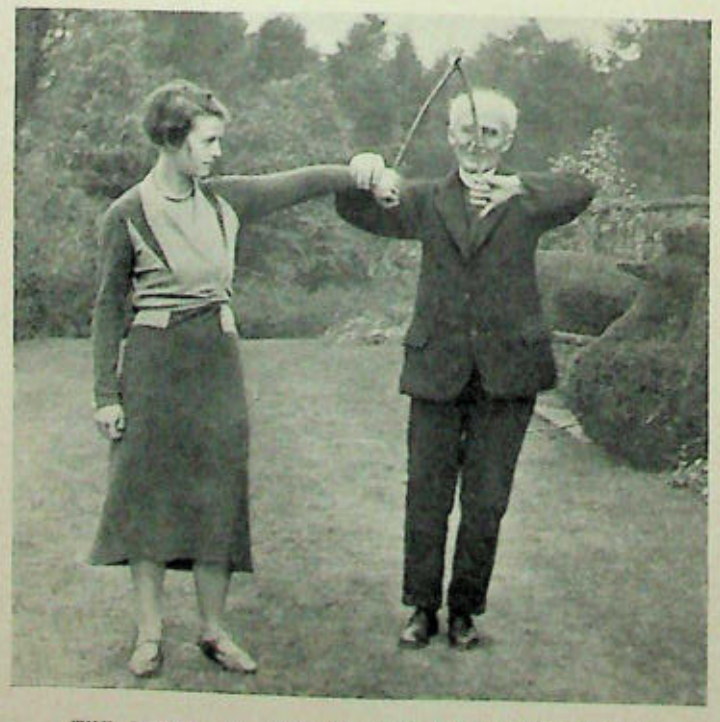
I told Mr. Hall that there was a vein of this kind running down the hill, but I did not tell him where it was. He expressed no opinion as to whether this indicated an underground stream, but set out in the wood above the house to look for water. To do this he held above his head, as the illustrations show, a fork of crab apple with the point upwards. He walked rapidly in various directions, but nothing appeared to happen. Then suddenly, as he changed direction, he made an exclamation, bent forward, ran a short distance, and stopped with a jerk. "There's something here," he said, and went over the ground in the same way again, when the same thing happened. The fork, he explained, bent forward, pulling so hard that he was compelled to run, or he would hurt his wrists. The pressure was irresistible, it dragged him forward.

This was before lunch. After lunch he tried on the other side of the house. He walked rapidly for some distance over the lawn, then, as before, ran forward, stopped with what was almost a shout, panting, and wet with exertion. He tested this line several times, and always the same thing happened at the same place. The fork wrenched him forward. He was sure that there was an underground stream.

I asked him a question he had not expected. Could he find water by walking backwards? He had never thought of such a thing; he could try. He did try, and could not run backwards fast enough for the pull—he stopped with a cry of pain, and nearly fell on the back of his head.

He told me that a weaker fork would snap in his hands. I cut him one of green hazel, which twisted and bent but did not break. I cut another of thin dry hazel, which snapped *above* the place at which he held it. Nothing but an outside force could have snapped it—there was no leverage by which he could have broken it.

We came to what was to my mind a conclusive test. In the field below the house he first located water three times running to the same few inches of hedge bank. Then I took him over the field, which he could not see from the lawn, and from which he could not see the house. At a particular



THE POWER OF DIVINING CANNOT BE TRANSMITTED
Contact with another person also affects the diviner



AN EXPERIMENT IN WALKING BACKWARDS
As the diviner was over water this resulted in his arms being forced over his head

spot he began as before to run suddenly forward and pulled up with a jerk, flushed and wet. He tested this spot over again and the same thing happened. And what he did not know was that the spot above the house in the wood, the spot on the lawn, and the spot in the field, were all in the same line, and all following the streak of sticky sand whose course I knew, but he did not.

I am quite convinced. If it were only the coincidence of striking this vein three times, without knowing where it was, I should have considered he had proved his powers. But no one watching him closely could fail to see clearly that he was being pulled, through the point of the fork, by some immense, irresistible force outside him. The point of the fork *insisted* on bending towards the earth, and his wrists, of which you could watch the straining muscles, could not prevent it from doing so.

I had not meant to sink a pipe, but I am much tempted. For at present I have to lay water on to my rock garden, and a pipe where he found the water below the house would give me a chain of pools fed by a natural supply. I might even make a trout stream.

FAULTS IN WELSH RUGBY

Searching for Internationals

AN opportunity to draw a few comparisons between English and Welsh Rugby occurred at Blackheath last Saturday, when Cardiff were the visitors and lost a very closely contested game by two goals (one dropped) to a try. It is well known that Welsh teams do not find much inspiration in the comparatively decorous atmosphere of London Rugby grounds. One might almost say that the atmosphere of Blackheath is a little chilling to visiting teams ; it lacks the intimate air of most other grounds, and the spectators are inclined to be partisan. "Come on, the Club!" is heard a little too frequently.

Still, Blackheath must be given credit for leading the way in organisation. They were practically the first club to inaugurate punctual starts, as, I believe, they are the first club to introduce a timing device in the shape of a large clock dial on which a pointer, starting at 12 o'clock at the beginning of each half, ticks off the minutes as the game progresses. This can be clearly seen all over the ground.

Like most Welsh sides, Cardiff no doubt are a more formidable proposition when they can get a little inspiration from the crowd. I remember seeing them beaten at Blackheath last year, but they gained a very decisive victory when Blackheath visited Cardiff later on. On Saturday the side ought to have won. They did not because they missed their opportunities. Conversely, Blackheath won because they seized theirs. That was the main difference between the teams, but there were others no less interesting. Blackheath, whose game is as typically English as any club's, gave an admirable illustration of short passing well backed up when they scored their try. The ball was passed here and there as one player after another reinforced the last man to receive the ball, until finally the Welsh defence was beaten simply by the number of passes made and H. Rees, the stand-off half, had a clear run in to ground the ball between the posts.

SHORT PUNTING A FAILURE

Cardiff did not back up their passing with the same intuition as Blackheath. They put more faith in the short punt ahead and rarely looked like breaking through with it. This manœuvre, in fact, now has much less chance of success than it used to have because of the quickness with which forwards cut back across the field to intercept the three-quarters. Among English clubs the short punt ahead has fallen so much into disuse that players have almost lost the art of making it properly. Cardiff generally did it very skilfully, but more often than not lost the ball.

The scrummaging of the Welsh forwards was good. In the loose the Blackheath pack used their feet the better, and A. G. Cridlan showed how fine a forward and how dashing a captain he is. At scrum-half Cardiff had an advantage, M. J. Turnbull showing many glimpses of the cleverness which got him into the Welsh team last season. Cardiff had two other internationals in the three-quarter line, Graham Jones and A. H. Jones, but neither showed outstanding form. Among the Blackheath backs, A. L. Novis was the only international, and with the few opportunities that came his way he lived up to his last year's revival, which came so opportunely for England.

H. Rees, at stand-off half for Blackheath, also attracted attention by his good all-round play. In addition to scoring the try, he obtained Blackheath's dropped goal—his third so far this season. A. W. U. Roberts made the most of his fine physique at centre three-quarter and is well worth watching.

On the evidence of this match it seems that Welsh Rugby is no better than it was last season, when Cardiff had indisputably the best back division among the Welsh clubs. This season Cardiff have beaten Swansea twice, Gloucester and Pontypool, and lost to Newport, who in turn have been beaten by Llanelly, the club with the best record in Welsh Rugby last year. The international selectors have been placed in something of a quandary by the rise of other Welsh clubs, and the teams chosen for the first trial, which takes place this Saturday, are remarkable for two things—the few internationals selected and the wide range of clubs represented. There are only six internationals in the teams chosen and the players are drawn from seventeen clubs, Bridgend and Penarth having the most with four players each.

The omission of W. Wooller, who created such a stir last season when as a schoolboy he made a brilliant début in the Welsh team at Twickenham, is doubtless due to the fact that he is busily engaged at Cambridge, where his Blue seems a foregone conclusion. But the Welsh selectors are evidently intent on combing every possible source for likely players. They have often been criticised for failing to make the most of their material, and Wales



W. WOOLLER, LAST SEASON'S WELSH SCHOOLBOY INTERNATIONAL

His exclusion from the Welsh Trial to-day is due to his being busily engaged at Cambridge, where his Blue seems a foregone conclusion

would probably benefit from a more definite policy of selection. But it is disheartening to the selectors to see so many players going over to the professional Rugby League clubs.

This is becoming a more and more serious drain on Welsh Rugby and must retard the recovery of the national status in International Rugby. The victory over England last year—the first ever achieved by Wales at Twickenham—ought to have given a great fillip to enthusiasm, but in the later matches the side fell back into mediocrity.

F. I. W.

UMPIRING AT LAWN TENNIS

A Way to Efficiency

By J. E. COLLETT

CONSIDERED as a whole, umpiring and lining in big lawn tennis this year has improved, both at home and abroad. Sundry instances of untowardness have occurred, but these are inevitable, for the eye or judgment of an umpire or linesman is as fallible as the eye or judgment of a player. But players and umpires are getting a more thorough realisation of each other's difficulties, and the rather "sticky" official attitude towards the various questions involved is being broken down. Mutual respect, that primary essential, is growing.

The principal barrier to the obvious necessity for the establishment of an authoritative and recognised body of umpires has been the existence "from the beginning" of a number of people who had acquired a kind of squatter's right to a chair or a line at Wimbledon during the championships. Among them were many who were inefficient.

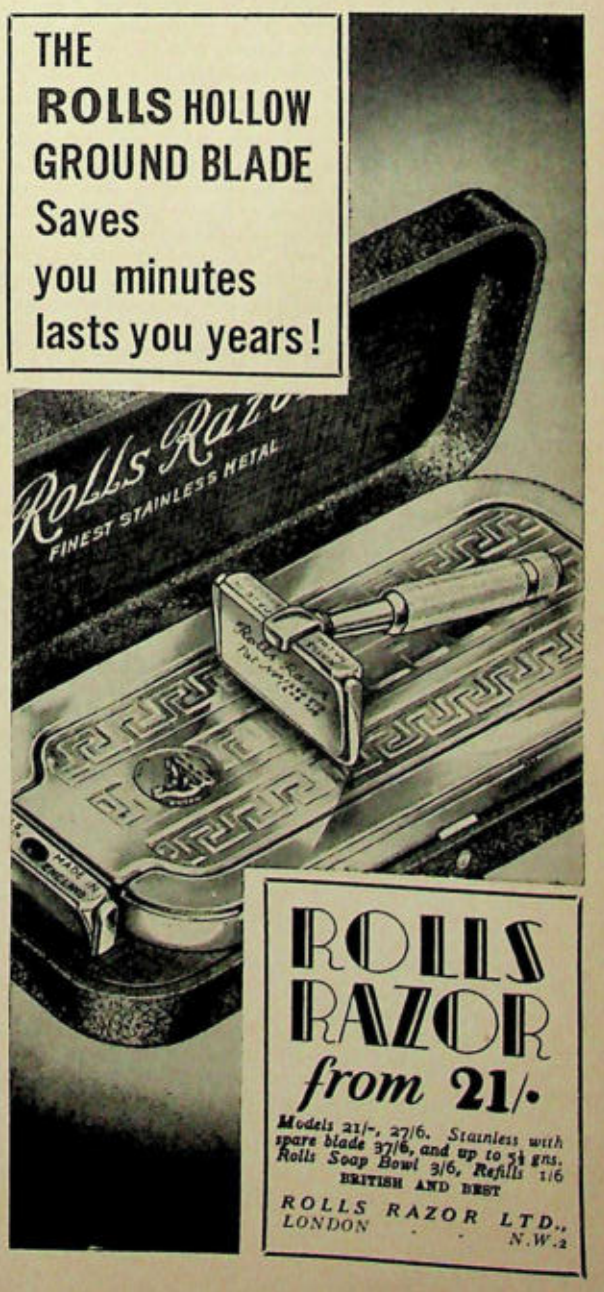
This was becoming a scandal, so a system has recently been adopted by the management under which inefficiency is being weeded out, whether represented by "squatter" or newcomer. But the process is a long one, and in the course of the championships this year there was some dissatisfaction regarding the distribution and conduct of the matches.

This, again, is inevitable. There is no official ranking of umpires, but there is an organisation called the Lawn Tennis Umpires' Association, which for several years has been making a determined effort to put things in order, not at Wimbledon alone, but in the game generally in this country.

For various reasons, official recognition and support has been given grudgingly to the Association. Among its members there were, and are, good and bad umpires ; many umpires, recognised as good, would not join. It is even now by no means a 100 per cent. affair. On the other hand, international matches have been entrusted to it by the L.T.A. with gratifying results, and where it has not functioned the results have not been as satisfactory.

So far, the Umpires' Association can be regarded as only comprehensive enough to tackle in detail a portion of the tremendous amount of work to be done, but there would appear to be no reason why the few hindrances in the way of establishing it as a national body should not be surmounted.

The outstanding problem of finance in connection with a voluntary and amateur body of workers could in the present position of the L.T.A. easily be overcome. A casual examination of their published accounts exhibits an item which has become an anachronism—the 2/– poll tax on competitors in tournaments. On a question of remission or reversion to its original object—the betterment of the game with particular reference to the tournament (and sooner or later the question must arise)—no apparent objection could be raised to the use of this annual amount as a subsidy for the Umpires' Association, after, but not before, constituting it an official organisation and affiliating it to similar bodies in other countries.



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, Student of Wild Life and Nature Lover. 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.

BRIDLE TRACKS

SIR,—The National Horse Association would like to remind all your readers who are interested in horses and riding of the urgent need to put at the disposal of their local authorities any special knowledge they may possess of local bridle tracks.

The Rights of Way Act, 1932, which comes into force at the end of this year, seeks to remove the present difficulty and expense which faces the public in proving its claims to footpaths and bridle tracks. It also enables landowners to obtain more easily recognition of their right to stop up such ways and tracks if, in their view, they should not be public.

This is why, on the advice of the Commons, Open Spaces and Footpaths Preservation Society, almost all local authorities are scheduling at the present time the various public rights of way which exist in their areas. Obviously, however, there is a very real danger that many bridle tracks will be overlooked, especially if only used occasionally, or at all, in recent years.

Lovers of riding should, therefore, bestir themselves and ensure that in any maps of public rights of way which are being compiled by local authorities, all tracks which are legally bridle ways should be shown as such. If riders have any difficulties in this respect, or come across any ways which there is good reason to believe are public bridle ways, but which are obstructed or have surfaces unsuitable for horses, it would be well for them to get in touch with this association in order that the matter may be, if necessary, taken up with those responsible.

Yours faithfully,

12, Hanover Square, London, W. 1. R. A. BROWN.

CANINE HYSTERIA

SIR,—In reply to your correspondent "Radius" in his letter to the *Field* of October 7th, I should like to say that I agree with him entirely that hysteria is neither "infectious nor contagious," as at the time of my bitch's attacks she would be running in the paddock with several other bitches, mostly Cairns, when, without the slightest warning she would be raving with hysteria, and although this happened on several occasions not one of the others were in any way affected either then or since. "Radius" may recollect in my letter to the *Field* that the bitch in question was the mother of pups (six dogs) which were three weeks old at the time of her first attack. I must admit that I did not give a "bumper" dose of castor oil, but just before whelping she had had a normal dose, and for at least a month before a daily tablespoonful of liquid paraffin. With regard to feeding, besides biscuits and bones, a hound meal made by a firm who specialise in dog foods, and in whom I have every confidence on the score of purity, but, and this is where "Rusticus" strikes the nail "packed in linen bags! If only our manufacturers could see their way to packing their foods in tins, I feel sure it would be better in every way. I think with "Rusticus" that probably inbreeding has also something to do with it.

Yours truly,

Essex. BREEDER.

RHINO POACHING

SIR,—In a new illustrated French newspaper *Au delà des Mers*, which has just come to my notice, I find on page 24 of the June 1933 issue the report given by a well-known French sportsman of his recent shooting trip to Uganda, Kenya and Tanganyika. He states how plentiful game is, thanks to the English game laws, and hopes the French authorities will recognise how urgent it is to adopt similar measures for game protection in the French colonies.

He goes on to say that, although English shooting restrictions are rigidly enforced, nevertheless poaching takes place on a big scale. He mentions, for instance, that in the Karangwe district, a band of European poachers have been able to kill 600 rhino, and on being found out this slaughter party were fined a mere £50, after which they were able to procure new shooting licences.

Can such a thing be possible? This seems so extraordinary to me that I write to ask your opinion and that of other readers.

Yours truly,

MAX DE JAUNEZ.

Sarreguemines (Moselle).

[As the matter raised is of importance, we will record the facts here. Some of them have already been mentioned in the *Field*.

A few years ago there was a disgraceful slaughter of black rhinoceros in the extreme N.W. corner of Tanganyika Territory adjoining Uganda and Belgian Ruanda. Two Italians were caught and convicted; the sentences imposed, however, were quite inadequate when it is realised that the offenders had got away with the proceeds of at least 600 illegally killed rhinoceros at a time when the horn of this beast had a market value of about 30/- per lb.

These same men have resided in this region ever since. One was, it is said, working at one of the Ankole tin mines, and was refused any game licence by the Uganda authorities.

In 1930 the Uganda Government placed a Customs post in S.W. Ankole on the Belgian Ruanda border, and arrangements were made to watch the amount of rhino horns passing through in transit.

Rumours having recently reached us with regard to a recurrence of poaching by the same two men referred to above, inquiries were instituted at the frontier customs post regarding the rhino horns passing through in transit.

The results of this inquiry are as follows:

RHINOCEROS HORNS IMPORTED FROM BELGIAN RUANDA IN TRANSIT AT MERAMA HILL CUSTOMS POST, ANKOLE.

	Quantity in lbs.	Value in Shs.	Cts.
1930	1,904	12,250	00
1931	Nil	—	—
1932	2,084	16,355	00
1933 up to June 12th	2,743	27,305	00

This probably represents some 200 rhinoceros.

The revelation is very distressing for all know how rapidly the rhinoceros is disappearing from Africa. It is reported that all the consignments of horns over the border have been accompanied by the necessary official documents issued by the authorities in the Belgian Congo.

Inquiries are now being made from the Uganda Customs to ascertain from what station or stations in the Belgian Congo the permits to export emanate.

As it is most unlikely that such large numbers of rhino have been legitimately killed on game licences, the matter is, it would appear, worthy of some inquiry by the Government of the Belgian Congo, whose interest in their wild life is so commendable.—ED.]

ADDERS SWALLOWING YOUNG

SIR,—If, in the circumstances narrated by you in your editorial note in the *Field* of October 7th (p. 913), an independent body of witnesses were to discover a young adder in the gullet or stomach of an adult adder, after the neck of the latter had been tied up, it would occasion no surprise to scientists. On the contrary, it would only serve to confirm what herpetologists, far from disbelieving, readily admit.

It is well known that many snakes, other than confirmed snake eaters, will occasionally devour other snakes, their own young included, and this is by no means an infrequent occurrence in vivaria. Many, though not all, vipers are viviparous, and the two commonest Indian species, Russell's viper (*Vipera russelli*) and the saw-scaled-viper (*Echis carinata*), have both deposited young in my vivaria in India, and subsequently devoured some of their own offspring. The same observation has been made by many others who keep snakes in captivity in India, and other countries.

There are abundant instances of snakes devouring one another in a state of liberty, and it would be a matter of surprise if some one now and again did not observe this practice in this country. The English adder (*Vipera berus*) is viviparous, and it is not an uncommon event for a female approaching the end of cycesis to be encountered and killed. If the abdomen is ruptured, sometimes the young snakes will burst their cauls, and emerge from the abdominal rents. All this is common knowledge.

Where herpetologists are sceptical is in the claim made by some, that living young found in the abdomen have been assembled there by the mother swallowing her brood to give it protection in the face of danger. This is a surmise made by people ignorant of the anatomical structure of the body, and based on the two observations of fact, the swallowing of young snakes, and the escape of living young snakes in certain circumstances from the injured abdomen.

Scientists know there is no passage out of the alimentary tract into the abdominal cavity in snakes any more than in other animals, and we know full well that a young snake devoured by its parent is never destined to see the light of day again, but will pass into the stomach and be digested there. It has no other possible destiny.

Yours truly,

F. WALL (Colonel, retired).

Tonbridge.

[We still lack evidence of young adders found in the stomach of their parent.—ED.]

LOCH LOMOND AS A PIKE LAKE

SIR,—Loch Lomond has always contained, besides salmon, sea trout and trout, a stock of pike. These fish are kept down in numbers by systematic netting on the part of the lessees of the fishings, the Loch Lomond Angling Improvement Association. There are, however, parts of the loch which are incapable of being readily netted and which have always been, and probably always will be, strongholds of pike.

My committee do not believe that these predatory fish are greatly more numerous now than they have always been, but during the past summer it has been demonstrated that the new methods of spinning with light tackle are capable of yielding excellent, if not remarkable, sport with pike.

For example, Mr. Montague B. Mulligan, Balloch, a member of the association's committee, has between June 16th and September 21st (but missing six weeks) captured thus 62 pike, weighing 446lb. His best take for any one day was nine pike, weighing 74lb., and the best fish taken in the period stated weighed 17¾lb., 16½lb., 16lb. and 15lb.

It must be remembered that this sport has only been practised in the spare time of a few anglers who are all primarily salmon anglers. They essay it only when weather conditions are quite unsuitable for salmon angling, and only during the salmon season, which is not the best pike fishing season.

My committee are anxious to develop this form of angling on Loch Lomond, not only as likely to give good sport to pike-fishing enthusiasts, but also to keep in check the numbers of large pike which prey on the sea-going smolts in spring. Accordingly I have been instructed to issue, on application, permits authorising anyone to fish our preserves for pike during the ensuing close season for salmon and sea trout, which begins on November 1st.

I may add that there need be no difficulty in obtaining boats and skilled boatmen at the best centres, and that the excellent hotels and inns in the neighbourhood will have ceased to be under the pressure of the Highland summer season, but will, from October onwards, be able to offer accommodation to anglers at most reasonable terms.

I am, etc.,

Cleveland Bank, Luss. HENRY LAMOND (Secretary, Loch Lomond Angling Improvement Association).

HEAD AND BODY SHOTS AT ELEPHANT

SIR,—I read with interest the letter "Head and Body Shots at Elephant," in your issue of July 22nd, and wished I had had the benefit of the writer's experience a few months before. At that time I was hunting elephant in the Eket (Calabar) district of Southern Nigeria.

I carried a .450 double-barrelled rifle, and my orderly a .303; it was my first experience of the elephant in its own country. On one occasion I got to within 15yds. of a bull who stood feeding from the leaves and branches in a dense thicket. A young bull was with him, but no females. I aimed at the centre of his ear and, except for a natural swing away from the impact, he went straight down as I fired.

I approached to within 5yds. as he struggled to get up, and gave him a second charge from the .450 and then two from the .303 in the soft spot above the trunk between the eyes. The trackers, scared by the shots and the noise of the falling trees brought down by the elephant as he struggled, had bolted, and as it was dusk and we were several miles from our village, my orderly and I had to leave the carcase and hurry home.

The next morning my orderly went off at 5 a.m. to see that the natives did not mutilate the elephant, and I followed with the chiefs at sunrise. To my amazement, when we arrived within half a mile of the spot, we were met by an excited mob of natives, who proceeded, with much pantomime, to tell us that the elephant was alive and standing up—and it was so. He stood in the clearing of his own making and his trunk was swinging slowly to and fro. He was having difficulty in keeping his eyes open.

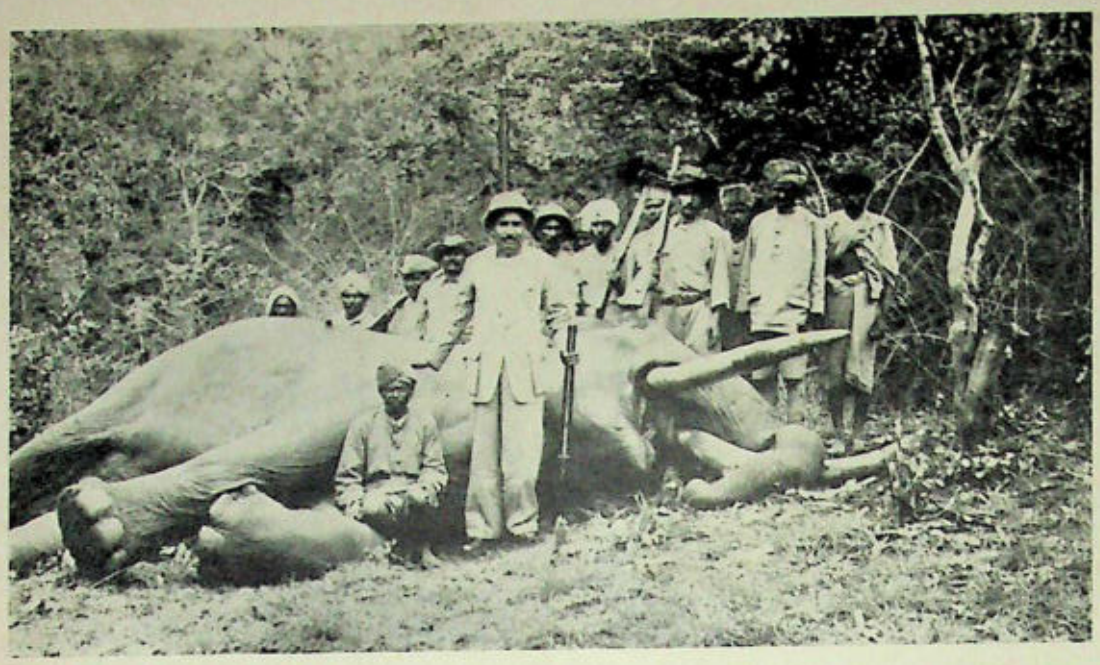
One more .450, again in the head, put him down and out, but I decided that if there was a next time both head-and-heart shot would be used, and the latter first.

I understand the tusks were fairly good for Southern Nigeria, weighing 42lb. and 44lb. respectively. One was broken off about 6in. from the point.

Yours truly,

F. D. L. MARTIN.

Calabar, Nigeria, West Africa.



BELIEVED TO BE THE RECORD TUSKS FOR THE MYSORE STATE
(See Letter "Large Elephant Tusks")

LARGE ELEPHANT TUSKS

SIR,—Enclosed is a photograph of a Rogue elephant shot with what is believed to be the record pair of tusks for the Mysore State.

This elephant had killed a plantation coolie on the Mysore—Nilgiri Road in April, 1932. It killed a man on May 26th, 1933, not far from where it had killed the other man the previous year. It held up two 'buses and a car on May 30th, 1933 on the same road, and was shot by the game officer on June 1st, 1933. The following are the measurements and weights: Right horn: Length, 6ft. 10in.; girth, 17½in.; weight, 74lb. Left horn: Length, 6ft. 8in.; girth, 17½in.; weight, 71lb. Total weight, 145lb.

Yours faithfully,
Mysore, S. India. CHARLES THEOBALD, F.Z.S.

TREE DUCKS IN CAPTIVITY

SIR,—I have had a pair of white-faced whistling tree ducks for eight years. They have been a very friendly pair, and when I go to the aviary and whistle they will usually fly towards me. I was very surprised this year to find the duck sitting on a nest of three eggs. The next morning I found four eggs, and as I thought she might desert the nest I took three of the eggs and put them under a bantam, and one of the eggs has hatched out. The little duck is now (October 11th) about three weeks old, and growing famously. I send you a photograph of him, and also of his parents.

Since I took these three eggs from the duck she has laid some more—fifteen in all—but forsook her nest after sitting for ten days. I therefore removed all the eggs and put them under another bantam, and six of them have hatched out, which I am in hopes of being able to rear. I understand that this is not the first time these white-faced whistling tree ducks have bred in this country, as I believe they were bred in 1915 by Messrs. McLean and Wormald, but I thought these photographs would interest you. I think it is the first time they have been bred in Scotland.

Yours faithfully,
Inveresk Lodge, JOHN D. BRUNTON.
Musselburgh, Scotland.

OIL POLLUTION ON OUR COASTS

SIR,—I read with much interest your article, with its accompanying photograph, on this barbarous and disgusting subject. I am not quite sure whether the League of Nations is still in being, but if so, would suggest their swan song took the shape of succour to some of God's most lovely creatures. Daily when at the sea one can witness the struggles of some hapless bird done to slow death by what could be made into a paying commercial asset.

Yours faithfully,
Junior Carlton Club, HUGO ALLEN.
Pall Mall, S.W. 1.

[In the current number of *Birds Notes and News*, the statement is made that the Hon. Secretary of the Watchers' Committee of the R.S.P.B. wrote to Sir John Simon asking whether the Government would take any steps in the matter of oil pollution. In reply, a letter dated September 14th was received from the Foreign Office stating that the Government had referred the question to the League of Nations at Geneva and that if the replies from the Governments concerned were not such as to justify the hope of effective international action, His Majesty's Government would not be able to take unilateral action, which would place interested United Kingdom shipowners at a disadvantage in relation to their foreign competitors.—ED.]

TURTLES AND THEIR ENEMIES

SIR,—I have read Captain Dore's article on turtles in the *Field* of October 14th with much pleasure. He does not, however, mention one point which is of particular interest. I believe it is only the female turtle which comes ashore, and I have seen and caught them on Manora Sands up to 450lb. in weight. I think the largest number of eggs I have seen in one nest was 210. Each egg has a circular dent in it about the size of a halfpenny.

As described by Captain Dore, the eggs are laid in the sand nest and covered over; the turtle then returns to the sea, and as far as these offspring are concerned she is finished with her work. The heat of the sun does the rest, and the eggs are incubated in the hot sand. I am not sure of the number of days of incubation, but the eggs in any particular nest appear to hatch out all at once, and then starts the struggle for life—rather a sad one.

The Manora Sands are a gentle slope to the sea, and the turtle lays her eggs anything from 20yds. to 40yds. from high-water mark. The young turtles hatch out and scrape their way up through the sand which has covered them to daylight, and then it is a race for life to the sea and safety. Of every 100 youngsters which make this first race in life, I do not think 15 or 20 per cent. reach the sea. No father or mother to protect them, they are on their own, and instinct teaches them "the sea is safety: get there as quick as you can"; so down they go over the sand as fast as their little flappers will propel them. Alas, the enemy now appears and hungry kites, gulis and crows crowd over them and prey on the youngsters while they are struggling to reach the sea.

Yours truly,
Dalgarno, A. E. STEWART
Ballater. (Colonel).

HICKORY TEETH

SIR,—The following—reported in a lumber journal of the Southern States of the U.S.A.—may be of some interest to your readers:

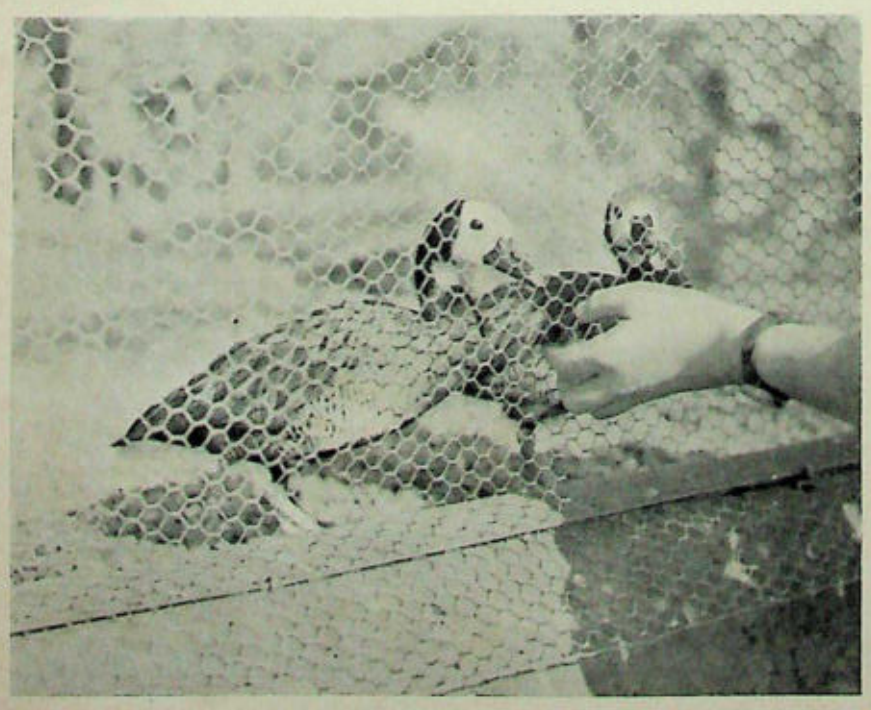
"A Nacogdoches citizen, who recently visited a fishing camp near Camp Lake, reports seeing a man of Durst Lakes vicinity who is using a set of false teeth whittled by him from a piece of second-growth hickory and fitting his mouth as though made by the best dentist. Inquiry revealed the man had the misfortune to break his "store-bought" teeth, and feeling the effects of the depression, he whittled a set from wood. He stated that his speciality was eating tough beef. According to the *Nacogdoches Sentinel*, to which paper the story was reported, the wooden teeth are perfect in every way, and the way he snaps them would make a snapping loggerhead turtle take to the mud banks."

Yours faithfully,
London, N.W. G. MESSENGER.

COMPANIONS OF THE BAG

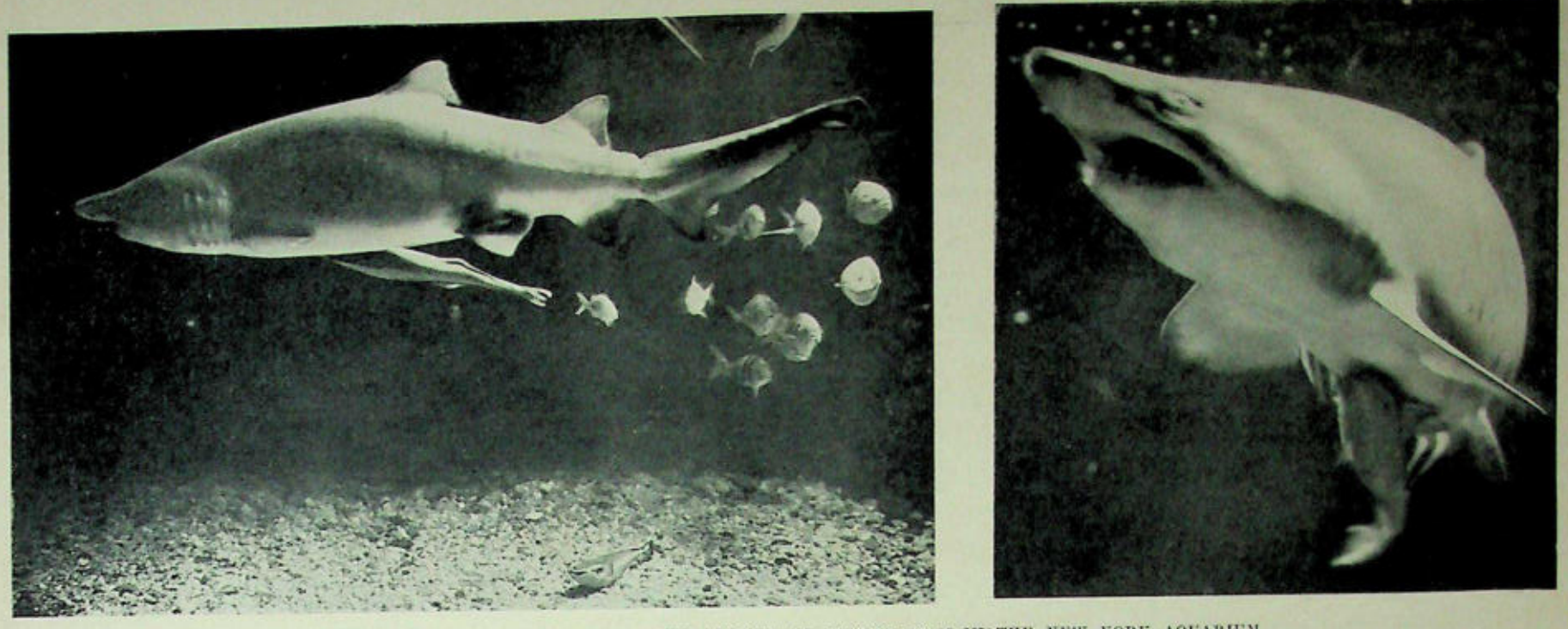
SIR,—Mr. L. Lonsdale's letter in your issue of October 14th reminds me of an interesting sight in the same forest during the tenancy of Mr. F. Godman. One Sunday I was looking for a litter of cubs which was just over the river in the Sanctuary. I picked up an old fox asleep and rabbits playing round him. Then a blackcock and greyhen alighted and came into the picture, and then a red deer hind and calf. A raven was flying round, but did not come into the scope of my glass.

Yours faithfully,
Halton, E. G. B.
Corbridge-on-Tyne.





WHITE-FACED WHISTLING TREE DUCKS AND THEIR DUCKLING, HATCHED OUT BY A BANTAM
(See Letter "Tree Ducks in Captivity")



THE SHARK'S PASSENGER ATTACHED—TWO STUDIES OF SUCKER FISH IN THE NEW YORK AQUARIUM
(See Letter "Shark and Sucker Fish")

SHARK AND SUCKER FISH

SIR,—I was much interested in the fine set of photographs from the New York Aquarium, published in a recent issue. These photographs were taken by Mr. Elwin Sanborn, zoo photographer and editor of the delightfully illustrated *New York Zoological Bulletin*, a periodical which should be better known in England.

I am sure readers would like to see the enclosed photographs, also taken by Mr. Sanborn, showing the sucker fish actually attached to the shark. The point of contact is generally underneath the shark's body, which carries its guest from one feeding ground to another.

The salt water for the New York Aquarium is fetched from 200 miles out to sea to ensure purity, but there is a sterilising plant which enables the water to be used over and over again. Although the glass tanks are well lighted it was necessary to use special flashlight apparatus to take those pictures.

Goldhanger, Essex. Yours faithfully, H. CRAWSHAY FROST.



A LITTLE-KNOWN BREED FROM THE CONGO
(See Letter "The 'Field' Distemper Vaccine")

THE "FIELD" DISTEMPER VACCINE

SIR,—Last week I read with interest your tribute to Lorna Countess Howe, and her own reassuring letter on the progress and present success of the *Field* Distemper vaccine.

Three years ago I imported to England five Baseiyis—the smooth-coated chestnut dog of terrier size used by the native chiefs for hunting antelope, etc., on the Congo plateaux. As these really charming dogs have exceptional intelligence, *do not bark*, are faithful, and naturally clean in their habits. I had the hope of introducing this hitherto unknown breed into England with success.

They thrived in quarantine for some weeks. Then, to be on the safe side, they were all done with the distemper vaccine during a period when it was being manufactured outside Mill Hill, as mentioned by you. As the Ministry of Agriculture prohibits the use of any living virus in quarantine kennels, only the dead vaccine was used to confer immunity for six months.

Within eleven days one, and after a similar period, two, and subsequently a fourth went down with a particularly violent type of distemper, and all four died. Major Dunkin's protective serum was used on the fifth, and she escaped an attack entirely, and to-day remains a much-loved member of the family circle—photo herewith. Returning from the Belgian Congo this spring we brought home a mate for her, who is just coming out of quarantine, so we hope for better luck this time.

Tyler Hill House, Canterbury. Yours faithfully, OLIVIA BURN.

HIBERNATION OF HEDGEHOGS

SIR,—Perhaps the following notes on the hibernation of the hedgehog may be of interest. On September 30th, whilst digging in the garden, I found an adult hedgehog hibernating. On October 14th I found a young hedgehog walking about the road near the house, and to save it from a terrier I brought it in and gave it some milk. It lapped the latter up, and also ate a piece of fat, after which I turned it out in the garden.

On December 10th, 1923, I found an adult hedgehog foraging for food. For the previous few days snow had been deep and frost hard.

Hedgehogs thus appear to vary a good deal regarding the time they go into hibernation.

Lane House, Troutbeck, Windermere. Yours faithfully, RICHARD CLAPHAM.

WILD GOATS

SIR,—I wonder if any of your readers could tell me anything about the herd of so-called "wild" goats which exists on Rhinog Fawr in Merionethshire. I was in the neighbourhood this summer and saw seven or eight very large and shaggy goats high up on this rocky and precipitous mountain, which lies in a wild and lonely district at the back of Harlech. I was told by a visitor to the district that they were "wild." They certainly looked so, but I presume that they are the descendants of tame goats. I should be interested to know if such "wild" goats exist on other mountains in Wales.

Fowden Hall, London Road, Maidstone, Kent. Yours faithfully, RICHARD C. STONE.

SIZE OF FEMALE SALMON

SIR,—It may be of interest for record purposes to know that my father, Canon M. W. Kinloch, killed a fresh run hen salmon of 45lb. in the River Bjora, in Norway, on August 21st last. I believe it is comparatively rare for a hen fish to reach such a size.

Royal Naval College, Dartmouth. Yours truly, D. C. KINLOCH (Lieutenant, R.N.).

[A hen fish of this size is a decided rarity. The heaviest recorded is a fish of 52lb. caught in the Vefsen by Major C. W. Wallace, in August, 1928. —ED.]

ALBINO WILD GEESE

SIR,—Mr. Peter Scott's delightful article on wild geese in the *Field* of October 21st reminds me that I saw a "biscuit-coloured" bird with about 2,000 white-fronted geese, near the River Severn, Gloucestershire, on January 9th, 1930. This goose was probably also a white-front, as there were no pink foot to be seen in the flock, though I searched carefully with glasses.

I fear, therefore, that my bird cannot have been Mr. Scott's friend "Old Pink," though it is perhaps of interest to know that the white-fronted species can show a similar variety.

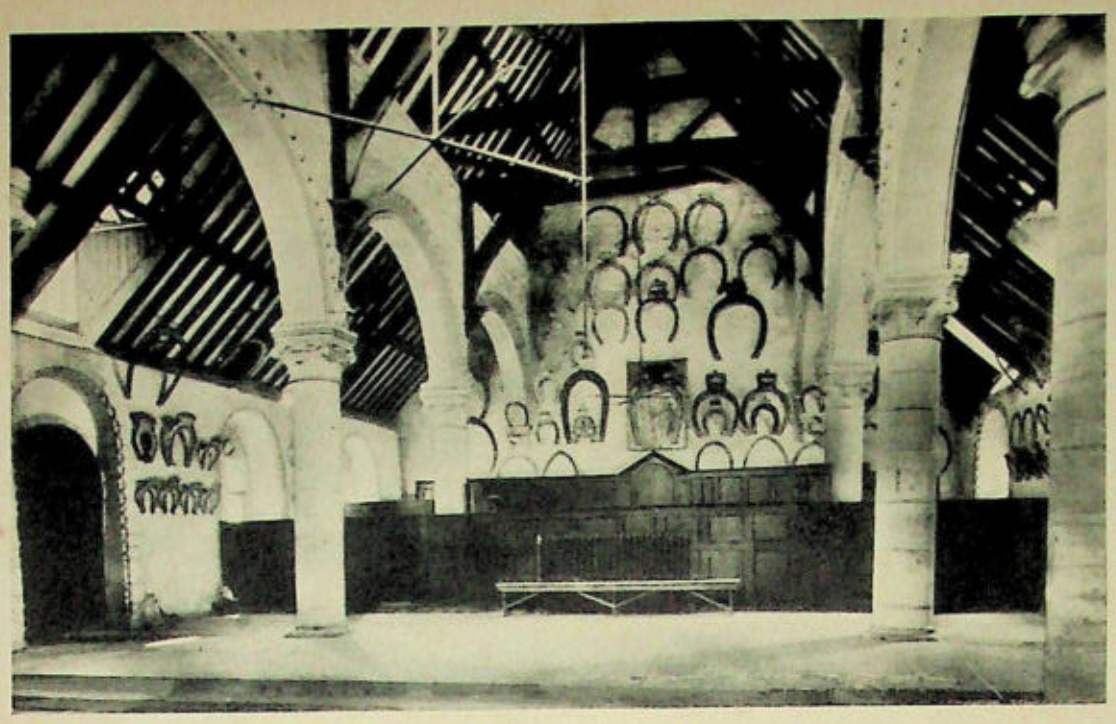
Dyrham Rectory, Gloucestershire. Yours faithfully, F. L. BLATHWAYT (Rev.).



Definitely superior for all occasions

BOOTH'S

THE ONLY *Matured* DRY GIN



RUTLAND'S ASSIZE COURT
(See Letter "Horseshoes at Oakham")

HORSESHOES AT OAKHAM

SIR,—Recently while I was motoring through Oakham I stopped and viewed the unique collection of horseshoes in the so-called Oakham Castle, where the Assize Courts are still held—when the tiny county of Rutland has any prisoners to try for their misdemeanours.

I believe that the good old custom of placing a horseshoe in Oakham's Castle on behalf of every peer of the realm who passes through Oakham, has subsisted since the days of Edward II, but I should like more information upon this most interesting point.

Yours truly,
Surrey. JOAN FAWCETT.

BITTERN IN SCOTLAND

SIR,—While shooting snipe at the end of September in Dumbartonshire I flushed a bittern from a patch of long reeds, not unlike those of its natural haunts in the Norfolk Broads. It rose close to me and flew only about 50yds. before pitching in another part of the reed bed. Its presence in the air was the signal for crows and gulls in the vicinity to mob it, but it had dropped into the reeds again before any attack was launched.

Yours faithfully,
Renfrew. N. DOUGLAS-PENNANT.

NUISANCE OF FLIES

SIR,—This house, all this summer, has suffered from a plague of flies. There is no cattle yard within at least 500yds., and we have no stables. The windows face south and west, and also north, and when there is any sun they are covered with flies. We have used "Flit," but the supply of flies seems inexhaustible. We have fields and garden all round us. They appear to be the ordinary black house fly. Can any reader give me any idea as to how to get rid of the plague?

Yours truly,
J. DENIS DE VITRE
West Hendred Vicarage, (Vicar).
Wantage,
Berks.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Phalarope in Somerset.—A red-necked phalarope was observed on Chard Reservoir on October 4th. It stayed for two days, seemed exceptionally tame, and when swimming permitted the owner (Colonel Gifford) and myself to approach in boats within 10yds., while it continued to catch small flies. As I write (October 8th) a woodlark, soaring in sight of my window, is in full song.—MORLEY H. NEALE, Chaffcombe House, Chard, Somerset.

Death's-Head in October.—A fine specimen of the death's-head hawk moth (*Acherontia atropos*) was captured at Britford Fishing Lodge, near Salisbury, on October 13th.—F. R. BROMLEY, La Tourne, Crofton, Orpington.

Marked Mallard.—My daughter, whilst flighting duck here this morning, shot a very fine specimen of a mallard drake, on one leg of which there was a ring with the following inscription: "Return K. S Museum B. 1237, Stockholm." I thought it might interest you to know this.—Colonel A. HAY DRUMMOND, Cromlix, Dunblane, Perthshire.

Horse-Drawn Traffic.—Everyone will have noticed the recent appeals in the daily press for the removal of horse-drawn traffic off the London streets because of the inconvenience to motor transport. Have none of these writers thought of removing the horse traffic because of the inconvenience to the horse?—H. G. DE GREY WARTER. Junior Carlton Club.



GUARDING HIS NATURAL HOME
(See Letter "Novel Dog Kennel")

Novel Dog Kennel.—The accompanying photograph shows an old elm tree situated at Edington, near Bridgwater, the base of which has become completely hollow. It is reputed to be 300 years old, and has been used as a dog kennel for over 100 years. Many litters of puppies have been successfully reared in it.—F. W., Bridgwater.

Early Departure of Migrant Birds.—I notice a correspondent says that he observed that swifts, martins and swallows had departed early for migration. As late as the end of September there were still many swallows and martins in this part of Wales preparing for migration, large numbers of them being seen perched on the telegraph wires.—R. J. FOLLIOTT, Brecon.

PICTURES OF SPORT AND COUNTRY LIFE

The Editor of the "Field" offers prizes each month for the best photographs sent in by readers of sport, games and country life. Entries will be judged on their merits as action pictures, on their pictorial value, and on their value as records of unusual interest.

The prizes are: 1st Prize, 3 guineas; 2nd Prize, 2 guineas; 3rd Prize, 1 guinea.

RULES.—1. The latest date of entry for the second of these competitions is Saturday, November 11th. Envelopes must be marked "Photographic Competition," and addressed to The Editor, "Field" Newspaper, The Field House, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, E.C. 4. 2. Only amateur photographers are eligible to compete. 3. Photographs should be sent unmounted, and no prints will be returned. 4. No correspondence will be entered into concerning the competition, and the Editor's decision will be final. 5. Any photograph reproduced in the "Field," apart from the winning entries, will be paid for at the rate of 10/6.

IN THE CITY

AN INTERESTING EXCHANGE

IT is improbable that immediate income return is of primary importance to holders of the £1 units of ordinary stock of the Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd. If it were, the units would surely have been sold some time ago, since the yield, calculated on the basis of the 4 per cent. dividend paid in respect of 1932, is only a little over 2 per cent. at the current bid price of 37/–. Those who continue to hold the shares presumably do so, therefore, in the hope of capital appreciation, and the fulfilment of this hope might well be accelerated by an exchange into the 7 per cent. preference shares of £1 each of the Tyre Investment Trust Limited, which can at present be bought at 10/3, and which have a "break-up" value of about 13/6.

The Tyre Investment Trust was registered in 1917, and has held various investments, mostly associated with the Dunlop Rubber Company. The trust now owns £400,000 ordinary stock of the latter company as its only asset of any importance. £400,000 of stock valued at, say, 37/– per £1 unit is worth £740,000, and from this latter figure must be deducted the sum of £66,000 (in round figures), being the excess of current liabilities over the remaining assets, leaving £674,000.

The trust has no debenture stock in issue, and the issued capital is as under:

7 per cent. cumulative preference shares.....	£1,000,000
10 per cent. cumulative preferred ordinary shares	550,000
Ordinary shares of 2/– each	100,000
	£1,650,000

The three classes of shares rank in the above order for dividends and as to priority of capital. The market valuation of the preference capital (calculated at the offered price of the shares) is £512,500. At what price would the £1 units of Dunlop ordinary stock have to be quoted in order that 400,000 of these units, less the £66,000 mentioned above, would be worth £512,500? The answer is 28/10½.

It is open, therefore, to the holders of Dunlops to sell their units of ordinary stock at the current price of about 37/–, and to repurchase them at 28/10½ in the form of Tyre Investment preference shares if they (the holders) are prepared to allow their income to accumulate for a period of years. This period may not be of unduly long duration if the shareholders of the Tyre Investment Trust can agree to an equitable reorganisation of the company's capital structure, and it is obvious that the preferred ordinary and ordinary shareholders of that company cannot hope to receive any dividend for many years to come unless the capital is drastically reduced. There is, however, no reason to suppose that those who purchase the £1 preference shares at 10/3 would come to any harm by any such reorganisation of the capital.

A VERY HIGH YIELD

On September 30th the 7½ per cent. cumulative participating preference shares of 15/– each of Henly's, Ltd.—the car dealers—were mentioned in this column as a promising speculation at about 11/3. Since then the report for the year ended August 31st, 1933, has been issued, and the shares having changed hands at 14/– have again fallen back to about 13/– offered.

The report showed that a net profit of £22,270 had been earned during the year, whereas the amount required to pay the fixed 7½ per cent. dividend on the preference capital is only £6,328 per annum. A dividend of 7½ per cent. was distributed to ordinary shareholders, and it will be remembered that, after a dividend of 7½ per cent. has been paid on both classes of capital, the balance available for distribution must be shared equally among the preference and ordinary shareholders, subject to a maximum dividend of 12½ per cent. on the preference capital. A sum of £16,562 10s. would suffice to pay a dividend of 12½ per cent. on both classes of capital, and the report recently issued seems to suggest that such a rate of distribution is well within the realm of possibility.

The company's financial position is quite satisfactory, and the balance sheet includes a special reserve for equalisation of dividends of £9,000, which would almost suffice to pay the next three half-yearly dividends on the preference capital.

At 13/– the preference shares yield about 8½ per cent. on the basis of the fixed 7½ per cent. dividend, which was covered some three-and-a-half times over on last year's earnings, and offer a potential yield of 14½ per cent. on a 12½ per cent. dividend. Surely the shares are not so speculative as these yields would seem to indicate.

There seems no reason at present to anticipate that the results for the current year will be any the less satisfactory than those reported for 1932–33.

PACTOLUS.



THE MACQUARIE UNDER FULL SAIL
From the painting by J. Spurling. Reproduced by courtesy of "The Blue Peter"

ROUND CAPE HORN IN THE 'NINETIES

Life on Board in the Days of Sail

By LIEUT.-COLONEL J. S. CUNNINGHAM

I HAVE made some 20 sea voyages, but the one which stands out most clearly in my memory is that made in 1894 from Sydney to London, round Cape Horn, in the good ship Macquarie, owned by Messrs. Devitt & Moore, Ltd. The Macquarie, of under 2,000 tons, was a three-masted full-rigged ship, carrying royals but not skysails. Captain Goddard, who was in command, was a splendid type of the old-fashioned gentleman and sailor. He stood over 6ft. and owned a long beard; on duty he wore a black frock coat and hard felt topper.

The officers were the survivors of training in a hard school, fine sailors and good fellows, and the apprentices were youngsters qualifying as officers. The crew were of the type that one would like to have with one in a tight corner—I have met many kinds of men and I cannot imagine a harder bitten lot in the world than they were. The way in which they reefed sails in the vilest of weather was amazing. Along and under each yard-arm was a swinging rope to stand on, and the handgrip was an iron bar, so close to the yard (on top) that one could not get one's fingers round it.

Shanties accompanied all the rope hauling led by an old sailor called London. They were all of a drawing-room type. I remember the whole of several including:

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?
Whey, Hey, blow the man down:
'I'm going a-milking, sir,' she said,
'But give me some time to blow the man down,'" etc.

"Oh, what do you think we had for dinner,
Blow, breezes, blow;
Stewed boots and monkey's liver,
Blow, my jolly boys, blow."

Two principal ceremonies took place during the voyage. First, the "burying of the dead horse" exactly one month after the ship's departure from Sydney, which signified that the crew had worked off the "dead horse," namely, the month's pay advanced to them in Sydney, and doubtless spent before leaving. A most life-like horse was constructed and to a special shanty was ceremoniously cast overboard. The second ceremony was "crossing the line." Modern steamships still honour Neptune, partly from sentimental reasons and partly to amuse the passengers. The Macquarie made a regular business of it, and although a jocular affair it was decidedly rough and ready, with a good deal of horse play. As I had crossed the line four times I could adopt the attitude of the old sailor.



CAPTAIN WILLIAM GODDARD, A SAILOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

The voyage lasted four months without once touching land. However, I thoroughly enjoyed it. I spent the mornings climbing about the masts and yard-arms. The penalty was that the sailor who managed to chalk the boots of a passenger when he first went aloft earned a bottle of whisky. My favourite seat was on the dolphin striker under the bowsprit. It gives me the creeps to think of it now, but at seventeen-and-a-half years of age one has no nerves. I frequently got on to the end of the upper top gallant yard-arm, but had not the nerve for the royal yard, as it meant shinning up a bare pole.

The natural history life was very interesting, the ship at various times having in its wake albatross and stormy petrels, while whales, porpoises and flying fish were frequently seen, and also sharks in the Tropics.

I am sorry to say that we caught a few albatross, the lure being a piece of cork 6in. by 4in. with a hollow brass triangle 3in. from apex to base, attached to the end of the cork. The triangles sides were baited with meat. The line was paid out over the stern; the victim pecked at it, got his beak into the hollow, and was then hauled in. The fact that the bird resisted prevented him from freeing his beak. All were invariably seasick the moment they reached the deck. Wing bones were used for pipe stems and feet for tobacco pouches.

The weather was varied but very rough and cold round the Horn. On one occasion we were hove to for three days, and it was quite impossible to stand up unless one held on to something. Eleven ships were in sight, all bound for Britain, and all heading in different directions; one had apparently given up the contest and was heading for the South Pole under bare poles at about 15 knots.

The doldrums were relieved by boating excursions, but the trade winds turned the ship into a glorified yacht, doing up to 15 knots. At the Lizard we met a head wind, and spent a week tacking backwards and forwards across the Channel. On one day our run was minus 4 knots. We saw the well-known Cutty Sark, outward bound, with every inch of canvas set, going down Channel at quite the rate of a steamer.

Fresh meat was provided by livestock, and the decks had a farmyard appearance with pens of sheep, pigs, poultry, and last, but not least, a cow, which provided milk for fifteen weeks and beef for the last week.

Of all the vessels I have travelled in, the Macquarie is the only one for which I have any real affection. I think a sailing ship is, somehow, like a dog or a horse, and a steamer is like a motor car.



OWNERS AND HANDLERS WITH THEIR DOGS AT THE SPANIEL TRIALS AT MILTON PARK, NEAR PETERBOROUGH
An account of the meeting was given in last week's issue

JUDGING AT FIELD TRIALS

Methods Employed at the Kennel Club's Retriever Meeting

BY kind permission of Lord Middleton these trials were held at Birdsall on October 19th. The judges were: Captain W. S. Medlicott, Mr. J. Bell and Mr. J. Burgess.

In giving an account of the meeting may I explain my system of judging? When I begin a stake I have a blank page for each dog which, to me, indicates that all dogs are at the moment equally perfect. I try to keep those pages blank and to make every dog do what I consider perfect work. Unfortunately, some pages get very full, for I put down every little detail which I think I should not like my dog to do were I using it for myself, shooting, on that occasion in that particular test. Therefore in summing up, at any moment, the dog which has most white on his page is at the top, or somewhere near it, and *vice versa*.

The winner, Banchory Painter, had a nearly white page with all judges, two very minor faults which I recorded being "might have marked better and saved half-a-minute" on one occasion; and "slow in picking up a hare" on another; otherwise all his work was quite perfect, though he was tried (third day) on a runner, which was never got, and which, of course, counted nothing against him, as he made no error in trying, but no scent was there. His good points are his pace, his determined and businesslike way of carrying out all his work, his good marking, his cleverness in casting and hunting without any disturbing of fresh ground, and his attention to his handler, when required; and all his work is clean, quick and finished. His handler seldom has to help him at all.

Tracey Parma's faults on the first day were that she did not go well out very willingly in very rough cover, and was beaten in a find by Hiwood Chance; she was not under perfect control, and paid little attention to whistle on one occasion, and I was told by another judge that she ran a hare a bit too far, but these errors were not too determinedly committed and no harm in the shooting field resulted. On the second day she did very well indeed, wiped the eyes of Quest of Wilbury and Haulstone Janet twice. She was under perfect control and placeable. Her style is excellent.

Mr. Peacock's Greatford Sinker was third. She was not willing enough to go out from her handler in the rough cover over wire netting, but quickly found and retrieved when over. She was under good control and hunts well where told, looking for orders when she wants assistance. She had few failures and got nearly all she was asked in the best manner.

Victor of Yelme made a poor show over an easy dead partridge lying on grass in the open, hunting for it at times at a walk and going all round it. Knaith Burn easily wiped his eye on this. Nearly all his other work was of the best, getting a 50yds. running partridge on grass in good style, also wiping the eye of Rounton Sea Foam and Bramshaw Bob. He did very well in holding his mark for about five minutes while Bob was working, which enabled him to find the bird at once. He has the best of noses and is very quick in his findings.

Haulstone Janet (the fifth) is a very nice quiet-working bitch, under very good control, and turns at once to whistle. She could never get out of hand or disturb unnecessary ground; all her work is excellent, but I fear her nose is a little lacking for she missed two birds she ought to have winded, and was at once defeated on each by Tracey Parma.

One more word to handlers. They should make it absolutely impossible for their dog to get away from them when they have not been called on by a judge, and when they are not in the line under a judge. I have seen, this last week, two dogs at different trials run in and retrieve from the spectators' depot, and one go into water without orders.

As to water tests, I think it is time those in authority made alterations. As a judge I have seen more than enough of these artificial tests. They are useless, for they do not prove a retriever to be a good water dog if he goes in, and in the few cases where a dog won't go in these dogs are often known locally as the best of retrievers in water on ordinary shooting days; and on top of this owners of shootings, where trials are held, go to no end of extra trouble to arrange a water test, and much valuable time is wasted. Cannot all dogs intended for entry for field trials be given the chance, say, at several meetings in different parts of Great Britain early in September, of obtaining a permanent water certificate at a natural water test? The first year it would be a big undertaking; the second, many fewer would require them, and the third, less still. As a judge I shall be always pleased when no artificial water test can be arranged. The results were:

Lorna Countess Howe's Lab. d Banchory Painter (h., Owner), 1; Mr. A. B. Simpson's Lab. b Tracey Parma (h., E. H. Garner), 2; Mr. H. Peacock's Lab. b Greatford Sinker (h., Owner), 3; Mr. H. Wentworth Smith's Lab. d Victor of Yelme (h., L. Tagg), 4; Mr. J. Eccles's interbred b Haulstone Janet (h., H. Henshaw), 5; Sir Maurice Bell's Lab. d Rounton Sea Foam (h., J. Race), reserve. Certificates of merit: Mrs. Wormald's Knaith Burn, Mr. Busuttil's Negus, Mr. S. R. Smith's Selling Stake, Lieut.-Colonel Elwes's Colesborne Belle Mr. A. U. Greer's Jock of Beantown, Mr. R. G. Heaton's Gays Don, Mr. E. Winter's Staindrop. The following also competed: Lieut.-Colonel Elwes's Colesborne Fuse, Mr. Johnson-Houghton's Croughton Syren, Mrs. Hill-Wood's Hiwood Chance, Lorna Countess Howe's Bramshaw Bob, Mr. Peacock's Dominorum Dan, Mr. Bedford's Birdsall Vesper, Major Despencer Robertson's Quest of Wilbury and Mrs. Hardy's Vimlet.

W. S. MEDLICOTT.





LEFT MRS. WORMALD WITH HER RETRIEVER KNAITH BURN, AND CAPTAIN BUNBURY, ONE OF THE GUNS AT BIRDSALL. RIGHT: CHANGING BEATS AT THE GOLDEN RETRIEVER CLUB'S TRIALS HELD AT NOCTON HALL, NEAR LINCOLN

DON'T BE VAGUE
ORDER HAIG



Right and Left

Haig

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE



SIR ALEXANDER ROGER'S SUCCESSFUL SEASON AT INVERCAULD

Sir Alexander Roger, chairman of the B.S.A. Company, was Mr. Farquharson's tenant at Invercauld for this stalking season. He is seen on the left of the picture, while Lady Roger and Mr. Alan Roger, his son, are in the centre

GOLDEN RETRIEVERS AT NOCTON

Victory of Wilderness Melody

THESE field trials were held at Nocton Hall, Lincolnshire, on Mr. G. H. Dennis's estate, on October 19th and 20th. The two stakes were run under ideal conditions, both with regard to suitable ground and plenty of game. Having seen the Goldens at one of their first trials, and also one of the judges three years ago, and again last week, it was a pleasure to me to see the breed is much improving. The dogs I have just seen are much superior, in comparison with those I saw some years ago. In the Open Stake they were a much more level lot, and had to work under trying conditions in thick sugar beet, with indifferent scent, and ground tainted with game, and on the whole they came out of the ordeal very well. Melody, the little bitch that won, was a beautiful marker, and when hunting for unmarked dead birds was attractive as well as efficient, and I do not think failed all day, except on a runner at the second time of asking. She was clever on a twisting runner, which she annexed. Ingot, second in the stake, started shakily, but improved each time he was down. He seemed a very nice dog to do with.

The Puppy Stake was not full owing to three absentees. They were a great improvement on those I saw there years ago, and were altogether a more workmanlike type, and went about their business as puppies should do. There were several promising ones, which is encouraging, and, I hope, forebodes that the breed is coming on rapidly and that Golden retrievers will compete more frequently in Open Stakes. The awards were:

PUPPY STAKE.—Mrs. Nairn's d Stubbings Golden Jerkin, 1; Mr. H. Wentworth-Smith's d Beppo of Yelme, 2; Mrs. Vernon-Wentworth's b Donkelve Toni, 3. Certificates of merit: Dr. T. W. Wilshaw's b Sprite of Aldgrove, Mr. H. Wentworth-Smith's d Golden Prospect of Yelme.

ALL-AGED STAKE.—Sir George Bowyer's b Wilderness Melody, 1; Mrs. D. M. Vernon-Wentworth's d Donkelve Ingot, 2; Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. D. Carnegie's d Ch. Heydown Grip, 3; Mr. H. W. W. Hoskyn's b Tiny of Perrott, reserve and certificate of merit. Certificates of merit were also awarded to Mrs. Evers-Swindell's Speedwell Molly, Mr. H. Wentworth-Smith's d Beppo of Yelme, Dr. H. Wolff's d Sterling of Bears.

ONSLOW TRAHERNE.

LABRADOR RETRIEVER CLUB

BY kind permission of Sir John Ward and Mr. A. G. Turner the Labrador Retriever Club's trials were held at Chilton Park and Hungerford Park on October 24th and 25th, respectively. The judges were Major M. Portal, the Hon. Mrs. Grigg, and Mr. C. Campbell.

The ground on both days was quite ideal in affording good tests of all kinds for the competing dogs. Apart from walking-up in roots or other cover and some drives, almost the greater part of the work lay in the Kennet valley water meadows, with birds shot falling over the far side of the river into osiers and other thick stuff—a severe test, as the dogs had to swim the river and then work out on the far side to find the birds, and it was not a case of a dog being asked to retrieve one bird, but many, across water, during the trials. Some dogs were unwilling to leave the far bank side and work out, and any dogs not liking water naturally were severely handicapped, as frequently beyond the river lay other water cuts or side streams, particularly on the second day.

Game of all kinds was plentiful, including wild duck and a few snipe. The weather kept fair, and scent was fair, though patchy at times and apparently not good about midday. The arrangements made by Stubbs, the headkeeper at Chilton Park, and by Brown, the headkeeper at Hungerford Park, were excellent, and there was never any delay, which the judges must have appreciated, since they had 24 dogs to try in the two days, the final awards being made at 5 p.m. on the second day. Only four dogs were discarded on the first day.

The best piece of work done by the winner was on the second day, when he was sent to get a dead bird for which he had to cross a stream and hunt through rough sedge, pools of mud, rushes, water and rough ground by the railway. He was the only dog who got out so far. Tracey Parma and Tug of Teign earned their places well and Cedars Jane was not far from reserve. The awards were:

ALL-AGED STAKE.—Lorna Countess Howe's d Banchory Donald, 1; Mr. A. B. Simpson's b Tracey Parma, 2; Lorna Countess Howe's d Bramshaw Bob, 3; Colonel T. S. Cotgrave's d Tug of Teign, 4; Mr. V. Routledge's b Game, reserve. Certificates of merit: Mrs. Hill-Wood's b Hiwood Chance, Mr. C. H. Kennard's b Cedars Jane, Mr. R. G. Heaton's b Gay's Dora, the Hon. F. Baring's b Northington Jewel. The following also competed: Captain Sparke's d Elstone Nigger, the Hon. Lady Ward's b Darry of Chiltonfoliat, Mrs. Fletcher's b Vena of Bronwylfa, Sir Henry Hoare's b Stourhead Maine, Major Despencer-Robertson's b Quest of Wilbury, Mrs. Hartman's b Gimcrack Chuff and b Novelette, Mr. S. Gold's b Birchangar Snap, Mr. H. Wentworth-Smith's d Victor of Yelme, Mr. S. A. Allen's b Penn Street Betsey, Mrs. Jervoise's d Herriard Alpha, Countess of Brecknock's b Wherwell Wendy, the Hon. Mrs. Baring's b Northington Janet, the Hon. Mrs. Hill-Wood's Ranger of Kentford, and Captain W. Sharp's Babrook Wren.

COMPANY MEETING

UNITED DAIRIES, LIMITED

THE TRADE AND THE MILK MARKETING BOARD

The eighteenth Ordinary General Meeting of United Dairies, Ltd., was held on October 27th at the Connaught Rooms, London, W.C.

Mr. Joseph H. Maggs (Chairman and Managing Director) said that never before in all his long experience of the milk trade had competition, both wholesale and retail, been so intense as in the past year. Undercutting had been rampant, and, though on the whole they had retained their trade fairly intact, much of it, particularly on the wholesale side, had been conducted at a loss. Their purchase of milk was 4,313,923 gallons in excess of the previous year. Total sales, eliminating inter-company transactions, although greater in volume, were actually less in sterling by about 1½ per cent. One feature of their trading which must be very encouraging to their home producers was the marked increase in the sales of English eggs, which had exceeded the previous year's figures by over 3,000,000, whilst of the imported varieties, a larger proportion than before had come from the Dominions.

It was satisfactory to know that prolonged research conducted by the Research Advisory Committee of distinguished scientists had resulted in confirming and reinforcing the confidence the directors had placed in the methods they employed. Much had been heard recently of the possible dangers of an unpasteurised milk supply. It was extraordinary that with such a safeguard as pasteurisation available, there should be any hesitation in enforcing its universal application. As regarded the general work of the laboratory, results had been achieved which it was believed might revolutionise some of their scientific conceptions. It was hoped that these might result in the vast improvement in the cleanliness of milk as produced on the farm. Such a result, he was convinced, would be immediately possible, provided that there was a full measure of collaboration between producer and distributor. It was their view that the absolute guarantee of the healthfulness of the milk supply, however carefully produced, was to be found only in its pasteurisation.

MILK MARKETING BOARD: ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT

He had been particularly careful to say nothing with regard to the Milk Marketing Board which would in any way embarrass the successful launching of that stupendous experiment in compulsory co-operation, and he was afraid his reticence had been misunderstood in some quarters. Much as one disliked outside interference in the conduct of one's business, they must recognise that but for the operation of the Milk Marketing scheme the producer would have had to submit to a drastic reduction of price this season. The Milk Marketing Board was not a Government Department, but purely a producers' board armed with statutory powers. He could not say that the first operations of the Board had been such as to inspire confidence. Under its constitution it had to "consult" the buyers before fixing prices for their milk. It would be a misuse of the word to describe their recent attendances before the Board as consultations.

Prices had been demanded of them by the Board which would have meant a substantial increase in the retail charge for milk in London. They had had no alternative but to refuse them, and leave the matter to the impartial persons selected by the Minister of Agriculture. Even on their award retailers in large areas in the Provinces would have to charge more for milk this winter than last. Those umpires had only been conceded to them for the first year of the Board's operations. It would be a subject of considerable anxiety and contrary to public interest if the producers alone were to be allowed, after the lapse of one year, to dictate their own price. The vital matter to the producer was that the consumption of milk as milk should be increased. He was sure that higher prices were not likely to effect that.

One special ground for congratulation lay in the appointment of Mr. Foster as manager. The directors of this company would do all in their power to co-operate with the Board.

As to the suggested scheme for regulating the marketing of eggs and poultry, he believed that any attempt to fix the price of eggs would react unfavourably to the producer. In conclusion he announced the Board had established superannuation and pension schemes for the benefit of employees on retirement.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

FROM MOOR AND FOREST

SCOTLAND

Aberdeenshire

INVERCAULD.—At Invercauld, this year, Sir Alexander Roger's party got 48 stags. Out of the first fifteen stags shot five were royals, and the record, so far as points is concerned, is as follows: Five royals, six 11-points, ten 10-points, six 9-points, nine 8-points, five 7-points, four 6-points, three 5-points; total, 48.

One royal was shot by Mr. Alan S. Roger, which scaled 18st. clean. Apparently this is the heaviest stag shot in Invercauld for 24 years. The weights of the royals were as follows: 18st., 15st. 6lb., 15st. 7lb., 14st. 4lb., 12st. 8lb. (clean).

LANGWELL AND BRAEMORE.—Langwell, 1933, 56 stags (1932, 55), increase 1. Braemore, 1933, 45 stags (1932, 31), increase 14. Total increase 15. The Duke of Portland, 25 stags, average weight 16st. 7lb.; Langwell, 56 stags, average weight, 15st. 4lb.; Braemore, 45 stags, average weight, 14st. 12lb. Total, 101. 21st October, 1933.

Inverness-shire

DUNMAGLASS.—The season was above the average, and rather too big a stock left. Total bag, 1,560 brace grouse. Best in last eleven years. Heather in first-class order.

Fifty Years and More of Sport in Scotland

THE DUKE OF

PORTLAND

K.G.

These reminiscences concern grouse-shooting and deer-stalking and hawking on the Highland estates of Langwell and Braemore; and salmon-fishing on the Berriedale, Helmsdale, Dee, Garry, Tay, Beauly and Tweed. There are records of the bags of game, of the stags killed, and the salmon caught from 1880 to 1932. Observations of wild life and many amusing anecdotes find their place in the narrative.

"Of exceptional merit and interest."—*The Field.*

With 36 pages of illustrations

21/-

FABER & FABER

New Books

FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM

The Whole Art of Helen Jacobs—How to Fish

MAJOR YEATS-BROWN has chosen a topic that is certain to attract a wide public. The subject of escapes of any sort is of perennial interest. Whether it be a small boy dodging under the arms of a policeman, or a full-blown convict forcing his way out of Dartmoor the intrepid escaper is certain that he will reap his reward under the good black headlines of the evening papers. (And talking of Dartmoor Major Yeats-Brown seems to have seized on Mr. Galsworthy's title a little ruthlessly.) The money of all of us is on the escaper: potentially we would all hide him behind the curtain if he walked into our office to-morrow, even if we had strained every nerve to catch him in the first place.

The editor of this selection of escapes is catholic. He gives us of what may be termed the moral as well as the physical escapes. Elizabeth Barrett may not have been a prisoner in Wimpole Street in the sense that Napoleon IV was at Ham. But escapes like hers from a moral environment usually require greater courage, and are almost always the more difficult. "We are all of us escapers" we read in the introduction called "Dangerous Living." "Men, women and children. Almost everything we do except the supremest acts of enjoyment, which partake of some higher reality, are escapes in some manner or degree." So the perspicacious reader will realise at once that the prisons and cages from which these escapes are made are not all enclosed by stone walls and iron bars. One might add in passing that while the moral escapes in these days would appear far easier, the physical ones seem to become correspondingly hard.

The 920 pages of the book itself (they cost only 8/6) cannot be described in detail. We have Sir Paul Duke's escaping from Russia and the escape of 22 British officers from Holzminden. There are extracts from "the diary of an unknown aviator"—a young American boy—who wrote what Major Yeats-Brown describes as the best war book he has read. There are Harvey Logan's escapes from the American police, John Lee's miraculous escape when the drop failed to work three times, Kavanagh's escape from Lucknow, the disaster on the Matterhorn, the "Strange Story of Volney Becker" (which was new to me), the escapes of Jack Sheppard, the horrible fate of Latude (who played Titus Oates to the Pompadour), Casanova's escape from the Inquisition, Charles II's escape to France, Benvenuto Cellini, and the Hejira.

Truly a well-spread net to which I would only add one personal preference, De Valera's escape from Lincoln Gaol was probably the most momentous escape in its immediate results and its consequences yet to come in the history of the Empire. R. M.

Escape. By F. Yeats-Brown. (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 8/6.)

FIGHTING A WAY UP

A Great Lawn Tennis Player

MISS HELEN HULL JACOBS, United States champion, introduces the reader to her book, *Modern Tennis*, with the sentence: "There is no such thing as Tennis for Women." Having thus begged the question of sex, which might have been presupposed to limit her authority to instruct generally, she proceeds to deal with her subject in the same capable, thorough and patient fashion in which she has developed her play against the handicap of sex. The result is a volume as intensely serious and as constructively feminine as herself. It redounds in wisdom and sudden digressions, yet manages to be entertaining as well as helpful.

Though it is 100 per cent. American, Englishwomen (or men) need not be disturbed by the constant details of Eastern, Western and mid-Western grips, or the many other Americanisms. Miss Jacobs has been at great trouble to find out for herself what suits her, and she advises others to do the same. She advertises on an early page a charming unorthodoxy by declaring that the position of the feet is a matter of personal choice and opportunism, and the backhand one of the easiest shots in the game. In her subsequent pages it is doubtful whether she remembers to particularise in these generalisations. And this is as well, because the book is really a record of a tremendous struggle to make good happily rewarded.

Perhaps in this way it best justifies its title. Modern lawn tennis, regarded internationally, is a mental and physical strain few can stretch to without breaking. Any young player of promise of either sex, contemplating a lawn tennis career, would do well to read between Miss Jacobs's lines. It was a hard row for her to hoe. On the other hand any young player who wishes for one of the best series of published statements about the secrets of the production and use of the slice shot could not do better than study what Miss Jacobs says.

The slice is one of her chief weapons, and she has the faculty of putting her experience into lucid words. One of her match-winning assets is that she is acutely court and game conscious; she has an intuitive sense of her stage. Many writers have stated many times: *Keep your eye on the ball*, and left it almost at that. Miss Jacobs, again through her own experience, tells you just what it does to you, and describes the phases of your progress, induced by the hypnotic magic of the flight of the ball. She takes you through the stages of her own acquisition of a strong service which does not exhaust, and a footwork which prevents exhaustion, with the knowledge of one who has suffered. "Tennis is a game," she says, "of individual discovery." That is the beginning of Chapter 1. Thereafter, till the end of the last Chapter 8, she



F. H. YEATS-BROWN

does not fail to follow her own lead, alternating technical detail with reminiscence as she makes the book of Helen's adventure, which began at the age of thirteen and ended in her early twenties with the Forest Hills Championship. She relates her youthful triumphs of cajoling friends to throw practice balls for her "all afternoon." Little girls can do that, but not little boys. If only a man champion would write an instructional book round his male difficulties successfully surmounted with the descriptive precision and discursive naivety of Miss Jacobs, she would be as pleased as anyone, even if he did not know there was no such thing as Tennis for Men. J. E. C.

Modern Tennis. By Helen Hull Jacobs. (Allen and Unwin; 10/6.)

SALMON FISHING AS TAUGHT

A New Book On An Old Subject

THE title which appears above is to be taken more as a description than a criticism, though there will be readers who will feel, after reading "Jock Scott's" volume, as if someone had been ramming advice into them with a force pump. But, after all, there is much to be said for the method of making instruction in angling into teaching and nothing else. It is true that one misses the deft touch of the magician with words and the charm of some of the author's predecessors in the business, as it were, which lured one on with anecdote and subtle theorising on the why and wherefore of a salmon's behaviour so that one absorbed their wisdom without conscious effort.

But it is always difficult to remember exactly what an instructor has suggested for the solution of fishing problems, and a book devoted to telling one how to catch salmon under varying conditions of sky and water, without bothering too much about the reason why this or that method should be successful, has obvious merits—especially in the matter of subsequent reference.

In this volume the author goes straight to the point and deals effectively with how to cast, how to fish the old style of wet fly (though he recommends the more modern way of using it without attempting to "work the fly"), how to fish with greased line, and how to spin.

The section on greased-line fishing, which was introduced by Mr. Wood of Cairnton, is particularly clear, one of the best descriptions of it in a small space which has yet been published, and it should enable anyone, even a novice, to grasp the essentials of what is, perhaps, the most artistic method of salmon fishing yet devised. To practise it, of course, is another matter. To "mend a cast" by throwing a loop of line already on the water into some other position on the surface is one of those little problems in fishing which sound so easy until one tries to do it, but this method or its variations (though not necessarily copied from Mr. Wood's idea) are a *sine qua non* nowadays if low-water fishing is to be successful and are consequently well worth acquiring.

This is, unless I am mistaken, the first book on salmon fishing as a whole to treat "thread-line fishing" seriously. It was evident from Jock Scott's former book on Lake Fishing that he had been attracted by the light line and fixed spool reel. That instructions in its use should be given, some time or other, in a book on salmon fishing was almost inevitable (if only for the natural seeking after novelty), but is this really to be regarded as a separate branch of salmon fishing? And will it really, as Jock Scott implies, supersede other methods of spinning?

However easy the cast may be, there remains always the sense of impotence which a slipping clutch engenders; and there is, of course, no reason why light lines should not be used with a revolving drum. However, its inclusion makes the book more complete. H. D. T.

The Art of Salmon Fishing. By Jock Scott. (Witherby; 10/6 net.)

TWO BOOKS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE

A Great Place of Pilgrimage

MR. WRIGHT'S book is certainly good value for money. The information given in this bulky, closely printed volume is excellent, but there is not enough of it. There is never enough to satisfy the demands of a garden enthusiast in any single volume. The urgent need of to-day is not more encyclopædias but a series of encyclopædic monographs. To make a comprehensive survey of gardening in all its branches in one book is an impossible feat. For instance, the primula species occupy two pages in this book. They need a volume. The ericas are allotted barely a page, yet as the author doubtless knows well, a volume would scarcely suffice to treat of this subject. It is only fair to emphasise, however, that so far as is possible within the limits of one book this author has given an immense amount of useful information.

The ancient home of the Washingtons, now the shrine of Anglo-American friendship, has been fortunate in its historian for Mr. Clifford Smith has not only encyclopædic knowledge, but his work has obviously been a labour of love. This well illustrated book was primarily written for the benefit of the thousands of English and American visitors who yearly go to see the ancient home of the Washingtons, but it will appeal to afar larger public for this comprehensive survey affords a fascinating picture of country life in the past in this part of the Midlands. Only a century ago, Sulgrave and the three neighbouring hamlets were so completely cut off that they were known as the "Lost Villages," and to this day this part of Northamptonshire remains singularly unspoilt. Mr. Clifford Smith's exceptional knowledge of Tudor architecture and furniture makes his discussion of these subjects of particular interest. E. S. R.

The Wright Encyclopædia of Gardening. By J. M. Wright. (J. M. Dent; 15/–).

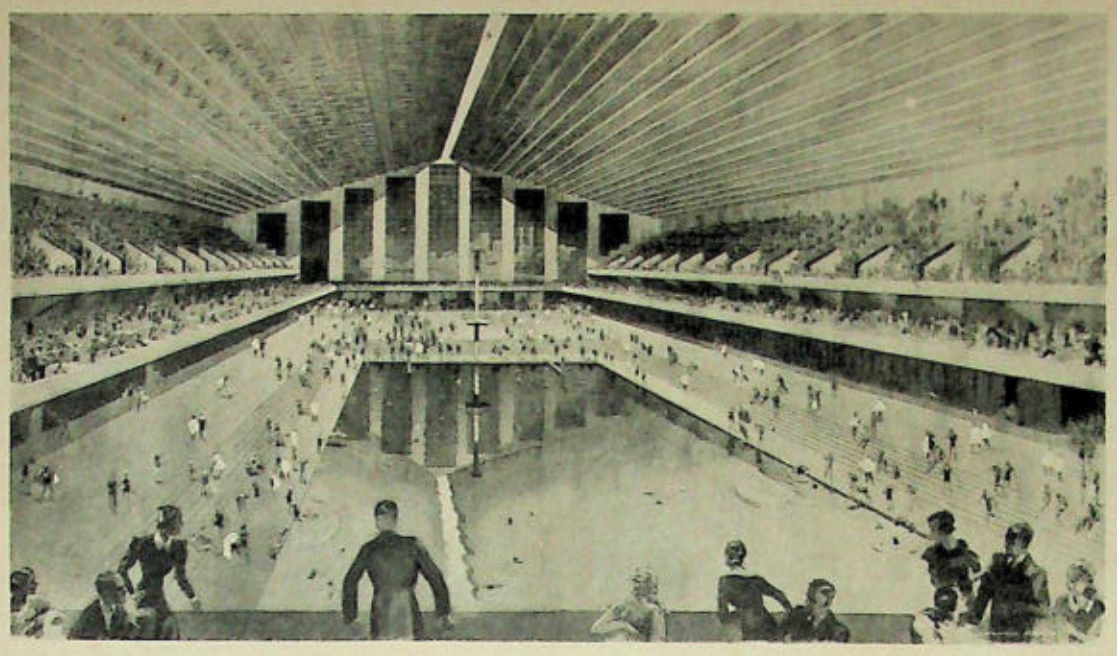
Sulgrave Manor and the Washingtons. By H. Clifford Smith. (Jonathan Cape; 15/–).

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Cricket in the Cage represents a delightful combination of Patrick Chalmers as versifier and Ernest M. Shepard as artist, which A. & C. Black publish for 6/–.

Robert Byron is one of the most far-travelled of the younger writers of the present, and *First Russia, then Tibet* is another entertaining volume from his pen. (Macmillan; 15/–).

Anybody with 7/6 to spend and a love of the country will want to be possessed of S. P. B. Mais's *Week-ends in England*, issued by Richards.



AN ARTIST'S DRAWING OF THE NEW SWIMMING POOL WHICH IS TO BE BUILT AT WEMBLEY IN TIME FOR THE EMPIRE GAMES NEXT YEAR

A SWIMMING POOL WITH WAVES

Wembley's New Indoor Sports Arena

SWIMMING and ice hockey have never had a real home, and accommodation for spectators at important ice hockey matches has not marched with the development of this exciting game. With the advent of the Empire Swimming Pool and Sports Arena, which is to be built and completed by next July at Wembley, this want and others for a vast indoor sports centre is filled.

The Chairman of the Board of Wembley Stadium, Ltd., who are responsible for the new venture, is Major-General the Rt. Hon. Lord Mottistone, and Mr. A. J. Elvin will be managing director of the company. The construction of the building which, as may be seen from the architect's drawing, is to be on very modern lines, will be under the personal direction of Sir Owen Williams, who was responsible for the construction of the British Empire Exhibition and Empire Stadium. The exterior view is of quite futuristic conception. Two acres of ground will be covered by the new sports arena, a space nearly half as large again as that occupied by the Albert Hall.

The length of the building itself will be 420ft., and the breadth 240ft. The actual swimming pool will be 200ft. long by 60ft. wide, and the arena 300ft. by 80ft. Comfortable seating accommodation is to be provided for from 8,000 to 12,000 people, according to events in progress, and all spectators will have a good viewpoint.

An innovation as far as English baths are concerned, but which is in operation on the Continent, will be the installation of wave-making machinery. A realistic seaside effect will be produced. Bathers can recline on the beaches and allow the waves to break over them, or sunbathe on terraces overlooking an ornamental lake. The latest form of filtration plant will be installed in the baths, ensuring clear and hygienic water at all times.

Perhaps the most interesting point of all is the versatility of the building, and the rapidity with which it will be changed to suit different requirements. It will be possible to hold a swimming, diving or water polo contest in the afternoon, say, and stage a boxing match in the evening.

Among recreations which it will be possible to indulge in at Wembley are rackets, squash rackets, tennis, and even table tennis, to mention only a few, while other uses to which the Empire Pool will be put include the staging of equestrian events, circuses, industrial and trade exhibitions, agricultural shows, public meetings, etc.

ETON FIVES

Amateur Championship and Kinnaird Cup Matches

IT is not often that one is fortunate enough to see such a close match of Eton fives as was played on Sunday, October 29th, at the Queen's Club, in the final round of the Amateur Championship for the Kinnaird Cup. The championship was won by W. M. Welch and H. G. de Grey Warter, when they beat D. M. Backhouse and A. T. Barber by three games to two, 15—12, 13—15, 11—15, 15—11, 15—10. This is the second time that Welch and de GreyWarter have won the Kinnaird Cup together, but the first time they have won the championship, since until the season 1931-32, players entered as pairs representative of their clubs and there was no championship.

As might be expected in a match which lasted for such a time, the standard of play varied from game to game, but there were a number of most excellent rallies, which ended, as all good rallies do not, with shots which deserved the point. There was some extremely accurate placing, and on more than a dozen occasions a point was won by one side or the other with the ball coming to rest safe in Dead Man's Hole. Welch played very well in spasms, and was particularly clever in keeping the ball away from Backhouse's left hand, and, as usual, he was well supported by de Grey Warter, who does little that is spectacular but everything which is sound.



THE CURIOUS DESIGN OF THE EXTERIOR OF THE WEMBLEY INDOOR STADIUM



SNOW BELT

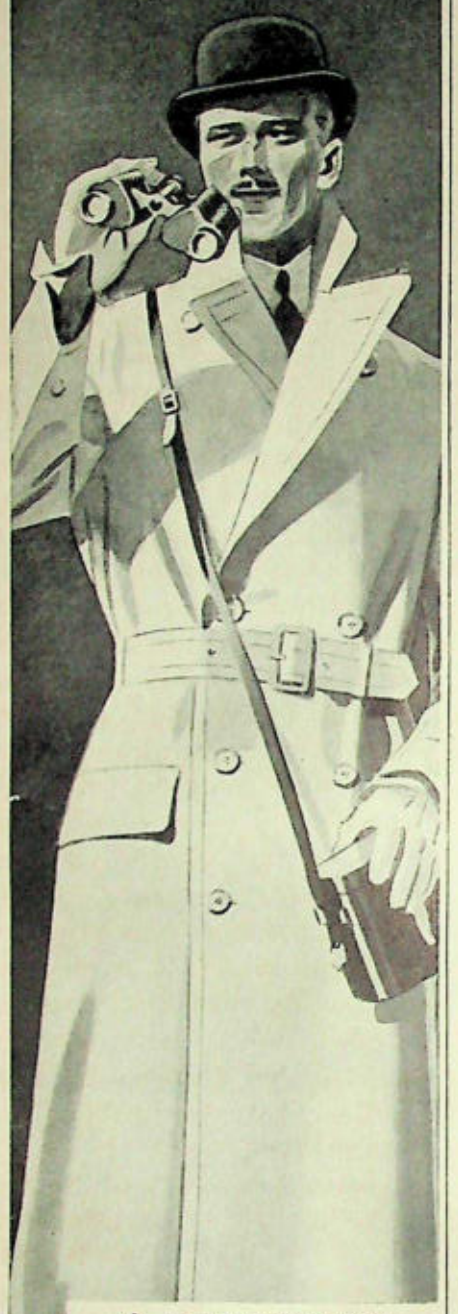
This week I have to chronicle another very important development of The Nithsdale Silver Fox Ranch. I have just returned from Alness (near Invergordon), after purchasing the oldest established silver fox ranch in Great Britain, The Snow Belt Fur Farm, Ltd., and with it I have acquired in its entirety the complete "WYVIS" herd of pedigreed silver foxes, one of the most famous strains in this country, and the progeny of the original animals imported into Scotland from Canada in 1920. This herd has been carefully selected and bred on scientific lines since the beginning of the ranch, and has provided foundation animals for a very large proportion of the British Farms existing at the present day. Foxes from Snow Belt have been exported to various countries in Europe, and have been greatly esteemed both for their breeding and their quality. The Herd will, of course, be kept intact, and a large number will remain at Alness, and the same careful breeding plans will be followed in the future as have been so successful in the past. The WYVIS FOXES have during the past seven years held important awards. Mr. Ballinger, the Manager, won the Champion Cup at the First Official Show, WYVIS CHALLENGER won the President's Challenge Trophy and as I myself held the Show Challenge Cup all this year between NITHSDALE and SNOW BELT, we can claim to own a few good foxes. There will be a few pairs of WYVIS animals available for disposal on the well-known Nithsdale terms. WYVIS FOXES and NITHSDALE TERMS will prove to be an unbeatable combination.

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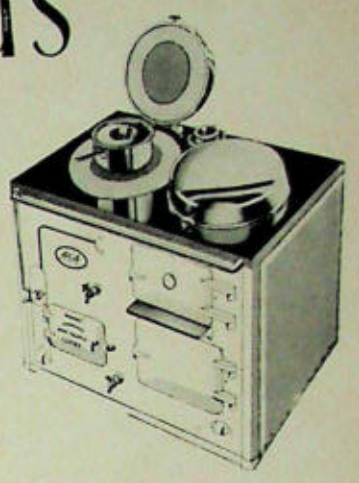
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PLENTY OF DANGER AND HAZARDS FOR THE NERVOUS OR INACCURATE GOLFER
A scene at Sunningdale, where the pond on the right is only too well known to all who play there

PLAYING GOLF AT HOME AND AWAY

The Effects of Strange Courses and Some Suggestions for Overcoming Them

By T. P. PERKINS

UNDOUBTEDLY one of the most interesting phrases of golf is visiting different courses and trying to master the problems which arise. No player can hope to become good at the game until he has had a large amount of experience of playing away from his home course. Indeed, a golfer is terribly handicapped if he plays mostly on one course.

If, however, the home course is a very good one, calling for a high degree of accuracy in all departments of the game, and a wide variety of shots, then the detrimental effect is not so marked. On the other hand, should the course be easy—a place where wild driving is not punished to any great extent, or if it is short, thus demanding few long iron shots and too many drive and pitch holes, the player who is accustomed to a course like this is lost when he goes to a long, testing one which is well guarded from the tee and through the green.

Varying conditions of greens, fairways, rough, and traps require a knowledge which is only obtained by experience of many courses. For instance, explosion shots from different kinds of traps have to be carefully considered. The consistency of the sand varies on almost every course, and the usual method used, say, at home, will not work away. Another point to watch is playing a short pitch from a hard fairway when one is used to playing from soft turf. A great deal more care has to be taken when attempting this shot. In time the player gets to know by the feel and appearance of the ground what effect it is likely to have on the shot. Some kinds of turf offer much more resistance to the club than others, and this is a point which has to be specially noted.

Then again, it is a terrible handicap to a player whose golf has been played mostly on flat stances suddenly to have to adapt himself to fairway undulations.

VALUE OF ADAPTABILITY

Windswept courses are liable to upset a golfer accustomed to playing in calmer conditions, and here we have a difficulty which can be learned only by bitter experience, not merely as regards the effect of the wind on the ball and the methods to be employed to meet it, but the necessary control of the body in all the shots, especially in the short game.

The condition of the putting greens is also important, indeed, in Great Britain, where the surfaces vary so much from one course to another, a player's degree of adaptability has to be very advanced to meet the ever-changing conditions with which he is faced.

The creeping bent greens one comes in contact with in the United States play havoc with one's putting if no attention is given to the direction of the "grain." Both the strength and quality of the putting surfaces exert a big influence. If of a poor quality, one's confidence is liable to be badly shaken; and often a slow, bumpy green produces a pronounced hit or stab, instead of the smooth action of the experts.

In writing about the influence of the home course on a player's game I must not overlook the effect on the length and direction of his drives. If the course is very wide, or there is not much trouble in the rough, there is little inducement for the player to cultivate straightness. He will run the risk of becoming a long, wild hitter, and in due time will have cause to regret this.

Or if the course is laid out in such a way that most of the trouble is on one side, for instance, with the boundary on the left, a player's outstanding fault is a tendency to push out. On the other hand, if the trouble is on the right, he will be almost certain, in his anxiety to keep the ball out of the more serious difficulties, to develop a more or less permanent pull.

Another aspect of the case is when the rough is so severe on both sides of the fairway that the player is forced to adopt a cramped style in order to keep his ball in play. The point I wish to make is that the golfer who is obliged to play mostly on one course should try to be conscious of the limitations of that course, whether they apply to the effect on his drive, the method of approaching, or any other detail, and to endeavour to cultivate as far as possible the strokes for which there is not much call.

By doing this he will become a far better golfer, and when he plays on other links he will not be so badly handicapped.

I think players who keep almost entirely to one course are perhaps not able to judge distances as well as those who frequently visit fresh places, but this may be overcome to a large extent by making a study of the subject and taking full advantage of every point likely to be of assistance, such as making close personal observations, using the card measurements, and the judicious handling of the caddie's advice.

Perhaps a few extra ideas might now be discussed on the question of lack of local knowledge. This is much more serious when off one's game. If driving poorly, we are frequently left with the wrong length of shot to the green; I mean a shot of unfamiliar or unnatural length, or in some cases approaching the green from the wrong angle. Shots like these do not present the same difficulty on a course with which we are familiar, but on a strange one they may mean the loss of another stroke.

Some of these bad shots are possibly due to imagination on the part of the player that he is short of knowledge of the course. If he could simply imagine that he was playing a hole at home of similar length, and visualise the proper way to play it, he would do far better.

A doubt in one's mind usually causes lack of concentration. The class golfer never falls into this error. He knows from experience that hesitation, indecision, or mental confusion, call it what you wish, is fatal to the success of any shot. To show to what a small extent golfers of the highest class are affected by lack of local knowledge of a course, it may be of interest to record that at the time of the 1927 British Open Championship, Bobby Jones went round Gleneagles in 67. Of course he has a wonderful gift for judging the length of the shots on account of his very good eyesight, but still I do not think such wonderful results would be secured without taking into consideration every little point likely to be of assistance.

Indeed, there is no doubt in my own mind that many failures on strange courses are due to insufficient observation. Some of my own early failures were certainly due to this. I recall that on certain occasions I have played half the round before waking up to the fact that I was underclubbing with the irons or that I was borrowing too much on putting.

NO FEAR OF THE UNKNOWN

These are merely instances of a number of other troubles. I advocate a special study of the whole matter. Only by doing this can the mental side be overcome. Many of our failures are due to allowing the difficulties to assume unreasonably big proportions.

To conclude, there is an aspect of this subject which I want to mention specially. Some players perform very well the first time round a course. This is probably due to the fact that their observation is extra keen, and that they know nothing of the difficulties of the course, since they think only of the pin to which they are playing. It is not at all unusual to go to a fresh course and to return a score at the first attempt which is not equalled in the next six rounds.

A point to be considered, therefore, is whether, if one can only get a single practice round before a tournament on the course it is advisable to have it. This is one of those matters which each player must decide for himself. I merely give it as a suggestion that is worthy of consideration. I admit that it needs some courage deliberately to refrain from playing a practice round on an unknown course. I can instance a round I played the first time over Fenimore (United States) of 73, in the qualifying for the National Open in 1930, without ever having seen the layout before. On this tough course I think it was probably one of the best rounds I managed to execute that year, and it enabled me to be in second position in the New York Metropolitan section.

As a matter of fact, with the full use of one's good judgment, not infrequently, one does extremely well on a first round. What is unknown occasions no needless worry, and fear of a course naturally causes loss of concentration.

BRANKSOME TOWERS TOURNAMENT

Fine Golf in a Gale

THE annual stroke-play competition sponsored by the Branksome Towers Hotel, Bournemouth, which is always held on a Sunday and is, therefore, rather unique, attracted such a large and representative entry this year that for the first time two courses had to be used. Ferndown was the venue for the low-handicap players, whilst those with more generous allowances competed at Parkstone.

The challenge trophy awarded for the best scratch score over 36 holes was won by Francis Ricardo, of Addington, who only a few days before had won the Gold Golf Balls at Stoke Poges in partnership with that brilliant young player P. W. L. Risdon. Over a course which abounds in heather, gorse and fir trees Ricardo gave a display of accurate golf, rarely being off the fairways with his tee shots, in spite of the fact that he was using a light driver which had been given him by a well-known French lady player.

All the holes at Ferndown have picturesque names, and at the 510yds. fifth Ricardo holed a niblick shot of some 50yds. for a three, the ball dropping into the hole on the first bounce. Strangely enough, this hole is known as "Elysium," and for the winner this was certainly apt.

Ricardo is slightly built and has been playing golf only since 1924, when he began whilst at Oxford. After leaving that University he visited America, where he practised a great deal with many of the best golfers. His style is reminiscent of Bobby Jones, whom he took, as many have, for his model. To see him play one can appreciate the value of a tour in the United States.

At Parkstone H. P. Brittain used his local knowledge to such effect that he ran out an easy winner of the handicap award, but not without one extraordinary episode. His tee shot to the last hole lodged in a branch of a tree. Nothing daunted, Brittain took a flying hit at the ball and miraculously knocked it on to the green and holed the putt for a three.

E. R. T.



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With a FOREWORD by ERIC PARKER

Editor of THE FIELD

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COURTESY ON BOTH SIDES OF THE ROAD IN HUNTING COUNTRY: THE OLD BERKELEY HOUNDS AND A BUS NEAR KING'S LANGLEY

SOME CAUSES OF ROAD ACCIDENTS

The Danger of Overloading—Worn-out Cars on the Road—My Solution of the Problem

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

SOME days ago I read an account of two inquests, in both of which the jury had expressed strong views on the danger of overloading private motor cars. In one case it was stated that the car involved contained eight people, although it was only intended to hold four or five. Four of the occupants were killed when this car crashed into another, and the jury expressed the view that there should be some legal control over the loading of private cars.

At the other inquest it transpired that a 7 h.p. saloon contained four men and two young women, who were sitting on the laps of those in the back seat. One of the men was killed when the door flew open, being flung against a tramway standard. In this case, also, the jury decided that blame attached to the driver for having overloaded his car.

OVERWORKED "BABIES"

These accidents occurred on the same day, and they are, unfortunately, typical of many which take place through the same cause.

Overloading is, indeed a very common fault among present-day motorists—one often sees a 7 h.p. baby saloon that was intended to hold three or four passengers at the most, containing half-a-dozen grown-up people. Often, in these cases, the car is being driven at its utmost speed, which increases the danger enormously.

A motorist should have more sense, for quite apart from the risks involved overloading ruins his springs, his tyres (which, by the way, are seldom inflated sufficiently), in fact all working parts are being ruined by such treatment.

In my experience it is nearly always the very small car that is treated in this manner, and it is just the ultra light car that can least withstand the strain. Much as one dislikes the idea of further legislation forbidding this or that, it may be necessary, unless this kind of behaviour ceases, to pass a law prohibiting the carrying in a car of more passengers than the actual number for which it was designed in the first instance.

A great deal has recently appeared in the Press concerning the danger caused through cars of mature age being allowed on the road. Much can be said on both sides in this argument.

I contend, most emphatically, that the driver of a car should be made definitely responsible for the condition of the vehicle he handles, no matter whether it be new or old. If the brakes or any other parts of the mechanism are defective these points should be rectified before the car is allowed on the road.

I know of far too many cases where cars have been driven, often at excessive speeds, with worn-out tyres, the bare canvas showing round the tread. To drive under these conditions is inviting trouble.

But when one comes to consider whether cars should still be used after passing a certain age it would surely be fairer to base the limit on a certain mileage rather than a definite period.

A car that averages 30,000 miles per year for five years should not be in any better condition (given the same treatment) than one that is ten years old, and has, shall we say, only been driven a total distance of 100,000 miles during that period. Everything, surely, must depend upon the quality of the car and its condition, which in turn would depend upon how that car had been handled, and how often it had been overhauled during a given period.

I know one case where a 1914 12 h.p. Rover is still in almost daily use; but that particular car has been so carefully looked after during the years it has been in commission that it is, to-day, in first-class order throughout.

My opinion is that no car which has reached a certain age (and I would suggest eight years) should have its licence renewed unless at the time of application a certificate was furnished by a responsible garage to the effect that that particular car had been examined by them, and was found to be in first-class working condition.

ANNUAL INSPECTION

It would be quite an easy matter for a certain standard of efficiency to be arrived at by the Ministry of Transport. I would suggest that this standard should apply most particularly to the brakes, tyres, springs, steering gear and axles, and possibly the chassis frame.

Whether the condition of the engine or coachwork was good or bad would not matter in the least so far as public safety is concerned, but those points I have enumerated are of vital importance.

The Ministry could agree that a fixed fee be charged by local garages of repute for this annual inspection, the fee to be limited to an amount of, say, 5/- or 10/-. If the garage was satisfied that any vital part of a car was unsafe the certificate would be withheld. If, on the other hand, a certificate was believed to have been wrongly withheld the owner of the car should have the right to apply to a Ministry of Transport inspector to have his car vetted by him.

If this procedure was put into force it would make, I am sure, for greater safety on our roads, and at the same time benefit the local garages throughout the country.

Frankly, I think that the scheme is well worth considering in further detail.



MOTOR CARS AND THE RECENT FOOT AND MOUTH OUTBREAK
Spraying a car at Barkway, Hertfordshire, with disinfectant

EXPLORING THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE

Should Britain Take Part in Stratosphere Experiments?

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



INTO REGIONS UNKNOWN
The crew of the Soviet balloon entering the gondola before the great ascent

EXPLORATION of the stratosphere has attracted increasing attention among scientists, since Professor Piccard blazed the trail; and the latest success has been won by the Russian balloon "Stratostat U.S.S.R.," which, according to official reports from Moscow, ascended on September 30th last to a height of no less than 19,000 metres (63,320ft.), thus surpassing Professor Piccard's record by no less than 9,169ft.

Elsewhere, there is abundant evidence of a desire to ascertain more exactly the nature of the upper air. France has under construction a special aeroplane designed for the first heavier-than-air attempt in this region, and Germany was reported some time ago to be building a machine for a similar purpose. Actually, of course, the recent ascent of the Frenchman Lemoine to a height of 44,820ft. (thus eclipsing Captain Uwin's British record) actually entered the stratosphere; but the aim was the attainment of height only, and not stratospheric exploration, as the balloon ascents have been.

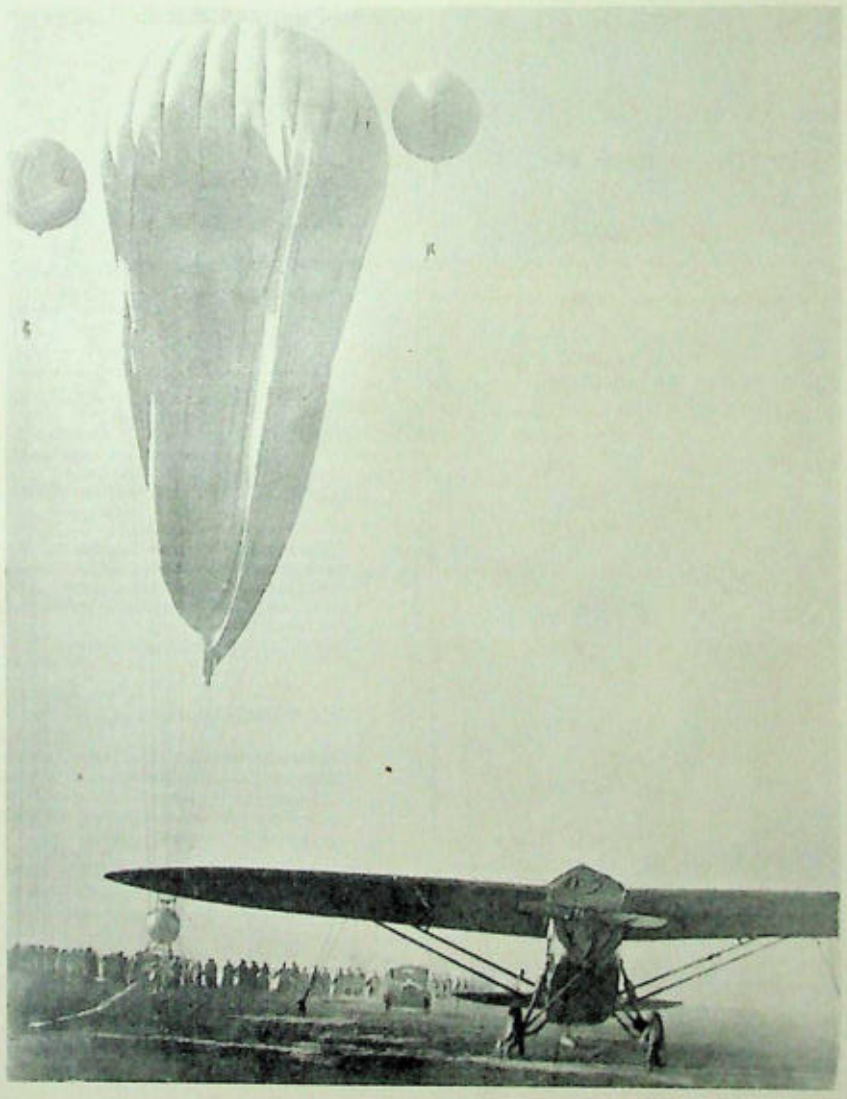
NEW FACTS ABOUT WEATHER

It might well be asked whether ascending to these great heights has any interest other than a purely academic one, and particularly whether any useful result is likely to accrue to aviation. On the scientific side, of course, there is everything to be said for these investigations, and it is expected that a knowledge of the conditions in this region will have something important to reveal regarding weather.

Although the balloon ascent of Professor Piccard and the more recent Russian flight naturally appeal to the public imagination, it must not be forgotten that we owe a great deal to the constant and efficient work of our own meteorologists. Our weather forecasting services are second to none, and the special Meteorological Flight of the Royal Air Force, operating at somewhat lower altitudes, has contributed invaluable data for this purpose.

The structure of the atmosphere is already fairly well defined so far as the limit of the troposphere and the height above the earth's surface at which the region known as the stratosphere commences. This varies from about 23,000ft. at the poles to 56,000ft. above the equator. The chief characteristic of this region is that the temperature is more or less constant up to about 120,000ft., when it is believed that it gets gradually warmer. There is little moisture content in the stratosphere and therefore no clouds, mist, snow or rain, and although the mean temperature is approx. 120 deg. Fahr. below freezing point, an aircraft would not, therefore, be hampered by the formation of ice on its surfaces. Very little is known of wind pressures at these altitudes. Professor Piccard apparently encountered little movement of the air, but it is quite possible that winds of varying strength may be met with.

The dream of navigating heavier-than-air aircraft through the extremely rarefied air at heights of 50,000ft. or 60,000ft. has long been before aeronautical experts; indeed, the possibility of utilising to the full the immense speed potentialities of the aeroplane seems to depend very largely upon the development of high-altitude flying, where air resistance is so much less.



BEFORE CLIMBING TO A HEIGHT OF 63,320FT.
The Russian balloon Stratostat U.S.S.R., starting on its ascent. The two small balloons, each with an observer, were to see that no damage was done in rising

It is possible that scientific investigation of the stratosphere may establish definitely what has long been suspected: that there are currents in the upper air comparable to the trade winds on the seas. Such conditions, provided the upper atmosphere could be accurately charted, might be turned to advantage, particularly in the conduct of regular long-distance lines. Indirect, but hardly less important, advantages from this type of exploration, apart from more accurate weather-forecasting, might be the solution of certain wireless problems that at present hamper the fuller use of radio, particularly on short and ultra-short wave lengths.

Data of this type can be obtained from balloon attempts such as Professor Piccard and the Russians have made; the practical possibility of heavier-than-air flight at such altitudes has yet to be proved; and it would be well if this country, which has so much to gain from long-distance air transport, would consider whether painstaking investigation of practical high-altitude flying would not be a sound investment.

We have built machines specially for high-speed experiments—and obtained results that repaid the effort many times over. We have constructed machines for long-distance attempts—and derived very valuable data from their operation. But so far, we have never designed and constructed an aeroplane solely for high-altitude research, for it must be remembered that Captain Uwin's magnificent record was established on a standard machine and engine to which only minor modifications had been made.

The problems that surround successful high-altitude flying are many; and on their solution the progress of future long-distance aviation may largely depend. For our interceptor fighters we have already developed engines that produce their maximum power output at 10,000ft. or more, but there is a great deal to be learnt yet with regard to supercharging by series in order to attain maximum efficiency at the varying heights involved.

To enable the type of aircraft visualised to climb effectively to the upper atmosphere, as well as to ensure good performance in the rarefied air, the development of a practical and reliable variable-pitch propeller is of the highest importance. The question of the cooling of the power plant also presents difficulties which will have to be overcome. Although the temperature was so low, Captain Uwins found that at 44,000ft. the engine, which was designed to function perfectly in this respect in a tropical climate, was barely cooled at that great height; this, of course, was due to the rarity of the air.

But there are many other points to be solved. What has to be learnt is how a machine can be built that can successfully fly through this attenuated air; whether the increased speed available will counteract the reduced lift of the wings; and whether it is possible to construct a cabin that will enable human beings to exist in comfort under conditions where there is not sufficient density of air to sustain life in the open, and temperatures, as on the Russian balloon ascent, fall as low as 120° of frost, Fahrenheit.

HIGHER FLYING

There is a field here that it would seem well for us in this country to explore from the outset. Too often in the past, initial stages have been left to other countries, which have thus obtained a lead it has taken much time and effort to reduce. High-altitude flying, with its prospect of enormous speeds and independence of weather conditions such as we know on the surface, is not a mere figment of romance. Already our fighting technique is tending more and more towards operation at heights that would have been thought records fifteen years ago.

Much the same will apply in commercial aviation; the more we learn about the upper atmosphere the more we may be able to improve those services. So it is that stratospheric investigation has become a question of paramount importance to aviation development; and the country that takes it up most energetically will reap the biggest harvest in the years to come.

EMPIRE AIR TRAVEL

The Growth of Traffic

THE continued growth of traffic on the Empire air-lines of Imperial Airways is illustrated by fresh figures which have just become available.

During six months, from April to September this year, the passengers, mails and freight carried on the routes to Egypt, India, Burma and Africa showed an all-round increase of 45.54 per cent., as compared with a similar period of 1932. The percentage increase in passengers was 43.92 per cent. In mails it was 46.18 per cent., and in freight, 40.59 per cent.

By the air-mail to India, as revealed by the latest figures, appreciably more than 40,000 letters are now being airborne weekly, while on the extension which was established recently across India, between Karachi and Calcutta, the loads in each direction are already averaging approximately 14,000 letters a week.



ON THE MOVE: CARIBOU IN THE CASSIAR DISTRICT OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

SPORT IN WESTERN CANADA

From Stalking in the Rockies to Duck Shooting on the Plains

By A. M. FORDYCE

IN Canada, distances mean very little. A railway journey of 500 miles or so is regarded no more seriously than a trip from London to Brighton, and a two or three days' journey not more than a run up to Scotland.

There is no difficulty in getting to British Columbia, the Yukon and the adjacent sections of Alberta, where a remarkable range of sport may be obtained. First, perhaps, among the game animals of this area is the Rocky Mountain sheep. Its head is not as spectacular a trophy as a big rack of moose horns, but it is one in which the sportsman may take infinitely more pride, for it is so wary that it requires patient and careful stalking to obtain a good head. Of the four kinds of sheep, the greyish brown Bighorn is the common species of the southern ranges of the Rockies. Dall's sheep, a white animal smaller than the Bighorn, Stone's sheep, a dark brown species, and Fannin's sheep, a greyish animal, are more common in the northern ranges of the British Columbia Rockies and the Yukon.

A MIXED BAG

In addition to sheep, the mountain game includes goats, which also demand clever stalking. Then for a spice of adventure there is the grizzly bear as well as its less dangerous brown and black cousins. Further horned trophies are to be had in the moose, caribou, wapiti or elk, and three species of deer—the whitetail (which is common in Eastern Canada), the blacktail (which is found chiefly on Vancouver Island), and the mule deer (which is largely found in the foothills and valleys of the interior on both sides of the Rockies). The small game of British Columbia includes ducks and geese, ptarmigan, ruffed and blue grouse, Hungarian partridge and pheasants, and on Vancouver Island, quail. For some of the more successful trips to remoter parts of the Rockies, a pack-horse train and guides are essential.

The eastern slopes of the Rockies, which are in the Province of Alberta, offer similar hunting among the hills for sheep, goats and bear, and since the greatest areas of the National Parks of the Canadian Rockies are located on these slopes, a good steady overflow of game into the adjacent territory is maintained from these sanctuaries.

Every sportsman has his own particular affections and his own ideas as to the best kind of sport to be had, but surely there are few sporting adventures to be compared to a hunting trip in Canada's Rockies, where, with a cheerful and efficient outfitter and his assistants, you travel on horseback through some of the most beautiful mountain scenery on the face of the earth; on through shady woods and sunny meadows, past swift running streams—where you may pause to hook a few trout for breakfast—and tinkling falls, with the hills all around and glimpses of snow-clad peaks; where you can get out of your tent into the keen mountain air and eat your trout, smoking from the pan, and be on your way again.

Then a band of sheep is sighted on one of the upper benches and you start your stalk to get around, out of sight to leeward of them, and after a couple of hours of dodging and crawling around the mountainside, the sheep prove too good for you, and you just come within range to get a stern view as they gallop away. Eventually a more successful stalk and you lie winded within 150yds. of a good head, wondering if your panting will start them off before you can get steadied up for a shot; and the thrill as you put down one of these kings of the mountain.

With your sheep accounted for, you travel on to moose and caribou grounds for new stalking experiences and new trophies to pack out, spending, perhaps, the odd day where conditions are right, with the shotgun, bagging a few duck or a few blue grouse for the pot from the woods of the foothills. You may run into snow and dirty weather, but it is the shoot of a lifetime and over all too soon.

Any duck shooting on a trip like this will be incidental and since you are so close to the prairie provinces it is worth sampling the duck and goose shooting to be had in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. The northern parts of these provinces provide the principal breeding grounds of the migratory waterfowl of the North American continent, and, with the approach of winter, they commence their migration to the warmer waters and climate of the Gulf of Mexico. The migration starts slowly, and through the Fall the flocks pass over the southern parts of the prairie provinces, resting and feeding until winter begins to overtake them, and it is then that the best sport is obtained.

In the old days, the flocks which migrated south were tremendous, and prior to the protection afforded by the Migratory Birds Convention Act, almost incredible bags were made constantly in these parts. Even to-day the shooting is ample.

On the sloughs and water areas, the shooting is done from blinds constructed of rushes and situated at strategical points with decoys in front. The shots are obtained as the flocks that happen to be in the neighbourhood come in to investigate. A popular form of shooting and peculiar to the west, is on the stubble fields, where birds resting on neighbouring water come in morning and evening to feed on waste grain. In stubble shooting, the sportsmen dig pits in the field to conceal themselves and camouflage them with straw.

Of duck, the most prized in western shooting is the mallard. It is this which is shot from the stubble fields, and being a grain feeder, it is unsurpassed as a table bird. The principal species shot on the sloughs are the pintail and the teal.

But the most highly prized of all American waterfowl is the Canada goose, which is also a grain feeder and a powerful flier. The birds weigh from 4lb. to 18lb., and their extreme wariness makes them excellent sport. They rest well out on the water during the day and fly in to the stubble fields to feed in the evening.



CANADA GEESE ON THE STUBBLE IN ALBERTA

GEESE AND GROUSE

Goose shooting demands great care, as the Canada goose, fine game bird that it is, is extremely shy of anything unusual.

The lesser snow goose, known as the "wavey," also migrates across the prairies as does the white-fronted goose, which is mis-named brant by westerners. The real brant migrates along the ocean routes and is shot on the sea shores.

The upland game of the prairies includes the pinnated and sharp-tailed grouse, but these have become so reduced in numbers that they are under a period of protection in these provinces to give them a chance to rehabilitate themselves. Their place has been taken by the Hungarian partridge. Introduced into Alberta in 1908, these partridges have spread in all directions and increased in numbers to such an extent that good sport may be obtained even in the neighbouring Province of Saskatchewan.

Any amount of trout fishing may be had in British Columbia, the varieties including the steelhead, rainbow, cut-throat, Dolly Varden and lake trout. The steelhead is a close relative of the Atlantic salmon and spends a great deal of its time in salt water. Its sporting qualities and other characteristics have been compared with the Scottish salmon, and it is a great game fish and takes the fly. Very similar to the steelhead is a fish found in several lakes of British Columbia and called the Kamloops trout. It appears to remain permanently in fresh water, and is a sturdy fighter.

The cut-throat is so called from a red marking below the jaw. It is widely distributed in the west, even in western Alberta, and while not as popular as other species, it is a real fighter and a source of pleasure to anglers.

The Dolly Varden, like the eastern brook trout, is really a char. Like its eastern relative it is very game, but does not run large in the small streams, although, similarly, it sometimes takes to the sea and grows to larger size. Lake trout are found in some of the lakes of the Province, but are not highly regarded as sport fish.

ANSWERS to CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored.

Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem examination, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. ***Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.*** *No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.*

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges, Class VI., Division I. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible.

Cards

Contract Bridge

What is the Correct Bidding?—You ask for an opinion as to the best bidding of the following hands: Score Y Z game. A B nil. Z dealt and held ♠ x, x; ♡ A, K, x; ◇ A, K, J, x; ♣ A, K, Q, x. Y held ♠ A, K, J, x; ♡ J, 10, x; ◇ Q, 9, x, x; ♣ x, x. A B were silent throughout the bidding, and Y Z arrived at a contract of little slam. A grand slam was made.

Answer. The bidding should go: Z Two Diamonds; Y Two Spades; Z Three Clubs; Z Five No Trumps; Y Six Diamonds; Z Seven Diamonds.—*J. E. F.*

Farm

Wheat Grown After Wheat. The amount of available plant food in the soil will have been depleted by the 1933 crop of wheat, and it would certainly be a sound investment to give generous treatment to a crop of wheat following on the same ground. A compound fertiliser will answer the purpose well and the dressing should be applied at any time from now onwards when the surface of the land is dry enough.—*K. N., Lasco.*

Creamy Colour in Milk. The yellow tint in milk which is particularly marked in early summer and tends to disappear in mid-winter is attributed to the presence or absence of Carotin in the cows' food. Green grass at a young stage of growth contains a good proportion of carotin, whereas mature hay and oil cakes contain very little. Kale and cabbage are satisfactory sources for winter feeding or a few pounds of carrots, if they are plentiful, will soon give a satisfactory colour to white milk in the winter months. Colouring matter can only be introduced through the cow's mouth. It is illegal to colour milk artificially.—*F. H., Warwick.*

Agricultural Wages in Scotland. There never has been an Agricultural Wages Board in Scotland, and wage rates are fixed by bargaining between individual masters and men. Until the present year both parties have been content to make terms without the intervention of a Government department and the fixing of minimum wages, but with the continued depression of market prices farmers are now offering reduced rates of wages, as low in some cases as 26/- a week. It is possible that the trade union representatives of the farm servants may ask for the establishment of a wages board, but there has been no official announcement to this effect.—*L. F. T., Newcastle-upon-Tyne.*

Minerals for Cows. Good lucerne hay, clover hay and good meadow hay with a fair proportion of leguminous herbage, are rich in lime and in normal rations will supply enough lime for maintenance and 2 to 3 gallons of milk. Straw contains a very little lime, and the cereal and pulse grains are also deficient in this respect, hence, where rations contain little hay but appreciable quantity of straw, oats and beans, the lime content will not be adequate and finely ground limestone or sterilised feeding bone flour, or a suitable mineral mixture, should be added. A home-made mixture which appears suitable for use under such conditions is two-parts ground limestone, two-parts crushed salt, and one part sterilised feeding bone flour, given at the rate of 3lb. per cwt. of concentrates.—*H. L. C., Oxon.*

Fencing

Miller-Hallett Cup. The sixth annual contest for the Miller-Hallett Cup (Individual International Epée) will be held at the Salle Bertrand, London, on Saturday, December 2nd. If the entries are large, preliminary pools may be held at the Salle Bertrand on Wednesday, November 29th, and Friday, December 1st. Entries close on November 18th. For competitors resident in Great Britain there is an entry fee of 5/-, but there is no fee to competitors residing abroad. The rules governing the competition for 1933 will be the Rules of the Federation Internationale d'Escrime with the following exceptions: (i.) Bouts shall be fought for the best of three hits; (ii.) The Amateur Fencing Association reserve the right to appoint a Vice-President to assist in refereeing any pool.—*K. B. L., London.*

Hunting

When May Bowler Hats be Worn? A bowler hat is quite correct with a dark grey hacking coat, and may also be worn with a tweed one. Light brown breeches are also quite in order. Hat guards, though not so much worn now as formerly, are still quite correct, though worn as a matter of personal taste.—*C. E. W., Bucknall.*

Champion Hounds at Peterborough. The champion dog hound at Peterborough Foxhound Show this year was Cleveland Ranger (1931) by Waterford (1924) from Roslyn (1927), bred by the Cleveland Hunt. The champion bitch hound was Rufford Hebe (1930) by Milton Hector (1924) from Secret (1928), exhibited by the Rufford Hunt.—*A. G., London.*

Kennel

Dog Snarling While Asleep. You state that your Labrador dog snarls and barks in a threatening manner when he is asleep. As a possible cure a course of nerve sedative medicine is recommended, such as a 1-grain tablet of "Luminal Sodium" (Bayer) every morning and night for a month. It would be well to have the faeces examined for the eggs of parasitic worms, as worms may be the activating cause of the mental disturbances.—*H. R. W., Lewes.*

Filaria in the Blood. We doubt if anyone has studied filaria in this country, but you might write to Sir Frederick Hobday, Principal, Royal Veterinary College, Camden Town, N.W. Muller & Glass devote a short chapter to the subject in *Diseases of the Dog* (Bailliere, Tindall & Cox). They remark that the parasite is found in Indian, Chinese and American dogs, adding that "as to prophylactic or therapeutic measures, nothing has as yet been found to answer the purpose." They further quote Frohner as saying that in Japan, where the parasite is prevalent, arsenic is used with advantage. A three-generation pedigree can be obtained from the Kennel Club, 84, Piccadilly, W. 1, on payment of a fee of 5/-.—*G. M. G., Yapton.*

Library

Book on Horsemanship.—A useful book on horsemanship and training of young horses is *Elements of Horsemanship*, by William Fawcett, published by the Field Press, Ltd., at 7/6 net.—*R. F. M., Co. Clare.*

Wire-haired Fox Terrier.—A *Monograph on the Fox Terrier*, by Sidney Castle ("Our Dogs" Publishing Co., Manchester; price 4/9, post free), would probably answer your purpose. It deals with the Smooths as well, but there is a special section on the Wires.—*S., York.*

"Breeding Horses by the Figure System." *Breeding Horses by the Figure System*, by C. N. Bruce Lowe, is now out of print, but you should be able to obtain a copy from such firms as Messrs. Bumpus of Oxford Street, W. 1, or Messrs. W. H. Foyle of Charing Cross Road, London, W.C. 2.—*M. G., Windermere.*

Life History of the Mayfly.—The standard work on the *Ephemeridæ* is A. E. Eaton's *A Monograph of Recent Ephemeridæ or May-Flies*. This was published in 1883-8, and Wheldon & Wesley, Ltd., 2 & Arthur Street, London, W.C., listed it at 45. You would probably find F. M. Halford's *Dry-Fly Man's Handbook* better suited to your purpose. In the second part of this the author deals with the metamorphoses of the *Ephemeridæ*. A more recent book on the same subject is Martin E. Mosely's *Dry-Fly Fisherman's Entomology*. Then there is Ronald's *Fly-Fishers Entomology* (1836), which has been republished with notes and introduction by the late H. T. Sheringham. This is still a standard work on entomology for the trout fisher.—*G. A. J., Bournemouth.*

Naturalist

Ticking Noises in a House.—From your description the ticking sound in your house is obviously caused by the Death-watch beetle (*Sodium striatum*), the larvæ or grubs of which are responsible for the holes in "worm-eaten" woodwork. The beetle lays the eggs on the surface, and the grubs, directly they hatch, eat their way in and feed on the wood, making tunnels in the interior. A simple method of destruction would be to wash the woodwork over with paraffin, and syringe it into all holes, cracks and crevices, repeating the process at intervals of about two months until next midsummer.—*L. H. D., Beeston.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Mortality Among Rabbits.—Part of the viscera of the rabbit sent for inspection has been preserved for microscopic examination, the result of which we will let you know when this is complete.—*W. H. A., Hants.*

Mortality Among Pigeons.—We could find no evidence of injury or disease in the specimen bird sent for post-mortem examination. In the event of another bird dying, may we suggest that it be sent to an analytical chemist for a chemical analysis of the contents of the crop and gizzard.—*Admiral H. B., Hants.*

A Fowl's Death. The post-mortem findings indicate that the fowl suffered from an infectious disease of the proventriculus (the so-called stomach). This part of the bird's alimentary canal was ballooned, and dissection revealed an abscess in its walls. Isolate any sick bird. Thoroughly cleanse and disinfect the hen house. Feed from troughs. Give Sawyer's Anti-C.E.P. tablets.—*Hon. D. P., Derbyshire.*

Shooting

Load to Avoid Bruising Shoulder.—It is difficult to suggest a load which, while suitable for high birds, would not punish your shoulder as unfortunately you omit two very essential details, namely, the bore of the gun and its weight. Presuming it is a 12-bore with one or both barrels choked, firing 2½in. cartridges, and of a light to medium weight (6¼lb. to 6¾lb.), you would find 34 grains of Empire powder and 1oz. No. 5½ shot most effective and pleasant in use, the velocity being fairly high with low recoil. Should your gun be of standard weight (6¾lb.), however, the shot charge might advantageously be increased to 1⅛oz. We suggest you should try these loads in your gun before coming to a final decision.—*A. J., Alford.*

Variation in Shot.—No doubt from the figures you mention your cartridge supplier has, unfortunately, loaded mixed shot; 1oz. English No. 7 shot contains 340 pellets with an allowance of ten pellets plus or minus.

As the cartridge you opened contained 237 pellets it is presumed the shot charge is ¾oz. (the standard load for a 20-bore 2½in. cartridge), in which case the count is as near correct as possible. The variation in size is, however, proof of error. In a series of tests carried out by our expert the variation in diameter was from .001in. to .005in. as against your quoted figure of 16 per cent.

Shot should roll freely down a slanted glass surface. In all makes, however, a small percentage will be found that are not quite spherical. Whereas the shot is not correct, this alone should not cause the erratic shooting you complain about.—*W., London.*

Cartridge Tests

Your primrose cartridges were carefully loaded and gave very regular ballistics. Load 35 grains of E.C. powder, good class wadding, and 1⅛oz. No. 6 hard shot. The pressure at 1in. from base was 2.16 tons per square inch. The velocity over 20yds. was 1,053ft. per second. Pattern from a choke barrel at 40yds. 24 per cent. in 15in. circle, 65 per cent. in 30in. circle well distributed. Recoil was normal. These cartridges should prove effective against game.—*E. W., Berkswell.*

Considering the cartridges submitted have been loaded for ten years the results obtained with four out of the six lots were surprisingly good.

No. 1 recorded a velocity of 1,032ft. per second with a pressure of 1.76 tons per square inch.

No. 2 would be useless for game shooting owing to lowness of velocity, but might be employed on vermin at short range.

No. 3 recorded a velocity of 1,049ft. per second with a pressure of 1.87 tons.

No. 4 recorded a velocity of 1,096ft. per second with a pressure of 2.83 tons.

No. 5 recorded a velocity of 1,044ft. per second with a pressure of 1.71 tons.

No. 6 are apparently irregular and should be discarded.

Owing to the limited number of each lot submitted it is impossible to judge if the results obtained would be maintained.—*W. B., Birkenhead.*

Stable

Shoes for Tarmac Roads. One of the best shoes to use for the modern slippery tarmac roads are made after the "Charlier" method. If the foot is cut properly the horse stands perfectly level, allowing the frog to do its own natural work. There is no need to use any sort of rubber contrivance.—*W. L., Lanarkshire.*



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THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

VOL. CLXII. NO. 4220. SATURDAY. NOVEMBER 11. 1933 REGISTERED. PRICE 1S. POSTAGE {INLAND, 1½D., CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND, 1½D.; FOREIGN 3D.}



W. A. Rouch.

GORDON RICHARDS—THE CHAMPION JOCKEY

He is shown riding Lord Glanely's Singapore, upon which he won the St. Leger in 1930—his second classic winner

On page 1209 appears an article comparing his performances with those of Archer

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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.

TWENTIETH CENTURY GARDENS

FIFTY years ago, in November, 1883, Mr. William Robinson published his first edition of *The English Garden and Home Grounds*, and a new era in the countryside of this island began. It did not blossom into activity at once. Time was needed for the book to reach the readers who, without knowing, were waiting for it. A second edition was published six years later, and then the new editions followed close one on another, so that in the first year of the century the eighth edition, like others before it, was reprinted. Gardeners, with a new outlook and new objects, were multiplying.

In the last year of the old century Miss Jekyll published the first of her eleven books dealing with various aspects of the garden in relation to the home, and still other readers took up the happy pursuit into which she and Mr. Robinson had led them. Gardens of easy design, gardens with flowers in the right places, gardens in woods, on hillsides, wild gardens, rock gardens, water gardens grew and increased in every direction. The seed had fallen on fruitful soil, and this country became not only the possessor of the most beautiful gardens in the world, but of an immense number of them.

How large the number of gardens there are, which are thought either by their owners or by the public to be worth a visit from a distance, may not have been realised by many persons who have gardens of their own, until the happy scheme was put into operation by which gardens in every summer are thrown open to the public for a nominal fee, the profits going to the support of Queen Mary's District Nursing Association. On any day through the spring and summer it is possible for members of the public to open their morning newspaper and find that they have a choice of gardens to visit within easy reach. And those who have been able to walk in the grounds thus thrown open, and to compare the ideals which were in the minds of the designers, and the degree of success with which they have been fulfilled, have doubtless been struck with many contrasts—chiefly, perhaps, with two, gardens which have been made by their owners, and those that have not.

Just as a house may be a handsome piece of architecture and yet not be a home, so an area of ground surrounding a house may be designed for landscape and be filled with shrubs and flowers, and yet not be what a garden should be. The owner may have sought the best advice, he may have employed designers of the highest reputation, he may have been lavish in his expenditure over terraces, walks, walls, hedges, flowering shrubs; he may have planted acres of bulbs, or laid out the most elaborate of herbaceous borders, and yet not have succeeded in what he hoped to do. You cannot buy a garden.

Perhaps the first need of a garden is the possibility of fine views of distance. If these can be framed by trees and shrubs in the foreground the garden has begun to make itself. Next, it must have space and air, so that the grace of an English lawn may be its heart. It must have colour, and that is why flowering shrubs in their proper place add so much to the brightness which may also be found in its beds and borders. It must have shade to give to the sunlight of its lawn its right shape and proportion, and it must have quiet, so that you may walk in it alone. But above and beyond and under all, it must have something else. It must be the work of its owner, it must express his mind, it must have the personality that can only come to it through being the outward sign of inward thought and care. If a garden has that, whether it be large or small, or belong to a rich man or poor, it has nearly all.

REMEMBRANCE DAY

As the years go by the Eleventh of November loses none of its significance. Those who gather at the Cenotaph on Armistice Day tend to increase rather than diminish, every village memorial has its service, and during the two minutes of silence thoughts hark back to the days when men sacrificed their lives for the great issues that were at stake. To-day more than ever we pray that their sacrifice has not been made in vain. And to-day in times which are the reverse of prosperous we should not forget the needs of those who were spared but left incapacitated or in distress.

From the British Legion Poppy Factory the output of poppies for sale on Remembrance Day increases year by year, but funds since 1930 have shown a decrease. This should not be, for distress in the ex-Service community does not diminish in these hard times; the injured are still with us and, as age creeps on, the ill-effects of the war are increasingly making themselves felt among those who participated in it. We appeal to-day to all to contribute as much as they can afford to help Earl Haig's Fund by paying generously for poppies, sending donations direct to headquarters, or purchasing poppy wreaths to place on their particular shrines.

WINES OF 1933

The subject of wine is one in which most people take an interest of some sort, though possibly it may be confined to one sort of wine. No matter what their choice may be it is safe to say that 1933 will provide them with a very fine vintage of it, for the hot summer and early autumn have provided the sunshine, without which no really great wine can be vintaged.

From nearly all the wine-growing districts come reports of a fine harvest, but there are few things in which quality and quantity go hand in hand, wine being no exception. A hot summer, though by no means a guarantee of fine wines, is always the forerunner of a small vintage, so that the good things of 1933 will probably be rather high in price.

Parts of the Bordeaux district suffered severely from hailstorms in the early part of September which did a considerable amount of damage, but happily many vineyards escaped this misfortune, and from them very fine wines are expected.

The Champagne vintage was particularly satisfactory, and the same may be said of the Douro wines.

PLAY-TO-A-FINISH TEST MATCHES

There is much to recommend the Australian Cricket Board of Control's proposal that the fifth Test match of the series to be played in England next summer shall be played to a finish, not only, as at present, if the teams are "all square" at the end of the fourth match, but if the difference in matches won is not greater than one. The present arrangement was designed to ensure that each series should result in a win for one side or the other, which is not always as satisfactory as it sounds.

Under the new proposal the side which was one down at the end of the fourth Test would have a chance to square the series, just as the team already one up would have the opportunity of proving its superiority conclusively. Everyone recognises that there are times when the teams are so evenly matched that the sharing of honours is the most equitable result.

LIONS IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE

All Trafalgar Square lions are not by Landseer, for at a reception given by the High Commissioner for South Africa on the afternoon of November 1st, to the delegates of the International Conference for the Protection of the Fauna and Flora of Africa, a notable series of pictures were shown in the Cinema Hall of Africa House. From a tourist point of view no finer inducements could be offered than those contained in the unique representations of the Cape and Victoria Falls, but the wild life scenes of the Kruger National Park were the centre of attraction.

The majority surpassed the best-known efforts of any amateur or professional photographer, the pictures of giraffe, wildebeeste, hippo and warthog being exceptionally fine; for the rest one can only say that if the artist actually saw the stampede of game by lions in broad daylight he was indeed lucky.

As a preliminary to the conference, reported elsewhere, a reserve has already been established by the Mozambique authorities East of the Limpopo-Sabie boundary; if it has no further results than in promoting active participation between South Africa and Portugal in regard to far-ranging fauna its work will not have been in vain.

A SCOTTISH RUGBY REVIVAL

A week ago the Cambridge University Rugby team had not been beaten this season. Then they met the London Scottish, and the London Scottish happened to choose that day for something of a revival of past glories and soundly beat the University by two goals and two tries to a goal and a try. The Cambridge forwards came up against a real Scottish pack and we saw once again—it seemed almost a dream—Scottish dribbling rushes of the old sort, and the scrummages now and again wheeled with refreshing skill.

The Scottish did these things and yet combined them with the speed and dash which too often take their place in the modern game. It was a very modern try, too, with which they took the lead, D. I. Brown, the Scottish international full back, joining suddenly in a passing movement and running clear through the surprised Cambridge defence. Cambridge probably learned a lot from the match, not least in the matter of tackling, in which the Scottish also excelled.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a daily paper claiming a unique circulation:

"Before the party had gone far from the castle, the Duke, picking up a shot to windward, brought down a beautiful stag which won for him the congratulations of his companions.

"The Atholl lands presented a magnificent panorama of ever-changing colour. Only the crack of

REPORTS OF HUNTING RUNS

In this week's issue of the "Field" reports of runs will be found in pages IMMEDIATELY PRECEDING THE FRONTISPIECE. *By this means readers will be ensured of a fixed position for accounts of the doings of any particular packs in which they are interested, and in order to facilitate reference the various hunts will be given in alphabetical order. It is hoped to give much more space to reports in this way than would be possible in the body of the paper.*

the guns broke the wonderful stillness, and as the men of Atholl trod their native heath they clustered round their chief as if to protect him."

UNIVERSITY ROWING

Now that the fours are over, final concentration on the trial eights has begun. The Oxford president, who has had three eights out, has plenty of material to select from, with quality as well as quantity and the best part of last year's trials men. Prospects are therefore bright for two good crews putting out at Henley on the 25th. Mr. Ellison needs no spur to endeavour in tackling the task of providing a crew to break the string of Light Blue successes, but if incentive were lacking he was provided with it at Cambridge in witnessing Pembroke's hollow victory over Jesus in the fours, when they returned a time of 9min. 51sec., 10sec. better than the record made by Third Trinity five years ago when they beat the First Trinity Olympic four. Pembroke must be one of the fastest fours ever seen, and are superb exponents of the Fairbairn style.

Eton continues to supply strength to the Universities while making little impression at Henley, and four Etonians fought out the semi-finals of the Oxford Challenge Sculls. R. Hope defeated his old school rival, H. J. R. Barker, and beat J. M. McC. Fisher, the runner-up to W. D. Erskine Crum last year, in the final.

NOVEMBER RIVERS

Once November is well in there comes a lull in opportunities for fishing. Save for the Tweed and one or two minor streams, salmon and the joys or sorrows attributed to their agency are things of the past, an unregretted past this year for many rods. There remain grayling and coarse fish—or for the orderly-minded the sorting and arrangement of the tackle cupboard, a suggestion not to be borne this side of Christmas.

Yet these are days to which November alone of all the months gives birth, grey days, perhaps, but of a stillness extraordinary, when the brown, deep water passes softly, catching one by one the last of the yellow leaves and pushing silently at the tips of the sedges, where they droop in autumn lassitude; days not to be sacrificed to an anticipatory shiver. A brightly-coloured float on a deserted river, the flash of a fish fighting with a vigour unknown in summer months, and the thrum of the line heard only in the autumn stillness, can make zephyrs of November chills.

SECOND BLOSSOM

Of the many unusual consequences following the exceptional period of sunshine of the past summer, nothing has been more remarkable than the prolonged or sometimes the second flowering of some of the garden shrubs. Myrtles this year came into flower as early as July, and *Desfontainea spinosa* has been in flower for the second time during several weeks past. But the most markedly respondent to the long days of sunshine have been the choisyas, which are now, in the second week of November, again in full bloom.

Those companions of autumn flowers the butterflies have been equally irregular in providing happy visions in the garden. Red Admirals and Small Coppers have been seen on the wing in November this year, for the first time within many entomologists' memories.

SUSSEX

If the final stanza of Rudyard Kipling's *Sussex*—within its scope the most beautiful in our language—may serve as no other lines of poetry could, as the text of a series of poems illustrative of each English county in turn, which stanza of the poem itself should be taken as most characteristic? It is a difficult choice. How are you to set aside stanzas containing such lines as

> "Belt upon belt, the wooded, dim
> Blue goodness of the Weald ——"

or

> "Only our close-bit thyme that smells
> Like dawn in Paradise"—

or indeed any one stanza out of the twelve? This, perhaps, for its strength and mystery, sums up them all:—

> "Here through the strong unhampered days
> The tinkling silence thrills;
> Or little, lost, Down churches praise
> The Lord who made the hills;
> But here the Old Gods guard their round,
> And, in her secret heart,
> The heathen kingdom Wilfrid found
> Dreams, as she dwells, apart."



A section of a Twickenham gathering

RUGBY FOOTBALL AND ITS FUNDS

Money Influences That Are Menacing The Game

MONEY is beginning to talk in Rugby football. As yet, it is a comparatively small voice, but in a game which prides itself on its absolutely amateur foundation and constitution the matter demands attention. Broadly speaking it is manifesting itself in two ways—in the gradually increasing trickle of players to the professional Rugby League teams, and in the increasing eagerness of clubs to attract more spectators to their matches.

It is little use any longer to affect indifference to the influence of the professional League clubs. Originating in the secession from the Rugby Union 40 years ago of players who wanted to be recompensed for working time lost while playing in matches, the Rugby League—or Northern Union, as it used to be called—lived for years as the outcasts of the Rugby game. Its operations were practically confined to the North and little general interest was taken in its progress.

The playing of the Rugby League championship final at Wembley Stadium for the first time a few years ago opened the eyes of Rugby enthusiasts in the South to the fact that this game—differing from the Rugby Union game in the number of players and in some of the methods of play, but still closely akin to it—has many good points. Further efforts to popularise the game are now being made in London, and there are signs that it is making headway in the South as well as in the North, where it has already become extremely popular.

The chief significance of these developments from the Rugby Union point of view is that they provide increasing opportunities for Rugby players to join League teams as professionals. Moreover, public opinion no longer regards professionalism as something socially disgraceful.

For some years now the gaining of an international Rugby cap for Wales has been a stepping stone to League professionalism for many players, who have perhaps been the more tempted to accept the offers made to them owing to the stress of economic conditions in Wales. But this season a very prominent Scottish international and an equally valuable English international have gone over to League teams, and rumour has been rife that several other well-known players have been turning eyes to the League to the extent of taking part in trials for various clubs.

Now, the Rugby Union laws as to professionalism are among the strictest and most precise in sport. One of them states explicitly that an amateur must never under any circumstances play with or against professionals, or even in a match in which the teams are of less than fifteen players aside (the Rugby League teams are of thirteen aside). The Rugby Union have risked ridicule in the uncompromising application of this law, for some years ago it went to the length of temporarily suspending an Oxford Blue, T. Lawton, because it was discovered that as a student in Australia he had played against a team which did not come within the category of teams allowed by the Union, though there was never any suggestion that he had received payment.

Knowing the consequences, players who agree to undergo trial for a League club naturally take every precaution to cover up their tracks, and it is difficult for the Rugby Union to bring them to book. The result is a dangerous undercurrent of suspicion and distrust which may easily be exaggerated or misplaced. Much the same thing applies to the movements of players from one club to another. The Rugby Union laws are again very explicit in prohibiting players from accepting any consideration of money or employment on account of their skill. The Union has in the past taken action against players who have been offered and accepted employment to transfer from one club to another. But there have this season been rumours that the rule is being evaded on a larger scale than before.

On the administrative side of Rugby considerations of money tend to become more and more prominent. For this the Rugby Union must take its share of responsibility, along with the other Unions who have helped to develop the spectacular side of international matches. The profits made out of these matches are the envy of other sporting bodies and a source of grievance to the man who finds he has to pay several shillings for ordinary accommodation at international matches. Much of the money has no doubt been applied to the extension and improvement of accommodation, but this has done as much to attract more spectators as to provide for the existing numbers who wished to see the matches.

The Rugby Union loans a good deal of money to clubs, at a low rate of interest, for the purchase of grounds. But many clubs are not content with ground purchase alone; they, in turn, aim at attracting spectators. Some of them are now as well equipped with stands as Twickenham was a few years ago, and are showing far too much interest in gate money. This was not perhaps fully realised until one or two clubs began recently to hint that they found certain matches on their fixture list not attractive enough to spectators, and that they proposed to replace them by matches against more prominent clubs.

It is not too much to say that such mundane considerations are affecting the spirit of the game and the methods of play. Victory means so much more when it is translatable, as it undoubtedly is, into enhanced support from spectators. Many of the fine old arts of Rugby have been almost jostled out of existence by the craze for speed; while "spoiling" tactics, designed primarily to clog the attacking machinery of the opposition, have reached something of a stalemate, preventing the development of anything like the thrilling open back play as we used to know it.

The exploitation in the last few years of practices which have either called forth official disapproval or have had to be checked by modification of the laws, provides only too plain evidence of a tendency to put the result before the game.

A question which any old Rugby player might well ask is: Why are the clubs now so anxious to attract spectators? It is not so many years since they regarded onlookers with complete indifference.

There are larger questions concerning the future of the game itself. Seeing Twickenham filled to overflowing with an excited crowd on the day of an international match, we might well ask: How long can the game remain purely amateur in conception and spirit in face of such highly spectacular elements?

Principles may be eternal, but the guardians of true amateurism and sportsmanship can never sleep. The comparatively little amount of the best amateur spirit now left in Association football or in boxing is sufficient warning of what may happen in Rugby and other sports if financial considerations are allowed to mingle too largely with the play.

I.W.



TWO OF THE GUNS AT A SHOOT OF SIR HAROLD BOWDEN'S

"The physical strain and the endurance required to shoot well through a long day at high pheasants are both very great"

BAGS OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

The Development of the Covert Shoot

IT is rarely safe to make any positive assertion about shooting, because shooting, except at clay birds, can never be an exact science. And were it so, much of its charm would be lost in the same way that few of us would ever wish to shoot again if we were never going to miss. Nevertheless, it would be fairly safe to say that no English field sport developed itself so rapidly, or from such small beginnings, as covert shooting. Wildfowling, walking up partridges, even grouse shooting were being practised in forms not altogether dissimilar from present-day modes many years before the pheasant was considered as an every-day quarry.

A hundred years ago the pheasant in some parts of England was spoken of as a sort of rare exotic bird. Colonel Hawker, in his *Instructions to Young Sportsmen*, writes of it much as the modern shooter would refer to a covert full of Lady Amhersts, and as late as October 1st, 1851 (a first of October had far more significance in those days) he goes out with "Chas Heath" and records of a bag of six pheasants that "we bagged every pheasant we found except one old cock (that I never saw)." (Incidentally, talking of Lady Amhersts, I wonder how many readers of the *Field* know the specimen in the Natural History Museum described there as "shot in Bedfordshire." Those words have always given rise for me to the most delightful speculations. Who shot it? And did he know it was there? And what were his feelings when it came flopping out of the wood? And was it after lunch, and did his wife try and impound the tail feathers for her summer hat?) One does not want to labour the point. The study of the game books on almost any large estate where, at present, several hundred pheasants are shot in a day will bear me out. And yet the pheasant was probably introduced into these islands by the Romans, and before the Norman invasion was a table bird for monks, as we may see from the bill of fare drawn up by Harold for the canons of Waltham Abbey.



SIR HARRY STONOR

This famous shot is possibly the greatest living performer at high pheasants

The reason for the change to modern conditions would seem to me to be that of all forms of shooting that of the pheasant is the one that can most easily answer to the law of supply and demand. Grouse moors and partridge beats can be enormously improved. The introduction of driving, for instance, has greatly increased bags in these forms of shooting. Yet one must fain shoot the grouse among the heather, and certain moors will never be prolific. Much the same can be said of partridges, but a good covert shoot can be created in a comparatively short time and very large bags ensured in most parts of England and Southern Scotland. Many people must know of an estate in Northern Wales where a few years ago there was no covert shooting at all, but where, to-day, hundreds of the highest pheasants in the country are rocketed from one side of a valley to the other. Speaking generally, it may be said that granted a certain amount of woodland, the addition of certain coverts calculated to get the birds flushed in the most sporting manner possible, and a keepering staff who thoroughly understand preserving, it is possible in a comparatively short time to create a first-class shoot.

If I were asked what factor created the demand for covert shooting I should unhesitatingly say the introduction of the breech-loading gun. The obvious possibilities for actual shooting (*i.e.* firing) that this permitted automatically gave rise for a further supply of targets. What is more it gave rise for a demand for shooting nearer home, by which I mean that a man wanted a form of shooting which could be had on his own estate in November and December. As soon as the possibilities of rearing began to be understood the position of the pheasant as the premier British game bird was assured. These processes of thought are, of course, crudely put forward. They never occurred to anybody at the time, but that is, in the first place, what happened.

But the development of covert shooting is perhaps based on something deeper than this. It may be traced at its basis to the industrial revolution, to the spread of wealth of ease, and of communications which tended to develop the artificial in most forms of country life, and not the least in the most artificial of all forms of shooting.

The Edwardian era saw the covert shoot at its zenith. It was the age when more spacious ideas were accepted as a matter of course, ideas which are almost as remote from the rising generation of shooters as those of the Regency. It was also the age of the "professional" shots. They were as well known among their own class and their performances as freely discussed as those of a cinema star or a famous jockey to-day. They shot solidly throughout the season without a break, and they were booked up before the season started. But they have no counterpart in shooting to-day. There may be a number of young men shooting who are as good or nearly as good. That I cannot say. But they will never have the leisure or the opportunity to go through season after season as their fathers did.

It was a house party age, and the luxury side of shooting was not forgotten, and inevitably led to criticism from the sterner school of old-fashioned shots. Ladies out shooting; lunch huts; possibly champagne! To say nothing of motor cars waiting to pick up the guns, late starts, and even returning home for a game of cards before dinner! Naturally the heavens were expected to fall, but as is usual in these cases they remain tantalisingly *in situ*.

They were the days, too, of great bags. It is very improbable indeed that such bags will ever be made again. Indeed, it is improbable with the inevitable change in ideas, that many people would want to make them. In 1913 at Lord Burnham's shoot at Hall Barn, 3,937 pheasants were killed in one day. At Warter Priory in 1906 3,824 pheasants were killed in one day, and over 3,000 of them were killed before lunch. The major part of this bag was made at the famous Punch Bowl stand when, as has already been described in the *Field*, for some reason—possibly a fox—a huge cloud of pheasants rose simultaneously from the wood and rocketed out over the guns, and as they did so the covert shoot may surely be said to have achieved its supreme moment! This bag was made in a very high wind, and had shooting gone on all day there can be no doubt that a bag of 4,000 pheasants could easily have been achieved. Bags like this will never be made again. How far removed were those days from the time when to slay a hen pheasant was an offence involving a £5 penalty, and a young officer of horse who had brought down three particularly tempting rocketers handed his enraged sire half-a-dozen "fivers" and remarked that he would have another brace-and-a-half at the next covert!

It is, of course, the fashion among certain people to say that they hate these big bags, driven pheasants have no appeal to them, and that they much prefer a day's rough shooting. In a number of cases this represents the views of a very fine type of countryman. But disparagement of covert shooting sometimes comes also from people who have not had the good fortune to take part at a large covert shoot and whose ability to hit rocketing pheasants would be small. There is the type of person, too, who laughs at the covert shoot as something rather effeminate in the way of shooting. Anything sillier than that it is impossible to imagine. The physical strain and the endurance required to shoot well through a long day at high pheasants are both very great. As well laugh at polo as a game where the pony does the work!

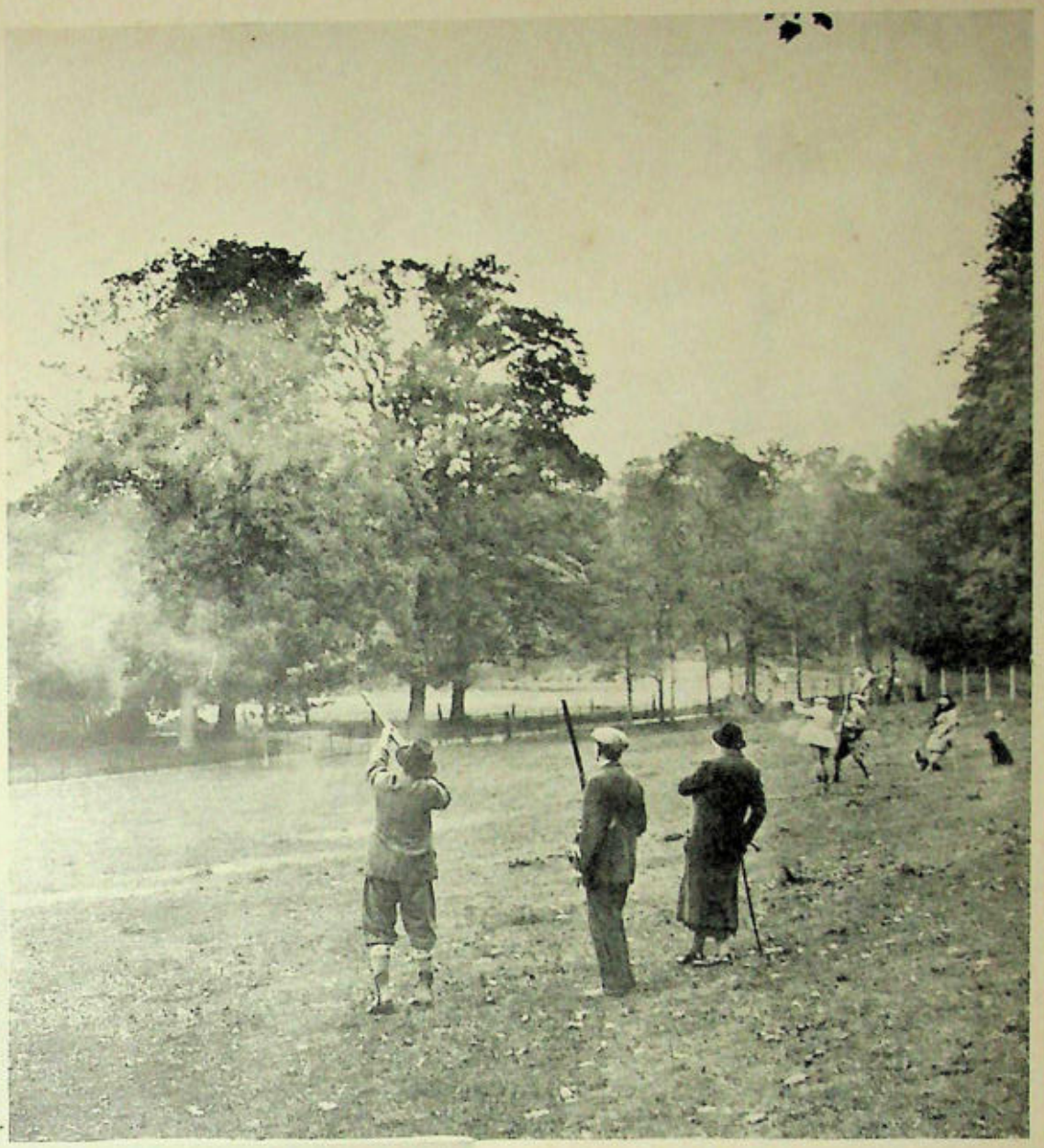
If the introduction of the breech loader marked the first great epoch in the covert shoot, the war marked the second. Lack of money, the breaking

up of estates, and generally changing social conditions made the old-fashioned day's pheasant shooting impossible to revive in all its glory. The taste, too, was not for big bags. It was more for fairly continuous shooting in November, December and January, and the maximum of high sporting shots. To this end it might be fair to say that every effort has to be strained nowadays.

High pheasants to a good shot, if they are driven straight over him, do not offer any great terrors, provided that they are not more than round about 100ft. away from him. To the less adequate shot I think they are more puzzling—and I write this in all the humility of the less adequate—because their pace varies. As a generalisation one might say that driven grouse and driven partridges come in packs and coveys at approximately even pace. The driven pheasant comes each at his own pace, and that generally a fast one: and, moreover, he has a tail. In those two facts lies the failure of many of the less adequate fraternity. Difference in pace tends to make us take him too late, and the tail effect accentuates this. By exaggerating the target it brings us behind him. I well remember an old keeper telling me that the reason why so many wildfowl were killed dead was because "they carried their tails in front of them."

I think, therefore, that it is true to say that the modern host, or the modern syndicate (a sometimes derided form of shoot which is another significant covert shooting development, and which has done much to make covert shooting still possible), realise that they cannot put over vast hordes of birds, and they want to do the best they can to make those birds give the maximum of sporting shots.

A very great deal can be done in this direction on any shoot however little assisted by the ground.



WITH THE LEAF ON THE BOUGH

A scene at Mr. John Murray's shoot at Coles Park. The very late autumn will probably mean that the leaf will fall very suddenly, and that ground cover will be scarce later in the season



RIGHT AND LEFT?

Guns in action on Lord Doverdale's West Wood Park Estate

Where the ground favours, as at many Welsh and West Country shoots, this is not necessary, or where there is a huge stock of wild pheasants which rise out of the roots to give the finest of shots, as on the great estates on the Norfolk and Suffolk border, this is of small account. But all are not so favoured. We look not only for as high birds as possible, but for swervers and curlers which will puzzle even the most expert. Putting artificial methods such as wire netting and feathered wires out of the question, a great deal can be done by the simple expedient of flushing the birds *away* from the point they would obviously make for. As soon as they have reached a certain elevation they will swing round towards their own covert and present a much more difficult shot. This, of course, entails bringing the birds very gently forward to the flushing point, as if they are jostled *away* from their home ride they will break back. And the first rule in driving pheasants is to drive them home.

Where the ground is flat and a lot of preserving is done they can be made to fly very much higher by being put up from carefully prepared flushing points. A line can be cleared and thick undergrowth planted about 20yds. from the outer edge of trees in a covert. At a shoot recently described in the *Field*, *Lonicera nitida* is used. A line of silent "flushing stops" stand in the outside belt of trees to prevent the birds coming forward of this flushing undergrowth. When eventually flushed they rise over the outer trees much higher than they would normally do, and can be made to rise even more by a line of flaggers between the covert and the guns to wave them up. Experiments such as these cost little; they add very greatly to the quality of the shooting.

Covert shooting to-day is as enjoyable as ever it was. Every effort is made by owner and keeper to get the best possible value for the money expended. There will always be people who speak of it as "mere butchery" and as "entirely artificial." Maybe. But as I have already indicated the grapes in those cases are sometimes a little sour, and they form no part of the vintage which I shall not hesitate to quaff every time it comes my way.

R. M.



AT POPPLETON GREEN WITH THE YORK AND AINSTY (SOUTH)
A portion of the field at the opening meet

THE ECONOMY OF HUNTING

Measures Which Make Days With Hounds Possible

By CAPT. W. G. L. MEREDITH

"HE must be pretty well off. Why, he *hunts*!" Of all the popular fallacies regarding hunting and hunting men and women, the above is at once the most popular and the most fallacious.

Someone has said that the world consists of the people who go forth and do things, and those who sit at home and ask why they were not done differently. In other words, the latter indulge in ignorant criticism which the doers, who are seldom great talkers, do not as a rule trouble to refute. The result in the case of hunting is that the true facts and possibilities of the matter are seldom appreciated outside the circle of those whom upbringing or circumstance have brought into more or less direct touch with them; the great majority of people being content to set the sport outside the practical sphere of their activities, on any excuse which happens to occur to them.

To the uninitiated, the word hunting conjures up a vision combining, in about equal parts, the County of Leicestershire and expense. This is as wrong as if the word cricket conveyed only County cricket, and the Test matches, with the word "Lord's" thrown in here and there to make it more difficult. This may sound exaggerated, though I am not sure that it is. But it will serve to illustrate the point I wish to make, which is that Leicestershire and Lord's are, respectively, the headquarters of hunting and cricket. They represent the two in their ultimate perfection, and they foster them. But they are essential only in so far as they do so, and the small provincial pack would still contrive its two days a week, the village cricket club would still play its Saturday and holiday fixtures, if and though Leicestershire and Lord's ceased to exist.

Leicestershire, Lord's, money—perfection in short—all do their bit. They form the graduation point, so to speak, of previous apprenticeship. But all lasting things grow upwards, not downwards, and draw life from their roots. Hunting and cricket are kept alive by the select few in the provincial hunts and the village cricket clubs who, preferring, so to speak, hunting on a donkey or playing on a rockery, to not doing so at all, manage to do so, and to enlist others and instil them with their own enthusiasm. They are the contrivers. They accept thankfully the assistance of the well-to-do, which they put to the best possible use. But they are seldom of them, except through successful endeavour.

If hunting were confined to those who think that unless one can do it well one had better leave it alone, it would by now have lost its position as a characteristic national sport, which would roughly resemble that now occupied by polo. Instead of this, we find at the end of the season, 1933–34, 198 registered packs of foxhounds in England alone, not to mention staghounds, harriers and drag-hounds.

Of these 198 packs, some are good, some not so good, as to the country over which they hunt and the sport they show; some hunt three days a fortnight, others four, five and even six days a week; in some counties a good horse is essential, in others a moderate one will do very well—and so on.

It would, therefore, seem as though the question to ask oneself is, not "Can I afford to hunt well?" but "How well can I afford to hunt?"

In this connection it is my firm belief that a very large number of potential followers of hounds do not hunt, not because they could not afford to, but because they honestly think they could not afford to.

As an instance of what can be done, the writer cannot do better than cite the case of one, well known to him, who, as a young man, was working as an engineer on an electric-power installation in Ireland.

He hunted for one season in a good county. He hired regularly from a dealer, who mounted him on a variety of horses, on an average three days a fortnight. He was a good horseman and he had his money's worth. At the end of the season he was told that he had been instrumental in selling several of them, and was presented with a bill for £30. He was most agreeably surprised, having expected to have to pay some 70 guineas, or 2 guineas a day. The incident is mentioned to show what can be done, and to argue that, having due regard for difference of circumstances, there is no reason why it should not be done again, though, of course, it cannot be counted upon.

Let us examine a few facts which will be of assistance to us, first, in deciding whether or not we can hunt at all, and secondly, how well we can afford to do it. If we take the several packs of hounds within a radius of 30 miles of London, we shall find that practically all of them rely largely for support on the man who hunts from town, and hold Saturday fixtures accordingly. Striking an average from five of these, we find that the subscription for one horse is about £25. This is by no means excessive for the season when we remember that one good, sound horse can do three days a fortnight. This sum may or may not include a donation to the wire and poultry fund of from £1 to £3. The subscription for a second horse is in no case more than half as much again as for the first, and often not so much, and two good sound horses will do three days a week, which, if you have anything else to do at all, is enough.

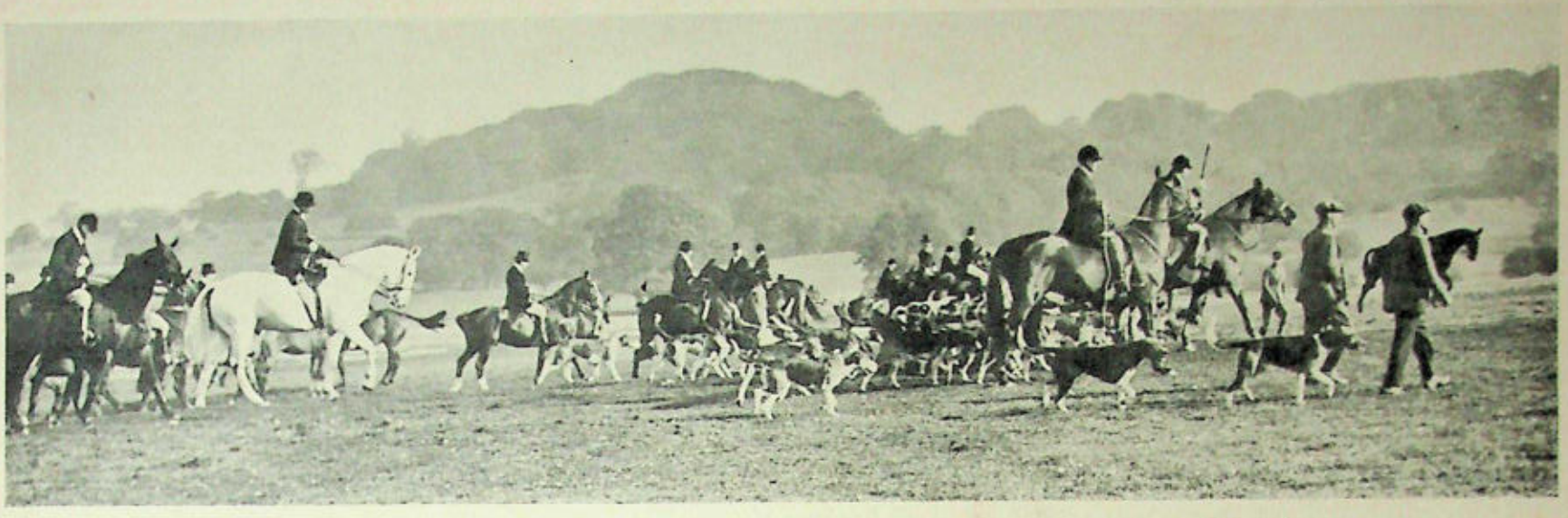
Now as to horses. Hiring for an odd day will cost you, perhaps, £3. If you do this regularly once a week you should get it for 50/–; while if you hire twice a week regularly any reasonable dealer who can trust you to treat the horse decently should meet you at 40/– or 2 guineas—possibly less—per day.

Any good livery stable will keep one horse for £2 10s. per week. This sum includes shoeing, minor medicinal requirements, and taking your horse on to the meet on hunting days. Thus, if you keep a horse at livery, you will get three days hunting a fortnight, barring accidents, for £5. But the same stable will keep two horses for you for £4 a week, so that, if you can manage it, and all goes well, you will get three days' hunting a week for that sum, which is a good deal cheaper than hiring, being in fact equivalent in cost to two days a week by that means. Several points emerge from the above, as follows. Apart from your subscription and travelling expenses, you can hunt most economically: One day a week, by hiring; three days a fortnight, by owning a sound horse that keeps sound; two days a week by owning two horses, of which, although you will not personally get their full value, each will be an insurance policy against minor injury to the other. While an extra day a week whenever you can manage it, not to mention mounting a friend, will cost you nothing. One last word. If you can only manage one day a week, and a subscription of £25 or so is beyond you, write to the secretary of the hunt, put the matter to him, and see what he says. Very likely he would rather you hunted than not. If so, and you are a good sportsman and keen, what you can afford may well prove acceptable.

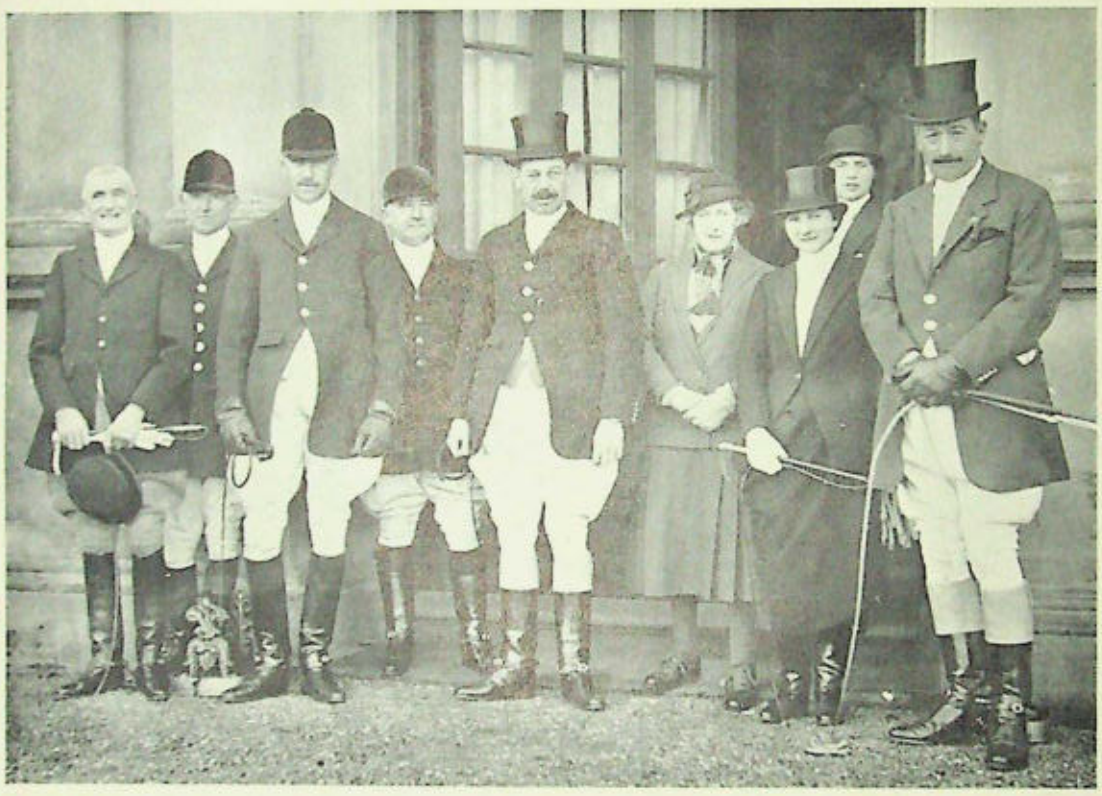


AMONG THE HILLS AND DALES OF THE BORDER
With the Buccleuch at Widlem

AT SOME OPENING MEETS OF THE HUNTING SEASON



THE BLACKMORE VALE HOUNDS IN SHERBORNE PARK, MOVING OFF TO DRAW AFTER A MEET AT THE CASTLE



A GATHERING OF MASTERS OF HOUNDS AT BURTON CONSTABLE ON THE OCCASION OF THE OPENING MEET OF THE HOLDERNESS (EAST)

Among the group are: Mr. R. W. Stephenson, Captain T. Wickham-Boynton (Master of the Middleton, East), Captain A. Bethell (Joint-Master of the Holderness, East), Mr. H. Hall (Master of the Holderness), Lord Hotham, and Colonel T. C. Gurney



SIR FREDERICK CARDEN, ACTING MASTER OF THE CRAVEN, WITH MRS. GORDON DILL, AT EWHURST PARK



LADY RYCROFT, WIFE OF THE MASTER OF THE VINE, WITH THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, WHEN HOUNDS MET AT THE DUKE'S HAMPSHIRE SEAT



LORD IRWIN, WHO IS JOINT-MASTER OF THE MIDDLETON, WITH LORD GRIMTHORPE, GREETING FRIENDS AT THE OPENING MEET AT ALDBY PARK, NEAR STAMFORD BRIDGE, YORKSHIRE IN THE BACKGROUND IS A. REDFERN, THE HUNTSMAN



THE AUTHOR'S FORD VAN CROSSING A BRIDGE IN NORTHERN RHODESIA

A LONE SAFARI THROUGH AFRICA

Economy, Sport, and a Ford Van

By CAPTAIN CONYERS LANG

IN these days of long-distance flights and speed records, adventure in the mind of the public has become inseparable from risk and spectacular achievement. This is largely due to a certain section of the Press; but a moment's thought will show that the sensation created by these undertakings is often disproportionate to their risks. Speed seems to be the all-important factor.

It had always seemed to me that it would be more interesting to travel across a continent slowly—to study local conditions, to get to know the people and learn their ways, and to take an interest in the natural history and sport—than to rush across it by air. Imbued with this idea, I went to Cape Town and bought a closed-in light delivery van, and decided to drive it through Africa on a long shooting trip, and as an ambition, to try to eventually arrive at Cairo, the whole trip to take a year.

It must be remembered I knew nothing whatever about Africa—its roads, its climate, or its people. I did not know when the dry or rainy periods occurred, nor had I any idea of an itinerary. Lastly, and most important of all, I could not guess the approximate cost. The answer to the last item was a very pleasant surprise to me. The cost of such an undertaking is far less than would be supposed.

I feel there are many who would attempt such a journey as I did were it not for the fact that they were afraid of the expense. In the hope that it may be of use to anyone who has the time and desire to motor through and shoot in Africa, I am attempting to give a short resumé of my experiences.

I spent a few days at Cape Town getting kit together. Very little was taken—a camp bed, blankets, washing material, water bags, shooting clothes, etc. As regards the car the only spares carried were condensers, coils, plugs, two spare springs, an extra jack, two sets of chains, rope, a flat board, and some wire netting and a spade. The less kit taken, the better.

Leaving Cape Town in May, 1932, I went through "George," Knysna, Port Elizabeth, and on to Durban, a distance of roughly 1,200 miles. On this journey I was to learn the difficulty of motoring on African roads during rain.

It must be remembered there is hardly such a thing as an "all-weather" road in Africa. Except just on the outskirts of towns there is no metalling, and often the road is merely a succession of wheel-tracks running across the veld or through the bush. Between Knysna and Port Elizabeth many escarpments several thousand feet in height had to be climbed. The inclines, very often exceedingly steep, wind round terrific hairpin bends, over which there is often a sheer drop of several hundred feet. The Prince Alfred Pass in particular rises 4,000ft. in eight miles. This was tackled in the rain, with the track a sea of mud; and even with four chains on the car stuck several times.



Between Port Elizabeth and Durban one crosses the Transkei native reserve, a territory 200 miles long. Here there is practically no road, merely wheel tracks. It rained or snowed most of the time. Three bad escarpments had to be tackled. It took 23 hours' driving to accomplish these 200 miles, during which time I should not like to say how often the car stuck deep in mud, and finally at the top of the Ingeli Pass, above Harding, a snow-drift 4ft. deep had to be cleared.

Durban is a lovely town, and possesses good hotels and clubs. There is a yacht club, and a first-class golf course, and a good race track in the middle of the town. The whaling is excellent, and to anyone who does not mind roughing it I can fully recommend the excitement of chasing and harpooning whales. The sea fishing, especially shark, is very good.

The road from Durban to Johannesburg is tarred as far as Maritzburg, a distance of 60 miles. From there on it is unmetalled, but good. I left Durban at 11 a.m. one day and arrived at Johannesburg at 2.15 a.m. the next morning—408 miles in fifteen-and-a-quarter hours, including stops. Over seven hours of this time was in the dark over a road completely unknown to me. A good advertisement for the car.

From Johannesburg down into the Eastern Transvaal, over a very bad track, and across the White River, through the Kruger National Park to Malamala. The K.N.P. is a vast tract of country reserved entirely for the preservation of game, and within its borders will be seen nearly every variety of African animal.

I spent about a fortnight at Malamala hunting, and later on entered Portuguese East Africa, where I hunted lion and buffalo with considerable success for another ten days. In Portuguese East Africa I used the van almost as a house, going from spot to spot, making camp with the help of local natives and hunting all the time. The cost was infinitesimal, for with the addition of a few stores, such as tea, sugar, flour, whisky, etc., one was almost able to live off what was shot.

From there back to Johannesburg, and on for a distance of 351 miles to the Limpopo River, and so into Rhodesia. This road, in dry weather, although unmetalled, is good. I did it in ten and three-quarter hours, including stops. The fishing (Nile perch and tiger fish) in this river is excellent, for they fight considerably harder than a salmon does, and a gimp trace and a big reel are necessary. Two hundred miles farther on, over a bad road, Bulawayo is reached. A very pleasant town, with good shops, wide streets and a splendid club.

Three hundred and thirty miles to the north are the Victoria Falls, but the road in some places is terrible. Some of the gradients are very severe, bad dongas are met with, and there is a great deal of sand. It is a very hard journey in dry weather. In wet, it would be wellnigh impossible, not to say extremely dangerous.

En route one passes the Gwai and Shangani rivers, close to Dett. This is an excellent shooting country, although badly infected with tsetse fly



THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN SPOORING A WOUNDED LION, WHICH PROVED TO BE THEN ONLY 200 YARDS DISTANT, AT MALAMALA, N.E. TRANSVAAL

and mosquitoes. It was here I met an official hunter employed by the Government to destroy all game in a certain area on account of the tsetse.

As anyone knows who has been to Africa, many of one's friends are met in the bars of inns at sundown time, and so it was I made friends with this hunter. He was kind enough to approve of me to help him in his task. I spent nearly a fortnight on trek with him. He had to shoot everything, but I confined most of my attention to buffalo, and hunted them every day, and had some splendid sport. Should anyone be in Southern Rhodesia and want to shoot, do not forget the country around Dett. It is good.

And so on across the Zambesi, just below Victoria Falls, through heavily-bushed country, along a sandy track past Kalomo, where there is a splendid little hotel, to Choma, which is one of the prettiest small settlements in Northern Rhodesia. It has an excellent hotel, and the settlers in the district are more hospitable than words can describe. There is excellent partridge, pheasant and guinea fowl shooting close to Choma, and also a fair quantity of big game.

However, by far the best place for shooting near here is the Kafue Valley, especially on the vast flats or dense 'saka bush near Namwala or Ibamba. The river here in dry weather is about 250yds. wide, but in the wet season it floods a country several miles across. The duck and geese which inhabit these swamps are numberless, especially during the rains, when they migrate down from the north.

Every kind of buck and antelope is to be found here; lions are fairly common, whilst it is one of the best places in all Africa for buffalo. I spent several weeks in this district and had some marvellous sport. Choma makes an excellent jumping-off spot, and everything necessary for a safari can be obtained at the store, and should any sportsman find himself here, I advise him to make the acquaintance of Mr. Fiander at the Choma Hotel, who will render every possible assistance.

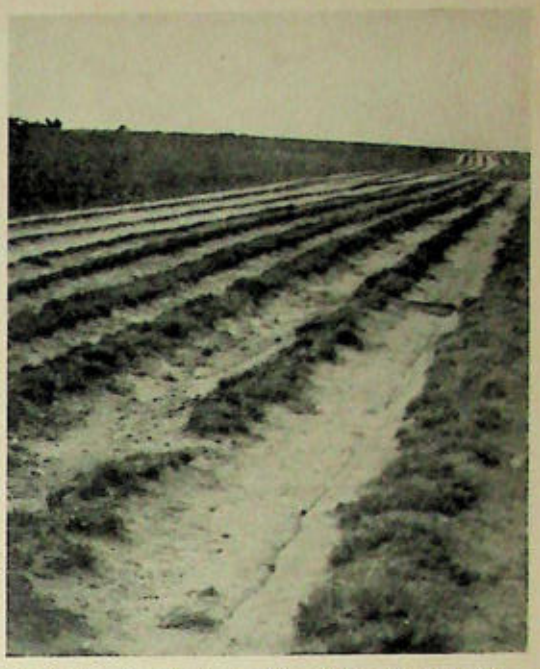
From Choma, on through Lusaca, Broken Hill, to Kapiri M'Poshi. Part of this road is very bad indeed. At the last-named place the road leaves the Rhodesian Railway system, and one has ahead a journey of about 1,300 miles until the Tanganyika Railway is reached at Dadoma. It is advisable to take on board as much petrol as possible at Broken Hill, as after that it is expensive. At Broken Hill it is about 3/– a gallon. After that it may be 6/– a gallon, until Dadoma is reached. I took 50 gallons on the car.

Abercorn is roughly 500 miles from Kapiri. One passes Kanono and M'Pika. Both of these places are first-class shooting districts, and the Loangwa Valley is not far off. Every type of shooting is available here, including elephant.

One hundred and sixty-five miles before Abercorn the Chambesi River is reached. A first-class safari can be done from here at trifling cost, by hiring natives with boats, and going down the river, and camping when occasion arises. The duck shooting is excellent. There are any amount of big game, including Situtunga and buffalo. Abercorn is 27 miles south of Lake Tanganyika. The fishing in this great lake is first-class—Nile perch and tiger fish. I had many excellent days, and the shooting round the bush-covered escarpments, particularly for buffalo, is excellent. But it is very hot, and there is a lot of tsetse. The inhabitants of Abercorn as is general throughout both the Rhodesias, are charming and hospitable to a degree.

From Abercorn into Tanganyika Territory, and so to M'Beya, one of the Imperial Airways landing grounds. There is a good hotel here.

Seventy miles to the north of this, and away from the so-called "Great North Road," lies Lake Rukwa, the most southern and one of the smallest of the lakes of the Rift Valley. It is very shallow, and contains many lagoons, and sedge-covered marshes, and at one end the Songwe River runs into it, making a vast delta during the last few miles of its course. The road or rather track to it from M'Beya is not easy, but however much the trouble, it is well worth it, for in my opinion the district round this lake is the best all-round place for big game and bird life I have seen in the world. There is not space in this article to describe it in any way adequately.



TYPICAL ROAD A FOOT DEEP IN MUD IN THE TRANSKEI COUNTRY



HUNTING BOYS DRINKING AT A POOL ON THE MARA RIVER IN KENYA

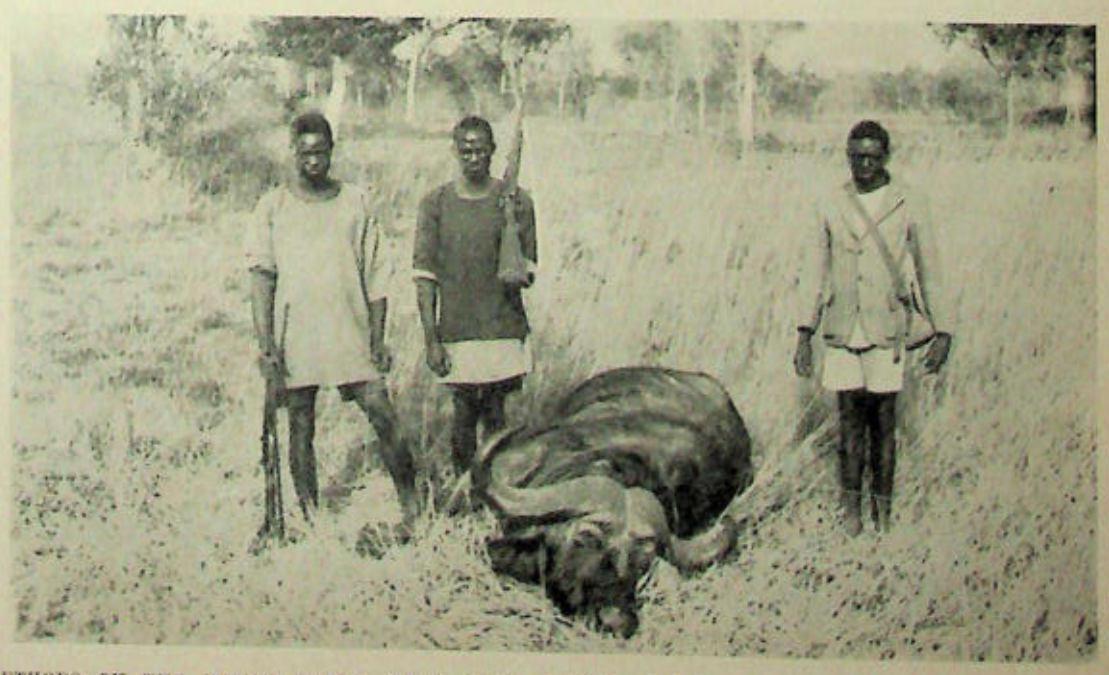
The Songwe delta contains many watercourses, heavily flanked by deep masses of bamboo jungles. Some of these courses are merely sandy beds in dry weather, though running torrents in wet. In between them are great open reed and grass-covered flats. These are the feeding-grounds of every type of antelope and buck. Puku, oribi, impala are there in thousands. The bamboo swamps contain many herds of buffalo, scores of hippo, and elephants, whilst the rivers and streams are full of crocodiles, bream and barbel.

I have never seen better shooting anywhere, for it would be possible to fire several hundred cartridges every evening. The place is a veritable sanctuary for birdlife. The lake is full of bream, and also crocodiles, and there are any number of hippos. The crocodiles do not attempt to touch human beings in the water. The natives catch fish in nets with crocodiles all around them. Whilst duck shooting, I would often wade waist deep into the lake, putting out "boys" at various places in the water to pick up the dead ducks as they fell. It was often a race as to which would get the duck first, the crocodile or the native!

Do not miss this great district, for in my opinion it is the best all-round shooting place in the world, and it is comparatively little known. The lion, leopard and buffalo shooting is magnificent; there is every other type of game, including elephant, whilst the duck and sand grouse shooting has to be seen to be appreciated. The whole safari can be done at trifling cost from M'Beya. I spent the best month of my life round this lake, shooting every day.

(In our next number exact figures of cost will be given.)





LEFT: A CONTRAST IN DRINKING METHODS ON THE CONGUE RIVER, NEAR LAKE RUKWA. RIGHT: A GOOD BUFFALO SHOT NEAR KAFNE RIVER



THE BIG GAME CONFERENCE CLOSES

Points for Satisfaction and Criticism

BY the time these lines see the light of day the London Conference for the Protection of the Fauna and Flora of Africa will have completed its labours. And they will have accomplished a great deal of useful and enduring work on which they are to be congratulated. That this has been achieved is in no small extent due to the tact of the President, Lord Onslow, the hard work of the British delegation to secure acceptance of their draft convention, and the general anxiety on the part of all countries represented at the conference to achieve a definite result.

The conference was also lucky in its Vice-President. H.E. Baron de Cartier de Marchienne has an unrivalled experience of the tactful handling of men of divergent nationality and point of view. And the *Field* has more than once come to know of quiet work that he has done behind the scenes to put a stop to malpractices in the Congo.

It is a long time since so many distinguished authorities have been gathered together at one council table. There was not a member of the conference who was not expert in his subject. Mention must be made in particular of H.E. Dr. Ruy Ennes Ulrich and H.E. Don Ramon Perez de Ayala, the Portuguese and Spanish Ambassadors; Sir Arthur Hill, of the Botanic Gardens, a South African delegate; Mr. te Water, the South African High Commissioner; the Marchese Saverio Patrisi, a well-known Italian game lover; the Comte d'Adix-Dellmenssingen, President of the French Comité National de la Chasse; Professeur Gruvel, of the French Fauna Society; Dr. Ibrahim-Kadry, of the Cairo Zoo; Dr. Jean Derscheid, of the Belgian Parc Albert; and Major W. R. Barker, Game Warden of the Sudan.



THE EARL OF ONSLOW
President of the Conference and of the Fauna Society

The conference agreed to consider the British draft convention, and after some very lucid opening speeches, divided into two sub-committees to consider the main points for discussion: the sale of trophies, the formation of National Parks, motor cars and aeroplanes, reserves for rare species and a schedule of animals particularly requiring protection.

In the course of a week's really hard work a great deal was achieved, though till the results of the conference are issued in printed form it would be unwise and unfair to comment in detail on its achievements. The schedule of rare animals to be preserved would seem to be very satisfactory, as also are the provisions as regards motor cars and aeroplanes. The question of the disposal of found ivory and rhino horn is not so happily solved. The French, British and Belgian Governments wished this to become State property. The Italians wished 50% reward to be paid to the finder. The British delegation wished this sum to be reduced to such a quota as would not make ivory poaching profitable. However, as we understood the proceedings, the Italian Government proposed, and the conference accepted, at the end of a sitting which lasted till nearly midnight last Monday, that the words "*en principe*" should be introduced into the acceptance of the found ivory clause. Such apparent vagueness would seem to us to cause this clause of the convention (which Sir William Gowers described as being considered by the British Government to be of the greatest importance) to lose much of its force, and to give loopholes for evasion. Not only principles matter, but their application.

The outcome of the National Park clause does not also seem to be entirely satisfactory. The French delegation brought forward as an additional form of reserve an area to be described as "Strict Nature Reserves," where not even tillage was to be allowed—a sort of peculiarly strict reserve as at present constituted. The convention at its second reading has called on the signatories to the treaty to explore within two years the possibilities of creating either a National Park *or* a Strict Nature Reserve. This we consider a mistake. National Parks are created by legislation, and can be done away with by legislation only. The creation or removal of a Strict Nature Reserve is a mere stroke of the pen.

There is a final point which we would like to make. In the closing stages of the conference the British Government declared that they must except from the scope of the National Park clause, for reasons which they stated, Gambia and Zanzibar. In our opinion other countries should have been asked to name, there and then, their own reservations. After all, they came to the conference with the groundwork prepared. As it is, these reservations may now be made before ratification, and there is nothing to prevent huge areas being reserved, entirely destroying the scope of the clause.

These are points which a close student of the work of the conference could hardly fail to note or to comment on. Nevertheless, a very notable achievement results from the labours of the delegations, even if it does not represent everything that had been hoped for. The delegates can return home conscious that they have made a most valuable contribution to the further protection by man of wild life in Africa. But their work is not final: it must go on: it must be improved on. The treaty, for instance, must be ratified by every signatory. But their work is an achievement in part if not in whole of which mankind in general should be satisfied.







VICE-PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS OF THE CONFERENCE
(Left) The Hon. Mr. Charles te Water, South African High Commissioner and Head of the Union Delegation. (Centre) H.E. Baron Cartier de Marchienne Belgian Ambassador and Vice-President of the Conference. (Right) Sir Arthur Hill, Director of the Botanic Gardens, another South African Delegate

ALL ENGLAND WATCHES A JOCKEY

Can Richards and Archer Be Compared?

GORDON RICHARDS, when he equalled Fred Archer's record number of 246 winning mounts last week, had an average of 27.33 per cent. of winners to mounts ridden during the season, and before Manchester ends it there is every possibility that the figures will be improved.

Archer in 1885 had an average of 36 per cent. of winning rides, and for the whole period of his career on the Turf it was 30.6 per cent.

One cannot bring the two men together in any other way in an attempt to compare them or their skill in the saddle. Conditions, in every way, are so vastly different that, apart from the results of their attainment, all other comparisons are difficult to make and can readily become misleading. The physique of the two men will not compare: the one nearly 5ft. 10in. tall and weighing over 10st. during winter months; the other a midget man, and able to go to scale at 7st. 8lb. Had Archer been able to accept mounts at round about the same weight as Richards he would certainly have increased his aggregate of 246 successful rides in 1885. In that year, the lowest racing weight allowable was 5st. 7lb., and as the outcome hundreds of horses were "readied" for handicaps. Archer could not possibly ride any such leniently treated horses, his mounts invariably being those with exposed form and at the top of the handicap.

If one takes the trouble to run through the *Calendar* of 1885, he will find that the winners of 27 of the 31 leading handicaps that season shouldered less weight than Archer could have "done," while Richards could have ridden some eighteen of those successful horses. Much the same thing applies also to smaller handicaps of 1885. That year, taking the total number of races decided in Great Britain, viz., 1,557, Archer had 667 rides, or a percentage of 41.5. In 1932, there were 1,976 races decided, Richards had 948 mounts, a percentage of 48.

Thus will it be gleaned that Richards's opportunities to ride were far greater than those of Archer, who also had to contend against such first-rate horsemen as H. Constable (five times runner-up to him in the Jockey championship); Charles Wood (seven times runner-up); George Fordham (runner-up in 1880, and always out to best "Mr. Archer" whenever he had the opportunity); Tom Cannon, John Osborne, Fred Webb, and others. Have any of these men their exact counterparts among the light-weight jockeys riding in 1933?



W. A. Rouch

TWO OF THE GREATEST JOCKEYS OF ALL TIME

(Left) G. Richards on Mr. J. A. Dewar's good two-year-old colt Lo Zingaro, and (right) Fred Archer up on the late Duke of Westminster's Ormonde, winner of the Derby and St. Leger in 1886 (reproduced by courtesy of Mr. W. T. Spencer, 27, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1). The different styles of horsemanship, tackle, and the great dissimilarity of height between the two men should be noted

From 1860 until 1871 Fordham was champion jockey on nine occasions. If evidence is needed as to the quality of the men who rode against Archer, and who finished as runner-up to him in the jockeys' table of winning mounts, I append the returns of the period 1873–1886, which were Archer's best years:

Year	Champion Jockey and Runner up	Mounts	Wins
1873	H. Constable	397	109
	F. Archer	422	107
1874	F. Archer	530	147
	H. Constable	358	89
1875	F. Archer	605	172
	H. Constable	297	71
1876	F. Archer	662	207
	H. Constable	306	78
1877	F. Archer	602	218
	H. Constable	368	77
1878	F. Archer	619	229
	H. Constable	419	96
1879	F. Archer	568	197
	C. Wood	458	89
1880	F. Archer	362	120
	G. Fordham	367	105
1881	F. Archer	532	220
	C. Wood	543	153
1882	F. Archer	560	210
	C. Wood	617	182
1883	F. Archer	631	252
	C. Wood	622	186
1884	F. Archer	577	241
	C. Wood	558	158
1885	F. Archer	667	246
	C. Wood	582	155
1886	F. Archer	513	170
	C. Wood	511	167



G. RICHARDS FIGHTING OUT A FINISH

Charles Wood was a thick-set little man who, at the period of Archer's death, could go to scale comfortably at 7st. 10lb., and in 1887 headed the list of champion jockeys with 151 victories out of 510 rides, John Watts being second with 110 winners out of 451 mounts; and Watts could not, even in 1887, go to scale at less than 8st. 8lb.



Fordham bore no love for Archer. He lost money in business speculation after he had retired in 1875 from riding, and had to return to the saddle again in 1878 in order to live. He then found that Archer was the new idol, but the veteran was quite able to hold his own with Archer, his "kidment"—an accomplishment in racing peculiar to himself whereby he succeeded in throwing his opponents off their guard—arousing their ire and becoming more or less their perpetual dread. Fordham's association with the Turf extended over 30 years, but in the leading races, especially the Derby, he was singularly unfortunate.

Harry Constable who was Archer's greatest friend, died in 1881 from consumption, as the result of wasting, and sleeps in Epsom cemetery with a beautiful granite memorial above him to mark the late Lord Rosebery's appreciation of his worth as a man and a jockey. Constable saved Archer's life in the Derby of 1880. He was riding Ercildoune, and lay immediately in Archer's track, "the Tinman" being on the golden chesnut Bend Or. Ercildoune when fairly set going at the top of the Hill, made the descent at a great pace,



RACING WHIPS OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

A photograph of the original whip used by F. Archer when he won the Derby on Mr. Lorrilard's colt Iroquois in 1881 (in the possession of Mr. W. T. Spencer, 27, New Oxford Street, London, W.C. 1), and a modern racing whip with a safety tip as carried by G. Richards (reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Champion & Wilton, Oxford Street, London, W.1)

and for a few strides obtained the better of Constable. The horse was actually galloping with his near foreleg right between the two hind ones of Bend Or. Constable saw this, and being closely pressed by the horses behind him could not pull out, but cried out to Archer: "Keep your horse as straight as possible, Fred!" On Archer kept, and again came Constable's warning: "Don't pull him either way or we shall both come down!" Then it was that Archer put on full pressure, got clear of Ercildoune, went on with Bend Or, beat Robert the Devil, and was objected to, because of the allegation of a stud groom that the horse was really Tadcaster!

The jockeys who rode in the race declared that had not Constable warned Archer, whose predilection was ever to dash for the rails, an accident must have occurred had it not been for the nerve and coolness of these two friends.

Tom Cannon—no jockey ever possessed finer hands—had but one success in the Derby, secured on the mare Shotover in 1882. When he won the Cambridgeshire for the Marquis of Hastings on Ackworth, he received a present of £500, and that ride led to his engagement as second jockey at Danebury, Fordham being the premier rider. It was from that horseman that Cannon learned such delicacy of touch that he had the appearance of guiding his horses with a silken thread. He gave the racing world two creditable riders in his sons, Mornington and Kempton. The former won the City and Suburban no fewer than six times, and was champion jockey in 1891, 1892, 1894, 1895, 1896 and 1897.

John Osborne, who won the Derby on Pretender in 1869, and whose staunch rectitude during 46 years as a jockey, won for him the nickname of "the Bank of England jockey," trained and rode horses in their gallops until very late in life. He attributed his long life to going to bed early, and to exercise on foot and on horseback.

Getting up early on the morning before the Derby of 1873 secured for Fred Webb what was a most fortunate mount. On the Downs he met Robert Peck, who asked if he was riding for anybody that morning. On receiving a negative answer, Peck told him to "get on that horse and take him over the Derby course; I've been waiting for Jem Snowden and he doesn't look like coming," added Peck. Doncaster was the horse indicated, and after Webb had given him a rousing gallop Peck inquired if the boy had anything to ride in the big race. "I have made no arrangements yet, sir," answered Webb. "Then you shall ride Doncaster," said Peck, and the horse gave Webb his only Derby winner. He also received £500 from Mr. Merry, so well satisfied was he with the way Webb rode.

From the days of Sam Chifney jockeys have had to waste. Nat Flatman got rid of 4½lb. in four hours when he had to ride Vulcan in the Cambridgeshire. In two days he reduced himself from 7st. 12lb. to 7st. 4lb. There were no Turkish baths in Flatman's day, nothing except Epsom salts, sweating and starvation. Once this jockey had 250 mounts in a season. It was his great ambition to ride 100 winners within the Flat-racing period, and he accomplished that much in 1848, scoring 104 times, which was his best on record.

Jem Robinson, who won the Derby on six occasions, and Frank Buckle, successful on five occasions, were the finest pair of match riders Newmarket ever knew. Robinson rode for H.M. George IV., and as well as his six Derby victories, rode the Oaks winner twice, the Two Thousand Guineas winner on nine occasions, the One Thousand Guineas winner five times, and won the St. Leger twice, the Goodwood Cup thrice, and the Ascot Cup four times. His masters placed implicit faith in him.

W. Clift, a Yorkshire lad, who began riding on a farmer's pony at Wentworth Park, won the Derby five times, and was spoken of as "a wild uncultivated Indian." He rode a winner for the Duke of Dorset, who naturally asked him how he liked the horse. Clift replied: "Hang me, you see I won; that's enough for you!" It was for the Duke. Clift flogged his horses, and won his races in four to five places.

Buckle's seat was an exquisite one, and like Gordon Richards and Wood, he was so small in stature that he was scarcely able to reach Jem Robinson's shoulders. Dighton's 1806 portrait painting of Buckle makes him look very like Richards to-day. He finished life as a successful cattle breeder and feeder near Peterborough.

A NEW CHALLENGER FOR CLASSIC HONOURS

Umidwar as a Rival to Colombo in Next Year's Derby

RACING at Hurst Park last week-end was noteworthy for two things. In the first place it gave Gordon Richards the opportunity of riding his 246th winner of the season, which brought him level with Fred Archer's record of 48 years ago. Secondly, it served to introduce a two-year-old who may make history next season.

The Aga Khan's Umidwar is still decidedly backward, and it would be unreasonable to judge him solely on his performance at Hurst Park. To beat Farmer Giles by a neck when receiving weight is scarcely an achievement of the classic standard, but what must we allow for the improvement he is almost certain to make? If we say that he will be at least 14lb. better by the early days of the summer we shall not be wide of the mark. The question now arises: What has Colombo to fear from Umidwar?

Assuming that the Aga Khan's colt develops into a better three-year-old than his stable companion Master Vere, who is a performer of unquestionable brilliance, will Colombo be too good for him in the Two Thousand and the Derby? It is a point which will be repeatedly discussed during the winter months. The success of Umidwar shows the folly of attempting to estimate the respective merits of the best young horses until the season has reached its close. Even now we may not have seen all the smartest two-year-olds, for several of the leading stables have colts and fillies of good breeding too backward to have been raced so far.

But taking the form as it stands, the unbeaten Colombo stands out clearly as the best of his age, and as he has revealed a proper disposition in all his races and has never been sick or sorry and has happily escaped all leg troubles we must assume that he will train on in the right way. According to present arrangements he will be ridden in all his races next year by W. R. Johnstone, an Australian jockey who has done remarkably well in France this year, and has the reputation of being as good as any rider in that country. But success abroad is not invariably supplemented by corresponding success in England, where the standard of jockeyship is at least as high as if not higher than anywhere else in the world.

Lord Glanely was content to jog along this year without specially retaining any jockey. A different arrangement might have been made had it been realised at the end of last year that Colombo was to prove himself a genuine champion. The situation is quite different now. Colombo has firmly established himself as the most likely of all the aspirants for classic honours, and Lord Glanely and his trainer have wisely decided that it is essential to secure the services of a regular jockey for him.

What manner of colt is this Hurst Park winner who now presents himself as a challenger for classic distinction? Umidwar is described as bay, but some would call him brown. Sticklers for colour—and how rarely we see a good horse of a bad colour—may aver that this colt has too much white about him. Umidwar is certainly conspicuous for two white stockings extending nearly up to his hocks.

Where does he get them from? They are certainly not characteristic of Blandford's stock, while other notable products of the colt's dam, the Oaks winner Udaipur and the Cesarewitch winner Ut Majeur, are whole-coloured. Perhaps it is a reminder that the colt has a strain of Gallinule and White Eagle. Umidwar's face is broadly blazed, and on the blaze are a number of little brown spots such as we often see in Beresford's stock.

In height he is approximately a shade over 16 hands, and he should be well up to average size on Derby day. The colt is well ribbed-up and has plenty of length. He has yet to grow to his frame, and when he has fully muscled out there will assuredly be few better-looking colts of his age.

It is curious that the Hurst Park race should have been won in consecutive seasons by colts which had never been out before—and each a son of Blandford. That stallion has been marvellously successful with his two-year-olds this season. In addition to Umidwar he is represented by Mrs. Rustom, Campanula, Merenda, Blazonry, Happy Venture, Kyloe, Stormy Weather and several others. No wonder that Mr. R. C. Dawson is able to announce that Blandford has a full subscription at 400gs. in 1934, when he will stand for the first time at the Whatcombe Stud in Berkshire.

This stallion's departure from Ireland is to be shortly followed by that of Trigo, one of the most famous of Blandford's sons. Mr. W. Barnett, in whose colours he won the Derby and St. Leger and the Irish St. Leger, has lately purchased from Mr. Clarence Hailey the Aston Park Stud, Aston Rowant, in Oxfordshire, where Diolite is now quartered, and it is here that Trigo will hold court in the approaching season at a fee of 300gs.

An excellent home has been found for April the Fifth in the shape of the Childwick Bury Stud, St. Albans, where Mr. J. B. Joel has bred many good winners. It is satisfactory to observe that all nominations to this Derby winner for next season have been taken up at a fee of £250. A horse of great character and fine physique, the son of Craig an Eran has all the makings of a successful sire.



W. A. Rouch

A DERBY WINNER FOR THE STUD

April The Fifth (Craig an Eran—Sold Again), which is to commence his stud career at the Childwickbury Stud, St. Albans, at a fee of £250

An additional day's racing was held at Taunton last week to make up for the fixture which had to be abandoned on account of the drought and consequent hard going.

Fields, taking into consideration the altered date, which must of necessity affect entries, were quite fair, though the second race, an open steeplechase, only attracted two starters.

In spite of this there was no lack of interest, for the efforts of Mr. G. P. Thackeray's Sanpere and Mrs. A. G. Moon's Tog Hill to complete the three-mile journey developed into a farce.

Starting at 4 to 1 on Sanpere jumped the first two fences, and then for some reason took a very decided dislike to the game and refused the next three. In the meantime Mr. Petre and Tog Hill had parted company at the ditch; thus giving Mr. Thackeray every inducement to keep Sanpere at it, but he would have none of the ditch, and was brought home. Mr. Petre had remounted and went on to win, although his mount refused the plain fence past the stands and gave one of the worst exhibitions of jumping imaginable.

Mr. J. H. Whitney's Double Crossed won the Orchard Portman hurdle race in fine style from Capstan Bar and My Wig; though the best race of the afternoon was the Quantock hurdle race, which resulted in a dead-heat between Tom Oliver and Eadward, an objection to the former being overruled.

HIT OR MISS

Woman's Part in the Shooting Field

By LADY APSLEY



MRS. GEORGE PHILIPPI
One of the first women to own a big shoot

PEOPLE are apt to talk as if it were a completely new thing for women to shoot, forgetting the prowess of Queen Elizabeth with a cross-bow and other famous women shots in History—Anne of France, Diane de Poitiers, Queen Isabella of Castille, Margaret of Austria, Beatrice d'Este, la Belle Stuart, Queen Anne—to name but a few. Likewise also, there have been male prejudices against women shooting from the time of the Goddess Diana downwards. Was not the story of how James I.'s Queen, Anne of Denmark, shot at and missed a deer, but killed the King's favourite greyhound, repeated to all the Courts of Europe? But remember that Anne of Denmark was both tactless and plain—which together are unforgivable in any sporting woman!

To-day in England there are well-known women who can use a gun skilfully, safely and well, and hold their own in a man's shoot. For instance, the Hon. Mrs. Mervyn Wingfield (formerly Miss Sheila Beddington) is an outstanding shot in any company: it is unlikely that her 1931 record has been beaten by any other woman in England, or elsewhere—1,824½ brace of grouse to her own gun, shooting with her father, Lieut.-Colonel Claud Beddington, at Glendye, Banchory (which consisted of birds actually "picked" after each drive, and did not include a proportion of those picked up by the keepers, etc., on days following big shoots). Mrs. George Philippi is another crack shot, well known in Hampshire; she was probably one of the first women to rent a big shoot and shoot it herself, inviting the other guns. She is equally neat at pheasants, or driven partridges, and grouse. The Hon. Mrs. Michael Mason, Lady Brecknock, the Hon. Mrs. Robert Gurdon, Lady Glentanar, Lady Blandford, Mrs. Lloyd Thomas, Lady Allendale and Mrs. Ronald Tree all often occupy a stand at their respective husbands' or parents' shoots; and there are scores of others who "let off a gun" whenever the opportunity occurs.

But any woman shooting must be prepared still to deal with prejudices from old gentlemen in tweeds and gaiters, and from what one may call the professional "machine gunners," out entirely for "bags" and "records."

The great thing for a lady proposing to shoot, is to avoid giving an opportunity for the Anne of Denmark sort of story, for I warn you it will be impossible to live it down—stray pellets from anyone are sufficient to make a story last for weeks, but from a woman are much worse!

A woman must have proper shooting lessons. It is little pleasure shooting badly, and anyone who cannot shoot tolerably after due practice should give it up. Wounded birds are an abomination any time, and constantly from a woman insupportable. And she should be sure to turn herself out properly, *i.e.* in comfortable, perfectly-cut tweeds. As a knickerbocker suit is likely to upset somebody, a coat and skirt is probably the best to wear, though without either mannish or feminine effects, and not too loudly checked, and nothing black or white.

It is best to restrict your early shooting activities entirely to family circles. A host is likely to be annoyed if a lady guest turns up ostentatiously with her gun cases! A better way is to leave them hidden in the car, or in the station-master's care, when on a visit. Then, perhaps, the host with the cockles of his heart warmed by a second glass of port, may say to you, "What a pity you have not brought your guns; you could have shot with us to-morrow," and you can smile charmingly and say you will have them by the morning! Reaction may set in, but it is preferable to having some busybody announcing that "as the lady 'as brought 'er gun—suppose we 'adn't better bring the best dawgs out to-morrow."

Once asked to shoot, your troubles are only begun. Obey implicitly the books on Hints to Young Shooters. You must be prepared to sink any privileges for sex, to walk with the rest of the company, and carry what they do, at all times being considerate, sympathetic and tactful. Never allow yourself to be a nuisance. Do not be a selfish shot. (A surprising number of nice men are selfish shots.) Never try to pinch a bird, dead or alive, from anyone. Better a few living birds than a bursting Colonel Peppercorn! Never claim birds—or even tail feathers—claimed by another.

If you are a charming person it is only too likely that corpses will be brought to you in humble devotion, and dogs will be worked all round your stand. If you are really very pretty it is likely you will disorganise all the arrangements, but if you are merely nice and obey the rules you will get on well enough.

A young woman shot should be content with an outside place for some time. As an "extra gun" on a grouse moor you can enjoy yourself hugely—the small daily contribution from the worst butt being included with mutual satisfaction in the "bag" of the seven proper "guns." Then, when a real day comes along, it will be a red-letter one.

I am always sorry for the spoilt young things of both sexes who start with two guns, a loader and dog complete in a big shoot. It is much more fun to begin by carrying your own gun seven miles home, "walking up" grouse, "shooting over dogs," "doing the outsides," "going back with the beaters," with "little days" and their "various" attractions. Sooner or later your chance comes: an early morning summons. "So-and-So has failed . . . we must have six guns to shoot the Big Wood (or the high ground). Can you be ready by nine o'clock?" You are sure to be punctual on that occasion, but unless you are the hostess yourself never keep men waiting at a shoot. Don't talk too much; be fit and be ready.

I was brought up on a tale that the great Lord Ripon always used to say that the right way to learn to shoot was to work up the ladder—first practising as a beater, next as a loader, then to shoot with one gun and loading yourself, lastly with two and a loader of your own. Anyhow, I advise any girl keen on shooting to get proficient as a loader to someone else. Loading for a good shot is the greatest fun, but, of course, one must be taught the correct way. I remember once that a precious only son's mother wired to his hostess in Scotland, "Please get a reliable loader for X." Such a man was not to be obtained for that particular day, and knowing naught of the telegram I volunteered my services. We had the best day either of us had ever seen, though mother might not have approved!

Women do become excellent shots. A good woman at any sport or game is never so good as the very best men, but the best women can and do beat moderate men. Lastly, do not enter as a "record" slayer, but be content to be named as "a charming person and a nice clean shot who can walk as well as a man"—that is a good enough record for a woman shooting to-day.



THE HON. MRS. MERVYN WINGFIELD
Mrs. Wingfield was formerly Miss Sheila Beddington, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Claud Beddington, and is one of the best women shots in the country



Niall Rankin

BRAMHAM PARK FROM THE ARDENS

The house was destroyed by fire in 1828, *but the present Lord Bingley restored it, finishing the work in* 1914

FAMILIES FAMOUS IN SPORT—No. 6

The Lane-Fox's and Bramham

THE origins of the Bramham Moor Hunt are among the most ancient of all the packs of foxhounds in the country, and their claims to distinction are with Brocklesby, Belvoir and Badminton. Other packs are of older standing, it is true, and a few have remained almost without cessation in the hands of one family. The Bramham Moor pack is unique in that in a history of more than 150 years it has always been in the hands of two families—those of Lane-Fox and Lascelles. For the latter family, who provide the present Master, were also in command from 1821–1848.

The connection of the Lane-Fox's with Bramham have been uninterrupted during two hundred years, and the squires of Bramham have had during that time a position and influence which has no doubt been largely due, not to any great possessions, but rather to their being keen sportsmen.

Robert Benson, Chancellor of the Exchequer during the Harley Government in the reign of Queen Anne, and created Lord Bingley, built Bramham at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Incidentally Queen Anne is said to have stopped there and there is a tradition that she actively supported the local races at Stubbin Moor, which is by no means improbable. Lord Bingley's only child married George Lane-Fox, who was recreated Lord Bingley, and on his death the estate passed to a nephew, James Lane-Fox, who first organised the Bramham Moor Hunt.

But before the pack came, Bramham had already taken its place as one of the important houses of Yorkshire. Apart from the house itself, the gardens and the woods had an unrivalled reputation in an age when the laying out of pleasure grounds on a large scale was understood and appreciated. It is believed, even if it cannot be asserted positively, that these gardens were the work of Le Nôtre, who planned Versailles. Certainly the formal stonework, the lakes, the beech hedges and the vistas cut through the woods would make it seem certain that, if not the work of Le Nôtre himself, they are certainly that of a pupil much influenced by him. I have never seen a parallel to the gardens at Bramham. The long formal avenues of beech arching magnificently over the head, the splendid lawns and borders and the lakes—or perhaps one should say canals—must be the nearest approach to a little Versailles in the country. And though, as will be told later, the old house was for 80 years a burnt-out shell, the gardens were always kept up.

If therefore Bramham was to become one of the great strongholds of English foxhunting, the stage worthy of such a part was ready. Tradition associates the first Lord Bingley's regime at Bramham with hounds, and it is very probable that he kept hounds, which were as much part of a nobleman's establishment then as a motor car is to-day. But we have no records of it.

James Lane-Fox, who succeeded the second Lord Bingley, came on the scene at a time when fox-hunting as we know it to-day was just finding its place in English life. The old feudal ideas, the old methods of agriculture were giving way to the period of nearly 70 years which preceded that era when the effects of the Industrial Revolution and the Repeal of the Corn Laws were being felt. It was the golden age of foxhunting.

It happened that he was a great friend of Hugo Meynell, the father of foxhunting, and also of Peter Beckford. Thus it came about that the "system of Meynell" was early introduced into the Bramham Moor Hunt, both as regards hound breeding and kennel management.

It may be said here that James Lane-Fox had not an outstanding reputation as a hard rider, but rather as a judge of a foxhound; few families, indeed, can show such a remarkable succession of able judges of hound breeding as that of Lane-Fox.



JAMES LANE-FOX, BY HOPPNER

By the beginning of the century, the sporting farmers and smaller squires round about Bramham were being shown first-class sport by Mr. Lane-Fox and Martin Wakerley. He hunted a country from Skipton in Craven right up to the walls of York. They showed excellent sport and Mr. Scarth Dixon in his *History of the Bramham Moor Hunt* records a point of 20 miles from Hill Wood to Nun Appleton, 25 miles as hounds ran, in two hours and twenty minutes.

In 1816 Mr. Lane-Fox ceded a portion of the country which he had hitherto hunted—he having more than enough in the then state of industrial development—to the newly formed York and Ainsty Pack, the stipulation being made that if ever that pack gave up the country was to revert to Bramham.

Mr. James Lane-Fox died in 1821. His son and successor was a very heavy man and less enthusiastic for hunting and the pack passed for 27 years to the Earl of Harewood, and with them went all ten servants' horses with saddles, bridles and rugs complete; and it was agreed that they should return to Bramham as they went if required.

The new squire was a friend of the Pri Regent, and he had tastes in common with Carlton House set. He loved racing and Newmarket, and he was not disinclined to be "lavish of a father's guineas." He never appears to have met with any noticeable success on the Turf, certainly not in proportion to his expenses. Yet it must be remembered that these were the failings of the day, and naturally those who live with the Brummels and the Hastings played the part expected of them. He was a fine horseman—and also met with considerable success in coursing, to which he was introduced by his uncle, Lord Rivers, famous in the world of greyhounds. Pictures of some of his winners hang at Bramham.

In 1828 George Lane-Fox was faced with a great calamity, for his home was burned down. It was destined not to be rebuilt for eighty years, but the squire lived on just outside the park. He lived till 1848 and was succeeded by his son, George, a man as provident as his father had been improvident. "The Squire" it was who brought the hounds back to new kennels at Bramham from Harewood, whence they came, as agreed, with the Hunt horses all complete. Charles Treadwell was then the huntsman—he succeeded William Bamford—and the combination of experienced huntsman and keen young Master was excellent. Between them they set to work to build up a first-class pack, and before long, helped by a large draft from the famous John Warde's hounds, they had done so. The new Master was a good judge of a hound as his grandfather had been, though some critics said that the Bramham were rather lacking in cry, for Master and huntsman disliked a noisy pack, and Treadwell is supposed to have said that he "hated

a hound that spoke twice when once would do." In 1852 Mr. Lane-Fox turned the pack into a subscription one, and so good was the sport shown that the sum of £2,500 was at once forthcoming, which was a very large amount for those days—and a satisfactory one even now!

On November 30th occurred one of the greatest runs in the records of the Bramham Moor Hunt. "Found in Hulton Thorns, went away for Askham, turned for Grange Wood, pointed for York, bearing again to the left, across the Ouse opposite Fairfield and the Foss at Huntington, and killed at Mr. Lloyd's house at Stockton. One hour and 45 minutes: eleven-and-a-half miles point, seventeen the way hounds went." Mr. Lloyd, be it here noted, was Master of the York and Ainsty, and he came running out of the house, exclaiming: "Whose hounds are these? Whose hounds are these? They are not mine, where have they come from?" The brush of this gallant fox is still preserved in the present owner's room at Bramham. In 1865 Treadwell, who had hunted the pack for seventeen years with Mr. Lane-Fox and six with Lord Harewood, died at the age of 72, and this marked the close of a definite epoch in the history of Bramham.

In the next twelve seasons Mr. George Lane-Fox had four huntsmen—Stephen Goodall, Fred Turpin, Goddard Morgan and George Kingsbury—and then for 31 seasons (1877–1908) Tom Smith carried the horn. He was one of the famous Brocklesby Smith family, mention of whom will again be made in the article on the Earls of Yarborough. Mr. George Lane-Fox's position as Master was now as assured as that of any Master in the country, and his authority, not only in Yorkshire, but through all England was unquestioned. His sarcastic tongue, though always tempered by real kindness of heart and great humour, made him a complete Master out hunting of the most unruly field; and his gift of ready nickname was unrivalled. Though a fine rider, with whom every horse went well, he was no thruster; but in spite of his weight he was never far from hounds.

He was also famous as a whip. In his youth coaching was a pursuit not very highly thought of, but later, when it became the fashion, he could hold his own with all comers. As a schoolboy he had pocketed the difference between inside and outside fare to sit next the coachman, which had raised a protest from his father, who "could only travel with four post horses in a chariot by Barker." He wrote himself: "Old Jack (the coachman) let me 'take hold' of quiet teams as soon as I was strong enough, and I did love the old Glasgow mail. Several times I have driven her from Alconbury Hill to the Cross Roads, Clifford Moor, 145 miles."

Mr. Lane-Fox was also a model landowner. It is recorded of him that in the 'fifties in a period of great agricultural prosperity—how incredible it all sounds to-day!—his tenants came to him and asked him to *raise* their rents. And on his refusal to do so they presented him with a portrait in oils which hangs at Bramham to-day.

He died in 1896. He was one of the greatest country gentlemen produced in a century of great country gentlemen, and his name will be held in honour in Yorkshire for many years to come.

He was succeeded by his son, Captain James Lane-Fox, who though a great lover of foxhunting, was a delicate man, suffering from the effects of a very serious fall of earlier days. Especially during his latter years the management of the hounds was largely shared with his son George, the present Lord Bingley, and with their huntsman, Tom Smith, at the height of his fame, sport remained at a high level during the ten years of his Mastership. At his death in 1906 the sole burden of control descended to his son.



LORD AND LADY BINGLEY

This picture was presented to Lord Bingley by members of the Hunt when, as Colonel George Lane-Fox, he gave up the Mastership of the Bramham Moor in 1922

This George Lane-Fox was as good a judge of a hound as his grandfather and great-great-grandfather had been. In the long period of over 20 years in which he was virtually and actually Master, he showed the best of sport, aided in the administration of Hunt matters by his brother Mr. Edward Lane-Fox. Besides all this he was member for Barkston Ash, and taking a prominent part in country affairs. Many a late sitting saw him in the House of Commons till a late hour and coming down to Yorkshire on the newspaper train to hunt.

But this was by no means the only mark he has made in his reign as Squire of Bramham, for he has rebuilt the house which had stood ruined for nearly 100 years, and which, completed as war broke out, stands to-day as one of the most successful restorations of this country. He served in France through the war in the Yorkshire Hussars, of which he finally became Colonel, and his part in agricultural matters, apart from the administration of his estates, is well-known. As long as agriculture and foxhunting remain let us hope that there will be Squires of Bramham of the same stamp.

In 1922 the heavy burdens on landowners prevented Colonel George Lane-Fox (who became Lord Bingley of the third creation this year) from carrying on the hounds, and for the second time they passed into the control of the Earls of Harewood. The hounds were presented to the country by Colonel Lane-Fox, and a deed drawn up which is now at Harewood, which vested them in three trustees. When one thinks of the splendid reputation of the Bramham Moor Hounds, and of the very high price foxhounds were then fetching, the great generosity of this offer can be appreciated.

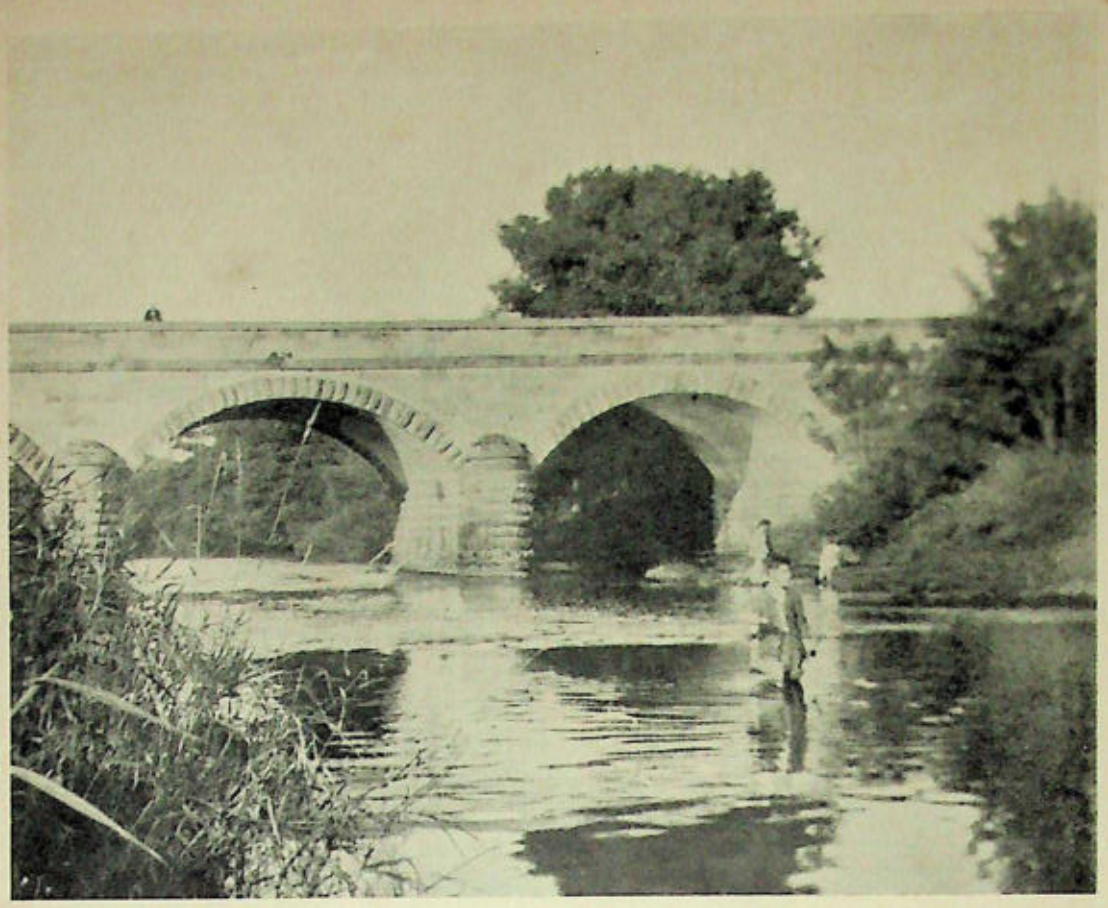
This, then, is the bald chronicle of Bramham and the Lane-Fox family. It has given some of the facts, but little of the spirit. What the best type of English country life stands for cannot be measured by the number of foxes killed in a season or the acreage which a man may be lucky enough to own. An unexpected burst of hound music, the red earth turning from the plough, a beech hedge rustling gently in the July breeze—these can tell more than the best authenticated facts. For the things that are near the heart are not easy to measure. R. M.



Niall Rankin

A VIEW DOWN ONE OF THE BEECH AVENUES

The gardens at Bramham are some of the most remarkable in the country, and were probably laid out by Le Nôtre, creator of Versailles



ON THE BALLINDERRY
One of the Ulster streams where unorthodoxy pays

UNORTHODOX FLY FISHING

A Plea for Less Conventional Methods

By T. J. HANNA

IT is strange that an art like fly fishing, which constantly presents so many anomalies, should have a tendency to become conventional in practice. I imagine that quite a number of people will disagree with this. Fly fishing, they will say, can never become conventional because it can never be mechanical; no two anglers employ methods exactly similar. And they will advance arguments about the contradictory nature of angling literature, and the varying schools of opinion on fly fishing in support of their contention.

All this is granted, and yet I maintain that to some extent fly fishing *is* conventional. Take any number of wet-fly men on rough rivers, and you will find that most of them are using a team of three flies. Take any number of dry-fly fishers, and you will find them all using a single floating fly. The reasons for this may be sound, though I have yet to discover that the use of three wet flies on a cast, instead of two, or even one, is an advantage. The idea of the single dry fly is quite sound under normal conditions, but it need not be accepted as an article of faith that it is the only method worthy of consideration.

The use of two dry flies, one as dropper and one on the point, has been recommended by various writers, but the idea never seemed to become popular. It must be admitted that two dry flies are only useful on certain occasions. When the trout are definitely on the rise it is much better policy to stick to the single fly, but there are times when two dry flies have a definite advantage over a single one. On fast waters, for instance, when fish are not rising it is often worth while to wade in and cast directly upstream, using two dry flies about 2½ft. apart.

The value of the idea lies not so much in the additional chance of hooking a fish on the dropper, as in the manner in which the dropper advertises the point fly. On fast water the fly is sometimes swept down over a fish before it has a chance to take it, but the dropper has served its purpose if this fly has moved the trout to a better position for annexing the fly on the point. A very good dry-fly fisher who has often used this method successfully maintains that "the one fly helps to float the other," and certainly, in my own experience, it is easier to keep two flies afloat than one, especially if the pace of the stream is fast.

A good many dry flies have been mounted since the late R. B. Marston advocated the use of a dry fly on the point and a wet fly as dropper, yet few fishermen took the hint. It seems a pity, for the wet fly in such a position is far from being a passenger. In fact, on a good many occasions it will kill as many fish as the dry fly on the point.

The third method to which I should like to draw attention may not be original. In fact, it is so obvious that it is fairly certain it has been used by someone, but I have never seen or heard of any description being published. It is quite a simple idea. On the point of the cast a nymph is mounted, and about a yard above a dry fly is added as a dropper.

Anyone who has tried nymphing will agree that a much quicker strike is required than is necessary in dry-fly fishing. For one thing, there is sometimes little or no surface indication that the nymph has been taken. The rise to a floating fly is always discernible, and it is a comparatively simple matter to time the strike correctly; but in the case of a sunken nymph all this is changed. There are, of course, indications that the nymph has been accepted, but these are often so subtle that it is a matter of great difficulty to strike at the right moment.

To be successful in fishing the nymph the keenest sight is necessary, and it is in this respect that a great many unfortunate persons, who, like myself, are short-sighted, come to grief. To detect a slight draw on a yard or so of floating gut at a distance of, say, 15yds. is a feat beyond the powers of a good many people. Hence the value of the floating dropper. The dry fly can easily be kept under observation, and it betrays the slightest touch of a trout. When fishing dead up it will drag upstream as soon as the nymph has been seized. It may even jerk under if the nymph has been vigorously taken, but at all events it indicates the taking of the nymph unfailingly and increases a hundredfold the angler's chances of making a successful strike.

With the cross-country cast the sunken nymph would probably travel at a slower pace than the floating fly, and so cause the latter to drag; but in this case a check on the drag would be a sufficient indication of the taking of the nymph. Though the chief use of the floating fly is to register the taking of the nymph, it must not be thought that it is merely a passenger. On the contrary, it will, at times, kill as many fish as the nymph.

The change from underwater to surface feeding is by no means instantaneous. A hatch of duns is often quite a gradual affair stretching over a fair period, and some fish may continue to take the ascending nymphs long after others have begun to rise to the newly-hatched duns. For this reason a nymph and a dry fly fished together as described will often prove a good combination.

A small, hackled, pale-coloured dun is the best type of dry fly for this purpose. A fly which rides high on the surface and is easily seen is required. Personally, I like a small pale watery dun because it is very easily seen.

Casting directly upstream is best where possible, as in this case the dry fly will come down without drag and has a chance of killing a fish. When fishing across it is possible that the drag on the floating fly would render it useless as a means of catching fish, but it would still be useful as described to indicate the seizing of the nymph.

I can thoroughly recommend the method to those whose sight is not sufficiently keen to place them in the ranks of successful "nymphers." The dry fly will kill fish as I have said, but even if it did not it would still be worthy of its position on the cast.

It adds considerably to the interest of fishing the nymph, for there is a great fascination in watching its progress downstream, and in waiting to catch the little, flirting, upstream movement, which so often means a hoop-like rod, if the response to its message has been prompt enough.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR LEAD SINKERS

ONE of the rock fisher's bugbears is his lead sinker's fiendish pertinacity in losing no opportunity to wedge itself immovably among the submerged boulders and make a smash inevitable. In fact, off the rocky points of our coast most favoured by, say, the codling fisher the sea is paved with good intentions and lost leads.

To avoid this loss it is usually unnecessary to go further than to substitute the lead with a bunch of pebbles, tied up in a stout rag or rough little bag.

Another thing! See to it that your sinker, whether lead or pebbles, is not tied on the line itself, but at the end of a foot or so of weaker twine attached to the line. In this case, should you get hung up in the rocks, the breakage occurs in this weaker link, and your tackle is not sacrificed. W. C. P.

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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, Student of Wild Life and Nature Lover. Title, rank and full name and address of writer must be given, but letters can be signed by a nom de plume if preferred. Letters should be as short as possible, and in any case not more than 500 words.

MILK PRODUCTION COSTS

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to an article entitled "Economies in Housing Stock," which appeared in the issue of the *Field* dated September 30th last. As the originator of open air dairying in this country I am interested in, but rather critical of, the paragraph on milking bails.

The writer of the article in question refers to the book called *Open Air Dairying* recently published by the Research Institute of Oxford University; but his figures are by no means fairly representative of this report, and to those who may not have read the book distinctly misleading.

As an instance of this I would point out that while the writer mentions that in one herd producing 450 gallons per cow the costs are 9½d. per gallon, he omits to mention also that in another herd producing 500 gallons the costs are only 8d. If you take the averages of the twelve farms mentioned in the survey you find that the yield per cow is 463 gallons, and the average net costs 8.9d. per gallon. And again, even in the herds producing only 357 and 383 gallons per cow respectively, the costs are only 9.8d. per gallon, and they therefore presumably show a profit.

The article states "that the average yield of herds milked on the bail system is not much more than 400 gallons a year." Of all the herds mentioned in the report—whilst two are certainly under 400 gallons per cow—the remainder are all well over, two of them reaching respectively 500 and 670 gallons. I would like to point out that none of my own bails have been included in this survey, and the average yield per cow of my five bails for the last year was 660 gallons. Not one of my herds (all on the open air system) ever averages less than 600 gallons, and every year at least one reaches 700 gallons. Also I would emphasise that this does not include the milk consumed by the calves.

Furthermore, it is quite obvious from the report that it is possible to achieve higher yields with lower costs, as is instanced by the fact that one herd, whose costs are shown as 9.5d. per gallon, averages only 432 gallons per cow, yet another herd for 8d. per gallon is yielding 500 gallons per cow.

I agree with the writer that Irish heifers are quite satisfactory for the bail system, but with correct feeding and careful handling they are capable, judging from my own experience, of producing considerably more than 450 gallons per year, and the net costs need not come to 9½d. per gallon.

I believe that Mr. James Wyllie, of the South-Eastern Agricultural College, Wye, will substantiate my opinion that it is not always the herd with the highest average yield which produces the highest profit, and, in fact, the booklet under review apparently corroborates this. As the agricultural correspondent of *The Times* points out, in the issue dated October 16th, even where the milk yields are not high, labour and housing costs under the bail system are so low that in many cases the profits are as great or greater than those obtained from higher yielding herds whose expenses are more. And, after all, it is the final profit which counts.

In conclusion, I would emphasise the fact that even these figures do not tell the whole of the story. I refer again to *The Times*: "Other advantages are self-evident, such as the use that can be made of outlying parts of a farm, and the improvement of the grassland which results from heavy stocking with cake-fed cows, the manure going direct on to the land without the wastage that ordinarily takes place in the process of storing, carting and spreading."

Yours faithfully,

Wexcombe House, Marlborough, Wilts. A. J. HOSIER.

PICKING UP

SIR,—I have read with great interest "Klaxon's" article.

It has always been a wonder to me that adequate provision is not provided in the way of good dogs for picking up. Apart from the marketable size of the bag just consider for a moment the cruelty in maiming birds and animals which could be reduced to a minimum if good pickers up were always arranged for. I do not think it possible for people to keep dogs and send them one for each gun to guns who might not be able to handle them properly. The correct method, in my opinion, is to engage two pickers up with good dogs, and at the end of the beat, whilst the guns go off to the next stand, commence picking up, one picker up (if possible both) to leave in time for the next beat, so as to be able to do his own marking.

I have been picking up for years. I love my dogs, and I derive the greatest pleasure from seeing them work and enjoying the satisfaction that a great deal of suffering and waste has been saved. I may say that I give my services voluntarily, and that I am fully booked up, but I know of a good man with a couple of good dogs who is always available. Next season, if anyone should require pickers up with dogs that will find runners, a small advertisement in the *Field* will attain the desired result.

It would be silly to claim that one never loses a runner, but I have many grand slam days.

There are fastnesses in some covers that my dogs will not face, and one cannot expect one's dogs to come back with a bird that has gone to earth, which is more often the case than many people are aware of.

Yours faithfully.

25, St. George's Street, Canterbury. RETRIEVER.

WINGS AS PADDLES

SIR,—Some years ago I was photographing seals on an island on Loch Moidart, when, looking down into the perfectly clear water, I saw a cormorant apparently in pursuit of a fish. He was 9ft. or 10ft. down, and travelling at some speed though somewhat irregularly, his series of spurts being due to beats of the wings, which were only partially extended, and worked in a backward direction as though they were flappers. I watched him for some time, and repeatedly he came to the surface with a fish, which he swallowed before diving again. So far as I can remember, he used his wings most of the time while below the surface.

A cormorant or a shag which they had in a tank in the London Zoo before the War certainly used its wings below the surface when fish were given it, and it took the bird very little time to clear the tank of living fish.

I have seen a dipper use its wings below the surface in order to make headway against a rapid current, and some time ago on Loch Ken my spaniel disturbed a family of moorhens, the chicks of which were only a few days old. The fluffy mites in their terror used their wings as paddles, and could clearly be seen in the shallow water using their little flappers to good effect, just as the penguin does.

When I was a boy I was following an arm of the River Wharfe, accompanied by my puppy, when we suddenly came upon a number of domestic ducks. The puppy went for them, and I lost control of him. The water was perfectly clear, and perhaps 4ft. deep, and I remember distinctly what a ludicrous scene was presented by the whole flight of domestic ducks flying under water much as though they were in the air. It seems to me that any diving bird will use its wings to obtain extra speed when swimming, just as a hen or an ostrich does to obtain extra speed when running.

"Tighnadarroch." Yours truly,

Pencaitland. H. MORTIMER BATTEN.

THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW, 1934

SIR,—It is common knowledge amongst showing people that at present there are doubts as to whether the International Horse Show will actually take place in 1934. It is also continually rumoured that the destiny of the show lies between two distinct parties, but whether this is so or not is really immaterial so long as one strong party "takes hold of the reins." It would seem on the surface ridiculous for the International Horse Show to be abolished, and I feel that as far as finance is concerned this difficulty could soon be overcome, if not to the satisfaction of everyone, at least to a large majority of the exhibitors, at any rate.

Lord Lonsdale and his colleagues have, for many years, what is called "carried the baby," and I am sure if they were to attempt to revive the International Horse Show they would at once have more support than ever before. If, however, they have definitely decided not to take any part in the show, I feel sure that there would be others who would be willing to carry on. We must naturally have a real genuine President, and I am going to venture to suggest that should Lord Lonsdale not wish to again preside, there are gentlemen such as the Earl of Rosebery, Earl Fortescue and many others I could mention, who would, I feel sure, give their services to such a worthy cause.

As far as the financial side goes, we all realise that there are plenty of people who could find the money individually if they chose to do so, but as an alternative suggestion and in order to make something like a definite plan of campaign, I would personally be only too pleased to forward a cheque for £50 to start a fund to get the International Horse Show going again. Whether this would ever be returned to me or not does not enter into the question, but I do feel that if the exhibitors (and with the exhibitors I couple the stall-holders) were canvassed, that practically the whole of the sum required to run the International Horse Show would be forthcoming. At any rate, in order to give us food for thought during the winter I make the above definite suggestion.

I would further point out, that in the interests of the showing world, if it is decided that the show shall take place, a schedule of the classes, including heights, etc., should be issued at an early date.

By this letter I am merely voicing what hundreds of other people are saying, "We must have the International Horse Show again by some means or other. As a nation of horsemen and horsewomen it is ridiculous not to do so." Will someone of standing offer to "take command?" I can assure him he will have a *real* following both financially and of enthusiasts.

Yours truly,

Malvern. JNO. E. HANCE (Captain).

[We shall be pleased to hear the views of our readers as to the re-establishment of the International Horse Show.—ED.]

FIGHTING STAGS

SIR,—Unequal fights between stags have been reported before now; may I add yet another which, I trust, may prove of interest to your readers.

One of my stalkers, R. Cameron, was out at the end of the season to get venison for the house. He found nothing shootable on the top of the beat, and came down to the edge of a wood (scrub, oak and birch) where he had heard a stag roar. He saw presently a small stag with a hind within some 30yds. of him. Cameron saw the stag might improve and was watching him, when a big stag came out of the wood beyond like a bullet. The small stag ran some 10yds. towards Cameron before the big stag caught him, struck him with his antlers, chiefly in the neck and head (knocking out an eye, breaking a point off his horns and inflicting severe wounds in the neck).

The small stag was knocked down; his opponent backed seven or eight yards and then with lowered head struck him again and tossed him 5ft. or 6ft. in the air. He then—he was probably not much more than 20yds. from Cameron—saw him and made off.

This small stag was terribly wounded but still alive, and Cameron put an end to its sufferings with a bullet in the neck. It weighed when brought home 10st. 4lb.

The victor in the unequal fight was a big stag. Cameron counted three points on one top, the other was so covered with hair and "tallow" that he was unable to see it properly.

Yours faithfully,

Ardkinglas, Argyll. J. N. W. NOBLE.

PECULIAR BEHAVIOUR OF THRUSHES

SIR,—Recent letters about "tame" thrushes lead one to think that the thrush has moments of what might be termed "temporary paralysis." In connection with this I have often thought of writing about several experiences I have had whilst motoring.

On the first occasion I happened to notice a thrush standing motionless in the road ahead of the car. Sounding the horn had no effect, and I passed within a foot or two of the bird. On looking back to see that it was unharmed I was surprised to see it still standing in the same position. The passage of the car had had apparently no effect on it.

On another occasion I passed a thrush in the middle of the road; on looking back the bird had not moved—I reversed the car and stopped opposite it, opening the door to get a better view. It still stayed absolutely motionless. As another car was approaching I got out and stepped to the bird, but until I bent down and clapped my hands within six inches of it, it never stirred. Then it seemed "to pull itself together" and flew off.

The last time I saw this peculiar behaviour was on the Great North Road, a few weeks ago, when I was forced to pass within a few inches of a motionless thrush. On looking back I found the bird, as usual, still standing unaffected, apparently, by a car passing within such a short distance.

This unnatural behaviour in a wild creature must surely be capable of some explanation, and possibly some of your readers can supply one. I have myself thought of temporary cerebral paralysis due to petrol fumes on the road, but why should these affect only thrushes?

Yours faithfully,

Caernarvon. T. G. W. PARRY.



A NATURAL GALLERY OF BUTTERFLIES—PAINTED LADY, COMMA, RED ADMIRAL AND PEACOCK
(See Letter "Butterflies in 1933")

BUTTERFLIES IN 1933

SIR,—The past season has been one of the most remarkable years for butterflies. As you have pointed out in the *Field*, it will be known as an *Edusa* year, but no less noticeable have been the large numbers of red admirals, painted ladies, commas and peacocks, which have been so abundant on the Michaelmas daisies and other autumn flowers.

I enclose four photographs showing one butterfly of each of these four kinds.

Yours faithfully,
Bishop's Waltham. M.

REMOVING GLINT FROM GUT

SIR,—In your issue of October 21st Admiral Chetwode asks whether it pays to stain gut.

Every angler who has done much lough fishing will recollect the days when all the sport came to the rod at one end of the boat. Granted equal skill at bows and stern, it frequently happens that one rod will have a score of rises, while his comrade cannot rise a fish.

Some years ago we tried to elucidate the mystery. It was not a question of flies, for the same thing occurred when the two rods had mounted identical flies. Then we tried the gut. Taking care that the size of gut was the same in all cases, we provided ourselves with dark brown, light brown, blue, violet, green and white gut. Each morning we started with different coloured gut at each end of the boat. If one rod rose fish and the other failed to do so the latter would change to the gut used by his companion. If neither rod were doing any good we then changed both casts to different colours.

The experiment was not conclusive, as it extended over a bare two weeks; but it was sufficient to satisfy me that on a day when the trout are inclined to take the fly they will only take it if the gut is not showing; and that on certain days gut of one colour or another is the least conspicuous. We never got so far as to know which colour to start the day with. It depends on the light and atmospheric conditions; but if it ever occurs that my companion is rising trout while I am idle I change to the same coloured gut as he is using, and then I may be sure of at least my fair share of the sport.

Yours faithfully,
Dublin. GLENHEST.

HOW FAST DO BIRDS FLY?

SIR,—Your correspondent "J. D. U. W." is correct in assuming that teal are far slower than mallard when both are flying at their greatest speed. I found this to be the case when on many occasions I used to fly my trained falcons at these birds. There can be no better test of the speed of birds than when they are flying for their lives.

Having formerly maintained the largest establishment of trained hawks in Europe, and having killed with them all kinds of birds from herons to snipe I have been able to judge fairly accurately the respective speed of birds, as compared with that of falcons. The fastest bird I have ever seen in front of a falcon is undoubtedly a curlew, and these birds are faster than whimbrel, which latter, owing to their smaller size, often appear to be the fastest flyers.

I fear that the writer of the article in the *Field* of Sept. 30th has been misled by optical illusions, as almost invariably in birds of similar type the largest and heaviest birds are the fastest flyers. Hence it is quite incorrect to assume that a turtle dove is the fastest of all our pigeon tribe. It cannot approach the speed of either blue rocks or stock doves, and this I have often seen proved when a falcon or hawk swept over a stubble field where numbers of both these birds have been feeding.

Again, neither the golden plover nor the green plover are a match for the speed of a good peregrine falcon in a dead stern chase, but when they do escape from a determined attack this is only accomplished by their powers of mounting and twisting at great altitudes.

Yours faithfully,
Hyde, Wareham. C. E. RADCLYFFE (Major).

HISTORIC SHOOTING

SIR,—Ever since I read "Giants of Shooting History" in your issue of August 5th, it has been in my mind to write and ask if any of your readers can give authentic accounts of the shooting of Major Thornhill, when a cantonment magistrate in India. This would be in the 'nineties, I think.

I never shot with him, but his fame was widespread, and men who had shot with him told me that he used a 28 bore shotgun for duck and snipe, but got so bored with his unfailing success, that he took to a small rifle for duck, and that there were few who had ever seen him miss any kind of bird. There must be witnesses of his phenomenal skill still living, and I think you will agree that such prowess should be placed on record.

The Old House, Catcott, near Bridgwater.
Yours faithfully,
ARUNDEL BEGBIE (Lieut.-Colonel).

STOAT AND PARTRIDGE

SIR,—When walking partridges the other day a covey rose wide and one bird was shot. It was thought at the time it might be a runner. When we reached the place where it fell it could not be found, and in a few seconds we saw the bird fluttering through the roots about 50yds. away. Having no reliable dog we ran to the spot and the keeper said he saw a stoat running away from the partridge.

The bird was making a noise which can only be described as a squeal rather resembling that of a rabbit, not a bit like the call which a winged bird frequently makes when trying to rise. It was easily caught, and was found to have a broken leg. The presumption is that the stoat happened to be near where the bird fell, and must have dragged it a considerable distance while we were walking the 40yds. or so to the place where it fell when shot.

Many years ago a sparrowhawk struck and downed a wounded partridge, which was "towering." Next day the hawk was hanging in the vermin larder—so there could be no doubt about that episode. Has the stoat incident any other explanation?

Fursdown, Plympton.
Yours faithfully,
E. G. CORYTON.

A 32-LB. MUSKALLUNGE

SIR,—I have been asked by a lady friend to forward to you a photograph of a muskallunge recently caught in the Lake of the Woods, Ontario, Canada, where, it has been said, many of the world's record "muskies" have been taken for the last ten years or more. This fish was caught with the spoon tackle that may be seen in the picture, and weighed 32lb.; 48in. long and 21in. in girth. It was reported to be the largest muskallunge caught this season by a woman. It took a little over half an hour to land. The successful angler was Miss Julie Cerosky, of Long Island, New York.

Oseawana-on-Hudson, N.Y., U.S.A.
Yours truly,
FREEMAN LLOYD.



NEARLY AS LONG AS THE ROD
(See Letter "A 32-lb. Muskallunge")

"SWING" IN SHOOTING

SIR,—In your issue of October 14th appears a letter on the above subject, signed "'Sbolai," and he says his grandfather taught him to shoot when he was twelve years old in 1904. That the advice he gave him was "Look at your bird, keep your left arm straight, and fire the moment the stock is into your shoulder. Never swing." This advice, without the words "Never swing," will, I feel sure, be considered good and correct by all good shots, but I think the addition of these two words might lead many young shots astray. There is, of course, no need to swing if the above advice is followed because, at the time of pressing the trigger, the gun is still moving forward in sympathy with the eye and hand, but I think all will admit that unless the trigger be pressed as the gun touches the shoulder it will become fixed or rigid, while the bird still goes forward.

Yours faithfully,
Exmouth. ARTHUR I. C. MITCHELL.



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HEAD AND BODY SHOTS AT ELEPHANT

SIR,—With reference to the article in a recent issue. I have shot a good many elephants, and I am glad to say that all were got with head shots. Elephants can be killed with even a .256 calibre rifle—either in the brain or through the heart, but a large calibre high velocity rifle is generally used for safety sake in case of a charge.

Body shots should be discouraged, as I know of several cases where elephants have gone away to die a lingering death.

With head shots an elephant is either killed outright on the spot, or else goes away little the worse, except for some headache. Shots in the body are—if the heart or lungs are not touched—cruel in the extreme, and the animal may linger for days and even weeks. With head shots one has generally got to approach closer, and it requires more careful aiming and some knowledge of the proper angle to reach the brain; but it is far more sporting and humane.

Yours faithfully,
Mysore. CHARLES THEOBALD.

THE CALL OF THE BLACKCOCK

SIR,—On October 10th, a blackcock was strutting and uttering its "whirroo" call on a hillside near the house. This, perhaps, is not unusual, as I have on several occasions heard blackcocks in October.

But on December 3rd, 1925, when out shooting, I saw a blackcock settle in the top of a birch. The bird first "prit-pritted," then broke into a full but brief "whirroo" call. It spread its tail, but half lost its balance. On our approach it flew off. The day was bright, with snow on the ground. December is the latest month in which I have heard blackcocks call.

Yours faithfully,
Troutbeck, RICHARD CLAPHAM.
Windermere.

IS IT A FAKE?

SIR,—I enclose herewith a photograph from an American magazine, about which there is a considerable diversity of opinion.

Personally, I think, from my long experience in photography, that it is a faked picture. The drake is too clear cut and decisive looking, and the feet look out of proportion, and I would say would have been tucked in. However, I may be wrong. Readers' opinions on this point and their reasons would be much appreciated.

Yours sincerely,
Ewings Landing, B.C. R. LECKIE-EWING.



A WILDFOWL PUZZLE FROM AMERICA
(See Letter "Is it a Fake")

A LINNET AT SEA

SIR,—When sailing approximately seven miles from the Suffolk coast during October, a small bird suddenly got up from the sea and attempted to reach our yacht. The wind, however, was too strong for it, and it fell into the water a few yards from our stern. We put about and made an unsuccessful effort to reach it. On the third attempt, by reaching well over the counter, I caught it in my cap. On examination it was found to be a linnet, very much exhausted.

When we reached the river it flew off towards the shore, but fell on to the mud some yards from the bank. My boy, however, rescued it, and while rowing ashore it sat quite fearlessly in the palm of his hand.

I would be grateful if someone could tell me what it was doing so far from the land at this time of year.

Yours truly,
Brooke Lodge, J. W. SEAGO.
Norfolk.

[Large numbers of foreign-bred linnets arrive on the East Coast during October.—ED.]



MR. CHARLES DALLAS EXERCISING HIS KENNEL
(See Letter "A Veteran Shot")

A VETERAN SHOT

SIR,—The enclosed is a photograph of Mr. Charles Dallas, who is now enjoying his 84th season as a shooting licensee of the New Forest. He is shown exercising his pack, but he only considers the best of a good lot worthy of the difficult sport of finding game in the Forest. Those dogs who give tongue are specially favoured.

Yours faithfully,
Sway, LETTICE ERSKINE.
Lymington, Hants.

SIZE OF LIONS

SIR,—You recently published a photo of a very fine lion, the skin of which was said to measure 12ft. 6in. The writer added that he had recently seen a pegged-out leopard skin which measured 10ft., and was "still stretching." The only measurements that are reliable are those taken *before* skinning—straight line, or the curve measurement, the latter adding some 3in. A lion measuring 9ft. 6in. or more *straight* is a very exceptional size.

Yours truly,
Aberdeenshire. MANNLICHER.

RIDING WITH A LOOSE REIN

SIR,—The other day I saw an old copy of the *Field* in which your contributor—I think Colonel Melville Jackson—had been to Canada, and advocated riding with the horse's head much more free than is usual in England.

If the matter has not been thrashed out too thoroughly, may I thank you and him for the article? A horse which has been ridden at "attention" all his life would no doubt take a long time to go nicely, but our ponies, with half or a quarter forest blood in their thoroughbred line, long for a free head to look after their own feet. One of the most difficult things to persuade beginners to do is to put their rein hand on to their horse's mane, and sit as for small jumps when they find themselves on a rabbit warren or crossing our forest ruts; but it is the only safe way. No doubt a "nice light feel" is ideal, but how many men who advocate it can hack a mile with a thread rein? Yet they would not like to do a route march at attention.

Hill Top, Yours faithfully,
Beaulieu, Hants. B. B. HUTCHINSON.

[It would be interesting to hear the views of our readers upon this point.—ED.]

COMMA BUTTERFLY IN LONDON SUBURB

SIR,—At the end of August I received a letter from Mr. C. H. Goodwin, telling me he had seen three caterpillars of the comma butterfly feeding on hop plants outside his house at Norbury, S.W., and that they pupated on August 8th. On August 30th I went to his house to investigate, and he showed me two pupae *in situ*, attached to the stems of the hop. One had emerged the day before (August 29th) and flew away, but returned towards evening and fluttered round the remaining pupa, which had not yet emerged, and then departed. The unemerged pupa, which he kindly gave me, produced a fine female butterfly the following day (August 31st). Probably the one which had its liberty was a male and was attracted by the scent of the unhatched pupa. The third pupa had hatched some days previously.

I believe this to be the first appearance of this butterfly in the London area since its occurrence on Penge Common, and other then rural London districts a century ago; but in other parts of Surrey within a ten- or twelve-mile radius of the City. I know of the occurrence of single specimens during the last two or three years.

Yours truly,
Sutton, Surrey. F. W. FROHAWK.

AGE OF PARTRIDGES

SIR,—In 1932 I turned down 50 brace of Hungarian partridges on this estate. They were all marked with a ring (which could not possibly come off) with the date of the year stamped on it. They undoubtedly bred and brought up coveys. Twelve with rings on were killed in the season 1932, *i.e.*, 12 per cent. of the total turned down. In 1933 a further 50 brace were turned down marked 1933. Of these fifteen have been killed, all in coveys, *i.e.*, 15 per cent. of the total, but not a single ringed bird of 1932 has been killed this season.

Can any reader put forward any reason for this, or can it be said that a partridge only lives for two years, and then dies off? I might add the estate is highly keepered, and no ringed birds have been found dead; also a good average bag of partridges has been killed in the two seasons—above the average obtained before Hungarian blood was introduced.

Yours truly,
Essex. H.



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HARE CAUGHT BY THE TIDE

SIR,—On September 30th, while walking along the sea wall near the Blackwater Estuary, I became aware of a curious splashing from the estuary which was then in very full tide. The water was smooth, and I noticed an animal plunging towards land and evidently finding a take-off on the covered saltings. I took it at first to be an otter, but as it came nearer there was no doubt that it was a hare.

When she reached the channel, which must be 10yds. to 12yds. wide at full tide, she swam like a dog, but whenever she found her feet on the submerged saltings she progressed by leaps which produced the splashing noise which attracted my attention. The hare must have been caught lying out as the tide rose. She came through more than 80yds. of water from where I first saw her, and on landing shook herself like a dog, crossed the sea wall near me and disappeared up a well-covered hedge.

Yours faithfully,

London. A. VAUGHAN THOMAS.

THE SLAYER SLAIN

SIR,—The following incident will no doubt interest your readers: Whilst motoring from Bakewell to Sheffield on October 15th I saw what looked like a child's ball roll off the hillside into the middle of the "Froggat Edge" Road. When about 15yds. away I realised that it was a rabbit. I tried to avoid it, but felt a very slight jar and stopped to see what damage had been done. Much to my surprise I saw the rabbit hopping off down the road and a dead weasel lying between my back wheels.

Yours faithfully,

Riverside, Ashford, Nr. Bakewell. GEOFFREY M. ELLISON BANKS.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Migration of Birds.—My experience here has been entirely contrary to that of your contributor, for we had remarked on the long stay of the swallows and martins this year. As late as October 1st we observed a large congregation of these birds collected here preparatory to departure. They disappeared in one flock late on that afternoon, two pairs remaining until October 5th.—LILY J. SMITH, The Old Rectory, Wield, Hants.

An Albino Field Vole.—I was interested in the letter from Miss Frances Pitt that appeared in your columns on September 30th. In July last a white field vole was killed at Allensmore, near Hereford, and is now preserved in this museum.—F. C. MORGAN (Curator), Museum and Art Gallery, Hereford.

Quail in Scotland.—On August 20th this year a quail's nest containing eleven eggs was found on the farm of Balrennie, about two miles south-west of Edzell, Angus. The nest was in a field of oats, and the eggs were quite fresh, but the birds were not seen. So far as I can ascertain there is no previous record of quail nesting in this neighbourhood. The Rev. F. C. R. Jourdain very kindly identified the eggs.—CHARLES W. WALKER, Lundie Castle, Brechin, Angus.

Barefooted Worshippers.—The enclosed photograph of the entrance to the Shwe Dagon Pagoda in Rangoon, may be of interest. The Burmese intended that Europeans as well as their own people should remove their shoes before entering. But, alas! as seen in the notice, they have condemned them to enter without feet!—D. O. WILLIAMS, Horsham.



"FOOTWEARING PROHIBITED"
(See Letter "Barefooted Worshippers")

Cart-Horse Face Brasses.—In answer to "L. C.," Oakham, I am unaware that any book has been published on amulets or horse brasses, but three articles, well illustrated, appeared in the *Connoisseur* on the following dates: October, 1911, July, 1916, and February, 1931. If "L. C." cannot obtain these, and happens to be at any time in this neighbourhood, I shall be pleased to show him them and also my collection of about 220 specimens.—H. R. N. ELLISON, Aston Rectory, Derby.

——I know of no book which specially deals with the subject of cart-horse face brasses, but a great deal about it may be found in *The Evil Eye*, by F. T. Elworthy, with illustrations of brasses and their significance as charms. His collection may be seen in the Taunton Museum.—W. L. RADFORD, Neroche, Ilminster.

Death's Head Moth in Essex.—A schoolboy, James Kingston, of Cutler's Green Farm, Thaxted, has written to tell me that he found the chrysalis of a death's head moth in a potato field in September, and took it home. The moth emerged on October 15th.—E. P., Feathercombe, Hambledon, Surrey.

Bat Attacked by Sparrowhawk.—Fishing the Averon River near here at the "Long Pool," which has a precipice above it, the sight of a bat busily "hawking" gnats at noon of a mid-October day was unusual enough to rivet my attention; particularly as the bat seemed a very large one. Suddenly a sparrowhawk stooped at the bat, which easily evaded the attack, and sought instant shelter in a crevice of the overhanging cliff.—DUGALD MACINTYRE, Invergordon.

Speed of Flight in Swallows.—In the *C. G. A. Magazine* of October, I observe that a pigeon fancier in Germany caught a swallow in summer (presumably breeding), marked it, and sent it with his racing pigeons to a station 372 miles distant. Within three hours of release the bird was back—an average speed of 124 m.p.h. If this is an authentic statement, certified by the releasing station-master, it is surely a record for speed of flight?—P.

APOLLO

A Journal of the Arts for Connoisseurs and Collectors

Published first of the month. TWO SHILLINGS

NOVEMBER CONTENTS

CHINESE JADE
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By Dr. TANCRED BORENIUS
(with seven coloured illustrations)

Pictures in the Royal Palace at Venice.

Chinese Pottery and Porcelain in the Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Clark.

The Castle Howard Holbein.

"Decorated" or "Show" Pewter.

"AND THEY GATHERED IN THE TITHES"

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Incense Burner.
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IN THE CITY

A CHANGE OF POLICY?

IT was a waste of time during the spring of 1932 to point out that British industrial ordinary shares offered scope for appreciation. At that time Stock Exchange quotations had been falling for about three years, and the investing public was firmly convinced that the outstanding characteristic of an industrial ordinary share was that its value gradually became less as time went on. During the last eighteen months the market prices of a large number of Stock Exchange securities have risen almost without interruption, and the view is becoming popular that it is only necessary to buy an industrial ordinary share to secure a capital profit.

Not infrequently during 1928, and the early part of 1929, one heard the view expressed that yields were of no great importance as the future would prove. Events in 1930 failed to justify the hopes of 1929. Will 1934 disappoint the optimism of the present time as portrayed by Stock Exchange price levels? Is it more easy now than it was then to see into the future?

The writer has no knowledge, and no forebodement, of impending disaster, but merely wishes to remind his readers of the possibility of the unexpected. Current indications seem to be that price levels are more likely to rise further in the near future, than to suffer a setback, but the scope for a very substantial fall in the saleable value of a large number of the more popular industrial ordinary shares undoubtedly exists. It is at least open to doubt whether trade in this country can continue to improve for long unless *world* trading conditions improve, and it is not impossible that at no very distant date a period of stagnation will begin to bore the investing public, while our export trades are waiting upon the stabilisation of currency values and the recovery in the purchasing power of our foreign customers.

Let us suppose that 1,000 shares in a sound British industrial company were purchased last year at 50/–, costing about £2,500, and that these shares could at present be sold at 85/– to realise about £4,250. (G. H. O. may recognise his inquiry.) It seems that the holder of the shares would not be acting in any unbusinesslike manner if he decided to sell; to invest, say, £3,000 in some reasonably safe fixed yielding security which seemed unlikely to fall to a substantially lower price (such as Harrison and Crosfield's preferred stock, J. Sears 12½ per cent. preference shares, or Consolidated Goldfields 6 per cent. second preference shares), and to put the remaining £1,250 into some low priced and definitely speculative share with scope for substantial capital appreciation.

Promising speculations of this latter type are not easy to find, but the £1 shares of Primitiva Holdings are still worthy of consideration although the price has risen a little since particulars relative to the company were set out in these notes on October 21st.

If the investor prefers to incur the ordinary industrial risk rather than a currency risk the 7½ per cent. cumulative participating preference shares of 15/– each of Crosse & Blackwell, Ltd., at the current price of about 5/3 are not unattractive. The chairman stated in July that the company had earned a net profit of £45,000 after deducting debenture interest, during the first half of this year, and the writer will be surprised if the net profits for the whole year amount to less than £100,000. The amount required to pay the fixed 7½ per cent. on the preference capital is £126,563 net. A reconstruction of the capital will probably be put in hand in the not distant future, and the preference shareholders may then be offered a share in the equity of the business in compensation for the reduction in the denomination of their shares, and their participating rights. The company have the right to redeem the 6½ per cent. debenture stock at par in December, 1934, and will probably be in a position to do so, and to issue a stock bearing a lower rate of interest in its place. This debenture stock may, therefore, be considered as an attractive purchase at the current price of about £94, but unfortunately it very seldom comes to market. It does not seem particularly unlikely that the preference shares will be saleable at about 50 per cent. more than their current value at some time during 1934, and whatever their demerits may be it can at least be said that the current price does not depend on prospects in the distant future for its justification.

PACTOLUS.

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New Books

A VICEROY OFF DUTY

With Ball and Racket—Ocean Roving

NOT since Lord Curzon's *Tales of Travel* have we had so charming a little volume as Lord Hardinge's little volume *On Hill and Plain*. As a general rule the Viceroys of India have been good sportsmen. Lord Willingdon has played cricket for Cambridge, Lord Irwin had hunted a pack of hounds, Lord Minto (Mr. Rowley) had ridden in the Grand National. Lord Hardinge was no exception. As he says in his preface: "On more than one occasion I have settled thorny questions while spending a day after game in the open with a Ruling Prince, and it is in this way that I grew to know and appreciate the Princes and they got to know me."

Yet however good a sportsman a Viceroy may be he can never see the real sport and the real India. And it is right that he should not. For the Viceroy is such a tremendous fellow, perhaps the most tremendous fellow in the world, and his prestige would be lowered for ever if he was seen skulking round a water hole on foot in the middle of the hot weather looking for a sleepy tiger. Yet if he cannot see sport as other men see it, who else can see sport *such* as is offered to a Viceroy? It is Oriental hospitality at its best, actuated by a genuine desire to gratify the representative of the King Emperor.

There is an interesting chapter on hunting buck with cheetah in Hyderabad, a traditional sport of Indian princes, of which Lord Hardinge says: "It was an interesting show, but I never wanted to see it again." In Bikanir there was buck shooting from a cart (not perhaps the most sporting way of shooting buck) and the common and imperial sand-grouse—the latter possibly might be described as India's premier game bird. But sand-grouse shooting, again, is not always the most sporting form of shooting. In Jaipur Lord Hardinge had his first experience of pig-sticking. He broke his spear in a pig which returned to the charge, but "as I was unprepared I avoided the charge by quickly moving to one side, fearing that it might wound my horse, as often happens. The pig having missed me and my horse, turned and again charged, but this time I was prepared to receive the charge, which was directed with such violence and speed that my spear (a new one) entered the pig's chest and transfixed its body to such a depth that the pig in its final struggle was actually able to reach my boot and bite it." After this Lord Hardinge received a hint from high quarters that pig-sticking was too dangerous a sport for Viceroys.

There are many ingredients here to mix into a delightful whole, charmingly and simply told, and showing that, on or off duty, a Viceroy owes as much to field sports as lesser men.

R. M.

On Hill and Plain. By Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, K.G. (John Murray: 7/6.)

FROM TENNIS TO SQUASH

A Notable Addition to the Lonsdale Library

IT has been a merit of these excellent Lonsdale volumes that they smack whole-heartedly of the present. Their subjects may be old—for many of the games of England have origins lost in uncertainty—but the host of contributors, whose expert writing has benefited from the past, have, nevertheless, brought to their task a modern interpretation which is admirable. The sixteenth volume is no exception to this rule of gold. Edited by Lord Aberdare, one of the finest and most graceful games-players of all time, the names of the contributors speak for themselves, and it is well and splendid that in their writing they have been allowed the freedom of their own styles.

Two of the sections of this book, the one on Rackets and the other on Tennis, have been written by that genius of the courts, E. M. Baerlein. Mr. Baerlein's opinions are often unorthodox but never uninteresting, and in these two articles he has given the players of games much food for thought which they will do well to digest at leisure. For instance, in his first chapter on Rackets there is the following under the heading of "Anticipation": "It is generally considered that anticipation is one of the more important things in a good player's equipment. Actually it is to be avoided by the young, and should be nothing more, to paraphrase Milton, than 'that last infirmity of ageing limbs.'" But he does not leave it at that. And thus he thrusts home the lesson of the correct stroke at tennis: "There is no short cut to her heart (the Queen of Games); she will yield to none who have not shown their worth by a proper apprenticeship to the Correct Stroke."

Squash Rackets has been contributed by E. Snell, the South of England champion, and Major T. Moss in consultation with Captain J. Tomkinson, a splendid combination of youth and experience. There could be no higher praise than to say that from these pages it is easy and a pleasure to learn. There are some very instructive photographs in this section of the book showing not only how to do it but the faults to avoid. Indeed, the illustrations throughout—and there are over one hundred of them if diagrams be included—are a most excellent feature of the volume.

Both games of Fives, Eton and Rugby, are dealt with ably, the former by David Egerton and the latter by John Armitage. Here, again, the writers have managed to combine plain instruction in a form which is pleasant to read. For the game of Badminton the name of Sir George Thomas, Bart., immediately suggests itself, and he has done full justice to his subject. His is a pastime which can claim a huge following, which receives as yet little recognition and it is to be hoped that the pages by Sir George in this book will go some way towards mitigating this fault.



LORD HARDINGE
(*From "On Hill and Plain." John Murray*)

A word must be said concerning the historical chapters by John Armitage, which serve as a preface to the main bulk of the volume. Previous historians of court games, as the incomparable Julian Marshall, J. M. Heathcote, E. B. Noel and Albert de Luze, have all been players of tennis. Mr. Armitage is a Fives player, and he is thus given the opportunity of approaching the subject from a new angle. In this way he is able to throw fresh light on the origin of the word "Fives," and to go a long way to prove his contention that tennis, rackets and other games were frequently referred to as "Fives," thus suggesting, as, indeed, is proved, that the games were originally played with the hand and not with a racket.

The Lonsdale Library, Volume XVI.: Rackets, Squash Rackets, Tennis, Fives and Badminton. By Lord Aberdare and others (Seeley Service and Co.: 15/–).

FINDING FRESH ANGLES

The Story of a Leisured Voyage

MR. O'BRIEN and his somewhat unconventional 20-ton Saoirse have long since won for themselves a permanent respect for their voyage round the world via Cape Horn some years ago, and it is a pleasure to follow again the cruising of the same owner in the same ship on a less strenuous undertaking. If the title of Mr. O'Brien's present book is perhaps a little too comprehensive and suggests sailing into unknown seas, revealing hitherto unvisited territory, his reply comes at once in his opening chapter. "It is the business of yachts," he lays down, "to discover islands: to show the traveller new countries from a different angle to that of the couponed passenger." Actually his leisurely voyage, which began at Falmouth, gives us a new insight into old places rather than an introduction to new ones.

Like certain other yachtsmen, Mr. O'Brien was so affected by the "horrible" summer of 1931 that he resolved to take his craft south in search of the sun. He started off late in September, crossed the Bay of Biscay, got caught in heavy weather, and arrived at Gibraltar, where he remained nearly two months. Thence, proceeding up the Mediterranean along the Spanish coast, he visited such ports as Malaga, Cartagena and Alicante. The latter "boasts the best winter climate in the Mediterranean," and here the Saoirse stayed over Christmas with two anchors and 60 fathoms of chain out, whilst it blew so hard that "we could not get ashore, and had to make our Christmas dinner out of sea stock."

From Alicante he sailed to Iviza, one of the Balearic Islands, and it is this section of Mr. O'Brien's book which will convey the greatest pleasure. Every year sees more and more "couponed" tourists visiting these beautiful isles, but the Saoirse takes us into so many entrancing anchorages, and permits us to peep into bays which would remain hidden from normal travellers. We are thus grateful to the author for reminding us that there are still a few spots in Europe that retain their primitive beauty and peacefulness away from the normal track of globe trotters.

From the Balearics the Saoirse went across to Algiers, and after another lengthy stay came back to Iviza, where living is still cheaper than in almost any part of Europe. Mr. O'Brien has to a great extent solved a problem which just now exercises the mind of many a yachtsman. Where can we go to find perpetual sunshine and keep afloat all the year round, enjoying all the æsthetic pleasures, yet keeping expenses down to a minimum? Although occasionally the Saoirse had a working guest or two, her total complement consisted, during the greater period, of owner and his wife without paid crew. The ship, with her curious brigantine rig and no motor, was anything but handy or fast, and in bad weather was quite a handful for two persons. Nevertheless, she was essentially a floating home, and a very comfortable one, free from the worries of land existence. Those who read these chapters will long to sell houses and cars, get the right craft, and go off to the Mediterranean. To chase the sunshine, and then anchor indefinitely below the Spanish mountains amid the colouring of southern flowers, is an experience that can be contemplated only with the greatest envy.

Perhaps not every yachtswoman would endure with such pluck the hard and anxious work which Mrs. O'Brien shared with her husband. That she enjoyed the voyaging is well demonstrated by the illustrations which she has drawn for this book. Keeping her watch at night during a gale of wind in the Atlantic or Mediterranean is an adventure that many a Solent sportsman would find none too tolerable. Mr. O'Brien is one of our finest amateur seamen, and, whilst he states that "my mate joined the ship with the reputation of being the worst sailor in the world," he has evidently proved a perfect instructor, nor failed to convey his own keen zest for ocean roving. E. K. C.

Voyage and Discovery. By Conor O'Brien. (William Blackwood & Sons; 12/6.)

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Touched by the Sun, "a frivolous guide for the superficial tourist in Egypt," by Violet Hardy (Simpkin; 5/–), is a light-hearted travel book which we recommend.

H. F. & G. Witherby have issued at 6/– *The Labrador Retriever*, by Leslie Sprake ("Middle Wallop"), an authoritative work which we recommend.

How to Play Rugby Football (Constable; 5/–), by W. J. A. Davies, will give its readers a thorough knowledge of the principles upon which the structure of the game is founded. Passing, kicking and tackling are explained at length, and the book should prove invaluable to the novice.

We recommend to all readers interested in Big Game Preservation the beautifully prepared and extremely authoritative *American Game Protection Report*, issued by the American Committee for International Wild Life Protection of Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A. It represents a great fund of painstaking research and expert knowledge.



THE FINALISTS IN THE ADDINGTON FOURSOMES: FRED ROBSON, MR. C. D. GRAY, MR. C. J. ANDERSON, AND C. A. WHITCOMBE. THE LATTER WON BY 5 AND 4

C. A. Whitcombe captained the 1931 *Ryder Cup team, and C. J. Anderson is a former Middlesex champion*

THE ADDINGTON GOLF FOURSOMES

Veterans Set Young Professionals and Amateurs an Example

By E. R. TIPPLE

THIS year's competitive golf season has ended with a galaxy of foursome events in which all possible combinations of partners have taken part. All have proved successful; none more so than the one which was held last week at Addington, Surrey. Its success was all the more remarkable when it is considered that a month ago it had not been conceived. Quite suddenly, Mr. J. F. Abercrombie and Brigadier-General A. C. Critchley decided to stage a competition open to amateur and professional partnerships. In spite of the unavoidable short notice almost a championship entry was received, the leading players of both ranks being well represented. This tournament is to be an annual event, and I can safely predict that it will take its place among the most important fixtures of the golfing calendar.

Foursome golf is regarded, quite rightly, as the best possible type of the game, providing the best test. We are told, also, that it greatly benefits our play if we have matches with better players than ourselves. The Addington Open Foursomes fulfils both these requirements. For an amateur the experience of playing with a professional in an open competition is most helpful if a little terrifying. And the professional's point of view is that the more tournaments available for him the better.

Those amateurs who went to Addington expecting their partners to play faultless golf must have been disappointed. In several cases the cause of defeat was due to lapses on the part of the professional member of the alliance. The amateurs, generally speaking, more than did their share of the required work—this was, perhaps, the most pleasing feature of the meeting.

To Charles Whitcombe and C. J. Anderson goes the honour of being the first winners of the event. The former, who captained the 1931 Ryder Cup team, except in one particular, played really well. Anderson, who has won the Middlesex Championship, proved that he is a far better golfer than he looks, and he nobly backed up his partner. Their understanding of and confidence in each other was tested to the utmost in their first four matches, three of which were won on the home green and the other at the 20th. After such a hectic time perhaps it was just that their last two matches proved easy for them.

The final was one of the most curious imaginable. Cyril Gray, who has been playing golf just as well as he used to play cricket, and Fred Robson began in a way which suggested that they would win easily. The play at the first hole had to be seen to be believed, so extraordinary was it. Each side made a procession of mistakes, though Gray and Robson won it in the end. After establishing a lead of two holes and maintaining it until the fifth tee a veritable landslide set in, for they lost seven holes in nine, which must be something of a record even in these days.

The three days' play was made exceptionally interesting for the spectators by the number of closely-contested matches. For those with a statistical mind it is worth while mentioning that nine games went beyond the eighteenth green for decision, six finished at the home hole, and seven at the seventeenth.

"Sandy" Herd and Lieut.-Colonel J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, two seasoned veterans, whose combined ages top the 110 mark, gave youth an object lesson in how to fight a losing battle. Modern golfers are apt to forget the old adage—"a game is never lost until it is won." Not so Herd and his partner. They won two successive games, one at the twenty-first and the other at the twentieth after being behind most of the way in each match. What tenacity of purpose!

Their first victims were Allan Dailey, the brilliant young Yorkshire champion, who has come south to Addington as playing professional, and E. F. Storey, a former Walker Cup player. These two tempted fate by playing with each other despite the fact that they had never met until just prior to the actual game. The game ended with a classic effort on the part of Herd. From a bad lie in the rough he, after his famous and customary waggles—how nerve-wracking it is just to watch him "winding up" at such a time—played a low mashie shot which missed all the trees, came in with the wind and finished close to the flag. One cannot picture "Sandy" without his waggles, yet it is interesting to note that on the greens he wastes no time. He goes up to the ball after making up his mind quickly as to the line, hits it a bold, decisive blow. Such a procedure could be copied by many.

Amazing is one of those words which are used far too frequently to describe every-day occurrences. But the match between Jack McLean and George Oke and the Irish couple, C. McMullan and W. Nolan deserves such a description. The latter, who were the better-balanced side, won after five extra holes. Jack McLean, who is probably visiting America early next year for golf and business, displayed a weakness reminiscent of Roger Wethered. His iron shots were above reproach, but his play with wooden clubs can only be deemed erratic. At critical moments his drives were sliced away to the right, and on at least one occasion he "ballooned" a spoon shot off the fairway. Up till last year he never carried a spoon in his bag, which suggests that he prefers having to play an iron.

The Irish pair gave a wonderful series of performances. All their matches, except one, were so even that extra holes were necessary before victory could be gained. They made an excellent combination. Nolan this year has put Ireland definitely on the golfing map. It is obvious that he plays on a wind-swept links (Portmarnock) for, with a very narrow stance he controls the ball beautifully, even in a gale. Like Charles Whitcombe and many more, his putting is the weak part in his make-up. He stabs at the ball instead of allowing the club to come back easily, and then, to flow through, hitting the ball and going on after it. He was shown how to do this by his partner, who overcame the great disadvantage of his small stature by his play around and on the greens, which was uncanny in its accuracy.

With Nolan frightened of the keen-paced greens, and consequently leaving the ball a long way short of the hold, McMullan had to hole putt after putt of a nasty length. This he did in a machine-like way and his putter always struck the ball firmly and with a distinct click.

The game in which Cyril Tolley and Ritchie, the local professional, opposed Dale Bourn and Lacey was one of mighty hitting. Both Tolley and Lacey are recognised as two of the longest drivers in the world. At Addington Tolley had slightly the better of the struggle, but there was little to choose really. Curiously enough it was not the gigantic tee shots which proved the decisive factor, but the putting. Tolley must rank as one of the best putters—one of the smoothest strikers of the ball—of all time, and it is most unusual for a long hitter to be good on the greens. He holed six single putts on six out of seven consecutive greens; this of course, completely demoralised his opponents.

An acknowledged master of the game, he is able to produce a wonderful stroke when circumstances call for one. At one hole he duffed his drive and after Ritchie had recovered from the heather, Tolley played a long, low iron which came to rest on the back of the green. Any ordinary golfer would have required a wooden club for such a stroke. Then at the 200yd. fourteenth, his No. 4 iron shot off the tee was so effective that Ritchie was enabled to sink the putt for a two. But immediately afterwards faced with a comparatively easy shot, he duffed it like a beginner. One can only say that being a true artist he has a very keen sense for the dramatic, which he repeatedly demonstrates to the consternation of his opponents.

As Dailey remarked to me, "Addington is far different from Bradley Hall." His former course affords the wayward player plenty of scope, but the New Course at Addington demands accuracy all the time, or else—— But I will leave the alternative to the imagination! This new tournament has shown that British golfers still have to learn the art of control. The mere slogging of the ball does not pay. It is far better to hit it 200yds. straight than 250yds. off the line—a truism which all too few appreciate. If more attention was given to keeping the ball in play, as Robson puts it, there would be less need for the numerous recovery shots which are so characteristic of modern competitions.

A GREAT FLYWEIGHT

Midget Wolgast the Speed Boxer

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

MR. JEFF DICKSON'S promotion at the Albert Hall was probably not a financial success, but it was the best entertainment given the London public for many years. Both the Wolgast-Brown and Foord-Schonrath contests were excellent and worth travelling miles to see, while the preliminaries were far above the usual standard. For all that there was a section of the crowd who evidently did not enjoy the Wolgast-Brown fight, just as they did not approve of the decision, and who found the Foord-Schonrath bout boring.

Appreciation of the fine points of the noble art has deteriorated. Crowds do not now pay to see boxing; they pay to see blood. A knock-out, no matter how crudely obtained, is more to them than the most skilful points victory; a rough house packed full of fouls is preferable to a scientific display of boxing skill. So the performance put up by Wolgast and Brown was received with rather lukewarm applause by the 1933 Albert Hall crowd. The same performance would have had a 1918 N.S.C. audience on its feet. The Foord-Schonrath bout failed to raise enthusiasm, not because it was not a good fight between two good men, but because it was fought correctly and within the rules and was free from fouls and other crudities. The crowd would no doubt have preferred, for the most part, to see a Doyle-Petersen scramble.

This falling-off in appreciation is a great pity, for this flyweight battle deserves to rank with the great fights between little men that we used to see. Let there be no misapprehension, Wolgast is worthy of inclusion in the same company as Jimmy Wilde. He is without doubt the fastest boxer I have ever seen, including Wilde and Pancho Villa. He has not, perhaps, the same force of punch as those two champions, but I am doubtful even of this. We consider Brown to be a heavy puncher: Wolgast is at least his equal in this respect, just as he is his superior in all others, and when they meet again it would not surprise me to see our champion knocked out. The decision met with a mixed reception, though Wolgast must have had a clear lead. It seemed to me that the American could have won more easily, and when they meet again—as they must—I expect him to show his superiority far more decisively, unless Brown has learnt the one obvious lesson that it is no good trying to catch lightning.



BERBERIS STENOPHYLLA, AMONG THE MOST POPULAR OF BERRIED SHRUBS
"These hybrids, invaluable in small gardens for their slender branches, are smothered with berries ranging from yellow to orange"

The Country House

A CHOICE OF BERRIED SHRUBS

Vivid Colours in the Late Autumn Garden

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

RECENTLY I saw a lovely picture in autumn sunlight—festoons of Traveller's Joy, quite 30ft. up a dead birch tree, near by a copper beech, and in the foreground the glorious "heps" of the wild roses, the purple leaves of the dogwood and the berries of the woody nightshade of every shade from lemon to orange scarlet, looking like discarded necklaces flung on the hedge. It is curious how bright light always makes the fluffy seed heads of Traveller's Joy look white, for, seen closely, these minute sweeping plumes are pale fawn on chestnut stalks. In spite of the grand colour of the beech, it was the berries and these seed heads that were so striking in the sunlight.

Country folk have always been appreciative of the beauty of autumn berries, but it is only in the last decade or so that autumn gardens have been planted as much with a view to berries as flowers. Berried shrubs and trees are indeed invaluable, for when even the cheery little button chrysanthemums have ceased to flower, the berries are still in full beauty and many of them hang on till March. I have seen pernettyas almost as loaded with berries in April as in autumn. They were in a heath garden and the berries looked delightful in contrast with the heaths in flower.

Roses come high in the list of valuable berried shrubs. Indeed, I think that a fine specimen of *Rosa Moyesii*, with perhaps ten great arching stems 12ft. high, all loaded with big vivid scarlet fruits, is an unrivalled spectacle in the November garden. The fruits remain on till quite mid-December, at least in the south. This rose likes part shade.

Rosa omeiensis is another lovely berry-bearing rose. It makes a bush quite 8ft. high and the same through, and the white flowers (June) are succeeded by brilliant red fruits. Nearly related to *R. omeiensis* is *R. sericea pteracantha*, which is of decorative value for the almost transparent big red spines with which the stems are thickly studded.

A Chinese rose with lovely berries one rarely sees is *R. microphylla*. The fragrant pale pink flowers are followed by curious spiny yellow fruits. It makes a dense bush about 5ft. high. *R. Davidii*, another beautiful Chinese rose, has graceful arching stems about 8ft. high, and the pink flowers are succeeded by clusters of big red pear-shaped fruits. *R. pomifera* has attractive red hairy fruits. The rugosa roses have always been valued as much for their big vivid fruits as for their flowers. The dog rose of our hedgerows has beautiful red fruits, and so has the sweet briar. Allowed to grow naturally instead of being clipped, sweet briar is as lovely in fruit as in flower.

Everyone grows cotoneasters and pyracanthas, and the former are particularly valuable for cold places and north-east walls. The finest new berried shrub of this year is *Cotoneaster microphylla* var *conspicua*. It has larger leaves than the type and the berries are bright red, not dull crimson, and are held almost upright. *C. microphylla*, the diminutive *C. thymifolia* and *C. horizontalis* are the most popular of the cotoneasters, but two rapid growers that might be more commonly grown are *C. bullata* (almost 10ft.) with bright cherry-like berries produced in abundance, and *C. frigida*, with clusters of vivid red berries, which hang on well into December and even January. *C. frigida* makes a low spreading tree about 15ft. high. *C. f. fructa luteo* has beautiful yellow fruits.

The rare *C. glaucophylla* is evergreen it makes a shrub about 6ft. high and the fragrant flowers are followed by lovely orange-coloured berries, which hang on till February. The smallest of the cotoneasters is *C. adpressa*, a charming shrub for the rock garden. The pink flowers are followed by vivid little red berries. One of the most graceful and spectacular cotoneasters is *C. salicifolia*. Its willow-like leaves are evergreen and its drooping branches are a gorgeous sight with their red berries in autumn.

The pyracanthas have been valued for the beauty of their berries since the sixteenth century, and I think we should be more appreciative of them if we did not so frequently see the red-berried *P. Lalandii* growing against red brick walls! The best of the pyracanthas is *P. Rogersiana*, lovely either as a bush or a climber. The berries are orange-coloured.

A shrub that might be far more commonly grown is *Symphoricarpus laevigatus*. The common snowberry is rather poor, but *S. laevigatus* is one of the finest shrubs in winter when its branches are loaded down with huge white berries. The berried shrub I think almost the best of all for indoor decoration is the native *Viburnum opulus*. I do not know any other berries such a rich blood red, and they are so highly polished that clusters of them amidst their rich foliage catch and reflect every ray of light. The variety with yellow berries is also attractive, and the dwarf *V. opulus nanum*, which grows only a foot high, is valuable for the rock garden. These native viburnums flourish in any soil.

Berberises are perhaps the most popular of berried shrubs. The stenophylla hybrids, invaluable in small gardens for their slender branches, are smothered with berries ranging from yellow to orange.

B. Gagnepainii has attractive blue fruits which are well shown up by the holly-like evergreen leaves. *B. Wilsonæ*, *B. aggregata Pratti*, *B. polyantha*, *B. subcaulialata*, *B. rubrostella*, all have coral red fruits and are very effective. *B. Wilsonæ* is the most useful in small gardens, as it only attains about 4ft.

The most curiously coloured berries are, I think, those of *Clerodendron Fargesii*. These turquoise-blue fruits perfectly set forth by the rose-red carpels make this Chinese shrub one of the most fascinating sights in the late autumn garden. The slight backward droop of the carpels makes the berries look all the more effective.

Leycesteria formosa is usually listed amongst the attractive berried shrubs, but its real value in the winter garden is owing to the vivid emerald green of its bamboo-like stems and the dangling clusters of claret-coloured bracts which hang on till January in the south. One sometimes sees the statement that this shrub succeeds in shade. It is true that in its native habitat in the Himalayan forests *Leycesteria* grows in shade, but if deprived of full sun in this country the colouring of the bracts is apt to be poor. On sandy soil in my part of Surrey *Leycesteria* sows itself like a weed.

Thorns are amongst the most valuable berried trees, especially *Crataegus Crus-galli*, *C. Carrierei* and *C. coccinea*. The brilliant fruits of *C. Carrierei* are as large as a cherry. Skimmias would be amongst the most valuable berried shrubs for small gardens, but it is necessary to plant both the male and female forms to secure the berries.

Lycium chinense is an uncommon berried shrub. It needs a warm dry spot against a sunny wall. It is a deciduous shrub, and the small purple flowers (June) are followed by orange-coloured egg-shaped fruits. The most striking of all berried shrubs is, I think, *Hippophæ rhamnoides*. Those tight, solid, clusters of orange-yellow berries on fantastic stems look as though designed for the decoration of ultra-modern rooms. They do not mix well with other berries! Both sexes have to be planted to secure the berries.



NORTHINGTON JANET

Belonging to the Hon. Mrs. F. Baring, with the Hon. F. Baring who handled him

FIELD TRIALS

The Kennel Club at Swaffham

ON October 31st the Kennel Club held their Retriever Trials at Swaffham, Norfolk, by kind permission of Mr. R. G. Heaton. The judges were Lord Vivian, Major J. I. Benson, and Captain O. P. Traherne.

The work in the morning was in sugar beet and swedes, both thin crops, and affording tests chiefly of marking. I only saw one runner, which was lost. After lunch the tests were very much more severe in a large tract of bracken, gorse and brambles. The guns were not as much "on the spot" as they had been in the morning and a good few runners were provided. Scenting conditions made the odds in favour of the bird. Why is scent so bad in wet rotting bracken? Is it that the smell of the fern is stronger than the blood scent of a bird, or does a retriever or spaniel get his nostrils full of pungent water off the bracken? And why is the scent of a legged rabbit easier to follow than that of a winged pheasant? I am inclined to the nostril theory. Several of the dogs at these trials took the line for 50yds. or perhaps 100yds., and then failed to hold it.

Of those in the award card, the winner, Mr. R. G. Heaton's Gay's Dora proved herself, as she did at the Eastern Counties Trials near Diss, when she won second in a stake of eighteen, a real good one. She gave her handler, R. Leach, no anxiety as to steadiness and obedience to his directions. She is a very smart bitch, a good marker with a quick return and nice delivery. Mr. Heaton was also second with that well-bred puppy Gay's Don, who ran well and scored with a wipe of the eye on a dead bird in thick bracken. Equal third were Captain Sparke's Barbrook Ranger and General Lance's curly-coated bitch Pyecombe Sable, both youngsters under nineteen months old. Ranger scored in finding a bird another dog had tried for, while Sable brought to hand one of the few runners gathered. Her owner, a curly-coated enthusiast, received many congratulations and good wishes for the resuscitation of that good old breed.

The Hon. Mrs. Hill-Wood's puppy Hiwood Pitch was reserve, and certificates of merit were also awarded to the Hon. F. Baring's Jewel, Mr. E. Winter's Staindrop Stirling, and Mr. L. D. Wigan's Bunty of the Cairnies. Sympathy was expressed to the novice handler, Mr. E. G. Bird, whose dog Kildonan Jock, very well handled, looked like being well up, but unfortunately ran in just before the trials ended.

The results were:

PUPPY AND NON-WINNER'S STAKE.—Mr. R. G. Heaton's Lab. b Gay's Dora (h., R. Leach), 1; Mr. R. G. Heaton's Lab. d Gay's Don (h., R. Leach), 2; Captain W. Sparke's Lab. d Barbrook Ranger (h., Owner) and General F. F. Lance's Curly b Pyecomb Sable (h., Owner), equal 3; the Hon. Mrs. Hill-Wood's crossbred d Hiwood Pitch (h., J. Hall), reserve. Certificates of merit: Mr. L. D. Wigan's Bunty of the Cairnies, the Hon. F. Baring's Jewel, and Mr. E. Winter's Staindrop Sterling. The following also competed: Mr. E. G. Bird's Kildonan Jock, the Hon. Mrs. F. Baring's Northington Janet, Mrs. K. Evers-Swindell's Speedwell Konker, and Mr. H. A. Saunder's Liddly Butterscotch.

LEWIS D. WIGAN.

RETRIEVERS AND SPANIELS

Ulster, Ayr, and the Midlands

THE Ulster Gun Dog League held their Retriever Trials at Drenagh on November 1st, by kind permission of Mr. M. M. McCausland. The judges were Captain I. Steel and Mr. Walter Alington. The results were:

PUPPY STAKE.—Captain S. Lyle's Lab. d Dunrainey Druid, reserve. Certificates of merit: Captain H. Hodge's bl Lab. d Glenravel Jock and Mr. Peter Taylor's Lab. d Obscurious Chaka. Mrs. M. D. Waller's Bellisle Di also competed.

ALL-AGED STAKE.—Mr. R. M. Willington's Lab. d Duke of St. Kierans, 1; Captain A. O'B. Traill's G. b Chameford Crock of Gold, 2; Mr. Peter Taylor's F.C. d Barrack Fin, 3. Certificates of merit: Captain A. F. Coddington's Oldbridge Chang and Lieut.-Colonel J. Patrick's Killoquin Jim. The following also competed: The McGillycuddy of the Reeks' Bauneluone Diana, Mr. S. R. Phillip's Pete of Bannside, Mr. A. Dalzell's Ingleston Sam.

By kind permission of Mr. N. Stopford-Sackville, the Midland Counties Field Trial Society held their Retriever Trials at Drayton, Northamptonshire, on October 31st and November 1st. The judges were Captain W. S. Medlicott, Mr. R. Farley, and Mr. J. Burgess. The results were:

Mr. Reginald Corbett's Lab. d Adderley Tracker (h., Owner), 1; Dr. T. W. Stanton's Lab. b Folkingham Sceptre (h., Owner), 2; Mr. Reginald Corbet's Lab. b Adderley Trust (h., Owner), 3; Mr. R. Muir Wilson's Flatcoat b Windle Popular (h., A. J. Pattle), 4; Colonel H. G. Sotheby's Lab. d Eeton Drummer (h., A. Gray), reserve. Certificates of merit: Mr. H. Wentworth Smith's Victor of Yelme and Golden Prospect of Yelme, Dr. G. P. Wilson's Ketton Venus, Lieut.-Commander C. Buist's Bonzo of Perrott, and Mr. Hugh Peacock's Greatford Sinker. The following also competed: Miss A. M. Bickerton's Shelsey Naylor, Mr. J. G. Severn's Towyriver Banner, Dr. E. A. Hutton's Shacklewell Punch, Mr. Hugh Peacock's Greatford Flick, Mr. J. G. Severn's Fearless of Tibshelf, and Mr. H. Wentworth Smith's Pepper of Yelme.

The Gamekeepers' Association held their Field Trials for Spaniels on October 31st and November 1st at Glenassel, Ayrshire, by kind permission of Mr. George Clark. The judges were Mr. H. L. May and Dr. W. J. Dawson. The results were:

OPEN STAKE.—The Maharaja of Patiala's l and w E. S. b Dalshangan Maida (h., Mr. A. L. Trotter), 1; Mr. A. Byrne's b and w E. S. d Tedwyns Tiger (h., Owner), 2; Mr. George Clark's bl and w E. S. b Nancy of Blair (h., Mr. Watson Bell), 3; Mr. Selwyn Jones' l and w E. S. d Spy o' Vara (h., Mr. T. J. Greatorex), 4; Mr. George Clark's l and w E. S. b Bee of Blair, reserve. Certificates of merit: Mr. J. Girdwood's Glenmuir Nancy, Major J. L. S. Ewing's Gambol of Baleary, Mr. Selwyn Jones's Buster o' Vara, Mr. J. C. Dalton's Delightful Pal. The following also competed: Captain E. W. Brook's Cally Podge, Mr. J. Girdwood's Glenmuir.

THE COCKER STAKE.—Mr. J. Scott's l r b Jig's Bairn (h., Owner), 1; Mr. A. L. Trotter's bl and w b Auchencairn Isa (h., Owner), 2; Mr. H. Ogden's l and w b Merlin Misleto (h., Mr. H. White), 3; Mr. W. Greenfield's l, w and t b Norbank Spotty (h., Mr. J. Scott), reserve. Certificate of merit: Mr. C. A. Phillip's Rivington Merry. The following also competed: Miss I. M. Macrae's Drudaig Julius and Mr. C. A. Phillip's Rivington Hopalong.

FROM ELSTOW AND WILBURY PARK

Two Successful Meetings

THE Herts, Beds, Bucks and Berks Retriever Trials were held by permission of Mr. F. P. Whitbread at Elstow on November 3rd and 4th, when the judges were Captain W. S. Medlicott and Mr. C. Campbell. The results were:

NON-WINNERS STAKE (NOVICES).—Viscount Knutsford's Munden Squeezer, 1; Lieut.-Colonel Sir Malcolm Murray's Grey Plover, 2; Miss M. A. Hyde-Harrison's Folkingham Storm, 3; Mr. R. G. Heaton's Gays Don, reserve and certificate of merit.

NOMINATION STAKE (ALL-AGED).—The Hon. Mrs. Hill-Wood's Hiwood Chance, 1; Mr. Vincent Routledge's Game and Mr. G. A. Barnett's Sopwell Piccolo, equal 2; Mr. R. G. Heaton's Gays Dora, reserve and certificate of merit. Certificates of merit were also awarded to Mr. S. Allen's Penn Street Betsy, Captain Sir George Bowyer's Wilderness Melody, Miss Newton Deakin's Silence of Tone, and Mr. Reuben Farley's Worndítch Trixie.

On October 26th and 27th, the Southern Counties Gun Dog League held their Retriever Trials at Wilbury Park, Salisbury, by permission of Major J. Despencer-Robertson, M.P. The judges were the Hon. Mrs. Grigg, the Earl of Eldon and Mr. C. Campbell. Results were as follows:

STAKE I.—Major J. Despencer-Robertson's Quest of Wilbury, 1; Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. D. Carnegie's Ch. Heydown Grip, 2; Mr. A. B. Simpson's Shot of Upper Lodge, 3; Mrs. B. Jervoise's Herriard Sally, reserve. Certificates of merit were awarded to Mr. H. Venables Kyrke's Anningsley Henry and Mrs. L. G. Hartmann's Novelette.

STAKE II.—Lorna Countess Howe's Banchory Smiler, 1; Mr. A. B. Simpson's Tracey Presto and Lieut.-Colonel Sir Malcolm Murray's Grey Plover, equal 2; Mr. H. Venables Kyrke's Anningsley Ann, reserve. Certificates of merit were awarded to Lieut.-Colonel R. L. Kennion's Dian, Lorna Countess Howe's Jock of Glastry, Mr. P. Greig Pye's Warren down Sweep, and Mr. F. P. Bodsworth's Corbelly Daffodil.



THE ACID TEST

Mr. C. J. Johnstone, in an article in the "Field" of October 28th, stated that "at the Silver Fox Show is proof beyond dispute of the relative excellence of the stock produced by the various farms." The eighth Annual Show was held last week, and gave ample proof of the ability of the foxes within the Nithsdale Organisation, not only to hold their own, but to assume a leading position in the vulpine population of Great Britain.

I was showing a number of foxes for my clients. I have just posted an award rosette to one of them, an Army officer in India; another in Yorkshire won in a very hot class of quarter silvers; and a fox belonging to my friend and oldest client, Mr. R. S. Payne, not only won its class, but went right ahead to lift the Show Challenge Cup for the finest animal in the Show, of the opposite sex to the Champion. I held this cup last year myself, with Nithsdale Toto, and I am much gratified to be able to bring it back and to replace it on its old pedestal in my private office. We also won the Reserve Show Challenger, the Slight Silver Championship, and a few other assorted awards.

Our friends the Forest Farm also did well; the Shire Ranch kept its end up, while Dr. H. Joste Smith, at his first show, not only won his class, but got a Reserve Championship. The great Wyvis Herd, which I acquired through my recent purchase of the Snow Belt Ranch, was most conspicuous in every way. Very many of the prizewinners were directly traceable to the Wyvis strain, and the Supreme Championship of the Show was won by Vyvis Thane II., a magnificent dog fox, which was sold to its present owners by the Snow Belt Ranch some years ago. I don't own Wyvis Thane II., but I own his parents and very many near blood relations.

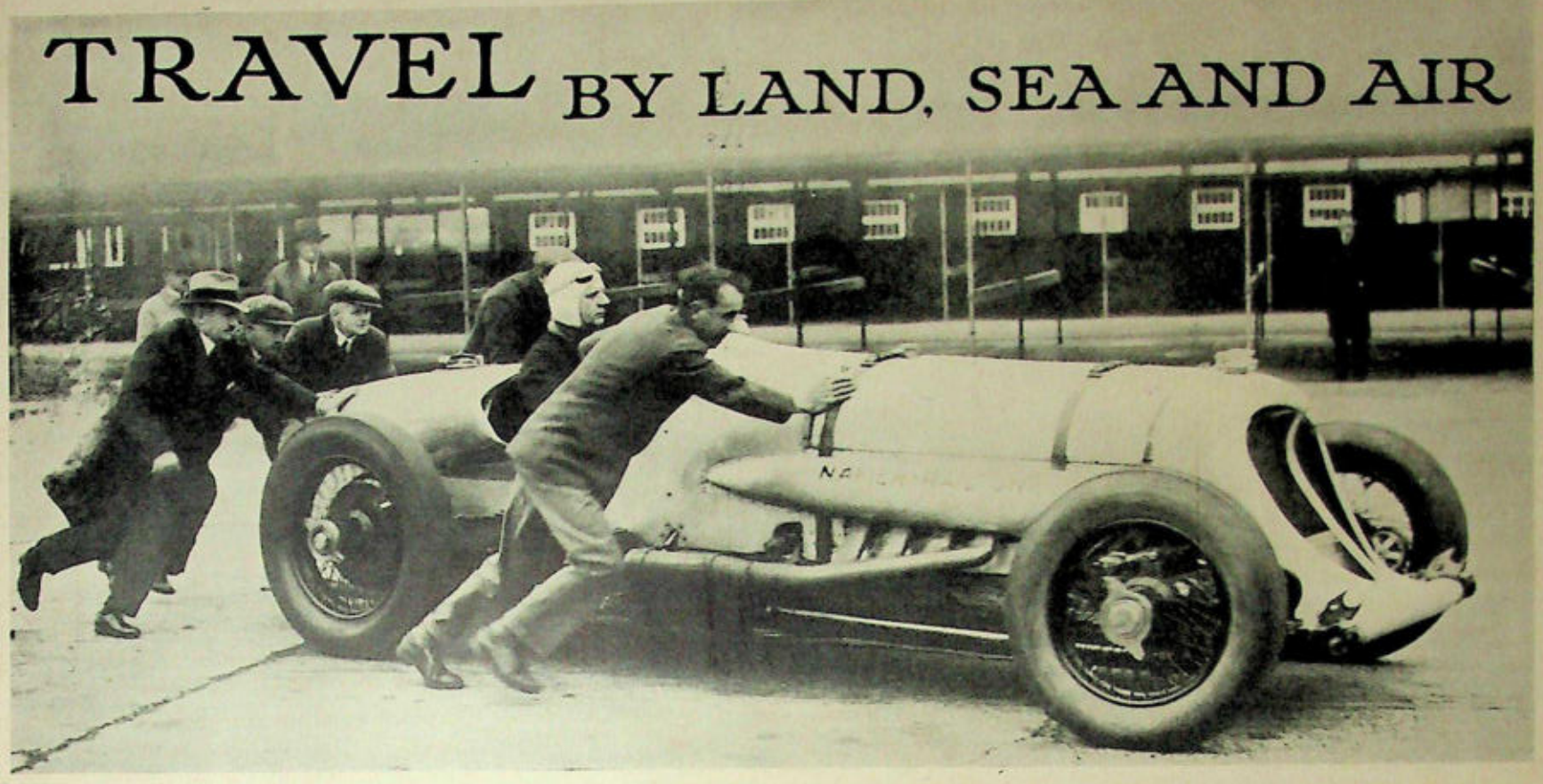
I was able to meet many of my clients and friends in Town. Altogether it was a wonderful Show, and, for us, most successful, and really satisfactory.

Incidentally, I would like to congratulate Mr. C. J. Johnstone, of the Dartmoor Farm, on his obtaining Reserve Show Champion with a beautiful Cub Dog. I suppose that it must be the first time in Britain that a cub has been so near to being Show Champion, and it was a fine effort.

T. Melross

The Proprietor of The Nithsdale Silver Fox Ranch, Thornhill, Dumfries, Scotland.

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR



THE START OF A RECORD-BREAKING RUN

Giving Mr. John Cobb a start off in his 500 h.p. Napier-Railton car at Brooklands last week, when he set up a new kilometre world record of 88·56 m.p.h.

NEW IDEAS THAT WILL MAKE MOTORING PLEASANTER

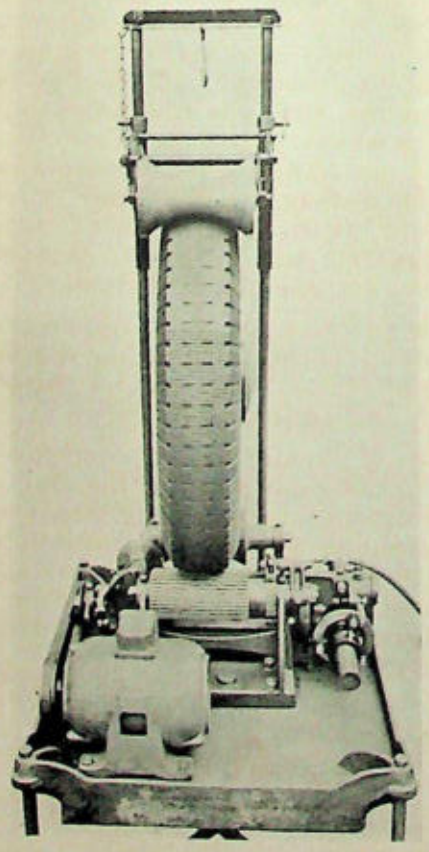
A Selection of Novelties for the Garage and the Car

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

(*Holder of the World's Land Speed Record*)

Motoring Editor of the "Field"

DURING the past few weeks I have had the opportunity of seeing and testing several very interesting additions to the range of garage equipment and accessories.



NEW TYRES FOR OLD

How the Tecalemit machine for cutting a new tread on old tyres works

A new type of vice, called the "Noveto," is worthy of particular mention. It differs from the orthodox type of vice in that the moving jaw is composed of two rotary, independently articulated jaws, each of which is provided with three separate gripping surfaces of different dimensions. The great feature is that it is able to grip any object rigidly, no matter what shape it is. I have installed one of these new vices in my garage at home, and already find it most useful.

On the Tecalemit Stand at Olympia there was a novel machine for cutting a new tread on old tyres. Judging from letters the makers have already received from motorists who have had their tyres treated in this manner, the new machine should prove a great success, making, as it does, for more economical motoring.

During the winter, when for the most part the roads are wet and slippery, tyres which have lost their tread become a danger and in the ordinary way it usually pays to scrap them. When treated by this new machine, however, they should be fit and safe for several thousand miles of further use. The cost of having tyres treated in this manner would be trifling, as the operation takes less than fifteen minutes once the cover has been set up on the machine.

It was at Olympia, also, that I discovered something I had been wanting for years. In the past it has not been possible to solder aluminium and its alloys. This can now be done simply, efficiently and cheaply by means of a new solder, the distributor of which is Captain S. O. Russell, Silverthorne, Camberley, Surrey. This should be invaluable for repairing radiators, sumps, aluminium wings and body work, and will also have many and varied uses for repairs to kitchen utensils. After witnessing a demonstration of this solder I purchased a quantity, but so far have not had an opportunity of testing it out myself.

To those who undertake their own repairs, and like to have their garages equipped with the cream of the latest inventions, a new three-speed electric drill made by Grimston, Ltd., of London, should particularly appeal. This is designed to carry out many different operations, such as decarbonising, valve guide cleaning, valve seat grinding, sensitive drilling, and for buffing. A detachable flexible shaft running at 6,500 r.p.m. can be used for delicate work. The drill is fitted with a breastplate so that it can be used as a portable in the ordinary way, or for bench work when attached to its special stand. This compact outfit is certainly one of the most useful tools I have ever seen.

Another clever idea I came across recently was the Romac adjustable windscreen wiper arm. This, by a simple adjustment of the tension screw, increases or decreases the pressure of the blade against the screen, and thereby ensures a perfectly clean screen at all times.

These little ideas make not only for pleasanter, but for safer motoring at the same time. How often one finds that the wiper is only bearing on a certain portion of the screen, through the arm having got bent, or because there is insufficient pressure, thus greatly impairing visibility.

A sample sparking plug carrier recently sent to me is called the "John Bull," and is made by the Leicester Rubber Co. Ltd., of Leicester.



TO MAKE NIGHT MOTORING SAFER!

A photograph taken this week on the Purley Way, near Croydon, showing the new lighting system which, it is claimed, reduces shadows to a minimum

This carrier completely encloses any standard size of sparking plug. Being made of solid rubber, it can be thrown loose into a tool box without any fear of the delicate insulation being adversely affected by rough usage. As these only cost 1/- each, and are such a thoroughly practicable proposition, I heartily recommend their use.

Another accessory recently brought to my notice is the "Napest" head cushion, which can be inflated to the desired pressure, and is so made that it automatically provides support to the head and neck where that support is most needed. To those who often make long journeys by road, this new cushion should be especially welcome.

In addition to the headrest already mentioned a special type of backrest is also made, so shaped that it fits into the small of the back and supports the base of the spine. They are marketed by W. T. Corney, 3, Tudor Street, London, E.C. 4.

Then there is a new type of cellulose spray gun made by the County Chemical Co., of Birmingham. This only costs 5/-, and is used in conjunction with an ordinary footpump, or can be connected to a small tyre compressor, if the latter is available. Although so inexpensive, it can be relied upon to give as good results as one costing nearly ten times as much.

THE NEW VAUXHALL

"No-Draught" Ventilation and Synchro-Mesh Gears

EFFICIENT ventilation of a saloon car has always been difficult, particularly when the driver insists on keeping the front window on his side open. And ingenious ventilators in the roof have never appealed to the rank and file of English motorists.

The Vauxhall concern of Luton deserves the thanks of the motoring community for introducing an entirely new system of draught-free ventilation. The charm of it lies in the fact that the driver and every passenger in the car can set the ventilation of his part of the body to suit himself, without inconveniencing the other occupants.

How is it done? In a very simple manner. Four of the six windows are divided vertically, the forward part of each window being pivoted so that, by winding a small handle, it can be adjusted to let a gentle breeze through the moving car or to provide silent, unfelt extraction of bad air. One of the most satisfactory demonstrations of the Vauxhall "No-draught" system that I have witnessed is the manner in which smoke from a pipe or cigarette travels along the side of the body, escaping at the rear, without permeating the interior.

Doctors say that this new system of ventilation is the soundest yet evolved, for it makes it possible to travel in a closed car on a cold winter day without feeling any draughts and yet enjoying to the full the benefits of fresh-air motoring.

Another Vauxhall feature is the perfected form of Synchro-mesh gear employed. This is so designed that it is possible to change up and down exceedingly quickly without double-declutching, or other complicated manœuvres.

Owing to its special construction, it fulfils its function rather better than the majority of gearboxes built on a similar principle, in that it is quite impossible to engage another gear unless the two wheels to be engaged are rotating at the same speed and can, consequently, engage in absolute silence. The correct meshing is ensured by a sensitive "finger" which "feels" when the correct moment comes for the next gear to be engaged.

If force is exercised in changing speed, the "finger" acts more rapidly, and the synchronising of the gears is speeded up.

WIRELESS AND THE PRIVATE FLYER

More Radio Centres Needed—New and Simpler Equipment —Assistance for Every Pilot

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

AT the present time the use of wireless equipment on private aeroplanes is the exception rather than the rule. It is clear, however, that radio will have to play an increasingly large part in making flying safer and more reliable for all users of aircraft. The position is much the same in relation to air taxi be work, where again wireless ought to more widely employed than it is to-day.

It must be admitted that there is very little incentive in this country for either the private owner or the air taxi operator to equip machines with wireless, nor are the advantages to be reaped at the moment very large. Apparatus has been complicated for those unversed in wireless matters, and expense has been high; but considerable progress is being made on the right lines, for during the past few months simpler and cheaper types of both ordinary radio receivers and direction-finding equipment have been introduced.

Readers will be glad to hear that the Master of Sempill, who was seriously injured in a motor accident in the United States, continues to make satisfactory progress. Publication of his articles will not, it is hoped, be interrupted, since he had prepared a number before he left England.

It seems clear, then, that the ideal of radio for aircraft in general is being gradually brought nearer, and that there will soon be little objection on technical grounds to its installation in machines of all classes.

One of the chief uses of wireless for aviation is the reception of weather reports in advance along the route being traversed. That presupposes adequate and effective ground organisation, which is, unfortunately, not yet provided in this country.

Until the A.A. inaugurated its station at Heston (since taken over by the Air Ministry—a tribute to its importance), there was no radio centre in the country designed specifically to meet the needs of the tourist and taxi pilot. More stations of this kind are urgently needed.

It is not too much to say that until all aircraft—private machines as well as commercial passenger-carriers—are equipped with wireless, air transport will remain subject to those delays and difficulties of which its opponents make so much. It is the uncertainty of what lies ahead that deters the pilot from either starting or completing a journey.

On the other hand, the regular air transport machine fitted with wireless is no longer a blind one depending largely on the pilot's weather sense and luck. It can get reports from aerodromes along the route it is travelling; thus storm and foggy areas can be avoided.

But the reception of meteorological reports is not the only use of wireless to the pilot, nor even the most important. It is a very valuable navigational aid; and its importance in this connection is likely to increase as it becomes more recognised that flying can be a reliable form of transport in all types of weather.

Very great progress has been made in directional wireless, and types of apparatus suitable for use by the private pilot are being actively developed. Here, again, the provision of proper ground equipment is a necessary first step; there can be no doubt that an increase in the number of directional stations would lead automatically to a wider use of radio.

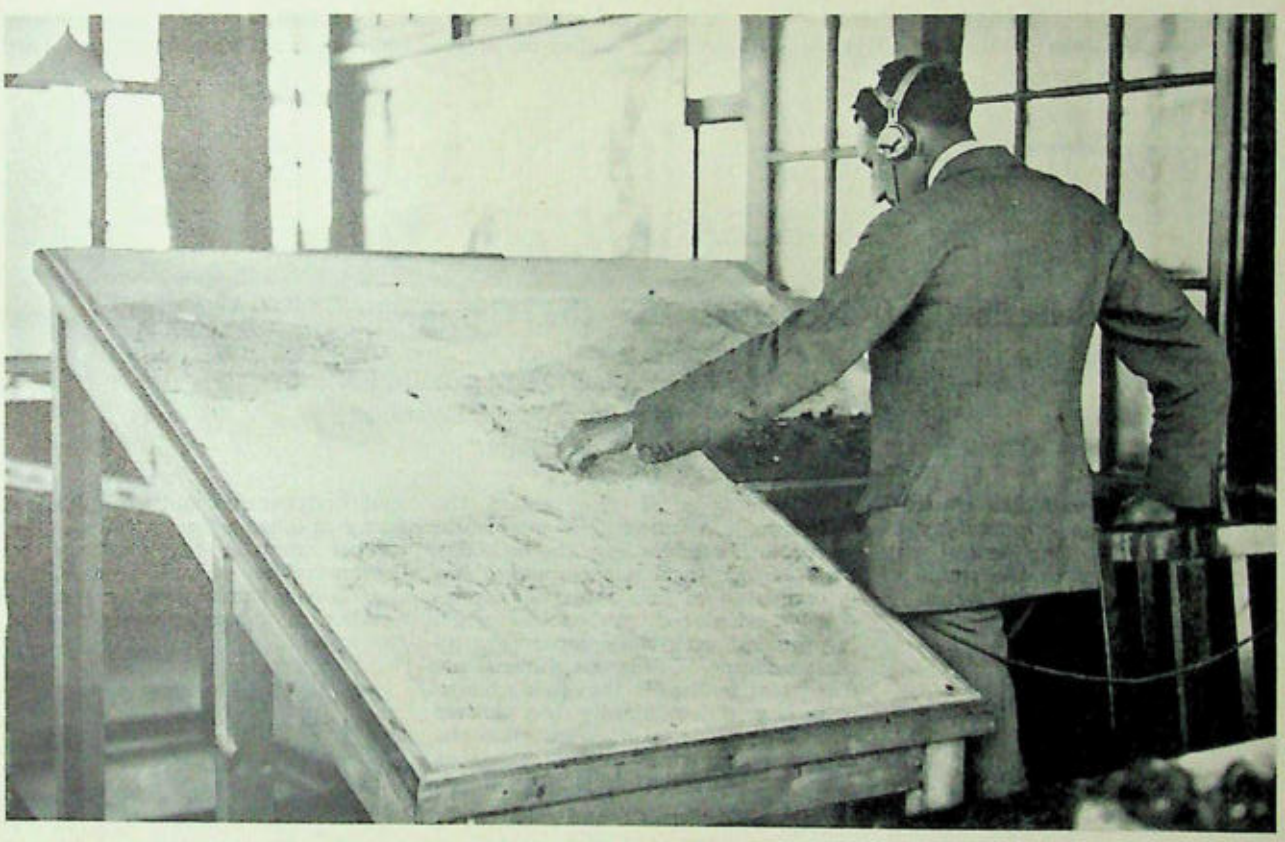
From the strictly utilitarian standpoint, the obtaining of weather reports and direction finding are the primary uses of radio for aviation purposes. There can be no doubt of their vital importance in the progress of air transport of all kinds; indeed, it is not too much to say that without their aid future long-distance all-weather air travel on any reliable basis will be impossible. As aviation develops, the necessity for a proper measure of control of the highways of the air becomes greater, and it is difficult to see how this can be efficiently carried out without bringing into use some standardised method of wireless installation.

For commercial machines of any size the Air Ministry already insists on the provision of radio equipment; and the largest machines carry a special operator so that the pilot's attention need not be distracted. One wants to see private flying freed from all regulations that can safely be abolished, but there is certainly a case for making radio compulsory on machines used for international and overseas flights.

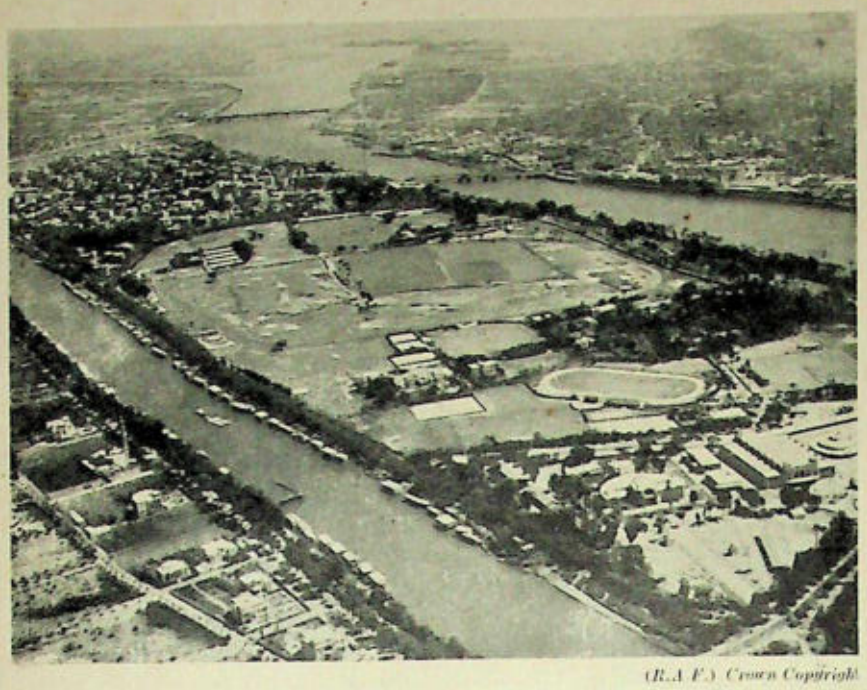
Before such a regulation could be enforced, however, ground organisation must be greatly improved. The whole question of air traffic control is receiving more and more attention both by those responsible for the regulations governing civil aviation and also by those concerned with our regular air transport services. The increasing use of air routes between important centres makes it necessary to provide the same navigational assistance for privately-owned machines as that already available for our great air liners.

The general use of wireless cannot be separated from the larger problem of the control of flying. As aviation develops, a more widespread provision of suitable aerodromes becomes essential, but in the same course of development the more important centres will be utilised to an ever-increasing extent. Wireless directional assistance is of little utility unless safe access to a terminal aerodrome can be assured under all conditions.

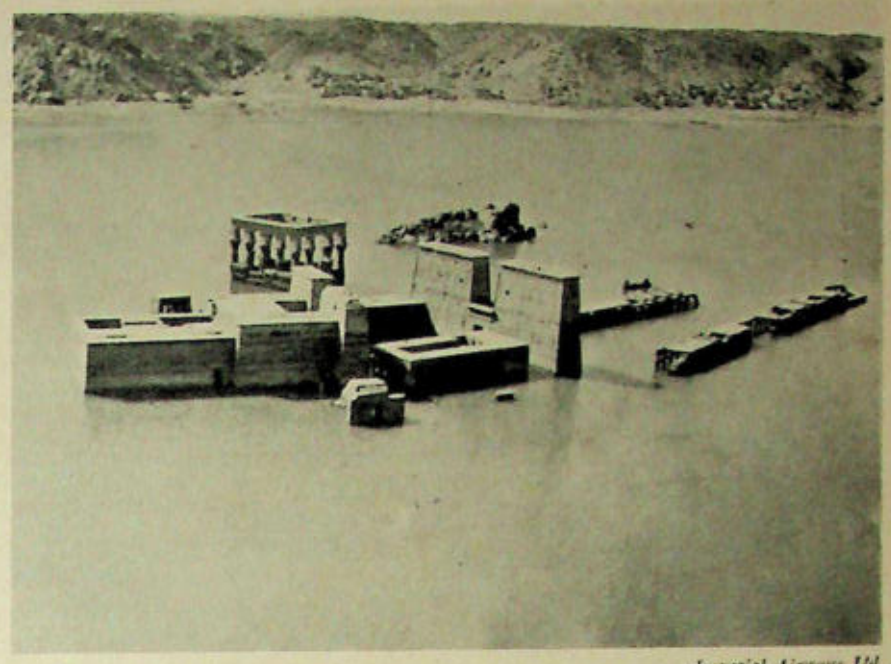
Not only is it essential that the necessity for ground wireless equipment shall be visualised, but aerodrome sites should be chosen with a view to easy access and control of aircraft using them in all weather conditions.



AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL AT CROYDON
Plotting positions of aircraft in flight from information received by wireless



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Imperial Airways Ltd.

LOOKING DOWN UPON THE EGYPT OF TO-DAY AND THE EGYPT OF LONG AGO

A bird's-eye view of the Gezira Sporting Club and (right) the Temple of Isis, on the partially submerged Island of Philæ

EGYPT AS A WINTER RESORT

The Land of the Nile, the Pyramids, the Sphinx — and the Sun

RA was one of the outstanding Gods of ancient Egypt, and Ra was a Sun God. His cult is once more in the ascendant, and it is to Egypt that Europeans are turning for sunshine "out of season." There are other attractions, of course, in that land of mysticism and vivid reminders of bygone civilisation, but it is the certainty of warmth and sunshine that calls most visitors there.

From November onwards, until the return of spring to England, Egypt is bathed continually in sunshine, with no harsh winds, but lulled only by soft breezes languidly blowing from the north across the Mediterranean, pure and dust free. One can make appointments weeks ahead without having to worry about the remote possibility that a change in the weather may spoil one's arrangements.

Yet very little in the way of special kit is necessary, for all the protection from the sun needed will be dark glasses and the shade afforded by the rim of a soft felt hat. A suit or two of medium weight should be taken, for Egyptian twilight is hardly worthy of the name, and there is a rapid drop of temperature immediately after sunset. Occasionally it will be chilly at night for a short period just after Christmas; but as a rule the nights are just pleasantly cool after the comparative heat of the day.

Apart from the climate and the opportunity of seeing for oneself the remains of an ancient and impressive civilisation, many are attracted to Egypt by the mental picture they have formed of the country, with vague ideas of camels, palm trees, pyramids, and scenes such as were enacted and described in the Bible. The treasures the country has to show will more than fulfil expectations, for, considered as a vast outdoor museum, Egypt has been peculiarly reticent in sounding her own praises.

If the visitor happens to have come from Greece, where his scholastic education will have taught him that examples of the highest form of art ever known are to be found, the surprise will be all the greater. Greek art attained its zenith a matter of four centuries before Christ, but in Egypt he will see the remains of various civilisations that are as far removed in time from Greek classical art as Greek classical art is removed from our times.

From this it should not be imagined that Egyptian art is necessarily primitive and immature. If I may be permitted to quote Mr. John Drinkwater, we will see that any such preconception must be reconsidered. "Countless walls," he writes, "still display a graphic glory that is at the top of the world's achievement in line and colour. There is a mural group in the tomb of Mera Rut at Sakkara which the Greeks at their best could not excel in design or execution. And Egypt is everywhere rich in such beauty." Not only will the visitor be impressed by the advanced civilisation of ancient Egyptian art, but he will be amazed by the immensity of scale and conception as compared with Greek architecture.

Egypt is essentially the Orient, yet its urban life provides ultra-occidental amusement and comfort. It might be said that in Egypt the East and the West form a two-roomed national habitation, in which although there is an open door from one to the other the setting of each is kept entirely apart. A visitor will thus soon feel that he is developing a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde attitude in his outlook to the country.

The visitor who is seeking sunshine will also want comfortable accommodation, and he will find that the principal hotels are as luxurious as those of the great European capitals but with an individual charm all their own. Shepheard's in Cairo is a household word. It is in the nature of a club, and its terrace has a soporific influence that impels one to sit on and gaze at the busy life that passes by. There are other hotels in Egypt that can be equally proud of the comfort, luxury and cuisine they have to offer.

In Cairo there is the Semiramis Palace Hotel with a splendid view of the Pyramids from almost every window; and under their very shadow there is the Mena House, well equipped with all facilities for sport and enjoyment, its fancy dress balls in particular being of much gaiety and magnificence. Farther up the Nile there is the Winter Palace Hotel at Luxor, with its delightful gardens and restful atmosphere.

It is doubtful if Europe has anything to compare with the Gezira Sporting Club at Cairo. In addition to an up-to-date racecourse with tote machines, it has three splendid polo grounds and a cricket field where first-class matches are habitually played. The golf course of the club will give players an entertaining game, and though the par figure is 70 it will require an extremely good player to achieve this as the course is very cleverly bunkered.

The club is justly proud, also, of its well-run tennis courts, of which there are 28, and it organises annual championships for the eastern Mediterranean, in which players of repute from farther afield are also attracted to take part. Membership fees are quite reasonable, amounting to about a pound a week for playing members and considerably less for those who become members for more extended periods.

Egypt seems to have a bright future as Europe's winter playground, for the advent of long-distance air service and its increasing popularity is gradually converting the country into a sort of Clapham Junction for air routes between Asia, Africa and Europe.

In conclusion, I would like to recommend a very interesting booklet, entitled *Egypt and the Sudan*, recently issued by the Tourist Development Association of Egypt, obtainable from the E.T.B. offices at 60 Regent Street London, W. 1.

G.



T.D.A. of E.

RURAL EGYPT: WITH THE CHEOPS PYRAMID IN THE BACKGROUND

ANSWERS to CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored.

Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem examination, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. ***Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.*** *No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.*

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges, Class VI., Division 1. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible.

Angling

Advice on Stocking.—Most fish farms are glad to advise on re-stocking if an order of appreciable size is likely to follow. Two of such farms within range of your water would appear to be the Wye Valley Fishery, Whitebrook, near Chepstow, and the Chirk Fishery, Chirk, Wrexham. If it is a question of the suitability of a water for containing trout, it may be necessary to employ a biologist to examine and report upon the quality of the water, its food-bearing capacity, etc., before embarking on a re-stocking scheme.—*R. J., Cheshire.*

Traps for Live Bait.—A wide-mouthed glass bottle (large jam jar) with the end knocked off, or a glass cylinder is an approved trap for minnows. One end should be covered with cheesecloth or perforated zinc to allow the stream to flow through, the other should be fitted with a cone of zinc with the point inwards, the extreme point of the cone being cut off to allow a hole for the minnow to pass through. The trap should be set with cone end pointing downstream. It is perhaps best to bait the trap, but some users put in one minnow and rely on the inquisitiveness of fish, which enter to find out what the minnow is doing in there.—*R. C. W., Cambridge.*

Athletics

Only One Competitor.—It is quite true that in 1882 W. G. George was the only runner to compete in the four miles flat race at the Amateur Athletic Association Championships. Only one competitor took part in the high jump in 1903, and in the long jump championship there was only one competitor in 1884 and 1901. Other events in which there has been only one entry at the championships are: pole vault (1883, 1893, 1899, 1903, 1905, 1906, 1909, 1912, 1923); putting the weight (1880, 1884, 1901); and throwing the hammer, 1884.—*J. C. M., Birmingham.*

Farm

Percheron Horses.—The address of the British Percheron Horse Society is 27, Cavendish Square, W. 1. We think that you will probably be able to find horses of this breed suitable for your requirements at Messrs. Chivers & Sons, Histon, Cambridge, who have one of the leading Percheron studs in this country.—*J. V. T., Oxford.*

Farming in Norway.—From inquiries made in Norway it appears the present conditions there are difficult, and farming gives only a very small return on the capital. On the other hand, farms may now be had on very reasonable terms. A foreigner buying land in Norway must obtain a concession from the Government. In the southern parts of Norway the climate and other conditions would probably be suitable for an Englishman with the exception perhaps of some mountain districts. In Norway the cattle must be kept indoors in the winter. Therefore Guernsey cows could probably be kept. At present the importation of cattle is not allowed.—*D. H. W., Hants.*

Foot and Mouth Disease.—It is generally recognised that the policy of slaughter which is carried out in this country has, over a period of years, reduced the number of outbreaks very considerably as compared with the outbreaks occurring in Continental countries. Although the compensation paid by the Treasury is in some years a heavy item, this policy appears to be wise economy in the long run. As regards research work on foot and mouth disease, a scientific committee has been engaged specifically on the problem for some years past. Several interim reports have been published, but the committee has not yet been able to isolate the germ of the disease, which is classed as an ultra-filtrable virus, not dissimilar, perhaps, to the influenza germ. In these circumstances, research is a very slow business, but the work is being pursued.—*W. H. K., Hants.*

Fencing

Doyne Memorial Cup.—The competition for the Doyne Memorial Cup is confined to gentlemen amateurs of British nationality who have not fought as members of an International Foil team or represented Great Britain individually, and have not won or competed in the final pool of the British Amateur Foil Championship. Preliminary pools will be held from November 27th to December 6th. Semi-final pools will be held on December 7th and the final pool on December 8th. Entries, which should be made on an official entry form, should be sent to Mr. L. A. Mowlam, Assistant Hon. Secretary, A.F.A., 56, King's Road, Wimbledon, on or before November 20th.—*J. E. A., London.*

Football

Rugby Refereeing.—We do not know of any book dealing solely with refereeing in Rugby football. Most books on the game deal with the subject, and you might find useful the chapters in D. R. Gent's *Rugby Football* (George Allen & Unwin; 2/6) or *Rugger*, by W. W. Wakefield and H. P. Marshall (Longmans Green & Co.; 15/-). The rules of the game are given in the *Rugby Football Annual* (Sporting Handbooks Ltd.; 2/-). The London Society of Rugby Referees issues a useful little booklet containing notes on the rules. These booklets can be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, 14, Airedale Road, London, S.W. 12, at 1/6 a dozen.—*P. M. R., Tipperary.*

Garden

Tree Identified.—The conifer of which you enclose a cutting is one of the cypresses (*Cupressus erecta viridis*).—"*Tyke.*" *Monmouth.*

Unsightly Tree Stumps.—Blasting and digging out are the only quick methods of getting rid of the unsightly tree stumps in your garden. Boring holes and filling with caustic soda is of little use.—*O. M., Topsham.*

Scab in Apples.—To prevent scab in apples (spotted or cracked fruit) we would recommend you to use a spray obtainable from Messrs. Bunyard, Maidstone, Kent. Spray the trees before the blossoms open, and again afterwards if necessary.—*G. R. M., Lincs.*

Kennel

Bull Terrier on Yacht.—The best thing we can suggest to keep your dog content on board a yacht would be to make a good-sized enclosure that could be littered deeply with sawdust. Try to encourage him to use this.—*Pilgrim, Bucks.*

Labrador Colour.—It is impossible to say if the sire or dam was responsible for the yellow puppies. You do not make it quite clear whether you wish to perpetuate the yellow or black. If you want blacks you should change the sire. If yellows, mate a yellow puppy to a dog or bitch of that colour as the case may be. It is not uncommon for yellows to appear in litters from black parents, and this is how they were fixed originally. We have been told by a breeder of yellows that if a black dog is mated to a yellow bitch the colour tends to become too light. This is contrary to what one would have expected. We know of no reason for supposing that the yellows should be deficient in stamina. Blacks are more popular than yellow, but the value would depend entirely upon the quality or working capacity of a dog.—*R. L. E., British Columbia.*

Library

Fitch Farming.—There is a useful little book called *Fitch Farming*, by Vivian Thomas, published by the British Fur Farmers' Association, Kingswood, Ulcombe, Maidstone. For a list of breeders from whom you can obtain stock, we would recommend you to apply either to the B.F.F.A., at the address given above, or to British Fur Trade, 100c, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C. 4.—*W. B. W., Tyrone.*

Bird Books for a Sea Voyage.—There is no one book which would enable you to identify all the birds likely to be met with on a voyage round the South American coast, through the Straits of Magellan, calling in at the Falkland Islands and home via Panama, Cuba, West Indies, etc. Perhaps the most useful for your purpose would be W. B. Alexander's *Birds of the Ocean* (15/-), which is described as "a convenient handbook for the identification of the various species of sea birds likely to be met with on ocean voyages in any part of the world." There are various books on the ornithology of South America and the West Indies, and we would particularly recommend A. F. Cobb's *The Birds of the Falkland Islands* (7/6). Any of the books mentioned can be obtained from Messrs. Wheldon & Wesley, Ltd., 2/4, Arthur Street, London, W.C. 2.—*D. J. W. E., Southampton.*

Miscellaneous

A Coachman's Cockade.—The wearing of a cockade by a coachman was generally considered to be the privilege of an officer of the Army or Navy. The privilege therefore extends to officers of the Territorial Army and the General Reserve, as there is only one form of commission issued by His Majesty. Lords Lieutenant and Deputy Lieutenants, who almost invariably held rank in the Army or Navy, also had the privilege, and latterly magistrates used it. Nowadays the custom has lost most of its significance.—"*Cockade,*" *Surrey.*

Naturalist

Snow Bunting from Scilly Isles.—The bird sent, which was shot (not by you!) in the Scilly Isles on October 27th, was a snow bunting. On the East Coast it is a not uncommon winter migrant, but is less frequent on the western side of England, although occasionally it appears in large numbers (as in 1911) in the western isles. Comparatively inconspicuous on the ground (tawny above and white below), it is very noticeable in flight by reason of the large amount of white in the wings: white outer tail feathers and white underparts.—*A. G., St. Mary's, Scilly.*

Sea Bird Inland.—The small sooty black bird with a conspicuous white patch above the tail picked up by a spaniel in a grass field at Ruabon at the end of October, and forwarded to us for identification, was a stormy petrel (*Thalassidroma pelagica*). Well known to mariners as "Mother Carey's Chicken," this little bird spends most of its life out at sea, coming ashore only to breed. There are nesting places off the coast of Wales, but in this case the bird, which when found was freshly dead, had no doubt been blown inland by the wind. We receive reports of many such after strong gales.—*J. O., Wrexham.*

Shooting

Cartridge Tests

(1) The cartridges you name are not well known. The unlined case is of the plain quality, as are also the several components. In the batch tested, velocity, pressure and recoil were fairly regular but above normal. Patterns, as is usual with most high-velocity loading, were inclined to be blown and patchy.

(2) It is difficult to say whether the case is of sufficiently good quality to allow of their being used satisfactorily in a Browning automatic gun. The purchase of cheap cartridges is usually considered false economy, and more particularly so when for use in automatic weapons dependent on regularity of recoil, etc., whereas under normal conditions they may function correctly. The chance of failure would always be present. We suggest that you would find metal-lined cartridge cases more satisfactory and well worth the extra cost. The retail price of these cartridges is quoted as 11/6 per 100, not 10/-.—*R. St. G. B., Sudbury.*

Stable

Paint for Stables.—If you require special paint for your stables, you cannot do better than apply to Messrs. Carson & Sons, Grove Works, Battersea, London, S.W. 11.—*A. N., Argyll.*

Turf

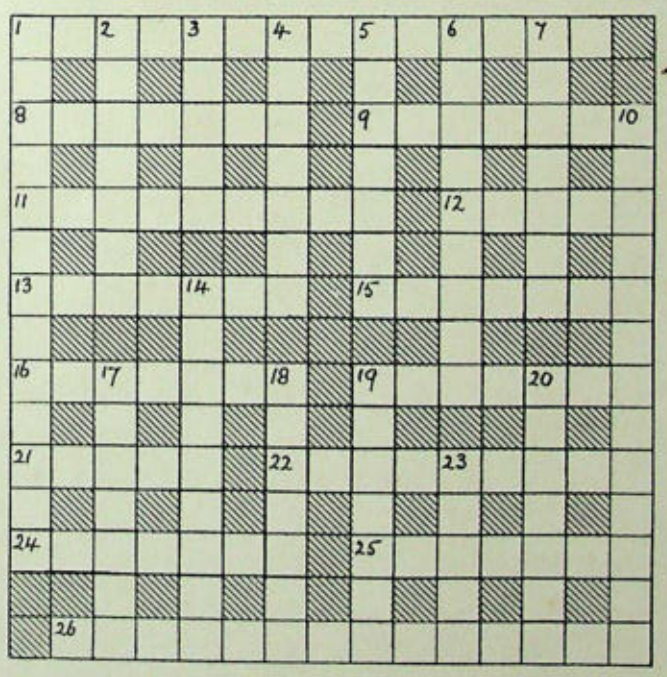
The 1932 St. Leger.—The first three horses in the St. Leger of 1932 were H.H. Aga Khan's Firdaussi, Dastur (in the same ownership) second, and Mrs. C. Rich's Silvermere third. The distance was a neck, with four lengths between second and third.—*B. V., Forest Hill.*

HORSE SALES OF THE WEEK

Leicester

Messrs Warner, Sheppard & Wade, Ltd., held their usual weekly sale at their Leicester Repository on Saturday last when the top figure realised was 250gs., that amount being paid for Lieut.-Col. the Hon. D. Bingham's Powder Monkey II., whilst Mr. E. R. Ellis got 130 guineas for his chestnut gelding. The Chairman. The principal prices were as follows: Property of Mr. R. T. Paget: Rn g, 50gs. Property of Mr. S. Oram: Bill Shakespeare, b g, 65gs. Property of Mr. Ronald Tree: Red Sea, ch g, 84gs. Property of Mr. and Mrs. Baker: b m, 50gs. Property of the Hon. Mrs. Rupert Craven: Nirvanah II, 50gs.; Property of Lieut.-Col. the Hon. D. Bingham: Powder Monkey II, ch g, 250gs. Property of Mr. E. R. Ellis: The Chairman, ch g, 130gs. The Witch, b m 60gs. Property of Mr. A. Harris: Sammy, b g, 75gs. Property of Capt. J. T. Kyffin: Suzette II, br m, 70gs.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE



CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 247

ACROSS. 1, This is given to pacify a troublesome person (four words). 8, She fell in love with the head of an ass. 9, He will bring your luggage from the station. 11, Plateau. 12, Water-nymph. 13, Ragout. 15, This is under the jurisdiction of a Bishop. 16, Real bun (anag.). 19, Gambol. 21, The men acted bravely in an endeavour to save the child (hidden). 22, This officer may become a big rider. 24, Flexible. 25, Goddess of war. 26, Paving-stones on the downward path (two words).

DOWN. 1, This proverbially results in a saving (four words). 2, A cot and a robe in confusion. 3, In this is in a high degree. 4, A shell-fish and an insect are noisy. 5, Went back. 6, Incorrect. 7, Turn to account. 10, These are memorable as dates of joyful occurrences (two words). 14, Not distracted. 17, Show of courage. 18, Crossed by Cæsar. 19, Babies do this—so do footballers. 20, River of South America. 23, Part of the ballot-box.

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

SOLUTION TO No. 246. Published November 4th

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THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER

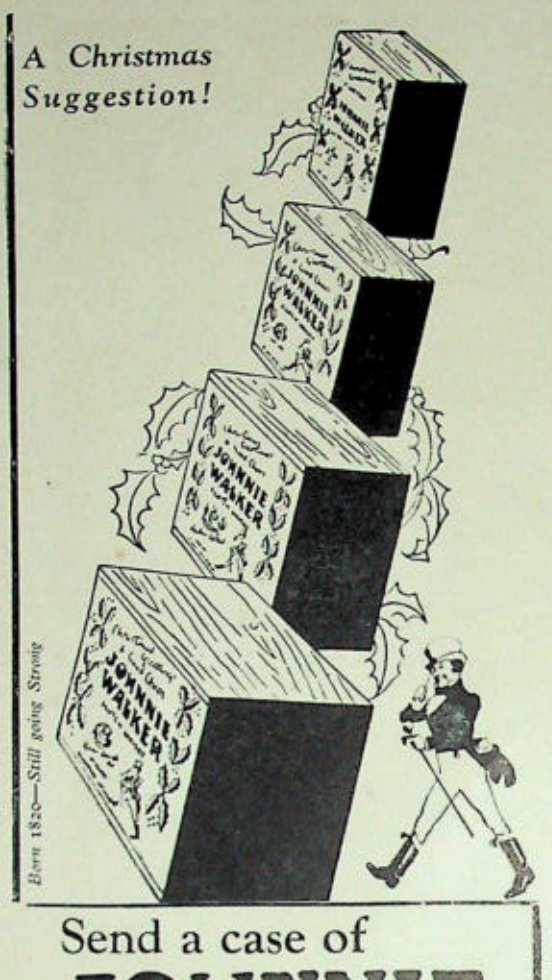
VOL. CLXII. NO. 4221. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1933

REGISTERED: PRICE 1S
POSTAGE { INLAND, 2½D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND, 1½D.; FOREIGN 5D.



LADY BURGHLEY—A KEEN FOLLOWER OF THE FITZWILLIAM

Before her marriage to Lord Exeter's son, the famous athlete, Lady Burghley was Lady Mary Montagu-Douglas-Scott, and is daughter of the 7th Duke of Buccleuch. She is well known with the Fitzwilliam, and also in the 'Shires, as a bold rider to hounds



Send a case of

JOHNNIE WALKER

— then you can't go wrong when choosing presents.
Your wine merchant or licensed dealer will supply Christmas cases containing two, three, six or twelve bottles. No extra charge for cases.

P.S.—And don't forget a case for yourself!

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.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT

GOODWILL towards men takes many forms. Certainly it is always a pleasure at Christmas to be remembered by friends and an encouragement along life's road. Most people would be disappointed if they did not receive some presents on Christmas Day, and they would miss a good deal of pleasure if they did not pay similar compliments to their friends. Christmas is the occasion of the year for refreshing old friendships, and without it the world would be the poorer.

One practical present to which thousands of working men and women can happily now look forward is a new house or a better house than they now occupy. It is true that no one in this country need starve, but bad housing is the cause of a great deal of misery. All men of goodwill must welcome the determined action the Government is taking to rid the country of slums, whether in town or country. It is a vast undertaking, but the expense and trouble will be well worth while.

For our part we are especially concerned with housing conditions in the rural districts. It may be an eye-opener to many people to discover that much needs to be done in their own districts, and that many cottages near-by are really unfit for human habitation according to modern standards of public health. This summer every district council has been required by the Ministry of Health to make a thorough survey of all the cottages in their area, and to recommend the demolition of unsatisfactory houses which cannot be repaired at reasonable cost. The total under this head will be surprisingly large when the figures are made known, and, in addition, thousands of houses are being classified for repairs to make them better homes.

In this class there are some really beautiful cottages that no one, except perhaps the occupiers who know the discomfort of draughts and damp, will want to see demolished and replaced by new cottages that may, or may not, become the village. Those who have at heart the amenities of the countryside can lend a hand now by ensuring that a competent architect with an eye for the possibilities of preservation is called in to advise the local authority before any cottages of outstanding merit are finally condemned and demolished. In every county there are architects of understanding who will gladly give a little of their time to keep intact as much as possible of a valuable heritage.

Fortunately, there is on the Statute Book an Act which provides special assistance for the re-conditioning of farm workers' cottages. Under the Rural Workers Housing Act of 1926 both the Ministry of Health and the local authority are empowered to make a grant of two-thirds of the cost of re-conditioning such cottages, and the owner need only find the remaining third. Even this portion can be borrowed from the county council and repaid over a period of years. As the provisions of the Act are generous, there is necessarily a clause which prevents the owner of re-conditioned cottages from increasing rents to his tenants out of proportion to the cost he himself has incurred in their improvement. It is a recognised fact that cottage property is not a paying investment, but this measure offers no gift to the owner. Misrepresentations have been common, so it is well to make this point clear.

Now is the time to make use of the provisions of this useful Act of Parliament. Some county councils have failed in their duty and have refused to approve the applications made by cottage owners. In such instances the Minister of Health is prepared to delegate the powers to the district councils who are ready to take their part in improving housing conditions in their areas. For many cottagers a comfortable home is the best Christmas present that men of goodwill can provide. The Act is there waiting to be used.

THE WILD BIRDS' CHARTER

THIS week has seen the end of an evil of long standing. Early in the year Lord Buckmaster introduced into the House of Lords a measure designed to prevent the trapping and caging of wild birds. The Bill was referred to a Committee, and in an amended form passed all its stages in the Lords, and was sent in due course to the House of Commons. It passed its second reading, but was blocked in the Report stage by a small section of the House, who were apparently dissatisfied that their own particular views were not embodied in the measure, though there was ample evidence to show that the sense of the country was with the Bill—witness the unanimous resolution in its favour of the 8,000 women representing the National Federation of Women's Institutes at the Albert Hall in May. The blocking tactics of these two or three members succeeded, and the Bill was postponed until Parliament reassembled last week.

THANKS TO THE GOVERNMENT

A happy surprise awaited the supporters of the Bill. The Prime Minister announced that the Government were taking it up as a Government measure. In due course it came up for its final stage on Tuesday evening, and it is now the law of the land. The would-be blockers have been put in their proper place. That is as it should be; but the main fact is that at long last the cruelties of bird snaring, the maiming and torture of the trapped victims, and the misery inflicted by the caging of wild creatures have been ended by this Act. The thanks and congratulations of all humane men are due to Lord Buckmaster and Lord Howard of Penrith, who first framed the Bill; to Mr. John Buchan, who had charge of the Bill in the House of Commons; and, above all, to the Prime Minister, who saw the situation in its true light, and gave the Bill the sanction and goodwill of the Government.

A USEFUL CONVENTION

With the same commendable promptitude as has characterised the arrangements for making the provisions of the big game conference known to the public, the Colonial Office has issued the text of the convention. A careful perusal leaves little to add either in letter or spirit from the article in last week's *Field*. The convention is a useful one. But if any of the contracting parties are anxious to avoid the responsibilities of its provisions they will have little difficulty in so doing. Article 8, which excepts from the scope of the convention recognised native rights and the defence of property; article 9, which makes found ivory become, *in principle*, the property of the Government; article 13, which allows for a contracting Government excepting the greater part of its possessions from these arrangements, would all permit of a Government anxious to escape from the letter and spirit of the convention being able to do so.

The French suggestion of a permanent commission was certainly attractive, if difficult of achievement, and we rather regret its non-adoption. But the periodic reconsideration of the treaty may serve as a spur to any Government anxious to escape from its liabilities, though the most potent source of pressure must be, as always, that of world-wide public opinion.

OUTSTANDING QUESTIONS

When next the conference meets the question of aeroplanes is to be discussed, and an altitude limit for low flying is to be fixed. Further, at the next conference, "the question of the exchange of information relating to infectious or contagious diseases of importance for the preservation of flora and fauna, or capable of affecting men as well as animals," will be brought forward. This, we take it, will cover the very important question of tsetse fly which the *Field* has stressed as a matter urgently needing solution. Possibly the personnel of this conference were not entirely qualified to deal with this highly technical, scientific subject, but the matter brooks no delay.

The schedule of animals deserving varying measures of protection is admirable, and we can offer no criticism of it. The nyala, the Barbary stag, the gorilla, the white rhinoceros, the northern hartebeeste, the pigmy hippopotamus and the Abyssinian ibex, among others, are completely protected. And it is good to see that among animals given a large measure of partial protection, at the discretion of the local authority, is the elephant, while immature beasts are completely protected. Finally, satisfaction will be felt that the use of poison for hunting is prohibited. We hope that this will put a stop to the barbarous order issued by the Swaziland Government for reducing by poisoned water the increasing numbers of the blue wildebeeste.

FOOTBALL IN THE SCHOOLS

After complacently watching schools all over the country giving up Association football for Rugby in the last few years, the Football Association is apparently to make an effort to re-establish the game among the schools as part of a scheme for providing expert coaches for all and sundry. The scheme has received as much publicity as a great sporting development and no doubt it will do good in some directions. In spite of the great enthusiasm among the schools for Rugby, opinions are still divided as to whether it is a really suitable game for young boys, and Association football is regarded by many as the more beneficial.

But the decline of the Association game in the schools goes far deeper than a matter of coaching. It is mainly the result of the craze for league competitions among clubs of all grades, so that a young player now has practically no opportunity of joining a club which is not constantly engaged in a struggle for points and the many unpleasant features attaching to it. This seems to us an insuperable obstacle to revival of the game on any large scale in the schools.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a Northern daily paper: "Three kills were made in exactly 2hr. 40min., the last hare being run to earth in just over half-an-hour. Altogether the meeting was one of the best of the season."

D'YE KEN JOHN PEEL

Our cover picture is reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. W. F. Embleton, 70, Jermyn Street, London, S.W. 1, and is a portion of the last picture by Goodwin Kilburn in his series of four paintings illustrating the famous Cumberland sportsman. "Come fill—fill to him another strong bowl" is the subject of our reproduction.

CRICKET IN INDIA

Evidence of the progressive spirit in Indian cricket, so well demonstrated by the team which visited this country last year, is being confirmed by some of the performances against the English team which is now touring India. Of outstanding interest are the hundreds scored by Major C. K. Naidu for the Governor's Team and by Amar Nath for the Southern Punjab, both against well-varied English bowling, including in the one case Nichols, Langridge, C. S. Marriott and Townsend, and in the other case Nichols, Clark, Langridge, Verity and Townsend. It was against the second combination that the Yuvraj of Patiala scored 66 for the Southern Punjab, who in their second innings ran up 103 for one wicket.

The fact that the English team has made some big scores suggests that the Indian bowling is not yet as good as their batting, and the tour should do much to stimulate progress in this direction. Another welcome development which will without a doubt do much good to Indian cricket is the formation of the new "Cricket Club of India," designed to become the central body for Indian cricket—a sort of M.C.C.—with a national membership. This has been under discussion for some years, and its establishment during the English team's visit is a happy augury. We wish it all success.

IN A GOOD CAUSE

Westminster Hospital was founded 200 years ago as the first voluntary hospital, and for the last 100 years it has occupied its present site in the Broad Sanctuary. This site, once entirely adequate, has outlived its date, and the governors of the hospital have secured an alternate site hard by in St. John's Gardens, which will suit their purposes admirably. Towards this £350,000 will have to be found in new money, and £100,000 of this total by next March—a bold scheme which starts with the fullest approval of the hospital's president, the Prince of Wales.

Christmas thoughts are in the air now, and in one respect at least English Christmases have not changed from those of Dickens. We are still the most charitable people in the world as regards the upkeep of our voluntary hospitals. Is it too much to hope that those who read these words will send a donation, however small, to the Treasurers, Westminster Hospital, Broad Sanctuary, London, S.W. 1, and help those less fortunate than themselves by reason of both poverty and sickness?

SALE OF A FAMOUS FISHERY

Ballynahinch, the Irish estate of Ranjitsinhji, whose memory is still green amongst cricketers, has been sold. More, it has been divided, the lakes from the stream, for Inagh, Derryclare and Glendalough have gone to one purchaser and Ballynahinch with its river and castle to another. It is not, fortunately, a case of dividing "the desert from the sown," since the river and lakes are equally famous for the run of salmon and sea trout which comes into them, free from the nets which take so large a toll in many Irish rivers.

The late Maharajah must have brought with him from India some inherited taste for the silken ease of the East, for there is probably no river in these islands where the comfort of the angler is so carefully considered as on those three miles which divide Ballynahinch from the sea—each pool with its number graven deep in the rock, its amenities for casting and its gauge to show the height of the water. Such facilities savour too much of civilisation and its trammels, to be to the taste of all fishermen, but at Ballynahinch they are soon forgotten in the beauty of nature's setting.

DEVON

Which of English poems is most typical of Devonshire? If you are to choose a song, there should be little doubt; it would be that lilting rhyme which begins:

> "Tom Pearse, Tom Pearse, lend me thy grey mare."

But that is not poetry. If the lines are to speak of the spirit of Devon, surely we must take them from Sir Henry Newbolt's *Drake's Drum*:

> "Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon seas,
> (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
> Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
> An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
> "'Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
> Strike et when your powder's runnin' low;
> If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
> An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago.'"



The Davis Cup at the Guildhall being inspected by Sir Percy and Lady Greenaway. With them are Mr. Roper Barrett and Mr. Sabelli, secretary of the L.T.A.

A BALANCE SHEET OF SPORT

With the Empire on the Credit Side

IN this the fifteenth year since the war ended, the place occupied by British athletes in sports and games before it began seems about to be restored. It is customary to say that the gap in continuity has been owing to the sweeping away in those tragic four years of the flower of our young athletic manhood, and that is true. But it is only partly true. The assault on Great Britain's pre-eminent position in the sports communicated by her to the rest of the world had begun before. The war accentuated the inevitable effects of a world-wide competition.

The soundness of this proposition appears in reviewing the results of international competition in the Olympic Games before the war as well as after. It is a quarter of a century since Britain occupied a predominant position there, the occasion being the meeting on her own territory in 1908. But it is not necessary to call into the witness-box that extremely composite tournament where there are events from hop-skip-and-a-jump to throwing the discus, to suit every nation's peculiar aptitude.

At our own distinctively national game of cricket our supremacy suffered some severe setbacks before the war, otherwise we should not have had to wait till last winter to establish a tenuous lead over the Australians in Test matches. In rowing, too, we had pre-war reverses, for the Belgians won the Grand Challenge Cup three times before 1914.

The lamentations over a large imaginary decay in athletic prowess have arisen chiefly because of our much-advertised want of success in lawn tennis, which, as the entries for the Davis Cup show, is now played by 30 nations, and in golf, which, shifting from Scotland, became, a few years ago, something like the national game of the United States. In these, as in some other ball games, like rackets, real tennis or squash, individual genius may arise in any country and will triumph. But with this allowance we can still point to 1933 as having brought the Davis Cup into our possession, and as having demonstrated that in F. Perry and H. W. Austin we have two amateur lawn tennis players who, taken together, are better than any two in the world.

It would be idle to pretend that we are on such high ground in speaking of this year's golf. Nevertheless, our professionals did succeed in holding the Ryder Cup against the strong team of raiders brought over by Walter Hagen. We call them strong because, collectively, they again won the Open Championship at St. Andrews, Densmore Shute succeeding where Hagen and Sarazen failed. Nevertheless, we have a feeling which events cannot entirely suppress that in Allis, Padgham and Easterbrook, to name no others, we have golfers who are of the right championship stuff.

In amateur golf the position is more speculative because there has been no serious American challenge this year, but the golfers of whom we have most hopes—E. Fiddian, E. C. Ruvie and J. McLean—are all very young.

When we turn from these events, where our credit account has been least, to others where our successes are less noted than the failures, the past year shows a most reassuring balance sheet. In rowing we have everything to expect, and few to fear. We have to admit the narrow defeat of the Cambridge Eight last year in America, and do not desire to offer what the Americans call an alibi. But Henley this year was all our own in the races that count, and both on the Tideway and on the Cam rowing has never been in a healthier state nor more enthusiastically pursued.

At Cambridge this term the University Fours were won by Pembroke, who, coached in the Fairbairn style, defeated Fairbairn's college, Jesus, in a time which knocked 10 seconds off the record. Pembroke and their J. H. T. Wilson, who won the Colquhoun Sculls, are something of a phenomenon in rowing.

In athletics, despite a seemingly incurable ineptitude in field events, the year's record is as full of promise as it has been recurringly brilliant. In the 100yds. sprint we have G. T. Saunders of the Polytechnic Harriers, who beat Berger of Holland, and Jonath of Germany in 9⅘sec. in the championships. In the quarter-mile, F. F. Wolff (L.A.C.) is as clearly in the first class as his time of 49sec. for the distance shows.

In J. E. Lovelock and R. H. Thomas we have two British milers who are worthy of the nationality which produced W. G. George. It is hardly necessary to point out that this year we did not have it all our own way. If we beat Finland and France, taking together all the events, we lost to Italy in Italy, and the Germans gave us what we may call a jolt. But we can still agree with Mr. F. A. M. Webster that all's well with British athletics.

There is one event, not to be included in athletics, but of hardly less interest to British hearts, because we have been disappointed of winning it for so long, which seems, this year, to have moved a step nearer. The performances of Mr. Stephenson's Velsheda during the yachting season encourage a hope that Endeavour, the new Nicholson yacht being built for Mr. Sopwith, may bring over the America's Cup next year. The hope is the stronger because the variability of design can be but slight, and Americans may find a greater difficulty than before in outbuilding us. E. S. G.

REPORTS OF HUNTING RUNS

In this week's issue of the "Field" reports of runs will be found in pages IMMEDIATELY PRECEDING THE FRONTISPIECE. *By this means readers will be ensured of a fixed position for accounts of the doings of any particular packs in which they are interested, and in order to facilitate reference the various hunts will be given in alphabetical order. It is hoped to give much more space to reports in this way than would be possible in the body of the paper.*



WHEN LADIES JOINED THE HUNTING FIELD. A HABIT OF THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY IN H. B. CHALON'S PAINTING OF A WARWICKSHIRE BEAGLE PACK

Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Arthur Ackermann & Son, 157, New Bond Street, London, W.1

MEMORIES OF MY HUNTING DAYS

Astride or Side-saddle?—25 Years in the Shires—A Famous Grand National Winner

By THE COUNTESS OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH

I DO not know what "Who's Who" writes to-day upon my favourite recreations or tastes, as it is some time since I have looked at this instructive book, but I know what *I* would say. It would be amusing to write a private "Who's Who" of what we think applicable to our friends. In America I am told there was an entertaining book published under the name of "Whose Whose?" but I never saw it.

Riding to hounds in a grass country is the recreation that I have most enjoyed in my life, for two reasons. I will begin with the first. Although born in Scotland, where I never saw a hound or a fox, I adored horses, and was a natural "horseman."

Like jockeys who weigh 7st. and can ride powerful racehorses, I could ride hunters up to 16st. or 17st. —horses that I could hardly stop at a trot. This faculty came from riding horses with heavy, and not sharp, bits, and no curb chain, and only a soft indiarubber to keep the bits in their proper place. There is no greater mistake than riding a horse—whether a hack or a hunter—in a bit that is uncomfortable or fretting to its mouth. With a heavy bit, you can afford to let your horse's head alone till the moment comes when you have to pull him up, which I did by drawing the curb rein under the pommel of my saddle. Since my sex have taken to riding astride this cannot be done, and I rather wonder if hands are not heavier to-day than they were when I rode to hounds, as it is hardly possible—from the photographs I see—for men and women riding astride not to hold on occasionally by their horses' heads.

I always had a prejudice against women riding astride, and remember being shocked when I saw Lady Constance Richardson riding down Rotten Row dressed as a man. I must confess that she looked well, and was perfectly turned out, and when I saw Lady Florence Chaplin riding astride I began to think I was wrong, and wished that I had started riding on a man's saddle. I remember a horse dealer near Melton telling me that his son—who rode over fences round a tan ring to display his father's hunters—had begun by riding on a side-saddle. The boy was one of the finest performers that I ever saw: the horse was not made that he could not ride, and, like myself, his weight—counting saddle, and bridle—could not have been more than 9st. I asked the dealer why he had taught his son to ride on a side-saddle, and he replied that to teach a little boy to ride *well* he should have *confidence*, and without grip, or balance, he was certain that his son would be obliged to hold on by the head of his mount.



LORD LONDONDERRY

The present Air Minister, from a portrait by Mr. Keturah Collings

I am writing of many years ago, and I dare say if I were to ride to hounds with any pack to-day, I would find that the best women riders do not ride on side-saddles. There is another reason why I think women cannot rival men by riding astride. My sex are built by Nature with round thighs and men's are flat. It is possible that with the physical exercises that women take to-day their figures have altered. Nothing is stranger than the way female figures change with fashion. In the pictures painted by Reynolds and Gainsborough women had hock-bottle shoulders and high waists; later, they had small waists and large hips; now they have square shoulders and small hips—so you never can tell! I am open to correction, but I do not think well-made women ever have flat thighs.

You always enjoy what you do well in life, and when horse-dealers mounted me in Leicestershire to sell their light-weight hunters I felt as if I were a person of importance. I went to stay with Lord and Lady Manners for a fortnight at Cold Overton—a lovely little old house between Oakham and Melton—and hunted with them for 25 years. Lord Manners had been the Master of the Quorn and had won the Grand National in the early 'eighties on a horse called Seaman—at least, I think that was his name—and when he and I saw a great hunt together over large fences with the Cottesmore hounds, I asked him how he managed to be at the end of the hunt on such an impossible animal! Seaman seemed to me to take off from his stomach at every fence. When Lord Manners told me that he had ridden, and *won* the Grand National on it in a snowstorm I was amazed.

Selling horses for my dealer friends was also a great excitement, and after a long experience, I found that telling the precise truth was the best way of selling a horse. In these ways I would like to mention the name of the Minister for Air, Lord Londonderry, and Major A. E. Burnaby, who was at one time the Master of the Quorn. They were scrupulously accurate when I asked them to tell me about the horses they wanted to sell. There is another way in which you can generally sell a

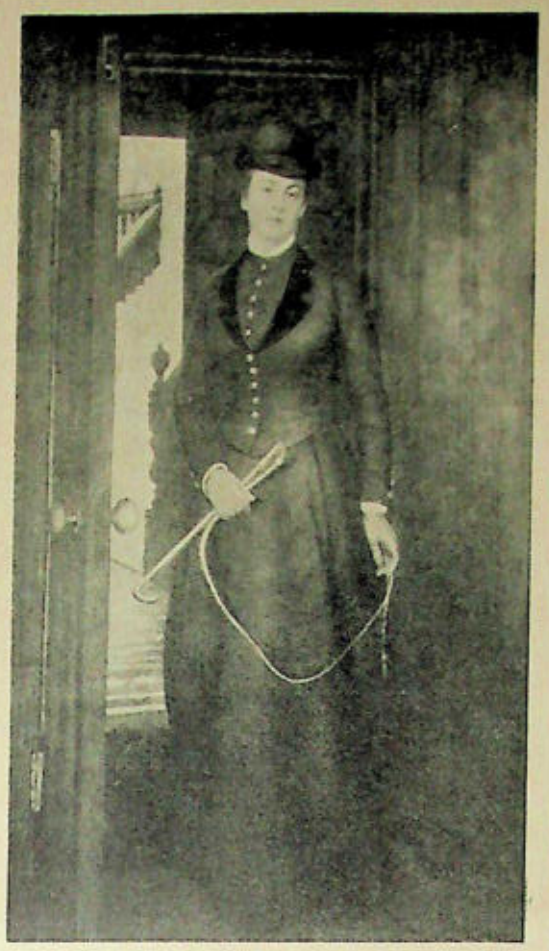
horse. Study the character of the man or woman who wants to buy it, and you have only to say: "Do not buy this hunter as you could not ride it." They will be indignant at what they think *your* vanity; but, knowing *theirs*, you will add: "It wants a great deal of knowing as it is perverse."

Someone wrote somewhere that a man would rather have his honour suspected than his horsemanship. Whether this is a true saying or not I do not know, but I was placed in a predicament once when, after a very slow hunt over the Burton flats, a man came up to me and asked me whose horse I was riding. I told him it was not mine. Mr. Sam Hames—



MR. SAM HAMES
From a caricature of this well-known Leicestershire sportsman

the most loved of all horse-dealers—had mounted me on a horse for which he had given a large sum of money. It was a golden chesnut, of perfect proportions, and I doubt if the worst rider could have roped it down. It could extend itself over unexpected width and rise like a swallow over any height; it had perfect shoulders and a perfect mouth, but it was *slow*. The man who asked me about it seldom went out of a canter. I knew him well, and he knew me, but he was vain, and liked jumping very high fences when hounds checked and there



LADY FLORENCE CHAPLIN IN HER HUNTING DAYS
Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Macmillan from "Henry Chaplin, a Memoir," by the Marchioness of Londonderry

was little reason to jump. He never asked me if the horse could gallop, and I was sure that, perfect and beautifully bred though it was, I could never sell the horse to any really *hard* rider.

After extolling the virtues of my mount, the gentleman asked me why I did not buy it. I said with truth that I could not afford to give £300 for a hunter, and added that in any case I did not think it was a lady's horse. I did not feel very happy over this answer—as I might have said a child could ride it—but my hunting friend was delighted, and bought it at once. To console me for my slyness the beautiful chesnut carried its buyer for a great many years to his complete satisfaction.

My second reason for placing foxhunting as my favourite recreation is that it is the healthiest out-of-door life that I know, and it requires more qualities than skill to ride well to hounds. To be popular in the hunting field you have to have both courage and courtesy, and, above all, never bore your competitors with stories of your own achievements. We have all been left behind in famous runs, and have all jumped impossible places, and no one is going to listen to long explanations of how, and why, we did either. I am not a great believer in being "left behind," unless, of course, you are on a very slow horse.

After hunting with nearly every pack of foxhounds in England for over 25 years I noticed that usually the same men were always in front, or, as novelists would say, "in at the death." There is one expression common to journalists which has often puzzled me. In describing an accident in the hunting field they write, "He was thrown from his horse." Why not say, "Thanks to an impartial seat, Mr. X fell off at a high fence"? Or, if this did not describe the accident accurately they might say, "The horse pecked on landing over



MAJOR A. E. BURNABY
Master and joint-Master of the Quorn from 1919-32 and a first-class rider to hounds

a high fence, and unable to recover himself fell on the top of Mr. X." I have never yet seen the horse who could "throw" its rider.

These, however, are details. To be "thrown" from your horse is more romantic than to lie under him; and for Press purposes, a violent impression of an accident in the hunting field is what is needed. What I think of importance in foxhunting is that it brings people of all classes together, promotes good feeling, encourages horse-breeding, and is the finest sport in the world.





TO-DAY'S CONTRAST IN RIDING STYLES
(Left): The Hon. Mrs. F. Cripps, one of the best horsewomen at present riding to hounds. (Right): Miss Diana Bell, a winner of many Point-to-Points, daughter of Mr. I. Bell, Master of the South and West Wilts

W. A. Rouch



"COME H'UP YOU H'UGLY BEAST!"
One of Leech's most celebrated pictures of the immortal grocer which is known the whole world over

DID SURTEES' CHARACTERS EVER EXIST?

Some Views on the Identity of John Jorrocks

WERE I asked to name three characters in Victorian fiction that have earned imperishable fame for their authors, I should not hesitate to select Becky Sharp, Pickwick, and last, but by no means least, John Jorrocks. I do not think that exception could be taken to the first two, but I confess that the third might seem extraordinary to a number of people, for Surtees' works appeal to a more or less limited section of the community. Possibly the same might be said of Thackeray!

Yet even after the lapse of nearly a century, it is indisputable that their popularity in that class is not merely maintained but actually increasing, and that the chief factor for this is the old sporting grocer. His popularity is easy of comprehension, Jorrocks is essentially human. I do not suppose that anyone has ever met him or his counterpart in the flesh, any more than Pickwick; as to Becky Sharp I am not so positive. Surtees depicts Jorrocks in three phases: "jaunting and jollying," the cockney squire, and the M.F.H., but it is the last that earned his reputation and causes him to live in our affection; for his humour, if at times verging on the *risqué*, his shrewdness, and equally his simplicity all form such a delightful combination.

It has been said that all Surtees' characters are drawn from life, which in a sense is true, for all are lifelike, but not in the accepted meaning of the expression. No doubt he drew them from anyone he came across whose characteristics or peculiarities appeared serviceable to him as a novelist, but in two instances only, to which I shall refer again, from a single individual. I have heard it said that Jorrocks was taken from a quondam Master of the Cottesmore, which is ridiculous on the face of it; the only point of resemblance between them was that both were welter-weights, and he must ever remain as the delightful creation of a versatile brain. Next to Jorrocks, Surtees' reputation undoubtedly rests on that less-attractive person, that "characterless character," as he himself apologises for him in the preface to the 1852 edition of his book, Soapy Sponge, who, I always think, must, like his compeer Facey Romford, have been drawn from life. I do not think either can have been created without some foundation of fact; and, indeed, I fancy most of us have come across people having certain points of resemblance with them. Both were sharpers whom it is difficult to define; let their author's own descriptions suffice: "mercenary illegitimate offshoots of the noble sport of hunting." None the less one cannot resist a sneaking liking for them and hope that their bank in Melbourne enabled them to set up the pack of hounds that Surtees anticipates.

In his own North country one still occasionally hears some of his characters fathered on his local contemporaries and neighbours, but never with reliable evidence in support of the assertion, which I think can be dismissed as traditional gossip founded in the first instance on personal spleen or dislike. For it must be borne in mind that Surtees was a caustic writer in whose works sentiment is entirely lacking, and usually depicted the less amiable side of human nature. It has even been said that he never drew a gentleman, though exception can surely be made in favour of Jovey Jessop, whom I have heard identified with a famous M.F.H. of that era, one of the Fathers of the Chase, and his Jug with a relative of a legal luminary of the day. Thus Lords Scamperdale and Jawleyford have been attributed to the then heads of two great Northern land-owning families, who still reside on their estates; Marmaduke Muleygrubs to the son of a former Bishop of a Northern diocese, and Joggleybury Crowdey, who could never pass a straight stick without cutting it (wherein I have a secret sympathy with him), to one of Surtees' own tenants, and so on with others; but as this is all conjectural I propose to leave slumbering dogs undisturbed.

But as I have already said, there is one of Surtees' prominent characters whose identity in real life is never questioned, except of course Pomponius Ego (C. I. Apperley), and that is James Pigg, who was drawn from Joe Kirk, huntsman to Jonathan Richardson, of Shotley Lodge, who hunted what is now part of the Braes of Derwent country with a small private pack founded on a draft given him by the second Duke of Cleveland. Some of Kirk's sayings and doings are still remembered in the locality, of which I will only instance one, when he jumped into a melon-frame, which occurred at Corbridge near Hexham. Incidentally, as regards Pigg's vernacular, which so puzzled Jorrocks at their first interview, may I be permitted to recall the delight with which, as a young man playing in a village cricket match in his own country, I heard my host's gamekeeper call a small boy who had run him out a "bit brazen bowdekite," and describe how a poacher had bolted "tappey-lappey," *anglicé*, as fast as his legs would carry him.

Incidentally, it is inexplicable why Surtees should have thought fit to associate James, with John, Pigg. Pigg's friends will recall that "mar fore elder John willed away arle wor brass to the Formory, ye see, and left me wi fairly nout." He was a local historical personage who was Surveyor of Newcastle in the middle of the seventeenth century, and whose bequest made in 1688 is still to be seen clagged in "goud letters" on a wooden tablet on the wall of the "Formory" at Newcastle, which, of course, did not exist at that date. Part was willed to the benefice of Earsdon and part for the repair of roads in Northumberland, and the balance in trust for such poor people "as had not cast themselves into poverty by idleness or reduced themselves to beggary by riotous prodigality." In 1832 this part of the trust was allotted by the Court of Chancery to the Royal Infirmary to its average annual benefit of upwards of £500. John Pigg died in 1689 presumably childless, and I can only suppose that Surtees considered an allusion to him in a work of fiction excusable after a lapse of nearly two centuries, for no proof is existent that he was the "fore elder" of Joe Kirk.

And now to turn to some of Surtees' minor characters, of whom, most are still with us, with the regrettable exception of Mr. Springwheat, the prosperous yeoman farmer of that day whose extinction Surtees prophesies in *Hillingdon Hall* in a passage that might have been written during or since the Great War. But we come across the others every day, though possibly Sir Moses Mainchance, Mr. Puffington, Billy Pringle and others are on a slightly higher social pedestal, and his ladies, with the exception of Lucy Glitters—who I think was undoubtedly a brain creation, despite many positive assertions to the contrary—are as true to life as ever. For it must again be remembered that sentiment was entirely absent from Surtees' writings, though not, I believe, his nature, and he depicted women as some men see them—out to make the most of a pretty face from the matrimonial point of view.

Finally, there is one disputed point about Surtees' writings, and that is the original of Handley Cross, which was almost undoubtedly founded on Leamington, and not, as is occasionally claimed, on Croft Spa. I do not think that those who hold this theory can ever have visited this quiet little country village and compared it with the pretentious town "with streets full of shops, large hotels, public buildings, public-houses and promenades."

P. S.

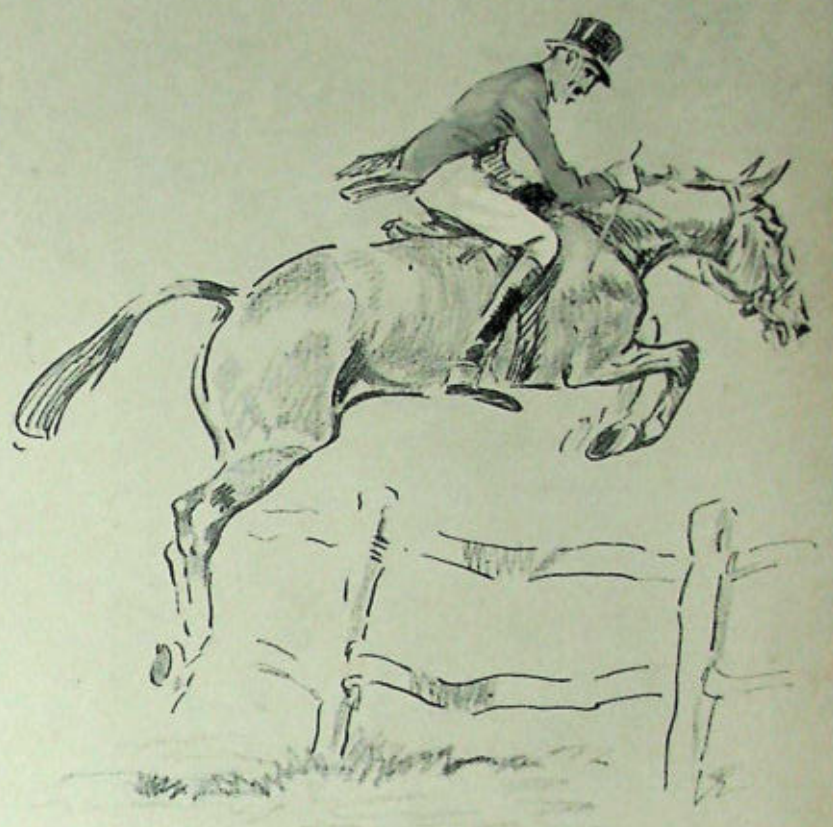


PIGG IN THE MELON FRAME, BY JOHN LEECH
One of the few incidents in Surtees' books which can be positively identified, and which took place at Corbridge, near Hexham

'Osses and Obstacles



THE PRETTY—PRETTY.



Hoppity — Hoppity — One — Two — Three.



JACK ASHORE

Our Spinnaker



THE ASH-PLANT AND SNAFFLE BRIDLE SCHOOL

"To Blazes with the Book — Come on!"



"AN ORDERLY MUDDLE WITH A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING AND EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE"

CHRISTMAS AMONG THE ESKIMOS

Perfect Hosts and Seal Meat for Dinner

By MARTIN LINDSAY (*Author of "Those Greenland Days"*)

THIS time three years ago I was living, like the widow, in reduced circumstances: a primitive guest of a primitive but hospitable people. And now, as Christmas returns once more, my mind goes back to those stout-hearted folk who daily battle for their lives within the Arctic Circle.

The Eskimos inhabit the northern seaboards of more than half the circumference of the globe—from the East Coast of Greenland to the Asiatic shore of Behring Strait. And apart from a sprinkling of white men—traders, trappers and missionaries—they are the only inhabitants of those regions. Except in a few isolated districts still untouched by the march of progress they are all, at any rate technically, Christians. And as Christians they appreciate the annual excuse for festivity and, like ourselves, celebrate the occasion in the time-honoured manner of over-eating.

All along the coasts of Labrador and Northern Canada they are at this moment hurrying from far-distant settlements to the mission station or trading post. With their household effects and party clothes tied up in sealskin sacks upon their sledges they are speeding over the ice. However light the sledge load is it will be pulled by ten dogs or more, for a good dog-team is the sign of an Eskimo's prosperity and on an occasion like this they must show off all their possessions.

On Christmas Day there will be a service, with the men sitting on one side of the "church" and the women on the other; they will be well preached to, but the hymns are liable to be a failure, for the many dogs sitting round outside have a taste for music and will often chime in and drown the singing with a concert of their own.

After the service comes the big business of the day—Christmas dinner, with an eider duck to take the place of turkey. In the evening the missionary lights the candles on the balsam fir, and enter Father Christmas with real snow upon his boots. Then there are dances: strange wild exercises where everyone becomes very hot and happy. The girls are wearing their best dresses, beribboned and trimmed with the white fur of baby seals. Hour after hour they all dance like madmen, their round, bronzed faces aglow with jolliness. To-morrow night will be the same, and many nights after, for this Eskimo Christmas lasts from December 24th to January 6th. It is a strenuous business.

But East Greenland is a far cry from Canada, and my hosts of three years ago are of quite a different type to their kinsman of the West. Although there is a mission station not far away it has done no more than teach a few of them to read and write.

In accordance with the wise policy of the Danish Government it does not interfere in any way with their mode of life, for as soon as the Eskimo is tainted with the white man's civilisation he becomes degenerate. At present there is no chance of such a thing happening in this district, where the only signs of progress are the replacement of sealskin clothing by woollen garments and soapstone pots by tin ones—both of which are bought at the mission store in exchange for seal and bear skins. Otherwise there has been no change for a thousand years.

To-day, as in the past, these people live solely upon the fruits of their hunting and have scarcely a thing that they have not made themselves out of what limited material is at their disposal: skins, bone and driftwood. So there was no tinsel or turkey about that Christmas of 1930. None of the comforts (and worries) of civilisation. Not even a change of clothing! Instead of a candle-lit tree there was a blubber lamp: instead of plum pudding and mince pies were tit-bits from the more obscure organs of the seal.

The house was placed on a small island in a good sealing locality. Built of boulders and sod, and roughly half the size of a tennis court, it was the home of about a dozen complete families, comprising 43 people. Each family had a space allotted to it on a shelf raised 3ft. off the ground. There were no partitions between families, but an occasional post of driftwood supporting the roof marked their boundaries. The entrance was a narrow tunnel below the general level of the floor, which was roughly paved with flat rocks. Each housewife had a blubber lamp with the cooking pots hanging above it, tied with sealskin line from the roof. As the flame heating each "dixie" was no more than about six candle-power, the meat stewed all day and was deliciously tender in consequence.

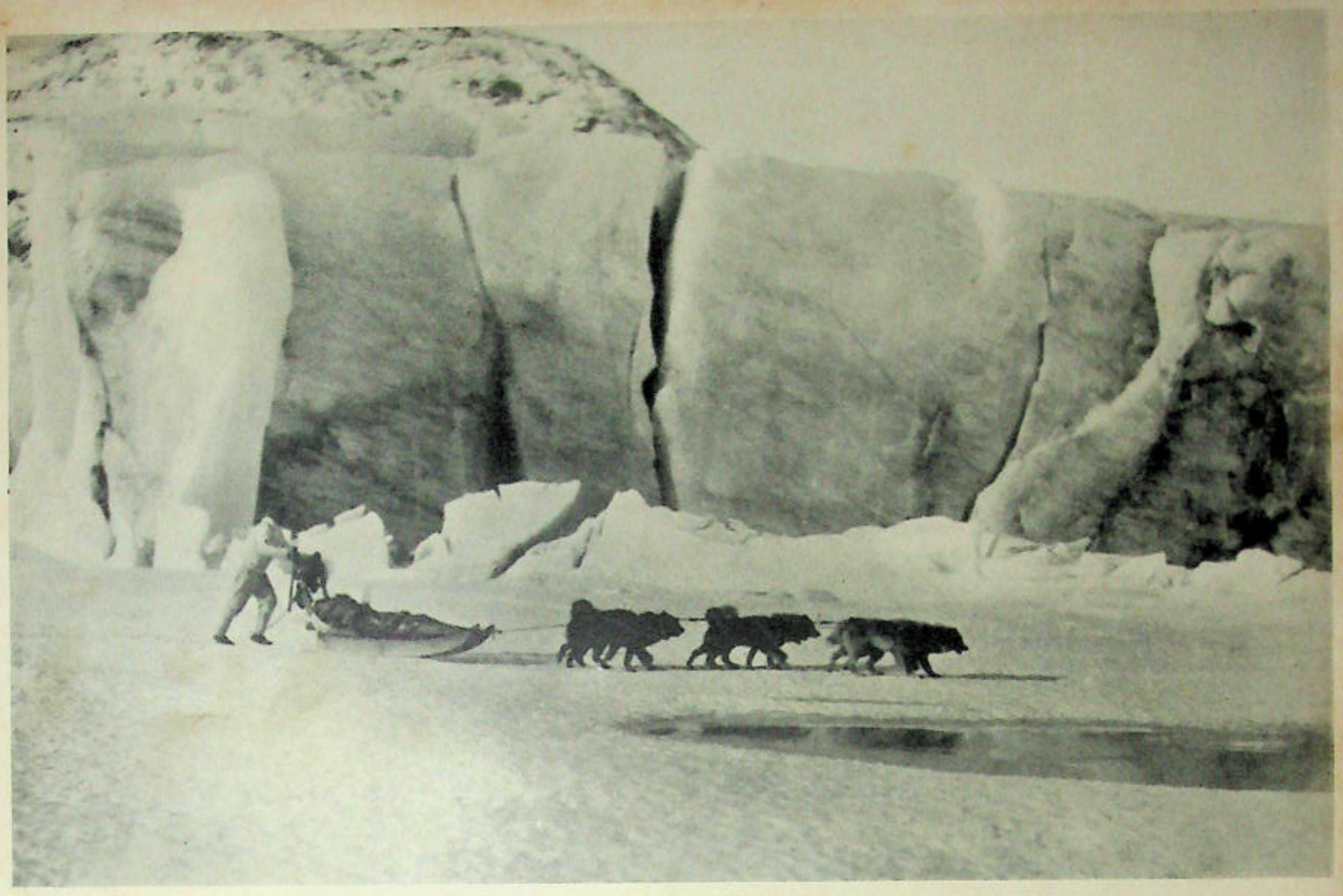
On entering the house for the first time I was struck by the muddle in which everything appeared to be. But it was most certainly an orderly muddle, with a place for everything and everything in its place. There is no shoddiness about these people, or in the lives that they live. Everything that they make from their *kayaks*, manufactured out of sealskin, bone and pieces of driftwood, is in itself a perfect piece of workmanship.



BUILDING THE KAYAK, A PERFECT PIECE OF WORKMANSHIP WITH SEALSKIN AND DRIFTWOOD FOR BUILDING MATERIALS



AN ESKIMO WOMAN CARRYING HER WELL WRAPPED-UP BABY



A SLEDGE AND TEAM ON THE WAY TO THE HUNTING GROUND

Were these people not hardy, enterprising and superlatively efficient in their crafts, they could hardly survive the many dangers of a life spent in hunting. As it is, the mortality among them is high, and there is hardly one among them who, in a missing fingerjoint from a burst gun-barrel, or a wrist badly scarred by frost-bite, does not bear on his body some mark of the hazardous life that he lives.

One wonders whether they realise that they must perish if ever there is a dearth of seals. Without the seal they cannot exist: with it, they have all they stand in need of. Its flesh and blood furnish them with food; its skin with clothes, boats, tents and harnesses, and traces for their dogs; its blubber with fuel for lamps that give both light, and heat for cooking, and for melting snow for water to drink; the entrails with underclothing, windows, curtains and line; and the bones serve to tip their darts and harpoons, and shoe the runners of their sledge.

The hospitality of these people is astounding. When I was staying with them each family tried to do something to add to my comfort. One produced seal meat in an article which, at home, is rarely seen outside a bedroom. Another brought a basin to wash in after the messy performance of eating with fingers was over, while a third would offer me a scrap of rag as a towel.

As soon as I undressed my clothes were snatched away by various ladies, brushed, turned inside out, and hung up to dry. My sealskin boots were patched, my nether garments washed and darned, and I was not even allowed to clean my own rifle.

The daytime would pass quickly in a fanatical crusade against the seal, but those dwarf days were over at 2 p.m., after which there was nothing for me to do except sit before the blubber lamp—one of a little group of almost nude men. But my hosts were so charming that I regretted none of the comforts that were lacking. And although we had no holly or crackers, or anything else belonging to the mumbo-jumbo of Christmas (except snow!), the spirit of goodwill appropriate to the season lost nothing by their absence. And now that Christmas has come round again I shall drink to the health of those good friends in the North—and this time in something better than melted snow!



A HUNTER RETURNING WITH SEALS WHICH FURNISH THE ESKIMOS WITH FOOD AND CLOTHING



PINKFOOTED GEESE COMING IN OVER THE MARSH AT MOONRISE
From the sketch by Peter Scott

MY FAVOURITE SALTINGS

And the Wildfowl that Frequent Them

By PETER SCOTT

AROUND the coast of Britain there are many thousands of acres of salt marsh. The mouths of most of our rivers are bordered by them; great bays are lined with them; and in bygone years vast tracks of fenland merged gradually with them at the edge of the mudflats and the sea.

There are no two salt marshes that are really quite the same. It is always a matter of wonder to me that they are so different. Some have short grass and some have long; some look green and some look brown; some have broad, straight creeks running through them, and some have narrow regular branching creeks, so that wherever you go you may always come safely to land as you retreat from the oncoming tide. But some have islands, so that the unwary who has stayed out at the tide edge, hoping that perhaps the next lot of wigeon will pass just close enough, may find that he has a brimful creek between him and the sea wall, which he has no alternative but to jump, knowing full well that he will land in 5ft. of water, and just as a December moon is rising!

There is one particular salting across which I have walked many hundreds of times, carrying a gun, and sometimes some ducks, or geese, or the gear for a gunning punt.

It is called Sandbanks, and if you look on the map you will find a Sandbanks on the south coast, near Chichester, but that's not it. We christened it so because it is all mud and quite flat! And because secrecy was our only protection against a competition that would have spoiled our marsh and driven away the geese that live there.

It is five years since we first went to that marsh on a day in February. The geese were feeding a few hundred yards out from the sea wall, and we waited behind it at evening flight time, in a drizzle of rain. We expected that they might come in over the bank at dusk, which was quite wrong, as they should really, when the light failed, have risen and flown straight away from us on to the mud to roost. But inexplicably a small bunch did fly round and come in over us. We shot one and returned, vastly pleased with the subtlety and cunning of our campaign!

But our best times there have been by moonlight out on the edge of the flood tide, walking in shallow water and returning with the risk of stepping into a 6ft. deep creek, just when we seemed to have got safely back to the bank; or staying behind the bank itself sitting in the shelter, waiting and listening for the geese; or in the potato fields inside the bank where the first small reconnoitring parties of geese arrive silently and a low-pitched "gung-ung-ung" is enough to make one throw oneself into the bottom of the nearest ditch.

At the full moon the geese usually flight before 8.0 in the evening on our marsh, and a few are flying about all night.

By 11.0 the first waves have finished and we have time for some hot curry from a thermos flask, or if we have been on the salting, to start the car and dry our clothes by sitting on the radiator!

At about 2.0 in the morning we try to sleep, either in the car or in a strawstack, but it is usually too cold, and after a while we have to turn out and run about to get warm.

At 4.30 it is time to start out for the edge of the mud and wait for the geese coming out again, and watch the sunrise—and perhaps fall asleep in the creek. After the high tide, at about 8.0 or 9.0, it is time to start back for breakfast.

Such nights—which happen only four or five times in a season—are the treasured memories of a wildfowler, whether the bag is 20 geese or a wigeon and a curlew and a rat which the dog killed!

When we had our first gunning punt built for the sea we made our marsh its headquarters at once, although it meant a long walk from the car with the gear, for we had to leave it nearly at the edge of the mud, and as long a walk back laden, we hoped, with fowl. But it was not for two seasons that the weight of our bag was ever appreciably more than the weight of the sandwiches we had carried out at the beginning of the day!

We could only get in and out of our creek at "full sea" or within an hour of it, which meant that our punting trips were at a minimum ten hours' long, and often we made use of the high tide at both ends and were out for fourteen hours.

Coming home at the end of these days our marsh was at its most mysterious. We were not very sure of the way, and there were no landmarks at all, just an expanse of grey, a little darker on the landward side. There was no line to distinguish the sea from the sky, they merged into one another so that we had to glance back to the boat to make sure that it really *was* like that and not our eyes that were failing.

And there was a curious silence about the mudflats: an occasional rustle of wings as a pair of belated mallards went inland to feed, and a few lost dunlins in ones and twos, flying low over the water; a very lonely world, until suddenly the geese would call and chatter out on the water, the sound rising in a crescendo and then dying away again. If a shelduck flew past and "laughed" harshly it only seemed to echo in the emptiness and made one shiver a little. The mudflats were rather frightening in the days before we knew them well.

MR. PETER SCOTT'S PAINTING ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE DEPICTS WHITE FRONTED GEESE FLYING EAST TOWARDS THE MARSHES TO FEED

If I could choose how I would like best to see my marsh again it would be as I saw it one February morning when the coast was gripped by a hard frost which had lasted many days. There were great cakes of ice, like miniature icebergs, scattered along the tide line in a jumbled mass, some of them a foot thick, and 3ft. or 4ft. high as they lay canted over on their sides or upended, leaning on their neighbours. It was a very icy orange dawn with a sort of smokiness along the horizon which only comes with hard frost.

The geese had been very irregular in their flighting, as they always are in a frost, because the potatoes are too hard for them to nibble and the land too hard and jagged for their feet, so that we did not expect to see many at flight time. About 300 of them flew in when it was still fairly dark. They came in half a dozen skeins, flying low, for they had come from the edge of the mud, only a few hundred yards in front. They passed to the eastward silhouetted against the sky. From our creeks we could see that no more remained where they had been sitting, for by now it was much lighter. The flight seemed to be over, when suddenly a very distant murmur could be heard, gradually increasing in volume. At first I thought it was the tide moving the ice cakes in my creek, but it wasn't—it was geese.

When at last they came in sight they were very high in the air, a single thin line of them stretching for miles, it seemed, in each direction. A hundred yards behind came another line, not quite so long, and behind that a third. They flew in very high over us—2,000, calling in chorus, and disappeared inland over the top of the mist that was rising from the marsh behind us.

After that the tide did flow into my creek and start tumbling the ice cakes one over another as it surged and swirled past them, eventually carrying them with it as the water rose higher and higher.

There was a bunch of about 30 Brent geese drifting in on the tide—which are rare on our marsh except in a frost, for there is no zostera on which they generally feed. And there were hundreds of mallard and wigeon, sitting out amongst the floating ice cakes, and hundreds of knots and dunlins sitting *on* them.

The marsh was alive with birds, their plumage brilliant by comparison with their white surroundings, although their bodies were probably thin enough underneath. The frost broke a few days later and we have not had one like it since.

I suppose my marsh is really no nicer than many others. I suppose it is only knowing it so well that makes me think it is. But whatever the reason—and in spite of the sticky mud—I like my marsh best, and I think I always shall.




Christmas
The time for good things
Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes
150 Player's Medium Cigarettes
Christmas Greetings
Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year
IN DECORATED XMAS PACKINGS
150 TIN ...7'3
100 " ...4'10
100 FIVE-20 PACKETS 4'9½
50 TIN ...2'6
Player's
N.C.C. 187.

A CHRISTMAS FEAST FOR THE BIRDS

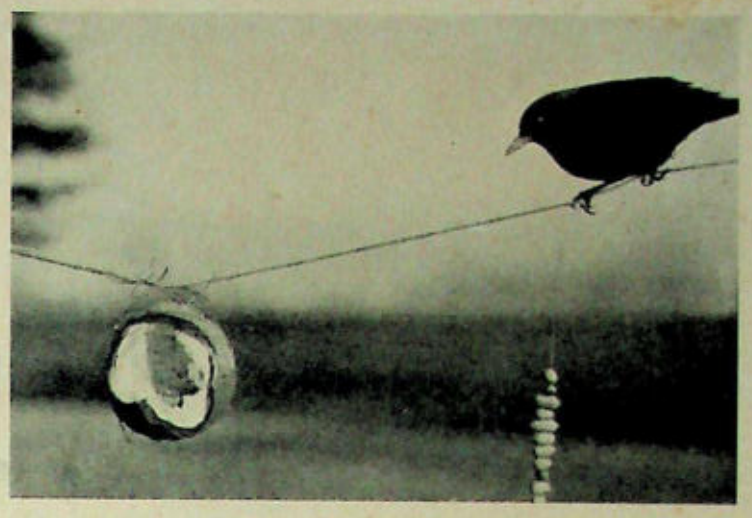
Cold Weather Menus for the Different Kinds

By FRANCES PITT

(Illustrated by the author)

IT is great fun feeding the birds and getting to know them individually. One soon distinguishes the different visitors to the bird table, and what to begin with were just blackbirds, greenfinches, starlings and so on, soon become so many personalities, known by little peculiarities of conduct and behaviour, by slight differences of plumage, etc. In fact, the bird table is the best of all means of studying bird behaviour and psychology.

The blue tit pecking at the coconut, with frequent pauses to look around, is a delightful study in emotion, as its rapidly raised and lowered crest testifies most plainly. Anger at the approach of another tit, greed of the good food before it, fear as a hawk passes high overhead, then happy contentment, are expressed in rapid succession. And then how one tit differs from the next, the first comes brazenly bold, while number two is shy and furtive; how, likewise, the blackbirds differ among themselves, until, as the personalities are recognised and remembered, each bird seems an old friend.



WITH AN EYE ON THE COCONUT

A blackbird finds "walking the slack rope" rather a difficult task

My bird table has a roof but open sides, with out-jutting perches, on which arriving birds can alight, and I place on it, in addition to the things already mentioned, wheat, Indian corn, small white millet, canary seed and breadcrumbs. A little shredded suet is sometimes added as a special delicacy, and is popular with all the visitors, including the robin.

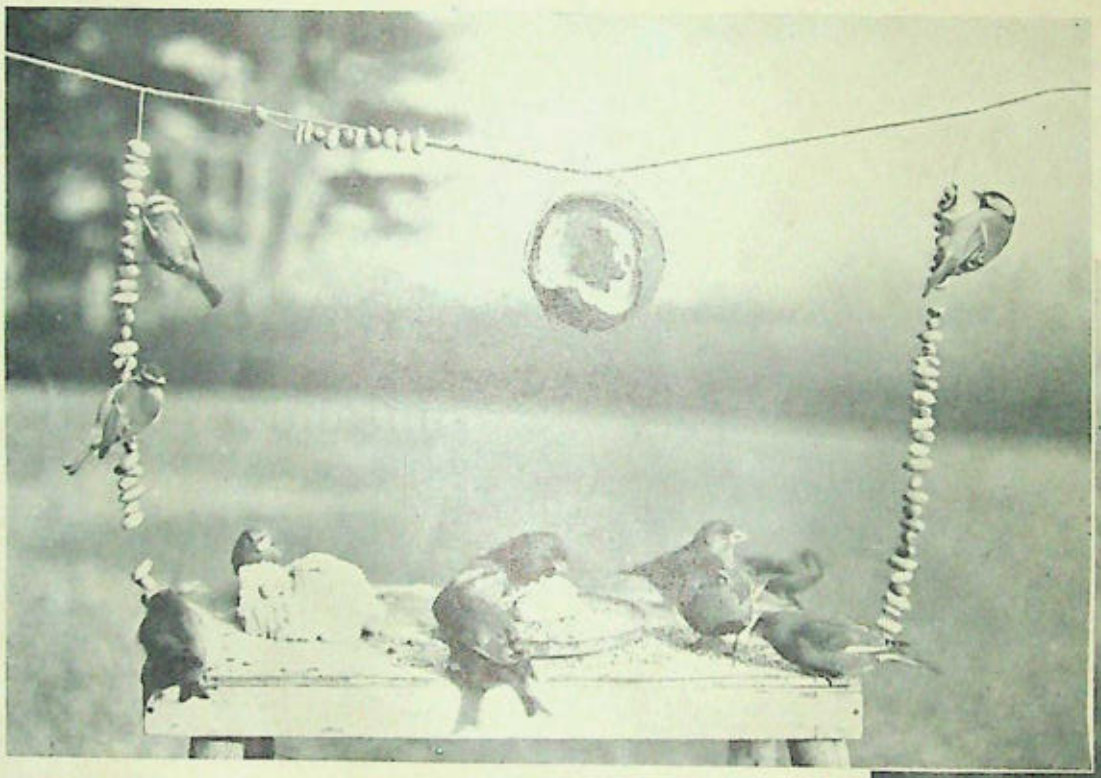
Although the greenfinch guests number many scores, ditto the chaffinches, the tits and the hedge-sparrows, although there are sundry blackbirds and some thrushes, even several moorhens, on the list of regular visitors, there is but one robin, namely, the one which has proprietary rights over this corner of the garden.

After the pugnacious custom of its kind, this robin does not tolerate any other robins visiting the table. It even tries to drive off other birds, but its indomitable pluck failed it when it alighted on an arm of the table to find a moorhen inside the shelter. The latter seemed a huge creature compared with the robin, it loomed large and dark beneath the little green and yellow roof, and the redbreast, after one glance, turned tail and fled away.

Since the day that a young and adventurous moorhen, clad in the drab garb of moorhen youth, wandered from the garden pond to the front of the house where the table stands, flew up and helped itself to good fare that was certainly not intended for it, sundry others have followed its example and it is a common thing to see a moorhen aloft.

When preparing Christmas dinner for the birds it should be remembered that soft food is very popular, that is bread moistened with water or milk, likewise soaked chicken meal, while nothing is more attractive than a pudding which may be made by mixing damped bread, bits of cake, etc., in a basin, pouring hot fat over the whole and turning it out when cold. This will be as much appreciated out-of-doors on Christmas Day as will be the traditional plum pudding indoors.

Last year my Christmas pudding was sampled by a brambling among other visitors. I was very proud when I saw this handsome tortoiseshell-coloured Scandinavian finch among the chaffinches and greenfinches upon my board. Other shy guests that arrived at the same time were three or four tree sparrows, elegant little birds with chestnut-capped heads, like, yet so different, from the cheeky house sparrows.



PEANUTS OR PUDDING—ACCORDING TO TASTE

Greenfinches, blue tits, and great tits at the bird table



UNDER THE BIRD TABLE

A moorhen and two tame barnacle geese looking for any oddments that may have fallen from the board

Now with regard to providing a Christmas feast for these bird friends, let me recount the preparations I have made. Of course, I have hung up the inevitable coconut for the tits, two coconuts to be precise, and the birds have not waited for Christmas day to begin their attack, for great tits, blue tits and coal tits have already sampled the nuts.

It is sometimes stated that coconut is not good for small birds, and no doubt if a captive bird was fed on coconut and nothing else it would not flourish on such rich diet, but I have never known wild birds in the least the worse for eating it. Yet fond as my tits are of coconut they are still more appreciative of the last season's coconut shells which I have filled with fat. I melted the fat, poured it in, let it cool and set and when quite hard hung the refilled nuts from the corners of the bird table. My bird table is now adorned with two real coconuts, two coconuts filled with fat, a meaty bone, a container for sunflower-seed and strings of peanuts.

When making Christmas preparations the peanuts must not be forgotten as they are greatly liked by many birds, including greenfinches, which dote upon them. I shell the nuts and string them upon thin wire and hang them about the table.

By the way, a table of some sort or other is certainly advisable, even if it be no more than a board nailed on the top of a stout stick which has previously been driven into the ground. If the food—that is, grain, breadcrumbs and other odds and ends—is thrown on the ground it affords any

For all their pushful ways the members of the numerous house-sparrow clan do not patronise my table. Perhaps they suspect a trap, for it is rather tall and has a roof. Whatever the reason, save for an odd bird now and again, they ignore it, which is all to the good, for it leaves the food for more attractive birds. Despite this the little shy tree sparrows find courage to come to the feast—truly bird psychology *is* queer!



LONGPARISH HOUSE, WITH THE TEST FLOWING BETWEEN ITS CRESSES AT THE EDGE OF THE LAWN

WITH HAWKER AT LONGPARISH

Where the Colonel Made History With Gun and Rod

By ERIC PARKER

"SEPTEMBER 1st, 1827. The greatest day on record—102 partridges and 1 hare (besides 3 brace more birds shot and lost !)

"N.B.—A cold, dry, strong, easterly wind, with no scent; but I took care to have a fine army of cavalry and infantry, and made ample allowance for the wildness of the birds by the rapidity of our charges. I had no dogs but poor old Duchess and Sappho—both, like myself, among the 'has-beens'! I started at 9, had the first 'butcher's holloa,' (three cheers for 20 brace) at 2; a second 'butcher's holloa' 20 minutes before 6; and I then worked like a slave for the glory of making up 50 brace off my own gun, which I not only did, but, on turning out the game, it proved that I had miscounted, and had gone 1 brace over the desired number. I believe, under all circumstances, and at all events in our country, this nearly doubles any day on record in the annals of sporting history !"

And again:

"July 7th. (Longparish.) Took 2 hours trolling this evening, and killed 25 large trout.

"July 9th. Made a droll trial of a new-stocked duck-gun which was well done by Carpenter Keil. I knocked down, in 7 shots, six *bats* and a *moth* ! ! A duck, at dusk-flight, may therefore know what to expect !



FIELDS HAWKER SHOT OVER: THE ONLY CHANGE IS WITH TO-DAY'S HEAD KEEPER, WILLIAM DOBSON

"July 10th. Trolled and killed 20 very large trout indeed, and I then left off, not wanting any more fish to-day."

I read those passages again on a day last summer, and was possessed again with a desire that has been for years in my mind—which was to be able to see for myself the fields through which Colonel Peter Hawker walked when he shot his 50 brace of partridges to his own gun, and the river in which he trolled his minnow for trout. I spoke of this desire to a friend, who happened to know the present owner of Longparish House, and a few days later the post brought me an extremely kind letter from Major-General Guy Dawnay, giving me permission to visit the house on whatever day I pleased, and to walk where I liked by the river and about the fields. I do not know when a letter has brought me pleasanter prospects of a journey.

So, on a day of sunshine in October—St. Luke's Day, as it happened, and the air was of St. Luke's Summer—I drove down to Longparish by roads which Hawker must have known, for our route lay through Basingstoke to Whitchurch, which would have been the road of the stage-coach to London. Leaving Whitchurch we turned left-handed down what must have been years ago a dusty little lane, and within a few minutes we found ourselves among the thatched roofs of the outskirts of a straggling village, little changed in its essentials, I should guess, since the days when Duchess and Sappho trotted at their master's heel, and Carpenter Keil put a new stock to the duck-gun. Little changed, too, except for age, must be the noble avenue of lime trees that lines the drive to the house itself, for I see that in the engraving, by J. Childe, dated 1844 and entitled "First of September," which illustrates the ninth edition of Hawker's *Instructions to Young Sportsmen*, the Limes already show well above the distant roof of the house.

In the drive we were met by the keeper, Dobson, with a Labrador puppy by his side, and I was reminded once more of that passage in Hawker's Diary, which I have not seen quoted elsewhere when there has been discussion on the origin of the Labrador. It is under the date October 20th, 1814,

that he writes of the death of his favourite Newfoundland dog Tiger:

"This dog was of the real St. John's breed, quite black, with a long head, very fine action, and something of the otter skin, and not the curly-haired heavy brute that so often and so commonly disgraces the name of the Newfoundland dog."

Did Hawker own a Labrador ancestor, "quite black, with something of the otter skin"? If so, here perhaps was a descendant of Tiger.

We walked through a gate in a wall, and found ourselves on a lawn with the Test flowing beyond it as it flowed all those years ago, clear between its cresses. Here was the spot, might not one guess?—where the Colonel tried his new-stocked duck-gun; and here ran the very water as Hawker knew it, when he wrote his advice to those who wished to become something better than a "*Fanatico*" or a "frying-pan-fisherman," and told the beginner that with four or five patterns of fly, with "a white moth for dark nights," he should be able to do as he, Hawker, had done in the rivers he had fished, "vastly well."

But he would not do vastly well to-day. We walked down the river bank, and there in the runs between the cresses lay here a trout and there a trout. But 30 years ago, the keeper told us, in the stretch of water in front of the house it would have been easy to take 20 or 30 brace of fish in a day. You cannot do that in 1933, but there are big trout in those sunlit reaches still.

Farther down the bank we stopped opposite an island. The keeper pointed across the river to a spot still known as "Rover's Larder." That is surely a dog's title to fame. Rover was one of Hawker's favourite retrievers. I believe he only mentions him in his Diary once, as an old dog, on September 5th, 1835, but he must have been a dog of character, for tradition still holds that it was to this spot that Rover took his bones, and Rover's Larder remains a place-name a hundred years after the old dog first retrieved partridges. And it was opposite Rover's Larder that we stood on the very spot chosen by the Colonel for his "First of September" sketch by Childe, with his "cavalry and infantry," and Siney the rat-catcher mounted on his donkey and waving a mug. Siney, by the way, was still a name in Longparish village up to a few years ago.

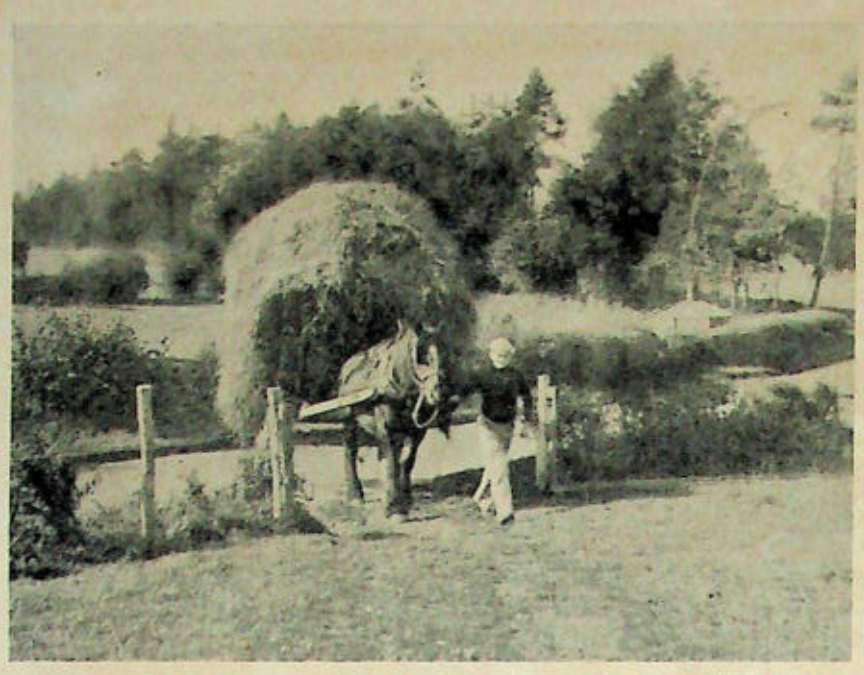


THE CELEBRATED STANCHION GUN

This was the gun of about 9lb. which "was literally blown to atoms from the breeching to nearly the end of the stock."



THE OLD MILL ON THE TEST, WHICH LIES ON THE WAY TO THE WILDFOWL GROUNDS OF THE UPPER REACHES





"ON A DAY OF SUNSHINE IN OCTOBER"

1. *On the outskirts of Longparish by the Bullington-Andover Road.* 2. *Looking up the Test from the bottom of the lawn at Longparish House*

We crossed the river, to walk through a water meadow by a path which I do not doubt often took Hawker and his dogs to other fields and another reach of the river, a chalk path raised above the level of the drenched grass beside it, and we passed by the old mill to whose music he must so often have listened. And for the first time, farther down the road, I came in sight of that lovely half-mile of broad water, channelled and islanded between reeds and cresses, which lies above Longparish, and on the far side of which are the water meadows through which Hawker walked for his snipe and duck. We sat on the bank in the sun, high above the river, and listened to the crying of plover and the whimmering call of coots—sounds, I liked to think, that must have been in the ear of the sportsman with his muzzle loader or his hickory trout rod a hundred years before.

I was reminded, looking across the stream, of a characteristic passage in Hawker's *Instructions*, on the choice of a day for snipe shooting.

"Snipe shooting," he writes, "is like fly fishing: you should not fix a day for it, but when you have warm, windy weather, saddle your horse and gallop to the stream with all possible despatch. Should there have been much rain, allow the wind to dry the rushes a little before you begin to beat the ground, or the snipes may not lie well. Although these birds frequent wet places, yet the *very spot* on which they sit requires to be *dry to their breasts*, in order to make them *sit close*: or, in other words, lie well."

What is curious is that, although Hawker often writes of riding his mare or his pony in order to shoot partridges, I cannot remember any passage in which he writes of riding out after snipe. But the advice he gives has always attracted me; it is so impetuous, he is so eager to begin, and yet tells you that if there has been much rain, you must not do so. He gallops to the ground and then waits for the wind to dry the rushes.

One more passage came to my mind. It is from the first page of his diary, dated September, 1802, when he was fifteen. He writes of uncertainty in killing jacksnipes:

"The first 13 shots I had at these birds I killed without missing one; have since fired 8 shots at one and missed all."

We came back to the house, for the keeper had told us that in the hall stood the barrel of an old punt-gun with the lock blown away, and my mind went back to a passage in the Diary—I had the book in my pocket—wondering whether I was to see the original weapon which so nearly cost Hawker his life. And I cannot doubt that it was the same gun, for we took it from the hall to photograph it, and it corresponds exactly to his description. Here is the passage:

"Feb. 19th, 1818. When firing at some geese, my stanchion-gun, of about 96 lb. weight, was literally blown to atoms! from the breeching to nearly the end of the stock, and though the lock and other appendages were dealing death and destruction in every quarter, and I was for a considerable time on fire, with a pound of gunpowder in my pocket, thank God not the slightest injury was sustained further than the end of one of the oars being blown off. Nothing but the kind intervention of Providence, and my invention for fixing this gun, could possibly have saved my life! The barrel, a Birmingham one (and was to all appearance clean) proved to be scarcely better than unbeat ore or granite-stone! Let this be a caution to discard all barrels that are not twisted."

We stood there by the door looking at the remains of the old weapon. There came from a garden tree the song of a thrush, and I wondered whether Hawker, too, used to link in mind the first song of autumn with the sunlight of St. Luke's Summer.



"THAT LOVELY HALF-MILE OF BROAD WATER, CHANNELLED AND ISLANDED BETWEEN REEDS AND CRESSES . . . ON THE FAR SIDE OF WHICH ARE THE WATER MEADOWS HAWKER WALKED FOR HIS SNIPE AND DUCK



From Generation to Generation —
Dewar's



A Check with the Cheshire near Wrenbury, and Hounds picking up the line across the Canal. Members of the hunt depicted include



With the Surrey Union on Leith Hill. In the foreground are Mr. M. B. Bovill (on left), Mr. C. E. Heath and

Both the above paintings are reproduced by courtesy of the Arti



Jrs. Wilbraham, Mrs. Poole, Colonel Moseley Leigh, Mr. Starkey and Joe Wright, the huntsman. From the painting by F. A. Stewart

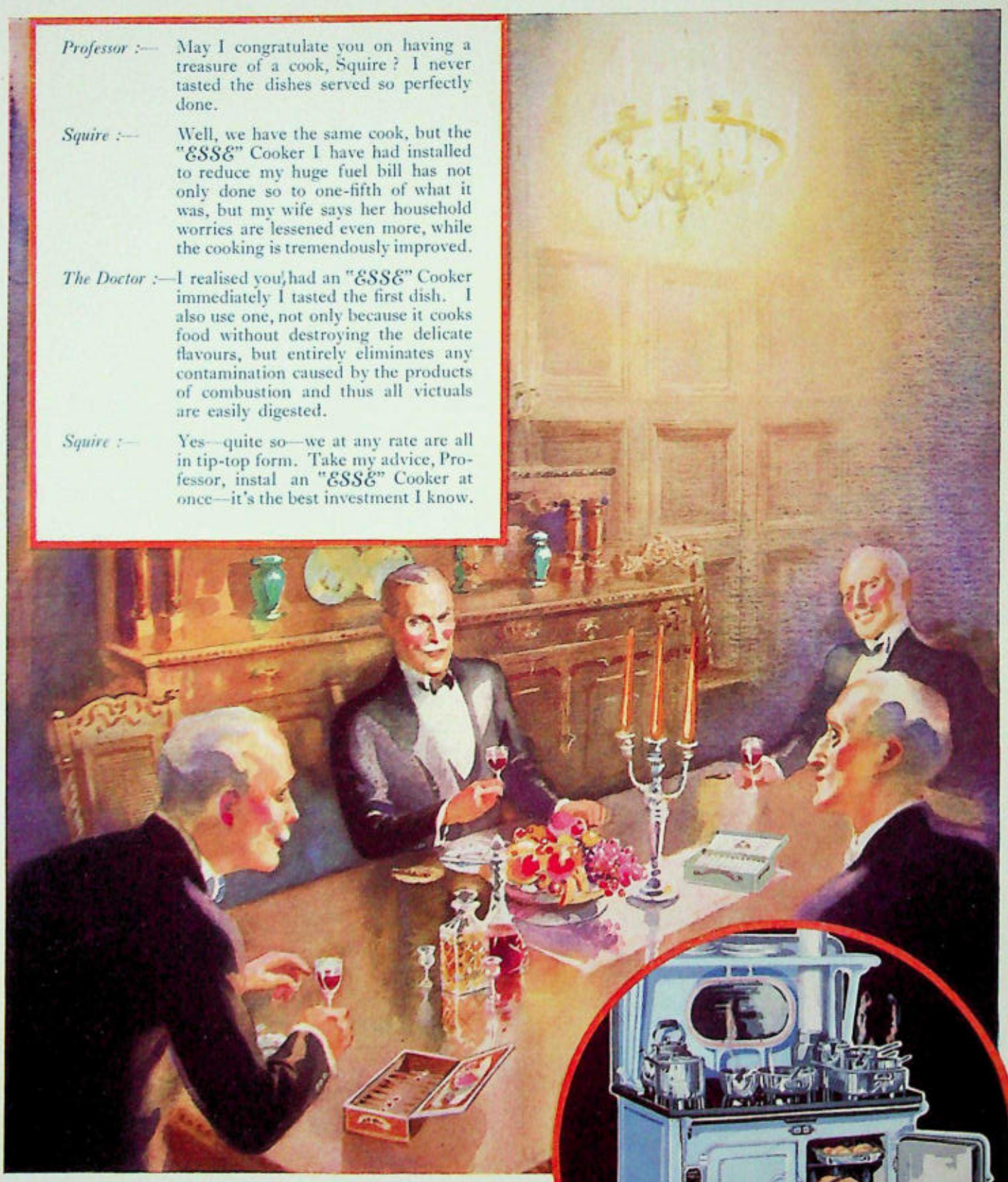


Major H. D. Roberts, M.C. (joint-Masters), and H. Ashley, the huntsman. From the painting by F. A. Stewart

and Messrs. Vicars Brothers, of 12, Old Bond Street, W.1

The "ESSE" COOKER means better cooking—

less labour — and lower fuel costs



Professor :— May I congratulate you on having a treasure of a cook, Squire ? I never tasted the dishes served so perfectly done.

Squire :— Well, we have the same cook, but the "ESSE" Cooker I have had installed to reduce my huge fuel bill has not only done so to one-fifth of what it was, but my wife says her household worries are lessened even more, while the cooking is tremendously improved.

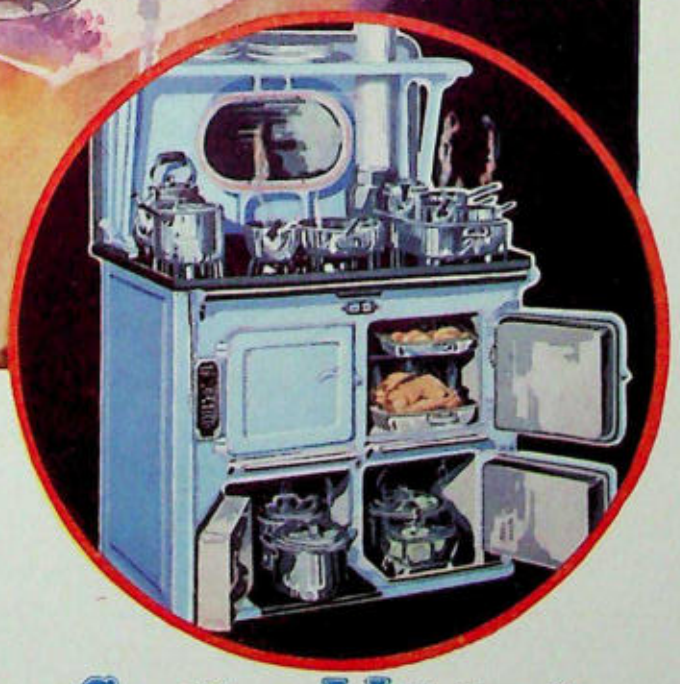
The Doctor :— I realised you had an "ESSE" Cooker immediately I tasted the first dish. I also use one, not only because it cooks food without destroying the delicate flavours, but entirely eliminates any contamination caused by the products of combustion and thus all victuals are easily digested.

Squire :— Yes—quite so—we at any rate are all in tip-top form. Take my advice, Professor, instal an "ESSE" Cooker at once—it's the best investment I know.

Q. 9

THE "ESSE" Cooker is obtainable in three colours—cream, green and blue. It is a heat-accumulating cooker—burning from 10 to 15 lbs. of anthracite fuel at a cost of only 4d. per 24 hours ! Day or night it is always ready for the unexpected cooking demand. As serviceable to the small household as the large, and used by Hotels, Restaurants, Schools, Nursing Homes, etc., the fuel-saving and general convenience soon repay the cost.

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THE STAR

A CHRISTMAS NAVAL YARN



By BARTIMEUS

WAS he going to spend the dog-watches on Christmas Eve decorating the foretopmen's mess deck ? Not he. Hadn't the Captain ripped a badge off him only yesterday just because he'd had one over the eight ? Was he going to turn-to and hang evergreens and cottonwool about for the Captain to admire when he went round the mess decks on Christmas forenoon ? Not he.

Was he going to stand the rounds in his mess and smirk and catch the Captain's eye and wish him a happy Christmas, just because —well, strike him blind, if he knew why anybody did it. Not he.

And a whole lot more in the same strain, only more luridly and unpleasantly expressed for the benefit of Spike, his chum, the only man in the ship who took much interest in him : the only being alive, in point of fact, who cherished any sentiments of loyalty and affection towards him.

What was he going to do ? Well, he was off to the canteen, speaking for himself, and Spike could get on with his garlands and imitation holly and all the rest of his old-fashioned tomfoolery. So off he went, to sit solitary, brooding over a succession of pints on the evanescent nature of good conduct badges, until he had finally succeeded in accomplishing what he set out to do with the help of beer, which was to convince himself that he was the victim of injustice and a vindictive Captain : a sullen, half-tipsy, lonely ne'er-do-well.

And then next morning, with a bit of a head on him and the grouse bitten in like acid, compulsory church. Off he went with Spike at his elbow, and several hundred Church of England fellow-worshippers in column of fours with the band at their head and the big drummer twirling his sticks and laying into his drum as if belabouring an enemy, heading for the dockyard church.

Bang, bang, bang ! " A life on the ocean wave." It blared forth across the smiling, sunlit sea, across the lines of breakers beyond the sea wall. It scared a stately frigate-bird soaring overhead.

" Keep step ! " yapped a midshipman on the flank of the marching column. "A life on the ocean wave ! " It fair gave him the heaves. He shuffled his feet, corrected his step and directed his head and eyes sharply to the right at the word of command as they passed the Commander-in-Chief. He was standing with his staff and a little group of ladies watching the men of the Fleet go by. The Captain was there, too, in a frock coat, with an ebony walking stick under his arm. He scanned his ship's company from head to toe, his face inscrutable. A hard devil, no doubt trying to pick fault with somebody, who'd hear all about it afterwards. Hard as a flint. . . .

The women's dresses made a little gay patch of colour. Some were blue and some were pink, and one was the colour of an apricot. Spike nudged him. " See that girl ? " Yes, he'd seen her. She made him think of a flower. For the life of him he didn't know why. A flower in a dry, dusty place. " She's a Beaut," said Spike.

" *Eyes front !* "

A life on the ocean wave. Why a flower ? Bang, bang, bang ! They were nearing the church. The walls were throwing back the echoes of the band and the tramp of men's feet in a rocketing confusion of sound. The band stopped abruptly ; the feet went tramping on. All this marching about gave him a fresh thirst, so perhaps there were points about going to church on Christmas Day, even if you were stared at like a circus by a girl in an apricot-coloured frock. . . .

* * *

" HALT ! "

Well, he'd make up for it at the canteen in the evening. And there was a goose for dinner in his mess. A goose and apple sauce, plum duff, oranges, free fags afterwards, and a football match in the afternoon. That was better than working. Spike nudged him to keep close to him as they filed in to church. If they were lucky they'd be put up in the gallery and he could have a sleep during the sermon. The stream of blue-clad figures shuffled in, doffing their caps. A petty officer at the foot of the gallery steps stepped forward with outstretched hand diverting them towards the stairway. Their luck was in ; he followed Spike into the gallery and sat down beside him in a secluded corner.

The whole church was full of the sound of shuffling feet, whispers, the clink of the older men's war medals. He scowled at the familiar ugliness of the interior. It had been built by convicts, so the yarn went. There was a painted scroll across one of the supporting girders : " Open wide ye Everlasting Gates." One bit of it had been invaded by mildew. Perhaps a convict had painted it, and nobody had troubled about it since. It hadn't much meaning anyway. Except maybe to a convict. The Commander-in-Chief and his party walked up the aisle and sat down in the front pew.

Complete stillness. Then the organ started ; the Chaplain of the dockyard and the choir filed in, and the service started with a hymn. Spike offered to share his book ; he shook his head. He hadn't gone there to sing hymns. Spike had, though. Spike liked singing. The music swelled louder and louder as the congregation got into their stride. Spike was roaring out his deep bass with whole-souled enjoyment. The familiar melody rolled in a great harmony of men's voices, out through the open windows, out into the blue and the tropical sunshine :

" All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace. . . ."

It came to an end and Spike wiped his mouth on the back of his hand and grinned at him. Well, if Spike liked that sort of thing he could have it. He sank into his brooding, sulky thoughts while the service dragged on. He found himself watching the girl in the apricot-coloured dress. He didn't want to, because she disturbed his train of thought. But he kept looking at her where she sat away at the far end in the Commander-in-Chief's pew. He wondered what she was thinking about. They all knelt while the Chaplain read a succession of prayers.

The familiar words drifted in and out of his thoughts : thoughts about beer, about apple sauce and football, about the Captain and his lost badge, and the girl in the front pew.

" *Grant that this day we fall into no sin, neither run into any kind of danger. . . .* "

He could see the white nape of her neck below her hair as she knelt with her forehead resting on her forearm. Praying, was she ? What about ? How did you pray, anyway ? And what was the use of it if you did ? She was as motionless as a statue. Maybe praying for somebody. Relations and that. He hadn't any relations. He hadn't any friends either, except Spike. You couldn't pray for Spike. But there must be something in it, or she wouldn't. . . .

" O, Lord, there's a young lady over there in a kind of yellow dress. . . . She looks the right sort. . . . I wish I had a girl like that, then I wouldn't get boozed so often, maybe. I wish——"

Spike was nudging him. He was dreaming with his head in his hands. Spike bit off a bit of chewing gum and handed him the rest. There was another hymn, and then the sermon. The Chaplain read out his text. Something about a star. He and Spike slept, their shoulders resting against each other, their chins on their chests.

* * *

He hung about in the rear of his broadside mess when the Captain and the officers came round the mess deck just before dinner to exchange greetings and sample the plum duff. For a minute he didn't see her at the Captain's elbow ; she was half hidden by the greenery and decorations that festooned the mess deck. He stared incredulously, as at a sudden vision. She was talking to Spike. Spike, as cook of the mess, was proffering plum duff and grinning like a daft monkey. As if in a dream he pushed

(*Continued on page* 1290, *col.* 3)



" WERE YOU IN CHURCH THIS MORNING ? " SHE ASKED, NATURAL, UNAFFECTED, FRIENDLY

ROYAL SHOTS AND OTHERS

Some Good, Some Bad, Some Dangerous

By LIEUT.-COLONEL CYRIL FOLEY

MONARCHS are not as a rule good shots. Unquestionably the best of these illustrious personages is our present King. Out of all the crowned or uncrowned heads in Europe, past or present, he reigns supreme as a shot. Perhaps next to His Majesty we might place the late ex-King of Portugal's father. He was quick and accurate, at all events at pheasants, and used to delight in shooting low birds flying at him, with one hand. Being a man of great physical strength he did this without apparent effort, and was, like the late Victor Duleep Singh, very deadly when dealing with this particular type of bird.

But as regards the more difficult driven partridges, ex-King Alfonso has strong claims to consideration as the runner-up to our King. He possesses a fluent and attractive style, and is quite in the front rank. On a 250-brace day, at the beginning of this month, in a shoot near Salisbury, he got 51 birds in one drive.

It has always struck me that foreigners prefer low birds to high ones. Not so long ago, at that wonderful shoot of the Duke of Westminster's in Wales where the pheasants are veritable Gabriels, a Frenchman who had been shooting at them was asked what he thought of it all. It was evident that he did not approve, for he shook his head and said: "We should arrange it differently in France; we should have them there," pointing at the top of a low bush, "and not up there," pointing to the skies. *Chacun à son gôut!* Keepers as a rule prefer to show low pheasants, simply because the results are better, on paper, at the end of the day.

If I were asked to define that odious word "Sportsman," with regard to shooting, I should say that it denotes a man who preferred high, difficult birds to moderately low and easy ones, did not shoot his neighbour's birds, and did not mind in the least having his "eye wiped."

Some people do not realise their own deficiencies out shooting. I remember an incident in point that occurred at Culford in 1920. I had on my left a well-known doctor who used to live in Curzon Street many years ago, who had never shot driven partridges before, and on my right an ex-monarch. At the end of the third drive I had picked up 48 partridges, the doctor had shot nothing at all, and the ex-monarch one bird. The latter came up to me at the end of the drive and said: "I think, Colonel Foley, the other guns have been shooting very badly this morning."

As he owed, at a low estimate, 47 partridges, it struck me that he was not, monarch or no monarch, in a position to criticise the shooting. However, I had to say something civil, so I said: "That was a great bird you shot just now, sir." There could be no mistake about which one I was referring to, and he seemed quite pleased and said: "Ah! you noticed it, did you?"

I often wonder what keepers say to one another, after the day's shoot is over, *re* the guns. I expect it is pretty scathing. When I was a boy I recollect shooting at Culford in old Lord Cadogan's time. We were five guns: Lord Chelsea (the present Lady Charles Montague's husband), Mr. Leonard Brassey, the Hon. Cecil Brownlow (Lord Lurgan's brother), the Hon. Alex Parker (the agent) and myself. We were all, except Alex Parker, under 20 years of age. We got 72 brace of partridges. In the evening Lord Cadogan, who had been in London all day, asked Smith, the headkeeper, "how the young gentlemen shot."

Smith was always brief and very outspoken, and clipped his sentences. "His Lordship (Lord Chelsea) and Mr. Foley shot all right, my Lord," he said, "and Mr. Parker weren't too bad; but Mr. Brassey 'e only 'it one bird, and that Lurgan Brownlow 'e shot nothing at all." And that was that.

The German Emperor, considering that he had to shoot practically with one hand, was quite effective, and it was unnecessary to put dead birds behind his butt, as was done on one occasion. His eldest son, the Crown Prince, would, with practice, be quite first-class. Just before the war he shot 68 grouse and two blackcock at Langholm, with two guns, which, extraordinary to relate, were not a pair, on a 200-brace day, to six guns. That was just about his share, though it must be added that Count Metternich was one of the shooters, and that meant five guns really.

The late Walter Forbes, who was in the next butt to the Count, performed prodigies of agility and marksmanship that day. Whenever Metternich's barrels swept across the line, as they frequently did, he popped down in his butt, listened for the discharge, and then popped up again, and stoutly refused to be put off by this persistent sword of Damocles which hung over his head. It is only fair to Count Metternich to say that he never actually let fly down the line, but it was unpleasant to feel that the thread might have broken and the sword have fallen at any moment. To add to Forbes's discomfiture I told him that the Count was shooting with hair triggers, which was not true. He merely said "My God," and went on bobbing.

Some quick-tempered people relieve their feelings at golf by throwing their clubs away.

But you cannot throw your guns away with impunity, if you are shooting badly—they cost too much. But I did once see the late Victor Duleep Singh throw both his guns into the hedge at the Grange, and tell his loader to leave them there, which, of course, the latter did not do.

Sometimes people make mistakes and get into a quite unnecessary panic. I was sitting last week in the shop of a famous gunmaker, talking about old times, when he told me he had just had a frantic message from a client saying that one of the triggers of his gun had fallen out, and that he was sending the gun forthwith to be repaired. He was awaiting the arrival of this phenomenon, when he received a second message saying that a mistake had been made and that the client had picked up somebody else's one-trigger gun, and thought it was his own. I have had a tooth fall out of my gums, but never a trigger fall out of my guns.

Amongst the guns in a partridge shoot in Dorsetshire recently was Sir George Thursby, whom I had the pleasure of shooting with for many years before the war. And it *is* a pleasure, if only to see him work his dog. Just as His Majesty the King is the greatest shot of all Kings, so is George Thursby the greatest man with a dog. Also in a world's "Popularity" Handicap he would be pretty nearly top weight, in spite of his racing tips.

He never loses his head, as I have reason to know. Before the war I lured him to Olympia, put roller skates on him and took him round the course. He had never had them on before, and there were masses of people skating. After three circles I left him. He completed half the course and then fell. I was looking on outside the ring. He never moved for three minutes, during which the whole of the rink passed him.

I thought he was "out," and was just going on to the ice to bring in the body, when he got up and staggered to the side. "Are you hurt, George?" I said. He shook his head. "Then why did you lie there all that time?" "Force of habit," he said; "I was counting the horses." "You had a big field to count." "Yes," he said, "you're right, 700 of 'em." He was correct almost to a "horse." I got the figures at the box office afterwards.



KING ALFONSO, IN THE FRONT RANK OF SHOTS



A PRE-WAR PICTURE OF THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF GERMANY
A keen sportsman who would with practice be a first-class shot

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THE STAR—(*continued from page* 1289)

his way forward to Spike's side, and she turned to him, smiling. He had never looked into straighter eyes in his life.

"Were you in church this morning?" she asked, natural, unaffected, friendly.

"Yes, miss."

"I thought it was lovely. The nicest Christmas service I've ever been to. I hope you will spend a very happy day."

"Thank you, miss."

They all passed on to the next mess deck, where there was a sound of cheering.

Who was she? Where had she come from? Didn't he know? Hadn't he heard the buzz? Come out from England to stay with the Commander-in-Chief. She and the Captain had announced their engagement just after church. . . . Stand by, they were coming back.

He stepped quickly out into the gangway confronting the Captain as he returned through the foretopmen's mess deck.

"Beg your pardon, sir, I'd like to wish you luck."

His hand was grasped and released. The Captain smiled as if they were old friends. "I'd as soon have your good wishes as any man's on board." They passed on.

He stood motionless, looking after them, aware that something extraordinary had happened to him but not knowing what it was. And there was a great noise of cheering. . . .



THE FIRST FALL OF SNOW IN THE VALLEY CLOTHING TREES AND BANKS IN A MANTLE OF WHITE

CHOOSING A WINTER SPORTS CENTRE

Where Beginners Are Schooled

By NIALL RANKIN

NOVEMBER is here once more, and with its advent the winter sports enthusiast has to decide whether he will return to his old haunt of previous years or whether he will seek fields anew. The popularity of winter sports has become more and more marked with each successive year of the last decade, and the numbers flocking to Central Europe each winter have so increased that it has become an absolute necessity to decide on one's locality a considerable time in advance and to book accommodation a month or two ahead to make quite sure of getting in where one wants.

The "old hand" at the game, whether it be ski-ing, skating or curling, usually has his ideas on the subject cut and dried very soon after the close of the previous season. Either he settles to return to the same place or has acquired some very good reason for changing his scene of operations; his mind is made up from the very start, but for the complete beginner who has never attempted anything of the sort before, it is a highly difficult problem to settle where he is going to plant himself.

While ski-ing this year at Easter-time I met a party of Frenchwomen who, though far from being first-class, were distinctly "at home" on their ski. On enquiring how long they had been practising it, I was informed that they had only started the previous winter. The solution was that they had been to the school of Hannes Schneider in the Arlberg. Schneider has perfected his own method of teaching the "Arlberg" style of ski-ing, and now conducts a highly successful series of classes at Zürs, a small Austrian resort close to the Arlberg Tunnel on the Paris-Vienna line. Here pupils graduate from class to class, and one hears that a few days of careful study and concentration will work wonders in a weak performer.

Anyone who has never put on a pair of skis before could hardly do better than spend a short time there before proceeding to some of the better-known and perhaps more difficult ski-ing grounds. But he must make up his mind that he is going to work hard at his ski-ing and not merely play. The ideal combination, to my mind, would be ten days in the school at Zürs followed by a further ten days in less disciplined surroundings in order to appreciate what one has learned.

Kitzbühel and St. Anton, though at lower altitudes than Zürs, are quite close by, and offer magnificent runs amongst gorgeous scenery with the added attraction of a comparatively low rate of living; really good accommodation may be had for 10/- to 15/- a day.

The Bernese Oberland provides some of the finest ski-ing grounds in Europe, and almost first amongst these may be mentioned Scheidegg, both on account of the great quantity and variety of the runs to be had from there and from the great length of its season—early December till late April. The hotel, which stands 6,770ft. above the sea, is reached by funicular from both Lauterbrunnen (via Wengen) and Grindelwald, and from it the Jungfrau Railway ascends to the Jungfraujoch (11,340ft.), which is the start for some of the most famous glacier tours in the Alps.

Such well-known runs as the Männlichen, Tschuggen Glade and Alpiglen take the runner down to Grindelwald, whence he is brought back by funicular, which this winter *for the first time* is going to run the whole way up to Scheidegg, instead of only as far as Strettli, a full 40 minutes' climb from the hotel.

From Wengen, too, all these same runs can be made by using the funicular, but as it lies at a much lower altitude the least dearth of snow will be felt much sooner.

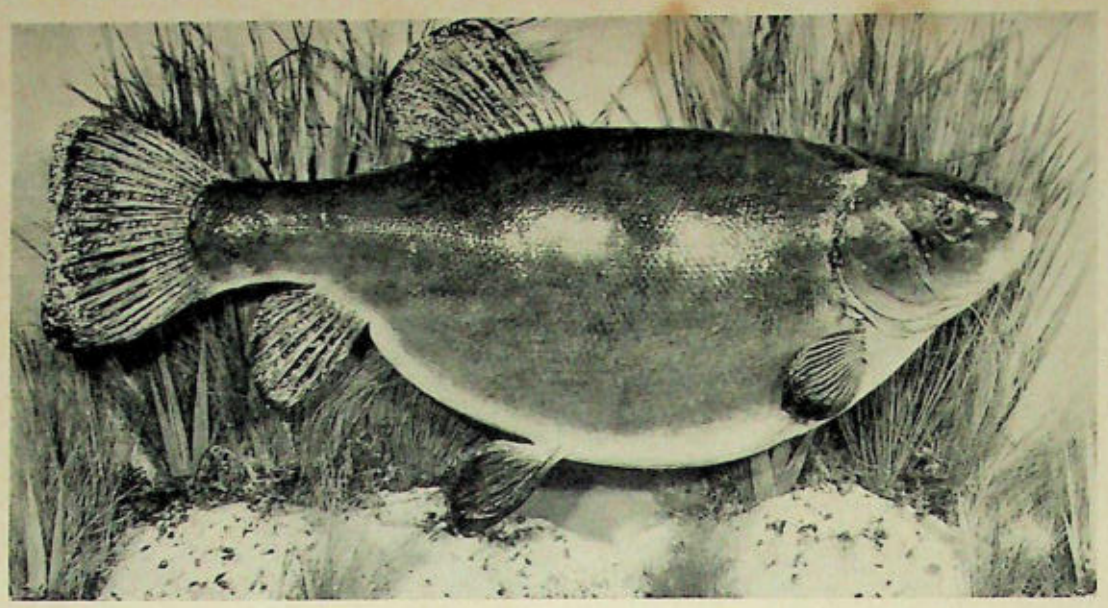
Mürren, on the other side of the Lauterbrunnen Valley from the Jungfrau, has become one of the most famous centres of ski-ing. Its slopes are steep, and as a result the general standard of performance is high. No one can go there and come away feeling that he is not the better for it. Being one of the smaller places, accommodation is limited, and hence intending visitors must look well ahead.

For one who is looking out for a locality which is not devoted entirely to one particular branch of sport but which caters for all sorts and for every purse with equal success, I would say he could not do better than go to St. Moritz or Pontresina. The Corviglia funicular provides a magnificent descent of over 2,000ft. which can be made several times a day, while ski-tours long and short are unlimited. Bobbing, curling and the famous Cresta Run are all close at hand.

Pontresina is served by two railways which take the runner up to the start of some thrilling runs, not least of which is the descent of the Mortarasch Glacier.



ON THE KULM RINK
St. Moritz, a centre which caters for all winter sports



A 7LB. TENCH
Caught by the Rev. C. E. Alston from a Norfolk mere

BIG FISH OF THE YEAR

How Droughts Seem to Affect the Food Supply—Some Remarkable Coarse Fish

WHAT is the effect of drought, such as has made this year so pleasant for everyone except the angler, on the capture of big fish? A comparison of the present season with that of 1929 is not very illuminating. Low water and sunshine are usually connected with good years for barbel; 1929 was the best barbel year that most anglers remember. Why barbel should be caught in a drought is a mystery, but then the vagaries of this fish have long been one of the standard mysteries of angling, and this year no big catches have been reported, though actually the biggest "legitimate" fish has been taken—a barbel of 14lb. 8oz. from the Royalty Fishery of the Hampshire Avon. It was caught by Mr. F. W. K. Wallis in September.

There is at least one bigger fish of the species still in the same water (unless it has died recently), for it was foul hooked accidentally in 1931 by Mr. Roy Beddington while he was fishing for salmon during the close season for coarse fish—16¼lb.

Another fish which "tops the list" for its own species is a bream of 12lb. 14oz. caught by one of two brothers (Messrs. Pugh) while fishing in Startops reservoir, one of the Tring group, in July. Here is another fishing mystery. *Where to Fish*, in the edition which came out at the end of 1930, listed seventeen bream of 8lb. and over; the new list which comprises fish caught up to September 30th of this year, has no less than 29 bream of this weight, and ten of them have come from Tring reservoirs. How and why have the bream in Startops suddenly grown to these astonishing proportions? Up to a few years ago there was a distinct lack of really big bream throughout the country. A fish of 11¾lb. caught on the Irish Blackwater in 1882 held the record for nearly 50 years.

It would be pleasing to believe that the increment was the result of the 1929 drought. It is a cherished belief among fishermen that when the bottom of a lake goes dry over considerable areas the water becomes heavily stocked with food after the exposed area has been re-submerged, to the great benefit of the fish. And there are good grounds for the belief. The decay of vegetable matter which has sprung up while the ground was exposed provides abundant food for millions of animalculæ on which fish feed. The practical application of the "dry bed" was well understood by the country estate-owner of a few centuries ago when he laid bare his fish ponds every third or fourth year.

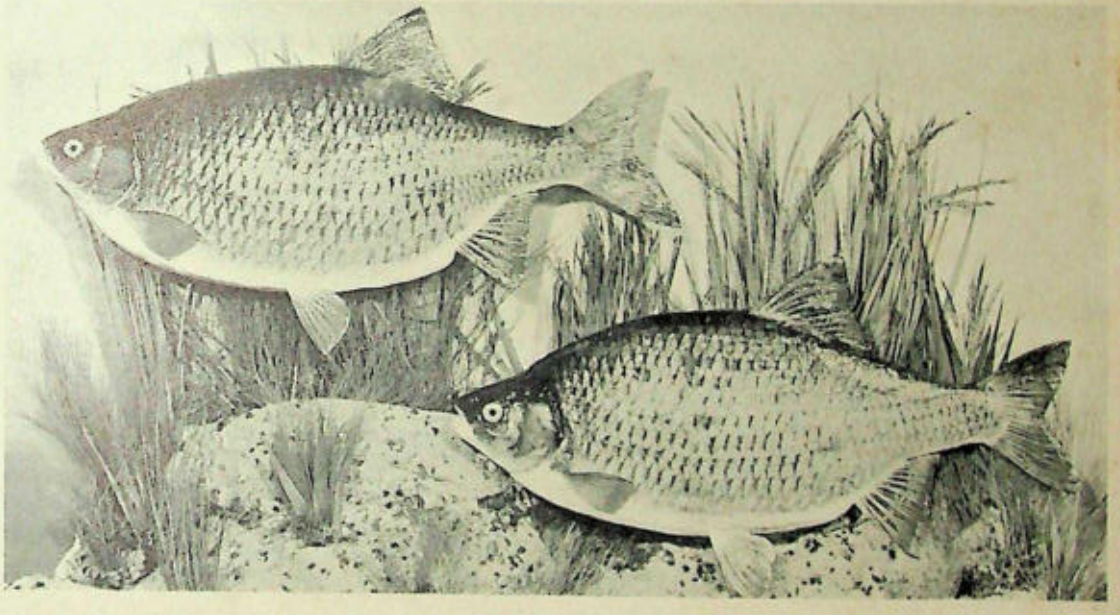
But, pleasing as the theory may be, in regard to Tring it is doubtful whether it can be the true explanation, for a 10½-pounder was found dead in 1926, so that the great shoal of bream must have contained fish of weight several years before the 1929 drought.

Another of the notable fish of the present season points more directly, perhaps, to the subsequent gain of "dry beds." This is a tench of 7lb. (which ties with the former record for the British Isles), caught by the Rev. C. E. Alston in a Norfolk mere, near Thetford, which also provided him with a rudd of 4¾lb. "The place where they were caught," he tells us in a recent letter, "goes dry at times, and was completely empty of fish when I came here six years ago."

His 4¾lb. rudd is the record fish of the species for the British Isles, just a quarter of a pound heavier than the previous record which was caught at Blackheath by Mr. J. F. Green as long ago as 1888. Mr. Alston has thus established a record of his own, for he holds, at the moment, the honours for the best fish of two species, both caught in the same year.

A dace of 1lb. 3oz. from the Kennet, caught by Mr. C. Day last January is worth noting, as is any dace of over a pound weight. It is curious that while, every year, quite an appreciable number of 15oz. dace are reported, it is comparatively rare for the fish to attain that last ounce which rounds off the weight so nicely.

Of salmon and trout this year there is little to record. For the second year in succession the British Isles have failed to produce a 50-pounder. It is true that "the tale is yet to run" for the Tweed carries on till the end of the month, and Tweed, in its time, has made salmon history; indeed, the heaviest rod-caught fish was killed there by the Earl of Home about 1730—69¾lb. The fish, as the late H. T. Sheringham remarked, is "somewhat legendary," but all fish weight of two centuries back are apt to be so regarded, and, anyhow, there is an authentic 57½-pounder from Floors in 1886.



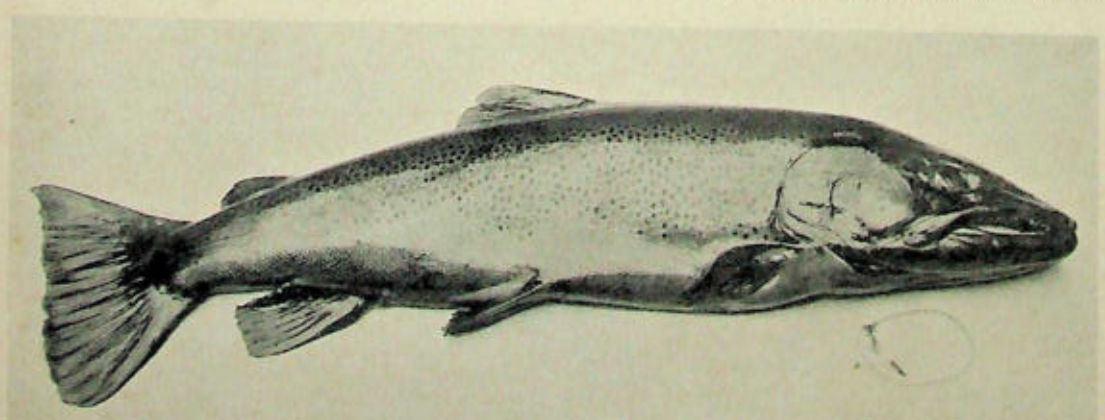
THE RECORD RUDD
Top fish is the record 4¾-pounder. The previous record fish was caught in 1888

Captain the Hon. Richard Legh has added a 57-pounder from the Eira to the Norwegian list, and it is possible that other additions may have to be made when the final figures are available. Up to date, however, Captain Legh's is the fish of the year.

Among the trout, the best seems to have been a 14lb. fish caught in Loch Rannoch by Mr. G. R. Donald in September. The loch is a famous one for big fish; a 22-pounder was caught there in 1867.

One of the outstanding feats of the year was the capture of the world's record tunny by Mr. L. Mitchell-Henry off Whitby—a fish weighing 851lb., thus topping the previous record, also from English waters, by 53lb. Mr. Mitchell-Henry has worked so hard for the establishment of big-game fishing in home waters that his success is an occasion for special congratulations.

Altogether the season, though heartily anathematised by salmon anglers, has provided plenty of individual honours for the fisherman of wider sympathies.



BROWN TROUT FROM LOCH RANNOCH—14¼LB.

MEMORIES OF A HUNTSMAN

Bert Thatcher's Forty Seasons With Hounds in Many Countries

I WAS born in 1874 at Bedale and am now 59 years of age, forty of which have been spent in hunt service. My father, Alfred Thatcher, was huntsman to the Bedale when Mr. John Booth was Master, and was a universal favourite with all members and followers of the Hunt. He went with Mr. Booth when he took over the Brocklesby, which he hunted for several seasons. From there he went as huntsman to the Shropshire under the Mastership of Sir Vincent Corbett, where through a fall out hunting, he died a comparatively young man at the age of 48. One old member of the Bedale Hunt, at his funeral, remarked: "The flesh pots of the Brocklesby broke Thatcher's heart."

My brother Alfred, who was well known in the hunting field, started his career as second horseman to his father, then went as second whipper-in to Lord Middleton's, on to Mr. C. W. B. Fernie as second whipper-in in Leicestershire, where after several seasons he was promoted to first whipper-in. He then took the huntsman's place to the Essex Union, and went from there to the Cottesmore under the mastership of Mr. Evan Hanbury.

When Mr. Hanbury retired, Charles Isaac had retired from the Fernie, so my brother went as huntsman under Mrs. Fernie and Mrs. Faber. When they gave up the pack he was out of harness for a few seasons.

Then the Atherstone country was cut up, and my brother went as huntsman to the Atherstone (South) under the mastership of Mr. R. Wright, and hunted hounds with great success; but at the end of the first season he got a bad fall and died at the end of the cub-hunting season the following year on November 26th, 1931.

It is impossible to write of my experiences without some preliminary references to circumstances which gave me my start in life.

As a boy I went with my father to Shrewsbury races, and was introduced to the late Fred Archer, who was to arrange for me to be an apprentice in a racing stable, but this fell through owing to the sudden death of both Archer and my father. At the time of my father's death, I was a pony boy to Mr. Heywood Lonsdale, Master of the Shropshire. I also acted as a covert lad and did carriage groom work, also going with the hacks to town.

On one occasion I was sent out riding in the Row with Miss Lonsdale, and saw King Edward, then Prince of Wales. Being so interested staring at the Prince, I lost Miss Lonsdale, who rode on and went back to the stables; the studgroom came out and found me in the Row, and reprimanded me well for losing his lady, who nevertheless enjoyed the joke at my expense!

Almost as soon as I could walk I had a passion for all out-of-door life and an affection for stable and kennel. I always loved hunting, and went as second whipper-in to the Lanark and Renfrewshire under the mastership of Sir David C. R. Carrick-Buchanan, K.C.B., of Drumpellier. "The Colonel," by which title he was well known, had few equals in the field, and hunted that country from 1850 to 1893. He was exceptionally quick in realising the good points of a hound.

It was on December 30th, 1893, that a remarkable hunt took place from Elphinstone covert in that it ended with a kill in the River Clyde. The pack swept over the valley beyond Coaslie Hill, and when West Ferry was reached it was thought the fox was lost. But a hound called Lucifer was seen swimming out into the river with others following, and before the whips could get near them they had finished their fox all except the mask.

The huntsman, in my time, was Harry Judd, who served under three Masters. Major Andrew Coats came forward and took over the country in 1893, and Colonel Robertson-Aikman, on the retirement of Major Andrew Coats, came to the head of affairs in the country, and both the Colonel and Judd retired in 1901. I was there five seasons as second whipper-in to this pack.

After that I went as first whipper-in to the Northumberland and Berwickshire under the mastership of the late Sir James Miller (the owner of the Derby winner, Rock Sand). Fred Kinch came the same season as huntsman from Lord Middleton's, he having been first whipper-in under that great huntsman, Will Grant. Here I stayed for five seasons, and we hunted four days a week, two in Northumberland and two in Berwickshire.

Once we hunted in mufti, meeting at the Cottage Hotel at Wooler, having stayed there overnight. It was blowing a terrible gale the next morning, and thinking it was too wild to hunt, we sent our boots and coats back by train.

After the train had gone the wind subsided and we did hunt, the first and only time in my career in mufti as a hunt servant.

A terrier belonging to the Hunt was put to ground near Ford in the middle of the day and a whipper-in left in charge with a digging party, but he came back saying they would never get down to their fox. That was on a Friday. On the following Tuesday a telegram came to the kennels saying a faint yap had been heard, and the second whipper-in was sent again, and started with some men digging again on the Tuesday afternoon, and they dug up till the Friday midday before the terrier was recovered, having fallen over a ledge and been in the hole from Friday to Friday.



A KILL IN THE CLYDE: THE RUN FROM ELPHINSTONE WITH THE LANARK AND RENFREWSHIRE IN 1893. THATCHER CAN BE SEEN HOLLOAING IN THE FOREGROUND

(From "Scottish Hunts" by "Tantivy," published by T. Cameron, Glasgow)



BERT THATCHER DURING HIS LAST DAYS WITH THE ZETLAND

With the aid of stimulants the terrier was brought round and still worked as a hunt terrier for a few seasons.

The whippers-in in my time were generally mounted on young thoroughbred horses, sent by Sir James Miller from Newmarket. One season I had 42 falls before Christmas, but my opinion is that after they know their job thoroughbreds are the best hunters anyone can ride.

Sir James sent me Pinfold to ride, and said "If you teach him to jump he is as certain to win a Grand National as Manderston (his seat) is made of bricks and mortar!" Unfortunately Pinfold broke down after doing his job to perfection, for he took to jumping as a duck takes to water.

After five seasons I left a pleasant country to take up an appointment as huntsman to the Garth. After leaving the Northumberland and Berwickshire I was engaged to go as first whipper-in to the Belvoir, but on my return home after my trial day a letter awaited me offering me the huntsman's place at the Garth, and so Sir G. Greenall released me from my engagement. The Master of the Garth was Mr. R. H. Gosling, who succeeded Mr. T. Garth, who had been Master for over 40 seasons.

The late Prince Christian used to hunt regularly from Cumberland Lodge. Hounds used to meet there for His Royal Highness's pleasure and that of his friends, to hunt in Windsor Park, which was nearly always a forest day with a short pack.

The unexpected once happened there. Well on in the afternoon I heard a hollea, and going away to it, I found a man breaking stones who had seen a fox break. Hounds hit off the line past the New Lodge, ran over part of the Hawthorn Hill race-course, some of the best of the Garth country, and killed him in the open close to the Hayzes, with only myself and the first whipper-in up when they pulled their fox down.

Queen Alexandra came out once with the Garth when hounds met at the New Lodge, in a carriage with postilions. Hounds found a fox close to the lodge, and had a very nice hunt and killed. Her Majesty saw a good part of it from the road, and was presented with the brush by Prince Christian. Queen Alexandra presented me with a sovereign which ever since I have worn upon my watch-chain.

After leaving the Garth I went to Mr. Arthur Pollock for one season with the Waterford, but ambition tempted me to leave and go as huntsman to Prince Egan Max Texas in Hungary. This was a market garden country, hounds running through melon and tomato fields and vineyards, with very little jumping, except drain and ditches. Foxes were found mostly in reed beds, and the country in a wet time carried a good scent; but the foxes were always stub bred and seldom went to ground. We hunted four days a week, from September up to Christmas, when the frost sets in and there is no more hunting until the following season.

The country people in Hungary were quite different to the same type of person in this country, for when hounds were running many a time have

I noticed a labourer never lift his head when they ran through the same field as he was working in. One day after hunting a fox which I knew was about beat, scent getting bad, I was looking out for anything to give me line to help them when I saw a man waving his hand, so sent my whipper-in, Will Matcher (who followed me as huntsman), to see what he knew. On approaching the man he fired two barrels of his gun at him and peppered his horse not a little!

This ended the day's sport, and Prince Texas and members of the Hunt dealt with him accordingly. I took 26 couple of hounds out with me, some purchased at Rugby and others drafts from various kennels.

The climate was all against breeding hounds there, so hounds were always drafted from England. I was mounted on the Master's horses, generally greys or chesnuts, and the whippers-in were mounted on the Army horses, which came to the stables at the beginning of the season and returned to barracks after the season finished. We used to have three days' cubbing and then went straight on to regular hunting. Before the opening meet I killed three foxes, quite an exception in that country, as it was odds on the fox, as they generally ran into the vineyards, and the manures used made it very bad for scent. Often we had to hunt in the gardens on foot owing to the unpopular feeling.

It was very seldom that foxes made a good point out there. The kennels were quite up to date, situated at Capostenis Meggia, on the outskirts of Budapest. The trams used to pass the kennel gates.

The climate was not suitable for my family. One of my reasons for leaving was that it was very hot in the summer and very cold in the winter.

Our hunting kit was of the best—scarlet coats with gold facings on the collar and buckskin breeches. At Alaig one of the race meetings, they always had a drag once a year. They ran the drag on the outside of the fences, and the members of the Hunt used to ride in this race, they jumping the fences, so as to finish at the winning post. But there was very little jumping while you were hunting—only drains and ditches. George Williamson, the cross-country jockey, used to ride out a lot of winners there.

All flesh used to be bought alive in the local market, and we used a lot of "sharps" along with it, and hounds did well on it and musceled. We also did all exercise in the early morning. After some time Mr. A. P. Pollock cabled me and offered me the huntsman's place to the Kildare, so I went and saw Prince Texas at Vienna, and he released me. That was in 1907. The Kildare kennels were at Jigginstown in Naas and hounds are still there.

During Mr. Pollock's first season, when hounds were coming home his horse fell and he broke his leg. We always had a good lot of sporting people out. Mr. P. P. Gilpin, the trainer, hunted with us, and was a good man to hounds; and one of the best was old Mr. H. Beasley, well known across a country and between flags.

John Thompson, the leading jockey in Ireland at that time, used to hunt with us. I think he was killed schooling a horse over hurdles. Anthony, of Manifesto fame, also hunted in that country. Mr. Pollock himself was ranked as one of the best amateur huntsmen of his day, and a tip-top man over a country.

I had two seasons there; everything was quiet and no trouble. The Master generally rode the Hunt horses himself before allowing the huntsman to have them, and many a good day did I have in that bank and ditch country.

I left here to go as kennel huntsman to Major the Hon. H. C. Vane, Master of the Galway ("The Blazers"). The kennels were at Craughwell. It was a fine sporting country, hunted four days a week. We often took hounds on by van. The Major drove them himself. One night, after loading hounds, and after a good part of the journey had been done, we saw some of the hounds trotting alongside of the van. We were then about four miles from kennels. The door had come open at the back. But the Major just drove on, and whistled to the hounds, and they all followed the van back to kennel. The Major himself had a good voice, and was very good on a horn, a good judge of a hound, and a bad man to follow. When we took the hounds over he bought ten horses from Mr. Pat Rogers, and there was not a bad one among them.

I had only one season there, when the Major asked me if I would join him and go with him to the Derwent. The Major followed Sir William Cooke, and the name of the country was changed. When this country was hunted by Captain Johnstone he sold his hounds at Rugby, and they made a record price, and my brother Arthur, who was at that time huntsman to the Cottesmore, said the hounds which he bought were the best workers he ever had.

(To be continued)

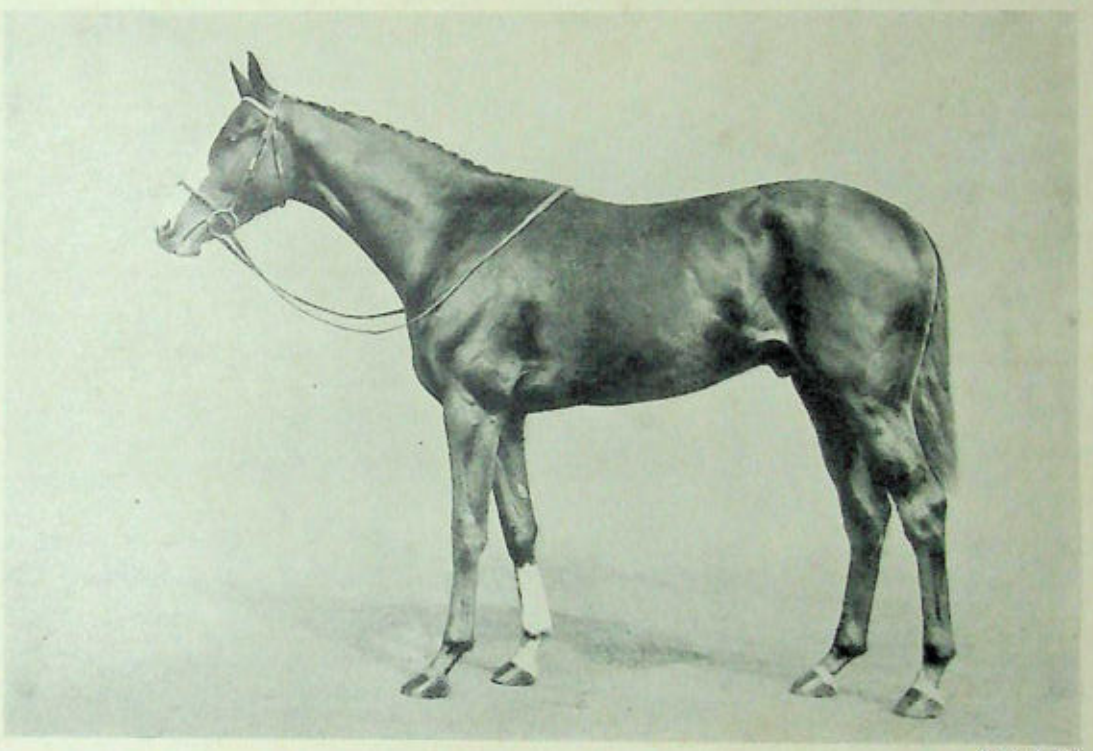
A MOST SUCCESSFUL RACING SEASON

Notable Colts and Fillies for Next Year's Classics

WE do not hesitate to pronounce the flat racing season, which closes at Manchester next week, as the most successful for several years past. Only a few seasons back a number of racecourse executives took a serious view of the prevailing situation. Attendances were falling off, entries had been cut down left and right, owners were economising, and altogether things did not look too promising for racing.

Apart from that, however, public interest in racing has been displayed in the most practical manner, and racecourse balance-sheets are better than they have been for some time.

There will be the usual diversity of opinion as to whether the season's three-year-olds are good, bad or indifferent. Our own opinion is that they have not fallen below the average. Performers of this age have secured their full share of the handicap honours of the autumn, Raymond's success in the Cambridgeshire being a notable case in point. Even as recently as last Saturday we saw a good performance accomplished by a classic three-year-old when Statesman, third in the Derby, carried a big weight to victory in the Glamis Handicap at Windsor.



W. A. Rouch

AN ASCOT GOLD CUP WINNER FOR FRANCE

Foxhunter (Foxlaw—Trimestral), the property of Mr. E. Esmond, winner of £7,755 in stakes, which is to stand at the Haras de Morte Fontaine, in France, at a fee of £198

As was generally expected, Myrobella, who headed the two-year-old Free Handicap last year, has failed for stamina, but she has proved herself a superb sprinter. The only time she was beaten in a short-distance race was when Concerto finished a short head in front of her at York, though she had previously beaten him at Goodwood and Newmarket. Lord Lonsdale having formally renewed the lease of the filly from the National Stud, the flying daughter of Tetratema remains to grace the Turf another season.

Foxhunter was the hero of the chief cup race of the year, and it is a pity this grand stayer should have suffered a breakdown in the Goodwood Cup, this bringing his racing career to a close. It was a disappointing season for Firdaussi, Dastur and one or two of the other cracks of 1932, but Colorado Kid trained on wonderfully well, achieving a notable sequence of important handicap victories and winding up with the Doncaster Cup. Colonel Giles Loder's colt must be given the credit of having proved himself the most successful handicap horse of the year.

Among the smartest of the other two-year-olds a prominent place must be accorded to Master Vere, who after beginning his career unpromisingly with two failures suddenly found winning form. From that moment Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth's grey colt went from strength to strength and won seven races off the reel. This sturdy large-hearted son of Felstead has done much to bring his distinguished young sire to the front.

Master Vere is one of the many good youngsters trained by Mr. Frank Butters. Umidwar has already been acclaimed in these pages as a colt of exceptional promise, and it would be difficult to make a choice between two of the fillies in the same stable—Light Brocade and Mrs. Rustom. Manton does not appear to be well off for high-class two-year-olds, and the same applies to Stanley House, but Beckhampton has a good supply of young talent, including the Middle Park Stakes winner, Medieval Knight, who, so far as we can tell at present, will be the mount of G. Richards in the Derby.

Another substitute day's sport under National Hunt Rules, was held at Stratford-on-Avon last week to replace the meeting which had to be abandoned on account of the drought.

The attendance was somewhat disappointing, though no doubt this was partly accounted for by the commencement of hunting "proper," a particularly strong counter attraction in the neighbourhood of Stratford. Fields on the other hand were exceedingly good, and Colonel Paine is to be warmly congratulated on having been able to close with 144 entries.

The Barford Handicap Steeple chase of three-and-a-quarter miles was the chief event of the afternoon, being won in fine style by Mr. Ambrose Clark's Sorley Boy. Dudley Williams rode the winner, and as ever was a joy to watch, for he gave an exhibition not only of perfect jockeyship, but perfect horsemanship as well, a sight all too seldom seen on our steeple chase courses. The National is a long way off, but by winning his three-and-a-quarter mile race Sorley Boy is qualified to run in it, and perhaps we may see Williams as successful on him as he was on Mrs. Ambrose Clark's good horse last year.

Another interesting winner was Le Fortium, who gave a very impressive display by winning the Avon Handicap Steeple Chase from Squire Morris and Vive l'Amour. Mr. J. V. Rank's horse, which is only a four-year-old, should have a great future over two miles. Sanpere and Tog Hill, who provided so much entertainment at Taunton, both turned out for this race, and though the former showed more willingness to jump, Mr. A. G. Moon's chesnut gelding caused no surprise by failing to complete the course.

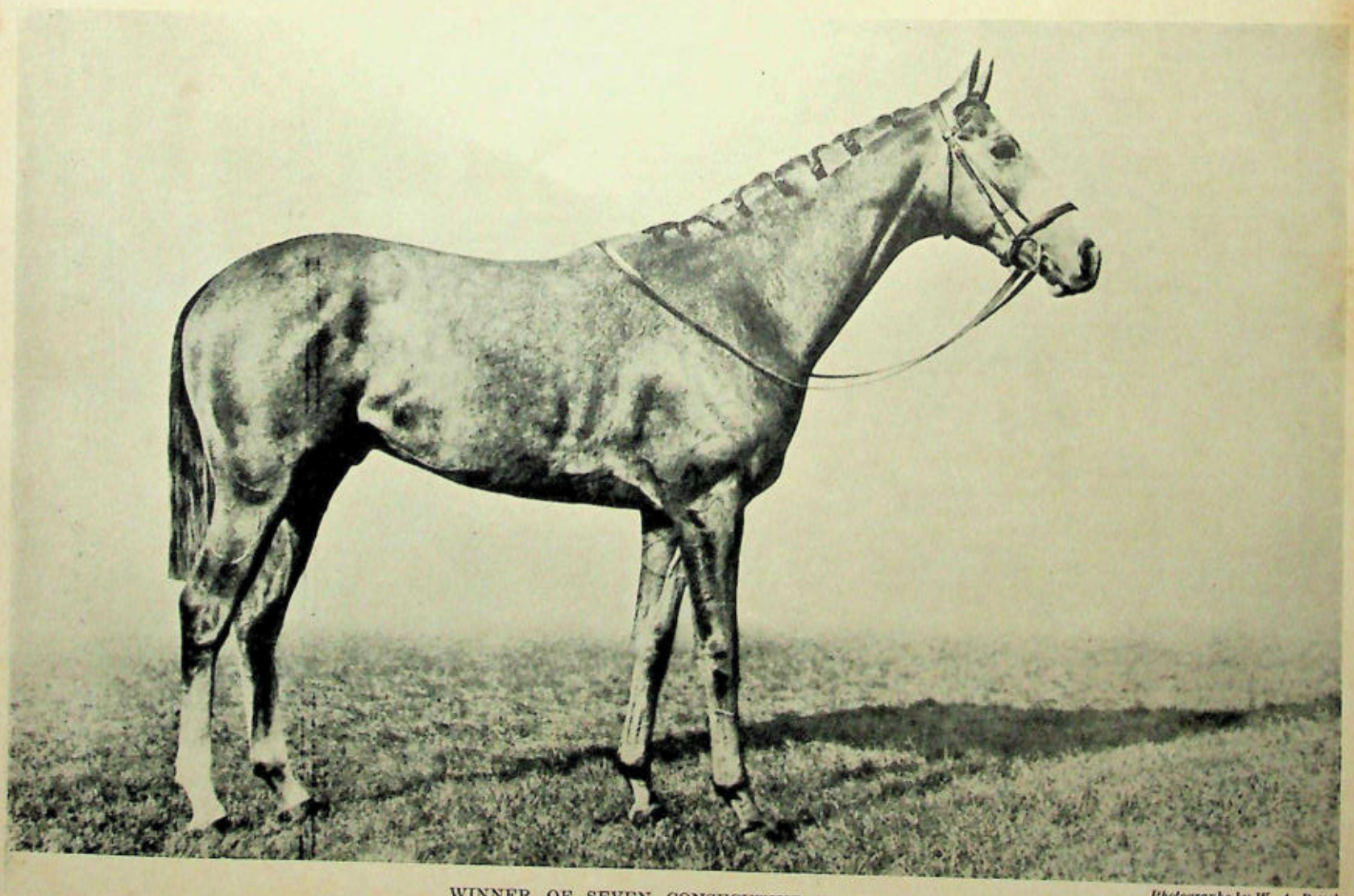
The last race on the card attracted eighteen starts and was won by Inglesant, who had been made a strong favourite. Had the visability been better, "perfect" would not have been an exaggerated description of the afternoon's sport.

TWO OUTSTANDING COLTS OF THE RACING SEASON



STRONGLY FANCIED FOR NEXT YEAR'S DERBY

Colombo (Manna—Lady Nairne), bred by Sir A. Black, and purchased as a yearling at the Doncaster sales for 510gs. by Lord Glanely. His victories include the New Stakes at Ascot, the Fulbourne Stakes at Newmarket, the National Breeders' Produce Stakes at Sandown Park, the Richmond Stakes at Goodwood and the Imperial Produce Stakes at Kempton Park



WINNER OF SEVEN CONSECUTIVE RACES

Photographs by W. A. Rouch

Master Vere (Felstead—Tetranella), bred and owned by the Hon. Mrs. E. Harmsworth, whose colours have been carried to victory in the Saxham Stakes at Newmarket, the Warwickshire Breeders' Foal Plate at Birmingham, the Nottinghamshire Breeders' Foal Plate at Nottingham and the Newbury Autumn Foal Plate at Newbury. This grey colt has yet to meet Colombo on the racecourse



MASAI BOYS LEARNING TO SHOOT

A LONE SAFARI THROUGH AFRICA

PART II

Facts and Figures of an Eight Months' Shoot

By CAPTAIN CONYERS LANG

FROM M'Beya, through Iringa, Dadoma, Babati to Arusha, about 900 miles, over many escarpments, and across lovely country. Nearly all this is magnifi- cent shooting country, especially in the Ruhaha Valley, not far from Dadoma. Arusha lies at the foot of Mount Meru in a green oasis. It is a first-class shooting centre. There is a good hotel, and the game warden's office is here also. The famous Serengetti plains are not far off. Here will be found incredible numbers of game of all descriptions, especially lions, but this country is too well known to require more words.

From Arusha to Nairobi is about 180 miles, but it is one of the most terrible roads in Africa. In some places the track had deep holes, whilst in others great patches of sand and volcanic dust are met with, and innumerable dongas, out of which the car had to be dug. In wet weather the road is completely impassable.

I arrived in Nairobi in November. I had spent nearly six months hunting through the country between the Transvaal and Kenya.

Two months were spent in Kenya shooting and fishing. The fishing in some of the rivers near Nairasha or Nyeri is excellent. Rainbow and brown trout have been introduced and have thrived very well. The Marindot River, near Nairasha, in particular, is full of rainbow trout. The record fish scaled 12lb. Many have been caught between 4lb. and 8lb. The first time I fished this river the bag totalled fifteen, varying between 1lb. and 4½lb. in weight. The fishing in Kenya deserves more publicity than it gets. In my opinion, it is first-class. The cost is practically nothing, and there are miles and miles of it.

Shooting in Kenya is too well known to require any comment. I spent most of my time in the K'dong Valley, or around Naroc, or down by the Mara River. There are, of course, many other equally good if not better districts in this colony. Suffice it to say I found some excellent sport.

Owing to the flooded state of the higher reaches of the Nile, I had to delay my attempt at crossing the hazardous Sudd district until January. In order to fill up the time, I went on a final safari. During this safari I was charged and badly damaged by a wounded buffalo, which necessitated my being in hospital for many months; but although I was most fortunate in escaping with my life I was forced to give up the remainder of the journey to Cairo. Had it not been for this I think I had a very fair chance of success.

At the time of my accident, I had covered nearly 13,000 miles through Africa, and most of this distance alone. My knowledge of a motor car is very small, but I had no trouble with the machine, despite the fact that it was put sometimes to the most severe strain and often driven for many miles across country.

It is a wrong idea to think that big game hunting is a rich man's perquisite. It is quite the reverse to the man who is really keen and fit and likes an open-air life. Neither is a white hunter a necessity. It is certainly easier with a white hunter, because he will know where to go and will make all the arrangements; but all the credit of success will be his, though he will be polite enough to say the reverse. There is a charm and fascination n finding out and organising things oneself, for that is really the way to learn.

Personally, instead of engaging a white hunter. I used local "boys," and hunted with them. They made my camps, cooked and acted as spoorers, and all this despite the fact that I knew practically no kitchen Kaffir nor Swahili. Later on I found an English-speaking boy, who accompanied me everywhere, and he proved most useful in interviewing local chiefs and headmen. In such a manner I shot almost continuously for seven months.

Shooting licences in Kenya and, to a lesser degree, in Tanganyika are expensive. They are far cheaper in Rhodesia, and I would strongly adviso the man of moderate means to go to Northern Rhodesia. There is every class of shooting to be got there, particularly down the Kafue and Chambesi valleys, or in the country round M'Pika or Serenge. Also, nowhere in the world will be found kinder or more hospitable settlers than in Rhodesia.

Buffalo, lions and leopards are considered vermin here, and no licence is required; in fact, one is encouraged to shoot them.

I took the van everywhere I went, and used it more or less as a travelling house. It carried all my stores and possessions. The actual cost was very small, for with the exception of a few stores it was easily possible to live off what was shot, with the addition of eggs, chickens and milk which were obtainable from the natives.

The many fashionable safaris—which have been organised in Kenya and Tanganyika by rich Americans, Britons and film companies—in which comfort, and often publicity, takes the first place and sport the second, have done a considerable amount to prostitute the grandeur of big game hunting. This is particularly the case in regard to lions in certain places, where they can be fed to a state of semi-tameness.

Finally, should time be a consideration, do not forget the Imperial Airways Service. It is possible to fly to Central Africa in eight days. The return ticket will not be so much as engaging a single cabin on a boat and the subsequent rail fare. The air mail will put you down at M'Pika or M'Beya, both excellent centres for shooting. A splendid safari can be organised at very small cost from either of these centres, and at the conclusion there is the aeroplane to return by.

The following accounts may be of interest and they are accurate to the nearest pound. At the same time it should be pointed out that a considerable saving could be made in various items, particularly with regard to the boat fare.

Instead of taking a first-class return fare to the Cape in a mail boat, which ticket costs £160, a saving of at least £35 can be effected by travelling by one of the comfortable intermediate ships.

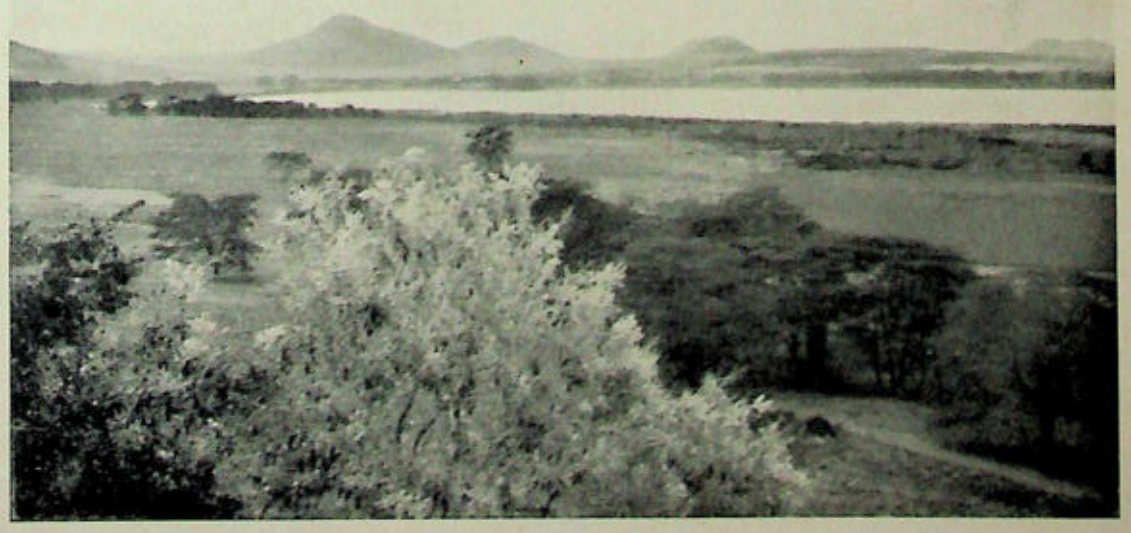
In many instances it is possible to camp instead of staying at inns or hotels throughout the journey. The cost in hotels outside the big towns is between 15/- and 17/6 per day, and sometimes less, and this figure is practically universal between the Cape and Uganda. Naturally the extras, such as drinks, are according to taste. The average price of a bottle of whisky is 15/-. I will merely add that particularly in the Rhodesias a visitor will find that perhaps the hardest job he has to tackle is to be allowed to pay for a drink, such is the hospitality of the inhabitants.

Roughly speaking, this adventure of eight months cost £800. Had Cairo been reached the comparative cost might have been less, although it must be remembered that once the Nile is reached, especially the part between Khartoum and Cairo, prices rise considerably. In Africa the country south of the equator is far less expensive than that to the north—and it will be found to be of considerably more interest to the big game hunter and naturalist, particularly to one of moderate means.

As regards petrol, the price varies according to distance from rail or port. In the Union it was between 1/9 and 2/4 per gallon, and 3/- in S. Rhodesia. In the lower half of Northern Rhodesia it was 3/6 per gallon. Farther north, in the M'Pika district, hundreds of miles from a railway, it was 6/- per gallon, but it is possible to take on board a considerable quantity before leaving the railway at Broken Hill—enough almost to carry through 1,000 miles to the Tanganyika line.

Near Lake Tanganyika the price was 4/8, but as the Tanganyika railway is approached and finally crossed at Dadoma the figure dropped rapidly to 2/11. In Kenya and Uganda the average was 2/9. The wages of my one permanent boy was £2 a month. He did everything for me, including cooking and washing and engaging hunting boys. The latter were paid roughly 6d. per day.

	£	s.	d.
Cost of van (bought new at Cape Town)	237	0	0
Licences for car	7	0	0
Spares for car	10	0	0
Petrol, 602 gallons for 12,851 miles, £87 15s. 0d., average price per gallon 2/11, van averaged 21 m.p.g.	87	15	0
Oil	10	0	0
Licences: £10 Union of South Africa; £10 Rhodesia; £10 Tanganyika; £20 Kenya	50	0	0
Cartridges	25	0	0
Cost of boys	38	10	0
Living expenses	274	0	0
Boat fare	160	0	0
Cost of kit	20	0	0
Extras	50	0	0
Total expenses	969	5	0
Deduct sale of car	150	0	0
Nett cost	£819	5	0



IN THE RIFT VALLEY COUNTRY, LAKE NAIVASHA IN THE FOREGROUND

SUPPORT FOR THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW

SIR,—I have read with interest Captain J. E. Hance's letter, in which he has generously offered to contribute 50 guineas as a donation towards the necessary funds for the upkeep of the International Horse Show at Olympia. If the International Horse Show falls through it will certainly be a national calamity as far as horses and horse breeding are concerned, and I agree with Captain Hance that it is not fair for Lord Lonsdale and others associated in his patriotic endeavour to bear the brunt.

I would like to offer the "poor man's mite" donation of 25 guineas towards the general funds, and I feel perfectly sure that with the assistance of your paper, every penny required will be subscribed.

Captain Hance has earned the gratitude of those interested in horses for his foresight and generosity in coming forward at this juncture.

Yours faithfully,

"Warrington House," Cranmore Lane, Aldershot. H. S. LEES-SMITH (Major).

PARTRIDGES AND TELEGRAPH WIRES

SIR,—On October 26th, when there was a high wind, I was walking across a grass field within about one hundred yards of the main Newark and Lincoln road when I noticed some partridges crossing the road just at the end of a belt of trees. A very strong gust of wind blew them into the telegraph wires and I saw a number fall. I picked up seven dead partridges and a retriever found another, making eight in all.

I had no gun, nor was anyone else shooting in the neighbourhood.

Yours faithfully,

Winthorpe Hall, Newark. WALTER J. NEED.

SCULLING FORWARD

SIR,—Here is a photograph of the boat intended for forward rowing, lines of which were published in the *Field* last year (May 14th). It may be recollected that she is fitted with seats instead of thwarts, and that the rowers, by sitting in the position shown, obtain a knee-grip, and can employ their thigh and trunk muscles.

There is a knack attached to this method of rowing, best expressed perhaps by the words I address to those trying it for the first time, which are as follows:

"Scrunch up your calves. Go back with a rounded back—like a boxer on the defensive. Throw the weight of the body on to the sculls by contracting the thigh and abdominal muscles. Complete the stroke by thrusting out both arms from the shoulders."

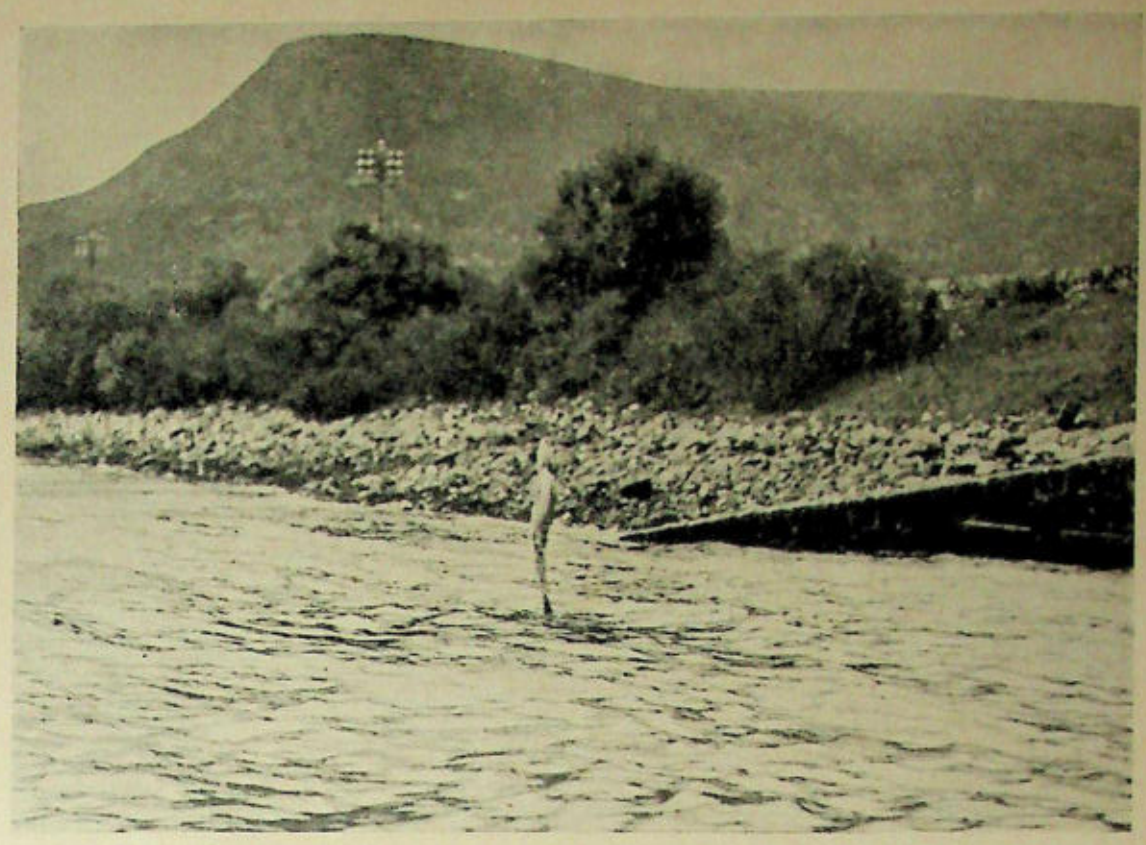
This gives a very strong finish, and the boat travels well between the strokes.

Many good scullers have tried the boat this summer, but it takes a little time to get the knack. When this is acquired, it will be found just as effective—for ordinary speeds—as pulling, with the added advantage of seeing where you are going.

It is very beneficial to the figure.

Yours faithfully,

London, S.W. 5. PERCY TATCHELL.



CAUGHT IN MID-AIR BY THE CAMERA
(See Letter "Kelt Jumping")

KELT JUMPING

SIR,—The enclosed photograph of a kelt jumping was taken at The Mound, Sutherland, at the head of Loch Fleet, where there are a set of six sluice gates to keep the sea out of the River Fleet, unless the water in the river is high enough to compete with the tide. As this had never been the case since about May, I believe, Loch Fleet appeared full of very bored salmon.

Yours faithfully,

Holywell, Swanmore, Southampton. M. P.

[Salmon leaping may be due to the irritation caused by freshwater lice, but it has been observed that the presence of an otter will cause fish to behave in this manner, often for an appreciable time.—ED.]

REMOVING GLINT FROM GUT

SIR,—Vice-Admiral Chetwode's letter in your October 21st issue was most interesting to me, as I have been experimenting for some time with the various coloured casts now on the market. Hardy's pale green casts, I rather like, and have done well with them. Then Foster's patent "camouflaged" casts are quite good and have less glint on than the ordinary gut cast. I have, however, had the best sport on Farlow's Hewitt Patent semi-invisible casts, and particularly in very clear and low waters, and in bright sunshine. These Farlow casts are a dull brown colour (but not quite black), and they have very little glint on, if any. Many fishermen give this glint question very little consideration, but personally I think it is an important matter. I have come to the conclusion that any of the above three different gut casts mentioned are certainly better for sport than the ordinary white glittering gut casts.

Yours truly,

Carlisle, Cumberland. HENRY A. WATSON.



ABLE TO SEE WHERE THEY ARE GOING
(See Letter "Sculling Forward")

A BEAUTIFUL SKIN & SOFT, WHITE HANDS

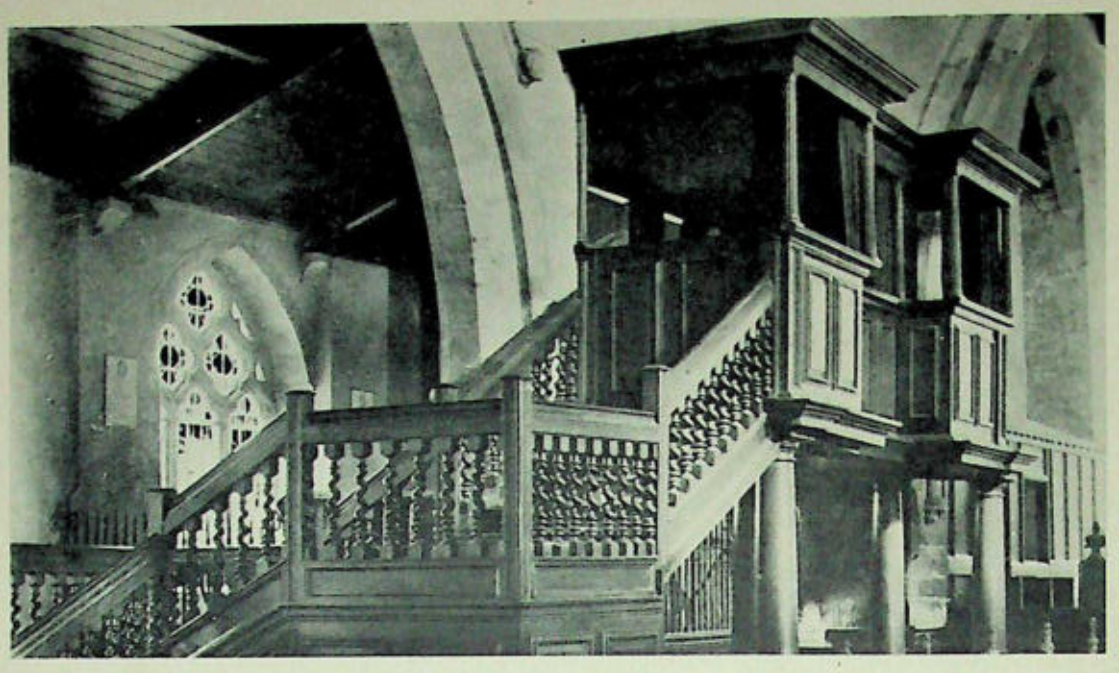


Winter, with its cold, wet winds, frost and sleet, takes heavy toll of face and hands that are not protected by Larola. Throughout the world and for many years the famous skin lotion, Larola, has rendered countless faces and hands immune from all roughness, redness and irritation. A few drops applied regularly keep the hands free from chaps, beautifully soft and white, and the complexion radiantly clear.

1/6 and 2/6 a bottle

BEETHAM'S Larola

From all Chemists and Stores or Post Free in U.K. direct from:—
M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND
Write for a copy of the interesting and informative Larola Booklet, "The Cult of Beauty." Sent free.



THE OVERHEAD PEW IN THE CHURCH AT CROFT-ON-TEES
(See Letter "The Squire's Pew")

THE SQUIRE'S PEW

SIR,—While recently visiting some thoroughbred studs in Yorkshire, I passed through the beautiful little village of Croft-on-Tees, where once a thoroughbred stud was located, and horses of the calibre of Lord Lyon, George Frederick, Albert Victor and Queen's Birthday (sire of Santoi) stood.

In the old Norman church may be seen the Squire's pew, owned by the Wilson Todds of Halnaby. Local tradition asserts that Byron (who spent his honeymoon at Halnaby) used to go to sleep in this vast and comfortable structure, which surely must be unique in this country.

Yours truly,
Surrey. WILLIAM FAWCETT.

WILD GOATS

SIR,—I believe that there still exist some feminine specimens of the wild goats of Wales in the proximity of Pen Dinas, in Pembrokeshire. I have not seen them myself, but I know they were in existence not many years ago. In mediæval times the hill pastures of mid-Wales were largely occupied by great herds of half-wild goats; but these herds were later replaced by equally large flocks of sheep, with the result that the goats grew scarcer until their number became negligible. Yours faithfully,
Tenby. HERBERT M. VAUGHAN.

THE FIELD

AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR FRIENDS AT HOME AND OVERSEAS — A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE FIELD

FULL PARTICULARS FROM
Circulation Manager
THE FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, LONDON, E.C.4

CHRISTMAS POSTING

Readers of the "Field" who wish to forward the Christmas number or some other present to friends overseas will possibly be glad of the following table for the dates of despatch of letters and newspapers from London. The necessary allowance must be made for country posting. E stands for evening, M for morning in the list printed below.

Destination	Date of despatch from London.
Aden	E., 14 Dec.
Argentine Republic	E., 27 Nov.
do. (by air mail) ..	M., 9 Dec.
Bermuda	E., 5 Dec.
Canada—	
Montreal and principal towns in Eastern Provinces	E., 12 Dec.
Other places	E., 8 Dec.
Ceylon	E., 7 Dec.
do. (by air mail)	M., 9 Dec.
China—	
*All parts except Hong Kong (*via* Siberia)	M., 21 Nov.
East Africa	E., 23 Nov.
Principal towns (by air mail) ..	M., 13 Dec.
Other places (by air mail) ..	M., 6 Dec.
Egypt	M., 16 Dec.
do. Alexandria and Cairo only (by air mail)	M., 20 Dec.
Gibraltar	M., 19 Dec.
Hong Kong	E., 23 Nov.
* do. (*via* Siberia)	M., 25 Nov.
do. (by air mail)	M., 6 Dec.
India (except Burmah)	E., 7 Dec.
Burmah	E., 30 Nov.
Karachi (by air mail)	M., 16 Dec.
† Bombay, Delhi and Calcutta (by air mail)	M., 16 Dec.
Other places do.	M., 9 Dec.
Iraq	M., 15 Dec.
do. (by air mail)	M., 16 Dec.
Jamaica	E., 5 Dec.
*Japan (*via* Siberia)	M., 24 Nov.
Malta	M., 19 Dec.
Newfoundland	E., 8 Dec.
Nigeria	E., 28 Nov.
Palestine	M., 15 Dec.
do. (by air mail)	M., 16 Dec.
South Africa (including N. & S. Rhodesia)	M., 1 Dec.
Broken Hill, Bulawayo, Salisbury, Johannesburg and Capetown (by air mail)	M., 13 Dec.
Other places (by air mail) ..	M., 6 Dec.
Straits Settlements	E., 23 Nov.
do. (by air mail) ..	M., 13 Dec.
Sudan	M., 9 Dec.
do. (by air mail)	M., 13 Dec.
United States	E., 12 Dec.

* Special superscription required.
† Specially superscribed "by air to Karachi and in India."

IN THE CITY

A YIELD OF 5¼ PER CENT.

UNITED KINGDOM and Argentine 1933 Convention Trust 5½ per cent. "B" stock can at present be bought at £104½ to yield 5¼ per cent. The trust holds £5,367,075 British Government 3 per cent. Conversion Loan 1948/53 and £7,156,100 Argentine Government 4 per cent. Bonds 1939/53, and the issued capital is as under:

4 per cent. cumulative "A" stock	£3,578,050
5½ per cent. cumulative "B" stock	2,504,635
3 per cent. cumulative maximum "C" stock	5,367,075
	£11,449,760

It will be seen from the above figures that the "A" stock is more than covered by the Conversion 3 per cent. stock held by the trust, and that there remains sufficient of the latter stock to cover 71.4 per cent. of the "B" stock. In other words the £2,504,635 "B" stock in issue is covered as to £1,789,025 by Conversion 3 per cent. stock, and as to the remaining £715,610 by £7,156,100 Argentine 4 per cent. Government Bonds. These Argentine bonds will be redeemable by means of a cumulative sinking fund of 5 per cent. per annum, which will commence to operate by semi-annual drawings at par in May, 1939. As soon as the trust receives monies from the redemption of any part of its holding of these Argentine bonds it will employ that money to repay first of all the "A" stock, then the "B" stock, and lastly the "C" stock, and calculation will show that after four semi-annual operations of the sinking fund have taken place (that is in November, 1941) the "B" stock will be fully covered by the Conversion 3 per cent. stock held by the trust.

Assuming no default occurs on the service of the Argentine Government Bonds the "B" stock will therefore become similar to a British Government security in November, 1941, and since redemption of this stock will not in any case commence before November, 1949, there is no reason to suppose that the stock will be quoted at a lower price in November, 1941, than it is at present, since a 5½ per cent. stock standing at 104½ and redeemable in eight years time would give a redemption yield of £4 16s. 3d. per cent.

The "B" stock of this trust, therefore, seems to represent an attractive high yielding investment for those prepared to accept a slight risk, and it could best be bought with a view to retention over the next eight years. During this period the saleable value of the stock seems more likely to appreciate than to depreciate, but after that time the price will probably begin to fall, until the stock is finally paid off at par in 1951.

The slight risk mentioned above is the possibility of default on the part of the Argentine Government on the interest payment, or sinking fund service, or both, of the Argentine 4 per cent. stock. If complete default were to occur immediately the "B" stockholders of the trust would receive no interest payment, but unless the Argentine 4 per cent. bonds were worth less than 10 per cent. of their face value the break-up value of the "B" stock would not be under par. If default were to occur on the sinking fund only after November, 1941, the "B" stockholders would have nothing to fear, and if the sinking fund were to be previously suspended very little to fear. One might add that since the Argentine has come through the last three years without any kind of default whatever on her Government obligations, all this talk of default seems rather ungracious and is probably superfluous.

The £1 ordinary shares of Ericsson Telephones Limited can at present be bought at about 57/6. The yield at this price is only £4 3s. 6d. per cent. on the basis of the 12 per cent. dividend paid for the last three years, but it seems unlikely that the speculative investor will have cause to regret a purchase. An interim dividend of 6 per cent. was declared on the 2nd of this month, and this is the first time that an interim distribution has been made. The company is believed to be earning substantially larger profits than it did during either 1931 or 1932, and if the total distribution for 1933 were to be made up to, say, 15 per cent. it would not surprise the writer. In that case the yield at the current price would be comfortably over 5 per cent.

The ordinary shares of this company were only introduced to the market last month, and thus it is not possible to quote the highest and lowest prices reached in former years. It is hoped to set out further particulars concerning the company in a subsequent note, but current indications seem to be that the shares will gradually become more expensive to buy. Hence this preliminary note.

PACTOLUS.

LEARNING GOLF FROM THE "MOVIES"

An Aid for All Players

By E. R. TIPPLE

PICTURES taken by ordinary cameras seldom are of instructional benefit to golfers. The majority published are posed, and so quite useless from the point of view of those anxious to gain more knowledge. And those taken whilst the subject is in action usually depict him recovering from trouble in the shape of a bunker or a gorse bush, at the top of his swing, or long after the ball has fled on its way. But the motion-picture camera gives us the whole complete story; we miss nothing at all.

When motion pictures were first taken of golfers, some years ago now, it will be remembered that certain of the best players—those who had made the game and the teaching of it a profession—refused to believe the evidence of their own eyes. They had maintained previously that they swung the club in a certain way, whilst the camera showed that they did not. The cinematograph soon made them realise their mistake. But even to-day the use of the motion-picture camera as an aid to golfers of all classes has not been fully exploited.

The first series of short pictures made by Bobby Jones after he had abandoned the fray of competitive golf, entitled, "How I Play Golf," proved an even greater success than the promoters had anticipated. Those who saw it—and not many keen players missed the opportunity—obtained a somewhat novel mixture of entertainment and instruction. Even professional golfers confessed that they were interested. At the present time Jones's second venture in the film world is being shown all over the country—a series of "shots" with the comforting title of "How to Break 90." Other famous golfers have made films, but it is safe to say that not one of them has been able to produce one of the same standard set up by this great golfer. As he does in the flesh, so he does in the shadow; Jones makes the game look absurdly easy. But above all, because he possesses the happy knack of being able to demonstrate clearly how a particular stroke should be played, those who watch learn.



BOBBY JONES IN ACTION

By watching acknowledged masters of the game play through the medium of the moving picture is one modern way of obtaining more golfing knowledge. But there is another, and to my mind, even a better method. This can be found quickly and surely by being photographed by the motion camera, by "seeing ourselves as others see us." That is the method I advocate.

So far few British professionals have adopted the cinematograph as an assistant. There is one "school" in London that opened recently where golfers can go to be photographed, afterwards seeing the results whilst the faults are pointed out by an experienced tutor. Henry Cotton is one who has great faith in this modern method of teaching. When he was at Langley Park he used to hold private shows and the few privileged to attend learned much. On his lecture tours he takes with him moving pictures to illustrate his points, just as, in former days, lantern slides were used. George Duncan, who has always something apt to say and so is one of the few lecturers on golf worth hearing, also makes use of the camera. The advent of the slow-motion film increased the value of this way of teaching golf, more detail being discernible. At the moment, however, we are only at the beginning of this movement.

The invention of the small motion camera for private individual use has enabled golfers to take themselves and their friends without having to call in a professional photographer. At a recent championship meeting a friend of mine filmed a number of the well-known players. Later, at a reception, he showed the results and earned the gratutude of those who had become the stars of the screen for that evening, because they spotted errors in their swing which had escaped the notice of the eye.

To those who possess such a camera and to those who will in the future I would offer a few words of advice, having had some experience of the work. First of all it is essential that the subject should not pose for the picture. If he does he will not appear natural, and the result will not be a success. Secondly, do not take your pictures always from the same angle. The usual method is to stand opposite the player, but that is not the only good way. By pointing the lens in the intended direction of the shot, that is, standing at the side of the player, much information can be gleaned regarding the movement of the body and the progress of the club, first away from the ball on the backswing, and then to the ball on the downward path. Whatever the setting adopted it is imperative to have the camera in a dead straight line with the ball otherwise the stance and the swing in the subsequent pictures will appear out of alignment and far from normal.

It is comforting for "rabbits" to know that even international golfers plumb the depths of misery at times by losing their touch. Not so long ago one well-known player communicated with me and said that he had tried almost everything and still could not play as of old. He had seen the action pictures of well-known players and wanted one taken of himself, so I gave him the necessary information. When I met him some weeks later he was a changed person. Playing better than he had ever done, due solely, he said, to the use of the pictures.

One of the handiest methods of referring to a cinematograph film which demonstrates faults is to make use of a little book of prints from the film which a flick of the thumb will set in motion like a zoetrope.

The days of teaching in front of a mirror—with its obvious disadvantages—are all but finished. I believe that very soon the majority of the professionals attached to the larger clubs will have motion-picture apparatus installed. Although the cost at the moment is rather high, it is by no means prohibitive, and as progress is made so the cost will be decreased. One great advantage the film has is that, once taken, it is a record for all time to which constant reference can be made.



WHAT THE CINEMATOGRAPH SHOWS. THE DRIVE IN TWELVE SECTIONS FROM A FILM



Definitely superior for all occasions

BOOTH'S

THE ONLY MATURED

DRY GIN



"PHEASANTS BE BLOWED! YOU'VE SHOT 'EM ALL!"

THOSE WHO GO RACING

Characters which are Absent from the Turf To-Day

By J. B. BOOTH

IT was a particularly filthy day at Manchester—filthy even for Manchester—and the favourite was tailed off.

"After 'em, lad!" bawled a cherry Mancunian on the rails, as the mud-spattered jockey passed him. "After 'em! Blime, don't you want to 'ear what's won?"

It is that desire to "hear what's won" that levels all ranks, and makes one class of the greater part of the community. There are, of course, others; there are folk who never go racing, who have never seen a racehorse, but they are few, and therefore conspicuous. In fact, at times they make themselves conspicuous. For example, in celebration of one of his great Turf victories the late Duke of Westminster sent a cheque for £500 to the Chester Infirmary, and a sporting paper, recording the fact, used the word "monkey" to describe the amount. In due course a demure and pious, and far from sporting, journal calmly "lifted" the paragraph;



"ON THE RACECOURSE SHE WORE COVERT COATS, WITH HORSESHOE PINS AND FELT HATS"

but the editor was out of his depth, for he proceeded to comment on the gift, and observed that the "monkey" was obviously for the sick children to play with!

As one looks back to pre-war racing, and compares it with the sport of to-day, two things strike one: Firstly, what one may call the woman influence—far more women seem to go racing regularly to-day—and the apparent absence of pronounced "characters." The "characters" are probably there, but submerged in the crowds.

Not that women, even in pre-war days, did not make their mark on the racecourse, in spite of the crushing dictum of an owner of the old school: "They neither win with equanimity nor lose with dignity."

The old Duchess of Montrose, for instance, that great character of Marlborough House days, had little to learn from the advanced women of to-day. "Thank God he's got a liver!" was her savage comment when a fancied candidate of hers was beaten by one of Captain Machell's. In her youth she had been good-looking, but as her youthful charms passed she made rather unfortunate attempts to replace them with the aid of cosmotics. On the racecourse she wore vivid checks, and covert coats, with horseshoe pins and felt hats. "Caroline Duchess" had the gift of humorous expression. "What with Robinson the jockey, who can't ride, and Robinson the judge, who is colour blind, I seem unlikely to win any races this year," was a saying of hers that went the rounds. Her language, when she chose, was vigorous and direct, and if some of her conversations with her various trainers could be reported verbatim they would make curious reading. A great character, and a kind-hearted, eccentric woman, she had little need of woman's rights or votes to aid her in getting her way.

But woman, emancipated as she may be, still suffers from certain handicaps when she goes racing. I remember well the illuminating comment of one Bill Lakey, a character who deserves to be immortal, who was for years in the entourage of "Dick" Dunn, the famous ready-money bookmaker. At a Newmarket meeting Bill had seen Mrs. Langtry put a hundred pounds on a horse that subsequently ran a perfect pig. Bill became sympathetic—and philosophic. "S'truth!" was his comment. "Even *I* could ha' told her it wasn't goin'! *Wot* a lot of stable information women miss through not havin' to wait their turn in the shavin' shop on racin' mornin's!"

Lakey had his own outlook on life. He saw the theft of Lord Falmouth's watch at Newmarket, and pointed a moral.

"He ain't like his father," said Bill, "who could stand unmoved an' see Fred Archer lose the Derby on Galliard. He's all nerves an' excitement, and if you could ha' seen him, strainin' an' shiftin' about, with both hands holdin' his glasses to his eyes—why, bless ye, the honestest pickpocket breathin' couldn't ha' refrained, and kept his self-respect!"

And if Bill was a character, so was his employer, Dick Dunn, who, when he died in 1905, had lived to see the end of the school of ready-money fielders who, at one time, could hardly take their money fast enough. Dick's language and modes of expression were his very own. "Well! Well! Well!" was his piercing wail at a Sandown meeting when three rank outsiders were placed. "What a waste of outsiders!"

And at Kempton he almost paralysed a noble owner whose horse, starting at long odds in a field of three, ran the favourite to a neck. "God bless you, me lord! God bless you!" bawled Dick. "You did your best, an' if you'd on'y ha' won, I'd—I'd—damme, I'd ha' kissed you on both cheeks!"

It was, by the way, at the close of a series of verbal exchanges with the redoubtable Richard that the Duchess of Montrose had to admit defeat.

In some ways the "tote" is a poor exchange for fielders of the type of Dick Dunn, for, whatever its virtues, the "tote" is incapable of repartee.

Personal eccentricities have always seemed to thrive on the racecourse. And straightway come to memory two very different figures—old George Hodgman and the late Lord Cholmondeley, alike in one respect, in that they were invariably chewing something. Old Hodgman—if ever a man could have written a history of the heavy gambling days it was he—was never to be seen on the course without a sprig of sweetbrier between his lips, while the peer's toothpick never seemed to leave his mouth. As someone observed, when it was announced that he was to "kiss hands" on some Court appointment, "Please Heaven he leaves the toothpick out!"

Human nature being human nature, the eccentrics must still exist, if submerged in the crowd, but where is the Colonel North of to-day? It would have been difficult to decide whether the Colonel was fonder of sport or good living, but he managed to combine both. No one who was there will forget the great day at Avery Hill, when the Colonel repented of his decision to sell his horses and greyhounds. When Mr. Edmund Tattersall started the sale, the Colonel, who had done himself remarkably well at lunch, had decided that he did not want to sell anything, and started bidding for the lots himself, cheerily offering 10,000gs. a time. The only business done was in the luncheon tent and the improvised bar—and it was "some" business.

With the Colonel food and drink ranked high among the pleasures of life. A guest of his for the shooting at Avery Hill was the Duke of Cambridge, and on one visit there was a fine bag. Then came lunch—a far more serious matter with the Colonel than the shooting. Having done themselves well—



"THEN YOU'VE BEEN IN THE WRONG PUB THIS MORNIN'!"

and the old Duke was no mean trencherman—the guest suggested that it was time to attend to the pheasants. "Pheasants be blowed!" grunted the Colonel. "You've shot 'em all! Have another bottle!"

As one looks back over the years to that remote pre-war era another of the changes in the racing world that strikes one forcibly is the absence of prominent gentleman riders capable of holding their own with the best professionals. The war no doubt has been responsible for much, but amateurs of the type of "Roddy" Owen, Arthur Coventry, George Ede and Abington Baird—a very different character, but a really fine horseman when sober—are not to be found nowadays.

With the advent of mechanised "cavalry" it is to be feared that the Army will no longer be the big recruiting ground for gentleman riders. It is a mechanical age—with cavalry in armoured cars and betting tickets in slot machines. But human nature is still human nature, and will out. The divine chance still rules the world, and is sought in the most unlikely places. For instance, on the eve of the latest Cambridgeshire two of Heaven's irreclaimables met on the Fleet Street pavement. "Well, what is it to-day, 'Arry?" asked the one. "I'm told Richards's mount," replied the other. "Then you've been in the wrong pub this mornin'!" was the crushing comment.

A CHRISTMAS GARLAND

Sporting Books that Live On

MY title, I am afriad, is a plagiarism. It is borrowed from a series of inimitable sketches by Max Beerbohm to adorn my unworthy page. But my garland is composed of genuine bays, if some of them have faded a little or become forgotten, they are worthy of judicious prinking.

How many of us want to find a good sporting book at Christmas? How often are we puzzled by the spate of "Christmas Gift" publications? And on Christmas afternoon how often do we leave that "beautifully prepared" three hundred pages of nothing in particular and take down the old favourite from its well-remembered place on the shelf? With these thoughts in mind I put forward a suggestion of some good books on sport which have stood the test of time; books that have taken their place in literature, and would very probably have ranked even higher had they been devoted to any other subject. For the Englishman finds it hard to believe that the sporting writer can have anything of literary genius.

Where possible I have indicated that these books are still obtainable. But where they are not there opens prospects of one of the finest pursuits in the world, book hunting—preferably over the cream of the Charing Cross Road country. The list is merely one which is personal to myself—a few good books, not *all* good books—and if I have failed to indicate a publisher whose wares are still procurable let me forestall his protests by an apology in advance.

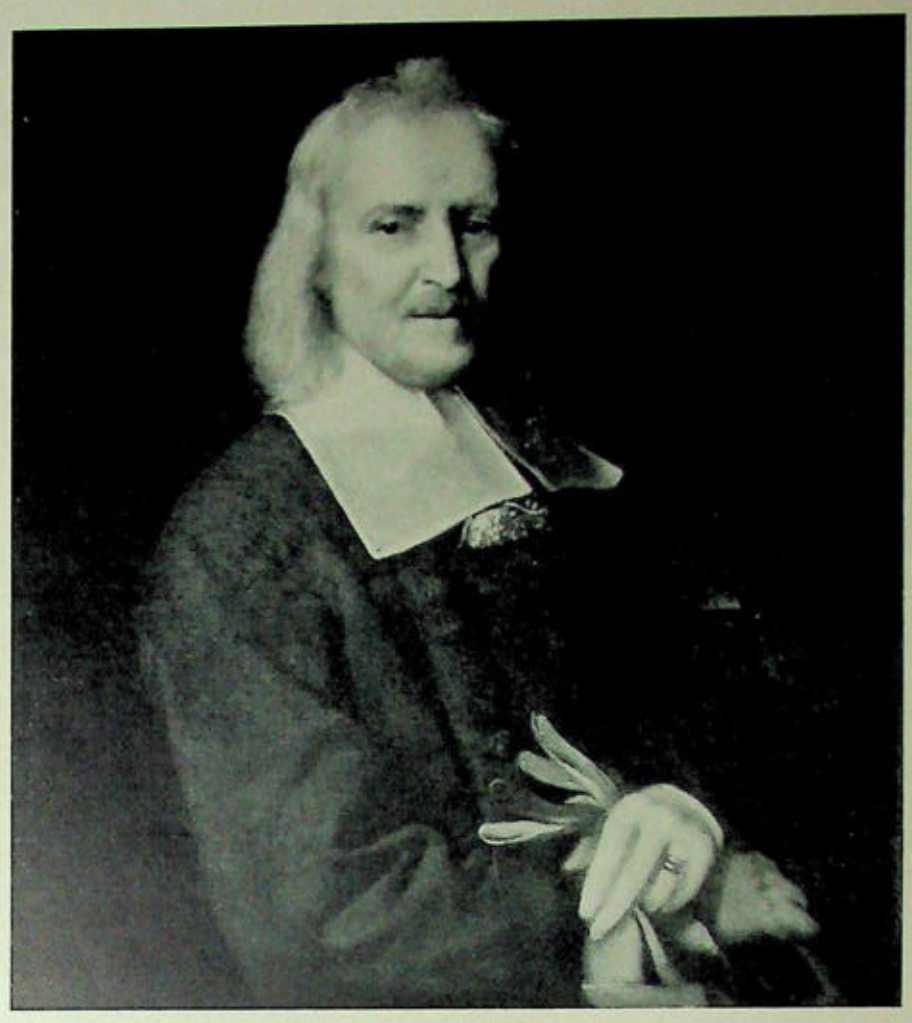
First and foremost, I suppose, comes the works of Surtees, most popular of all sporting writers. His work is appraised elsewhere in this issue, and is obtainable in many editions—notably a cheap one issued by Methuen at 7/6 for four volumes and 6/- for the other two. *Handley Cross* and *Hillingdon Hall* (with a charming introduction by Siegfried Sassoon, whose *Foxhunting Man*, priced by Faber and Faber at 3/6, 7/6 and 10/6, will surely be included among the great books of the Chase) are issued at 42/- and 25/- by Harrap, with all Leech's original illustrations. Any copy of Surtees is worth buying, for his *reprints* still fetch their original value, and often more.



THE 19TH LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE
Author of "The Sport of Our Ancestors" and "Hunting the Fox"

Hard by Surtees must come the greatest fishing book of all time, Walton's *Compleat Angler*, now past its 200th edition. This can be bought through half a dozen houses, from Eyre & Spottiswoode's edition *de luxe*, at £4 4s., illustrated by Frank Adams, with text from the first edition, to Blackie's edition at 10d. And there are other books which find their place automatically besides Walton's work. There is Lord Grey's *Fly Fishing*, one of the most delightful books ever written, instinct with the love of nature and told in the fine prose of which one of the greatest countrymen of modern times was a master. His *Fallodon Papers* and *Charm of Birds* are welcome additions to any library, and they are issued together with *Fly Fishing*, by Constable, at 10/6, with cheap editions in Constable Miscellany, at 3/6.

Ronald's *Flyfisher's Entomology* is still the standard work for the trout-fisher, though in three years it will reach its centenary. The fifteen shillings that Herbert Jenkins charges for it is well spent. F. M. Halford's *Modern Developments of the Dry Fly* was the standard work on chalk-stream entomology (Routledge, 31/6), which has been, as it were, completed by his friend Martin Mosely's *The Dry Fly Fisherman's Entomology*. It comes from the same publisher at the cost of 42/-. Those who wish for a history of fishing will look to William Radcliffe's *Fishing from the Earliest Times* (John Murray, 21/-), a monumental work which stands alone, while the technique of modern angling can be best mastered in the Lonsdale Library Series, issued by Seeley Service—*Salmon Fishing*, *Trout Fishing from all Angles*, and *Fine Angling for Coarse Fish*, priced at 25/-, 21/- and 12/6 respectively. There are three other fishing books which I cannot refrain from recommending as personal favourites. H. T. Sheringham's *Trout Fishing Memories and Morals* (Black, 12/6), Patrick Chalmer's *At the Tail of the Weir* (Philip Allan, 12/6), and Charles Kingsley's in *Prose Idylls*, published by Macmillan at 4/6.



IZAAK WALTON, 1593—1683
A picture by J. Huysman's of the author of the greatest of all fishing books

To make a selection of shooting books is no easier. Pride of place must go to brave old Colonel Hawker, whose diaries, edited by Eric Parker, are issued by Philip Allan at a guinea. Two books from John Murray have good claims to a place beside him: Earl Buxton's seven and sixpenny *Fishing and Shooting* and Charles Alington's six shilling *Partridge Driving*, books of widely differing character, and fine examples of how to treat the discursive and the technical in shooting respectively. Then there are C. J. Cornish's *Nights with an Old Gunner*, which Seeley Service issue for 7/6, than which no book is more likely to kindle the enthusiasm of the embryonic wildfowler; Sir John Fortescue's *Story of a Red Deer* (Macmillan, 3/6, 5/-, and 10/-), a book which shows clearly enough how much the literature of the open air lost when its author devoted himself to the *History of the British Army*, and St. John's *A Tour in Sutherland*, the father of all books on stalking, unfortunately out of print.

The death, due to war service, of H. V. Hesketh Prichard was a loss to English letters, and a place must be found for his *Sport in Wildest Britain*, of which a new issue would clearly seem to be called for, and we must make room for W. Scrope's the *Art of Deer Stalking*, a book as sage to-day as when it was issued, despite modern methods and weapons. We will close our shooting list with four others, lest it prolong itself indefinitely—Archibald Stuart Wortley's *The Partridge*, Colonel Thornton's *A Tour Through the Northern Parts of England*, both unfortunately out of print, Eric Parker's *Elements of Shooting*, published by the *Field* at 15/-, and Payne-Gallway's *High Pheasants in Theory and Practice*, now only obtainable second-hand.

Of Horse and Hound so many have written, and so many have written well that the choice is of the hardest. The Druid can only be bought second-hand, but everybody who loves to read of well-written gossip of the Golden Age of foxhunting and racing would wish to own *Silk Scarlet*, *Post and Paddock* and *Scott and Sebright*. Peter Beckford is another indispensable. His *Thoughts on Hunting* have passed through many editions, the last from Methuen, at 7/6. After Surtees no sporting writer has had so great a personal following as Whyte-Melville. His *Songs and Verses* are republished by Constable at 6/-, and his novels are being reissued in *Country Life's* six-shilling Tavistock Library; so far *Market Harborough*, *Riding Reflections*, *Katerfelto* and *Kate Coventry* have appeared, and *Songs and Verses* is in preparation. Nimrod has done for hunting what Peter Beckford did for hounds, so we must include *The Turf*, *Chase and Road*, *Hunting Tours* and *Northern Tours*, which read as well to-day as ever they did. And, after all, Nimrod was not the only Englishman who love a Lord! But Nimrod, too, must be the quarry of a second-hand book-hunt.

Turning to more modern work, only a very short selection can be given. Constable have issued at 14/- and 10/6 the *Sport of Our Ancestors* and *Hunting the Fox*, by the late Lord Willoughby de Broke, two books by a great foxhunter that will live. Colonel McTaggart has many critics, but we must include his *Stable and Saddle* (Methuen, 18/-), also William Fawcett's *Saddle Room Sayings*, which is an eight and sixpenny Constable publication. Another book that no sporting library should be without is Bromley Davenport's Four Essays on Sport, recently reissued by Alexander Maclehose, with an introduction by Lord Newton, price 12/6.

Like Sam Weller, we all of us like to "end wi'a werse," and I have chosen from books of sporting verse which are personal favourites. R. E. Egerton Warburton's *Hunting Songs* are re-issued by Constable at 6/-, as also is Adam Lindsay Gordon's *Sporting Verse*. Both books are illustrated by Lionel Edwards and Will H. Ogilvie's *A Clean Wind Blowing* comes from the same firm, priced at 6/-, with illustrations by J. Morton Sale. Finally, no sporting bookshelf is complete without the Lonsdale Library *Anthology of Sporting Prose and Verse*, possibly the best of the many hundreds of sporting anthologies which have appeared in the last fifty years, which can be obtained of Seeley, Service and Co., for 15/-.

Finally, no list of sporting books can be complete without a reference to the Lonsdale Library. Besides those mentioned there are already published *Shooting*, at 21/-; *Lawn Tennis*, at 12/6; *Cricket*, *Golf*, *Racket Squash Tennis*, *Fives and Badminton*, *Winter Sports*, and *Hounds and Dogs*, at 15/-; *Big Game in Africa*, at 25/-; and *Boxing*, at 12/6; all from Seeley Service.

This concludes a small and imperfect personal list. Many of us have seen old and well-loved shelves empty as the auctioneer's hammer falls and many books long familiar in the days of more spacious libraries can find no place in modern homes. But I have tried to indicate a few which would form the nucleus of a sporting library, or any one of which would be really welcomed this Christmas by sporting people of any age. R. M.

New Books

WEEK-ENDS—WELL THATCHED

Peeps at the Peace Conference—Racing Records

DISCLAIM he never so cunningly Mr. Beverley Nichols will never persuade me that his new book is not a sequel to *Down the Garden Path*. And, as the truth must out sooner or later, it is a disappointment. After all, that is nothing to be ashamed of. The first book may have had technical errors; but it was supremely good entertainment. In the new book—to me at least—the entertainment is not nearly so good. In his garden Mr. Nichols had material in plenty. He at least gave us food for thought and for envy. In his cottage he has less scope. Arnold Bennett himself would have found it difficult to make the same hay in so little sunshine. After all, the finding of a Sheraton alcove and the knocking in of a window or two are less adequate materials to build a whole book of. The result is padding.

The book might have been called the Week-end Book. Mr. Nichols is not a countryman. He is a week-ender who loves beautiful things. He takes the country in his week-end stride in company with people like "The Hon. John ——" who brings to the Thatched Roof "a large *flacon* of lemon verbena bath essence" and "iced orange water" for "use after shaving." (Why is it these peoples' names are always suppressed and not their courtesy titles?) The country unfortunately is not to be acquired at week-ends. It moves slowly and with majestic simplicity on its immemorial way, and to many its face remains unrevealed in a life-time. There is nothing startling about Nature; nor anything in the slow pulse of country life which even the most harassed sub-editor could put under a two-line heading.

So to fill out to the required thickness there is a great deal of this sort of thing. "To me all windows are magic casements, whether they are bright and dim, whether they give on to green lawns or blink at barren bricks, or are shaded or sparkling, the life I see through them has a sweeter pattern. . . ." And when that fails there are the country neighbours, Mrs. M—, Undine Wilkins and the rest.

It would be absurd to suggest that a good deal of the book is not extremely shrewd. One can feel the knife turn under one's own ribs more than once. But most of us know of Mrs. M ——, and there are passages here and there about her which cannot possibly be true, and if they are they should not be recorded in print. "Mrs. M —— always goes to Church on festival days. She goes in order to count the flowers she has given, so that she may be sure that the vicar has not kept any of them back for his own drawing room, instead of grouping them round the pulpit." Many people go to church for discreditable motives. Nobody will accept this as the sole motive of Mrs. M.

This review may seem to suggest this book is not worth buying. That would be very unfair. Nothing Mr. Nichols writes would be not worth buying. But one feels that it was written a little hurriedly and that it is not his best work. After all, publishers who can sell 60,000 copies of a book are apt to be pressing. It will undoubtedly gain from a large number of readers bows as low as those of Mr. Nichols's beech trees. "I filled my pockets with beech-nuts. When I returned I chose twelve of the brownest, glossiest nuts I could find. Then I placed them, very gently, in an earthenware bowl filled with soft earth. I did not water them. I put them in a dark cupboard. And waited. And waited. And waited . . . April came. I opened the door of the cupboard. Twelve little beech trees got up and bowed. . . ." It was a significant gesture of the twelve beech trees, not one of which had withered. It was a salute to the reading public's insatiable attraction to the week-end habit alike in letters as in life. R. M.

A Thatched Roof. By Beverley Nichols. (Jonathan Cape; 7/6.)

VERSAILLES AND AFTER

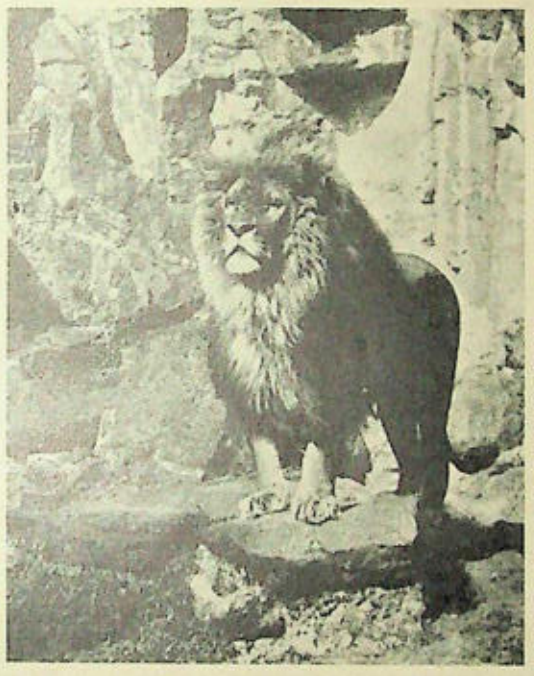
More of Lord Riddell's Memories

LORD RIDDELL'S new book, a sequel to his war diary, covers the years between the signing of the Armistice to November 1923. In his capacity of Press representative he was at the scene of action on every eventful occasion, and as a personal friend of Mr. Lloyd George, he has much to tell that would otherwise have been forgotten. In fact it is Lloyd George who forms the background to the diary, and there are some who will not share Lord Riddell's obvious enthusiasm; however, they will learn much of interest about one of the central figures in the history of the world.

The train of events opens in the theatrical atmosphere of the Paris of the Peace Conference, a strange centre of national hatred, grand ideals, political and personal misunderstandings, culminating in, what we from our perspective recognize as the tragic treaty of Versailles.

We see Clemenceau tired and ageing, upheld by his indomitable spirit, his wit, his aggressive, narrow patriotism and his intolerance, both for the vanquished enemy and for his slightly more tolerant allies.

His very natural reactions to President Wilson, strange altruistic creature, victim of his country's distrust and his own lack of courage are retold by Lord Riddell with the carrying conviction of a spectator. As Mr. Lloyd George said, "Each lacks and fails to understand the other's best qualities. When Wilson talks idealism, Clemenceau wonders what he means and metaphorically speaking touches his forehead, as much as to say 'A good man, but not quite all there.'"



LION IN THE EDINBURGH ZOO
(From "Zoo Cavalcade." Dent; 7/6)

President Wilson's place in these pages is an uncertain one. His colleagues, apparently distrusting both his display of conscience and his simplicity were inclined to suspect him of duplicity, although Clemenceau remarked that conversation with him "was like talking to Jesus Christ." Mr. Lloyd George quotes an American as having said of Wilson: "He is like a dissenting minister who has been playing cards with two sharpers, Clemenceau and me (L.G.), and has lost heavily, unfortunately not his money, but the funds belonging to the chapel." This picture of a man too simple for his circumstances, answers to Professor Keyne's version of him in his own book on the Peace Conference.

The indefatigable Mr. Winston Churchill appears on the scenes with his contribution to the peace year of 1919, which was apparently a choice of two suggestions: (1) that an army of volunteers should be formed from the British and French and the Americans to fight the Bolsheviks in Russia, or (2) that the German troops should be employed for the same purpose. Neither of these suggestions were taken very seriously.

We leave the Peace Conference sharing in part, Lord Riddell's extremely whimsical memory of Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Auckland Geddes, singing Scotch songs together, and comparing one another's head and calf measurements, during their hours of relaxation.

Lord Riddell traces Mr. Lloyd George's fortune through the years immediately succeeding the Great War until the November of 1923, when the diary habit left him. He gives an interesting account of his hero's views on death duties, divorce laws, capitalism and modern literature. This diary can be confidently recommended to all who are interested in the history of the last fifteen years. It occasionally makes rather bitter reading, dealing as it does with issues too big for the men who directed them, situations requiring a charity and wisdom that are not bred by four years of desperate conflict.

I. G.

Lord Riddell's Intimate Diary of the Peace Conference and Afterwards. (Victor Gollancz; 18/–.)

THE TURF OF YESTERDAY

Good Talk and Good Stories

MR. WILLIAM FAWCETT gossips most agreeably about the most famous characters in racing history, and with the aid of many a well-told story gives a vivid glimpse of the Turf as it was known by other generations. At a time when Fred Archer's record has just been broken, an account of some of that horseman's finest efforts on the racecourse come most appropriately. Many would have us believe that the standard of jockeyship is higher than it was in the days of Archer. But it is clear that this opinion is not shared by Mr. Fawcett, who points out that among Archer's contemporaries, in addition to Fordham, were such famous jockeys as Tom Cannon, Sam Loates, C. Wood, John Watts, and John Osborne. To these might have been added the brothers Barrett. "It may be true," says the author, "that the mere terror of his name won Archer races against timid and inexperienced jockeys, but that would not count for much against Fordham, Tom Cannon, or any of the others mentioned."

Among the "great gamblers" of a byegone era Mr. George Payne and Sir Joseph Hawley are included. Each on coming of age found himself the possessor of a large fortune; each was devoted to the Turf, and each gambled on a princely and colossal scale. George Payne, perhaps the most popular man of his age, was a fine judge of a horse, but he was not nearly so fortunate in his racing enterprises as Sir Joseph. Whereas Payne never won either the Oaks or the Derby, Sir Joseph carried off the Derby four times with Teddington, Beadsman, Musjid and Blue Gown, besides winning large sums in bets.

We are reminded in this book of the great debt of gratitude which the Turf owes to Admiral Rous. It was a fortunate day for the Jockey Club, we are told, when he decided to give up politics and devote himself entirely to racing. At that time the Club's exchequer was not in a flourishing or even a healthy condition. Admiral Rous was no trained accountant, but he had a shrewd and active brain, and he lost no time in putting the Club on a sound financial footing. The success of his efforts may be estimated from the fact that when he took charge the revenue at Newmarket was £3,000 a year, and by 1875 it had increased to £18,000. The Admiral also accomplished notable work in his capacity as handicapper to the Jockey Club. He considered that every great handicap offered a premium to fraud, for, as he explained, "horses are constantly started without any intention of winning, merely to hoodwink the handicapper."

This opens out the question of whether the morals of the Turf have improved since the days of the Dictator. We venture to think that it is vastly more difficult to deceive the handicapper to-day than it was in the old times. No lover of racing should miss this book, which is packed with good things and has, too, some excellent reproductions of old racing pictures.

A. W. C.

Racing in the Olden Days. By William Fawcett. (Hutchinson; 5/–).

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Nobody is better qualified to write *Zoo Cavalcade*, the history of the Zoo from the earliest Zoos to Whipsnade, than Mr. E. G. Boulenger, and he has given us a most interesting book. Published by Dent at 7/6.

Readers of S. B. P. Mais—and their name is legion—will welcome *These Things I Have Loved*, a very readable seven and sixpenny novel of the countryside from Putnam.

Dr. Malcolm Burr's *A Fossicker in Angola* is a travel book which we thoroughly recommend, as it combines in just the right proportions the entertaining with the informative. (Figurehead Press; 5/–.)

The fact that Mr. Neville Cardus has written an introduction to *Cricket and I*, by L. N. Constantine, is in itself sufficient recommendation to *Field* readers for a delightful book, issued by Philip Allan at 7/6.

Country Life have issued Lady Kitty Vincent's *Me and My Dogs* for 5/–, which all who love both dogs and amusing digressions will wish to buy.

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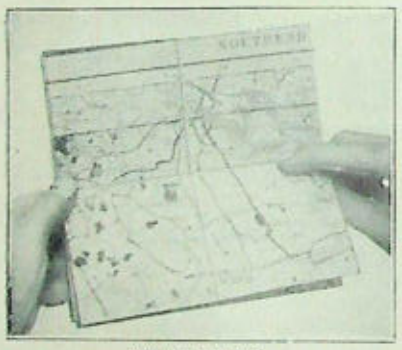
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In these words the second-in-command of a French infantry regiment of the line bade farewell to a British officer, Mr. Bernard Fergusson, who had had the good fortune to be attached to his unit for two months in 1932. His experiences, as recounted in this month's *Blackwood's Magazine*, are both entertaining and instructive.

His initial adventure was to make his way from his billet to the barracks in Tours. "I attired myself in uniform," he says, "and walked uneasily downstairs to submit myself to screams of admiration from Madame and the appraising ex-military eye of Monsieur; and having been made to show myself to the domestic staff in the kitchen, and the gardener in the orchard, I was allowed to start for the town. Outside the gate I stopped a bus and climbed in. After a moment's stunned silence, driver, conductress and passengers all burst out in a torrent of speculation as to who, what and why I was, in the apparent belief that I knew no French at all. My glengarry, and the bottom of my sporran peeping out from below the greatcoat with which I had modestly tried to make myself less conspicuous, finally convinced them of my nationality; and every new passenger who got in was welcomed with a chorus of 'C'est un Ecossais'."

After introductions all round he was attached to a machine-gun company and he gives some idea of the difficulties the French have to contend with in shaping their material in the short time the service allows. In less than three weeks wonders had been worked with the recruits.

"As they marched round the square the officers would hover about them like vultures and then pounce on some unlucky yokel whose head was bobbing up and down in a different time from the rest. 'Un cosaque,' he was called. French military slang, at least, was something I learnt a good deal of, and it was frequently very expressive. There were three good words for what we call 'a big noise'; 'un pontiff,' 'une huile' and 'une grosse légume.' To give someone a raspberry' was 'sécher quelqu'un' when I went; by the time I came away they were saying "donner une framboise à quelqu'un' as to the manner born."

In addition, he evidently imparted the subtle distinction a Scot would draw between English and British, for the medical officer, a philatelist, on making the request "Envoyez-moi surtout des timbres des colonies anglais," added "Mille pardons mon vieux, je veux dire britaniques."

Points of etiquette had to be learnt from experience, as, for example, that it is as improper to keep on your head-dress in a superior's office in the French Army as it is to remove ours. Firm friendships were made and happy days passed by all too quickly. Mr. Fergusson found that although at first the intense politeness which one invariably met with seemed impenetrable, after a short time friendliness seemed to burst through it without its diminishing in any way.

There were days at the musketry camp, social functions and balls, and tactical exercises against imaginary foes. During these the party "would adjourn to a café for déjeuner, with the junior subaltern acting as P.M.C. As we sat down to the meal he would recite the menu from the foot of the table, ending with "'Bon appétit, mon colonel; bon appétit, messieurs!' Then we would eat, and talk about everything except soldiering, washing down the meal with some red yeoman wine. Tradition demanded that at the end of the meal the junior subaltern should kiss the 'patronne,' and I have a vivid memory of a blushing de Roffignac bravely embracing a hideous bearded old crone at St. Antoine du Rocher."

When the time came to leave, everyone was full of regret, and one can agree with the author that if there were more such experiences and the forming of such friendships as he made, they would be a far greater security for peace than all the pacts and pledges ever signed.

Those who want a book of good stories, mainly sporting, will buy Major C. E. Radclyffe's *Round the Smoking Room Fire* (John Murray; 6/-).

The Whipsnade Animal Book (Gollancz; 6/-) is the ideal Christmas Book for a Zoo-loving child, by Helen Sidebotham and John Skeaping.

We recommend the *Life of Adam Lindsay Gordon*, by Edith Humphris, as a well-balanced and sane piece of work, which appraises his life and character fairly. (Eric Partridge, Ltd.; 8/6.)

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FIELD TRIALS

Retrievers in Oxfordshire

THE Western Counties and South Wales Working Retriever Society's trials were held on November 9th and 10th at Sherborne and Bradwell Grove, by kind permission of Lord Sherborne and Lieut.-Colonel Heyworth-Savage. The judges were Lieut.-Colonel Heyworth-Savage, Lieut.-Colonel Follett and Major Astley. With the exception of the first two dogs, the work done was of a very moderate kind and certainly not up to the usual standard. It was a disappointing day from the point of view of the many spectators who had come some distance to see what proper training could produce, and there must have been many who went away with a poor impression of what little they saw. The first awards went to Sherborne Glem, a nice-looking dog belonging to Lord Sherborne, the president, well handled by Hill, who had perfect control of his charge, and took every chance of showing the good qualities he possessed. Banchory Smiler, the second, who must have been very close to the winner, found a very good runner, showing tremendous pace, and undoubtedly has a nose. The third, Ch. Noranby Diana, requires far too much encouragement from her owner, and lacks drive and energy.

The All-aged Stake was held on the following day at Sherborne. There is no better ground in the country, and every variety of test can be given. A large number of spectators witnessed the trials and saw some very interesting work. Bramshaw Bob, the first, became by his win a double champion, whereat his owner, Lady Howe, and his handler, T. Gaunt, are to be heartily congratulated. He did some very nice work in the river. Bardolf John, who was second, is a consistent worker who had quite a lot to do and did it well; he thoroughly deserved his place.

The results were :

ALL-AGED STAKE.—Lorna Countess Howe's Lab. d Bramshaw Bob (h., T. Gaunt), 1 ; Mr. G. Wood Homer's Lab. d Bardolf John (h., owner), 2 ; Mr. H. V. Kyrke's G. d Anningsley Henry (h., Mrs. Kyrke) and Captain Traherne's Lab. d Bryngarw Ben (h., W. Church), equal 3rd and reserve. C. of M.: Lady Ward's Darry of Chilton Foliat and Mrs. Cottingham's Call Boy of Woolley. The following also competed : Mr. Hoskyn's Tiny of Perrott, Sir H. Hoare's Stourhead Mike, Mr. A. B. Simpson's Shot of Upper Lodge, Sir H. Hoare's Stourhead Main, Mrs. Jervoise's Herriard Sally and Miss F. Newton-Deakin's Silence of Tone.

NON-WINNERS' STAKE.—Lord Sherborne's Lab. d Sherborne Glem (h., A. Hill), 1 ; Lorna Countess Howe's Lab. d Banchory Smiler (h., T. Gaunt), 2 ; Mrs. Charlesworth's G. b Noranby Diana (h., W. Barber), 3 ; Mrs. Cottingham's G. d Darkey of Woolley (h., R. W. Jeanes), reserve. C. of M.: Mrs. Kyrke's Anningsley Ann and Mrs. Hartmann's Gimcrack Chuff. The following also competed : Lady Ward's Crag of Chilton Foliat, Mr. Hoskyn's Tiny of Perrott, Mrs. Hartmann's Gimcrack Cello Phane, Miss Buller's Badgery Ivory and Mr. A. B. Simpson's Tracey Presto. E. E. T.

SPANIELS AND RETRIEVERS

BY kind permission of Sir Maurice Bromley-Wilson the Northern and Midlands Spaniel Club held their trials on November 7th and 8th over the Dallam Tower Estate. The judges were Mr. R. Claye and Mr. J. L. Marriott.

The results were :

THE OPEN STAKE.—Mr. Selwyn Jones's E. S. d Spy O'Vara (h., T. J. Greatorex), 1 ; Mr. Alec Byrne's E. S. d Tedwyns Tiger (h., owner), 2 ; Mr. George Clark's E. S. d Beeson of Blair (h., W. Bell), 3 ; reserve equal, Mr. A. Beal's Huntercombe Fiddler and Captain Church's Mutali Busy. C. of M.: The Maharaja of Patiala's Dalshangan Maida, Major Ewing's Gambol of Balcary, Mr. George Clark's Actress of Blair, Mr. Selwyn Jones's Slick O'Vara, Mr. John Elphinstone's Rufton Flash, Miss A. Boardman's Belinda of Rossing and Mr. G. Henrique's Dalshangan Best. The following also competed : Mr. J. C. Dalton's Delightful Pal and Mr. H. S. Lloyd's Significant of Ware.

NON-WINNERS' STAKE.—Mr. G. Henriques's E. S. d Dalshangan Best (h., A. Trotter), 1 ; Mr. Herbert Bland's E. S. b Stolen Fruit (h., J. Miller), 2 ; Mr. Selwyn Jones's E. S. b Slick O'Vara (h., owner) and Mr. Alec Byrne's E. S. d Tedwyns Tardine (h., owner), equal 3rd. Mr. George Clark's Bawbee of Blair and Lieut.-Colonel Brooke's Crogan Cork also competed.

OPEN STAKE FOR COCKERS.—Mr. C. A. Phillip's b Rivington Hopalong (h., J. Thompson), 1 ; Mr. W. Greenfield's b Norbank Spotty (h., J. Scott) and Mr. H. S. Lloyd's d Raceaway of Ware (h., R. Hill), equal 2 ; Mr. C. A. Phillips's b Rivington Playmate (h., J. Thompson), reserve. C. of M.: Mr. Trotter's Auchencairn Isa, Mr. J. C. Dalton's Foresome, Mr. C. C. F. Addie's Yoredale Pattern, Mr. M. Moreton's Sobenhal Tuppence, Lieut.-Colonel Brooke's Crogan Credit also competed.

On November 7th and 8th the Dorset Retriever Field Trial Society held their trials at Winterborne, Whitechurch and Fonthill House, by kind permission of Captain Angus Hambro, Mr. Charles Hambro and Mr. John Morrison. The judges were Colonel Godman, Mr. Leslie Sprake and Mr. J. Alexander. The results were :

NON-WINNERS' STAKE.—Mr. Kyrke's G. b Anningsley Ann (h., owner), 1 ; Mr. C. Parke's Lab. b Tracey Plover (h., owner) and Colonel Sneyd's Lab. d Tartar of Bradwell (h. J. Carter), equal 2 ; Captain R. Woodhouse's G. b Treacle (h., W. Marshall), reserve. C. of M.: Mrs. Hasting's Tracey Pintail, Mr. G. Wood's Black Jim and Mrs. Charlesworth's Noranby Diana. The following also competed : Colonel R. Sneyd's Lab. d Tinker of Bradwell, Mrs. Welldon's Tracey Flair, Sir William Smith Marriott's Coin and Mr. Hoskyn's Tiny of Perrott.

ALL-AGED STAKE.—Sir George Thursby's Lab. b Bramshaw Mischief (h., owner), 1 ; Sir Henry Hoare's Lab. d Stourhead Mike (h., G. Poole), 2 ; Mrs. Jervoise's Lab. d Herriard Alpha (h., W. Brown), 3 ; Colonel Sneyd's Lab. d Tartar of Bradwell (h., J. Carter), reserve. C. of M.: Sir Henry Hoare's Stourhead Maine, Mr. Kyrke's Anningsley Henry, Mr. Wood's Bardolf John and Mr. Eccott's Starters Boy. The following also competed : Mr. Hoskyn's Tiny of Perrott, Mrs. Charlesworth's Noranby Diana and Miss Newton-Deakin's Silence of Tone.

PIONEERS OF SQUASH RACKETS

Work the Jesters and Rump Clubs are Doing

IT is, we hope, a perfectly safe remark to make that the Jesters and the Rump, two clubs of roving disposition, have done more to establish the present popularity of squash rackets than any other organisation. One might almost say that the Jesters created the demand and that together the Jesters and the Rump satisfied it.

For the first-class player there had long been an institution of splendour for competitive squash rackets in the Bath Club Cup, but until 1929, the year of the formation of the Jesters, match play outside London and the Universities, was a very trivial and unimportant affair.

This season both the Jesters and the Rump have arranged more than 200 fixtures without difficulty of any kind ; the Jesters are touring the United States of America and Canada ; and the Rump have two home tours in the North and West.

The Jesters' Club has much in common with other successful enterprises—it began in a small way and went from strength to strength under the guidance of a single man. J. F. Burnet, while still at school, founded the club among his fellow Paulines, in December, 1928. In the autumn of 1929, Burnet went up to Christ's College, Cambridge, and it was during the three years that he was up that the club grew to its now magnificent proportions. Squash rackets soon took precedence over both games of fives, for it was clear that the Jesters had turned their attention to that game just when the demand was greatest. Everyone seemed keen to play in matches.

To-day, the Earl of Kimberley is President of the Jesters Club, and J. F. Burnet is hon. secretary. The Cambridge captain, J. A. Gillies, is assistant-secretary, and T. C. S. Haywood, of the Bath Club, is hon. treasurer. In addition to these, F. M. Strawson, J. D. P. Wheatley, Commander W. J. A. Davies and C. L. Stubbs serve on the committee with W. M. Welch (Eton fives) and J. Armitage (Rugby fives). At the present moment there are about 200 squash rackets members of the club, representative of the best players in the country.

Nor is squash rackets the only game which the Jesters can claim to have assisted by judicial organisation. In 1930 they started the Public Schools' Rugby Fives Singles and Doubles Championships, the success of which emboldened them, more than a year later, to manage the first Open Singles Championship. Both these tournaments, now thoroughly established, have been handed over to the guidance of the Rugby Fives Association.

It is a great pleasure to be able to record that although the Rump Squash Rackets Club holds the same ideals as the Jesters for the furtherance of the interests of the game, the work of the two clubs has not clashed, but rather assisted, one another.

In E. E. Harrison the Rump possesses an indefatigable hon. secretary to whose energy and capacity for work the club owe a very great debt of gratitude. Their President is no less than the Earl of Lonsdale, K.G., and their chairman, K. I. Julian. To help him in his work, Harrison now has assistant secretaries in London, Oxford, Cambridge, Aldershot and York, which ensures the smooth running of the undertaking.

The Rump differs from the Jesters in one respect, in that they admit lady members to the club. This also has proved a thoroughly successful enterprise, and the ladies play 20 matches in the year.

There remains only one thing more to explain about the Rump—its name. We are assured authoritatively that the following was the reason for the choice of "Rump." During the course of our history a certain Parliament was surnamed "The Rump," and Cromwell "squashed" it. The club, however, continues to thrive. JOHN ARMITAGE.

Two Exhibitions.—Admirers of the work of Mr. Frank Wallace and Mr. Philip Rickman will be interested to know that each of these painters in water-colour is holding an exhibition at the present time, Mr. Frank Wallace in the Scottish Galleries, 26, Castle Street, Edinburgh, and Mr. Philip Rickman at the Greatorex Galleries, 14, Grafton Street, W. 1. Mr. Rickman has as many as 50 drawings on exhibition, mostly of birds in their natural surroundings, painted with his usual skill, and Mr. Frank Wallace goes rather farther afield in sketches of moor, river and deer forest. No one knows better than he how to set a stag in motion on paper.



To the readers of the "Field" who have written to me in congratulatory terms with reference both to our Show successes and also regarding my recent acquisition of The Snow Belt Ranch in Ross-shire—many thanks.

I have been frequently asked this question : "If this silver fox breeding industry is such a wonderful moneymaking affair, why is it necessary for you to advertise as extensively and expensively as you do in order to sell foxes to other people to make money for them ?"

The answer is this : Silver fox farming is an absolutely new industry in this country—or in any other country for that matter—and it is entirely necessary that the world should be adequately stocked with fine-quality pedigreed animals as soon as possible. There are probably not over 4,000 foxes in these islands, and in view of the fact that there are over 100,000 pelts sold annually on the fur markets of the world, it follows that we should have many more breeding. A fox must be killed, of course, to get its pelt, and so goes out of production for ever. A pair of first-class live pedigreed foxes passed for breeding by the Inspector of the Association, with a potential breeding life of about eight years, has manifestly a greater value than two dead skins. And moreover, in the present immature state of the industry here to-day, every fox which has for economic reasons to be pelted is a distinct loss of wealth to the country. I must either sell pelts or live foxes to obtain an interest on the very considerable amount of money which I now have in the Nithsdale Ranch, and if I can by means of organised publicity inform others who are at present abroad, situated as I was a few years ago, as to the possibilities of fox farming, and interest them sufficiently, it is obvious that I shall be able by the influx of new money to keep alive, in active breeding, animals which would otherwise have been pelted. There are now about 1,500 silver foxes, either under my own direct control, or being bred by friends of mine, which have been kept alive by my publicity efforts, and we hope that we shall have at least 3,000 next year. Take it this way : One of my clients in India speculated £250 two years ago ; he now has £1,000 worth of stock, and incidentally figured in the prize lists at the Show last week—his animals being shown by me, of course. He purposes coming home next year. I have not seen him for two years, and he will be able to stay with me for a year to get the hang of the business, and then start his own place, with a manager from me, and work with me as far as the commercial selling end is concerned. His money kept four foxes which would otherwise have been pelted, alive, wealth producers, for several years to come, and THAT is the reason for my expensive publicity.

I want more POWER, and I can only get it by using the co-operative strength of the right type of client, who seriously wants to study the industry, and make it his career at the end of his days abroad. There CAN BE NO MORE INTERESTING AND ABSORBING OCCUPATION for those who are fond of a country life. The sales season is rapidly advancing, and readers abroad who wish for particulars regarding this industry as prosecuted here should write at once for a copy of "The Argosy of The Nithsdale Silver Foxes." This book, which is a unique publication, gives full details as to the working of the absentee ownership principle as applied to those who have still several years' service abroad. I would emphasise that the longer the period, the smaller the initial capital required.

T. Melross

The Proprietor of The Nithsdale Silver Fox Ranch, Thornhill, Dumfries, Scotland.

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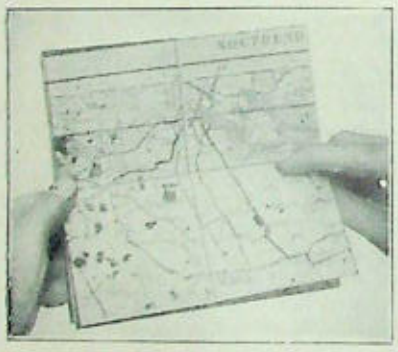
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In these words the second-in-command of a French infantry regiment of the line bade farewell to a British officer, Mr. Bernard Fergusson, who had had the good fortune to be attached to his unit for two months in 1932. His experiences, as recounted in this month's *Blackwood's Magazine*, are both entertaining and instructive.

His initial adventure was to make his way from his billet to the barracks in Tours. "I attired myself in uniform," he says, "and walked uneasily downstairs to submit myself to screams of admiration from Madame and the appraising ex-military eye of Monsieur; and having been made to show myself to the domestic staff in the kitchen, and the gardener in the orchard, I was allowed to start for the town. Outside the gate I stopped a bus and climbed in. After a moment's stunned silence, driver, conductress and passengers all burst out in a torrent of speculation as to who, what and why I was, in the apparent belief that I knew no French at all. My glengarry, and the bottom of my sporran peeping out from below the greatcoat with which I had modestly tried to make myself less conspicuous, finally convinced them of my nationality; and every new passenger who got in was welcomed with a chorus of 'C'est un Ecossais'."

After introductions all round he was attached to a machine-gun company and he gives some idea of the difficulties the French have to contend with in shaping their material in the short time the service allows. In less than three weeks wonders had been worked with the recruits.

"As they marched round the square the officers would hover about them like vultures and then pounce on some unlucky yokel whose head was bobbing up and down in a different time from the rest. 'Un cosaque,' he was called. French military slang, at least, was something I learnt a good deal of, and it was frequently very expressive. There were three good words for what we call 'a big noise'; 'un pontiff,' 'une huile' and 'une grosse légume.' To give someone a raspberry' was 'sécher quelqu'un' when I went; by the time I came away they were saying "donner une framboise à quelqu'un' as to the manner born."

In addition, he evidently imparted the subtle distinction a Scot would draw between English and British, for the medical officer, a philatelist, on making the request "Envoyez-moi surtout des timbres des colonies anglais," added "Mille pardons mon vieux, je veux dire britaniques."

Points of etiquette had to be learnt from experience, as, for example, that it is as improper to keep on your head-dress in a superior's office in the French Army as it is to remove ours. Firm friendships were made and happy days passed by all too quickly. Mr. Fergusson found that although at first the intense politeness which one invariably met with seemed impenetrable, after a short time friendliness seemed to burst through it without its diminishing in any way.

There were days at the musketry camp, social functions and balls, and tactical exercises against imaginary foes. During these the party "would adjourn to a café for déjeuner, with the junior subaltern acting as P.M.C. As we sat down to the meal he would recite the menu from the foot of the table, ending with "'Bon appétit, mon colonel; bon appétit, messieurs!' Then we would eat, and talk about everything except soldiering, washing down the meal with some red yeoman wine. Tradition demanded that at the end of the meal the junior subaltern should kiss the 'patronne,' and I have a vivid memory of a blushing de Roffignac bravely embracing a hideous bearded old crone at St. Antoine du Rocher."

When the time came to leave, everyone was full of regret, and one can agree with the author that if there were more such experiences and the forming of such friendships as he made, they would be a far greater security for peace than all the pacts and pledges ever signed.

Those who want a book of good stories, mainly sporting, will buy Major C. E. Radclyffe's *Round the Smoking Room Fire* (John Murray; 6/-).

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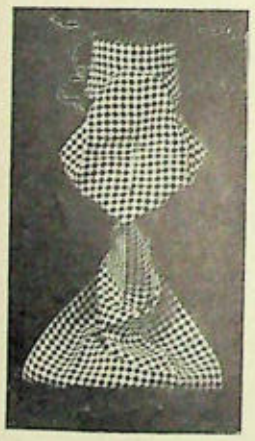
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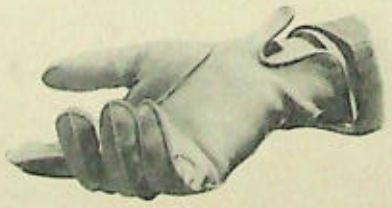
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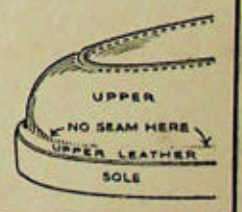
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By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

WHAT is the quality of red roses that has appealed to human imagination since the dawn of history? To thousands of folk a rose is not a rose at all unless it be a red rose, a hundred-petalled rose, such as Homer extolled; rich, full and fragrant. To yellow or white roses they are indifferent, in rose species they take no interest, and all hybrid single roses and even semi-double roses they regard as more or less frauds.

Catalogues nowadays are full of names of roses, eloquently described as "salmon-apricot," "coppery pink," "orange flushed carmine" and so forth. In fact every possible colour; but how sadly few are the deep, satisfying reds, the old-fashioned true pinks, and the colour that can only be described as "rose," the colour of the old cabbage rose. The descriptions are accurate and the roses are indisputably beautiful, but when I see the flowers themselves they are to me at least painfully suggestive of the colours of the more expensive materials in the fashionable shops. They are wholly lacking in some subtle quality, impossible to define, yet of its absence I am acutely conscious.

When I look at a bowl of old-fashioned red roses, or modern roses of the true rose colour, and smell their delicious fragrance, I do not think of shops. These roses suggest to me the pleasant familiar sights and sounds of the English countryside: they hold in their petals all the warmth and loveliness of a June day in England. I think of mellow old houses, rich with the traditions of centuries, and great lawns shadowed with cedars. I think of the cool, deep lanes of the West Country, with grasses and foxgloves high overhead; of cottages smothered with richly scented red and pink roses, honeysuckle and jasmine; of the homely cottage gardens which every intelligent foreigner admires and which no foreigner can imitate; of everything English, in fact, that is clean and wholesome and delightful.

The rose is the only flower that has given its name to a colour. The old cabbage rose (the typical Provence rose) can only be described as rose-coloured. The glowing rose red of her abundant petals, her broad, generous leaves "somewhat snipt about the edges," as Gerard described them, and above all, her fragrance, are incomparable. This rose ruled as the queen of roses since Homer's time and now, alas, has wellnigh disappeared. Yet just over a century ago there were at least a hundred varieties of the Provence rose; one of the most beautiful figured in that magnificent book, H. C. Andrews's *Roses* (1827), being the Tuscan rose with petals of the deepest crimson. "It may well compare," he says, "with the finest velvet." The nearest approach to this glorious deep velvety colour are the blooms of Château de Clos Vougeot after a slight shower of rain. Then the red petals turn to that deep velvety crimson with which no other flower can compare and the air is filled with their rich scent. This rose can, alas, be very difficult and contrary, but it is worth any trouble. It does best as a climber. I have never seen it growing so luxuriantly as it does on one of the terraces at Hatfield House.

Which red rose was adopted by the House of Lancaster as long ago as 1277? No one knows for certain. The white rose of the House of York was *R. alba*, the white rose of England, of which the red rose of England is a variety. The origin of the red rose of England, like the white, is lost in the mists of antiquity. Parkinson, in his *Paradisus* (1629) describes them as "the most ancient and knowne roses to our countrey . . . assumed by our precedent Kings of all others to be cognizances of their dignitie, the white rose and the red."

No modern roses can compare with the old many-petalled roses, the roses our grandmothers grew in abundance for pot-pourri. One of the most deliciously-scented of these old roses still obtainable, though only from a few firms, is Madame Isaac Pereire. In gardens dating from about 40 or 50 years ago, this rose may frequently be found, usually in standard form. The scent is indescribably good, and the colour a true deep rose. This colour bears no resemblance to the tiresome fashionable "salmons" and "apricots" of to-day.



DAME EDITH HELEN

The nearest approach to the deliciously-scented Madame Pereire among modern roses

The nearest approach to Madame Isaac Pereire amongst modern roses is Dame Edith Helen. It was roses such as Madame Isaac Pereire, the damasks, the grandly-scented gallicas, the Apothecary's rose (still obtainable) that our grandmothers grew in abundance, not only for pot-pourri, but for making rose conserve (a fairy-like concoction with the petals whole in the rose-red syrup), rose-water and rose-dust.

Rose-water is delightful to wash in, and it is so easy to make freshly every day. Two pounds of red scented rose petals are just covered with water and brought slowly to the boil, and then strained off. The water smells not of roses, but of pot-pourri, and a small jug of it will be appreciated by your guests. Rose-dust made of red rose petals dried and rubbed to powder was used for strewing on junkets, salads, etc.

The finest of the modern red roses, are, I think, Etoile de Hollande, Bedford Crimson, Lady Helen Maglona (especially fine in autumn), Portadown, Colonel Oswald Fitzgerald (a glorious colour, but, alas! no fragrance), Hoosier Beauty (intensely fragrant), Hadley (also very fragrant, but rather apt to mildew, especially in certain districts) and Sir David Davies (a continuous flowerer and very vigorous).

The red rose of England is our truest national emblem. It symbolises as no other flower could all that England stands for. It is the emblem of the quiet heart of England, the England that never changes.

In early Christian flower symbolism the rose stood for the blood of the martyrs, but gradually the rose came to symbolise the Divine Love which inspired God the Father to send His Son to this earth. "Lilies His words were, and the hallowed acts of His pleasant life, but His death re-dyed the roses," wrote the ninth century garden lover, Walafred Strabo. To Dante only the splendour of the rose could be the emblem of Divine Love drawn down to earth; to him the Virgin was "the Rose wherein the Word Divine was made incarnate." The rose symbolised for him not only the Blessed Virgin, but the centre of his faith, and when he reaches Heaven his soul was filled with love and adoration "full blossomed as a rose before the sun." Roses symbolising Divine Love figure in many of the great artists' masterpieces. In Botticelli's "Adoration" angels sprinkle rose petals over the Holy Child, who lies in a garden surrounded with rose trees.

In van Eyck's "Adoration of the Lamb" in Ghent Cathedral, the rose bushes are covered with flowers in full bloom. In Velasquez's "Coronation of the Virgin" (in the Prado), the Blessed Virgin is depicted crowned with roses by God the Father. In numerous pictures of mediæval and Renaissance times angels and the blessed in Paradise bear garlands of roses, signifying the love and joy of Heaven.

SOUTH AFRICAN WILD FLOWER SHOW.—The Council of the Royal Horticultural Society have awarded a gold medal to the Committee of the South African Wild Flower Show, which was recently held in London and was attended by 20,000 people in two days. They have also awarded a silver Lindley medal to Mr. A. W. Van den Houten for his work for the exhibition.



THE ADORATION, BY BOTTICELLI, IN THE PITTI PALACE, FLORENCE

Red roses filling the background symbolise Divine Love

A CAMBRIDGE SUPER EIGHT?

And an Oxford Revival

By D. H. E. McCOWEN

IF the results of the Light Fours at both Universities are anything to go by we shall see two exceptional crews at Putney next March. There is no doubt whatever that Oxford rowing has improved tremendously in the last year, and their supporters will feel cheered that a revival has come at last.

Balliol caused a pleasant surprise by winning the Fours from Christ Church, and they are to be congratulated on a courageous victory, their first for 30 years. As a crew they were quite the most elastic and racy combination on the river, and what they lacked in real power they made up for in their "determination to win."

G. I. F. Thompson and J. H. Lascelles had an excellent understanding of each other, and both are developing the nice easy rhythm and powerful bladework of the Fairbairn style. J. Brown at bow steered excellently and showed what an asset a good waterman can be to a crew.

Trial Eights are to take place at Henley next Saturday, and with seven old Blues, Ellison, the president, has plenty of material to choose from. Thompson and Lascelles (Balliol), Woodhouse (Christ Church) and Sutcliffe (Trinity), who rowed in the 1932 Shrewsbury Ladies' Plate winning crew, are all worthy of trial caps, and I shall be surprised if we do not see them all get Blues. Hope, the winner of the Challenge Sculls, is another young oarsman who should receive recognition.

Much as Oxford may show promise, Cambridge followers have an immense faith in their staunch and well-tried racers, and this year their standard of rowing is higher than ever. They have one great advantage in that the men at their disposal hardly know what the word "defeat" means.

Anyone who saw Pembroke's record-breaking four row marvelled at their ease, elasticity and nonchalance, which was in strong contrast to the laboured, jerky efforts of Third Trinity, one of the few clubs in England who adhere to the orthodox style. In such a crew it is useless to single out individuals, but to Bradley they owe their perfect rhythm, while Sambell at 2 proved again what a good leader he is. Wilson at 3 is perfectly synchronised with stroke, and Kingsford at bow has become a very useful addition to the crew. Wilson has again proved his worth by winning the Colquhoun Sculls, his eighth consecutive win in Varsity events. Since last January to date his record is twelve wins out of fifteen starts—a performance seldom, if ever, equalled. Third Trinity, with their three Blues, were the only crew to get within half a minute of Pembroke.

K. M. Payne (Third Trinity) has a wealth of first-class material with which to build his 'Varsity crew. There are men at Cambridge who pick themselves on their racing records; it would be unjust to leave any of them out of the crew.

Two-and-a-half months' rowing together would produce world-beaters, and names that spring to mind at once are the president himself, one of the most willing oarsmen and an excellent racer and captain; the Goblet winners, Gilmour (Trinity Hall) and Powell (Third Trinity), and the Pembroke four—Bradley, Wilson, Sambell and Kingsford. I do not think anyone would question the fact that these men would form the nucleus of the fastest and most experienced crew which ever left the Cam.

THE AMERICA'S CUP DEFENDER

A Starling Burgess Boat with Mr. Vanderbilt as Skipper?

By MAJOR MALDEN HECKSTALL-SMITH

ACCEPTANCE of the Royal Yacht Squadron's challenge for the America's Cup by the New York Yacht Club has naturally given rise to a good deal of speculation as to the selection of a defending yacht.

It is said that Mr. Starling Burgess, the designer of the successful cup defender in 1930, has already prepared plans for a "J" class yacht, and that Mr. Harold Vanderbilt, who was in charge of Enterprise when she beat Shamrock IV, will be her skipper. It is probable that at least one other "J" class vessel will be built to take part in the selection trials, and the new craft will have an excellent trial horse in the Clinton Crane designed Weetamoe, which did so well in the trials prior to the last cup race.

Under the conditions which now obtain, Enterprise may well prove to be too small to carry the weight which the new "J" class restrictions impose. Under the old conditions, when accommodation below deck was not required and there were no regulations as to the minimum weight and the position of the centre of gravity of the mast, Weetamoe was very nearly the equal of Enterprise. Under the changed conditions the Clinton Crane yacht's extra 3ft. of water line length and fourteen or so tons extra displacement should give her a definite advantage over the shorter and lighter craft.

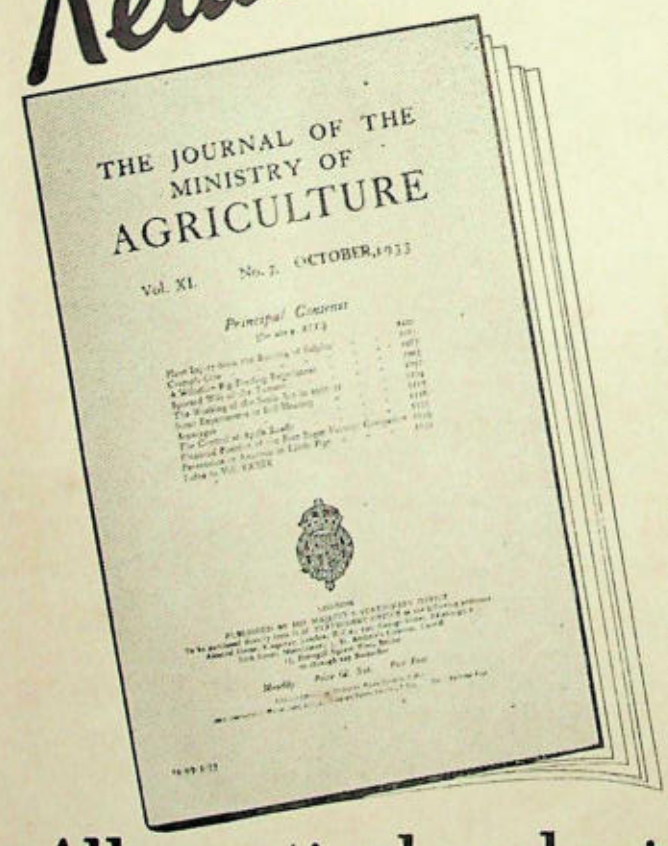
Weetamoe is 83ft. on load water line and has a beam of 21ft., but, if Mr. Crane were to undertake another design, I think he would go in for a little more beam and he would probably place the centre of lateral resistance somewhat farther forward than it was in Weetamoe. In the case of the New York Yacht Club Syndicate design—which, I take it, will be based on that of Enterprise—it would seem probable that Mr. Burgess will have given the yacht increased length and displacement on about the same beam. Under the new method of measuring the quarter beam length, she may be slightly—very slightly—fuller in the ends, and may be a little less "thick" in the garboards. A feature of design which one may expect in the new yacht is the perfect blending of the forward and after curvatures of the load water line plane that is to be found on Enterprise.

This feature had, I am convinced, much to do with the outstanding success of the Cup Defender in windward work as, upon it, depends so much of the general lay-out of the lines.

It is certain that, however good the new Nicholson designed Challenger, Endeavour, may prove to be, Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith will be up against an uncommonly stiff proposition in the Vanderbilt-Burgess organisation.

French Big Game Trophies.—The exhibition of Big Game trophies, of which a notice appeared in the *Field* of October 28th, has now been postponed from November 15th to December 6th. We regret that the picture sent to us by the directorate of the exhibition of two panthers drinking was described as being taken by M. Lebaudy. We are informed by M. Lebaudy that he did not take the photographs.

Read what a contributor to THE JOURNAL OF THE MINISTRY OF AGRICULTURE for October, 1933



says about the special feeding value of.....

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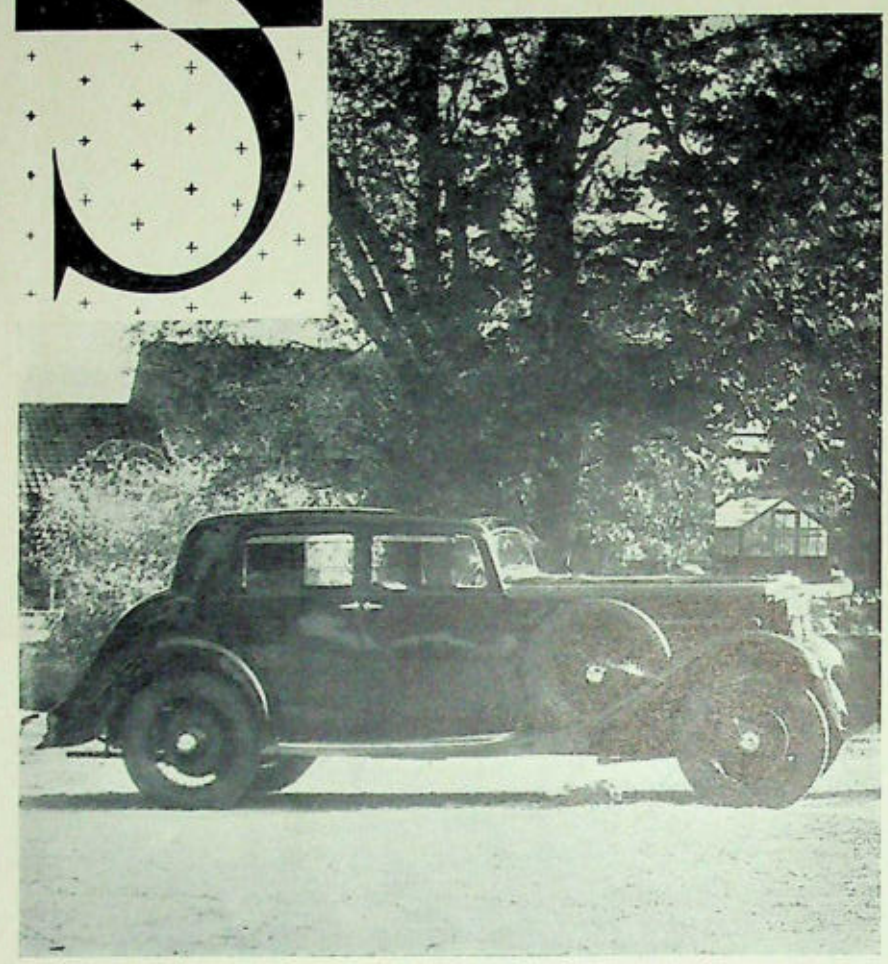
"Actual practice would appear to confirm the view that bran has a higher feeding value than the ordinary analysis indicates. . . . Both in the dry season of 1921, and again this year, dairy cows have been kept in good form and their yields have been well maintained, where bran has been given at the rate of 6 lb. per day and upwards. Bran is correctly balanced for milk production, but apart from this it possesses some special property which has been noted, though not fully explained by investigators."

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THE CAR FOR 1934

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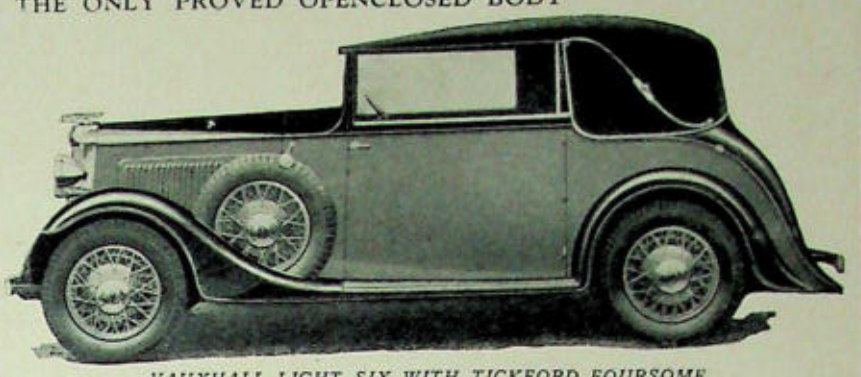
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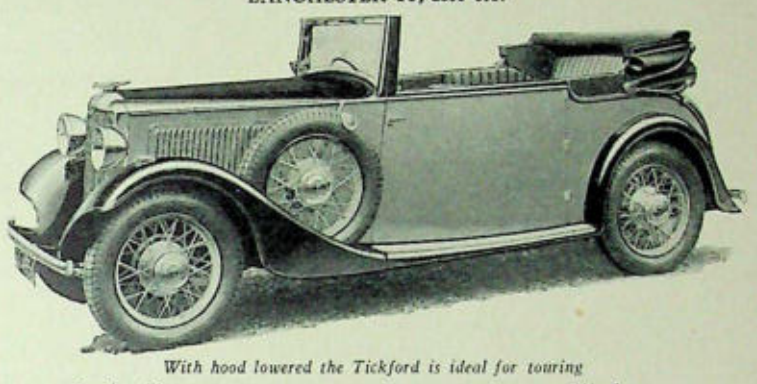
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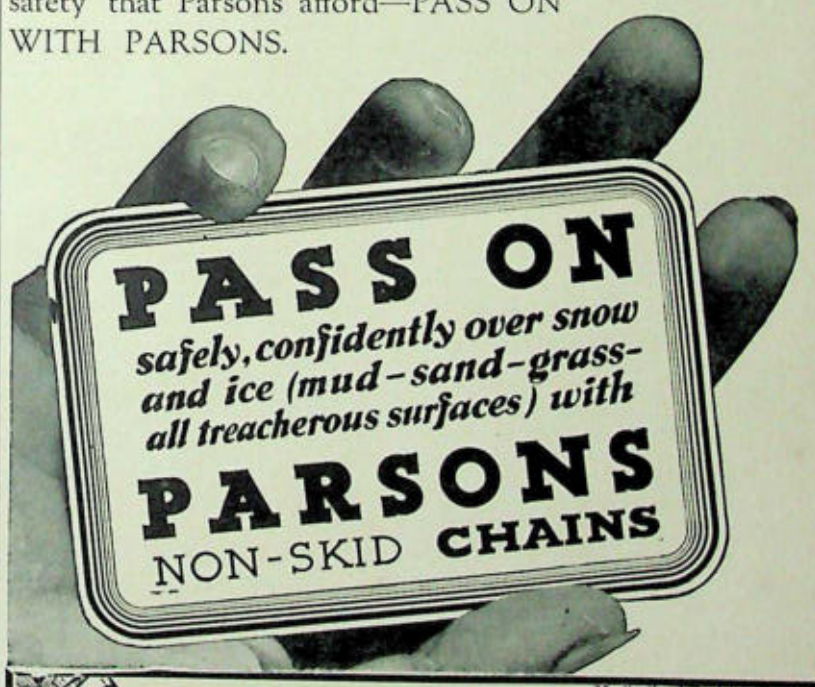
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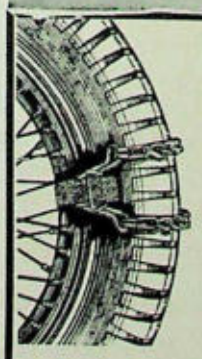


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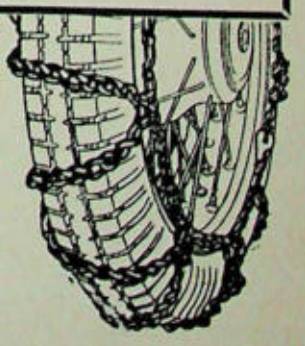
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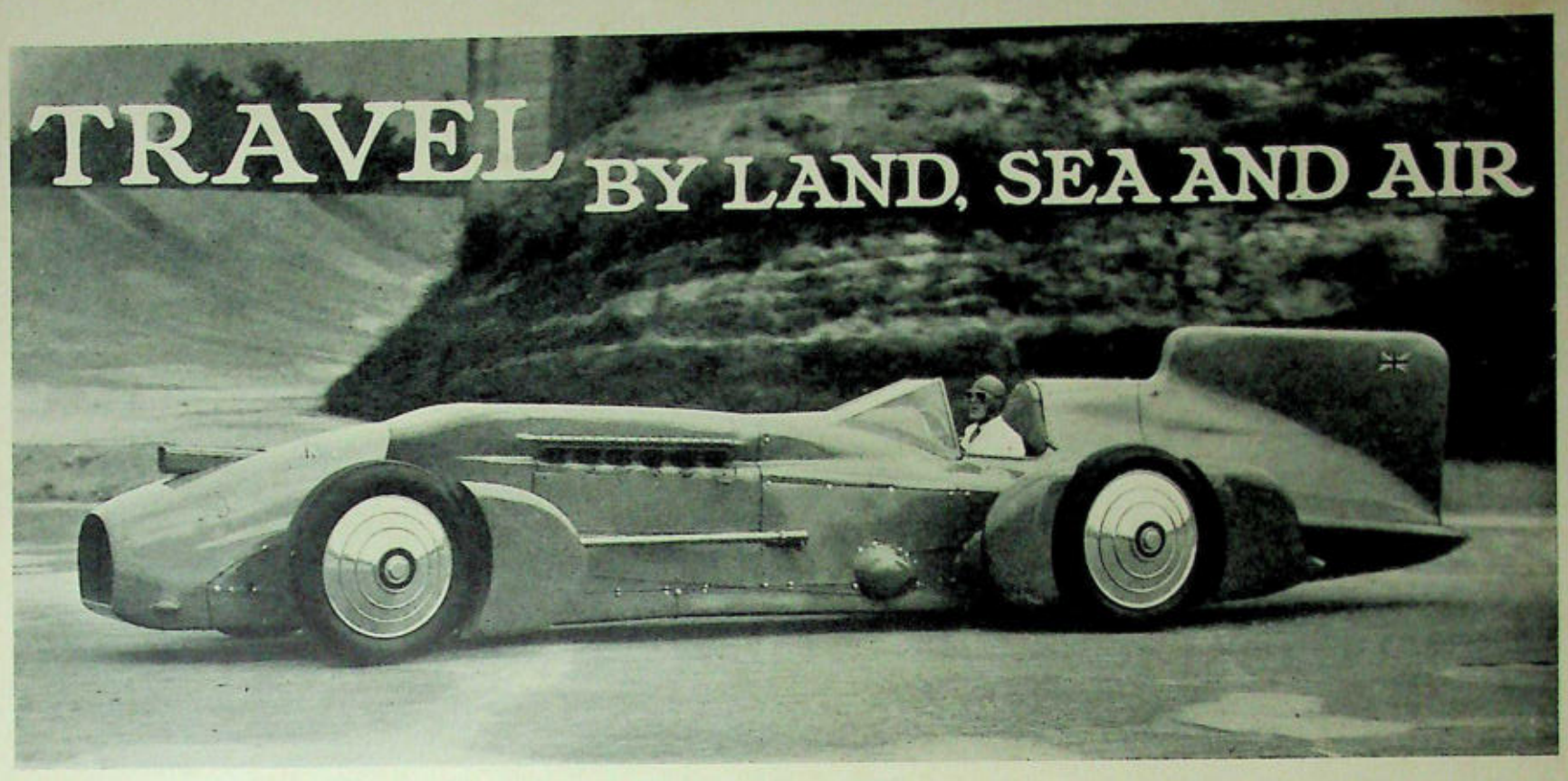


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THE MOST FAMOUS CAR IN THE WORLD

Sir Malcolm Campbell driving the Blue Bird round Brooklands track soon after his triumphal return from Daytona with a new world speed record of 272.46 m.p.h.

MY SPEED AMBITION

And How It May Be Realised

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

(*Holder of the World's Land Speed Record*)

Motoring Editor of the "Field"

THE AMBITION of my life has been to travel at the rate of five miles per minute—in other words, at 300 m.p.h. I had hoped that this figure might have been reached at the last attempt, but, even if this had been feasible with the old car, the conditions of the beach made it absolutely impossible.

It is interesting to recall that in 1932, when the record was raised to 253 m.p.h., I was using a Napier Lion engine the total power of which was approximately 1,450 h.p. This year a Schneider type of Rolls-Royce motor was installed which gave off power in the region of 2,650 h.p. Wind-tunnel tests showed that, given perfect conditions and a run of six miles, I should have been able to exceed the 300 m.p.h. mark.

When I arrived at Daytona, and saw the havoc the winter gales had made of the beach, I realised at once that I would be lucky even to exceed the old record. Instead of having a six-mile run, only four-and-a-half miles were available, for it was impossible to use that portion of the beach north of the pier. In previous years I had run under the jetty, but last February huge pools had formed which were always full of water, even at low tide.

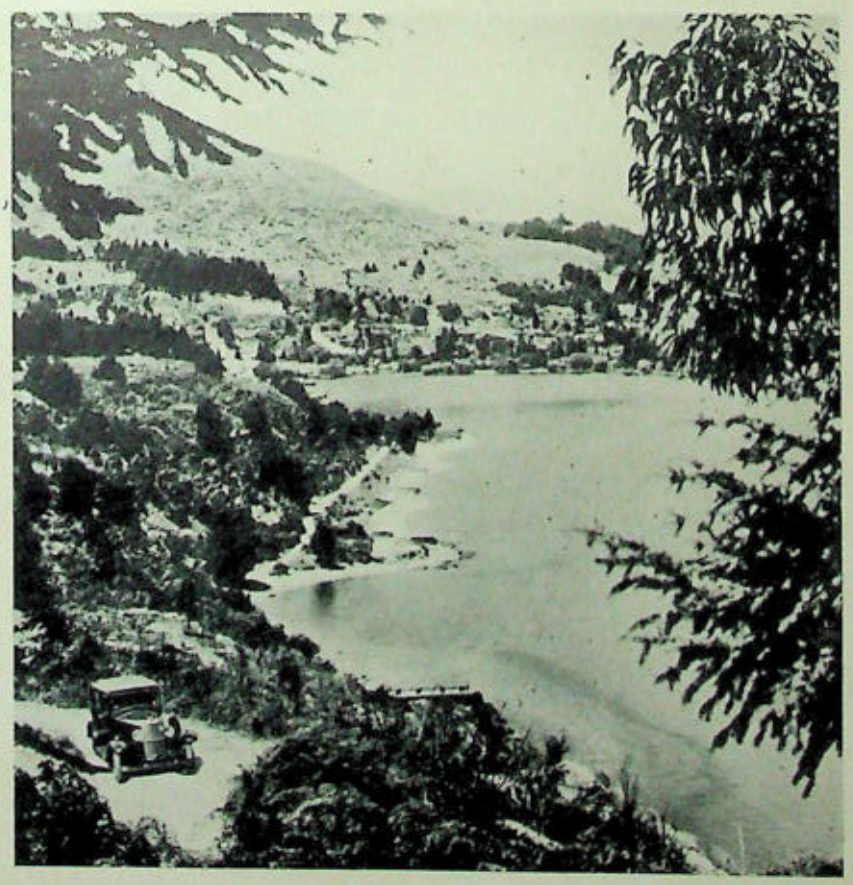
In addition to the limited space in which to pick up one's maximum speed, the surface of the remaining portion was never in good condition. As a consequence I was only able to raise the record from 253 to 272 miles per hour. I did not feel, however, that my visit had been wasted, as I learnt many valuable lessons.

The wheel spin which occurred during these record attempts was positively terrific. On the first run, my engine reached 3,900 r.p.m., which, had there been no slip, would have been equivalent to 312 m.p.h. On the second run, realising how much I was losing in slip, I did not extend the accelerator to the fullest extent, keeping the revolutions of the motor to 3,500.

When eventually I pulled up I was informed that on the first run my speed was 273 m.p.h. and on the return journey 272 m.p.h. I was therefore only 1 m.p.h. slower notwithstanding the fact that my motor was running at 400 revolutions less. With the back axle gearing I was using, 100 revolutions of the engine equalled a road speed of just over 9 m.p.h.

It can be readily appreciated that the greatest difficulty facing the designer of one of these giant racing cars is to obtain the necessary wheel adhesion. When the orthodox method of drive is employed, *i.e.*, the engine driving the rear wheels only, adhesion is only possible above a certain speed, by the addition of weight placed as near as possible over the back axle.

In 1932, with 1,450 h.p., Blue Bird carried a quarter of a ton of lead. In 1933 this was increased to three-quarters of a ton, the total weight of the car being increased from 3 tons 13 cwt. to 4 tons 11 cwt. The difference in weight was accounted for by the heavier engine, as well as by the addition of an extra half-ton of ballast.



A VAUXHALL IN NEW ZEALAND

The car can be seen on the left, high above Lake Wakatipu, in the South Island

As acceleration plays such an important part when making record attempts, since the distance available is so limited, the adding of weight is a great disadvantage from this point of view. Then, again, the tyre problem has to be carefully studied, and by the addition of all this weight the stresses imposed upon the tyres are obviously greatly increased.

How, therefore, is it possible to build a car that can reach the 300 m.p.h. mark, with a reasonable degree of certainty, and at the same time for that car to possess a certain factor of safety?

The immediate answer would be to build a car with a four-wheel drive, as by this method the drive from the engine would be equally distributed to all the four wheels. The question of adhesion would then at once be solved. The danger of rear-wheel drive only, where the tendency of the car is to turn on its own axis when all the power is devoted to the rear wheels, would disappear.

Unfortunately, however, many other factors come into the picture when designing a four-wheel driven racing car, and such an undertaking would become exceptionally hazardous.

Up to the present the only measure of success which has been achieved by this new method of drive has been when applied to the slow-moving commercial type of vehicle. It is, however, a well-known fact that if a front-wheel skid takes place on a four-wheel driven car when travelling at really high speeds, the car will get out of control unless the drive to the front wheels can be thrown out of gear instantly.

Although for the past few months we have been closely studying various methods of overcoming these problems, the fact remains that the construction of such a car is fraught with many difficulties, and much danger to the driver, since the latter is tackling something entirely new.

If, on the other hand, it was decided to retain rear-wheel drive only, there are two ways of obtaining a higher speed than that formerly achieved. First, the wind resistance must be

reduced considerably, so that slip does not occur until a much greater velocity has been reached.

During the past four months we have been carrying out exhaustive tests in the wind tunnel with different models, and have at last succeeded in designing a body which shows an enormous improvement over all previous designs. These tests have not been completed, but the results so far are astonishing.

Secondly, a considerable improvement in adhesion can be obtained by utilising twin wheels at the rear instead of single ones as heretofore. By having twin wheels, the factor of safety is increased, since the load on the back tyres is halved, and in the event of one of the tyres bursting, the car should not lose its stability.

Again, the air pressure in these tyres can be reduced by nearly one-third, which will do much to help adhesion. On my last attempt, with the increased weight and power I was using, I had to have my tyres blown up to 125lb. to the square inch. It can, therefore, be realised that with this high pressure, and the fact that the surface of the course was so uneven, it was impossible to stop the awful wheel spin, so that much valuable speed was lost.

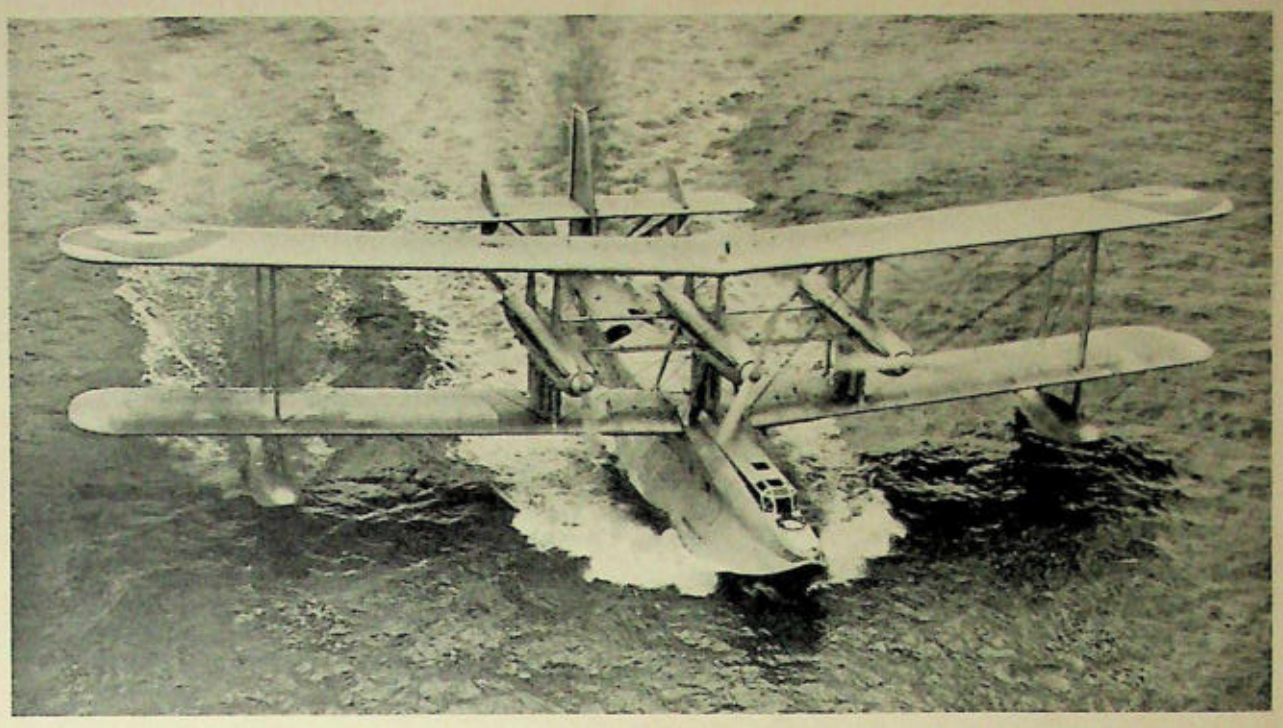
At the moment I cannot divulge exactly what method we shall finally adopt, but I can say that by the time these lines appear in print the construction of the new car will be well in hand, and that our next attempt will be made with a view to exceeding the 300 m.p.h. mark, on an entirely new car which, of course, will be British built throughout.

NIGHT DRIVING

Useful New Lamps

NOW that the evenings are closing in, an electric torch is indispensable and I have inspected one made by the Ever Ready Company which is termed the Inspection Head Lamp. This little lamp is fixed to an elastic band, which can be slipped round one's head and adjusted in such a way that the light shines right down on any object required. The lamp is connected by wires to a battery which is contained in a case, and slips easily into one's pocket. For making roadside adjustments at night, it will be found most useful. The price complete is 7/6.

An anti-dazzle lamp I have recently had fitted to one of my cars is placed between the two headlamps. I have found that the light which this gives is sufficient for quite fast driving at night, and that it can be kept alight in the face of oncoming traffic without, apparently, causing any annoyance to others. It is called the "Safebeam," and is manufactured by Desmo, Ltd., of Birmingham.



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AIR DEFENCE AND THE EMPIRE

The Need for a Settled Policy of Development

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

THERE has, of late, been considerable public discussion regarding the strength of our Air Force; and it is clear that there is grave disquiet in many directions. There are many who feel that the size and power of our aerial arm are incompatible with the responsibilities we have to discharge not only in home defence, but in the protection of our world-wide Empire.

What, briefly, are the facts? They are simple enough. In 1923, after a period of unparalleled apathy towards all aviation, the Government of the day put forward a programme of development for the Air Force which was regarded as the minimum for safety. That provided for 52 squadrons for home defence, the creation of which was to be spread over a term of years.

Ten years later, that programme is still unrealised, the strength of the R.A.F. for home defence purposes now amounting only to 29 regular, 8 auxiliary and 5 cadre squadrons. In the meantime, the disparity between the air strength of Great Britain and other powers has become wider, though in technical efficiency the Royal Air Force leads the world.

Technical superiority, whilst gratifying in itself, is no adequate compensation for the fact that Great Britain has been allowed to sink to fifth (or sixth) place among the air powers of the world, and we cannot rest content with less than a "one-power standard" in the air.

With the meagre force at its disposal the R.A.F. may perhaps create a reasonably effective home defence, but it is ill-equipped to provide co-operation units for the Army, and to undertake police work in the Middle East. Air units are also needed in India and elsewhere, though the overseas Dominions have done something towards building up their own Air Forces. It is only too obvious that the necessary strength is not available for all these duties to be properly discharged.

The defence of the Empire is a matter that bristles with problems. Ours is not a compact unit, but, occupying roughly one quarter of the earth's surface, is widely scattered. The necessities of defence have, in the past, been met by the Navy, for the whole basis of Empire security and cohesion lies in keeping communications open. Mobility must be the keynote of the defence system; and under present-day conditions that mobility must be increasingly supplied by aircraft.

So far as Empire defence is concerned, therefore, the function of aircraft must be to play a part in the protection of the trade routes and in giving flexibility to the general system. It is safe to say that these aspects have yet to receive the full consideration they demand, and a considered policy of development, actively pursued, is vitally necessary.

It is now beyond question that aircraft provide the best-known means of protecting shipping in the narrow seas. Attack might, in such restricted areas, come principally from below—the submarine; defence against this menace can be most effective from above. This was established in the war; technical development since has made the air unit more efficient still in this respect. And aircraft could play a no less important part in protecting the longer trade routes.

This draws attention to a point that has been repeatedly stressed in these articles: the vital importance of the flying boat to the Empire. Recent developments have made it abundantly clear that we must concentrate more and more on the design and construction of large, sea-going flying boats that can operate for long periods away from a base.

Such boats could cover the trade routes effectively and economically, and exploits similar to those of the Emden and the Goeben in the early days of the war would become far more difficult, if not impossible.

In this vital aspect of Empire defence it is well not to forget the airship. As an effective counter to the submarine, the airship proved itself in the war; and many experts believe that the large rigid, carrying perhaps several fighting machines that could be released for scouting and attack, might very economically perform a great deal of the work now necessarily discharged by naval units.

The need for increasing our cruisers for this purpose is being actively urged; it is well worth while to ask whether the possibilities of the airship here have been carefully considered—particularly in view of development in other countries—not only from the point of view of actual effectiveness, but from that of securing the maximum defence with the minimum outlay, for the operating speed and daily range of an airship are clearly greater than those of the most modern, high-speed light cruiser.

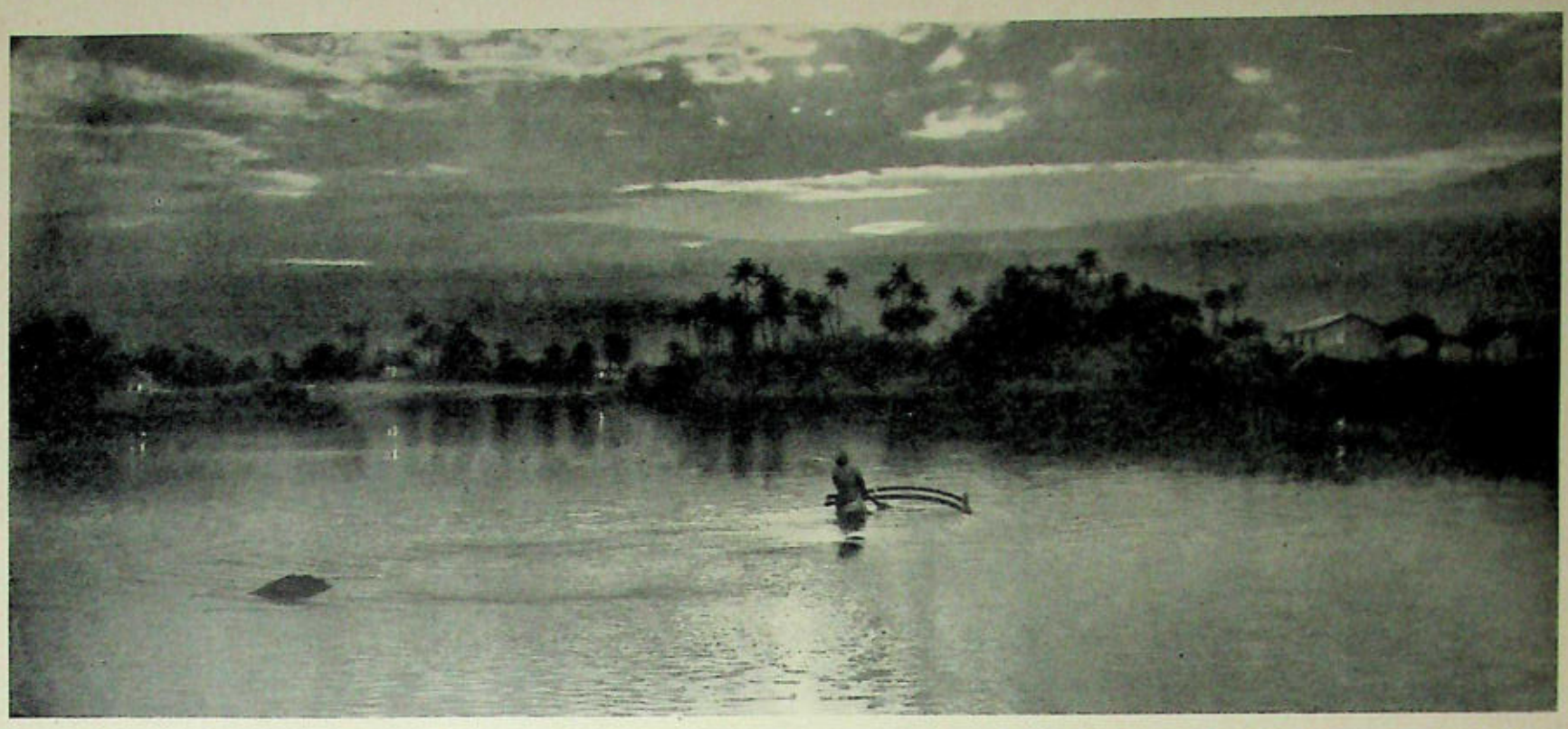
Empire defence, of which only a few aspects have been touched in this brief review, is a subject with which we cannot afford to play. This country has wider responsibilities than any other in the world, for the defence of London and the industrial cities of Great Britain is no less a part of Imperial security than that of our overseas sister nations and possessions.

What is needed is a strong, efficient force at home for protection (recognising that in air warfare attack is the best form of defence) and for policing the narrow seas, and a force able to assist and collaborate with the Navy in keeping the trade routes open.

These necessities must be faced squarely; when realised, a considered, firm programme of continuous development must be laid down and adhered to.



AN AIRCRAFT CARRIER IN ACTION
Planes from H.M.S. Furious flying over the vessel during manœuvres



SUNSET IN HAWAII—A SCENE NEAR HILO

CRUISING AMONG THE PACIFIC ISLES

A Forty Days' Tour of the South Seas

CONSIDERING that distances among the Pacific Islands are far greater than distances between European countries, it is difficult to generalise about them. There is a vast variety of races, languages, and degrees of civilisation, some hardly removed from cannibalism, others highly developed; yet everywhere there is a tendency for the native races to die out, sometimes only remnants of the aboriginal inhabitants being left.

The gradual passing of the Pacific Islanders is to be regretted, for many of them are of extremely fine physique, tall, lithe, graceful, and great-hearted, and the womenfolk are often beautiful—a dark beauty, it is true, and strange to Western eyes, but yet the beauty of outdoor health and virility.

The nature of the islands differs, too, from group to group, volcanic or otherwise, tropical or sub-tropical, added to which there are two main types, the low islands and the mountain islands. The former are of coral formation and rarely more than a few feet above sea level, whereas the latter, of volcanic origin, often possess scenery enhanced by lofty hills and mountains of exotic beauty, ruggedness, and quite respectable elevation. The Marquesas, for instance, are due south of Canadian Pacific shores, whereas New Caledonia lies in the coral seas due north of New Zealand, and is akin in vegetation to Australia.

Visualised from maps, the Pacific Islands are generally considered as a group or groups of islands, but from the northern group of the Hawaii Islands to New Caledonia in the south-west, or from New Caledonia to the Marquesas in the south-east, is as far as from England to New York, or from London to Athens and back as the crow flies.

The various groups of islands are not only far apart in distance and in degrees of civilisation, but also in the matter of administration. On the map the red underline representing the British flag figures very prominently, the Cook and the Fiji Islands being among the best known. The United States flies her flag in the Hawaiian Islands, Tahiti, and Pago Pago, the American Samoa, whereas Samoa itself is under a New Zealand mandate. The Marshall Islands are a Japanese mandate, and the New Hebrides and New Caledonia are French, whereas Tonga is a happy monarchy under the rule of an efficient native Queen.

Hawaii, Fiji, and Samoa are the most frequented, being situated on most of the lines between the United States and Australasia, and Tahiti and the Cook Islands are ports of call between San Francisco and New Zealand. There are regular cruises from California to Hawaii, and many round trips also go to Samoa, but for the Englishman who has to cross half the world before reaching the Californian coast, whence most cruises start, it seems almost imperative that a more ambitious cruise should be undertaken.

The Matson Line is organising a cruise of this nature to start in mid-January from the alternate ports of San Francisco or Los Angeles. Styled an "exploration cruise," this includes in its itinerary some of the less-frequented isles, well off the beaten track, and only known to traders or the possessors of private yachts. Such are the Marquesas Islands, the first to be called at on the cruise.

Coral reefs, volcanic formations, coconut palms, native huts, luxuriant and verdant vegetation, with buildings buried in vines and flowers, as in Nukualofa (Tonga), will be seen in the various isles. Passengers will see the Island of the Blest (Tahiti), and the Land of Many Waters (Fiji), and will hear the melancholy romantic rhythms of the Hawaiians on their native string instruments, and see the sensuous dances at the Beach of Waikiki, the Hula Hula, or the Siva Siva of the Samoan girls.



A TYPICAL FIJIAN VILLAGE: ON TAVIUNI ISLAND

Tonga will show them the Wood of the Flying Bats, where thousands of flying foxes, sacred to the natives, hang head downwards all day long. In Rarotonga (Cook Islands) volcanic hills tower grandly in heavy cloaks of green, and in Papeete the verdure is even more intense, and a motor run of exploration will be richly rewarded.

At Sava in the Fijis the voyagers will see the powerfully built natives performing their exotic spear dances, their heavy tufts of bushy hair making the performance all the more weird and inspiring.

At Apia in Western Samoa, the visitors' first thoughts will surely be given to the memory of Robert Louis Stevenson, whose last resting place lies there, and by that time they will easily understand the irresistible appeal that the land and its people had for him, for the Western Samoans are proud and lovable, though quick tempered, a fact which has earned them the name of the Irish of the Pacific.

On the homeward journey there will be the Hawaii Islands, with their mixture of races—native, Chinese and Japanese, and an industrial civilisation which can be judged from the fact that there is one motor car to every seven inhabitants of these islands. Honolulu, the capital, is one of the world's most fashionable resorts, of which the Royal Hawaiian Hotel is a most suitable headquarters. Near Hilo, Hawaii's second city, is the famous volcano of Kilauea, with its awe-inspiring living crater. Visits will be paid, also, to the Hawaiian National Park and to the Rainbow Falls.

In Hawaii, too, passengers will look down the rim of Halemaumau's cauldron and will pass fields of old lava, forests of koa and of ferns, and see sugar cane plantations.

Islands have a magic appeal; they seem to satisfy an age-old longing. Compton Mackenzie, an addict himself, uses a composite Greek word to describe these isle lovers, and calls them Nesophilists. It is only necessary to add that nearly all of us suffer from Nesophilia.

M. G. S.

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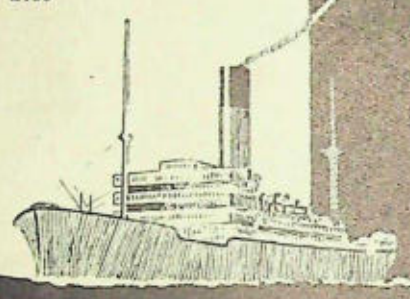
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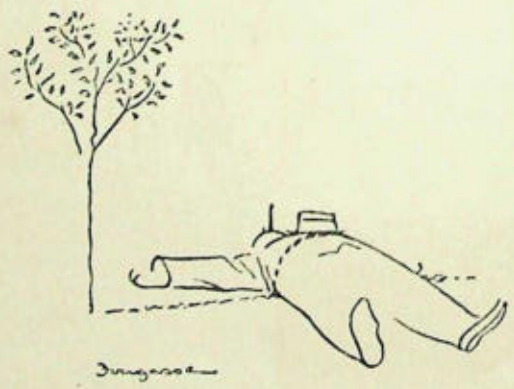
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A MOSLEM TOUR

Cruising Along the North African Coast

MEDITERRANEAN cruises bring us into contact with two branches of a very old civilisation. Persia and Ionia sent out the germs of our present-day culture, and these travelled westwards under the influence of two powerful religions, the Christian and the Mohammedan, the former conquering the northern shores of the Mediterranean, and the latter the southern.

The North Coast of Africa is essentially related to Europe rather than to the dark continent that lies beyond the Atlas Mountains. Great wars have resulted in opportunities for politicians to change the frontiers of nations, but geographers have required no such excuse to delineate the boundaries of continents. Russia, for instance, is almost more Asiatic than European, and the whole of the Mediterranean is really European by climate, nature and civilisation.

In entering the ancient central highway of the known world the traveller comes immediately into contact with the outposts of Islam. Spain sends out its huge bulk as an advance guard, and the liner is almost certain to stop at Cadiz, whence an opportunity is likely to be given to travel up river to Seville.

However European Seville may be on the surface, it still contains indelible traces of the Moorish occupation of centuries ago. Not only are there such remains as the elaborately alabaster-pilastered palaces such as the House of Pilate and the Alcazar, or the Giralda, the tall pink tower attached to the cathedral, not unlike the Campanile of Venice but more beautiful, and originally built as a Moslem minaret, but the influence will also be found in such traditions as the tendency to family seclusion.

The little and charming "patios" we see in Andalusia have their origin in Moorish days, yet the province is definitely Christian in outlook as well as religion, as will be realised a few short miles south-westwards from Cadiz across the sea to Tangier, which forms an immense contrast.

Tangier is actually the East. That vaguely defined district known as the Middle East encircles the Levant to the south and the east and extends its manners and modes right up to the Straits of Gibraltar.



Blue Star Line

IN THE ARAB QUARTER OF ALGIERS

First impressions of Tangier are a little mixed, for the port, though not visibly a particularly active one, is essentially European. Behind the sea-front lies the native town and narrow, tortuous lanes vivid with local colour (and as often as not with local smells), lead to the central market-place. Immediately we are thousands of miles away from neighbouring Cadiz, and close to the distant lands beyond Egypt, with the main difference that the native population is darker and more bronzed here and has a larger element of negro blood than in Asia Minor or the Holy Lands. The architecture, too, is Moorish and not Perso-Byzantine. The mosques have the Moorish square towers instead of the round columned cone-capped minarets of Egypt and beyond.

From Tangier a short sea journey of an hour or so brings one to Ceuta, in



CEUTA: THE EUROPEAN FRONT OF A NATIVE TOWN

the Riff country, under the Spanish sphere of influence. It is but a small town, a glaring sunlit white in a brown, arid setting and dominated by the famous lighthouse.

The writer had occasion one April morning to see this lighthouse from the ferry boat plying between Gibraltar and Algeciras, on the Spanish coast. Though the lighthouse was actually well over twenty miles away, it appeared in detail as if it were only half an hour's walk away, and ships, too, could be seen in the middle distance, though actually they did not come over the horizon till an hour or two later. The writer had been lucky enough to see that comparatively rare phenomenon of *fata Morgana*, which is the "mirage" of the seas.

Ceuta is populated by Berbers, Moors and Arabs, and the white element is principally composed of Spaniards. To the visitor it may appeal chiefly as the port to Tetuan, which is more interesting and has a fine panoramic view. The two towns are connected by railway, but it will probably be better to climb to the more elevated city by motor car, though it is between three and four hours distant, and some people may find this a bit on the long side for the double journey, if the liner only devotes a single day in Ceuta.

Next comes Algiers, the capital of Algeria, a country of some five or six millions, of whom one million are whites. Had the voyager been careless enough, when leaving Ceuta, not to inquire whither the steamer was going, and woke up next morning to see the sea front, he would probably think it was Marseilles if he did not know either town. Algiers is a miracle of French colonisation, and is definitely a Paris of the North African coast, with streets of the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue de la Paix type. It has also, like most continental European towns, its West End, in which there are the fashionable places of amusement and the cabarets.

Old Algiers lies about half-an-hour inland from the sea front on the hill slopes, and here in the Casbah quarter will be found all the local colour in the alleys that visitors want to see. There will be plenty of curious sights, glimpsed in mysterious doorways and verandahs, and there will be the women wearing their yashmaks toiling at their carpet-weaving on somewhat primitive looms.

Still farther up on the hills there is a third Algiers, that of Mustapha-Supérieur, with its town villas and modern hotels, where an excellent lunch can be enjoyed on the terraces with a view of the sweeping bay and the deep translucent blue of the Mediterranean.

Between the Casbah quarter and the hillside hotels lies a belt of verdure, largely composed of vineyards, Algeria being one of the largest wine producing countries of the world. Gnarled olive trees are also to be seen, their silvery foliage always lending an atmosphere of serenity and ancient lineage to Mediterranean lands.

A journey farther afield is required for the more African type of scenery, though cruises rarely allow time for a visit to the interior or along the coast to see the palms in their glory and the forests of cedar. A stay of several days will allow a circular tour through the oases of the desert which have been opened to the world in an amazing way by motor coaches.

By going along the coast to Tunis, through Bougie, Philippeville and Bône there is delightful scenery from terraced roads above towering cliffs of brightly coloured rocks and grottos.

The high range of the Atlas must be taken into account as far as the weather is concerned; though the sea coast of Algeria is warm and sunny in winter, the heat is much less than in Egypt, which is the real goal of winter-time sun worshippers. In Algeria one has not to go so very high up in the mountains to be able to enjoy winter sports. P. T.



Photographs Blue Star Line

TETUAN: WEST AND EAST IN A MOORISH SETTING

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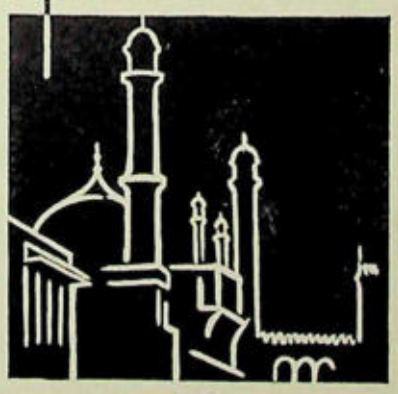
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CEYLON AS A WINTER RESORT

A Survey of its Attractions

TO those who, like the writer, have lived for many happy years in Ceylon, it has always been a mystery why more people do not visit that beautiful island during the winter, when "Sunny Lanka," as the indigenous inhabitants affectionately call it, is at its best.

The two main disadvantages of some of the world's more popular winter resorts in the season—the rapacity of the hotel-keepers and the uncertainty of the climate—are non-existent in Ceylon, where no one need catch pneumonia unless he or she makes a special effort to do so, while the hotels provide first-class accommodation at reasonable rates.

Because of its geographical proximity to South India, Ceylon is frequently confused, by people who ought to know better, with India itself, and it is possible that reports published in this country of unsettled conditions in, say, Bombay or Calcutta, may keep intending travellers from visiting the premier Crown Colony—an island possessing, as Mr. George Robey might have said, "unlimited allurements," and in extent about the size of Holland. One might just as sensibly refrain from visiting Paris because of troubles in Montenegro.

Ceylon's climate, while unmistakably tropical in the low country during the hot weather, is tempered by cooling breezes during the north-east monsoon, and the temperature chart, even for Colombo, during December and January shows an average of only about 78deg. In the hills, the temperature naturally falls in proportion to the altitude reached, while in that popular up-country resort Nuwara Eliya, for instance, the hot season resembles a continuous summer in the temperate zone.

The climate of Nuwara Eliya, which town has an elevation of 6,200ft., reached from Colombo by car in five hours, is, in the opinion of many admirers, as nearly perfect as can be obtained in the world. With brilliant sunshine during the day, cool, even cold nights, and one of the most delightful golf courses in the East, Nuwara Eliya possesses attractions which the most hardened globe trotter cannot fail to appreciate.

The ancient town of Kandy, some 1,600ft. above sea level, is a favourite resort for tourists, as the drive from Colombo, through delightful scenery, takes less than three hours. Here there is the famous Temple of the Tooth, greatly revered by Buddhists, portions of which date back to 1300.

Colombo itself is a hot, busy, bustling city, but the visitor will find that in the cool of the evening he will be able to obtain the recreation he needs at the various clubs, whether his interest lies in tennis, golf, cricket or polo.

The roads in Ceylon are well kept, and motoring is a pleasure once one is away from the towns. The advent of the motor car has opened up the jungle to visitors in a way which, however much the resident may deprecate it, cannot fail to delight the casual tourist.

With the usual amenities of civilisation, sport, swimming, big-game shooting (but no tiger in Ceylon) or even the more ordinary delights of walking several miles on a tea or rubber estate to amuse him, the visitor who is bored in Ceylon will indeed be bored anywhere. And British ships will convey him from England to Ceylon and back, covering 12,000 miles in all, for less than £100, while their special winter terms are operative.

Ceylon, in short, can be heartily recommended to the discriminating traveller in search of a winter resort.

C. W. G.



CEYLON'S UP-COUNTRY RESORT
A view of the lake at Nuwara Eliya

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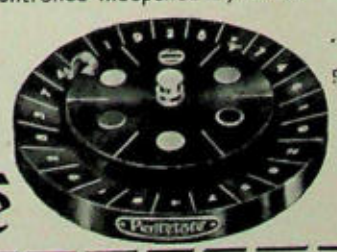
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Western Morning News

THE PRINCE OF WALES GREETING HIS DUCHY OF CORNWALL TENANTS AT PRINCETOWN

Last week, at the anniversary dinner of the National Farmers' Union, the Prince gave farmers a useful lead in meeting the present-day requirements of consumers. In his speech he announced that he was instituting through the Duchy of Cornwall a Seale Hayne Scholarship for the benefit of Duchy pupils who wish to take up agriculture as a profession

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RURAL UNEMPLOYMENT

LAST March Earl Bathurst contributed an article to our columns entitled "How Hunting Can Help the Unemployed." He outlined a scheme by which hunts could give assistance in rural districts and at the same time benefit themselves, the farmer and the agricultural labourer. The work outlined entailed the re-hanging of gates, removal of unnecessary wire, repair of gaps and hunt bridges and, if enough funds were forthcoming, assistance with hedging and ditching. This scheme was put into operation, and linked up with other measures undertaken in Cirencester and the surrounding district. So marked has been the success achieved and so many the inquiries received by the committee concerning its work, that a pamphlet has been issued showing what has been accomplished and what can still further be done.

About this time last year the wholly unemployed on the register of the Cirencester Employment Office were 591; last month the figures had sunk to 309, almost half. Here is encouragement, indeed! And if the list showing how funds were employed is analysed it will be seen how much the locality benefited from the work put in hand. Playing fields were levelled and improved, land was cleared for allotments, a canal towing-path used as a village walk was reconditioned, nine ditches were cleaned out to prevent flooding, paths were resurfaced, and various building and decoration jobs were carried out. The labour was employed and the work supervised by the administrators of the unemployment fund, or their nominees, except in those instances where grants were received from local authorities and the work naturally came under their control. Of £1,545 9s. 10d. received £348 4s. was specially earmarked for Hunt Schemes for the V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's and the Cricklade packs) and the Cotswold.

So much for the efficient distribution of a special fund raised to create employment. But the organisers' ideas went much farther than this. An appeal was made to householders and estate owners to have any repairs that could be afforded, however small, put in hand; to help counteract the propaganda of economy, and often false economy, which led to a tightening of purse strings, with its boomerang effect in general trade depression. Such individual co-operation included having gardens tidied, fences, walls and masonry repaired, rooms repapered, houses repainted, and the hundred-and-one jobs undertaken which keep estate or cottage from depreciation. It is amazing how many such items, each one apparently insignificant in itself, will keep the labour market going.

A glance at the categories of the Cirencester unemployed shows how this individual effort has undoubtedly played its part in easing the situation. Here are a few of the principal classifications of badly hit trades and occupations with the figures as they were in November a year ago and, in brackets, as they stood in the middle of October this year: Carpenters 33 (8), builders' labourers 122 (60), masons 24 (7), plasterers 19 (8), painters 22 (6), farm labourers 25 (12), gardeners 14 (11), and general labourers 99 (50). With the exception of the gardeners, the all-round improvement is remarkable.

Cirencester has shown the way of helping to reduce unemployment in rural areas by the work of an energetic committee composed of people entirely independent of any public body and by a system of decentralisation which entailed the appointment of one responsible person in each of 43 parishes to look after the interests of their own particular areas; to stimulate local effort and to suggest schemes for work of a public nature to the central body. In the collection of funds no source is neglected, no sum too small, one feature being a small weekly "sub" from employees of firms. All aid is voluntary, material or haulage for work of public utility is provided either by individuals or local authorities, and no charge is made against the funds for printing, advertising and incidental expenses.

Here is an example for others to follow, and for those who would aid in this national task Mr. J. Gordon Dugdale of The Abbey, Cirencester, provides an illuminating pamphlet to show what can be done to shift unemployment when willing shoulders are put to the wheel.

ROOF RATS

EVERY year the country is asked to devote its energies to the keeping of Rat Week; to use every possible device—by trapping, ferreting, poisoning and every other imaginable method of destruction—in order to reduce the numbers of grey rats which infest the countryside.

What about the town and the black rat? We are faced with a new invasion. Thirty years ago, when James Harting, the natural history editor of the *Field*, made his investigations as to the last local occurrences of the black rat in England, it was believed to be extinct. To-day it swarms over London. As the grey rat lives underground and in sewers, the black rat lives in atties. It travels by roof and cable. Nine-tenths of the rats caught in London to-day are black rats.

How is this problem being tackled? Is is being tackled? The black rat is a carrier of bubonic plague. Suppose that plague were once more among us, as it was in 1665? London was a little city then, without overhead cables. And London is not our only port. If we could get statistics of the number of black rats destroyed every week in London, Southampton, Bristol, Liverpool and Hull what would they show?

IRRELEVANCY

If an example were needed of the unreasoning opposition which at one time threatened to prevent the passing of Lord Buckmaster's Protection of Birds Bill—now an Act—it should be sought for in the speech made objecting to the Bill by Major Hills. Here are two passages:—

"The Bill goes far beyond the caging of a bird. . . . We cannot even do what many people have done in the past, keep a tame bird in a garden."

What is to prevent us? Again:—

"I wonder why the little owl is left out of the schedule of protected birds. The only difference that I know of between the little owl and the brown owl or the barn owl is that, that whereas the brown owl and the barn owl live largely on small birds like sparrows and on mice and rats, the little owl lives on the young of game birds partridges and pheasants. I can conceive of no other reason why it is left out. I do not think I am far wrong when I say that this Bill carries with it class legislation."

And what, then, does the little owl live on from August to June? Major Hills knows—or ought to know—that the little owl is specifically denied protection in nearly every county council schedule.

MORE CRICKET CABLES

The Australian Cricket Board of Control has not done any good towards the restoration of amicable relations between itself and the M.C.C. by its cable virtually asking for definite assurance that "body line" bowling will be prohibited during the Australian tour in this country next year. It may be said at once that the M.C.C. has no actual power to veto any practice which is not against the letter and the spirit of the laws. The Australian Board should be as well aware of that as cricketers in this country.

Short of an alteration in the laws, which in this case would be absurd, the M.C.C. could, if they thought fit, indicate that they considered such and such a practice not in the best interests of the game, and it is safe to say that no cricketer would dream of continuing it. They have given categorical assurance to the Australian Board that they would do everything possible to ensure that the matches against the Australians are played in the same spirit as in the past and that should be sufficient. Further exchange of cables is uncalled for and irritating.

INTERNATIONAL RUGBY QUALIFICATION

Most of us are familiar with the old story of the Scottish Rugby International who, on being asked what was his qualification for Scotland, replied that he had once kept an Aberdeen terrier. International qualification is still largely what the various Unions like to make it and the matter has been brought into prominence once more in connection with Welsh Rugby.

One player selected for the first Welsh trial match had already been a reserve for England, and, preferring to take his chance with England, he declined the Welsh invitation. One or two other players who were selected are considered to have stronger qualifications for England than for Wales. More than one player in the past has been tried for one country and ultimately played for another. It seems time that a ruling was given limiting a player's qualification at least to the country for which he has once been chosen, either for trial or as reserve.

Better still would be a ruling similar to that of cricket—namely, that qualification should be either by birth or by residence for at least four years.

THE CAMERA CANNOT LIE!

That it can and does we know; how it does so is a matter of degree. It can make a right-handed lawn tennis player drive with his left hand, a shot be fired from the wrong shoulder, or a lady ride her mount on the off side. This strictly should not be blamed on the camera but on the operator, who either places his plate in the slide the wrong side round or, when taking off a print, places the negative in the enlarger with the glass side towards the printing paper. Last week's frontispiece must therefore not be taken as camera evidence that Lady Burghley adopts an unusual style of riding—it is not, by the way, unprecedented in the hunting field—but that the photographer who supplied the print committed an error which escaped more than one usually discerning eye.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a world-famous penny paper.

"The pheasant-shooting season is at its height, therefore so is the season for taking retrievers into restaurants.

"Many a 'Ponto' or 'Rover' who nozzles about in the bracken during week-ends, ably adding to his master's holocaust by killing a few non-flyers in addition to retrieving the wounded, makes his appearance in mid-week in London."

CURLY RETRIEVERS

Followers of field trials with long memories must have looked on with special interest at the meeting which took place at Idsworth on November 16th. Here was the first field trial held by a new society, the recently formed Curly Retriever Club, which has set itself to resuscitate, on the shooting field and in the public estimate, a breed which at one time nearly became extinct. How would the work of the curlies compare with that of the Labradors?

To that the answer is that the work of the leading dogs was most creditable, and must have given great satisfaction to Major-General F. F. Lance, owner of the bitch placed first and equal first in the two stakes run, and to the other members who assisted at the inauguration of the Club. Meanwhile, what has been the influence of the show bench on the breed of curlies during the last 50 years or so? Is not the curly of to-day a bigger, leggier dog than he used to be? It would be interesting to hear the opinion of, say, the 'seventies and 'eighties.

GOLFERS AND SWEARING

It is reported that the American Professional Golfers' Association this week will consider a proposal to disqualify those competitors from tournaments who use bad language within the hearing of spectators. Prohibition in America does not always meet with success. It would, it seems, be far better to rely on the good sense of the players themselves than to instruct them as to how they should behave. A little trust produces far better results than the imposition of needless laws.

THE LATE L. CECIL SMITH

Old Paulines will have heard with great regret of the death of Mr. L. Cecil Smith. Of a cheery disposition, he knew how to inspire enthusiasm both in class and out of it. A familiar figure on the towing path, he raised the school rowing to a high standard and made his boys formidable opponents on the river. He believed in giving them plenty of racing, and a St. Paul's crew would be found in Thames regatta programmes which would on occasion beat the best of the clubs in its class. Here his loss at the early age of 48 will be deeply felt, for he was as successful in handling the young material of a preparatory school as in imparting history to his pupils of St. Paul's. On leaving St. Paul's he carried his universal popularity to Colet Court as its headmaster.

SALMON FISHING ENDS

Next Thursday sees the close of the Tweed and with it the end of salmon fishing in 1933. There are very few weeks in the year when salmon fishing cannot be had in some stream or other, about six weeks in all and even less if one opens the New Year in Ireland; but anyhow, December is definitely an off month—officially. In practice this year has had other "off" months, many of them in fact, and there are probably few rods which will not be put away with a feeling of thankfulness that the long succession of blank days is over. It will be interesting to see, when the netting returns are available, whether the fish have really "come in" or not. To all appearances rivers have been as empty of fish as of water—but in fishing appearances are often deceptive.

In the meantime there are the last few precious days, which occasionally produce the biggest fish of all, fish which have been at sea for four years and return as it were at the last available moment. It is two years now since a 50-pounder fell to a rod in these islands, and in fishing it is always the unforeseen that happens.

NORFOLK

If Sussex and Devon have each their *vates sacer*, who are the bards of other counties? Mrs. Gerald Wilson sends us from Saxlingham-Nethergate the following poem "by Sub-Lieut. Tisdall, V.C., R.N., copied from *Punch* about ten years ago":

"I'll see the great farms and small villages—
The towerless churches where few people pray.
The ruined abbeys in whose quires the breeze
Sings sadly of an unreturning day.
And there I'll walk long miles, and swim, and run,
And look for hours on the flowers that grow
Purple on the sea-crowned marshes in the sun,
And hope to change the world; it needs it so.

"I'll go to Norfolk at the summer's close,
And see again the hillsides gilt with grain,
The glassy fords, the woods, the turnip rows,
The dim sad purple of the marsh again."

And now, which poet should be chosen for Suffolk?



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE NATIONAL FARMERS' UNION DINNER
Left to right: Lord Bingley, Earl de la Warr, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Mr. B. J. Gates (chairman), the Right Hon. Walter Elliot, M.P., and Mr. S. C. Ratcliffe (Vice-President of the N.F.U.)

THE PRINCE WITH FARMERS

Some Good Advice on Consumers' Requirements

GOOD cheer and the presence of the Prince of Wales made the 25th anniversary dinner of the National Farmers' Union last week an occasion which 650 farmers, at any rate, will not soon forget. Calling them "brother farmers," the Prince gave his congratulations to the N.F.U. on the work done since its foundation as a national organisation in 1908, and he went on to give some advice which was needed. With his own farms in the Duchy of Cornwall and his friendships formed in the hunting field, where, he declared, he had spent some of the happiest days of his life, the Prince understands the farmer, and he can talk to him with effect in the language of the land.

This is a time of great opportunity for British farming. We have, as the Prince said, a great asset in the shape of a sane spirit of optimism, so essential a thing in the make-up of every successful business man. The past four or five years have been grim, but the future is brighter.

The main justification for the Prince's optimism was that "at last we are learning to combine." The mere fact that farmers have now combined in marketing has made a very fine impression, and there is definitely growing up on all sides a far more sympathetic appreciation of the possibilities and the difficulties that face the farmers of the country.

As a candid friend and a farmer himself, the Prince showed his anxiety that full advantage should be taken of present opportunities. Every farmer must determine for himself—it is his individual right—what crops and stock are best suited for production on his farm, but the quality of the produce will in the long run decide on which side of the profit and loss account the balance will appear.

This point needs emphasis. The pig marketing scheme will only be a success if farmers breed and the factories cure bacon that pleases the public taste. Farmers may not always agree with the standards of quality that are set up by the tribunal of public opinion. They themselves lead active lives and many of them can enjoy a fat rasher of bacon and a heavy mutton chop, but the public taste has changed.

In the bacon market Denmark has been supremely successful in producing the article which the townsman fancies, and New Zealand has similarly standardised a small, plump carcass of lamb that meets with public favour. The farmers of this country have to follow suit if they are to regain and keep a larger share of the home market. The consumer has been educated to expect uniform quality, and he will not be satisfied if he has to forfeit it for the sake of encouraging home production.

This week, at the Birmingham Fat Stock Show, the Ministry of Agriculture is launching an extended scheme for the grading of all classes of meat on the lines adopted by our overseas competitors. This is a welcome sign, and farmers will do well to take up this matter seriously. They cannot afford to neglect the opportunity. Quite apart from the measures which the Government has taken to restrict imports and raise market prices, there are two adverse factors mentioned by the Prince which farmers have to face. The first is under-consumption. People who work in the heavy industries, such as miners and steel workers, need a good slab of meat every working day. When they are unemployed not only do they not require that slab, but they cannot afford to buy it. Happily, employment is improving slightly in the heavy industries, and there is the prospect of a keener demand for beef and mutton on this account.

Then there is the question of changes in diet. The medical profession has been busy recommending a lighter diet, particularly foods such as eggs, fruit and vegetables, in preference to roast beef. Again, as the Prince put it neatly in his speech, "in recent years travel has been brought within the reach of a far greater proportion of the population, which means less time to spend over more solid meals."

Now farmers can meet these new requirements of the public. The Prince told of one of his tenants, a farmer at Mere, in Wiltshire, who started life on 12s. 6d. a week, and who has now a holding of 30 acres, mostly under glass, and employing 40 people. There is an ever-increasing demand for fresh vegetables and fruit, and the enterprising farmer will consider the advisability of using some portion of his land for commercial horticulture.

East Anglia has been perhaps hit hardest by the post-war depression of agriculture, and it is in this area that farmers have again shown that necessity is the mother of invention. In Norfolk some of the leading farmers, who have typical four-course rotation farms depending on sheep folding and bullock feeding, have developed market gardening as a side line during the past two or three years. One has several acres of brussels sprouts, another a field under carrots, and another has done well by growing maize to produce corn cobs in the late summer.

Market gardening is a speculative undertaking, but, as the Prince of Wales suggested, it is worth the consideration of enterprising men who are not afraid to add new lines to the established routine production of the farms. Fruit-growing is another enterprise that is giving good returns. The capital outlay is considerable, but if the produce is marketed carefully, high prices can be made which over a period of years give a good return on the investment.

Some words of advice which Mr. Elliot took occasion, at this dinner, to give to the new marketing boards deserve to be recorded. "Remember always," the Minister said, "your 'oneness' with the farmers who gave you life. You are bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh. Strive, therefore, to hold their interest in your work, to deserve their loyalty. Help them to understand your policy. Keep them informed. Be ever ready to interpret and to guide. There must be no gulf between you and them; you must never become a distant autocracy. You are *their* show!" Also: "It is your job, as marketing boards, to convince the man in the street that you are more efficient, more enterprising, more resourceful, more alive to his wants than the old system which you have displaced."

It was the Prince's evening with farmers, and guest and hosts enjoyed to the full each other's company. For their part farmers will go forward in good heart with their marketing schemes, and, if they bear always in mind the Prince's advice, founded on practical experience in marketing produce from the Duchy of Cornwall, that quality pays in the end, there need be no fears about the realisation of the spirit of optimism that is reviving in the industry.



GOOD MARKS AT HUNTER TRIALS

Some Essentials for Success

By LADY APSLEY

HUNTER Trials are still considered a new thing, and people are not sure yet whether they have caught on or not. As a matter of fact the Tredegar Hunter Trials have been in existence for many years, though in other parts of the country they are relatively a new idea. Watching an endless procession of horse people going round a course making much the same errors soon palls, especially if the individuals are unknown to you and the loudspeaking arrangements are not very expert. Watching the same people and horses, first in the local class, then in the open and again in the ladies is not exhilarating, and the bored onlooker is really only moved when someone falls, or gets straddled over, instead of opening, the gate!

In some hunter trials there are elaborate systems of marking, past the spectator's comprehension, and some show-jumping judges think more of style than they do of refusals; often one cannot see the whole course without running from place to place, or the start—one of the most interesting parts,—is out of sight. One way and another, hunter trials seem unlikely to become a great draw to the public, and most hunts have given up any idea of making money out of them.

On the other hand, given a small but efficient committee, an enthusiastic secretary and a kindly landowner, there is the nucleus of a most amusing day for those who are not above risking making a fool of themselves, for it must be recognised that for all of us there is this risk—the best schooled horse may be off his day, and the best rider in the Hunt may not be the type of horseman or woman to excel in the four or five fields of which a hunter trial course consists.

The course, generally, is some half to three-quarters of a mile in length. Almost certainly there will be a piece of timber which has to be jumped cleanly, possibly consisting of a gate or a stile; there will be one or two stiff fences, perhaps a wall, a gate to open and shut, and if the committee are "moderns" of the Weedon school—most certainly an obstacle without wings; and they will be certain to use all their ingenuity to obtain a water jump, with what the children call "real water"—the effect of which on horses unaccustomed to the sight of small brooks is the onlookers' main source of pleasure!

Having selected the course, the organisers will then have to decide whether to hold their trials in the beginning or at the end of the season—always a moot point. On the one hand, people are late back from Scotland, horses are not so fit in the autumn; on the other, in the spring the ground may be very hard, horses feeling the effects of the season, or are being kept for Point-to-Points. The weather at both times of the year may mar a hunter trial most unpleasantly for both participants and onlookers—it is all very difficult.

Next, having settled the course and the date, the committee must obtain the entries. These are sure to be very sticky to start with; a hundred-and-one excuses will be forthcoming, but eventually by "going into the highways and by-ways and pressing people to come in" on the closing day for entries the secretary's telephone will not cease ringing, and the committee will be faced with the seemingly impossible task of getting everybody round before nightfall. However, lots of the entries will not materialise. There are sure to be many owners who will not face the publicity, and many horses who, not taking to such doings kindly, will eliminate themselves. Only a few people will view the thing seriously and do all in their power to win on "the day."

What really constitutes a chance to win a hunter trial? Suitable schooling is, to my mind, the chief essential, and next to that a suitable type of horse—no amount of schooling will make a horse temperamentally unsuited give a good performance in a hunter trial.

By "schooling" I do not mean jumping a horse round and round the same artificial course day after day like a show jumper. I believe in first just riding a horse until he is as near perfection as possible, i.e., balanced whether ridden at walk, trot or canter and going naturally and kindly with a fairly loose rein. When you can extend him or collect him at will, and can turn cantering in rings to either side, maintaining correct balance and perfect manners all the time, put him to jump loose in a small circular "lane" over fixed obstacles, consisting (1) of stout timber, which he cannot knock down or break, and (2) a stiff fence with a ditch to him.

Of course, if you are very expert and can afford the trouble, you can have a lovely variety of



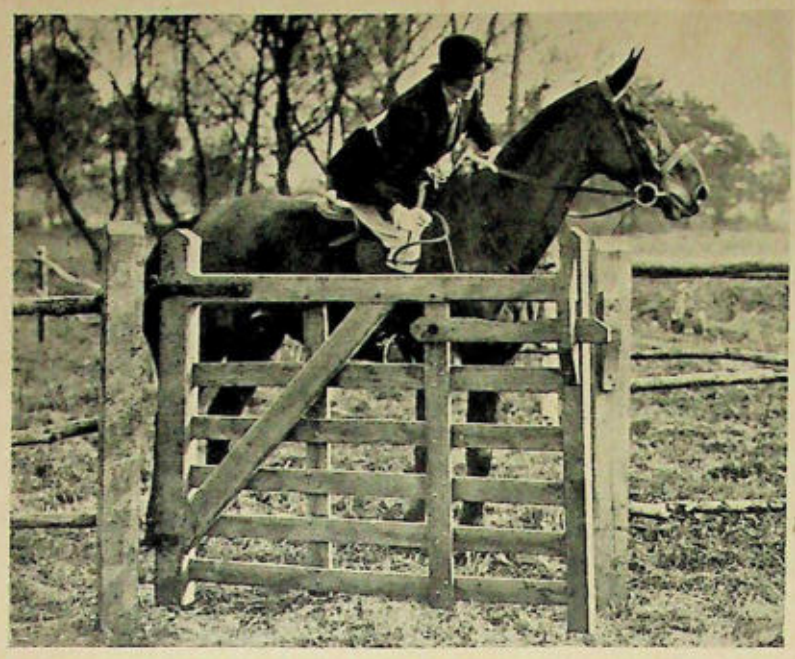
A PRELIMINARY GLANCE AT THE OBSTACLES

Competitors at the Grafton Hunter Trials at Queen's Norton, including the Hon. Mrs. F. W. Cripps, Mrs. C. Mills, and Miss M. Leigh, walking round the course



LINED UP FOR THE JUDGES' INSPECTION

A class at the Melton Mowbray Hunter Trials, which are held annually at the Remount depot of the "Capital of Foxhunting"



A TEST OF SKILL
A lady competitor opening the gate at the Bordon Hunter Trials in Hampshire

" jumps " ; but the ordinary person will find these two sufficient for the purpose, and can always vary them by putting bundles of faggots on different sides of the timber and fence to make them higher or thicker. If water is likely to be a bogey, you can line the ditch with a white towel for one occasion—anyhow be sure that the ditch is dug big and deep.

A light flick with an old-fashioned carriage whip should be sufficient to set a horse going. Cracking hunting whips and shouting must not be allowed, as they would only excite or frighten a horse, and your whole object is to give him confidence and keep him calm. It is as well to have on bandages.

How often you " school " thus depends entirely on your horse, but even the best of hunters will be the better for this " brush up," and the school " lane " will be most useful to you ever after. Starting with a good " made " hunter, and having got him going well and with confidence, probably three such " schools " will be sufficient. I advise you then to go one or two mornings to some friendly farmer's place and ride your horse over a few likely looking obstacles which you have picked out beforehand, and if you have to stop and turn and open a gate or two so much the better practice. Of course an open ditch or a small brook would be ideal. Do not overdo any " schooling," aim at going easily and smoothly, keep him balanced all the time ; remember that manners maketh most of a hunter trial winner.

This may all sound a lot of trouble, but I am sure it is the only way to *win* in good company. Many people think that it is the rider who matters most in a hunter trial. I do not agree. I think the horse is the more important partner. I have often noticed how even a first-rate horseman put up on someone's horse at the last moment seldom does a perfect round, while some girl on her own fairly well-schooled horse ridden with a loose rein goes round confidently and easily.

A horse is a creature of habit, and my own opinion is that if you can get him into a style of jumping free and easily, and when going right do not interfere with him and only sit there in order to keep him straight, have him collected before the next obstacle and prevent him getting silly or excited, you have done your best at the hunter trial itself. You must not be over-excited yourself : treat it rather as a game and ride as if hounds were running in the next field and you meant to keep with them.

This will make you go a little faster than the usual " provincial " hunting pace. Your schooling should have made your horse jump free and confidently.

Keep your own horse warm and try to prevent him feeling bored or over excited, whichever way he reacts to the proceedings. Cantering about may cheer up the former complex, and a few wisps of hay occupy the latter ! It is only too likely that established " form " will be upset by the local hunter trials !

Not only will your best men quite likely fail—if only by omitting to read the rules—but your best lady may likely fall into the water jump, particularly if she rides astride ! This is all part of the fun. The cock-tailed pony ridden by a farmer's boy is likely to sweep the board against somebody's famous point-to-point winner, or defeat may be the nomination of some well-known dealer.

In a recent hunter trial did not a team from the New Forest defeat the élite of the Pytchley country ? It is annoying at times when someone like Mrs. X, who has never been seen except at the tail-end of a hunt, wins the Ladies' Class against all comers !

* * *

[No doubt many of our readers will agree with Lady Apsley in her defence of hunter trials. They may not be exhilarating exhibitions to watch but they certainly do much to improve the handiness of the hunter. It is tolerably certain that hunter trials will never become the great public draw that show jumping classes are, but the two are so vastly different that it is impossible to compare them. In the show ring artificial fences are jumped, while in hunter trials, horses and riders go over a natural country in the smoothest and best manner possible. As hunter trials foster interest in hunting and provide a meeting-place for hunting people of kindred tastes, there is no reason why every Hunt should not have its own trials. ED.]



WITH A DITCH AWAY FROM THEM
A stiff task in front of two riders at the Old Berkshire Hunter Trials, in which a horse must " spread itself " to negotiate safely and well

The judges will be sure to note a horse that " makes up " time over his fences and spreads himself, whereas a " sticky " performer is sure to lose any marks allotted for style.

Of course no two judges have the same ideas on judging, and it is often difficult to follow their line of reasoning; but do not show any annoyance or argue the " points " allotted to yourself. Be ready when your name is called.



SIDE-SADDLE OR ASTRIDE ?
Ladies taking a stake and bound fence at the Grafton Hunter Trials



A TRICKY AND DIFFICULT JUMP
The gate and fence obstacle, which requires care and judgment, successfully surmounted at the Fitzwilliam Hunter Trials

MEMORIES OF A HUNTSMAN

Bert Thatcher's Forty Seasons With Hounds in Many Countries

I HAD nine seasons with Major Vane, but when war broke out the Major went straight to his regiment. He was an excellent man with hounds and very well liked by the farmers. Mr. Illingworth acted as deputy Master. He took over the Mastership after Major Vane was killed, and I hunted hounds for him for one season before being called up myself as sergeant to the remounts at York.

During that time we had a bye day in the Holderness country, and a special train conveyed horses, hounds and farmers to Captain Wickham Boynton's by invitation, and I remember having a very good day there, with three good gallops and killing one-and-a-half brace. Mr. Robin Hill hunted this country in former years for Sir Everard Cayley, of Brompton Hall, and I should say he was one of the finest men that ever crossed that country.

Years before this, Mr. Robin Hill's father was Master. After a good hunt hounds ran a fox to ground in Pickering Haugh. It was dark when they were digging him out, and one of the farmers' wives asked if she could have the brush when they killed the fox. This did not materialise, for as soon as the fox bolted hounds went after him in the dark, and were not seen again till next day. The farmer's wife used to be chaffed about the brush the fox was still wearing instead of herself.

While I was with the Waterford the kennels used to be at a place called Fiddown on the outside of the country, but Mr. A. P. Pollock had temporary kennels built at Tramore.

The Widger family hunted a lot with us, Mr. J. Widger being a bad one to beat, and his brother Tom likewise. He it was who won the Grand National on Wild Man of Borneo.

Lord Waterford took over Mastership, and was a very popular Master, but he met his death in the river close to the kennels, being found by Will Haynes, who later hunted the North Warwickshire for many seasons. I had a fall which I still remember, having broken three ribs. The horse I was riding flew one of the stone-faced banks instead of doing it twice, and landed on a rolling stone and fell. A Mr. M. Murphy, the hotel keeper at Tramore, a keen follower, took me home on a jaunting car; I never had such a rough ride in my life.

After the Armistice I went to Lord Middleton's in the month of May, and succeeded a war-time huntsman called Will Barnard, who had previously hunted the Fitzwilliam.

Lord Middleton himself only hunted during my time when hounds met near Birdsall, owing to an accident which I believe affected his spine. His lordship bred all his own hunters, that were made and schooled at the stud farm, and these were bred from his own mares, who were generally excellent performers and used as brood mares after accident or lameness or when they had done their turn in the field.

Lord Middleton kept his own stallions, two I remember being Sir Harry and Wales. He started a new venture in breeding from a Highland pony mare put to a thoroughbred horse, and the produce was a good 15.1 hand type. After being schooled they were ridden by the first whipper-in for two seasons before the huntsman got them. I think they were the best horses a Hunt servant could ride. The low country of the Middleton was good except for a bit of wire, but the Farlington and Sheriff Hutton was some of the best country a man could ride over.

We hunted four days a week with the Middleton, generally hacking to the meets, except on the Hunmanby side, when we went by train, but never used a hound van, and Lord Middleton always liked to start cubbing at the break of day. I have known us leave the kennels during cubbing when the meet was at Gilling Castle, at 2 a.m., getting back to kennels late in the afternoon. Match, the stud groom was an excellent man who lived for his horses and always had them fit. After a long day we used to give them some gruel, and they would go home like going to the meet.

One of the best horses I ever rode was a horse called Ptarmigan, a wonderful performer, and the best over timber I ever rode. I rode him for two seasons, and he never gave me a fall. Alas! he unfortunately broke his leg out hunting. Two good mares I rode there were Holly and Hoyden. These Lord Middleton allowed me to have straight from the rough-riders' hands, and they carried me and never gave me a fall.

During my time we used to hunt the East Middleton country, which is now hunted by Captain T. Wickham Boynton. The wold country practically ran from Birdsall to the sea, adjoining the Holderness on one side and what is now known as the Derwent on the other. We used to find a lot of foxes in marl holes, places like a dry pond in the middle of a field. Hounds generally got well away on a fox after finding them there.

I remember finding a fox close to Sledmere late one afternoon which hounds hunted at a very steady pace nearly up to Place Newton. There they checked on a big fallow field, but I held them forward, but did not hit the line off, and so went back to where I saw them put their heads up. The fox jumped up with hounds snacking at him, but he managed to get through them and over a wire fence which was unjumpable.

That was the last I saw of hounds that night. They simply ran away from me into the blue, and darkness came on. I could hear them "forrard" leaving Place Newton, and then left also Knapton Wood on the same hand, along to Heslerton Brow as if for Garton. That was the last time I heard tell of them. I found out later that they had hunted on over the Malton road and killed their fox close to Sherben.

I got the news back at the kennels the next morning by the carrier, who had got the brush and brought it over to me. My second whipper-in and I arrived back that night with only three couple of hounds. Naturally I thought Lord Middleton would be angry at me leaving hounds out, but instead, when I went in to tell him at night what had happened, he was very pleased. I remember his remark to me: "Well done, well done! I am glad my hounds can run away from anybody!"

Lord Middleton was a wonderful man for breeding hounds, and always when I went in to tell him what sort of a day we had, he had the map close to hand and could follow a hunt as if he had been out himself. When I used to relate a good hunt to him he would stop me in the middle and ask me if I had killed my fox, and used to remark "Capital! Capital! Now follow on with the hunt."

Mr. Henry Cholmondeley, the late manager of the Sledmere Stud was one of the best men to hounds I ever knew, and in those days he was far from being a young man, but no one could beat him over the wolds or the low country. Lieut.-Colonel M. Borwick, who later became Master, was also very bad to beat, and Captain Wickham Boynton, the present Master of the East Middleton, is another good man to hounds and always mounted on the right type of horse.

There were very big grass fields in the Middleton country, and some people used to call it the "funkers' paradise," but, believe me, you always came across two or three fences in the day, that made you sit down and ask your horse a question.

I remember once when Bishopp used to hunt these hounds and I was with the Derwent, I took a "busman's holiday" and had a day with the Middleton. During a good hunt perhaps we were over keen, and I recall old Bishopp pulling up saying "'Old 'ard you fellows from the other side of the river!"

Another "busman's holiday" was also with the Middleton, and I remember having a very good hunt and killing our fox close to a place called Foxholes. Hounds' next draw was too far for me to go, so I set off back cantering across the wolds homewards. But turning out on to the road near Gaston were eight or ten horsemen and hounds, and as I, of course, was in scarlet, they came up and asked me where hounds were going to draw next. Naturally they never saw hounds again *that day!*

A good friend to me in that country was the late huntsman, Will Grant, who lived on a little farm near Slingsby, and whenever I wanted advice he would never put me wrong. I saw him doing a thing one day when I took hounds over to see him at exercise, that I have never seen before or since. He was chain harrowing a field with the horse yoked in a cart and the harrows tied on behind the cart, himself sitting in the cart smoking a cigar.

We had a stallion hound called Regulus, who had won his class and also the Champion cup at Peterborough, but he had a short stern.

Will Grant, who was always a witty man, asked me how he had lost the end of his stern. I told him it was done by a train, and the old man's remark was, "What a good job it wasn't the other end!"

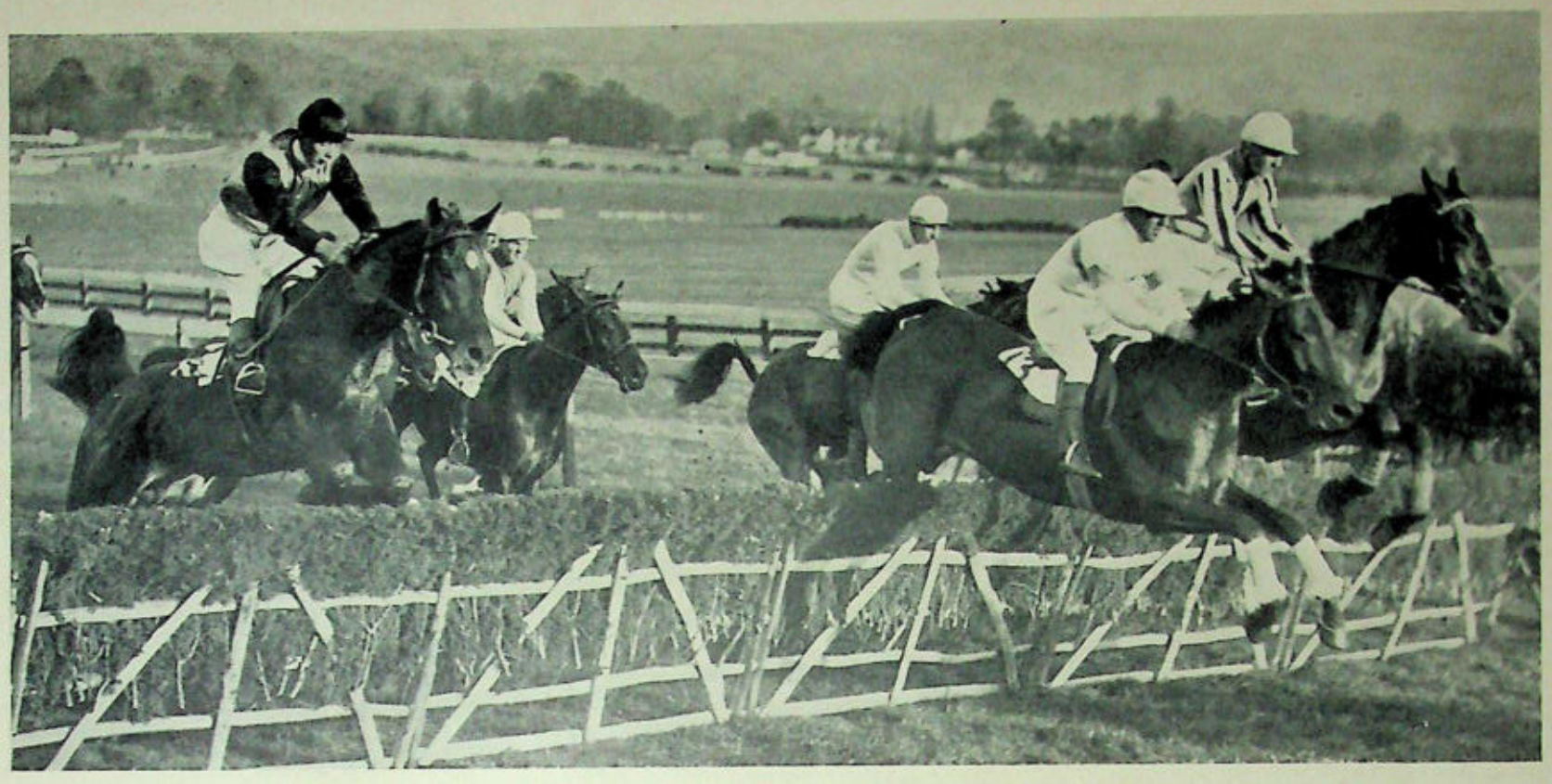
Hounds met at Rillington and we met below the railway to draw, and found a fox close to the railway side and Mr. Cholmondeley Newton, who had been late in coming, saw hounds galloping along the line. He rode on to the line and was galloping along with a very strong head wind, not knowing the York to Scarborough express was coming; he just managed at the last moment to look up and turned his horse off the line, just in time to save himself and his horse from being cut in two, but he was knocked down the embankment. He was driven home none the worse, only suffering from shock.

One lovely summer day I was walking hounds out and met Lord Middleton, who was coming back from an agricultural meeting he had been attending, so he stopped, and I mentioned it was a lovely day for the puppies, and he said "also for little pigs." After leaving me I wondered why he mentioned little pigs and mentioned it to the farm bailiff at night, so he told me he had a good litter of pigs born that morning.

(To be continued.)



THE NINTH LORD MIDDLETON
A great hound lover and Master of the Middleton from 1887–1920



AMATEUR RIDERS OVER HURDLES AT CHELTENHAM

The field taking the first hurdle at Cheltenham in the Amateur Riders' Handicap Hurdle, which was won by Mr. S. Cooper's Sigari (Mr. H. Sharland up), which beat Craftsman and Good Shot by six lengths and two lengths respectively

LEADING OWNERS AND BREEDERS ON THE TURF

Sir Alec Black Heads the List of Stud-Owners

At the close of the flat-racing campaign Lord Derby comes in for congratulations on heading the list of winning owners. And as nearly all the horses which carry his colours are bred by himself he is also one of the most successful breeders of the year, falling second to Sir Alec Black. The Knowsley Stud and the auxiliary establishments at Newmarket have always been extraordinarily well managed. The late Mr. Walter Alston did much to promote their success, and the Hon. George Lambton's advice has been another important asset in Lord Derby's bloodstock breeding activities.

A wonderful bargain was made when Gondolette was purchased from the late Lord Wavertree. The mare herself bred the classic winners Sansovino and Ferry for Lord Derby. From her daughter Serenissima came Tranquil, Bosworth, and Selene. And from the last-named mare have come a succession of good performers, culminating with Hyperion, whose achievements are largely responsible for the position his owner occupies now in the statistical tables.

It is curious that Lord Derby should not have been more strongly represented among the leading two-year-olds of the season, but it is hardly likely that we have yet seen the best of the Stanley House youngsters, some of which are too backward to have been seriously trained so far. Although Lord Derby suffered a great loss by the death of Colorado after only two seasons at the stud, he has two young stallions of the highest promise in Fairway and Bosworth.

The few yearlings by the first of these sires which came into the sale-ring this year were keenly competed for, and there will be some surprise if the St. Leger winner of five years ago does not go right to the top of the tree quite early in his stud life.

Lord Derby's own yearlings include two promising colts by Fairway out of Serenissima and Drift. He also possesses a half-sister to Hyperion by Coronach. The quality of the batch of yearlings which the owner of the Stanley House stable has lately sent into training suggests that there is a bright future for Lord Derby's colours.

We have referred to Sir Alec Black as the most successful bloodstock breeder this year, and there is cause to regret the fact that he has disposed of all his stock. He went in for the production of high-class thoroughbreds on the right lines, getting together one of the best collections of brood mares in the country and laying out for them a perfectly appointed establishment at Newmarket, known as the Compton Park Stud.

Unfortunately, he found it necessary to sell his stock in 1931. Twenty-two of his mares were disposed of under the hammer for 11,385gs. Twelve others failed to reach their reserves and were sold privately later in the year to Lord Glanely, who at the same time purchased all the foals, numbering eleven, which had not already been sold. In due course these foals came up for sale at Doncaster, among them being a bay colt by Manna out of Lady Nairne.

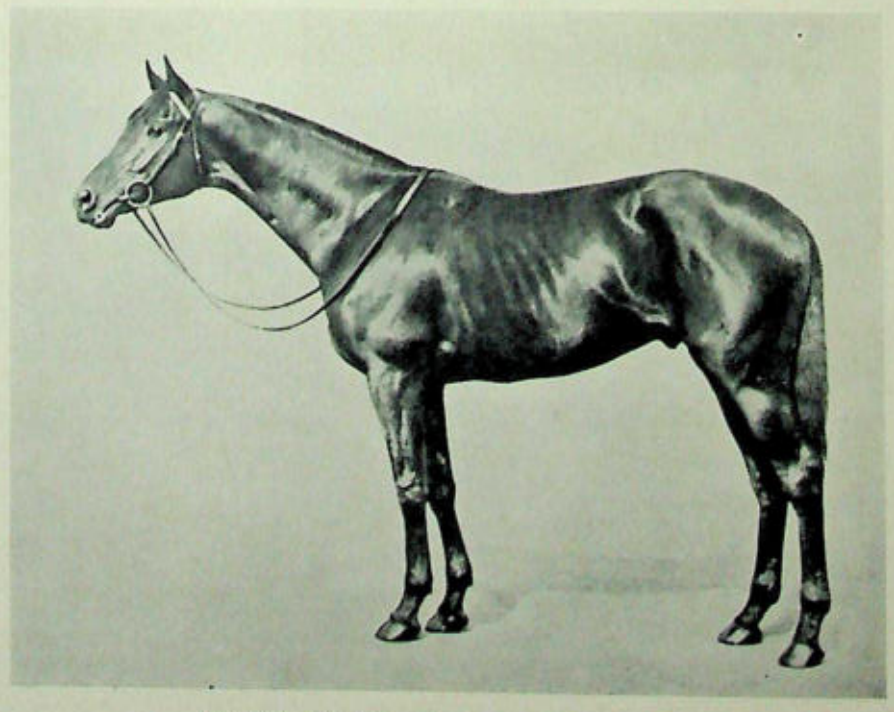
He did not excite any special interest in the ring, but Lord Glanely's trainer, Captain T. Hogg, had taken a liking to the colt, and it was on his behalf that Mr. George Hartigan purchased him for 510gs. Captain Hogg transferred him to Lord Glanely, and in this way the colt came back to his original owner.

Those who passed over the yearling at Doncaster missed the chance of a lifetime. The colt is known to-day as the undefeated Colombo, a warm favourite for next year's Derby. His successes have largely assisted Sir Alec Black to become the leading breeder of the year, another big contribution to his total of more than £35,000 having been made by the One Thousand winner Brown Betty.

Thanks mainly to Colombo, Lord Glanely is second to Lord Derby on the list of winning owners. He has entered eleven yearlings for the Derby of 1935 and eight of his fillies are in the Oaks, which is a sufficient indication that the stable expects to do well next season, not only with the Derby favourite but with its two-year-olds. The Aga Khan, who headed the list of owners for the fourth time in 1932, when he won £57,778 in stakes, is third on the table this year with a considerably smaller total.

Firdaussi, his biggest winner last season, has secured only a trifling amount, and apart from his success in the Coronation Cup Dastur did not achieve the things which were expected of him. Gino has been a great disappointment, having failed to win a race at three years old. The owner, however, will derive consolation from the agreeable fact that his two-year-olds have shown up well. Mrs. Rustom has been the best winner among them, but perhaps the most promising youngster in the stable is Umidwar, whose first appearance was delayed until the last month of the season, when he did well enough to suggest that even Colombo may find him a formidable rival next year.

The most successful patron of the Manton stable has been Lord Astor. Betty won £5,465 in stakes without training on quite so well as it was hoped she would do. Canon Law proved difficult to train, which is to be regretted, as his victory in the St. James's Palace Stakes at Ascot showed him to be in the front rank of the three-year-olds. Mannamead, too, was unlucky when he jarred himself at Ascot, though he remained unbeaten throughout a rather chequered career in training. Criss Cross won a substantial amount in stakes, and Crême Brûlée again did good service for Lord Astor, whose two-year-olds, however, have yet to make their mark.



FANCIED FOR THE SEASON'S LAST BIG RACE

Andrea (Solario—Persuasion), owned by the Duke of Marlborough, which is to be ridden by F. Fox in to-day's Manchester November Handicap

WHAT IS THE BEST MONTH FOR A BIG FISH?

Figures Which Discredit Some Popular Beliefs

RECENTLY I have been looking up records of the big fish of different species caught in these islands. Last spring, in the *Field*, I was able to give some figures on big pike and the seasons of their capture, which seemed rather to discountenance the idea that February offered the best chance of a really notable capture. Perhaps some of the figures below for large specimens of other coarse fish may also shake some cherished convictions.

Published records of other coarse fish, particularly those of barbel, carp and rudd, do not readily lend themselves to tabulation in this way, and are omitted.

Statistics may be misleading, but, nevertheless, I venture to consider that these particular figures are of definite value. Perhaps I may be permitted the following brief comments thereon:

GENERAL.—(1) It is likely that the records are not entirely complete, but the few omissions would be little likely to affect matters one way or the other. (2) It is to be noted that June and March are half-months only, by reason of the close season.

ROACH.—The increase in the annual crop of 2lb. roach is remarkable. Time was when a 2lb. roach was an event, but in the last two decades such fish have come to net with some frequency. In the four seasons 1928 to 1932, 178 2-pounders were taken, and in 1932–33 no less than 117, a total for the five seasons of 295. Incidentally, the two largest rod-caught roach on the roll of honour were taken in August 1932 and August 1917 respectively, viz., 3lb. 11½oz. from Mapperley Reservoir, near Ilkeston, Derbyshire, and 3lb. 10oz. from Hornsea Mere, Yorkshire.

DACE.—The numbers of large dace captured in the last two seasons are encouraging. Thus: 1928–29, 2; 1929–30, 10; 1930–31, 7; 1931–32, 21; 1932–33, 44. Further evidence seems necessary before the largest specimen, a reported 2-pounder from Sutton Brook, Derbyshire (March, 1933), can be accepted as the record dace.

CHUB.—As far as I can trace no less than 27 of the 50 chub came from the Avon at Christchurch (Hants). The separate totals for the five seasons are: 4, 5, 16, 8, 17; and the largest fish was Dr. Lewis Smith's 7lb. 6oz. specimen from the Hampshire Avon (December 1932).

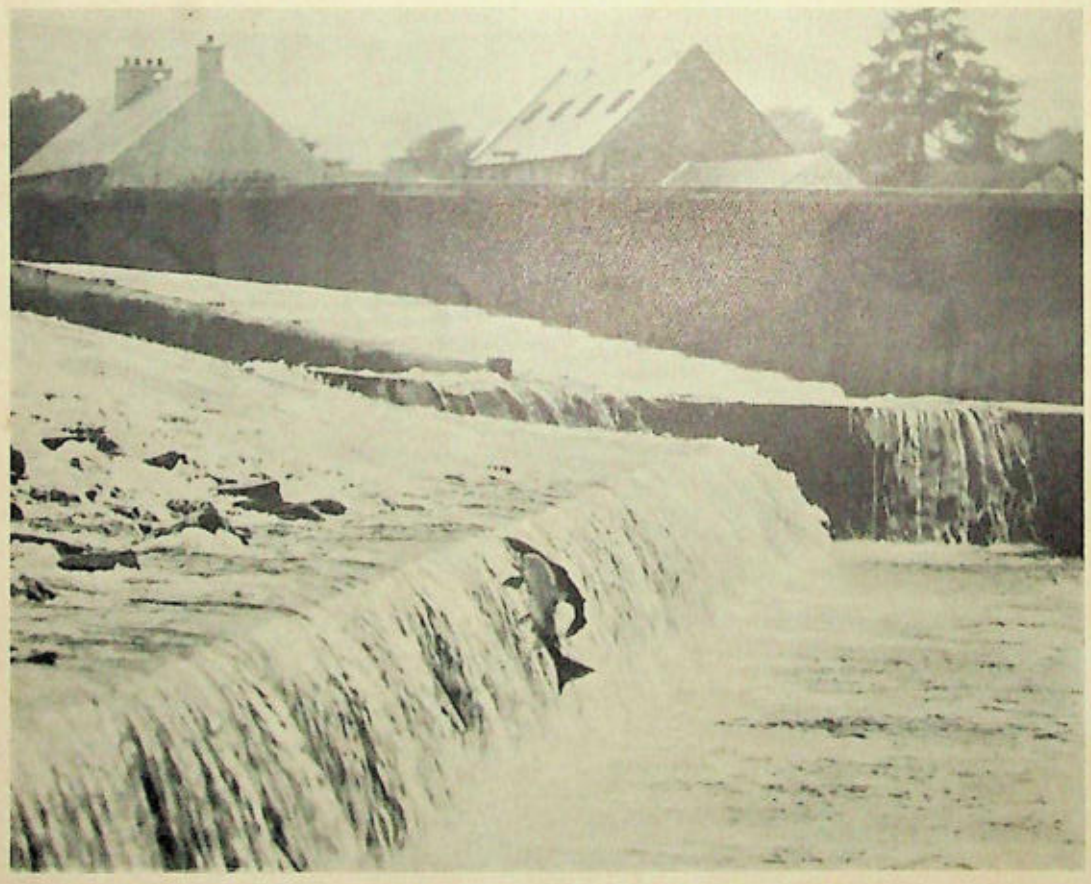
TENCH.—The figures support the contention that the tench is more or less a summer fish, and that odd specimens may be taken in the back-end. Separate totals for the five seasons under review: 11, 7, 5, 16, 18; and the largest specimen was a tench of 6lb. 4oz. (August 1928), taken from private water near Aylesbury.

BREAM.—A summer fish, but with pleasurable possibilities throughout the whole season. Separate totals for the five seasons: 15, 20, 12, 23, 52; and the largest fish 12lb. 12½oz. from Startops End Reservoir, Tring (July 1931). Tring reservoirs breed bonny bream; many other magnificent specimens having been taken there. As recently as Friday, July 28th, 1933, three bream were caught there weighing respectively 10½lb., 12lb. and 12lb. 14oz.

PERCH.—Separate totals for the five seasons: 18, 18, 14, 17, 32; the largest specimen weighing 4lb. 8oz., captured in September 1929 from Ranworth Broad, Norfolk. The only 5-pounders I can trace in the records are the following, and as they are rather ancient history, I am encouraged to hope that a few 5-pounders are overdue: 5lb. 4oz. (1873), 5lb. 2oz. (1889), 5lb. (1882), 5lb. (1908), 5lb. (1870). Still larger perch have been netted, or taken on night-line, including an 8lb. specimen from the Wiltshire Avon, and a reputed 10-pounder from Lake Bala.

PIKE.—Separate totals for the five seasons: 28, 47, 53, 56, 46; the largest being a July (1932) specimen of 42lb. 8oz. from Lough Mask. Here it is interesting to note that the record rod-caught pike of 53lb. (1920) from Lough Conn was also a July fish.

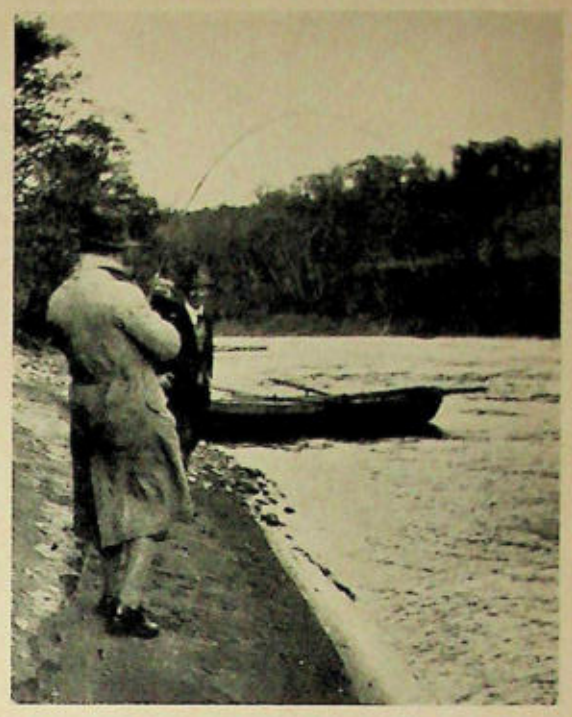
"FADDIST."



LEADERS IN AN AUTUMN RUN
Fish ascending a fall on the Ettrick

NUMBER OF SPECIMENS RECORDED IN THE FIVE SEASONS 1928–29—1932–33.

Minimum weight.		June	July	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.	March	Not specified	Total
Roach	2lb.	20	42	38	39	34	22	25	32	20	21	4	297
Dace	1½oz.	4	11	6	10	6	5	6	8	13	11	4	84
Chub	5lb.	5	2	10	14	5	4	3	2	2	1	2	50
Tench	4lb.	9	19	6	8	4	2	—	—	2	1	6	57
Bream	5lb.	6	29	47	18	2	2	1	3	3	3	8	122
Perch	2lb.	10	8	12	19	13	3	8	4	10	4	8	99
Pike	17lb.	19	14	8	13	20	35	28	36	32	22	3	230
		73	125	127	121	84	73	71	85	82	63	33	937



"KILLED HIS CAPTURES AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE"

AUTUMN SALMON AND THE WATER LEVEL

GREAT numbers of small salmon begin to run up the small rivers of the West of Scotland in July. There is a lesser run of these small fish during the early part of August, and on to the end of October one sees an occasional sea trout and salmon with the sea lice still clinging to it.

The small "salmon" of the West coast are really belated grilse, and their average weight is probably not quite 6lb. They take the fly splendidly when the river is just right, but they can be very dour when it *seems* all right but is really all wrong. Let the stream fall just 6in. below the level known to be best for fishing and any fish which rises will come short. Two inches more of a drop and they only "squirm" on the bottom when a fly passes over them, and then for days and days of drought they will not even do that.

Seven small salmon and a few sea trout in an hour's fishing is good work, surely, but it has been done in my sight by an angler who always wanted to get to the "next" fish, and so killed his captures as quickly as possible. Sometimes I stood above this angler as he fished a pool on a falling river and saw quite a dozen fish turn at his fly, as it came over them. Once he hooked a big fish in very heavy water above a great rapid, down which the monster shot like a torpedo. Getting in front of the fish I waded out and placed the big landing net in its track, when it went bang in with such force as to break the net's handle. Fortunately it escaped from the net, and had had such a fright that it swam slowly back against the torrent into the pool it had left, and was gaffed there.

Weeks of dry weather may pass without a chance to fish, but white clouds hanging on the mountains bring sure promise of rain one night, and next morning the stream is in dirty flood. Then is the time when big "black-head" worms, two on each hook, take salmon in the eddies. When a salmon begins to nibble at a worm it seldom lets go, and plenty of time ought to be given before striking.

In some parts of the West natural bamboo rods, like those for sea fishing, are used to hold the salmon in the pot-holes between torrents. Those rods lift about 6lb. dead weight, and if ringed make admirable weapons for rough work, as they "give" so far and no farther. One cannot hold a 6lb. fish which elects to rush down a foaming torrent on an ordinary rod, but good tackle and a bamboo keeps any ordinary salmon going round in a splashing circle in a pot-hole.

A curious incident was seen from the opposite side of a pool when a local angler, armed with a tremendously long and perfectly proportioned bamboo hooked an 8-pounder, which leaped high in the air. The man had a short line and no reel, and he gave the fish a hefty pull towards himself while it was in the air. It fell nearer him, and instantly sprang again when he brought it nearer. This time the astute old chap ran back a couple of yards preparatory to the salmon's third leap, and a sustained lateral swish of his truly wonderful weapon sent the lovely fish out on the gravel. Nor was that the end, for he kept a strain on the kicking salmon by means of the rod held in his right hand, while he, grasping its tail in his left, partly shoved, and partly dragged it away from the water.

D. M.



"BEATERS AND STOPS ARE TO A GAMEKEEPER WHAT DIVISIONS ARE TO A GENERAL"

AT THE TAIL OF A COVERT SHOOT

And Some Legends of the Hare

By PATRICK R. CHALMERS

THERE are various capacities in which one may be invited to attend a shooting party. You may, of course, be bidden as a game-shot of sorts—a good shot or an indifferent one. You may go as a loader—and an efficient loader is a greater artist than a mediocre Gun. You may go to beat—and an intelligent beater is worth more than a mere five shillings and his luncheon. For beaters and "stops" are to a gamekeeper what divisions are to a general—he cannot do much without them. And a keeper knows that his best beaters cannot be had by putting his head out of his window and whistling. He must keep a mobilisation of beaters on the muster of his mind throughout the season. That is to say he must know roughly who he can get for any given day in the week on which his employer decides to shoot. He must say to himself: "Wednesday the 10th? Tom Culpepper works for Miss Ninds on Wednesdays—pity too, for Tom's a good boy. But Wednesday's early closing in Tufton Mallory; I can get the two Brisket lads, and Sid Higginbotham and Percy Tucker too, most like."

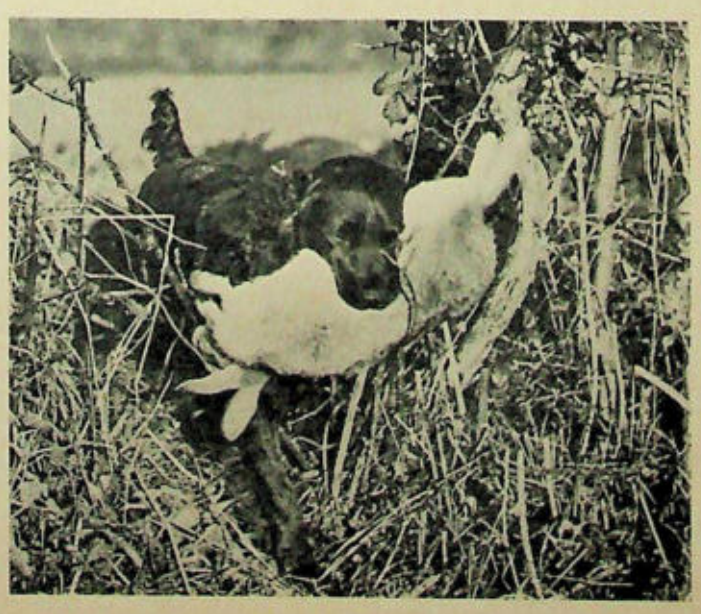
And so he gets his team, remembering market days, football fixtures, school holidays, the dates on which my lord shoots at Markoverton and many another occasion of local moment. On great properties a keeper will, on shooting days, have the call of the estate servants. As a rule estate servants are as keen to see "the coverts" a success as is Bagwell himself. They, too, take a pride in the day and in the super-shots who are to be my lord's guests. Yet a gardener, let's say, with a grudge about a certain tortoiseshell tail gibeted in White Wood, a tail that he could swear to, may easily enough contrive, and without attracting direct remark, to send (as a trifle on account) a hundred pheasants "back." So it behoves Bagwell to be both perennially popular and at the same time highly respected.

But to be a "stop" is to be the dullest and coldest thing in all the shooting world—unless you are "stopping" the end of the covert that is being beaten out. In this case you will see the fruits of your labours. Rampantly running-on cock pheasants shall become couchant at the mere sight of you. And, presently, you may watch Their Magnificences up and over the Guns. And to these amusements you may occasionally add that of guessing how long it will be before Admiral Sir Splicer Mainbrace, who is short sighted, mistakes you for a woodcock.

Who are the best "stops"? Dead-keen little boys, the young of gamekeepers; these "stop" like very corks. And what constitutes a good beater? Knowledge and love of sport, indifference to wet, an iron incapacity to feel tired, the capacity of *marking*. For all beaters should aim to mark where birds fall. This will be impossible in covert, but when walking in line correct marking on the part of a beater makes for popularity, and an extra florin, maybe, at the end of the day.

Between beaters and keepers come the handlers of the dogs who pick up. These men are often keepers from neighbouring shoots or the professional trainers of gun-dogs. Or else they are devoted amateurs such as I. A big covert shoot is, for an observer, a great opportunity to find the useful young dog that he wishes to purchase. Unnoticed he may throughout the day see his fancy tried on all sorts of chances and, in the evening, he will make his offer with a very good idea of what he is buying. But always let him prefer a non-stop youngster to a non-slip youngster—zeal and hawk-wildness are merits up to eighteen months. At most covert shoots there is a lamentable lack of dogs. A Gun's personal dog is then little more use than an ornament, for winter days are short days and an owner may not pick up (beyond a dead bird or so around his shooting-stick) and shoot too. There ought, I think, to be, on a day when 100-200 pheasants are expected, a dog and his handler to a Gun—a rule which will make a difference of 50 head come 4.30.

And the pickers-up ought to be posted as rigorously as are the Guns. Where the ground serves I like to be 200 yards behind the Guns and to concentrate entirely on runners and wounded game, which, when practical, should be collected forthwith. Dead stuff may be left to the small boys attached to the game cart or to the old gentlemen from the almshouses. And let the prosperous person in charge of the cart look the other way if he sees a satellite of the latter sort pocketing a rabbit.



"BUT ALWAYS PREFER A NON-STOP YOUNGSTER TO A NON-SLIP YOUNGSTER"

Rabbits are always pocketed in preference to hares. Because, I suppose, there is some sort of inborn prejudice about a creature of legend and fairytale. A hare was, still is (ask some wrinkled shepherd of the Downs) supposed to be bi-sexual. And that, in itself, is a step on the way to witchcraft. Witches assume the shape of hares—as Andrew Lang has told so well. And when a perfectly steady dog shames me in public (it is always in public) about a hare I wonder (only, I must say, I hate to shoot hares) how it would be to have a few cartridges loaded with "siller testers." Let me, at this point, quote from The *Pop-Gunroom Poetry Book*:

Sportsmen hate to shoot the Hare
Innocent and unaware;
But bad witches, in their guile,
Oft assume her artless style—
Oft assume the mortal habit
Of a Hare, but not a Rabbit.

Witches are, when thus incog,
Ruination to a dog.
I, from John, eighth Earl of Belvoir,
Purchased "Rock," non-slip retriever;
When "Rock" chased the Hare, said John,
"That's the Witch that 'Rock' is on.

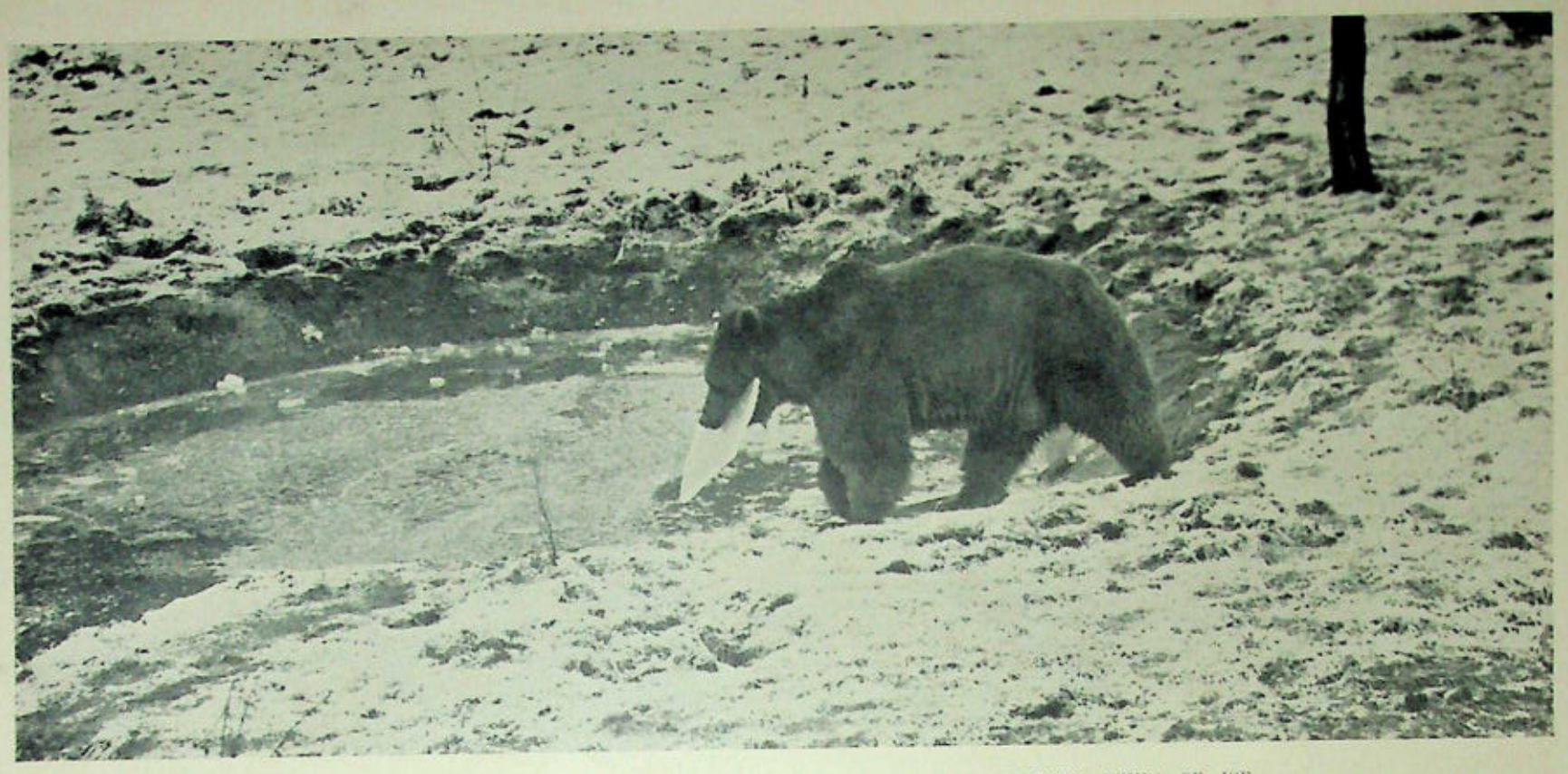
"To indulge a hellish whim
She has laid a spell on him;
Over hedge and over ditch
No dog can deny a Witch."
Nor, my son, does any mere
Commoner deny a Peer.

Now these hangers-on, this "tail" that I have spoken of, seem to me to see more of the game than do the Guns. And if they are of the right stuff they will enjoy the day's outing even more than does the average man who does the shooting. This one has *anxiety*—much is expected of him and he will not know, till the second drive after lunch, if he has fulfilled expectations sufficiently to really enjoy himself during the last rise of the day. If he has not, if his day has been a record of misses and tinkerings, at 3 p.m. he will be wishing that his mother had been born a boy.

For myself I would sooner be invited to come, on an important occasion, with one dog and a walking stick than I would be bidden to come with two guns.

GROUSE IN PERTHSHIRE

AT Riemore more than 700 brace of grouse have been shot this season. An average season is 500 brace. Birds have been in excellent condition, and there is more than a stock left. *No signs of disease.* The heather has been good, and with ordinary luck prospects for next year ought to be excellent.



THE BROWN BEAR IS NEVER SO HAPPY AS WHEN PLAYING ABOUT WITH LUMPS OF ICE

WHEN WINTER COMES TO WHIPSNADE

Animals which Like the Snow

At one time the large carnivores in the London Zoo were never allowed into their outside cages until well into May. Now they are permitted into them at all times of the year, and the Whipsnade experiment further proves how little they mind the cold.

From the formation of this zoological park on the Bedfordshire Downs, we are learning much as to the ability or otherwise of animals, even from tropical and sub-tropical climates, to live and thrive out of doors in the British Isles, providing they can obtain abundant exercise. Humidity or dryness of the atmosphere seems to have more effect on the health of many animals than actual temperature: for instance, eland which in Africa are found in somewhat dry districts have proved failures in the paddocks of Whipsnade, while waterbuck, such as the lechwe, thrive there.

Of the zebras, two kinds have been tried, and while the race of Burchell's zebra known as Chapman's zebra does not appear to mind the cold so long as it can retire into a dry wind-proof shed, Grevy's zebra proved unsuited to the conditions. The hardy wildebeeste or gnu seems like doing well; while deer, even those from warmer climates, appear to be perfectly happy and contented.

All of the bears seem to be hardy, even those from the tropics; and, of course, the conditions provided for the wolves in "Wolf Wood," could not have been more happily chosen. In summer they have the cool shade of the trees, and in winter these protect them from the savage bite of the east and north winds. Polar bears have a cool spot on the downs, but they are never so happy as when playing with lumps of ice, while, on the other hand, they seem to enjoy basking in the mid-summer sun.

We know that in Africa the nights are often very cold, but some anxiety was felt as to whether the lions at Whipsnade would come through a winter without detriment to their health; their quarters are ideal in summer with trees to give shade and sandy slopes on which to bask, but there is not much shelter from the weather in winter.

Nevertheless, they came through last winter in perfect health, and no sign of discomfort. They seemed to enjoy the snow and treat it as a novel plaything.

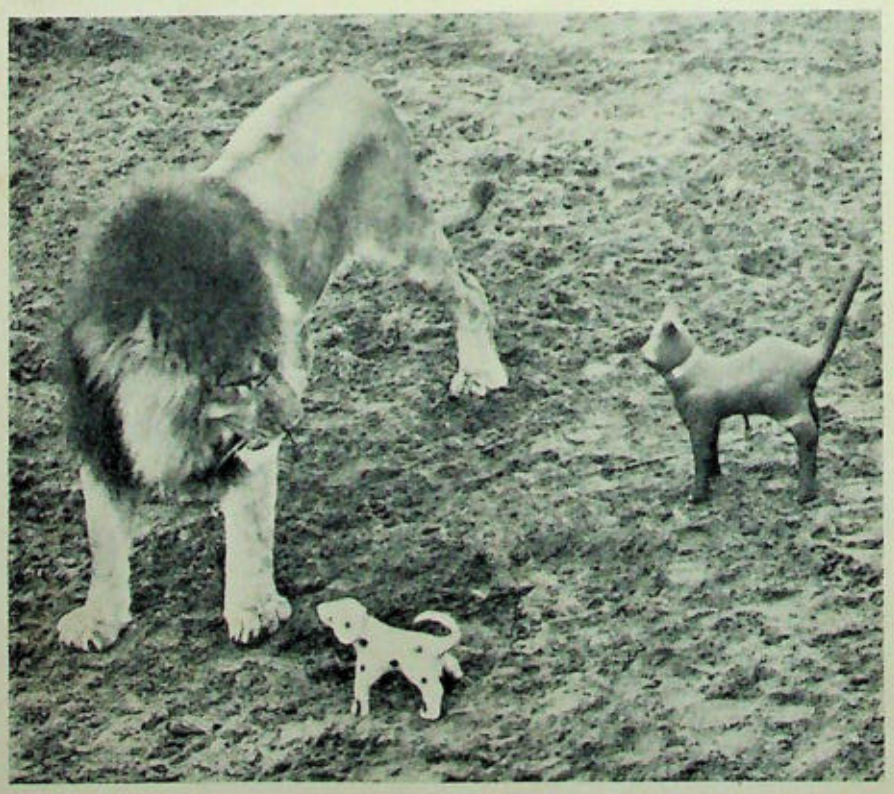
Several species of kangaroo have done well at Whipsnade, though the one that thrives best is Bennett's wallaby, of which a number have full liberty in the park, where they are rapidly increasing by breeding; while another marsupial, the wombat, finds the conditions there so favourable that it has bred on more than one occasion, an event which is probably unique in confinement.

Anoa, those smallest of the cattle tribe, though hailing from the island of Celebes, have stood the climate well, which may perhaps be partly accounted for by the fact that the two that are there were themselves born in the London Zoo.

Of birds, the emu and the rhea appear to be perfectly hardy, and it is no unusual thing to see them lying down half-buried in snow in the early morning in winter.

Ostriches are less protected, but they, too, have done well, though they are driven into sheds on winter nights.

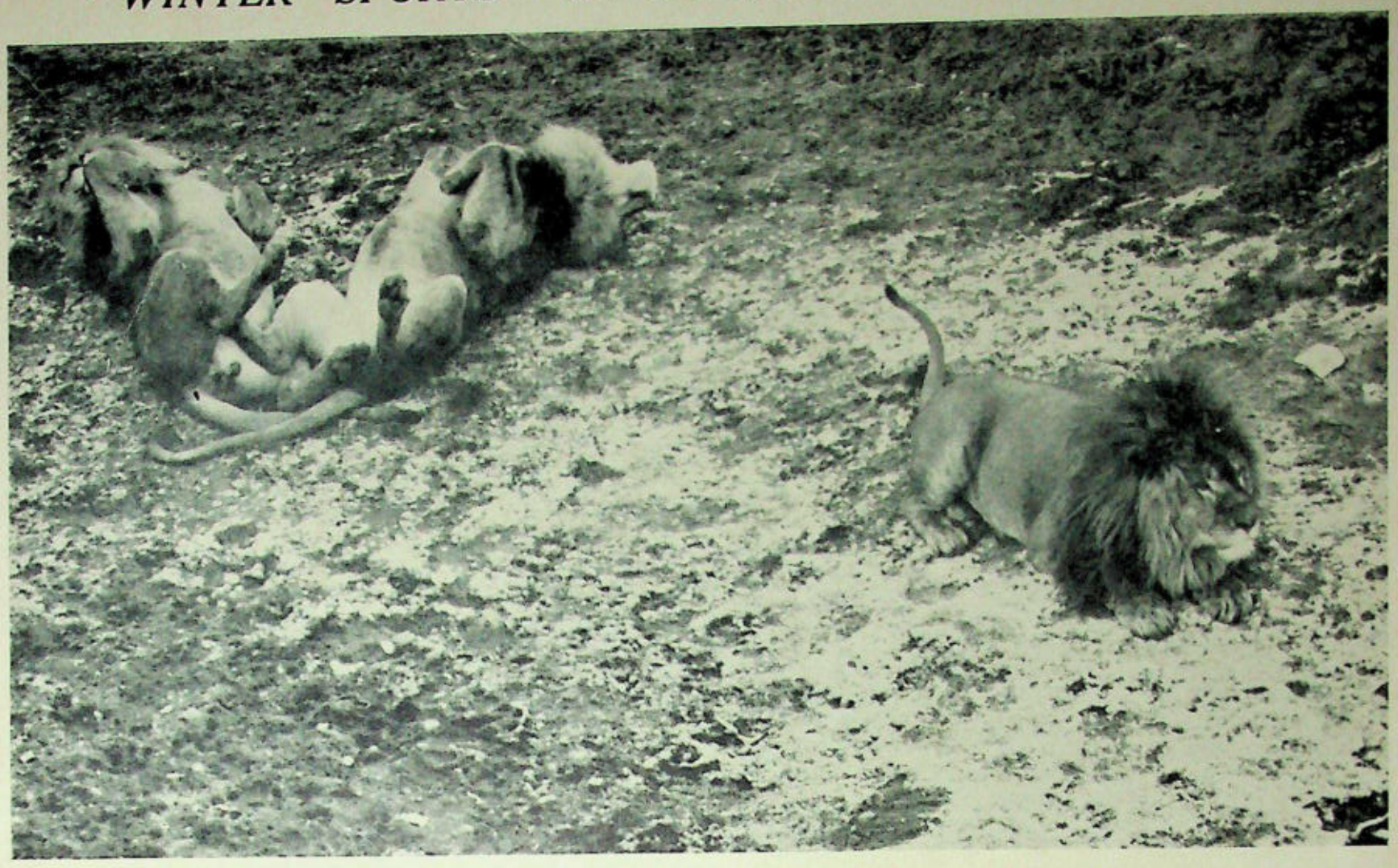
D. Seth-Smith.





LITTLE TOUCHES OF HUMOUR: A LION IS INTRODUCED TO SOME QUEER PLAYMATES, AND SAM, THE POLAR BEAR, DISCOVERS THE "NORTH POLE"

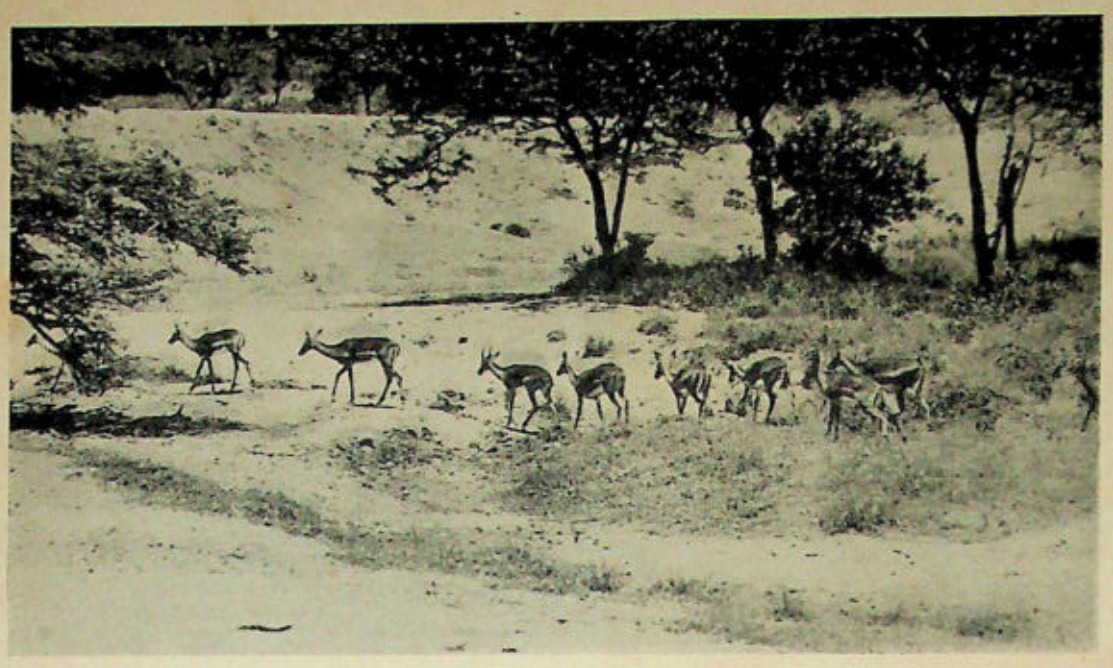
"WINTER SPORTS" IN ENGLAND'S OUTDOOR ZOO



"THE LIONS CAME THROUGH LAST WINTER IN PERFECT HEALTH . . . THEY SEEMED TO ENJOY THE SNOW AND TREATED IT AS A NOVEL PLAYTHING"



RANEE, THE INDIAN TIGRESS, FOUND NO DISCOMFORT IN AN ENGLISH WINTER, AND EVEN TOOK PLEASURE IN WADING AMONG FLOATING LUMPS OF ICE



IMPALA CROSSING A RIVER BED
"It is admitted by most people that it is unsporting to take long shots, longer, say, than over 150yds."

A CHOICE OF RIFLES

From the Man with a Lean Purse's Point of View

By MAJOR H. C. MAYDON

"BUT what rifle would you advise me to get? You see, I am not going on any special shooting trip. I just want something to knock about with in India or Africa, so that I can accept what shooting is going. And I can't afford to spend much."

We have all had this question put to us time and again, and it seems to me the answer must depend on the size of one's purse.

All the experts will laugh me to scorn, for I have owned four shotguns and over a score of rifles, and they have practically all been picked up second-hand. If you want to be a crack shot, I suppose you ought to start correctly at the beginning, but if you want to have a good deal of fun on a lean purse, I think that guns, like golf clubs, can be picked up as you go along, and when you like the feel of them. Of course there will be an old favourite or two, acquired early or late, that will somehow form part of your life and travel where and when you travel. I should be miserable if my old shotgun, despite the famous name of its maker, were too proud to accompany me all round the world and to share my luck, rain and fine, and be just as proud of a clean kill at a guinea fowl as the best rocketing pheasant.

To me it is just the same with rifles. I want an old bundook that will go anywhere and do anything. As to the size of the bore, for I intend to leave all questions of muzzle velocity, striking power and high or low trajectories to the mathematicians, I like something about a .303 best of all. You must leave a .303 out of it by reason of the restrictions against its import into certain countries, like India and Uganda. A 7.9 mm. Mauser is about .311 English, and happens to be the kind of rifle you can often pick up cheap. My own predilection runs between a .275 Mauser and a .355 Mannlicher. I have owned two .256 Mannlichers and thought them both too small.

For choice I prefer a carbine, as it is so much handier for crawling through the bush, when slung on your shoulder. It is admitted by most people that it is unsporting to take long shots—longer, say, than over 150yds. So there is no great need to be a dead shot.

But the great thing to my mind is to carry a rifle that you are "at home" with. The sort of rifle that you will use to pot a hare or a gazelle for food and to make a habit of firing it constantly, even if at nothing better than a white stone or a tree stump. If my Mauser came up as readily and truly as the .22 bore, I should bewail my luck considerably less. I always heard that the Boers were fine shots, because they were always at it, and have seen it proved, too. And then one day I introduced one of them to "buck fever," a disease he had never known. We were after gemsbuck in the Kalahari, and at last my Boer friend realised that we were not hunting gemsbuck generally, but just one specially fine head. He caught the fever, too, before sundown, and we both ended the day by missing the big buck clean at under 50yds. The same fellow the day before had knocked over a steinbok, trickling away, at close on 200yds. That is "buck fever," and what matters then your rifle?

I suppose that everyone will agree that if you can afford it you should have two rifles for big game shooting, a light magazine and a heavy d.b. rifle. But let us consider the case of the man who can ill afford such luxury, or whose opportunities of shooting are so small that it hardly seems worth while.

For all-round shooting and for the sake of economy he will choose a medium magazine rifle. From my own experience such rifle should not be so small bored as to be unreliable in its killing effect with smaller game, nor unsafe to use in sudden emergency with the greater beasts. Nor should it be so big bored as to give you a false security with heavy and dangerous game. Briefly put, I think a .256 Mannlicher is too small, and a .350 Magnum and upwards is too large a bore for the happy medium.

Once you have handled and chosen the rifle that you fancy, be it new or second-hand, the first thing is to accept no man's word, but to try it out yourself and make sure that the sighting suits you; there are seldom two average men who aim alike, and, for choice, select a rifle that shoots low. There are as many beasts missed high as there are birds missed shooting behind. Choose a rifle with as flat a trajectory as possible up to 200yds., and, if you can harden your heart sufficiently, have the leaves of your sights for longer ranges removed. They will only lead you into temptation to take too long a shot or to over-estimate a distance and shoot high.

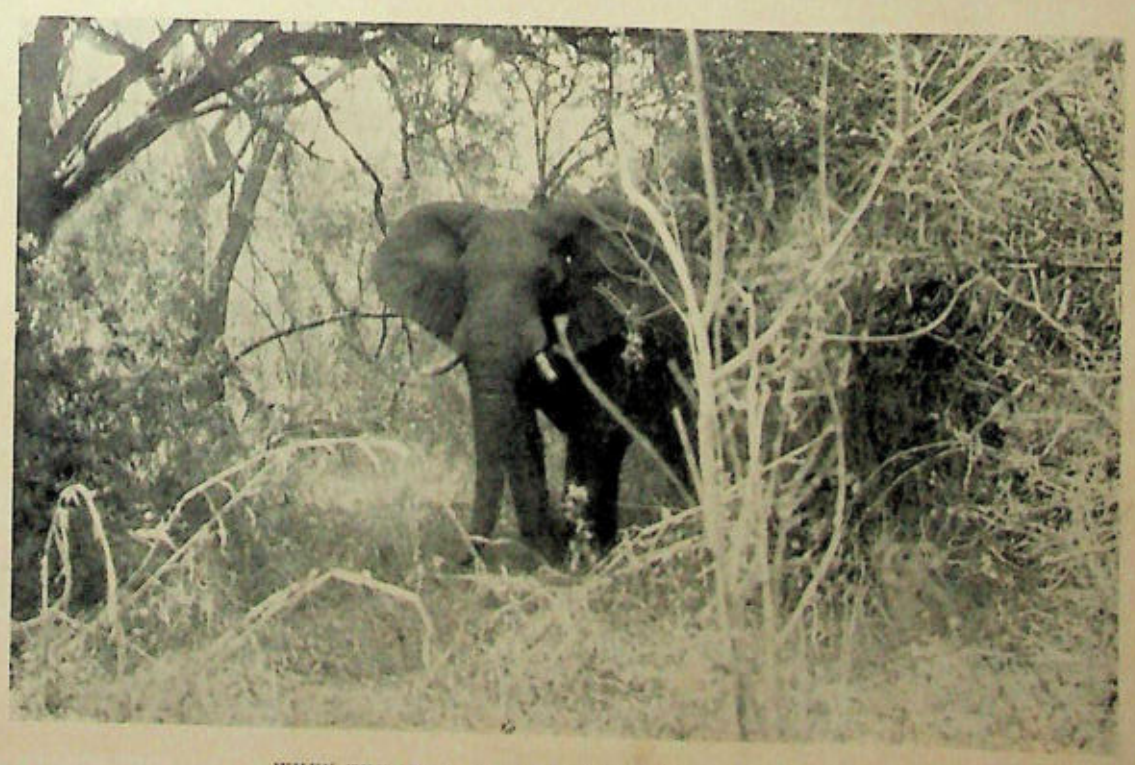
As for the choice of bullet—soft-nosed, soft-nosed split and the other varieties—learn by experience with your own rifle and see which kills cleanest. Also be guided by which ammunition is most easily procurable. The chief reason that I favour a 7.9 Mauser is that I have never had the least difficulty in obtaining its ammunition from Teheran bazaars to lonely farms in South Africa. A pointed copper-cased bullet, with its tip filed off, has proved deadly enough if I have held straight. But also remember that all ammunition does not shoot uniformly from the same rifle.

Supposing that you have chosen a medium magazine rifle as your one and only weapon, and one day the unexpected opportunity is offered you to hunt heavy, dangerous game, what should you do? I say, beg, borrow or steal a heavy d.b. rifle of not less than .450 bore, and, if you cannot, do not hunt your heavy game. Unsporting? Not a bit of it; you are playing fair by your quarry. Many men have killed and continue to kill heavy game, such as elephant and buffalo, with small bore magazine rifles. Quite true, but you have not yet, and it is not fair on the game to try experiments.

Now is it wise to use a borrowed and unknown heavy bore rifle? Well, that is your pigeon. Shots at heavy, dangerous game are generally taken at about 30yds., so you ought not to miss if you have tried your rifle. If it misfires or blows up, it is bad luck on you, but we hope harmless for the beast. To discuss rifles is one of the most dangerous and debatable points on earth, seldom will two men agree. Actually it is not so much the rifle that matters as the man behind it. But in this all will agree, that confidence is half the battle.

If you are going on a long shooting trip, and intend to hunt dangerous game, take both a medium magazine rifle and a d.b. not smaller than a .450. You may be one of the lucky ones who can safely and cleanly kill all his game with the small bore, but do not decide until you have faced a particularly hairy-looking buffalo with a small bore and tested your nerve. But if you try a chancey and half-hearted shot at a hundred yards and over, and hope for the best, do not be surprised if your friends cut you.

To all advocates of small bores for dangerous game I should like to put one question. Did you commence shooting your heavy quarry with a small bore? If you did, you are one of the lucky ones and something more. Salute. But if you did not, if you served your novitiate with a heavy bore, and, confidence gained, restricted yourself to a light or medium magazine, please allow the next beginner to do likewise. There is a nice comfortable feel about a battle-axe which you would not get from a stiletto, until you are a very old hand.



WHEN THE NOVICE TAKES COMFORT OF HIS D.B. .450
Very shortly after this photograph was taken the photographer, Mr. E. S. F. Chance, was charged by a cow elephant from 12yds.

BRINGING OLD INNS UP TO DATE

A Plea for Comfort Without Destroying Atmosphere



MODERN EXTERIOR LIGHTING FOR A FOURTEENTH CENTURY INN

The "Saracen's Head" at Beaconsfield, which has been gradually modernised. Illuminated direction signs are now installed as part of the exterior lighting

THE old inns of England are architectural, literary and historical treasure-houses. They are also inns. So much eloquence and erudition have been devoted to the former aspect that the latter is sometimes overlooked.

Mr. Thomas Burke, in his admirable study, *The English Inn*, writes incisively of those rhapsodists who "see a Corner House as vulgar and an old carrier's house as romantic . . . and deliberately choose to stay at a dilapidated and badly conducted inn because it is old, when the town has a comfortable and bright hotel." "Quaintness," he points out, "is too often a bare-faced excuse for dark, dirt and casual service—too high a price to pay for contemporary panelling and ingle-nook fireplaces." And those who have suffered genuine Tudor discomforts in a genuine Tudor setting will echo his words.

Indeed, the innkeeper who modernises his service is acting in the best tradition of innkeeping. Every old inn has been repeatedly "modernised" through centuries of changing fashion. To arrest this process is itself an anachronism.

Inadequate lighting is at once the most widespread and least excusable failing of our country inns to-day. There are, of course, vivid exceptions; but a winter motorist may still be compelled to search out an inn with his twentieth-century headlights and later retire to his seventeenth-century bedroom by the uncertain light of a candle.

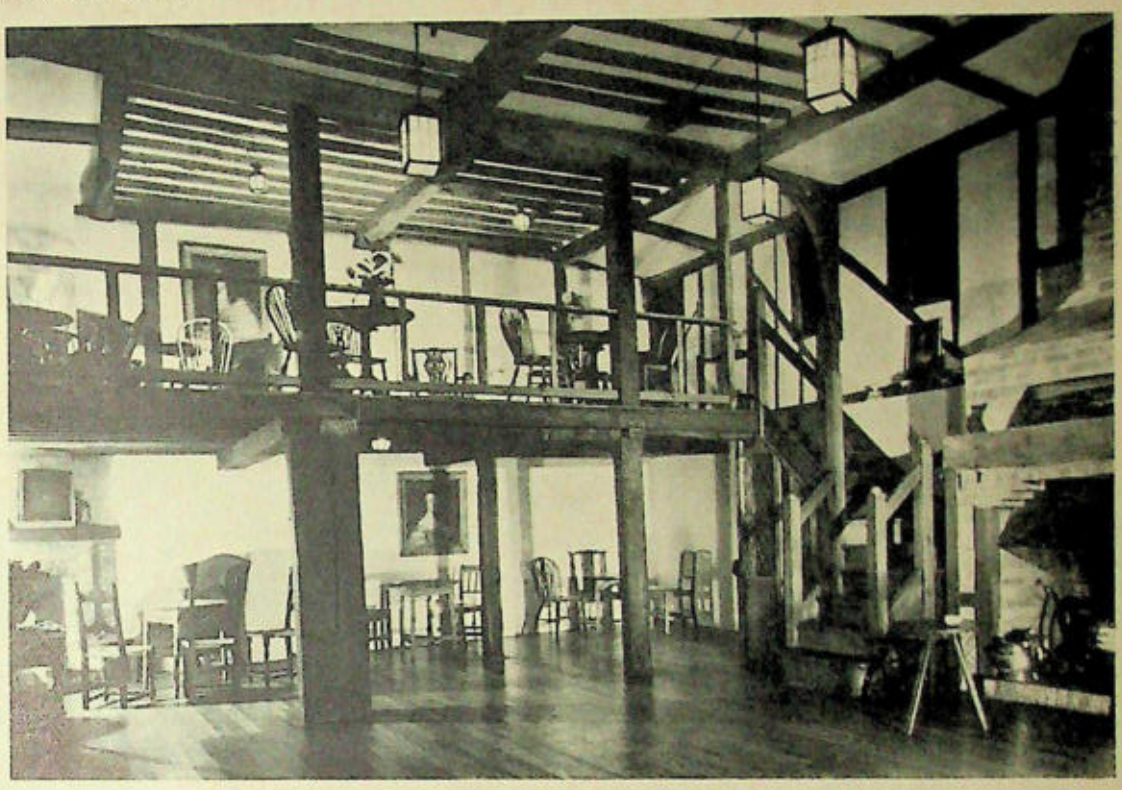
We have a right to-day to expect that the inn or hotel with any pretension to comfort will provide us with electric light. The national "Grid" scheme has already brought the public supply of electricity to remote rural districts. Inns still beyond its range can instal their own automatic generating plant, able to supply current at a cost which compares favourably with that in urban areas.

The mere installation of electric light is not in itself a guarantee of good lighting. A recent survey of electrically-lighted hotels and inns shows that in less than half the bedrooms can light be controlled from the bed; only one in three hotels have a lighted sign on the exterior; only one in ten have lighted direction signs in corridors. These are random examples from a body of statistics which scarcely reflect credit on the enterprise of Mine Host of to-day.

This is no plea for a random profusion of electric lamps. Knowledge and discretion are necessary to such successful blendings of old and new as are illustrated here. The modern pilgrim asks for ample and cheerful light placed where it is wanted and housed in fittings which preserve the character of their setting.

Some sort of exterior lighting, even if it is only an illuminated sign, appears so obviously to the advantage of inn and traveller alike that it is amazing that any inn should lack one.

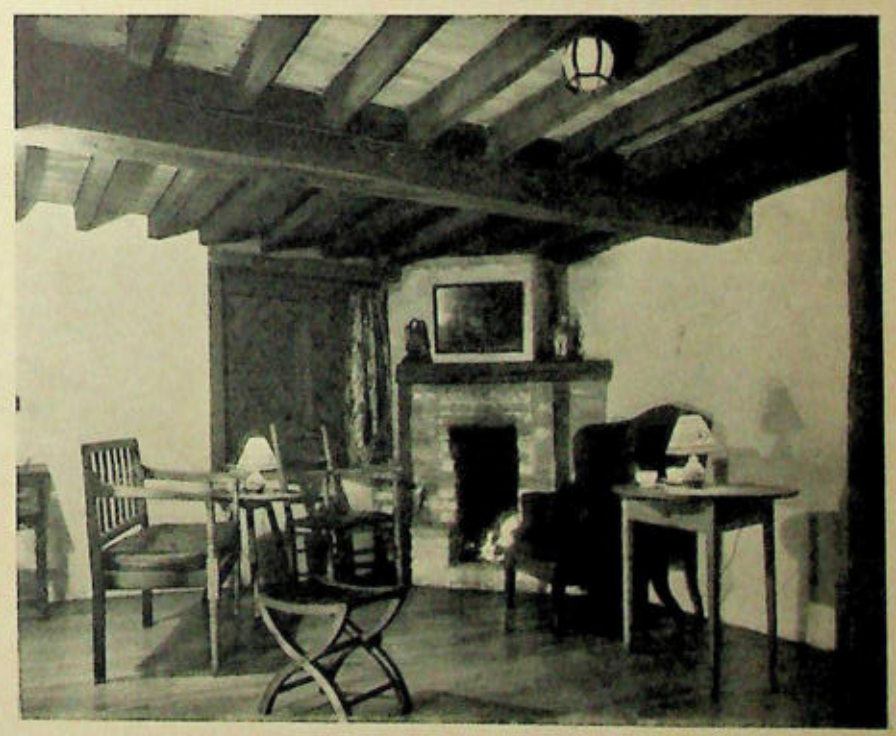
ROGER SMITHELLS.



OLD AND NEW BLENDED AT "THE MILL STREAM," AMERSHAM

The fireplace on the right and the staircases which flank it are new. Electric fittings have been designed to harmonise

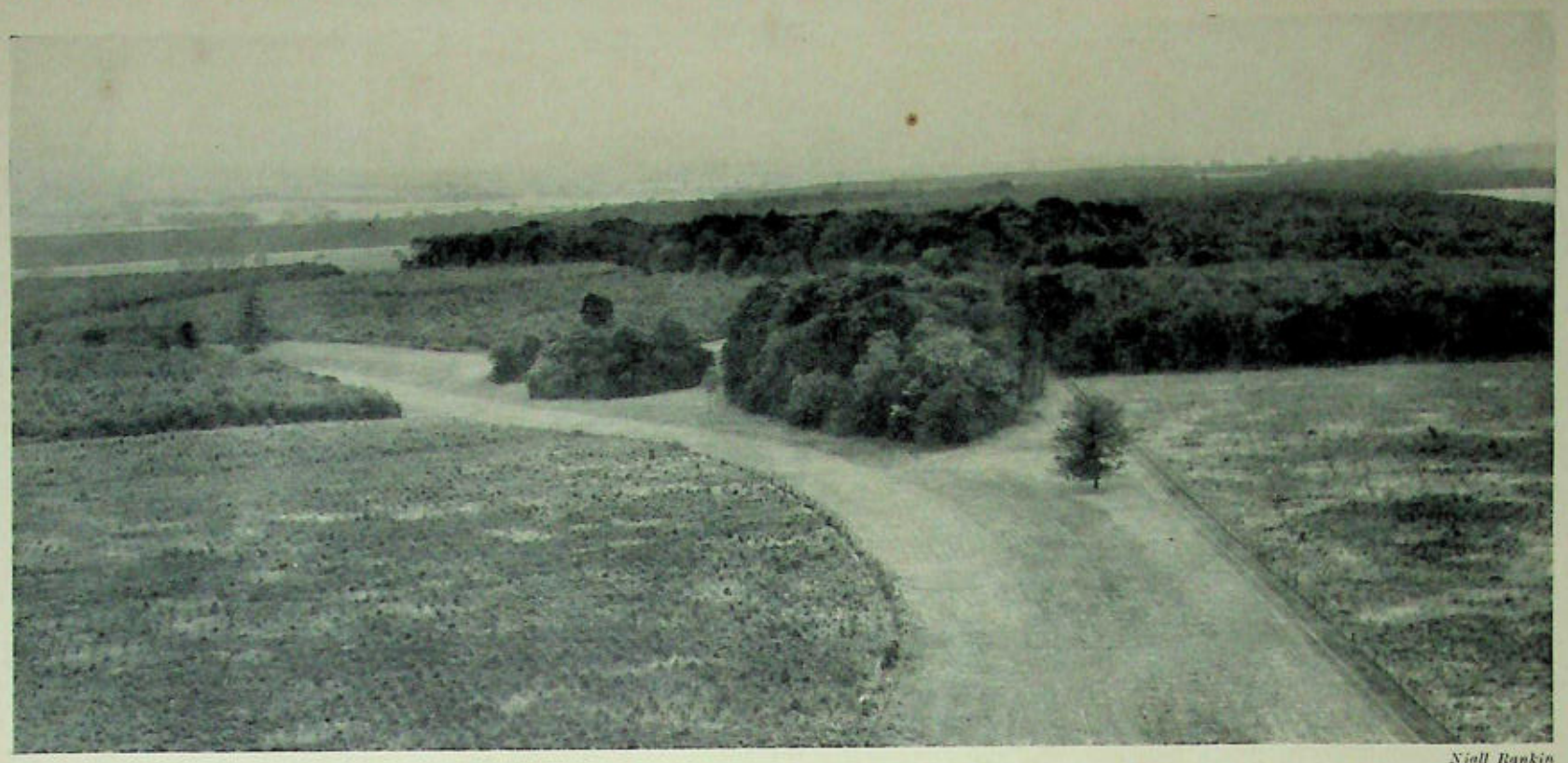




CHEERFUL CORNERS OF THE MODERNISED HOSTELRY

Eric Gran

The most recent addition to "The Saracen's Head" is the lounge (left) which, until a few months ago, was a barn. The structure itself is about 400 years old. In "The Mill Stream" also, the old corner fireplace has been retained (right) in its original form, but with the addition of electric lighting



Niall Rankin

FROM THE TOP OF THE PELHAM PILLAR

The Earls of Yarborough have planted over 28,000,000 trees in the last 150 years, and this view from the top of the Pelham Pillar on the estate shows the woods and plantations in summer

FAMILIES FAMOUS IN SPORT—No. 7

The Earls of Yarborough at Brocklesby

PART I.

COMPARISONS, proverbially, are odious, but there can be no possible doubt that of the old families of England few, if any, have done more for foxhunting and foxhound-breeding and in the development of their agricultural estates than the Pelhams of Brocklesby.

From the very earliest days to the present time Brocklesby blood has been of the very highest repute in the kennels of England; many of the most famous packs were built up on Brocklesby blood, and every foxhound to-day goes back to it; while no finer mixed farming, better farmhouses, or more commodious or better-planned farmsteads can be found in the land. And all this was won by the Pelhams from barren heath and warren. So, too, have they done their duty to the State, as I shall presently show.

No family, moreover, goes back so far into the early years of foxhunting. The antiquity of a fox hunt can only be determined by the unbroken—or practically unbroken—records which show from what date it devoted its hunting solely to that of the fox; while the antiquity of a pack of hounds depends on how far its hound lists can go back without a break, or any material break. There are many old fox hunts—the Quorn, Pytchley, Cottesmore, for instance; but the oldest packs are undoubtedly those old family packs which have never been dispersed, and whose hound lists are continuous, or practically so, from the early days of the eighteenth century, such as the Badminton, Belvoir, Brocklesby, and Milton. That someone kept hounds in the seventeenth century is no proof that such and such a Hunt is a very old one and descended from those hounds; for all the big landowners kept hounds for the purpose of hunting something—the wild boar, the wild deer, the hare, or the polecat.

Towards the end of the fifteenth century there lived at Laughton, in the county of Sussex, a Sir William Pelham, from whom are descended three noble families: the Dukes of Newcastle, the Earls of Chichester, and the Earls of Yarborough, while he himself came of a long line of famous ancestors, distinguished soldiers, and great servants of the State. This Sir William Pelham of Laughton was twice married, his first wife, Mary, being a daughter of Sir Richard Carew of Baddington, and his second, Mary, daughter of Lord Somers of the Vine. It was his eldest son by his first wife, Sir Nicholas Pelham, who inherited the family estates in Sussex and founded the families of the Dukes of Newcastle and the Earls of Chichester; while the other son, Sir William Pelham, became the owner of Brocklesby, in Lincolnshire, and founded the family of the Earls of Yarborough.

The first Sir William Pelham of Brocklesby was a famous soldier in the reign of Queen Elizabeth and became a Field Marshal. He saw service at the seige of Leith, the seige of Havre, and was present at the battle of Zutphen, where Sir Philip Sidney was killed, and he died at Flushing soon after this battle, a handsome memorial being erected to his memory in Brocklesby Church. It was his great-great-grandson, the second Charles Pelham of Brocklesby, born in 1679, who became the first known Master of the Brocklesby Foxhounds and died in 1763.

The second Sir William Pelham of Brocklesby was M.P. for Grimsby in 1569, and was knighted by James I. He saw considerable service abroad and was very popular in North Lincolnshire, as witness an entry in the Grimsby Corporation Book of 1618, the town council sending him a rundlet of sack, "in token of the respect and affection which they bear to his person and character." He was the father of 20 children, of which ten survived him; and his eldest son, the third Sir William, served with his father abroad, and was knighted by the king at Newmarket.

In a letter to his brother-in-law, Sir Edward Conway, in 1623, the third Sir William Pelham of Brocklesby says: "There are many thousands in these parts who have sold all they have, even to their bed-straw, and cannot get work to earn money. Dog's flesh is a dainty dish, and found upon search in many houses, also such horseflesh as hath lain long in a dyke for hounds: and the other day one stole a sheep, who for mere hunger tore a leg out and did eat it raw." There is thus a distinction between dogs and hounds; though it is very improbable that the latter hunted the fox alone—or at all—at that period.

When the Civil War broke out, the third Sir William raised a regiment of cavalry and one of infantry, and Brocklesby, in common with the homes of other Cavaliers in the neighbourhood, was raided by bands of Roundheads from Hull. He died in 1644, his end hastened by the hardships of the war, and his brother Charles succeeded to the family estates, dying in 1691; and then came the second Charles Pelham, born in 1679, of whom mention is made above. He sat in Parliament both for Grimsby and Beverley; but it is as a foxhunter and the founder of the famous Brocklesby pack that he will always be remembered, and also as the breeder and owner of Brockelsby Betty and of other famous winners on the flat.

Brockelsby Betty (note the spelling) was the property of Mr. Charles Pelham and was bred by him in 1711, and was believed to be the best mare of her time, with an unbeaten record. In August, 1717, she won a £60 gold cup at York, now in the possession of the Earl of Yarborough. The following appears on an old coloured print of Brockelsby Betty:

"Brockelsby Betty (as generally believed) was as certainly the best mare the Kingdom has produced, as that Childers is superior in speed to all other horses whatsoever. She was bred by Mr. Pelham. Her sire is sufficiently distinguished to sportsmen by the title of the Bay Barb, a horse presented by Mull Ishmael, King of Morocco, to Louis 14th of France, but afterwards was the late Mr. Curwen's of Warkington, in Cumberland. Brockelsby Betty's dam was called the Hobby mare; she was bred by the late Mr. Leeds, her sire was the Lister Turk, eminent for being also the sire of Snake, the late Duke of Kingston's Brisk, Piping Peg, and many other fine horses.

"This Turk (grandsire, as observed, to Brockelsby Betty) was brought into England by the late Duke of Berwick, from the seige of Buda in the reign of King James the Second.

"Brockelsby Betty at Newmarket, in April 1716 (then five years old), beat a mare of the Duke of Devonshire's for 100 guineas; the following August she beat 12 mares for the Gold Cup at Black Hambleton. In April 1717 she beat 8 mares for the Gold Cup at Newmarket; that August won a Silver Tea Board at Lincoln; and a £60 Gold Cup at York. That October she beat 4 horses for the King's Gold Cup; and in May that year beat the Duke of Wharton's Snail for 200 guineas; and afterwards won a match of 900 guineas against the Duke of Bridgewater's Ashridge, got by Leeds, and esteem'd at that time the best horse in the Kingdom.

"Published this 26th day of September 1741 by John Cheny."

When the second Charles Pelham died in 1763 the family became extinct in the male line; but his sister had married Francis Anderson, of Manby Hall, North Lincolnshire, a descendant of the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and their grandson succeeded to the Brocklesby estates by the will of his grand-uncle, the second Charles Pelham, being created Baron Yarborough in 1794.

From the second Charles Pelham date the earliest records of the Brocklesby as a pack of foxhounds, as is shown by the agreement, dated April 20th, 1713, as follows: "It is agreed between Sir John Tyrwhitt, Charles Pelham Esq., and Robert Vyner Esq., that the foxhounds kept by the said Sir John Tyrwhitt and Mr. Pelham shall be joined in one pack, and the three to have a joint interest in the said hounds for five years, each for one-third of a year."

Consequently both Sir John Tyrwhitt, of Aylesby Manor, in North Lincolnshire, and his neighbour, Mr. Charles Pelham, of Brocklesby, had *foxhounds* at the very beginning of the eighteenth century.

Colonel Cook, in his most interesting book, *Observations on Foxhunting and the Management of Hounds*, published in 1826, says: "Lord Yarborough's Hounds have been kept in a straight line

since 1700 certain, but they think considerably longer." And Mr. Robert Vyner, in *Notitia Venatica*, published in 1849, said that they had been in the possession of the Pelhams for nearly two centuries. And it is a very remarkable fact, and one of which no other kennel can boast, that each occupant of the Brocklesby benches to-day can be traced back to 1746 without a break, the complete lists from that date having been compiled by the writer and published by the *Field*.

The walls of some old buildings at Aylesby Manor, known as "The Kennels," still stand, and "The Druid" mentions them when writing of one of his visits to Mr. William Torr and his Shorthorns: "The old kennel yard below is full of yearling Booth bulls. Few could recognise in it now any traces of its original mission; but even before the days of the Pretender, the combined packs of Pelham and Tyrwhitt sallied forth from it at dawn, to try the furzes for fox or hare, and miles upon miles of unenclosed breezy wolds for their hunting grounds."

At the conclusion of the period of the agreement Mr. Pelham assumed sole control; and since then the pack has descended from father to son, and a Pelham has always been its Master. When the first Lord Yarborough succeeded to the Brocklesby estates and the pack in 1763, the country hunted extended over the whole of North Lincolnshire and the Southwold country, part of the Burton, and part of North Nottinghamshire.

In one of Arthur Young's books he says: "Lord Yarborough has a pack of hounds. If he has a fall, I hope it will be in a furze bush. He is too good to hurt." And in *Notitia Venatica*, we find the following significant passage: "The Yarborough



THE COMMODORE

A picture in the Brocklesby collection of Charles Pelham, First Earl of Yarborough and First Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron

or Brocklesby Hounds (taking their title from the seat of the Pelham family) were established considerably upwards of one hundred and fifty years ago; and it was under the auspices of the first Lord Yarborough that the character of the pack rose to the high pinnacle of fame to which it has so justly attained, his lordship being, at the time of his decease 'the father of the field.' This nobleman was also a rival, although a friendly one, of the celebrated Mr. Meynell of Quorndon. One of the not least remarkable features connected with these hounds is that the office of huntsman has descended through the same family of Smiths for four, if not five generations. The late huntsman (the first Will Smith) to these hounds succeeded his father, who had filled the office before him (from 1761 to 1816), being killed by a fall in hunting, which fractured his spine, whilst leaping a ditch in the parish of Barnoldby-le-Bec, near Grimsby."

Mr. Vyner also remarks in the same book: "Hound-breeding was at that period as scientifically pursued as sheep-breeding, and the successful perseverance of Mr. Meynell and the first Lord Yarborough will ever be deserving of the warmest gratitude from true sportsmen, for lighting up as they did what might justly be termed the dawn of science in the chase."

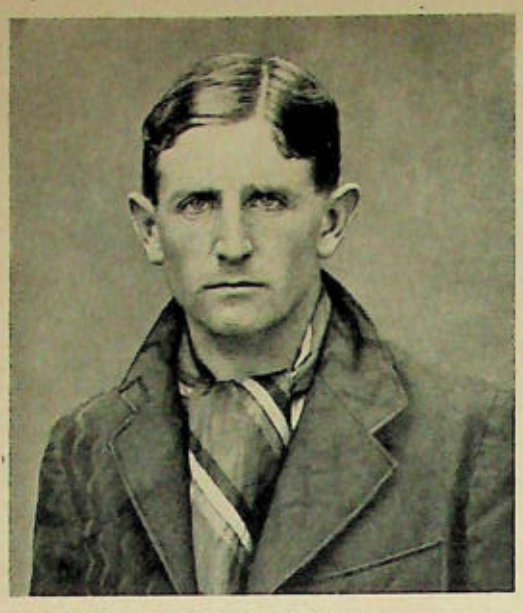
Lord Yarborough started the planting of the Pillar Woods in 1787, but they were not completed till 1823, twelve-and-a-half million trees having been planted, as is recorded on the monument called Pelham Pillar, that landmark on the Wolds that may be seen from any portion of Lord Yarborough's country. The present Earl has also done much to develop the forestry of the Brocklesby estate.

GEORGE COLLINS.



BROCKLESBY PARK FROM THE GARDENS

Niall Rankin



C. P. HAMILTON
The Army squash rackets champion

LEADING SQUASH RACKETS TEAMS

Close Competition in the Bath Club Cup

WITH the conclusion of the first half of the Bath Club Cup competition, play will cease in this tournament until the last week in January. In the First Division, the R.A.C. (the holders) are leading by three clear points over their nearest rivals, the Bath Club. Yet although the R.A.C. have scored thirteen points out of a possible fifteen, their position is by no means secure, as after Christmas they will no longer have the services of their first string, F. D. Amr Bey. As usual, Amr Bey has not lost a match, and in point of fact has conceded only one game and that to P. Q. Reiss, of the R.A.F. Club. His absence from the side will make an immense difference, for O. Lerwill, though an excellent second string, is not quite good enough to play in the top position for the winning club.

Represented by T. C. S. Haywood, Dr. J. C. Gregory and R. C. Greville, the Bath Club have lost only one match. None of these three players are quite among the front rankers of the game—although Haywood may well be before very long—but they are a formidable team which should do very well in the second half of the competition. Only a point behind them are the Conservative Club, for whom D. M. Backhouse as third string, has been playing very successfully. However, they do not appear to have much chance of improving their position as they will be losing the services of their second string, G. d'O. Sheppard, while he is on tour with the Jesters in the United States.

The Bachelors' Club are at the bottom of the First Division table with two points, and the R.A.F. Club are not shining either, but Queen's Club, who have scored only six points, have made two useful discoveries. J. N. S. Ridgers, the second string, is without doubt the most improved player of the year. Twice called upon to play first string in the absence of J. D. P. Wheatley, he acquitted himself very creditably against Amr Bey and Reiss. To the former, although playing well, he lost in three straight games, but against Reiss he managed to score one game and take the score of another to 10—8. W. A. Lewthwaite (Queen's), last year's captain of Cambridge University, did not begin his Bath Cup career very happily, losing third string matches to players he could have beaten easily a year ago. He has now found his touch, and his victories over O. Lerwill and C. L. Stubbs should give him confidence for the coming championship.

Prince's Club head the table in the Second Division with the M.C.C. close behind them. Matches have been very close in this division, and although neither the Royal Aero Club nor the Army and Navy Club have done very well, few points divide the first from the last. If C. P. Hamilton is unable to play regularly for the M.C.C., it seems very probable that Prince's will return to the First Division after an absence of three seasons.

It is a different story in the Third Division. The unfortunate Caledonian Club have failed to win a single point, while at the other end of the table, the Naval and Military Club have scored fourteen points out of a possible fifteen. The United Service Club have made a good start, too, while the new-comers to the competition, the United University and the New University have scored five and four points respectively.

C. P. Hamilton's victory in the Army Championship over G. O. Jameson, the holder, did not come as a great surprise. Hamilton won, 10—9, 9—2, 1—9, 9—5, and thus, both he and his opponent have now won this competition twice. The final of the Army Championship between these two players now seems to be a regular event, and it is interesting to contrast their styles.

Jameson, with his two strokes of a good-length shot to the back wall and a pretty drop shot, would seem to have little chance against such a very good stroke player as Hamilton, but so great is his pertinacity and his powers of retrieving that he is able to take advantage of the slightest inaccuracy on the part of his opponent. Jameson never knows when he is beaten, and this, except against such players as Amr Bey, is often one of the greatest match-winning qualities in squash rackets to-day.

No other player distinguished himself in the Army Championship. D. I. Burnett, who played so well in last year's Amateur Championship, was beaten in the third round by E. C. T. Wilson, who was beaten in turn by F. A. V. Parker. Parker thus reached the semi-final round, but he could do nothing against Hamilton, and scored only five points in three games.

The other semi-finalist, J. R. Cairnes, certainly did better than this, for he scored one game against Jameson and a number of points besides, while H. A. Lascelles, in the third round, gave Jameson a real fright by winning the first two games. Nevertheless, one must admit reluctantly, that besides Hamilton and Jameson, there were again no players of first-class standing in this competition.

ENGLAND'S RUGBY TEAM

The Outlook for the First Trial at Birkenhead

IT is four years since England last won the International Rugby Championship outright. What are the prospects this season? The teams chosen for the first trial match at Birkenhead next week indicate that the selectors have banked very largely on last year's experiences. The England teams then were not great ones by any means, but they did show great improvement at the end. Wales won deservedly at Twickenham because they adopted the right tactics against the first English team, which was woefully lacking in vitality. Various alterations brought something of a transformation against Ireland, and one of the most promising teams that Scotland has had for some years had all that it could do to beat the last English team by three points to nothing.

The selectors have, we know, been as busy as usual watching matches in all parts of the country, but it is clear from the trial teams that they have not had very much excitement in the way of discoveries of new stars. No one was more zealous in the search for new talent than Engineer Rear-Admiral E. W. Roberts, whose sudden death while the selectors were at Manchester choosing the teams, was a sad blow both to his colleagues and to many Rugby players who knew him for a shrewd judge of the game and a wise counsellor. His opinions and advice, backed by his own experience as a splendid forward who played twelve times for England between 1901 and 1906, were of immense value on the Selection Committee.

In the last year or two the selectors' difficulties have undoubtedly been increased by the levelling of club form, and it is the best tribute to their untiring efforts that they have found several fine players in unexpected places. But they cannot produce new stars automatically; nor can they be too prodigal with experiments, seeing that they had only three trial matches in which not only to choose players but to weld them into a team. In many ways an additional trial would be an advantage.

No one can quarrel with the policy of giving first preference to the tried player if he has shown anything like International form, and is not too palpably a veteran; but it is not often that discarded players have returned in such force as they have in the three-quarter lines of the England v. Possibles teams. Both by his vitality as a player and his inspiring leadership, A. L. Novis galvanised the English back play so brilliantly last season that one was apt to forget he had been dropped for two seasons previously. Now we have C. C. Tanner, the old Cambridge Blue, returning to wing three-quarter for England after being dropped last season, while F. W. S. Malir, who last played for England in 1930, and C. D. Aarvold, whom Novis displaced last season, return for trial in the Possibles team.

With two other of last season's three-quarters, L. Booth and D. W. Burland, included in the Possibles and England team respectively, the net result is that only two new three-quarters are included in the first trial—J. C. Brooks, who will have the advantage of playing inside to his Gloucester club colleague, Tanner, and P. C. Alexander, who has made rapid strides as a centre in the Guy's Hospital team. Are there, then, no other new three-quarters worthy of trial in all England? The only new half-back is W. T. Anderson, who at Cambridge one year did brilliantly but the next year only moderately. C. B. P. Goldson, his partner in the Possibles team, we know as a very resourceful little scrum half, but it will be surprising if either seriously challenges last year's pair, Gadney and Elliot.

P. C. Hordern is the only old international who makes a reappearance forward for the Possibles, whose pack contains several unfamiliar names. England's pack, with a strong nucleus of last season's players, looks solid enough, but we shall look somewhat anxiously for a player to replace E. H. Sadler, who had the real instinct for wing forward play and has now departed to a Rugby League club.

But without a doubt the most important vacancy has been left at full back by the suspension of W. T. Brown. A very bold experiment is being made in selecting for the England team K. C. Kinnersley, who has risen meteorically from the Bristol reserve team. But where are others to take the place? One or two names, such as H. Boughton, of Gloucester, or S. A. Block, of the Harlequins, suggest themselves, but not as really great full backs. H. G. Owen-Smith, of Oxford, could be so described, and it has been suggested that, although he comes from South Africa, he might be qualified for England by residence. He has however already played for South Africa at cricket against England, and it would surely seem incompatible for him now to play Rugby for England. There is more good reason in another suggestion, that D. W. Burland might be tried at full back. His magnificent physique is a recommendation—and he would not be the first centre turned full back for England.

F. I. W.

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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, Student of Wild Life and Nature Lover. 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.

DISTEMPER

SIR,—In answer to numerous inquiries as to distemper preventive methods, the following notes may be of interest.

There are two systems still in use, the older one consisting of inoculation with a distemper vaccine, which confers a temporary immunity, followed, after an appropriate interval, by inoculation with distemper virus. The temporary immunity conferred by the vaccine enables the dog to resist the deleterious effect of the virus, and the second inoculation brings about a permanent immunity. According to the latest statistics the percentage of failures in arriving at immunity by this method is no higher than one dog in a hundred.

The disadvantage of this, the tried and older method, is that it occupies a period of ten to fourteen days in administration and necessitates two visits of the veterinary surgeon, who alone is authorised to handle the double preventives of vaccine and virus.

Because of this difficulty a second method was tried, and is still the subject of investigation. It allows the inoculations to be completed at one sitting, and is technically described as a side-to-side inoculation. A distemper serum is substituted for the vaccine and the dog is inoculated simultaneously with serum and virus. In the dogs inoculated in this way by the *Field* research workers, the latest figures out of a total of 285 privately-owned dogs showed ten failures. Besides these dogs 588 foxhounds were also treated in this way. Instances of imperfect protection were declared, and in one pack of hounds apparently complete failure to secure immunity. In the great majority of cases solid and durable immunity was secured.

The experiences with the preventives commercially produced in the Wellcome Physiological Laboratories are now in substance similar. There is less than one per cent. of failures with the vaccine-virus double inoculation. There is a noticeably larger percentage of failures with the side-to-side inoculations with serum and virus. Major Dalling, at a meeting of the Central Veterinary Society, stated that this was the case, and added that the percentage of "complaints," whether well-founded or not, was very much greater. Nevertheless, the opinion is growing among veterinary surgeons that the serum-virus method is giving results approximating in success to those of the older method.

Something no doubt depends on the veterinary surgeon. In the application of either remedy, there is no danger of the inoculated animals infecting other dogs of the kennel.

It should be made clear that the preventives now obtainable from the Wellcome Physiological Laboratories at Beckenham may only be administered in this country through and by a qualified veterinary surgeon, though a leaflet giving full information as to the method of use is issued by the Laboratories. Yours etc.,

Chelsea. E. S. G.

WHISTLING TO DRIVE AWAY BUFFALO

SIR,—A much respected authority in the Sudan has advised sportsmen when a herd of buffalo stampedes towards the spot, to run forward, shout, and wave the hat.

This does not always work, and the following note may be of interest.

Recently I fired at a buffalo's neck, cutting the carotid artery on both sides. The animal stumbled away for a few yards, spouting blood from neck and nostrils, and collapsed.

Only nine or ten beasts had been seen, but at the sound of the shot a large herd that we had not seen stampeded straight towards us in a packed mass.

We shouted, ran forward and waved hats and arms in the approved style. Now, according to tradition, the herd should have split and rushed past on both sides of us.

They stopped some 70yds. away, heads up, and turning in all directions, trying to discover what had happened.

The remainder surrounded the dead one, lowing and snorting, galloping about in a wild manner, or butting the kill.

Eventually they saw us, and advanced at a leisurely pace, led by a large and truculent-looking bull.

We continued to shout and wave hats. The brutes merely stood in an admiring semicircle, or moved forward still led by the bull that had been goring the dead one. The wretched driver, who had no spear, was now crawling from tree to tree endeavouring to find one he could climb.

Most of the herd seemed merely curious with the exception of the ones that had been galloping round the kill, and when the leader put his nose up, laid back his horns and snorted, we thought he was coming and both covered his neck. In a last effort to drive them away my gun-bearer—a Zande—started to whistle, and I followed suit. The effect was immediate. The whole herd turned and thundered off—there must have been 50 or more.

Several Zande have since told me that whistling will drive away buffalo.

We paced the distance between us and the leading bull. It was 52yds. Yours faithfully,

Le Rangu, J. BRYANT.
Bahr-el-Ghazal Prov., Medical Inspector,
Sudan. Sudan Medical Service.

FREEDOM FOR BIRDS

SIR,—On behalf of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, I wish to express the thanks which all bird lovers feel should be accorded to the *Field* for the great part taken by that paper in the campaign against the traffic in British Wild Birds.

The three illustrated articles on this subject which have appeared in the *Field* have been of signal service in promoting the Bird Protection Bill, which passed its third reading in the House of Commons on Tuesday, November 14th.

Yours faithfully,

82, Victoria Street, FRANK E. LEMON,
London, S.W. 1. Hon. Sec., Royal Society
for the Protection of Birds.

ANIMALS AND DEATH

SIR,—I have perused "R. M.'s" article in the *Field* of October 28th with the greatest of interest and pleasure, the more so in that I am acquainted with the locality, and, indeed, I believe with the personnel. This, however, scarcely excuses me for trespassing upon the *Field's* valuable space; in that however my name has been, shall we say, "taken in vain" I have, possibly, some justification. With the one solitary exception—with which I shall deal last—it is correct to say that no single instance of any herbivorous animal having evinced the slightest interest in a departed comrade has ever come to my ken.

I have made some heavy bags of grouse "stooking," and pigeons over decoys. So long as I kept out of sight the living have fearlessly fed upon the ground, while totally ignoring the corpses. Time and again I have seen that our domestic dogs refuse to recognise a dead companion as anything resembling a dog. The carnivorous animals will, and commonly do, return to their slaughtered fellows, but purely with a meal in view; not infrequently rodents will do likewise.

The one and only studied and deliberate attempt to succour a companion in distress (man of course excepted; as also exhibitions of purely parental or maternal affection) that has come to my knowledge was as follows. When I was with the King's African Rifles in Angoniland, two large elephants crossed a large open space right in front of myself and some native soldiers. One had good ivory—I look at the tusk while I write, it is over 6ft. long; the other, about the biggest elephant I have ever seen, was tuskless. I killed the tusker with a military .303. Usually an elephant—dead—is covered with vultures, feathered and human, in a very short space of time, but this country was then unadministrated and the aborigines were forbidden by some Angoni who were with me to lay a finger on it till their headman (who had been supreme ere the advent of the white man, and who the locals feared as they never did us whites) had had his whack. The result was that night fell without the beast having been much hacked about. I was camped hard by, and hearing a disturbance, asked my orderly what it was all about. He said, "It's the Angoni fighting over the elephant." In the morning I asked the Angoni about it, and they said (they had slept actually *at* the carcase), that it was not them fighting, but trying to drive off the tuskless elephant, which came and tried to pull the other one away. They did not seem to think there was anything very strange about it, but I scarcely credited the yarn until convinced by the most unmistakable evidence that they had truly spoken.

Yours faithfully,

Elgin. JOHN MACNAB.

THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW

SIR,—May I cordially agree with Captain J. E. Hance's appeal, published in the *Field* of November 11th, to save the International Horse Show. Every horse-lover, breeder, exhibitor and others interested to whom I have spoken recently are in common agreement that the Show *must* be saved at all costs.

Not only does the Show provide employment and circulate money, but it is of course vital in the interests of the light-horse industry. Enthusiasm and the will to surmount difficulties are unbounded, and it only remains for someone to take the lead and convene a meeting whereby the future of the Show can be decided. Could this not be done in a public place in London, under the chairmanship of some well-known sportsman, when all shades of opinion might be heard? Time is creeping on, Olympia must be taken soon for another Horse Show, arrangements must be made and a staff engaged. Surely the time to meet is at once. Yours truly,

Surrey. WILLIAM FAWCETT.

DESTRUCTION OF FISH IN YORKSHIRE ESK

SIR,—Since I wrote the letter appearing in your issue of November 18th, we have had a farther flood in the Esk which washed practically all the dead trout away. It has, however, left a great number of salmon and sea trout lying dead on the bottom of the river. The water cleared over the week-end, and on Sunday, the 5th inst., I saw two salmon lying towards the side I was walking down, almost dead; they did not move off when I touched them with a stick. On proceeding further I counted thirteen to fourteen dead fish in about a mile of water. On the 7th inst., the water having cleared, many more could be seen in different places. Two good clean fish have now been sent to a laboratory for analysis. I have had the fishery officer here to-day, and we got one salmon out, about 20lb., so whatever the cause is it has done the large fish in as well as the small. If the cause of death is the dust and peat from the moors, this cannot possibly be the only Yorkshire river to suffer, and I hope, if it has occurred elsewhere, it will be reported to me or the Esk Board, as I am very wishful to get at the bottom of the matter.

The analyst's report on the trout does not show tar poisoning, but I hardly expected it to, as I am of opinion that the water passing through the mouth and gills of a fish does not enter the body, and therefore poison would not show in the body. I am not sure about this, so if any of your readers can give me any information I shall be obliged. Many of the dead salmon to be seen are clean fish and probably only came into the river later in October. Yours truly,

J. S. POLLARD.

Danby-in-Cleveland, Yorks.

LOCH NESS MONSTER

SIR,—May I point out that Mr. J. E. Hamilton is in error when he states that Loch Ness has no outlet to the sea other than through the locks in the Caledonian Canal? The river Ness flows out of the Loch at its eastern end and empties directly into the sea in the Beauly Firth, near Inverness. I do not know how far it is possible for such a monster as is depicted in the *Field* to ascend a river like the Ness, but when fishing the Oich and Loch Ness some years ago I was told that a seal had been known to make its way into the loch.

Further to the subject of sea serpents, a large school of dolphins, plunging in line, might well give the idea of one long animal of the serpent tribe, as dolphins probably often assume this formation.

It seems unlikely that any solution of the Loch Ness monster story will be forthcoming, but to the imaginative the extreme depth of the loch, together with its size, seems to admit of the possibility of some prehistoric animal rising from the depths (without suffering inconvenience from the varying atmospheric pressures!) and disporting itself on the surface. Yours truly,

Sussex. 16-BORE.

HISTORIC SHOOTING

SIR,—In your issue of November 11th, Colonel Begbie asks if anyone can give authentic accounts of Major Thornhill's shooting.

I have no records, but can testify to his marvellous skill and corresponding modesty. In the middle '80's Captain Thornhill, as he was then, was cantonment magistrate at Agra, and I frequently shot with him in that neighbourhood. In those days he invariably used a 28-bore gun for winged game—certainly not a rifle, even for duck; he never picked his shots, seemed to kill everything he aimed at stone dead, and it was a very rare thing for him to miss a snipe or a duck.

In India at that time we often had to fill our own cartridges, and I recollect Captain Thornhill made a great point of oiling his shot before loading. He would put 2lb. or 3lb. of shot into a small basin, add a drop of oil, and whisk the basin round a few times, when every pellet was lubricated and glistening in a film of oil. Yours faithfully,

London, W. C. D. LEAROYD COCKBURN.

COLOUR IN HORSES

SIR,—Piebalds and skewbalds have never apparently been in favour among horse lovers; and these colours have not been perpetuated among them. Why this is so it is difficult to understand. A good-looking skewbald is, as the photograph I enclose herewith shows, a very handsome beast; yet the colour, except for kettledrum horses, or in circuses, is quite out of fashion whether for hunting, racing or even hacking.

Can any of your readers give a reasonable explanation of this disfavour, which, as far as I can gather, goes back to a very distant era of the past?

The skewbald shown in the illustration is a very good-looking horse, brownish bay and clear white in colouring. He is a perfect hack, a good jumper and an excellent hunter. Not long since he was known in the Whaddon Chase country and his home is now within the limits of the Eridge Hunt.

In the time of Xenophon, who was a good sportsman as well as a warrior, the favourite colour for horses among the Greeks was bay. The wild horse of Central Asia, known as Prejevalsky's Horse, is also bay in general colour. I have heard of no skewbalds or piebalds in this race. Regarding the Arabs the late Mr. Wilfred Scawen Blunt, in his book *The Bedouin Tribes of the Euphrates*, says: "There is among English people a general idea that grey—especially flea-bitten grey—is the commonest Arabian colour. But this is not so among the Anazeh. Bays are still more common. . . . Perhaps out of a hundred mares among the Anazeh one would see thirty-five grey, fifteen chesnut, and the rest brown or black. . . . The bays often have black points and generally a white foot, or two or three white feet and a snip or blaze down the face. . . . With very few exceptions, all the handsomest mares we saw were bay, which is without doubt by far the best colour in Arabia, as it is in England. . . . In choosing Arabians, I should take none but bays and, if possible, bays with black points." Mr. Blunt's views have been



A GOOD LOOKER AND FINE PERFORMER
(See Letter "Colour in Horses")

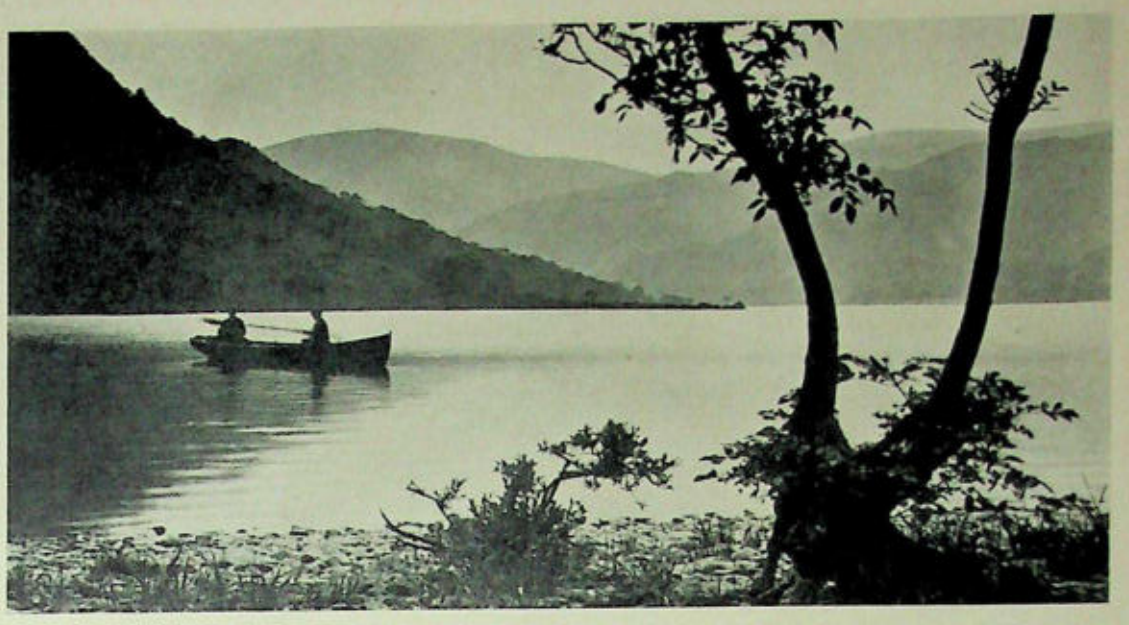
confirmed by two other good authorities, Major Upton in *Gleanings from the Desert of Arabia* (1881) and General Tweedie in *The Arabian Horse: His Country and People*" (1894).

The excellent native horses, or rather sturdy ponies, to be found in the Scandinavian countries, especially in Norway, run mainly to duns, creams and yellowish. These are evidently of very ancient lineage, as evidenced by their dark list markings down the back and the zebra-like cross-markings on the forelegs. They are probably descendants of some ancient equine race, having its early home in the deserts of Central Asia. Darwin is responsible for the theory that the early forms of horse were striped like zebras. I cannot ever remember to have seen a piebald or skewbald pony among the excellent beasts to be found in Norway.

The late Sir Walter Gilbey, in his very interesting book *Horses—Breeding to Colour*, writes thus on piebald and roan thoroughbreds: "It has not been possible to discover a parti-coloured horse such as piebald among those which have made any mark on the Turf; and this is not remarkable since horses of such colours are quite the exception among the Eastern breeds." "Roans, piebalds, duns and yellows," says Mr. Blunt, "are not found among the pure-bred Arabians, although the last two are occasionally found among Barbs."

Why skewbalds and piebalds are still scarce and unpopular in Britain it is hard to say. Has any attempt ever been made to breed horses of these colours? I have heard vaguely that some years ago experiments were made by a gentleman in Berkshire, but at present I have no details of this attempt.

Yours truly,
71, London Road, H. A. BRYDEN.
Tunbridge Wells.



WATER LEVEL TO BE RAISED 90FT.
(See Letter "The Future of Haweswater")

THE FUTURE OF HAWESWATER

SIR,—That beautiful and secluded lake, Haweswater, situated on the fringe of the English Lake District, is eventually to become an additional reservoir for the city of Manchester. It is said that the level of the water will be raised 90ft.

It is interesting to speculate what effect the heightening of the lake will have on the fish it contains. At present the trout are very small, though occasional good fish are caught by trolling. As is well known, the submerging of fresh ground has a markedly beneficial effect on the growth of trout.

A more interesting problem, perhaps, is what will happen to the char? At present these beautiful and mysterious fish are numerous, but they do not average more than a very few ounces, and are markedly smaller than the char I have caught in Windermere and Crummock Water. The increased depth should suit them, for, little as we know of these interesting fish, it does seem certain that they thrive only in deep water. Yours faithfully,
Manchester. M. S. W.

[We understand that there is still some doubt as to whether the growth of Manchester will be sufficient to need this additional supply. The fishing in the lake, however, does not belong to the Corporation.—ED.]

PICKING UP

SIR,—May I be allowed to endorse "Retriever's" remarks on the necessity for efficient picking up?

In this part of the country—South Shropshire and the Welsh borders—pickers up are regarded as essential at all the big pheasant shoots, and one usually has no difficulty in obtaining the free and willing services of amateurs who, like myself, have young dogs wanting work and their elders anxious to show them how it should be done.

I have now a Labrador bitch born in 1929, who has already had more than 15,000 head shot over her at this job. Incidentally, I kept a count one day last season of how many birds my two dogs brought up, and it totalled just over 100, picking up nothing that could be easily picked by hand. This was an exceptional day, as we were short of dogs and in rough country. It proves that a well-trained retriever is worthy of its hire.

Yours faithfully,
The Home, LABRADOR.
Bishops Castle, Shropshire.

VOLUNTEER RETRIEVERS

SIR,—The article in the *Field* of October 28th by "Klaxon," and the letter in your issue of November 11th from "Retriever," are more than welcome. If owners or lessees would but take a leaf out of "Klaxon's" Mutiny Colonel's book, how much more enjoyable would a day's shooting be to the majority of guns, who hate leaving runners behind them in the haste of moving on to the next beat.

My Goldens are doing regular weekly picking up, and I would gladly provide a team of dogs and handlers on receipt of a wire at any time, and I know many who would be only too glad to do the same at reasonable motoring distance from their kennels. My bitch, Champion Noranby Diana, brought to hand no less than seven runners last Saturday.

Needless to say, we make no charge, and I feel sure an advertisement in the local papers would provide game-finders for most districts. In the interests of humanity, as well as of the game bag, I hope "Retriever's" suggestion may be acted upon. Yours faithfully,
Herons, W. M. CHARLESWORTH.
Buckhold, Pangbourne.

WANTED—A NEW SPINNING LINE

SIR,—With reference to the article on spinning by "West Country" in your issue of October 21st, we would call attention to the fact that we have made and listed *braided* flax lines under the number 8079 for many years.

We enclose herewith a sample of the finest size, with a breaking strain of 17lb. There will be no difficulty in making up a similar line in still finer sizes if required.

Yours faithfully,
Redditch. S. ALLCOCK & Co., LTD.

[The line enclosed appears to have a diameter of about 22 one-thousandths of an inch, or almost half the thickness of the stoutest salmon gut.—ED.]

A SNAKE CATCHER

SIR,—One of the most interesting characters in the New Forest is undoubtedly Mr. George Wateridge, who lives near Lyndhurst. He makes a living by catching snakes, and prides himself on the fact that he has cleared the Forest of adders and grass snakes for many miles about his home.

As a boy, he told me, he walked hundreds of miles through the Forest glades with "Brusher" Mills, the famous snake man. He apparently used to boil his catch in a tin, drain the fat through muslin, and sell it as an ointment. From all accounts it was very good and would heal up cuts in no time.

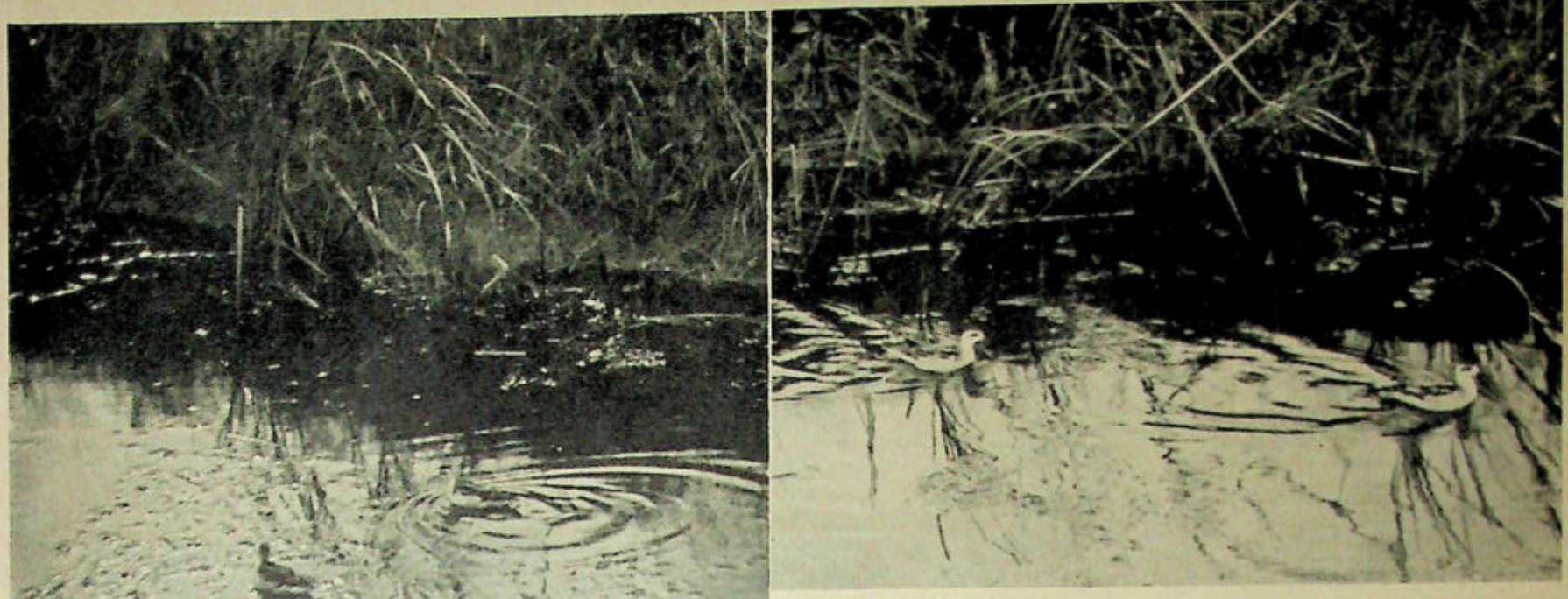
Mr. Wateridge sends his snakes up to the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, where they become food for various of the inmates.

"Brusher" Mills always contended that the female adder, if disturbed with its young, would let them hide in her mouth. The Zoological Society told him that if he saw this happen he was to kill the adder, tie a piece of string around its neck, and send it to the Zoo, when the authorities would present him with a £10 note; but he was never able to earn the reward. Nor has Mr. Wateridge ever seen this happen.

Yours faithfully,
114, Bellemoor Road, ERNEST OAKLEY.
Hill Lane,
Southampton.



SIMPLE AND EFFECTIVE WEAPONS
(See Letter "A Snake Catcher")



RED-NECKED PHALAROPES ON ROMSEY MARSH
(See Letter "Snapshots of an Uncommon Migrant")

SNAPSHOTS OF AN UNCOMMON MIGRANT

SIR, The chance to photograph the red-necked phalarope anywhere in the southern parts of the British Isles is probably a sufficiently rare occurrence to be worthy of record.

Whilst walking on Romney Marsh early in October my attention was attracted by two birds swimming in the dyke close by. Two things struck me as unusual; first, the extraordinary fearlessness of the birds which appeared to be quite unconcerned by my approaching within ten or twelve yards and, secondly, their handsome plumage, the conspicuous features of which were the black cap on the head with a dark streak running down the nape of the neck, the black blotch from the eye rearward, contrasting vividly with the whiteness of the rest of the head. The back was richly marked with dark and buff feathers fringed or barred with white, and there were two conspicuous streaks of yellow or bright brown or russet running from the shoulders and converging towards the tail. The breast and lower part of the birds appeared to be white with a faint mottling at the throat.

They swam about amongst some floating green weeds, darting hither and thither, whilst with the long, black, straight bills they snapped up, on this side and that, little creatures on the surface of the water. So indifferent were they to the presence of human beings that two friends who were with me, luckily with cameras, were able to take snapshots of them.

Yours truly,
London, E.C. KENNETH R. SWAN.

BLIND PARTRIDGES

SIR,—I wonder if you and readers of the *Field* would be interested in the circumstances under which the enclosed partridge was killed.

On October 18th a partridge was shot, and fell in a grass field, and began to run to some rough grass. A man was sent to pick it up, and he noticed another covey running towards it.

It was decided to drive this covey over the guns. The beaters lined up with two guns with them, the other three guns taking up a position behind a hedge.

I was with the beaters. We walked to within 3yds. of the covey and they began to run in every direction. A dog picked up the original runner, and one bird got up and fluttered over the gun on my right and was killed. Another did the same and I killed it. The remainder ran about in a quite insane manner, some fluttering over the guns and being killed, others running towards the beaters. When we picked up the dead birds some were quite blind, with their eyelids stuck together. Others had scales on the eyes. We, of course, proceeded to exterminate the only remaining four birds. I think the covey consisted of about twelve, and we got all but two, which managed to flutter over some fields and got lost. One of these we found walking on the road in the evening and picked it up.

I can understand that they have a disease of the eyes, hence our anxiety to exterminate them; but they are all plump and must all have gone down with the disease at once, or some would have been thin. Also the farmer of the land said that up to yesterday they had been very wild, getting up directly he entered the field.

Yours faithfully,
Leysters, HUBERT INGLEBY.
Near Tenbury, Worcs.

[A pathological examination showed that the bird sent with this letter was suffering from acute conjunctivitis. To determine the cause of this would require bacteriological examination of fresh material.—ED.]

"GOLDENS" AT FIELD TRIALS

SIR,—In his report of the Golden Retriever Trials at Nocton in the *Field* of November 4th, Captain Onslow Traherne says: "I hope the Golden retriever will compete more frequently in open stakes." Quite so, and so do I; but what inducement is there at present for Golden retriever breeders to enter liberally in open stakes, when it is only too clear that there is still such prejudice against them by some of the field trial judges? Captain Onslow Traherne, Mr. Ernest Turner, and a few more do give the Golden a run for his money; but there are others who do not! But the worst point about some of the judges is the favouritism given to the breed they themselves go in for. There is surely something wrong when at an open trial a handler of a Golden is told definitely that he, the judge, prefers a Labrador.

So that your readers may not jump to the conclusion that I am a disappointed exhibitor, may I point out that I have never run a dog at any trials, and I have only owned one Golden; and neither have I been asked by a Golden owner to write this. I am purely a spectator at trials, but one that has bred and worked retrievers for over 40 years, and loves a real good one, no matter the breed.

Yours faithfully,
Lockton, Pickering, Yorks. E. KERRY.

[We deprecate charges of favouritism, and are content to abide the decisions of those who are asked to judge at field trials, in the same spirit in which cricketers accept the decisions of an umpire.—ED.]

FIGHTING STOATS

SIR,—Your readers may be interested in an incident I witnessed on September 13th. I had given the midday feed to the pheasants, and was just waiting near. On the east side of the ride is a slope with big beeches, and underneath on this slope only dead leaves. I heard a patter on the leaves, and looked up. There were two large stoats, one chasing the other for about 50yds. along the top of this slope. Then they doubled and one caught the other. Then there was a battle royal; they shrieked and flung themselves slantwise down the hill, but never let go of one another. I cast round for a useful stick, and as I put my foot on it it made a great crack, but they were in too deadly earnest to notice the crack. I waited. They came rolling over and over right up to me, then I hit and killed one and dazed the other. Unfortunately my stick broke too short to finish the other. Had I had a gun there is no doubt I would have been a bit nearer the finish. I have seen stoats chasing one another but in nearly 40 years' experience without a break I have never witnessed so fierce a battle.

Yours faithfully,
Wydale, W. D. (Headkeeper).
Brompton-by-Sawdon.

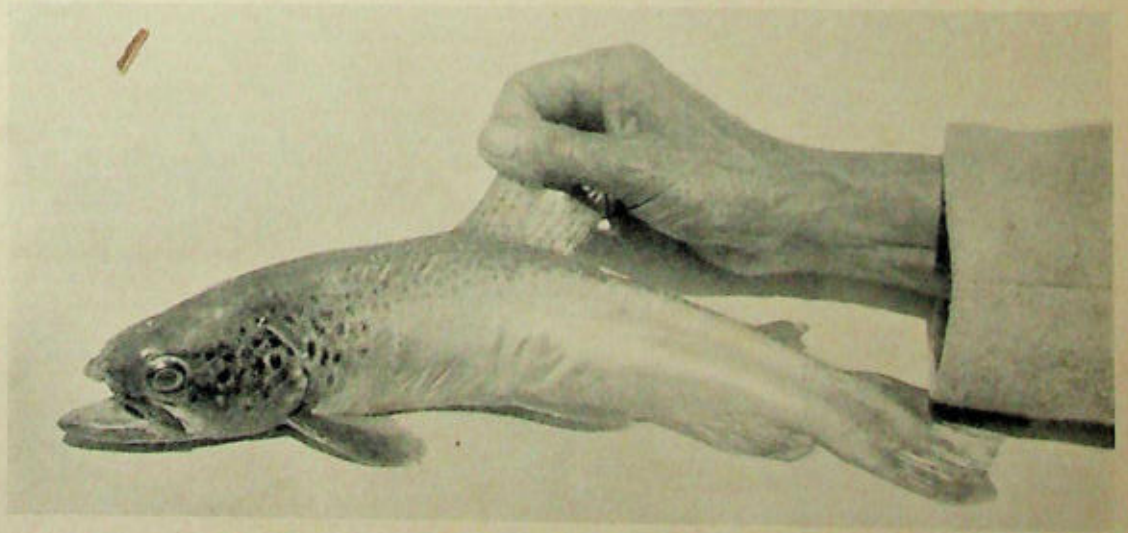
ANOTHER PUG-NOSED TROUT

SIR,—Your readers may like to compare the enclosed phtotograph of a "pug-nosed" trout with that published in your issue of August 19th. This trout was caught in the Sind, Kashmir, on September 21st this year. It weighed 1¼lb., and was in condition equal to others caught at the same time.

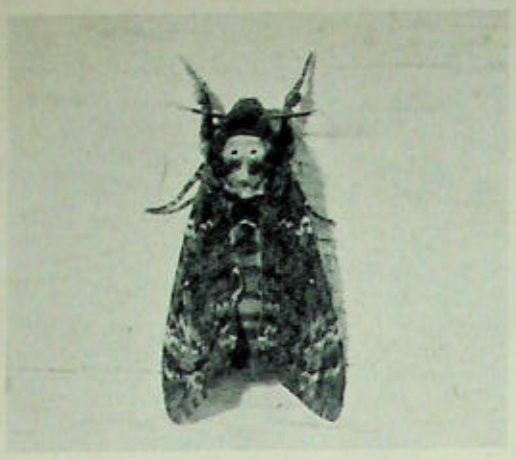
It was hooked well back in the remains of the upper jaw on a Watson's Fancy. The injury had not quite healed, and there was on the top of the head a round hole filled with granulation tissue. This is just visible in the photograph. Are these injuries caused by herons?

Yours faithfully,
Srinagar, J. C. S. OXLEY
Kashmir. (Lieut.-Colonel, retired).

[We believe that, as a rule, this deformity is caused by some injury to the ovum. ED.]



INJURED AS WELL AS MALFORMED
(See Letter "Another Pug-Nosed Trout")



GRUESOME ADORNMENT
(See Letter "A 'Death's Head' Year")

A "DEATH'S HEAD" YEAR

SIR,—This year the death's head hawk moth (*Acherontia atropos*) seems to have appeared in large numbers in the West Country, where my observations have been made. In North Devon it has been collected in dozens, chiefly in the larval stage; but several pupæ have been unearthed by potato diggers, and the perfect moth has also been taken. In Ilfracombe I saw about fourteen larvæ and pupæ brought into the Museum. Dr. F. R. Elliston-Wright, a great authority on the lepidoptera of the Braunton Burrows, tells me that he has had about eighteen specimens from Braunton this year. As regards the moth in Somerset I am informed by Mr. Balch, of Wells Museum, that he has had over twelve larvæ of this fine moth. Last week he sent me a male and a female moth, and I enclose a photograph of the latter which clearly shows the skull-like marking on the thorax. At Cheddar a child found six larvæ in a garden, five of which subsequently came into the possession of an entomologist; the sixth was eaten by a cat! It would be interesting to know if readers have found this moth abundantly in other localities.

Torrs Park, Ilfracombe, N. Devon. Yours truly, L. M. BLACKMORE.

THE FIELD

AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR FRIENDS AT HOME AND OVERSEAS — A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE FIELD

FULL PARTICULARS FROM
Circulation Manager
THE FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, LONDON, E.C.4

INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW

SIR,—In response to your letter of the 27th ult. with regard to the proposals regarding the International Horse Show, if it is the intention to again include the commercial classes of horses, etc., in the new shows, you can certainly count upon our warmest support. Yours faithfully,

5, Union Court, Old Broad Street, London, E.C. 2. CHARLES A. WELLS.

RAT AND MOLE TRAPS

SIR,—As so many of your readers are writing to me for particulars of the new rat and mole traps, will you allow me space to give a description?

The ordinary break-back mouse trap was the best sudden death trap in the world. The new Gripper rat trap is very similar, but is made entirely of steel, and large enough to kill two rats at a time.

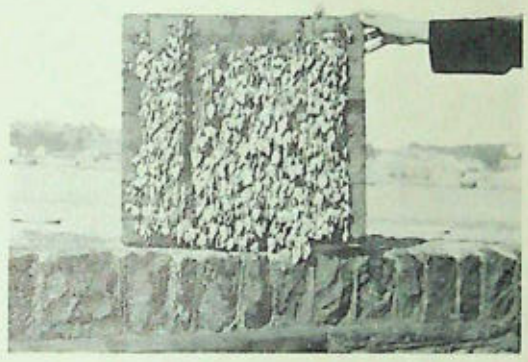
Ordinary mole traps cause a lot of unnecessary suffering, as their springs are too weak to kill quickly. The Gripper mole trap has loop handles and is fitted with a powerful coil spring, which grips the mole with an 8lb. pressure, killing it instantly.

Both traps are being specially recommended by the R.S.P.C.A. and also by the Scottish S.P.C.A. after thorough tests. They are of registered design, and made by the Gripper Manufacturing Co., Portland Road, Leicester, but should also be obtainable from any ironmonger.

Yours truly,
C. VAN DER BYL (Major).
The Fur Crusade and Humane Trapping Campaign.
Wappenham House, Towcester.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Barnacles at Home.—While staying at Instow during the past summer a ship's hatch was washed ashore covered with barnacles. As it was a matter of local interest, I enclose a snapshot which may perhaps interest readers.—(Miss) J. SMALES, 29, Tite Street, Chelsea.



PART OF A SHIP'S BURDEN
(See Letter "Barnacles at Home")

Horseshoes at Oakham.—An account of the Horseshoes at Oakham will be found in p. 58 of *Melton Mowbray and Other Memories*, by Moreton Frewen.—P. HIDE, 21, Northmoor Road, Oxford.

Wild Goats.—I see in the *Field* on November 4th there is a letter from Mr. R. C. Stone about wild goats on Rhinog Fach, in Merionethshire. I have myself seen them above the Roman Steps near Cwm Bychan Lake and also some above Aber Glashyn. I have been told also that they have been seen on the top of Diphwys, which is not far from Rhinog Fach. I have never seen them from close quarters, but local people tell me that there have been some there for a great many years, and that they have always been completely wild.—B. J. C., Abingdon, Berks.

—— In answer to Mr. Richard C. Stone. For Many years a flock of so-called wild goats lived on the big cliffs of Dinas Head, North Pembrokeshire. During the War I saw them several times on the cliffs under the Coast Watching Station.—D. J. W. EDWARDES, Southampton.

Arrival of Snow Bunting.—I saw the first snow bunting of the season on October 27th on the High Street range. This is a trifle earlier than usual.—RICHARD CLAPHAM, Troutbeck, Windermere.

A November Swallow.—On November 7th, while walking along a street in Witham, Essex, a swallow passed and repassed several times within a few feet of me. It appeared strong and well-grown with fully-developed tail feathers. This, I imagine is an exceptionally late date even for late broods in this part of the country.—COLLINGWOOD HOPE, K.C., Crix, Hatfield Peverel, Chelmsford, Essex.

IN THE CITY

ERICSSON TELEPHONES, LTD.

IT was suggested in this column last week that the investor not averse from incurring a moderate risk might consider a purchase of the £1 ordinary shares of Ericsson Telephones, Ltd., at 57/6.

Although the company was registered in 1903 the ordinary shares were privately held until last month, when they were introduced to the London Stock Exchange. Although dealings were recorded at lower figures, very few shares actually changed hands below 50/-, and the majority of bargains have been at prices varying from 54/3 to 57/6.

The company owns works at Beeston (about three miles south-west of Nottingham), and carries on a much more widespread business than its title implies. It specialises in automatic telephone installations, but is also engaged in the manufacture of all kinds of telephone, telegraph and wireless apparatus; the manufacture of cellulose enamels and varnish (and this branch of the company's business is growing rapidly); and it has invented a police signalling system which has aroused keen interest among police authorities throughout Great Britain.

The results for the last six years have been as under:—

Year.	Net Profit.	Ordinary Capital Percentage Earned.	Ordinary Capital Dividend paid per cent.
1927	£27,005	7.2	5
1928	31,012	9.4	5
1929	64,087	22.2	8
1930	88,713	32.1	12
1931	44,442	13.5	12
1932	47,525	14.9	12

It seems possible that the report for 1933 will show that the very satisfactory progress the company was making up to and including 1930 was merely postponed by the trading conditions prevailing during 1931 and 1932, and that a resumption of that progress can now be expected without undue optimism. A relatively small increase in net earnings over and above the 1932 figure would justify a dividend of 15 per cent. in respect of the current year, and such a rate of distribution is thought to be well within the bounds of possibility.

ENFIELD CABLE WORKS

Since the report of Enfield Cable Works, Ltd., in respect of 1932 was published in February this year, Enfield Rolling Mills, Ltd., has become a public company, and the £1 shares of the latter concern have changed hands on the London Stock Exchange at prices varying from 22/- to 30/6. The cable company is believed to have held 41,667 shares in the rolling mills company while it was a private concern, and is known to have subscribed for at least £75,000 new shares at par at the time it was made public.

As at December 31st, 1932, the cable company valued its investments at £119,480, which included £66,400 of quoted securities, and it will be interesting to see at what figure the investments will appear in the 1933 balance sheet. It may then be possible to show the existence of a very substantial secret asset.

Meanwhile the £1 ordinary shares of the cable company can be bought at about 95/- to yield 5¼ per cent. on the basis of the 25 per cent. dividend which has been paid for the last four years, and thus the current price of the shares might be said to be fully justified on past results without making allowance for the prospect of increasing revenue in the future.

The chairman said in March that he hoped that before many months were passed his company would begin to derive benefit from the expansion of the rolling mills company, and it now seems that these hopes were not unjustified. Beyond its former business of supplying its parent company with copper rod, etc., the rolling mills company is now selling metal sheets and apparatus for use in the brewing, dairy, food preserving, chemical, pharmaceutical and other industries.

The writer does not feel justified at this stage in describing the shares of Enfield Rolling Mills as suitable for investment purposes at the current price of about 28/6, although they obviously offer scope for substantial capital appreciation in due course, but it does seem that the shares of the cable company offer the nowadays unusual combination of a satisfactory rate of income return and promising prospects of capital appreciation.

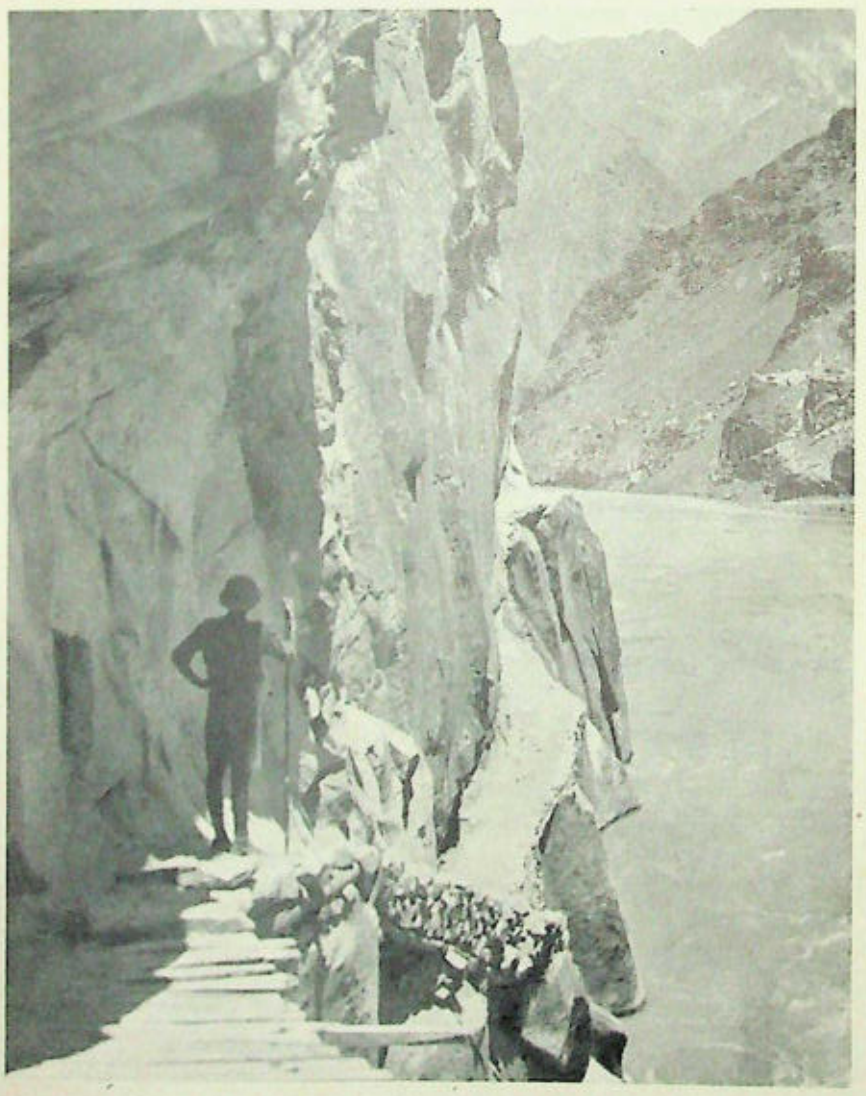
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WINNING ENTRIES IN THE "FIELD" PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION



"Gannet in Flight."—*Third Prize: C. H. Latimer-Needham, Chiltern Lodge, Wendover, Buckinghamshire*



"The Indus in Baltistan."—*Second Prize: J. R. D. Gilbert, Royal Sussex Regiment, Dover*



"The Schooner."—*First Prize: Ian G. Gilchrist, Gleninver, Dunblane, Perthshire*



"Got Him!"—*An angling scene on the River Beas, Kulu Valley, India, from Major D. J. Stevens, Florimont 13, Lausanne, Switzerland*



"Changing Mounts."—*From A. H. Robinson, Derwent House, West Ayton, Yorks*

REPRODUCED ON THIS PAGE ARE THE SELECTED PICTURES FROM THE PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION WHICH CLOSED ON NOVEMBER 11TH

The Editor of the "Field" offers prizes each month for the best photographs sent in by readers of sport, games and country life. Entries will be judged on their merits as action pictures, on their pictorial value, and on their value as records of unusual interest.

The prizes are: 1st Prize, 3 guineas; 2nd Prize, 2 guineas; 3rd Prize, 1 guinea.

RULES.—1. The latest date of entry for the third of these competitions is Saturday, December 16th. Envelopes must be marked "Photographic Competition," and addressed to The Editor, "Field" Newspaper, The Field House, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, E.C.4. 2. Only amateur photographers are eligible to compete. 3. Photographs should be sent unmounted, and no prints will be returned. 4. No correspondence will be entered into concerning the competition, and the Editor's decision will be final. 5. Any photograph reproduced in the "Field," apart from the winning entries, will be paid for at the rate of 10/6.

WELL-MATCHED HEAVY-WEIGHTS

The Coming Championship Fight

By BRIAN VESEY FITZGERALD

AT long last we have good news from the heavy-weight division. Mr. Dickson has succeeded in matching Jack Petersen and Len Harvey, and the pair are to fight for the heavy-weight championship on the 30th of this month. The fight has captured the public interest, and I am told that there is little likelihood of there being a vacant seat in the Albert Hall on the great night.

Petersen is wise in making the match. Fights against second-rate heavy-weights would have done him no good as a boxer and a considerable amount of harm as a popular idol. He is, I consider, the best heavy-weight champion, both morally and physically, that we have had; but he is still a novice and needs experience; Harvey, who has fought more than three hundred fights should give it him.

Physically the men are by no means ill-matched. Petersen has an advantage of an inch or so in height, a few inches in reach and perhaps half a stone in weight. This small advantage is, however, more than balanced by Harvey's greater experience. The fight should be most intriguing. Both men fight cleanly and both are good sportsmen and unlikely to lose their heads.

To forecast the result is difficult. Harvey has always fancied his chance with Petersen, and is confident that December will see him heavy-weight champion. My opinion of Harvey is well known. I think him a splendid boxer, a fine man and a great puncher on occasion. But I have no faith in his ability to rise to the occasion. He failed against Dundee, against Jeby, against Thil, three poor boxers but good rushing fighters. He failed against McAvoy, who is purely a fighter, and Casey, whose knowledge of boxing is almost nil, gave him a bad fright. In fact, Harvey does not inspire confidence when engaged in a big match against a man whose boxing ability is limited, but whose fighting spirit is unquenchable.

Petersen's boxing ability is distinctly limited, and he has given no proof that he has plenty of fighting spirit. We do not know if his fighting spirit is unquenchable. He should win; and by a knock-out. That is the general opinion. If Harvey can for once rise to the occasion and box as we know he can box, then Petersen will lose. But can he? I think that the force and vitality of the Welshman will win the fight.

No matter what the result, we should see a great fight. That is important. The Doyle-Petersen business dealt heavy-weight boxing in this country a very severe blow. Petersen and Harvey have a great opportunity of restoring fights between big men to favour. We are, one and all, tired of seeing fouls, unsatisfactory finishes, ugly mauls and exhibitions that savour strongly of wrestling. We should all love to see a good clean fight. The reputations of the men concerned encourage the belief that we shall see such a fight. Let us hope that we shall not be disappointed.

A FILLIP TO SIX-METRE RACING

New Boats to Meet the Americans

By MAJOR MALDEN HECKSTALL-SMITH

THE challenge for the British-American Cup, coming as it did shortly after the International Conference on Yacht Measurement, is one of exceptional interest, as it will certainly act as an incentive to build to the 6-metre class, both in this country and in America. The British-American Cup Committee, in their challenge, have naturally stipulated that the contest shall take place under the new International Rule of Measurement.

It will be remembered that, under this rule, the measurement of the yacht's underwater girth, at a point .55 of the length of the load water line from its forward end, has been dropped, and that a new method has been adopted for estimating her forward "sailing length." The effect of these modifications, each of which is a definite improvement on the old rule method, will be to stimulate the interest which is taken in design and, as yachts built to the new rule will probably be faster than the best of those built to the old, it should also—especially in view of the coming international matches—lead to the immediate construction of new boats for the 6-metre class.

American yachtsmen may not be pleased with the limitations imposed on the width of spinnakers by the International Rule, but these limitations, which were in force last season, were confirmed at the late conference, at which an American observer was present. The trial races for the selection of the British team will be held on the Clyde, and will be under the management of a Scottish committee, but they will, of course, be open to boats from other centres. It is probable, however, that the British team will be entirely composed of Clyde boats. The order for a "Six" has already been placed with the Fairlie firm, and it is expected that further Clyde orders will materialise shortly, as it is doubtful if any boats built to the old rule would be good enough to be included in the team.

News that the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club has accepted the challenge of the Royal Northern Yacht Club for the Seawanhaka Cup, also points to the probability of a number of new boats being built as, in view of the splendid performance of the Olin Stephens "Sixes" in the last Cup races, the pick of the new American craft will be a difficult boat to beat. The deletion of the girth measurement from the measurement formula should have the effect of producing a more effective lateral plane, and it should, at the same time, modify the inducement to reduce beam to an undesirable extent.

The new method of taking the "Bow-Girth Difference"—which, by the way, approximates very closely in principle, to that of the Nicholson scheme of twelve months ago—will undoubtedly have the effect of eliminating the unsightly distortion in the forward deck line often produced by the old International Rule. The wider deck line will also allow the buttock and diagonal lines to be carried out naturally as under the Universal Rule.

Solent Classes Racing Association.—The Annual General Meeting of the Association will be held at the Royal Southampton Yacht Club, Southampton, by the kind invitation of the Flag Officers and Members, on Saturday, December 2nd, at 12.15 p.m. There will be a meeting of delegates to arrange fixtures for 1934 at 11.15 a.m. It would greatly assist the meeting if those clubs that have not already submitted to the hon. secretary the dates they desire allotted to them for 1934 would do so immediately. On the agenda is a proposal by Mr. Stanley Steele and seconded by Mr. H. Brickwood "That Class Rules which admit the use of a dip stick in place of a lead and line for sounding be allowed in Solent regattas. This in the case of boats of less than 3ft. draught."

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RHODODENDRON MOUPINENSE IS NOT COMMONLY GROWN

"The flowers, about 2in. across, are freely produced, usually in clusters of two or three"

The Country House

EARLY FLOWERING SHRUBS

Colour in the Rock Garden in Winter and Early Spring

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

APART from the crocus species and the earliest-flowering irises the interest of the rock garden during the first three months of the year depends chiefly on shrubs. Moreover, the shrubs make a perfect setting for the flowering bulbs.

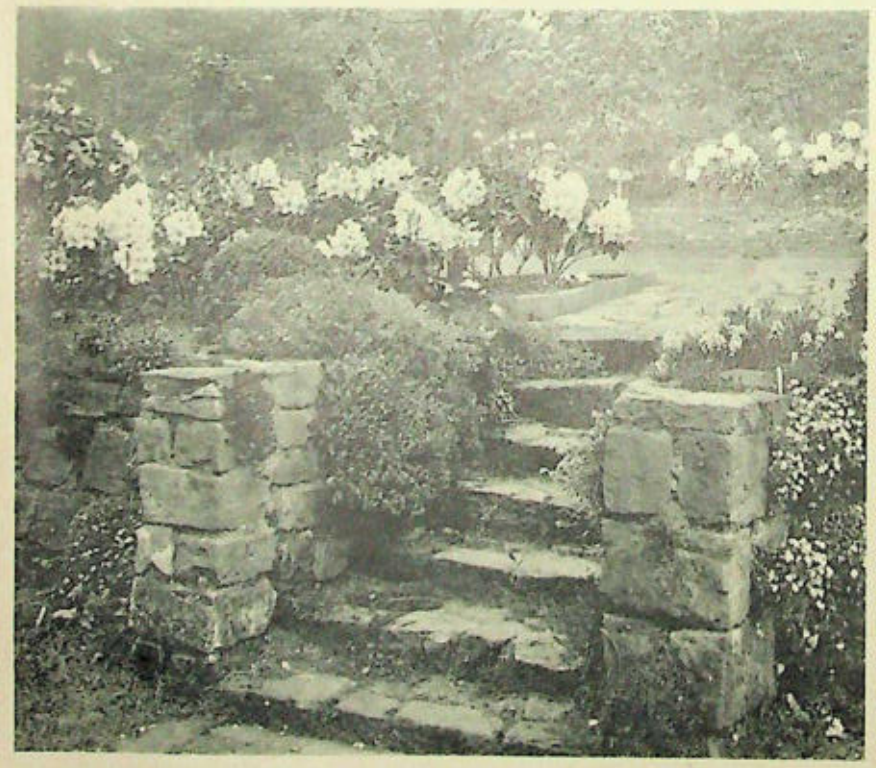
Amongst the most important subjects are some of the rhododendron species and the heaths, and fortunately the winter-flowering heaths do not resent a chalky soil. *Rhododendron mucronulatum* and *R. praecox* are invaluable and established favourites. *R. mucronulatum*, one of the earliest rhododendrons to flower, is a native of Eastern and Central Asia, and is supposed to be a variety of *R. dauricum*. It is perfectly hardy, an ideal shrub for a small garden, as it takes so little space and the flowers produced on the leafless branches in late January or early February will stand three or four degrees of frost. The pale pinkish-purple flowers are larger than those of *R. dauricum*. *R. praecox*, with pinkish lilac blooms, flowers a little later.

R. moupinense, though introduced by the late Mr. E. H. Wilson as long ago as 1909, is not commonly grown. It is a lovely rather spreading dwarf rhododendron and flowers in February or March. The rich deep colour of its evergreen foliage is a perfect foil for the beauty of its orchid-like flowers. The flowers, about 2in. across, are freely produced, usually in clusters of two or three; they are waxy in appearance and have a delicate faint fragrance. The colour varies from white to pink with purplish (or sometimes yellow) spots and striking purplish anthers.

One of the most charming of all rock garden rhododendrons is *R. Souliei*, introduced by the late Mr. E. H. Wilson in 1905. It is a native of Szechuan and grows at an altitude of 10,000ft. It is an evergreen, about 3ft. to 4ft. high, somewhat spreading in habit, and the beautiful pink flowers borne in terminal clusters of five or six, are well over 2in. across. The foliage is curious, being heart-shaped, and after the flowering period the shrub is attractive with its young bronze growths.

These shrubs would probably be more commonly grown in small gardens—for they flourish in almost any lime-free soil, provided they have sand and leaf-mould—but for the fact that it is not always easy in a small space to give them the position they require. They must have sun to ripen the wood or the flowers would be poor, but protection from the heat of the midday sun in summer is essential. In the case of those flowering in late winter protection from early morning sun is also important on account of frost. In the matter of position they are more exacting than the hardy azaleas, which also, theoretically, need part shade but which one usually sees flourishing exceedingly in full sun.

One of the most fascinating prostrate early-flowering rhododendrons is *R. repens*, from Yunnan and Tibet. Its foliage is very rich and in mild parts it opens its vivid scarlet bell-like flowers by the end of March, and the end of April in most parts of the south. It is a slow grower. What with one thing and another, however, this treasure is far from accommodating and must be given what it wants if it is to be the delight it should be. In common with those mentioned above it must have abundance of sunlight to ripen the wood, but also protection from midday sun. In dry spells it must never suffer from lack of moisture, but that moisture must not be stagnant. A sandstone district seems to be very much to its liking.





(LEFT) RHODODENDRONS GROUPED AT THE TOP OF STONE STEPS AND (RIGHT) A LARGE HEATH GARDEN

Amongst the heaths *Erica Darleyensis* and the numerous hybrids of *E. carnea* are the most valuable and accommodating. *E. Darleyensis*, which grows about 18in. high, is a mass of rose-red flowers from November to May, and delightful for growing in masses along a drive. Of the numerous *carnea* hybrids the one I like best is *Vivelli*. It is not quite so early as the others (most of them bloom from February onwards), but its vivid crimson flowers are so striking and its rich foliage and bronze shoots so attractive that they more than atone for the lack of early blooms. *Erica carnea* King George (deep red flowers), Queen Mary (pink flowers) and *E. carnea praecox rubra* are all prime favourites.

Nearly all the *carnea* hybrids are only 9in. in height, but *E. carnea Urville* is quite a foot high, with rich foliage and rose-coloured flowers. The new *E. carnea alba* var Springwood is a beautiful white-flowered heath, the flowers being ivory-white with chocolate-brown anthers. The hybrids of *Erica vulgaris* flower in late summer and early autumn, but several of them are invaluable in winter for the beauty of their foliage, notably *E. vulgaris Serlei aurea* and *E. vulgaris argentea*.

Daphne mezereum, the earliest of the daphnes to flower, often produces the first of its welcome deliciously-scented blooms in January, and in the south it is nearly always in full bloom in February. This daphne, once such a favourite in college gardens, has been cultivated in this country since the sixteenth century at least. It is supposed to be one of our native plants. Grateful as one is for its fragrant flowers in mid-winter, I think this shrub is at its loveliest in April, when the young green leaves look like pale emerald flames amidst the flowers. The white variety is not so commonly grown, but the flowers have a rare pearl-like beauty. The two reddish-purple varieties bear red berries in summer and the white-flowered kind yellow berries. These berries are extremely poisonous to human beings, but birds are very fond of them. Formerly the seeds were used as a yellow dye for wool. *D. mezereum* likes a well-drained soil, and does particularly well on chalk. It likes protection from cold winds and to be in a position where it is in shade at midday.

The finest of the daphnes is *D. odora* (*syn indica*, *syn japonica*), a native of China and Japan. Except in the most sheltered parts it needs the protection of a wall and does best facing west. It likes a loamy soil, and if lacking in lime some must be added. The fact that it is evergreen makes it a very welcome treasure in late January and early February. *D. laureola*, the spurge laurel, an evergreen native plant, is more valuable for its bright foliage than its rather inconspicuous flowers, which appear in February and March. It likes part shade.

D. blagayana, one of the rare and rather contrary daphnes, produces extremely sweet-scented flowers in March and April. The air round them is filled with their perfume. This is a species that does not require lime—in fact, succeeds only in an acid soil. It likes a well drained spot in part shade. *D. neapolitana* (*syn fionana*) flowers from the end of February onwards. It is of bushy habit and the flowers are very fragrant.

A most useful small winter-flowering shrub is *Sarcococca ruscifolia* (Central China). It is about 3ft. high, evergreen, and has small, very sweetly-scented creamy-white flowers. This useful shrub not only does well in full shade but even under trees. It does well in most soils, but prefers sandy loam.

New Books

SAPPER AND SHIKARI

New Light on Scenting Problems—Burmese Game

TITIAN was still painting at 95, but it is given to few to write a book of virile and attractive reminiscences at 90. *Four Score Years and Ten* is the attractive title of Sir Bindon Blood's memoirs, and though he only deals with that part of his life which ended when he left the active list, he writes with such vigour and interest that one cannot help regretting the tale was not carried to the present day.

It is a book mainly of interest to the shikari and the soldier—especially the Sapper. We know that the latter are all mad, married or methodist, and that officers of other arms are apt to suggest that the Corps of Royal Engineers occupy themselves very much with the drains and very little with the soldiery. If it is necessary to give the lie to that story—here it is. In all his active career the author was never once away from troops, and when he passed from regimental service he was still in command of troops throughout, either in the field or in cantonments.

The author has to his credit numerous campaigns—South Africa, the Chitral Relief Force, Egypt 1882, Afghanistan, Zululand and the Jowaki Afridi campaign.

But the climax of his career will rest on his command during the relief of Chakdara, and the subsequent operations in Buner and Swat, a campaign which has become a classic. And he occupies the unique position of being the only general of whom Mr. Winston Churchill speaks with unqualified approval. The compliment is reciprocated. "He [Mr. Churchill] was personally engaged in some very serious work in retirement, and did excellent service with a party of Sikhs to which he carried an order, using a rifle which he borrowed from a severely wounded man. . . . The Sikhs took to him at once, recognising immediately that his heart was in the right place."

Perhaps the greatest interest of the book is the reminiscences of shooting. As a picture of Indian sporting life in the pre-Curzon period Sir Bindon's recollections rank with MacIntyre and Kinloch. He has been present at the death of scores of tigers and hundreds of boar, and he has left us a striking picture of the India that will never return. Those were the days when there were tiger and elephant within a few miles of the headquarters of the Sappers and Miners at Roorkee (a goodly school of shikaris). He had a host of really exciting adventures, and many more which will be of definite value to those interested in Indian big game shooting.

The book is not contentious, but there is an interesting reference to the 9th Lancers' treatment by Lord Curzon after the death of a native cook. The regiment were then serving in Sir Bindon's command. At that time any affray between black and white had to be reported to Simla by telegram. I believe the order still holds good. The officer commanding the station assumed the supposed murder was an established fact and telegraphed the news. "Unfortunately the telegram was accepted in a similar manner and with much silly excitement in Simla, so that I made a careful official report and gave as my opinion that the cause of the whole business was a fight among the cooks and a 'plant' to get the soldiers blamed. My report was found incontrovertible, was not discussed, and something rude was written to me."

There is proof enough in these pages that the psalmists' span is a paltry one. We recommend them to all soldiers and sportsmen. Might I suggest a revision of the index: at least one of the people mentioned is not to be found on the page indicated. And might I also add—apropos of the publishers' covering letter pointing out the pages where the best parts of the book are to be found, including two stories of Queen Victoria, "both quite amusing"—that there are still some reviewers who read the books they discuss? R. M.

Four Score Years and Ten. By General Sir Bindon Blood. (Bell; 16/-.)

A STANDARD WORK FOR HUNTSMEN

A M.F.H. on His Problems

HITHERTO nothing definite has been known about scent, although its vagaries have been the subject of much speculation all down the hunting ages. At first sight the title *Hunting by Scent* might seem to suggest an addition to the many treatises on hunting to which foxhunters have become accustomed, an impression heightened by the fact that the author is a well-known ex-M.F.H., and that the jacket of the book bears a beautiful illustration by Mr. Lionel Edwards.

This however is not the case, since the practical application of its teachings and deductions will be found to be of more immediate value to trainers of individual dogs rather than to huntsmen of *packs* of hounds. A perusal of the book will explain what I mean, but, to clarify the point, it must be remembered that even if we understand the whys and wherefores of scent, it is impossible to ensure that ideal conditions shall exist on any one day and in any one place.

The huntsman must take things as he finds them; weather, temperature, the line chosen by his quarry are matters beyond his control. The dog trainer, on the other hand, armed with the knowledge that certain conditions are favourable, can to a great extent shape his plans accordingly, and so has a great advantage over the huntsman; but obviously both huntsman and trainer are in a much stronger position if they are working on ascertained fact rather than on speculative theory.

Hitherto such knowledge of scent as we may



GENERAL SIR BINDON BLOOD, G.C.B.
(*From "Four Score Years and Ten"; Bell*)

claim to possess has been based upon observation of effect with little relation to cause, and no one had carried out any definite tests to support such theories as may have been evolved, and it is in the matter of tests that Mr. Budgett now leads the field.

Tests carried out under all kinds of conditions of soil, weather and temperature. Tests of the scent of man, deer, fox, otter, hare, boar and game birds; tests with bloodhounds, foxhounds, terriers and retrievers. Nor does he stop there; he investigates the scent retaining and exhaling properties of such different substances as glass, china, grass, rubber and wool in order to give his researches the widest possible ramifications. The interested reader cannot fail to be impressed as much by the ingenuity displayed in devising tests as by the patience in their execution; nothing is left to chance; again and yet again is a test repeated until ideal conditions supervening the basic theory (whatever it may happen to be at the time) is proved or disproved.

Invention too plays its part, the author having perfected several semi-scientific instruments to aid him in his researches. An electric scent indicator and an earth and air thermometer walking stick are two of the most interesting.

Many things that have puzzled me in this are clearly and logically explained by explanations that carry conviction. I freely admit that I commenced reading this book, not so much with a view to gaining knowledge but rather in the hope of being able to pick holes therein—a probable attitude of many a crusted foxhunter.

The book is fluently written, and a very commendable feature is the summary that appears at the end of each chapter enabling the reader to find readily any particular item. For instance, Chapter III. deals with "the most favourable conditions for scent" under different subheadings relating to temperature, soil, weather and other factors.

The photographs and diagrams are beautifully clear, the illustrations by Lionel Edwards beyond all praise. *Hunting by Scent* will become a standard textbook in all hunting and training kennels, of that I feel sure; it may even come to be ranked among the classics of hunting literature. Mr. Budgett is much to be congratulated. D.

Hunting by Scent. By H. M. Budgett. Illustrated by Lionel Edwards. (Eyre & Spottiswoode; 25/-.)

ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY

A Model Big Game Book

MR. E. H. PEACOCK needs no introduction to *Field* readers; nor does the contents of his book require much description. *A Game Book for Burma and Adjoining Territories. The types, distribution and habits of large and small game, with notes on preservation, photography, tracking still-hunting and the care and measurement of trophies.* There is nothing indefinite about a title like that; it tells you exactly what you will find. Let it be added here that the various headings are all well and truly covered, and the result is the standard modern work on the subject, and one which nobody wishing to shoot in Burma should be without. It is the sort of book that has been wanted in the *Field* office for years.

Although this is a practical work, full of condensed information, there is plenty of shrewd comment. I am in entire agreement with what the author says of the supposed ease of modern big game shooting, but I would qualify his remarks for certain modern developments of shooting in Africa. "It amazes me beyond measure to find men who should know better, talking or writing to the effect that big game shooting has been so greatly simplified by the introduction of modern rifles as to be not worth following. Under modern conditions and laws, the sport of big game shooting in any closely afforested country is a far harder pastime than ever it has been, after allowing fully for the advantage of the modern high-velocity rifle over the black powder rifle of 30 or 40 years ago. The sport now aims at quality rather than quantity of game, and makes more severe calls on stamina, patience, and woodcraft than has been the case in the past, when men shot without any fear of being penalised for killing animals below a fixed standard of maturity and sex."

Mr. Peacock stresses the need for a national park in Burma, and for a permanent game warden. There is some authoritative information on the Sumatran and Javan rhinoceroses, both now nearly extinct, but it is to be hoped that the former, at least, may yet be preserved. All the other mammals and birds of Burma are fairly dealt with, and there are innumerable small tips which the novice can profit by. He will, in particular, do well to study the very clear pictures of various tracks which are included, for the majority of his shooting in Burma will be tracking and "still-hunting."

It is not necessary to add that the book is finely prepared and illustrated, for the author's work in this direction is so well known. There is also an interesting chapter on photography, which no doubt the experts will get their teeth into!

It is not often that we get the chance of welcoming a shikar book as we do this one. R. M.

A Game Book for Burma. By E. H. Peacock. (Witherby; 12/6.)

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Everybody knows Christopher Stone. (And lucky people know his two brothers as well.) So the huge public who like the voice that comes to them from B.B.C. House will buy, or the discerning part of it at least will buy, *Christopher Stone Speaking*, charming reminiscences from Elkin, Mathews & Marrot, at 6/-.

The Life of a Tiger and the Life of an Elephant, by Sir S. Eardley-Wilmot, K.C.I.E. (Arnold's Kingfisher Library; 3/6), is a very useful and sane naturalist book.

Three White Stockings, by Moyra Charlton, illustrated by Gilbert Holiday (Putnam; 5/- net), is another delightful story by this fifteen-year-old author, who writes charmingly of a high-couraged hunter which is cured of its nervous temperament by the sympathy of its young mistress.

Two Horsemen and Mabel, by Colonel M. F. McTaggart, D.S.O. (*Country Life*; 5/- net), is a series of imaginary letters from father to son, in which the parent expounds the principles of horsemanship, stable management and riding to hounds in an expert manner. The charm of these sensible letters is considerably increased by Colonel McTaggart's original and unorthodox views on horsemanship.

Foxhunting from the "Times" (illustrated; 5/- net; Times Publishing Company) is a pleasantly arranged book by the Hunting Correspondent of the *Times*, which deals with such diverse subjects as local enthusiasm, the Newby Ferry Disaster, Point-to-Points, and vixens and cubs.

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR



SETTING UP A NEW WORLD RECORD FOR DIESEL-ENGINED CARS

Captain G. E. T. Eyston photographed while establishing new record speeds of 101.98 *m.p.h. for the mile and* 104.86 *m.p.h. for the kilometre at Brooklands last month*

WILL THE CAR OF THE FUTURE RUN ON OIL?

Improvements in the Diesel Engine—Captain Eyston's Record—Costs of Petrol and Oil Compared

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

RECORDS recently set up by Captain G. E. T. Eyston at Brooklands on a Diesel-engined car give rise to a very interesting train of thought: Will the pleasure car of the future be run on fuel oil, or is petrol destined to retain the virtual monopoly it enjoys at present?

Eyston's car was fitted with a standard 130 h.p. six-cylinder A.E.C. motor of a similar type to that used by the London General Omnibuses, and the body was a saloon, specially streamlined. The speed set up was 101.98 m.p.h. for the mile, and 104.86 m.p.h. for the kilometre. The highest Diesel engine speed previously attained had been 100.75 m.p.h.

This was achieved by the American inventor, Mr. Cummins, at Daytona, in February, 1931, while I was there with the Blue Bird, his record being made two days after the Blue Bird's successful effort of that year.

Mr. Cummins gave me a run up the beach on that occasion, and my impression at the time was that his motor was very harsh, and that the smell of the exhaust was most unpleasant. In both respects, however, the Diesel-engined car has been considerably improved in subsequent years.

For sheer reliability a Diesel engine, compared with one running on petrol, would be almost impossible to beat. When I journeyed out to Cocos we made the voyage on a small yacht belonging to Mr. K. Lee Guinness. The power unit was a single 450 h.p. four-cylinder Diesel engine, which had been built in 1917, and which Lee Guinness had purchased secondhand.

I would not like even to hazard a guess as to how many hours that engine had run before being installed in the *Adventuress*; all I can say is that it ran faultlessly all the way out to Cocos and back again—a matter of over 10,000 miles—and that it has been running ever since in the same vessel and has not given a moment's trouble.

This example of reliability is by no means unique, and, in fact, it is the kind of service one can expect from a marine Diesel unit, the engine speed being relatively low. The engine to which I have referred used to give off its full power when running at 180 r.p.m. For economy in fuel, these heavy duty engines have no equal, and as an example of this I would like to give my own personal experiences.



A REAR VIEW OF CAPTAIN EYSTON'S CAR

Inspecting the oil tank prior to the record-breaking run

Two years ago I owned a 52-ft. motor cruiser which was equipped with two four-cylinder petrol engines, each of 55 h.p. My maximum speed was 10½ knots, and the fuel consumption worked out at 8 gallons per hour when running at full throttle. My present boat is 73ft. long, has a beam which is 5ft. wider, and draws 3ft. 6in. more water than the former vessel.

The power plant of this yacht consists of two 60.80 h.p. high speed Diesel engines, and the maximum speed is the same, viz., 10½ knots; and the fuel consumption under full throttle works out at 5 gallons of oil per hour. A comparison of the fuel costs of the two vessels is really astonishing. With petrol at 1/6 per gallon, the former boat cost 12/- an hour to run, while the latter, with oil at 5d. per gallon, only costs 2/1 per hour.

Bearing in mind the question of economy, and not losing sight of the immunity from the risk of fire, it is little wonder that so many of the leading engineers of the world are now concentrating their attention on the Diesel engine. A great many of the troubles that beset the heavy duty engines in the early days have now completely disappeared.

Starting from cold used to present certain difficulties, but to-day one can rely on a Diesel engine starting up from cold just as quickly as a petrol motor. In fact, I should say it starts up even quicker. Vibration, another bad trait which used to be associated with this class of motor, has practically disappeared.

At first the Diesel engine, because of its comparatively enormous weight, was only considered practicable when applied to marine purposes, but to-day this handicap has, one might say, been entirely overcome.

Until comparatively recently a Diesel engine could only be regarded as a slow speed engine, and, therefore, only suitable for heavy duty work. The main reasons were the tremendous weight and strength of all rotating and reciprocating parts; this margin of strength being necessitated by the extraordinary strains and stresses of all the parts of the working mechanism under a compression ratio which was seldom less than 16 to 1.

All this meant that if a powerful engine was required it would, owing to its slow speed, have to be very large and correspondingly heavy. For marine work, or for stationary engines, the weight did not matter, but it prevented this type of motor from being employed in pleasure cars and aeroplanes, and its field of activity was, therefore, limited to commercial vehicles.

To-day the position has completely altered, for our engineers are not only able to produce a Diesel engine that begins to compare favourably in weight with its brother running on petrol, but have succeeded in increasing its normal running speed enormously.

Dealing with the question of weight, it may be mentioned that at the present moment one of our foremost

aero-engine manufacturers is engaged on the construction of an aviation engine, which, when installed in an aeroplane with a fuel supply sufficient for a flight lasting four hours, is the same weight as a petrol engine of the same horse power; but when sufficient fuel is carried for a flight of 20 hours the Diesel engine, due to its economy of fuel, is half-a-ton lighter.

To give some idea of the progress recently made with the Diesel engine, I would like to quote the following figures. The manufacturers of the Commer lorry are in a position to supply their 2-ton vehicle fitted either with a petrol or a Diesel motor. The petrol engine has an R.A.C. rating of 22 h.p., and gives off 60 h.p.; its fuel consumption works out, I believe, at 14 m.p.g.

The rating of the Diesel engine is 18 h.p. It gives off 42 b.h.p., its fuel consumption works out at 38 m.p.g., and it weighs about 40lb. less than the former. What interested me most when I was shown this motor was the fact that this particular Diesel engine peaks at a speed of 2,800 r.p.m., but that motors of this type have been running on the bench for long periods at 3,500 r.p.m., and have even reached a speed of 4,200 r.p.m., which is positively terrific.

At present the heavy duty engine, although it is almost a misnomer to use the term, certainly does not run so smoothly as a really well-balanced petrol motor, but with all the later devices of rubber engine mountings, and at the present rate of development, this drawback will, I should say, soon disappear.

The cost of a Diesel engine is at the moment considerably more than that of one using petrol, but no doubt when production increases they will become less expensive. It must be remembered, also, that in the Diesel we have an engine which for economy in fuel has no equal, and one, also, in which the risks of fire have been completely eliminated.

100 m.p.h. ON SEA WATER

Mr. H. Scott-Paine's New Record with Miss Britain III

EVER since Miss Britain III returned from America after her gallant attempt to wrest the Harmsworth Trophy from Commodore Gar Wood's boat Miss America X, H. Scott-Paine, her builder and owner, has been making various modifications to his unique craft, the efforts culminating on November 16th in a successful attempt, off Hythe, Southampton, to exceed 100 m.p.h. on sea water.

The mean average speed of 100.32 m.p.h. now attained by Mr. Scott-Paine's boat is an amazingly creditable performance, for only one Napier engine is fitted, the maximum output being about 1,375 h.p. The new figure is the highest ever recorded in any circumstance with a craft fitted with a single engine, besides being the fastest speed so far reached on sea water.

Owing to the weather conditions it was impossible to steer a perfectly straight course, otherwise the record figure would undoubtedly have been higher. The run was extremely bumpy and the helmsman and his mechanic had difficulty in keeping their seats.

By way of comparison it may be mentioned that Miss America X is fitted with four Packard engines having a combined output of 6,400 h.p. and unlike Miss Britain III she can only be used on fresh water. With the British boat the only change necessary is in regard to the propeller, the greater density of salt water making it necessary to modify the pitch or angle of the blades.

Miss Britain III differs from practically all other racing motor boats in that the hull is constructed of a specially light and salt-water resisting alloy.

M. R. H.

SPEED ON THE AIRWAYS

Is Britain Falling Behind?

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

SPEED is so predominantly the characteristic advantage of air travel that to many people "aviation" and "high speed" have become virtually synonymous. Every year sees the association made closer, for commercial air line operators are recognising more clearly that faster and faster communications are demanded by the travelling public, and it is obvious that airways can do more than any other form of transport in creating them.

It has been said that this necessity for speed is admitted far more abroad than by those responsible for British airways. Point is given to this view by the recent introduction of the Dewoitine D.332 monoplane by Air France—the new unified airways organisation of France. This machine is stated to be capable of flying the London—Paris route in one-and-a-quarter hours, as a 24-seater, and has, in fact, completed the journey on an experimental basis in even less time.

This represents, of course, a marked advance on present schedules; it is not yet announced, however, whether this will be followed up in the immediate future by a regular service on such accelerated lines. It is, however, the admitted aim of this airline to achieve a time-table involving only one hour's flying between the terminal air ports, and with this object it is understood that the above-mentioned machine is to be fitted with a retractable undercarriage and variable pitch propellers. This enterprising policy will be watched with much interest.

America, too, has paid very great attention to the development of high cruising speeds on her airways, and figures in the neighbourhood of 200 m.p.h. are credited to some machines. As a result, the United States has probably the fastest system of internal air communications of any country in the world.

Speed, however, is not at the present time gained without some sacrifice of other desirable attributes; it cannot be considered by itself. In American practice, the high cruising speeds prevailing are often accompanied by landing speeds that would not be tolerated in this country even if circumstances permitted. It must be remembered that in America, where aerodromes or "flying fields" are usually larger and with more suitable environs, a higher landing speed is less undesirable than in this country, where aerodromes are small on account of the scarcity of suitable land near important cities.

British policy has been directed first and foremost towards comfort and safety; its justification in the latter respect is indicated by the low accident statistics of our airways over a long period. The need for speed has, however, not been forgotten, but it is subordinated to the demand for other desirable features.

The outstanding success of our Imperial Air Routes has been the result of economy in administration and well-balanced compromise in the design and operation of aircraft. Our own machines represent a large measure of comfort and safety, and incorporate advantages such as silence in a marked degree, in addition to amenities such as catering services and toilet conveniences.

Nevertheless, it is clear that the cruising speeds of British machines must be raised if foreign competition, daily growing more keen, is to be met; but it is none the less certain that no increase of speed must be allowed to upset, in the slightest degree, the British airways' reputation for all-round reliability.

The problem, then, is mainly technical, for it involves the provision of aeroplanes with a greater maximum/minimum speed ratio. Cruising speed must be raised, but landing speeds must certainly not be increased. This is not impossible, as recent developments reveal, for the whole trend of modern design is towards a wider speed range; apart from the many improvements in this respect in the design of conventional aircraft, the introduction of such types as the autogyro and the "paddle-wheel" aeroplane that is now attracting attention had this end primarily in view.

Another aspect that necessarily demands close attention is the economic, where again there are big differences between British and foreign policy. Here, the British aim has always been to make the airways self supporting as soon as possible; elsewhere, subsidies seem to be regarded more as a permanent necessity.

It will doubtless be urged by some that increasing speed would mean greater costs, and would therefore prove uneconomic. Experience suggests, however, that higher speeds and more frequent service will tend to attract an increased use that will compensate for the additional cost involved, this being particularly true of the shorter routes whose value rises proportionately to the speed of service.

Closely bound up with the economic aspect of speed is the question of depreciation—in fact, this forms one of the greatest difficulties that the British airways have to face. In this country, the standard demanded of materials and construction is the highest in the world: and that fact ensures a durability that makes aircraft outlive their usefulness.

It is a common, but fallacious, idea that aeroplanes are comparatively short-lived structures that can be cheaply replaced when progress in design renders them out of date. As a matter of fact, they are so well built that they remain perfectly safe and airworthy long after they have become out of date in performance and convenience. This fact, in the present system of economy delays the utilisation of the results of scientific research in the search for speed.

In this article, what may be called the technical aspects of speed have been discussed; and it will be seen that the British policy is one that seeks an efficient compromise between speed, comfort, reliability, and economy. That there is room for improvement as regards performance, few will deny. There are several ways in which certain services may be speeded up, and one of the most important of them—the separation of air-mail traffic from passengers—will form the basis of the next article in this series.



THE FASTEST 3-ENGINE AIR LINER (188 M.P.H.) YET CONSTRUCTED
This French monoplane, the new Dewoitine "Emerald," will be in service next summer

A SURVEY OF WINTER SPORTS CENTRES

SWEDEN

THERE is a steadily increasing realisation among the winter sports community of this country of the advantages offered by the northern lands of Europe. Sweden, perhaps the last country to come into its own in this respect, is making correspondingly vast strides in popularity.

The journey, which was widely, though incorrectly, believed to be lengthy, has now been shortened by the introduction of a seven-hour air service to Malmo. For those who prefer a sea passage, the boats of the Swedish Lloyd line ply between Tilbury and Gothenburg in 34 hours. If neither air nor sea travel is desired, any cross-Channel service leads to the Continental expresses via Berlin or Hamburg and the Sassnitz-Tralleborg train ferry to Stockholm in a matter of 48 hours.

So much for the actual journey to Sweden. The trains in the country are comfortable, fast, and quite remarkably inexpensive. To the winter sports tourist in Sweden, however, travelling may be even cheaper; within certain dates, and to specified sports centres, big winter reductions are made—amounting in some instances to as much as 50 per cent. Hotels are often correspondingly reasonable. Of course, English is spoken everywhere in Sweden.

Having thus disposed of finance and travel in Sweden, we come to the real business of the tourist at this time of year—the winter sports. If asked to express the advantages of Swedish winter sports, apart from the pleasure which any good terrain affords the enthusiast, one would probably emphasise, first, the peculiar variety of the centres, both in the type of sport they offer and in their surroundings; and, secondly, the thoroughness with which the sports are conducted by Swedes everywhere. One is tempted to add, the great welcome which English people always receive—but that, of course, is common to Sweden at all times of year.

Looking at the special characteristics of the more popular Swedish resorts, one would be inclined to start at Stockholm, where most travellers eventually arrive; but we should notice in passing that Gothenburg, the nearest port to England, possesses a fine sports terrain at Hindas; also, that on the hills and in the valleys of Varmland, the Selma Lagerlof country only a few hours north of Gothenburg, some excellent sport and good accommodation can be obtained.

Stockholm is, of course, superbly situated, with the beautiful Archipelago on the one hand and the island-studded Lake Malaren on the other. Thus you find that although there are some fine ski-jumps near the city (that at Fiskartorpet is 148ft.), and although curling, bandy, hockey and skating proper can be enjoyed to the full, nevertheless the chief attractions are skate-sailing and ice-yachting. The immense speeds obtained, and the skill and judgment required, lend these sports a fascination rarely equalled.

Twelve hours north of the capital is Dalecarlia, famed for its 54-metre Vasa Ski Race across Lake Siljan. Another twelve, and you reach Storlien, the best beginners' centre in Sweden; also Are, where aeroplanes take you up to your ski-runs and the Lapps give you a novel thrill in their reindeer-drawn "akja" sleighs. Much the same distance from Stockholm is Solleftea, in Angermanland, famed for its tremendous ski jump.

Finally, a mention of Lapland must be made. Instead of the usual January to March or April season in Sweden, winter sports take place at Riksgransen, Lapland, from mid-May to mid-June; Midnight Sun included. Whatever plans you make, this should be on your Swedish itinerary. It is the last word in winter sports.

P. B. RAMER.

NORWAY

OF Norwegian winter sports resorts Finse is the nearest to England, being only five hours from Bergen. It seems to be on the top of the world. Nothing but snow. Not a tree to be seen, only a line of telegraph posts connecting this mountain waste to civilisation. Even the railway line shows up very little, for it runs in deep snow cuttings and tunnels. In front of the hotel there is a steep short run, known as the "International" (so named, I have been told, because here foreign runners, mainly British, delight in practising their turns and stops). This is a sporting run, given good snow, with a drop of about 800ft. Overlooking the hotel is the Finsenuten, a gentle climb of some 900ft., but by working round to the north and west of the peak, steep runs down to the railway can be found.

The most popular runs are those from the Hardanger Jiökelen (glacier), a gentle rise of 2,146ft. The greater part of the runs down can be done at top speed. These and the tours to Daemmevashytten, 14 km., to Bakahelteren, 10 km., and to St. Paal, 6 km., are often marked with sticks. In bad weather this is very necessary, and runners are advised not to stray from the marked routes. The three tours mentioned above are quite different from tours in the Alps. The enjoyment consists in the long distances over undulating country, a succession of easy climbs succeeded by short runs, all taken straight. East of Finse, at 27 and 38 km. respectively, are two resorts—Haugastöl and Ustaoset. Here the surroundings are much the same as at Finse.

Geilo, the next station to Ustaoset, is just below the tree line; the trees are silver birch and for the most part do not interfere with the ski-runner. Within an hour one gets above them. Geilo is on the northern slopes of the Ustedalen, a wide valley running east and west. As elsewhere in Norway, the ski-runner can wander anywhere though there are several recognised tours such as Snehoegda—Bodalen, Liabroete—Foss, four to five hours; the same with extension either to Sharranden or Prestholtsaeter, to Ustaoset by train, Ustatind, and back by Natteranden and Pariser Loeipet; also Ustaoset—Eimeheia, Prestholtsaeter—Hafsdalen, four hours. Geilo is some 1,400ft. lower than Finse and so the season is shorter, the larger hotel being closed at the end of April. The climate is not nearly so severe as at Finse. I have never been confined to the hotel owing to bad weather.

Oslo has been well named "the ski-ing capital of the world." A modern city with tramways and a tube railway, where practically everyone skis, or appears to, from the size of the queues waiting at stations and tramway halts on Saturdays and Bank Holidays.



IDEAL CONDITIONS FOR THE SKIER: BRILLIANT SUN, STEEP SLOPES, AND A SOFT POWDER SNOW

The Nordmarken woods are easily reached by electric trains to Voksenkollen, Frognerseteren and Holmenkollen. It is at the latter place that the great annual International Ski Meeting is held during the last week in February. Good skating can be obtained on the Frogner Stadion, Bislet and Delenengen rinks. The toboggan run starts from Frognerseteren.

Going north from Oslo there are two winter resorts I have visited, both situated in typical undulating Norwegian country. At both places there are comfortable hotels. One, Landaasen, six miles north-east of Odnes Station, on the Valdres line, and the other, Hosbjor, above Hamar, on the main line Oslo—Trondheim. Further to the north is Fefor, which, to my mind, ranks with Finse as the best place in Norway for English visitors. It has one advantage over Finse—the weather is not so boisterous, and if it does blow, one can always get a day's outing in the woods.

Fefor is 45 minutes by motor car from Vinstra, on the main line to Trondheim. There are over 70 bedrooms, most of them with central heating, in small houses and chalets grouped round the central hotel.

Behind the hotel is Feforkampen, which gives a short but steep run down

A Survey of Winter Sports Centres
(Continued)

to the lake. It is easy going across the lake and through the open wood to the lower hut on the Ruten, and given good snow a fine run down from the top of the Ruten. A good day trip is to Dalseter, going half-way up the Ruten, then right to the pass. It is a good run to Dalseter, where there is a hut, and after the light refreshments found there the climb back to the pass presents no difficulties.

Many runners go to Bessheim, in the Jotunheim district, via Fefor and Dalseter, but the sleigh route is from Sjoa, a station north of Vinstra. Norwegian runners will tell you that Bessheim is the finest ski-ing place in Norway. There are a number of runs of over 3,000ft., all in the open, but winds are prevalent and the accommodation is simple—sufficient, however, for hardy runners.

North of Vinstra the line runs over the Dovre mountains, and accommodation can be found at Domaas, on the southern slopes of the range, and at Opdal, on the northern slopes. Behind the hotel at Opdal, a modern up-to-date building, there are two runs from the Piggerne and Orsnipen.

Trondheim is the farthest north I have been, a town of 55,000 inhabitants with a harbour visited annually by over 10,000 vessels. To the south and west there are some good ski-ing mountains.

In Norway, for the most part, the skier can keep going all day long, without overtaxing his, or her, strength, and given fine weather is enjoying every minute of the day.

J. B. Wroughton (Brig.-Gen.).

SWITZERLAND

THOSE in search of a winter sports centre in Switzerland have virtually got to decide between the Bernese Oberland, the Klosters-Davos district, and the Engadine.

In the first-named area, some of the finest ski-ing grounds are to be found on either side of the Lauterbrunnen Valley. On the west is Mürren, 5,420ft., where some of the steepest slopes in Switzerland are to be found. For this reason it provides a very stern school of ski-ing and the standard consequently has become very high.

On the other side of the valley lie Wengen and the Scheidegg, the latter standing at the foot of the great glacier which falls from the massive Jungfrau. Putting these two together (as they are joined by a funicular) some of the very finest runs in the Alps can be enjoyed from them, varying in altitude from 4,000ft. to 12,000ft.

The Klosters-Davos district has as its greatest lure the famous Parsenn run. This has been greatly improved by an increase in length due to the building of a funicular above Davos, which carries the runner 3,000ft. straight above the town and so saves the long climb on ski. The run now consists of seven miles of the most perfect ski-ing slopes.

The Engadine has its two greatest centres at St. Moritz and Pontresina, both being remarkably well served by railways and funiculars. The latter has a good service taking the runner up to the Italian frontier, whence there are some splendid routes back. St. Moritz caters for every type of sport. The curling rinks are as famous as the skating ones, while the Corviglia funicular provides a wonderful 3,000ft. descent right into the town. There is probably no locality which can offer such a variety of ski tours, long or short, thus suiting every degree of performer; and there is certainly no centre which can show such a variety of hotels, thereby providing for every purse.

N. W.

AUSTRIA

TO the majority of Englishmen the mention of winter sports in Europe means one thing—Switzerland—but only a few realise what tremendous opportunities are offered in Austria. There is every reason why the country should be popular with English people once its advantages have become known. To begin with, the distance from England is very little greater than that of the Engadine, and the rail service has been greatly accelerated owing to electrification. Hotels, though possibly not so large, offer equal comfort with those of any other country, and the rate of living is remarkably low; an inclusive rate of 15 – per day is a fair average.

The principal ski-ing grounds are to be found in the Tyrol. The Arlberg, which is the westernmost area of the country and the nearest to England, possesses at least three first-class resorts which are far superior to a great many Swiss ones.

St. Anton stands 4,270ft. above the sea at the eastern end of the Arlberg Tunnel: it is a splendid locality for ski tours, although this is not at first obvious to the casual observer. Guides are available at very moderate charge. Zürs is even higher—5,800ft.—with some magnificent tours to be made from it. This small resort has now become famous as the venue of the Hannes Schneider school of ski-ing, one of the finest training centres in the art of ski-ing in the world.

Innsbruck is a large town of 70,000 inhabitants, and for ski-ing is rather on the low side, being only 1,912ft., but there is a fine skating rink and a four-mile toboggan run, which can be covered, it is claimed, in sixteen minutes.

Kitzbühel is a picturesque little town lying farther to the east of Innsbruck, where snow is plentiful. For the ski-runner there are said to be 22 ways up and over 50 ways down, varying from three to seven miles in length.

N. R.

FRANCE

CHAMONIX, in Savoy, comes easily first among the winter resorts of France. Situated at a height of 3,443ft. and dominated by Mont Blanc, there are many and varied slopes for ski-ing, the Col de Voza and Col de Balme being ideal for beginners. There is also an ice track for sleighing and tobogganing on the north-west side of the valley, and numerous skating rinks for those who do not ski. A comprehensive programme of sports is arranged for the season, which lasts from December until the middle of March. There is excellent hotel accommodation.

Other resorts in the region of Mont Blanc are Combleaux and Mégève. The latter (3,750ft.) is reached by motor sleigh from Sallanches on the main line from Paris to St. Gervais, and is visited principally on account of its excellent ski fields; skating, lugeing, and bobsleighing are, however, also well provided for.

Combleaux (3,115ft.) is between Sallanches and Mégève, and is a thoroughly up-to-date resort from which delightful ski-tracks lead around the surrounding countryside.

H.





ALL THE EXCITEMENT OF THE CRESTA RUN, AND (RIGHT) THE CALM BEAUTY OF THE AUSTRIAN TYROL

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

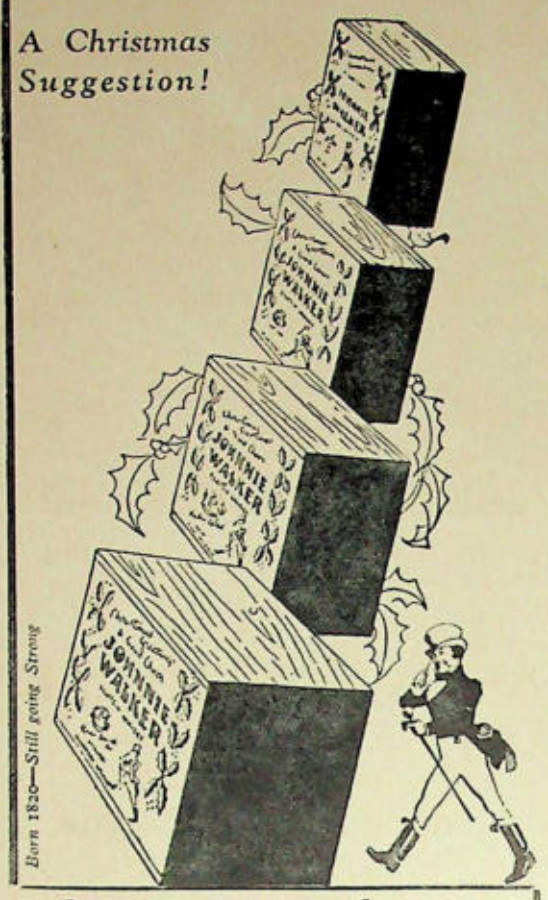
VOL. CLXII. NO. 4223. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1933 REGISTERED. PRICE 1S. POSTAGE {INLAND, 2D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND, 1½D.; FOREIGN 4½D.}



THE LEADING OWNER OF THE FLAT-RACE SEASON, THE EARL OF DERBY, K.G.

Lord Derby is seen leading in his second Derby winner, Hyperion, which also won the St. Leger, and may possibly next year set a further seal to his fame by winning the Ascot Gold Cup

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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.

OLYMPIC GAMES—OR POLITICS?

ARE the Olympic Games to drop back from their unique position in the world of sport to the bickering level of international politics? It is perhaps early to decide, but the signs of the times are not favourable. Last week, in a message from Pittsburg, U.S.A., it was stated that the American Athletic Union had on November 20th passed a resolution calling on the International Olympic Committee to inform Germany that unless German-Jewish athletes were permitted to "train and prepare for, and participate in, the Olympic Games at Berlin in 1936," the United States athletes would not take part in the games.

What is the reason for this attitude? We in this country, through the British Olympic Association, have not heard of any action, or proposed action on the part of the Germans to debar Jews of other countries from taking part in the games. It would seem, therefore, that the resolution passed by the American Athletic Union is addressed to Germany herself, calling on that country to admit German Jews into the German teams. And it is possible that this resolution is based on inferences from the situation in which the Germans have placed Daniel Prenn, the international lawn tennis player. Prenn was born in Russia, and has had a remarkable lawn tennis career. He won all the Junior Championships in Germany in 1920–23, became Champion of Germany in 1927, represented Germany in the Davis Cup in 1928–30, and by beating Austin and Perry in 1932 was responsible for Germany's victory over Great Britain and her entry into the inter-zone final. This year, however, he has not been allowed to represent Germany further. If we may judge the probable course of events as regards the coming Olympic Games of 1936, Jews will not be selected by Germany as competitors.

But that is surely Germany's affair, and no other country's. It is for Germany to choose the German team. If the Germans were to proclaim that they would not compete against Jewish athletes from other countries, that would be a different matter altogether. They have not yet made such a proclamation. Meanwhile we may deplore, if we choose, every action on the part of the Germans which would seem to introduce into the realm of athletics any element of racial prejudice. But we have no right to protest against their Olympic authorities managing their teams for themselves. What would the American Athletic Union say if the Germans insisted on this or that specification or limitation with regard to the American team for the Olympic Games? Suppose, for instance, that Germany were to request the International Olympic Committee to inform America that they must not include men of colour in their team?

The *Field* has protested before now against certain German pronouncements as to the character of their preparation for sporting contests. In a leading article on July 15th we drew attention to the attitude towards games adopted by the Reich Commissioner of Sport, who announced that the true aim of German gymnastic clubs must henceforth be to train the youth of the country in the sport of arms. That is a deplorable doctrine. It is utterly opposed to the spirit of friendly rivalry which has throughout the story of the Olympic Games animated the mind and effort of competing countries. It is the threat of a braggart rather than what should be the noble challenge of a sportsman. And we do not believe that it represents the real feeling of sportsmen in Germany. We hope to see that spirit of sportsmanship fostered by international competition. It will not be encouraged by preliminary interference from outside with what, as regards this anti-Jewish movement, is a domestic German affair.

THE SOUTH DOWNS

ONCE more the South Downs lie under a threat. In 1928 the Duke of York declared the Devil's Dyke as dedicated to the use of the public for ever, and a great national possession was assured of safety from the exploitation of money-makers. Within a few months the Brighton Corporation had pushed forward a scheme for a motor-racing track on the Downs, which would have nullified the Duke's beneficent action of bestowal. Fortunately the scheme was opposed—for the time successfully.

Now it is again brought forward. The Downs, if the Brighton Corporation have their way, are to be violated by the noise, the building, the crowds and the litter of a racecourse. A "Super Motor-Racing Track" is to scar the countryside south-west of the Devil's Dyke—as Lord Buxton describes it, in a letter to the *Times*, "one of the most accessible and beautiful portions of the Downs." Cannot the Brighton, Hove and District Joint Town Planning Advisory Committee step in here? Their most laudable object has been the preservation of the amenities of this district. And what of the Commissioners of Crown Lands? Part of the new scheme involves a road over Crown property. Will not the Commissioners help to secure from invasion what is not only the property of the Crown, but a possession of Englishmen?

CRICKETERS AND "LEG THEORY"

Diplomacy has been carried a little too far in the decisions arrived at by a joint meeting of the Advisory County Cricket Committee and the Board of Control of Test Matches held to consider the county captains' replies to the M.C.C. circular regarding fast leg-theory bowling. The decision that no alteration of the Laws is desirable was only common sense. But the meeting merely skated round the issue by arriving at agreement that "any form of bowling which is obviously a direct attack by the bowler upon the batsman would be an offence against the spirit of the game," and that the county captains could safely be trusted not to permit such bowling.

What constitutes a direct attack upon the batsman? The point at issue surely is not whether this particular type of bowling is against the spirit of the game, but whether it is in the best interests of cricket as a game. That question seems to us to have been diverted into the wrong channels and captains may well wonder now whether they can conscientiously employ any form of bowling on the leg side.

ENCOURAGING YOUNG ARTISTS

Three years ago, Mrs. Wertheim started the Wertheim Galleries, in Burlington Gardens, for the encouragement of young artists between 20 and 30 years of age. They are called the "twenties group," and one of them, Mr. Geoffrey de Selincourt, is at present holding a very interesting exhibition at these galleries. It is well worth a visit. Mr. de Selincourt's pictures are made particularly attractive by his handling of pure colour, and the attention he pays to composition. Two of these pictures are outstanding—"The Pool," an extremely realistic representation of water surrounded by evergreens, with a pleasing atmosphere of depth and quiet; and a portrait of the artist's uncle, Hugh de Selincourt, which is full of character and an excellent likeness. The exhibition is mainly of oil paintings, but there are one or two unframed water-colours, which no lover of the country could fail to appreciate.

Mrs. Wertheim's venture is always encouraging new talent, and has proved a great help to many a young artist.

BRITISH ART AT THE ACADEMY

No more gratifying example of self-determination could be found than in the intention of the Royal Academy to make their Winter Exhibition one of British Art. The result will certainly be as successful as the policy is sound.

Sir William Llewellyn, the President, and his committee, have been indefatigable and fortunate in past years in assembling masterpieces of those Dutch, Flemish, Italian and French schools to which the artists of our own country no less than ourselves were indebted. But from the days of the monkish illuminators the British artist has shown that if he profited by the lessons, he had also something to teach. In decorative and plastic art as well as in painting the creative gift has never been lacking.

The King is the patron of the Exhibition, and from his collection, and from many others in a nation of collectors, many famous paintings are promised. The portraitists of the eighteenth century, the water-colourists of the nineteenth will be nobly represented; the artificers of the Middle Ages will have their rightful place. When all is spread before our eyes in Burlington House, we shall not want for the conviction, perhaps too seldom recognised by ourselves that we are an artistic nation. Art begins at home.

A SENSELESS OUTRAGE

Very shortly before Mr. John Morrison was going to shoot his coverts a couple of weeks ago a large number of pheasants were found dead in the rides suffering from arsenical poisoning. It would appear that poisoned grain had been laid in the rides in large quantities before dawn in the birds' usual feeding places. Some of the pheasants contained enough arsenic to poison a child.

It has not yet been possible—up to the time of going to press—to bring home this outrage, but it is as wanton as it is wicked. Many people believe that it is the work of poachers, not for their own advantage, but out of a wilful desire to spoil the sport of others. This would be futile in any case, but especially so at Fonthill, for both Mr. Morrison and his father have shown the greatest kindness to their neighbours in every class. This senseless crime is further aggravated by its possible consequences. Had some of those pheasants been shot before the poisoning had had time to take effect, or had some poor person picked up a dead one and taken it home, the results might have been far more serious than the perpetrators of this outrage foresaw. In expressing their sympathy to Mr. Morrison and his keepers the *Field* is only echoing the feelings of his many Wiltshire friends, and, indeed, of the whole shooting world.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a Scottish paper:

"During the past week stags have been roaring in the deer forest of G——. The season has become evident rather earlier this winter than is usual, due, it is believed, to the rapid shedding and fresh growth of antlers, which took place as a result of the summer-like weather experienced last spring.

"One of the most successful deer seasons on record is now finished, sportsmen having been obliged to shelve their rifles at a comparatively early date because of the unusually early signs of roaring."

A WILDFOWLER'S WINTER

Everything points to this winter being a hard one. Frost and cold may be the despair of the foxhunter and unacceptable to the man with a covert shoot, but they are a very welcome ally of the wildfowler. A far more subtle indication of forthcoming weather can be read in the habits of duck and geese bearing down from the North, and indeed, in the movements of our own winter migrants. They are extremely sensitive to the times, and the seasons, and the movements already reported might suggest an unusually large number of wildfowl will be found about our coasts this season.

Nevertheless, sage heads are being shaken, for some predict that we are having a long spell of north-easterly winds too early in the season. We must—say the wise—have a lot of south-west wind and rain due to us, and these will probably come in the winter, and when they come will never stop. There is no pleasing some of us, whether in pursuit of the sun or rude Boreas.

RUGBY WORTH SEEING

On the Richmond Athletic Ground last Saturday the Bristol Rugby team played some of the best Rugby we have seen for a very long time. All the London clubs and many others ought to have been there to see it. There was real pushing in the scrummages, with no premature "winging"; the back row forwards shoved their weight and were not constantly breaking away before the ball was out. We saw constructive backing-up in attack and, better still, variety and ingenuity in back play.

The Bristol stand-off half, T. J. M. Barrington, showed us that the art of short punting is not yet dead. He produced two or three perfect examples, one of them leading to a try. He and D. W. Burland, the England centre three-quarter, also exploited ingenious reverse passes extremely cleverly. Those who hoped to see the calibre of K. C. Kinnersley, the surprise choice as full back for England in the first Trial match, were rather disappointed; he had too little to do to show to much advantage.

A USE FOR OLD PONDS

Among owners of coarse-fishing waters, this last week or two, nets have been busy renewing the stock for the benefit of that great army of anglers who look to the slow-flowing rivers for their sport. Associations, too, such as the Thames Angling Preservation Society, whose voluntary efforts provide good fishing in the Thames for London's anglers, have had their full netting staff constantly at work transferring fish from reservoirs to the lower reaches of the Thames.

It is curious how little we know even now of the natural reproduction of our coarse fish, the conditions which make for a good spawning season and the enemies which outwit the fishes' efforts. Pending further knowledge on protection of the spawning beds the present system of netting ponds and transferring the stock to rivers is sound policy. Many owners of property have old ponds on their estates which are seldom fished but which hold a good store of perch and roach. The local Fishery Board would usually welcome permission to net, which will improve the lake by removing its over population and earn the gratitude of river anglers by providing sport in the river for future years.

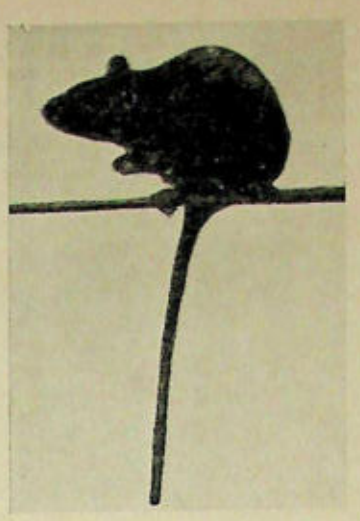
A SEA-BIRD SANCTUARY

Bird lovers will welcome the news that another sanctuary has been added to their heritage. Sir Leicester Harmsworth and Mr. Harold Harmsworth have purchased Trethias Island, at the entrance to Treyarnon Bay, between Padstow and Newquay, and have presented it free of all legal costs to the Cornwall Bird Watching and Preservation Society. Here every sea-bird will be able, in perpetuity, to nest undisturbed. If only such generosity as this could be echoed internationally, and sea-birds could regard once more as a sanctuary, free from ships' oil, the sea!

LINCOLNSHIRE

If "Uncle Tom Cobleigh" is best known of the rhymes of Devon, the "Lincolnshire Poacher" is the best known song—and tune—perhaps, of any county. But the author was not a great poet, as is the author of the "Northern Farmer." The dialect has been taken to be Yorkshire, but it is, of course, the accent of the villages near Somersby, Tennyson's Lincolnshire home. Doubtless he had heard the same demand in the village inn as the old farmer made from his bed to his nurse:—

"What atta stannin' theer fur, an' doesn' bring ma the aäle?
Doctor's a 'toättler, lass, an' a's hallus i' the owd taäle;
I weänt breäk rules fur Doctor, a knaws naw moor nor a floy;
Git ma my aäle I tell tha, an' if I mun doy I mun doy."





TWO PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE BLACK RAT, ONE SHOWING HIM AS A CLIMBER OF TELEPHONE WIRES
The smaller photograph is from Sir Harry Johnston's "British Mammals," by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Hutchinson & Co.

THE BLACK RAT AS A NATIONAL MENACE

A Roof Climber That May Bring Back the Plague

By MARTIN A. C. HINTON

Deputy Keeper of Zoology, British Museum (Natural History)

THERE is no doubt that the return of the black rat to London and other British cities is an event of outstanding importance. The rat problem can no longer be treated as a sort of running sore, to be soothed once a year by a rat-week, and by other half-measures from time to time; it must now be taken up and solved, along preventive lines, for the presence of a large black rat population in our midst is a menace to the whole nation, both in peace and in war.

Everybody should be familiar with the characters which distinguish the black rat (*Rattus rattus*) from the common or brown rat (*R. norvegicus*). Colour is useless for this purpose, for black rats are usually brown (the "Alexandrine rats" of the more finical zoologists), and brown rats are frequently black. These colour variations may be met with in the same litter, and they are of no practical or systematic importance at all. What should be understood is that the black rat, whatever its colour may be, is a lightly-built, elegant creature, with a sharp muzzle, large, thin, and translucent ears, delicate feet and a very long thin tail. Adults weigh 6oz. to 8oz., and probably never exceed 12oz.

On the other hand, the brown rat, whatever its colour, is a heavily-built, clumsy animal, with a blunt muzzle, small thick opaque ears, heavy feet, and a short thick tail. Adults weigh about 17oz., but sometimes attain 2lb. or more.

These striking differences are correlated with great differences in the habits of the two animals. The black rat is primarily an arboreal animal, a native of the forests of India, Burma and the Malay Peninsula, and the possessor of a delicate constitution. Shipping and commerce have taken this species all over the world, and it has colonised most of the warmer countries of both hemispheres. In temperate countries, like Britain, it is entirely dependent upon human shelter for a chance of withstanding the rigours of winter.

The brown rat, although a good climber, is essentially an earth-bound species, fond of digging and burrowing, and an accomplished swimmer and diver. It has come from that vast and inhospitable region of Asia between the Caspian and Lake Baikal. It is a hardy, robust animal which, like the black rat, has been carried all over the world. In the warmer countries it has met with little success; but in the temperate and colder countries it has succeeded only too well. In such climates as ours it is not in the least dependent upon human shelter, although naturally it exploits that fully when given the opportunity.

From the time of the Crusades down to the beginning of the eighteenth century, the black rat was the only species inhabiting Britain. It was a dreadful scourge, inflicting great material loss upon the citizens and exposing them time and again to the frightful ravages of plague. No Londoner should forget 1665. The brown rat arrived a little before 1730, and making full use of our rivers and canals, spread all over the country with extraordinary rapidity. The black rat could not withstand the advance of such a formidable and hardy competitor, and in 50 years had declined to such an extent that Goldsmith, writing in 1776, referred to it as "the common rat, as it was once called, but now common no longer."

By the end of the nineteenth century the black rat was virtually extinct in Britain; with the closest search all that could be found on shore here were a few small colonies established from time to time in some of the upper floors of dockside warehouses and granaries and an old colony or two in places like Great Yarmouth. The brown rat reigned throughout the land; did, and does, colossal damage to property and goods of the most diverse kinds, inflicts great losses upon the agriculturist and the general public both by its depredations and by carrying disease of many kinds to man and his domestic animals.

As a disseminator of plague it is much less important than the black rat, chiefly because it avoids close contact with man; whereas the black rat treats mankind with easy familiarity, scampering about our living rooms and even nesting in our beds if not molested. To share plague—Nature's unfailing means of reducing an overcrowded rodent population—man and the rodent must live in such close association that they can share fleas or other blood-feeding parasites which carry the *Bacillus pestis* from rat to man.

In the recent rebuilding of London and other cities, great attention has been given to the protection of the new buildings from invasion by the brown rat. That species usually enters the basements from the sewers by way of the drains. The steps that have been taken have sufficed, with few exceptions, to shut the common rat out. That admirable result, however, has had one disadvantage—the exclusion of the brown rat has given the black another chance. As an arboreal species, the latter uses roofs and telephone wires as its highways; and as no rat invasion from the skies had been foreseen it has been able to invade large numbers of the new buildings with success.

In some cases it has established large colonies in these new buildings within a fortnight of human occupation. To-day nine out of ten of all the thousands of rats caught indoors in Central London are black rats, and this in a city where, 30 years ago, not one example of this species could be found. We have thus, as regards the indoor rat population of London, gone back to the Stuart period.

This is a very serious position. The Port Sanitary Authorities in London and our other ports have built up a strong defence against plague, and they work unceasingly to ensure the safety of the country from an introduction of that disease. But to-day the defence is outflanked. There is a huge population of the black rat growing up and spreading rapidly, behind the defensive line, in districts over which the Port Authorities have no control. It needs but an accidental spark in peace-time to set the fuse alight; and the thought of its possible use in war has already been voiced abroad.



IN THE STONE WALL COUNTRY. FOLLOWERS OF THE LAUDERDALE AMID THE HILLS AND DALES

SOME IDEALS OF FOXHUNTING

Manners as they Are and as they Should Be

By LORD DORCHESTER

I WAS present recently when two of my hunting contemporaries were bewailing the lack of manners of the younger generation. Inquiries elicited the fact that one had been bumped through a gap by a lady, and that the other had been well bad-worded in a gateway by a soldier officer. Nor was I surprised, for A. cannot harden his heart to face the smallest obstacle until bank or hedge are trodden down or flat-ironed into the ditch, while B. despite 20 years' experience, has never learnt to open a gate, and moreover rides a spiteful old mare, which he thrusts cheerfully into the crowd; while he fumbles, she kicks. Curiously enough, while sympathising with each other, it never occurred to either of them that, as regards lack of manners, they were the real offenders.

I suppose it never does occur to some people that ineptitude or hesitation may be as reprehensible as an act of aggression, and may be a source of discomfort or danger to others. A. did not seem to realise that he was delaying all and sundry while he poked and craned, wondering whether the process of demolition had reduced the fence to the desired safety mark, and so felt much aggrieved when finally some baulked and maddened horse broke away and shot him and his mount into the next field. Equally B. is supremely innocent of the fact that he is the world's worst nuisance in a gateway, although he ought to know it by now, having been told so many a time and oft. Neither A. nor B. have the imagination or unselfishness to realise that lack of courage on the one hand, and sheer incompetence on the other in each case represent the acme of bad manners in the hunting field.

Much has been written about the etiquette of hunting and manners in the hunting field, all of which might have been condensed into the simple sentence, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you." That is the point of view to take—the point of view of the other fellow, not your own! Imagine yourself shuffling along on foot over a sticky plough, your horse gone from you; picture your gratitude to the Good Samaritan who retrieves your errant steed.

You are riding a kicker; put yourself in the place of the man who finds himself within range of those menacing heels. Hounds are running, and you are out by yourself at the top of the hunt. Spare a thought for the unfortunates who have had a bad start, and so, even in your pride of place, you will welcome the check—if not too prolonged—that enables them to share the fun.

Now to ask my reader a question, and put him to the test. Can you honestly say that, under the three given circumstances, you would catch the loose horse, pull your kicker out of the crowd rather than curse your follower for coming too close, and finally would you welcome a check for the benefit of others? If your conscience answers in the affirmative, you have the root of the matter in you, and so need no lecture from me or anyone else. Lectures are much to the fore nowadays, and every children's pony club, rally, or holiday meet commences or ends in a dissertation on the iniquity of riding over seeds, failure to shut gates or to hold them open, the over-riding of hounds, giving room to your field, puppy walking, and the removal of



AT THE SAXELBY MEET OF THE QUORN
Lady Apsley in her car talking to General and Mrs. Vaughan and Mrs. Straker



THE HEYTHROP FIELD AT OVER NORTON AFTER A MEET AT GREAT TEW, NEAR CHIPPING NORTON

wire. The knowledge of these and kindred matters are much, but they are not all; it is the spirit in which they are carried out that spells the difference between the sportsman and the sporting man.

In my time I have broken most, if not all, of the unwritten laws of hunting, and on each such occasion have excused myself to myself under the specious plea that the offence was perpetrated in the excitement of the chase, whereas it was in reality just a case of pure selfishness. Wherefore I say, that once having mastered the letter of the unwritten laws, let us obey them in the spirit by doing to all men as we would they should do unto us. The spirit of a true foxhunter is expressed in the following extract from a letter which I received in reply to an appeal that I made recently on behalf of a local fat stock and root show near Dorchester:

"I have pleasure n sending you a cheque for £—— [no inconsiderable sum]. I wish I could increase it tenfold. It is better to send you all that I can afford than to become a member at 5/- a year, since I am 80. I will always respond if you will remind me annually, provided that I have not gone to earth meanwhile. The amount will depend upon whether I can win a crossword puzzle or two—their solution is now my only occupation. I have not been able to afford to hunt for 30 years, but I cannot forget that I spent my happiest times riding over the land of my farmer friends; wherefore, I always subscribe to their entertainment funds and to any other cause that may benefit them. . . ."

Generosity, sympathy, gratitude—the hall-marks of the sportsman—appear in every line.



A WELL-KNOWN FOLLOWER OF THE QUORN
Lord Fortescue on his hunter Danny Boy at a recent meet

One point that applies to hunting etiquette as well as the law is that ignorance of it is no excuse for breaking it. But while the law can be wilfully misinterpreted no such anomaly is possible in the hunting field. There you are either right or wrong and your actions bear but a single interpretation. Certain rules there must be, the fewer the better, but such as they are they should be obeyed in letter and spirit in the interests of all concerned.

The foxhunter can boast with justice that his is the most democratic of all field sports since, in the time-honoured phrase, it brings together all kinds of people who would not otherwise meet, is in fact a sort of social cocktail. Which is true, and all to the good, but carries with it a risk of trouble when, owing to ignorance or incompetence, any two of its ingredients make unwilling contact—meeting, for instance, at the same place in the same fence, when neither can stop.

Our rules and customs were framed (if a code that is not written can be said to be framed) to deal with or obviate such happenings; in other words, to preserve the amenities of foxhunting. Take the case in point. One or both of the protagonists is in the wrong, both cannot be right. Some one has misjudged the pace or has swerved from his course. First come first served, is the rule, the huntsman and Master having been given precedence.

Incompetence in the hunting field is, to my mind, far more culpable than ignorance. The competent rider, even though ignorant of hunting etiquette, is seldom a source of danger to anyone but himself, and he soon learns what he may and may not do.

On the other hand, there are many really knowledgeable foxhunters devoted to the game, yet who from one cause or another are frankly incompetent. Poor horsemanship, bad judgment, lack of courage, may all be contributing causes, but as a rule such people are unsuitably mounted, a factor which accentuates their normal disabilities. They ride pullers they cannot hold, or slugs that they cannot drive, and consider the failings of their steeds to be ample excuse for cutting-in out of turn, or holding up all and sundry in gap and gateway.

There is one little suggestion I would like to make, and I make it equally to the older as well as the younger generation,—in the matter of courtesy towards the Master. Everybody greets him, and probably the huntsman, at the meet, but I wonder how many of the field bid him good-night, or thank him at the end of a day. A sincere expression of gratitude can give nothing but pleasure, and is no more than the due of those who have done their best to show you good sport. Masters, even the greatest of them, are but human, and like Mr. Jorrocks, "can stand a wast of praise," which they certainly deserve and very seldom get.

IS THE WOODCOCK'S ECCENTRICITY OVERRATED?

Why the Numbers Constantly Vary

LIKE Red Rube's stag of Exmoor, the woodcock is verily "a creature three-quarters contrariness," and as a humble, albeit diligent student of his caprices for many years I am only too conscious that my education is sadly incomplete. But I sometimes wonder whether we are not inclined to attribute to "the bird of mystery" qualities which border on the supernatural. To some extent tradition, which credited the 'cock with the ability to rise superior to Nature's laws, may be responsible, for old-time theories die a lingering death. Even to-day, outside the ranks of naturalists and shooting men, probably most people still believe that every woodcock is a migrant arriving punctually on the November moon, and that no female ever moves a yard without all her young attached to various parts of her anatomy.



EVENING

From the water-colour drawing by Philip Rickman on exhibition at Greatorex Galleries, 14, Grafton St., W.1

The instinct or sixth sense which guides migrant birds year after year to the same localities is hard to understand. In this connection Major Seigne, in a very interesting article in the *Field* last year, gave it as his opinion that they are guided by landmarks, and with this conclusion my own experience tallies. I remember a narrow wood, stretching for more than half a mile, high above the estuary of a Sligo river, which for miles around was the only prominent feature amid a vast flat expanse of bog. This wood was invariably the first goal of the incoming 'cock, and in December many times over 30 couple and on one memorable day 52 couple were killed there.

The part which climatic vagaries play in cross-country migrations is readily understandable. It would be strange indeed did not the woodcock, when sources of food supply are tightly frozen up, seek pastures new. But it is rather in his purely local movements that we find the 'cock so maddeningly elusive. There are two coverts in the same neighbourhood and of the same comfortable consistency; one harbours 'cock, the other never holds a bird. A covert is full of birds one evening and the next morning they are not. We draw blank a snug retreat of whins and bracken, yet within a mile we shoot two or three couple out of barren rock and heather. Such glaring inconsistencies are the common experience of every woodcock shooter, yet a close analysis of the birds' temperament may go a long way towards affording a logical explanation of them all.

I know of no reason to credit the 'cock with a cunning superior to that which is common to most wild creatures whose self-preservation depends on instinct. But as a lover of good living, solitude and soft repose, he is remarkable above his fellows, and "where I dines I sleeps" is not a very far-fetched description of his attitude towards life. A heavy night-feeder craves beyond all else unbroken rest, to obtain which even the snuggest covert not fulfilling this condition may be suddenly abandoned for a more solitary if less comfortable spot. May not this go far to explain the constant shifting of the woodcock population? The birds will breed in and cling to coverts where no disturbance is permitted; otherwise, like the snipe, which are always to be found in certain definite patches in a bog, woodcock preference is for the solitary whin bush in some lonely glen.

I turn now to a mental picture of a typical Irish covert of holly, birch and rhododendron, bordering a soft, mossy stretch of bog. 'Cock bred there, and for many years on the three or four occasions of its shooting, one could reckon on a fair and even a gratifying bag. Three years ago the land surrounding it was sold, and a right of way was established through the central ride. There is no reason to presume outside interference with the interior of the wood, yet the fact remains that nowadays even a stray 'cock is a *rara avis*, and, I am convinced that the exodus is due alone to the frequent traffic to and fro. For although 'cock may tolerate occasional disturbance of their privacy, once it becomes habitual they desert for good, and this is especially noticeable where pheasants are concerned, not on account of any antipathy between the birds, but merely because the peace-loving 'cock dislikes the inquisitive tendencies of such co-tenants. Some years back we put a few pheasants into a covert which always held 'cock; the first year there was no appreciable difference, but when an increase in the former led to constant feeding in covert, the yield of 'cock dropped to an odd bird now and then.

To satisfy a natural inclination is no proof of eccentricity. A covert, however cosy, is not necessarily restful. Yet when 'cock desert a comfortable home and scatter over glen and moor and we kick them up in the most unexpected places, we are apt to make yet another mental note of their erratic tendencies. Here again I recall the northern slope of an Irish mountain which at most gets, I suppose, an hour a day of winter sun. Yet there are certain spots—tangles of heather and whins growing out of barren rock—where I have seldom if ever failed to flush a bird or two, and where many a time we have shot four or five couple in half an hour after drawing the low ground entirely blank. Why should birds, comfort-loving before all else and capable of seeking out the warmest type of cover in a countryside, choose the bleakest side of a mountain to rest on? May not the explanation be that the woodcock expends a vast amount of energy in its nightly hunt for food; he gorges to an extent that the desire for immediate sleep is overwhelming, and so he drops down in the first place which satisfies his primary instinct for seclusion and his preference for shadow rather than sunlight.

Of course, climatic variations which may affect the sources of supply, and may even force the night feeder to forage by day, must of necessity influence the movement of 'cock to a far greater degree than that of game birds. At best, in trying to reason out their sudden shiftings one can only employ a process of deduction. But of one thing I am sure. The 'cock will cling tenaciously and return time after time to a resting place which suits him, no matter what its composition or environment. In his likes and dislikes he is undoubtedly capricious and erratic, and all I venture to suggest is that there is no reason to suppose that the law of cause and effect is really less applicable to him than to any other bird.

J. B. DROUGHT.

VARIETIES OF COVERT PHEASANTS

An Importation of the Romans

By LIEUT.-COL. F. E. C. LEWIS

APART from the many varieties of true pheasants that have bred and thrived in captivity, and have been imported into this country, there are over 50 varieties of fancy pheasants, many of which have been imported into Great Britain. Some of these have bred in captivity.

All pheasants are of Asiatic origin; only one species, the common pheasant, reaches South Russia in the wild state. In an article as short as this it is only possible to give the briefest survey of pheasants, some of which are known to have been imported into Great Britain. There are at least 23 varieties of what is commonly known as the covert pheasant, excluding the *Phasianus versicolor*, in Japan, which stands the test of a good species, and also the Melanistic Mutant.

The species well known in England, from which there are innumerable crosses, are as follows: The old English black-neck, originating in Trans-Caucasia, which was imported by the Romans into England and has become known as the English pheasant; the Prince of Wales pheasant from N.E. Persia, N.W. Afghanistan, South Turkestan and the Merr Desert; the Kirghiz pheasant (the Mongolian) from the Kirghiz country of Russian Turkestan; the Formosan ring-necked pheasant from Formosa; the Corean pheasant from South Manchuria, Corea and the Island of Tsuschima; the Eastern Chinese ring-necked pheasant. Besides these there are the Northern Caucasian, the Talisch Caucasian and the Persian pheasants, Zarundy's and Bianchi's pheasants, the Khivan, Syr-Daria ring-necked, Yarkand, Tarim, Satchu, Tsaidam, Keweichow, Manchurian ring-necked and Kobdo pheasants, and Strauch's and Stone's pheasants.

To the above must be added the now well-known Melanistic Mutant (*Phasianus Colchicus mut Tenebrosus*). This pheasant must not be confused with the versicolor, or Japanese pheasant, although where there is strong crossing with the versicolor they are different in plumage from those that have been crossed only with the Mongolian and Chinese pheasant.

Phasianus Tenebrosus is the black mutation of the common pheasant, whereas the commonly known (but wrongly named) Bohemian pheasant is the albinistic mutation of common pheasants. Many of the varieties mentioned are very similar, as, for instance, the Eastern Chinese ring-necked pheasant and the Formosan ring-necked pheasant.

The above species of pheasants are all the narrow-tailed species with wattles. Large numbers have been introduced as game birds all over Europe. They inhabit woods, copses, spaces intersected by bushes and grass, and arable land. They are strong and vigorous and easy to rear. They roost in trees and bushes. The sexes are unlike.

The general food of all pheasants in the wild state is white ants, insects, corn, millet, buckwheat and hemp. In captivity all the above foods can be given and, in addition, there must always be a supply of green food available.

(Next week Colonel Lewis, a director of the Hundridge Game Farms, will write of Fancy Pheasants.)



A TEN-FOOT TIGER

A tiger shot by Major-General H. F. Salt at Acharnakmar, near Bilaspur, Central Provinces, twenty years ago, measuring 10ft. 1in. The tigress was shot in the same beat

A POOR MAN'S TIGER

Some Practical Hints for the Central Provinces

By THE HON. JAMES BEST, O.B.E.

THERE are few places left in the Central Provinces where the casual visitor can try his luck with tiger without first obtaining permission to do so. For many years past a block permit has been necessary in Government forests: the same applies to forests under the court of wards; now, anyone wishing to visit private forests would be well advised to consult the Deputy Commissioner of the district as well as the owner of the forest before contemplating sport within them.

There have been changes, too, in the methods of shikar. They are not all to the bad. In the old days there was a reward of 50 rupees granted by a kind government for every tiger killed, transport was slow, sportsmen not so numerous, distances were great, and beaters were cheap. It was possible with luck for the poor man to meet a fair proportion of his shikar expenses from the rewards gained. Now, the rewards granted are comparatively insignificant, and the costs of running a beat great. Beating is out of the question for many a subaltern. I say again that this is not to the bad.

In the beating era it was possible for a stranger with no knowledge of the terrain or of the ways of tigers to have his arrangements made for him in a time-honoured beat; all that he had to do in many cases was to sit in a tree and shoot an unsuspecting tiger as it walked beneath it. That was possible but not usual, since a man who was sufficiently keen to make a long journey to shoot a tiger would be interested to see how the beast was outwitted. Now the poor man, and some, too, who are thought rich, look for other methods of defeating the tiger entailing far more personal endeavour on the part of the sportsman. That is why I say that the change is not all to the bad.

When a sportsman "sits up" over a kill he does so in the knowledge that the tiger, like most other carnivora, usually returns some time or other to an unfinished meal. If there is known to be a tiger about from the presence of pug marks on roads and in nala beds, then there should not be much difficulty in getting it to take one of the baits that are tied up for it in the same sort of places within the next ten days. Having persuaded the tiger to take the kill, and having located the same by the drag some time in the middle of the day when there is the least likelihood of disturbing a then sleeping tiger, a capable sportsman should not have much difficulty in getting a machan put up in a suitable tree over the kill without too much noise. Quiet is the essence of the matter, and the earlier in the afternoon the sportsman can get out to sit over the kill the less likely he is to disturb his quarry. The man who waits for the convenient cool of the evening is not the sort to kill many tigers over kills. The beast may return to feed at any time. I have shot one soon after three in the afternoon, and I killed the next a few days later in the grey hour of dawn after an all night sitting.

That is one way of getting within shot of tiger. Some sportsmen dislike it. Others think that they have done more for their trophy than the man who beats. In certain provinces "sitting" up after dark is prohibited and the use of electric devices illegal.

How else can the keen man of limited income find his sport? He can stalk. But the procedure is necessarily different from that employed with other animals, success is problematical, and there are more hazards. The risk of tiger shooting lies in finishing the beast off, which has to be done whether the original shot has been bungled from a machan or from the same level of ground as the tiger. It was done in the old days when, they say, there were 40 per cent. of miss-fires in the match locks. There must have been more anxious moments for the sportsmen then! I do not say that there are no risks in stalking a tiger, but I do assert that the risks are very small compared with those run in following up a wounded beast.

To see a tiger on a morning or evening prowl in the forest—still hunting—is a rare occurrence; so rare, indeed, as to be ruled out as a method of trying to kill one. The beast is far too wide awake. But, helped by the taunting cough of the monkeys or the call of alarmed deer, there is a chance of getting within shot of one that is on the prowl. The beast is on the look out, very wide awake, and needs a quiet approach or he will be gone far more silently than the hunter. When one approaches such a riot in the otherwise quiet forest the stalker does not know what he is going to find, and the going is not necessarily quiet. There may be wild dogs about. It may be only a jackal. Possibly wild dogs have treed a leopard, and the monkeys are abusing all concerned. I once got within shot of a leopard like that. The light was bad, his tail hung down, and I thought it was one of the monkeys. He saw me and came down with incredible speed, then I had to devote my attention to the dogs. Again, a sambur belling may mean either alarm at some beast of prey worth shooting or a challenge to another rival stag. A sambur bell is always worth approaching in the greatest quiet. It was in this way that I killed my record stag of fourteen points, and in the same way that I found a tiger sitting up like a dog on a jungle path raising his head high in his efforts to locate a puzzled and frightened stag that had winded him from the high grass.

Another method of approaching a tiger is to follow up the drag of a kill and to catch the beast feeding. It is not one to be recommended for anyone without some experience of the ways of tigers, very steady nerves, and the ability to shoot straight. The probability is that the closer previous acquaintance a man has had with the beasts the less likely he is to try it. The kill has almost certainly been dragged into heavy covert for concealment, the tiger is suspicious, he is probably hungry, and like many of us, may resent disturbance at meal times. It is hardly fair on a native shikari to ask him to go with you.

The best way is to arrange for a stalk over water. It is a hot weather job calling for carefully laid plans and the endurance of some hardship in the heat of the day.

Often there is only one pool of water left at the height of the dry season in tiger country. Having located such a place and decided that it is possible to view the whole pool from any spot, it is necessary to sweep a narrow path up to it against the prevailing wind from some distance. It is not a very big job, and it is well worth while to free such a way of dry leaves and noisy sticks to ensure a quiet approach. The bait should not be tied too close to the water, and may be as much as a mile or more away from it. When it is found that it has been taken nothing should be done until afternoon when the heat is the greatest in the day and the tiger is lying in or near the water for coolness. Then the stalk should be undertaken. With reasonable luck the tiger will be found asleep and will give an easy shot. If the beast is lying in such a way that a fatal shot is not practically certain it is as well to wait for him to move, which he will probably do before long. Even then the sportsman will be wise to wait until the beast's head is turned away from him. When hit he is likely to rush forward in the direction that he is facing, and though his minutes are numbered he may do great damage before they are out.

In all stalking it is hardly necessary to say that quiet is essential. If your shikari is at all nervous and likely to develop a fit of coughing at the wrong moment, leave him behind or find another. I found nothing better than rope soled boots for jungle work.



A LIKELY SPOT FOR A MIDDAY SIESTA

For those who cannot always afford beaters and have good nerves, walking up the water-holes by day may prove a profitable if sultry form of sport. (From Mr. Best's "Tiger Days"; John Murray)

ROUND THE WORLD WITH A SHOT GUN

No. 16—Buenos Aires and the Parana River

SOME of the nearest shooting to be had from Buenos Aires is at Canhuelhas, which is about 40 miles south-west of the town and is easily reached by the Southern Railway. Fair chico shooting is to be had here; but if only one day is available, all one's energies should be devoted to the duck which can be found in large numbers in the lagoon close at hand. This lagoon is 3ft. or 4ft. deep, well over a mile long, and about a quarter of a mile broad, and is covered throughout its whole extent with tall reeds in which hides have been constructed at various places so that the whole lagoon can be commanded by six or eight guns. Shooting can be kept up all day if horsemen are employed to stir the duck up and keep them well on the move. The water is too deep to keep dogs in the hides, and so they cannot be employed for picking up birds. The flighting at this lagoon is really good and is well worth waiting for.

Many good shooting grounds can be reached from the Parana River. Of these, Ibicuy, nearest to its mouth, is as famous as any and is the most accessible to Buenos Aires. It is only a very small village, but boasts of an excellent jetty alongside which even large steamers can be berthed, so engage it if you can. More important, though, to the sportsman is the fact that quite the best snipe marshes in the country are situated between it and Paranacitos, some eight miles to the north. The two lagoons near the line at Fernandez will produce hundreds of duck, and at Kilometer 361 snipe are to be found in great numbers. The country in the neighbourhood of Kilometer 379 is also teeming with duck.

Close to Paranacitos itself good chico ground is to be found, in addition to the excellent duck and snipe marshes. One of the best lagoons lies about half a mile directly inland from the town on the right bank of the tributary river. It is too big to surround, but there is a portion of dry ground covered with scrub and trees which separates the lagoon itself from the marsh and makes an ideal place to stand for flighting. The best programme is therefore to shoot snipe on the marsh during the day and then to repair to the strip of dry ground for the duck flighting in the evening.

If it is possible to choose your time to visit this neighbourhood, go there in June for the snipe, and April, the first week in May, and the month of August for duck.

Zarate, a little farther up the river, is also well worth a visit, for there are many lagoons about three hours trip up a side estuary of the main river, which are full of duck. Some of the lagoons are very large and too deep on occasions for the mounted beaters to penetrate them, and local knowledge is essential if a good bag is to be obtained. This, however, will be readily obtainable at the Anglo-Frigorifico, alongside whose wharf your ship will probably be secured.

Santa Fé, 250 miles from Buenos Aires, is the next shooting area to be recommended, for there are many lagoons, channels and large ditches near the river of the same name which contain literally thousands of duck. As, however, every inhabitant carries a gun and habitually harries the duck, it is essential to go a little farther afield if good sport is to be had. Many of these lagoons are too deep to shoot in, so a position on comparatively dry land must be taken up and reliance placed on the beaters to keep the birds on the various stretches of water well stirred up, so that they come over the guns.

Goya, in the province of Corrientes, will probably be the farthest point to which the naval officer will be able to get up the river. It possesses some good snipe marshes, where also the somewhat rare masked or white-faced duck is to be found in considerable numbers. These birds can be recognised at once in the air, as they whistle continuously while on the wing, while their flight resembles that of the fulvous duck.

PINTAIL.

Shooting Reports.—ISLE OF COLL.—Period August 14th to November 10th. 150 brace of grouse, 155 brace of partridge, 260 snipe, 10 woodcock, 80 golden plover, duck, pigeon, hares (960 head, plus many rabbits) were killed on 50 days, all walking; no driven birds. General Stewart of Coll's house-party (August, September, October): Major Stewart, Fasnacloich, Captain Stewart, Major Stewart, younger, of Coll, Commander G. A. M. Paul, Mr. C. S. T. Paul, Colonel Hocken, Mr. W. Colyer Fergusson, Mr. Duncan Stewart, younger, of Achara, and others. Grouse in Coll this year have exceeded all previous years in number. There are excellent prospects for the winter months—snipe, woodcock, duck, geese and a good many partridge up to Christmas.

OXFORD'S BOAT RACE BID

Trial Eights' Crews Which Show Spirit

By D. H. E. McCOWEN

THREE launch-loads of Old Blues and the greatest crowds ever seen at Henley for trial eights is an indication that Oxford's rowing spirit is keener than in former years, and when enthusiasm is thus aroused victory cannot be far away. Anyhow, the crews in the race were vastly superior to anything the Dark Blues have produced of recent years, and although I am not predicting a win for them this year, they will impress the critics at Putney.

The race was rowed from Hambleden Lock to New Street, nearly 800 yards farther than usual; this meant that "A" crew, which had the inside station for the long bend at the start, would have a big advantage, therefore "B" received half a length, which, in the opinion of many was insufficient. An extra length is about the full value of the station when the stream is taken into consideration, but the psychological advantage of one crew leading at the start is usually great enough to cause a "walk over" and provide the coaches with no valuable information whatever. Both crews started very slowly, "A" doing 34 and "B" 35. At the Regatta Start, with "A" rowing at 29 and B at 30, the position was unaltered, and although there was a following wind, they were clearing a surprisingly little amount of water. Both crews were rowing well within themselves—almost too well, I thought, for a two-mile row—and neither stroke seemed inclined to "have a go" at his opponents, but played a waiting game, hoping the other crew would tire and fade out.

This is all very well if you know that your crew is striding along easily with plenty in reserve for a lightning sprint at 40, but the chief fault of these crews was their inability to get into a racing stride, and, as I have said before, this fact in itself will cost them the Boat Race. However, to hark back to the actual race—the last quarter of a mile saw a desperate effort on the part of both strokes to get their men into the lead, but they were flagged a "dead heat" at the finish.

When criticising trial eights one usually forgets the attitude of the individual oarsmen to this particular type of race. He is there, in his own opinion, to impress the coaches, and unless the coach is a shrewd man and knows what he is about, he will be impressed by the oarsmen whose very object is such. That man will make a lot of flashy jerky movements to catch the eye, and do nothing towards moving the boat; he feels he must "keep his form" at all costs.

This attitude is, thank goodness, rapidly disappearing. Presidents and coaches are paying more attention to how men perform in other 'Varsity races. They are picking the men who win races and know how to row hard and long over a gruelling course, and that is the way to pick race winners.

Certainly Ellison is to be congratulated on producing two such even crews. I thought that "B" crew ought to have won, but they were beaten by the station, and had they had a straight course I think they would have pulled it off. Cuninngham, their stroke, had a nice length and control, and is much more lively and flexible than Stubbs, stroke of "A" crew. Reid, at seven, has the easy action of the Fairbairn style; he and stroke have had plenty of experience with Oriel crews, and certainly they combine very well, although lacking in power. Bankes, at six, moves tons of water, and has learned to move quicker as well, but gives the impression that he will come "unstuck" at any moment.

I thought Sackville West (Magdalen) one of the best men in the race. His blade work is long and powerful, and he gets his weight flying back in great style. He looks the whole time as if he was really enjoying his rowing.

Rowe, the Eton freshman, could do with another year's rowing before taking part in the Boat Race. Duntze and Woodhouse gave one the impression they were overdoing the straight back idea. Migotti is rowing very well indeed at bow, with plenty of spirit and abandon.

It was easy to see how Balliol won the fours when one watched Thompson and Lascelles in "A" crew. The former was the only man in either crew to possess a really good forward swing, and Lascelles was not far behind in this respect.

Sutcliffe, the Shrewsbury freshman, at six, ought to be really good when he learns to loosen up and row naturally; at the moment his blade is not connected up with the rest of his work, and consequently tends to come through unevenly. Nevertheless, he ought to be a distinct asset to the O.U.B.C. Hogg, one of last year's Blues, at five, rowed very hard and true.

The greatest impression these trials made on me was that here were sixteen men who all knew how to drive their blades through the water, which is hopeful for the future; and there are four Blues to be considered too—Ellison, Holdsworth, Mosley and Couchman. If the former is available to stroke them, Oxford will have a formidable team at Putney.

It now remains to be seen what Ellison and his coaches can do with these men. They are a good lot, but good as they are they will have to improve a hundred per cent. to win the Boat Race.

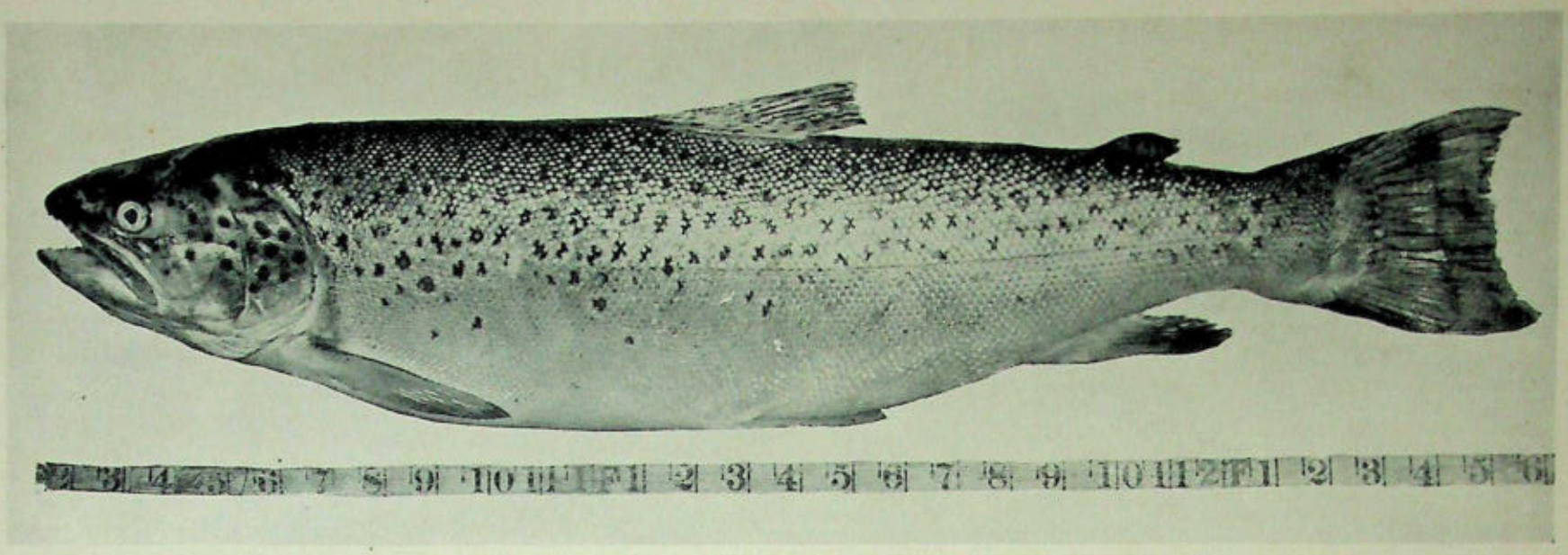


OXFORD'S TRIAL EIGHTS' CREWS AT HENLEY

Back row, left to right: J. Cunningham, M. B. Stubbs, J. C. Cherry, J. M. F. May, R. G. Rowe, G. D. Duntze, A. V. Sutcliffe, C. G. Costley-White, J. F. Brown, S. M. B. Woodhouse and L. Sackville West. Sitting: I. F. Thomson, P. R. S. Bankes, W. H. Migotti (hon. secretary), G. A. Ellison (President), Lieutenant-Col. J. H. Phillips, D.S.O. (coach), P. Hogg, J. H. Lascelles, C. S. Reid. On ground: R. B. Lawrie and C. G. F. Bryan (coxswain)

"A" CREW	St.	lb.	Year.
C. G. Costley-White (Eton and Balliol)	12	1	2
J. H. Lascelles (Christ's Coll., N.Z., and Balliol) ..	11	6	4
J. C. H. Cherry (Westminster and B.N.C.)	12	7	1
J. M. F. May (Uppingham and Exeter)	11	12	4
*P. Hogg (Sherborne and New Coll.)	12	8	3
A. V. Sutcliffe (Shrewsbury and Trinity)	13	12	1
G. I. F. Thomson (Shrewsbury and Balliol) ..	11	7	3
M. B. Stubbs (Winchester and New Coll), st. ..	11	6	3
C. G. F. Bryan (Eton and Worcester), cox ..	7	11	3
"B" CREW			
*W. H. Migotti (Radley and Worcester)	11	13	4
G. D. Duntze (Shrewsbury and Trinity)	11	13	2
S. M. F. Woodhouse (Shrewsbury and Ch. Ch.) ..	12	1	3
R. G. Rowe (Eton and University)	12	7	1
L. B. Sackville-West (Winchester and Magdalen) ..	12	1	3
*P. R. S. Bankes (Oundle and Ch. Ch.)	13	12	3
C. S. Reid (Shrewsbury and Oriel)	11	6½	4
J. Cunningham (Sherborne and Oriel), st.	11	0	5
R. B. Lawrie (Fettes and Oriel), cox	8	3	2

* Old Blue.



BLAGDON'S BEST
Brown trout, 29in. long, weighing 10lb. 4oz., caught June 3rd, 1926

THIRTY YEARS OF BLAGDON

How the Fishing has Grown Since 1904

By DONALD CARR

BLAGDON Lake was first open for fishing in 1904—just 30 years ago. It was not, of course, designed originally as a fishing lake; it was formed from the little river Yeo by throwing a dam across the valley at Blagdon in order to supply Bristol with water, indeed its official name on the map is still Yeo Reservoir. Blagdon is the name given to it by fishermen, and its name and fame have grown together. It is hard nowadays to realise that stocking with fish was an after-thought.

Blagdon sprang into fame suddenly. Its opening season produced some wonderful fish and among them a trout of 9lb. 2oz. which, as events proved, held the record for over 20 years. The fishing continued into 1925 when another monster of 8lb. 12oz. came to net and one angler in May had a basket of five brace weighing somewhere about 50lb. "One of my very biggest regrets," wrote the late H. T. Sheringham, "is that on a certain May morning in the year 1905 I was not at Blagdon, whither I had been bidden by one of the great anglers of our time." The fishing in fact was startling for those days, though the total number taken was small compared with to-day—102 in 1904 and 671 in 1905.

The truth was that the lake was understocked and, like all new waters, produced for a while a phenomenal amount of food. The opinion was freely expressed that these temporary conditions would pass and that Blagdon would soon drop to the uninteresting level of pounders.

It was in 1904 that I started the hatchery, the first artificial spawning being undertaken in November of that year; but for the next season we had, of course, to depend on a supply of yearlings from a private hatchery. In 1905 occurred what I consider to have been the first move forward at Blagdon. In May Squire Neville Grenville of Butleigh Court made a present of some rainbow yearlings. I knew very little about rainbows, but was anxious to try the experiment, which I have never regretted. They grew amazingly. A 4½in. fish in May was caught in August and weighed 2lb. 14oz.; a two-year-old was caught later weighing 5lb. 3oz., and a three-year-old 6lb.

The largest rainbow which Blagdon has yet produced was one of 8lb. 8oz., caught from the shore by Colonel Scott in 1924. It is interesting to note that though rainbows in their natural waters on the west of America are spring-spawning fish, the Blagdon rainbows spawn in autumn. We select the early spawners which come up in November for breeding purposes. They stand high temperatures well, and high temperature is a feature of Blagdon with its large acreage of shallows. It is curious, though, that this last season of very high water temperature, the rainbows have figured less than usual in anglers' catches. It may interest anglers to know that the rainbows in the Derbyshire Wye came from Blagdon's stock.

For the first four years the average weight of the trout was consistently over 3lb.; after that it dropped an ounce or two, but kept upwards of 2¼lb. until 1924, when it rose to the 3lb. mark once more.

For the last year or two the average weight has been a little lower again, but the number of fish caught has been much greater, rising to 1,550 last season which, in spite of the drought, was a record year for the number of fish caught in the lake.

Drought years are an anxious time at Blagdon. Water level has to be regulated by the needs of Bristol and not by the needs of the fisherman and in the great droughts vast areas of the bottom are laid bare. It is a common belief among anglers that this is an advantage in later years, but I doubt it. It may increase the bottom food, but it "plays old Harry" with the fly population. It has the effect, too, of altering the weed growths, and as often as not this is harmful.

In 1921 we lost the great supply of sticklebacks which used to bring the big fish into the shore, pumped away towards Bristol when the lake dropped low. We have restocked with them and the shoals have increased again, but they have never been the feature of Blagdon fishing they were before 1921. That was, I think, the most anxious time I have had at Blagdon. There was no rain till January 14th, 1922, and I wondered what was going to happen to our spawning in the 1921 autumn. However, our luck held, and the spawners came up in shoals, and were clean and healthy.

Only 542 fish were killed in that drought (a curious contrast to 1933). The stock was low and we had to build it up again; by 1925 it had risen to 923, and by 1926 had again passed the 1,000 mark. It was this year that saw the capture of Blagdon's record trout, a brown 29in. long and weighing 10lb. 4oz., which now adorns the walls of the comfortable "hut" which the Bristol Waterworks Co. built a few years ago for the benefit of Blagdon anglers. This fish was taken on fly by Captain G. A. Franks on June 3rd, 1926.

In spite of ups and downs, and the occasional times of anxiety caused by drought, I cannot look back on my 30 years of Blagdon without feeling that on the whole the fishing is better than it used to be and is still improving. Dr. Knut Dahl, the great Norwegian salmonologist, who visited the lake in 1929, wrote of it afterwards that it had "a yield higher than in any known lake in Norway," and this last year, in spite of the incredibly high temperature (it rose to 82 deg. at 3ft. under the surface) its yield has been higher than ever.

Even that curse of chalk spring lakes American weed (*Elodea canadensis*) which first grew in Blagdon about fifteen years ago, has shown some sign of diminution, its place being taken by ranunculus and milfoil; and the spawning season this year is likely to be good. On the whole Blagdon's fourth decade should open under the very happiest auspices.



A NICE RIPPLE ROUND THE REEDS
Autumn on Blagdon Lake when the fish come inshore



Niall Rankin

SOME OF THE MARES WHICH THE EXNING HOUSE STUD ARE SENDING UP TO THE DECEMBER SALES

CHOICES FOR THE DECEMBER SALES

Well-Bred Mares and Foals for Newmarket

EVERY year the Newmarket December Sales seem to increase in popularity. This year the sales which Messrs. Tattersall are holding on Monday, December 4th and the four following days, contain a goodly list of brood mares and foals, yearlings, and horses in training. Not that all of them will make great prices; in fact, I think it is probable that a certain number will not elicit a bid, but those bred from winning parentage, and of true racing conformation, will be eagerly sought after by intending buyers. As Doncaster certainly proved there is always a price commensurate with an animal's breeding and make and shape.

Arguing then upon those premises, I think it is fair to say that prices at the December sales will be level, and upon the whole satisfactory, affording a fair margin of profit to vendors, and providing those of us who follow the fortunes of the British thoroughbred with ample proof that the blood-stock breeding industry is sound at heart. If this is so, surely now is the time when useful, sound, well-bred stock may be obtained at a small outlay. Some day that stock will repay the discrimination of buyers tenfold.

What is the worth, for example, in the years to come of the three foals sent up by the Woodhay Stud? There are two colts and a filly—all the produce of that nice fresh young stallion Rameses the Second, which, unless I am greatly mistaken, is going to make a name for himself at stud. The filly who was from the Bramble Twig mare, Vermena, is March-foaled and, like her sire, a chesnut. She is beautifully modelled with shoulders in the right place, well-sprung ribs and the best of legs and feet, and when she moves it is soon perceived that she has liberty of action. This is a filly which should go far during racing days, and possess a definite paddock value afterwards. Both the colts are attractive in different ways. The chesnut colt, which is out of New Year's Day, carries a good deal of the look of his paternal grand-sire, Gainsborough, and is a strong well-boned sort which stands over a lot of ground. The other colt, which is out of Antigone, is on the small side, but made on racing lines and full of quality. I do not think there will be three nicer foals by one stallion (who has only ten nominations left for next season) at the sales this year.

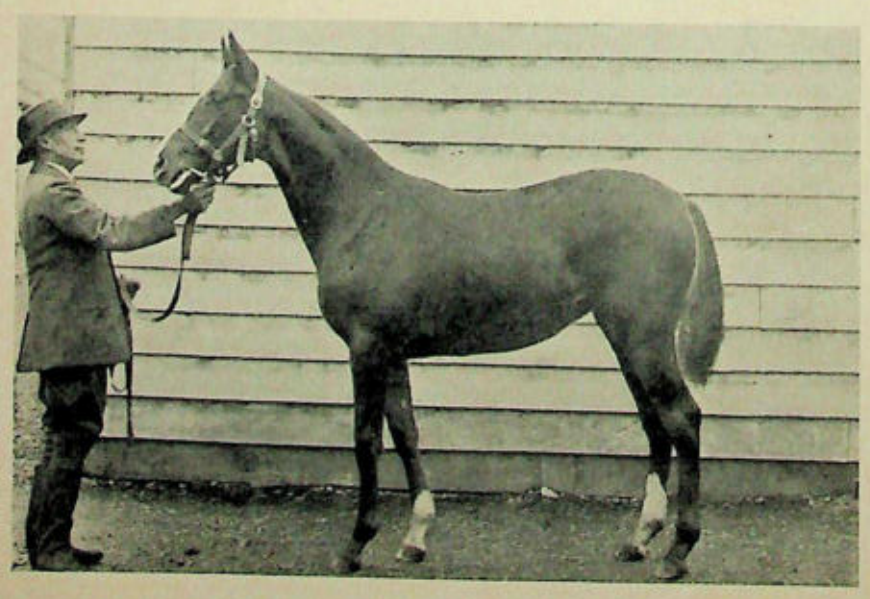
In addition to these three good foals, the Woodhay Stud are also sending up two mares who have proved their worth in the paddocks. One of these is The Blower, which comes from a consistent winner-producing family besides being a winner herself. A nice stamp of brood mare, she is sure to drop winners, and it is a recommendation in her favour that she is a three-parts sister to Penny Lock dam of Mill Rock, a good two-year-old winner this year. Antigone is a year older than The Blower, but has produced three winners, and it is worth while mentioning that this good bay mare, wide hipped and deep, has in her pedigree a double cross of Paraffin.

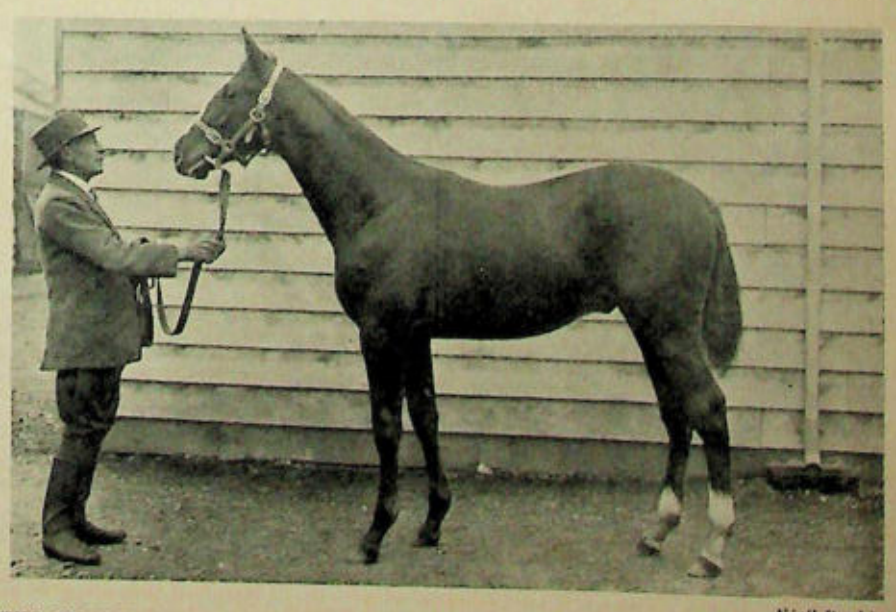
Both these mares are certain in foal and have passed the Miller pregnancy test.

Next come the mares sent up by Lord Glanely from his Exning and Compton Park studs. A lengthy list they are, too. When I saw them with Captain Lewis, it was no easy matter to pick out the best, but surely mares of the stamp of Lady Ruler, Grandiose and the fine upstanding grey Kissing Cup are not seen every day. Or what is the value of the strong-boned, deep and level brown mare Capture Her, which has all the rugged outline of her distinguished sire Son-in-Law? As this mare has been covered by the Eclipse Stakes winner Caerleon, she should indeed be valuable. Belle of the Ball, by the Derby winner Coronach, is an old friend of mine, as I first saw her at Lady James Douglas's stud as a foal. She was sold for a large sum as a yearling, and my impressions of her then were that she was a possible Oaks winner. Built on the right lines and good to look upon, she has now a mission in life in the paddocks. Wayward Girl is an all-quality brown mare, by Golden Sun, and as she has been covered by Singapore and seems quite certain in foal, she may possibly produce a colt like Orwell.

Another nice mare is Insight, a true daughter of Sansovino, who has also been covered by Singapore, as has the French-bred mare Mariquita, who I remember cost the late Sir John Robinson a lot of money as a brood mare. As this good mare is half-sister to the Ascot Gold Cup winner Massine, she should be eagerly sought after by buyers. Habibi was a good winner herself, and as the dam of winners, and she has visited Royal Dancer.

And so on to the well-arranged Brickfield Stud to find a representative lot, which are possibly headed by that nice stamp of mare Silicious, a useful mare, by Spion Kop, and which has been covered by Prince Meteor. This mare's chesnut filly foal, also by the same sire, is full of promise. Another good type which gave me great pleasure to look over is the brown mare Fountain Bridge, by Blandford from Silver Shield, which has been covered by Horus, a service which should just suit her. Her nicely made colt foal by Baytown is a good mover with a rare racing look about him. Then there is a great deal to attract one in the beautiful lines of the brown mare Norman Light, who is Irish bred, being by Diligence from Kiwi II, winner of the Irish Oaks. Her colt foal is also by Baytown, and is well grown with the best of legs and feet. Those who are on the look-out for fresh young mares to restock home paddocks should look over the fillies which are being sold out of training by the Lavington Park Stud, for all of them possess undeniable breeding and attributes of matrons. The list is headed by the bay filly Coranto, a good type, by Coronach





Niall Rankin

TWO GOOD FOALS FROM THE WOODHAY STUD

The chesnut filly by Rameses the Second from Vermena, and (right) the well-balanced colt by the same sire out of the Polymelus mare, New Year's Day

from Berystede dam of Manitoba; and next to her comes Genevra, a level chesnut filly, by Hurry On from that very consistent mare Bella Minna. As Bachelor's Double mares have proved their worth at the stud here is an opportunity for breeders which does not occur every day. It seems too that Sky Rocket mares are likely to prove successful matrons in the future so there should be plenty of competition for Very Light which has been covered by Parenthesis. Nor must I forget the useful bay mare Tormentilla, by Phalaris from a Roi Herode mare, who is just the type to make a great name for herself at the stud.

From the well-arranged Petworth Stud comes a good bay colt foal, by Salmon Trout out of Grey Abbes, which was foaled early in March and whose dam is an own sister to six winners of over £6,000 in stakes.

Nor must I forget to mention the four foals sent up by Lieut.-Colonel H. P. Sykes, three of which are fillies and the other a colt. The colt is a small, well-made bay by Inkerman from Miss Marcus, and possesses very good quarters and hocks. The brown filly looks like growing into a valuable racehorse, and as she is by Silverstead from Hush, dam of the good two-year-old West Park, there is no reason why she should not attract much attention.

The brown filly by Truculent, from the Captain Cuttle mare Crayfish, comes from a rare winning family, and is well grown with good forelegs and plenty of scope, which gives an immediate impression of being useful on the racecourse.

From County Wicklow come three good lots worthy of notice, and perhaps the pick of them is the yearling bred at Compton Park, and which is by Craig an Eran out of Renovia, and which I am told is a beautiful mover in the paddocks. Then comes the nine-year-old mare Heart's Desire, which cost 6,000gs. as a yearling, and which has been covered by Aftab. This is a useful type of brood mare, which regularly breeds foals of the right stamp.

WILLIAM FAWCETT.

SOME VEXED RACING QUESTIONS

Interesting Reforms Advocated at Gimcrack Club Dinner

SO far the totalisator has failed to realise the main purpose for which it was legalised in this country. The fond hope that it would soon produce a surplus of profit to be devoted to the maintenance of racing and the improvement of horse breeding has been falsified. Initial expenditure exceeding all estimates and calculations, the Racecourse Betting Control Board found itself with a huge deficit after working for two or three years.

Strict economies have been effected, and strenuous efforts are being made to liquidate the board's indebtedness to those who have advanced the necessary funds. Not until its financial troubles are straightened out can the Turf expect to receive any revenue from the Betting Board. And a study of the figures of the latest annual report of the board shows that there is no immediate prospect of a material improvement in the affairs of the body responsible for the running of the tote.

The Aga Khan was among those who had great hopes that the totalisator would be of benefit to racing, and it is not surprising that he devoted much of his speech to this subject at the Gimcrack Club dinner, at which he was the guest of the evening by virtue of the success of his filly Mrs. Rustom in the Gimcrack Stakes. Apparently, he believes that the best chance for the totalisator in the future is to give the "off the course" backer greater facilities for betting on the tote.

He is dazzled by what has been achieved in the same direction in France during the past season or two. The Pari-Mutuel Urbain, by which cash bets are transmitted from the large cities to the racecourse totalisator before the start of the day's racing, is described by him as "the salvation of racing and horse-breeding in France, which under the severe economic conditions prevailing in the last few years, could otherwise never have survived."

It may be recalled that the Royal Commission on Lotteries and Betting, 1932–33, devoted a good deal of attention to this point. They decided that the reasons which have led to the establishment of urban offices for totalisator betting in other countries are not applicable here, and they came to the conclusion that it is undesirable that the Board's powers should be extended to include the collection of bets off the course. It is clear, therefore, that if any attempt were made to introduce legislation with the object of giving the Control Board greater powers than they possess under the Betting Act of 1928 in respect to off the course betting, the recommendations of the Royal Commission would be strongly against it.

At present the bulk of the credit betting on the totalisator goes through the hands of the most efficiently-managed company known as Tote Investors, Ltd. Lord Hamilton of Dalzell, replying at the Gimcrack dinner to the toast of the Jockey Club, of which he is Senior Steward, made the important statement that "unless the work which is now done by Tote Investors, Ltd., can be continued the tote can never be a success in this country unless all other kinds of betting are made illegal, as has been done in France and elsewhere." It is satisfactory to observe that Lord Hamilton

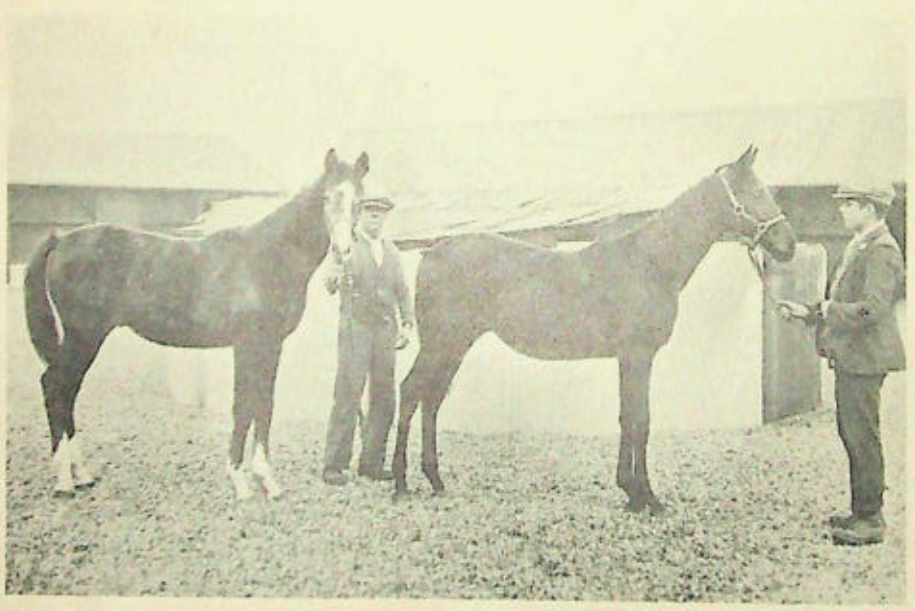


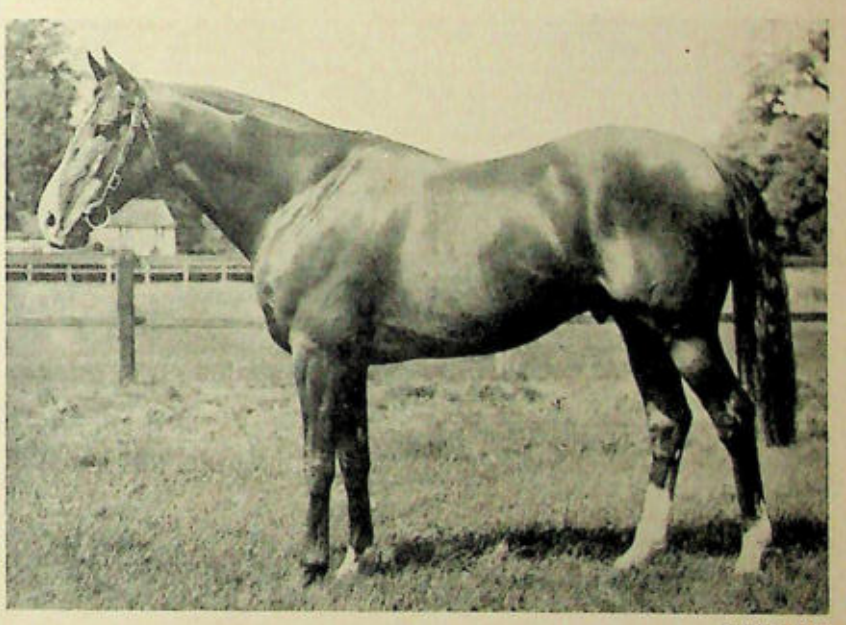


Niall Rankin

USEFUL MARES FOR BUYERS TO NOTE

Antigone and The Blower, both covered by Rameses the Second, which are being sent up to the sales by the Woodhay Stud, and (right) Grand Step and Grandiose, the property of Lord Glanely, which will be eagerly sought after





Niall Rankin

TWO LEVEL COLTS AND A YOUNG STALLION OF PROMISE

The grey colt by Baytown out of Fountain Bridge, and the brown colt by the same sire from the Irish-bred mare Norman Light, which are being sent up to the sales by the Brickfields Stud. (Right) Rameses the Second, a son of the leading stallion Gainsborough, which stands at Woodhay Stud His stock are making their first appearance at the sales





TWO INCIDENTS IN THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE RELAY RACES

E. I. Davis and H. L. Lindo dead-heating in the 440 yards relay, and (right) Lord John Hope and W. T. Squires making a perfect change over in the two miles

pointed out one way in which the totalisator, indirectly perhaps, has helped the racecourse companies. Since its inception a special charge, in accordance with the Act, has been levied on bookmakers. "But for this charge," Lord Hamilton states, "stakes would have had to be lowered considerably more than they have been."

We are in complete agreement with the Aga Khan's suggestion that the money for horses placed second and third should be increased. His view is that a flat rate of 10 per cent. for the second and 5 per cent. for the third should be the order. This already applies to the classic races, and there is no reason why it should not hold good in all other stakes. This might have the effect of reducing the earnings of winners in many events, but owners will find that the arrangement would average out satisfactorily in the long run.

There is a certain reluctance on the part of acting stewards, as Lord Hamilton said, of adjudicating on objections which they themselves have raised. The ill-feeling aroused by the objection to and disqualification of Craganour after he had finished first in the Derby will never be forgotten. This is a matter in which professional stewards could act with independence and discretion.

Among the many propositions advanced by the Aga Khan in his well-considered speech was one, that in 50 per cent. of the handicaps the top weight should be fixed at 9st. and brought down to anything which the handicapper might consider a fair weight—even to less than 6st. This is quite opposite to the views expressed in a recent article in the *Field*, in which we pointed out the great difficulty of securing capable light weight riders in days when boys go into training stables much later in life than was formerly the case.

We think that weights in the majority of handicaps should be raised rather than lowered. This, too, appears to be Lord Hamilton's opinion: "Ability to carry weight is one of the points at which breeders should aim," he declares, echoing that which has been already written in these pages.

PICTURES OF SPORT AND COUNTRY LIFE

The Editor of the "Field" offers prizes each month for the best photographs sent in by readers of sport, games and country life. Entries will be judged on their merits as action pictures, on their pictorial value, and on their value as records of unusual interest.

The prizes are: 1st Prize, 3 guineas; 2nd Prize, 2 guineas; 3rd Prize, 1 guinea.

RULES.—1. The latest date of entry for the third of these competitions is Saturday, December 16th. Envelopes must be marked "Photographic Competition," and addressed to The Editor, "Field" Newspaper, The Field House, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, E.C.4. 2. Only amateur photographers are eligible to compete. 3. Photographs should be sent unmounted, and no prints will be returned. 4. No correspondence will be entered into concerning the competition, and the Editor's decision will be final. 5. Any photograph reproduced in the "Field," apart from the winning entries, will be paid for at the rate of 10/6.

OXFORD'S EMPIRE RELAY TEAM

Decisive Factors in Oxford's Victory

By F. A. M. WEBSTER

RARELY has a race appeared so like a runaway victory at the half-way stage and provided such a thrilling finish as the 440yds. relay (4×100yds.) in the Oxford and Cambridge relay races last Saturday. Few people anticipated that H. L. Lindo, the new Oxford sprinter from Jamaica, would cause E. I. Davis, the Cambridge president, any serious trouble, yet at the half-way mark Lindo was a yard to the good. Davis, however, came with a strong burst over the last 20yds. and made a dead-heat of it. The question now arises: How will Davis fare against Lindo in the inter-'Varsity sports next March?

In the two miles relay (4×880yds.), S. C. Truelove (Cambridge) made the fatal error of setting too hot a pace and was brought back and beaten by Lord John Hope. The C.U.A.C. secretary, J. C. Stothard, renewed interest in the race by a 1min. 57⅕sec. half-mile, and, with M. J. K. Sullivan, a former Public Schools champion following on, Lovelock had to show 1min. 56⅗sec. to re-establish Oxford's position. Although Hallowell took 1min. 58⅕sec., Oxford set up a new record of 7min. 56⅗sec.

Oxford won the high hurdles relay in such decisive fashion as to make it appear as though the art of hurdling has been lost at Fenner's since the days of Burghley, Weightman-Smith and Tisdall. In the half-mile relay (4×220yds.), E. I. Davis again confirmed my considered opinion that he will yet be one of the greatest furlong runners we have seen if he will concentrate on that distance. He has mastered, instinctively, the all-essential swinging stride period that produces the big finishing burst. The low hurdles served further to establish the new hurdling tradition that seems to be growing up at Oxford, where they are at last mastering the back leg snap-over and high pick-up. The four miles relay (4×1 mile) was pretty well a walk-over for Oxford, and why Lovelock ran a second race is a mystery, for he was obviously pained by his knee.

Probably the one mile relay (4×400yds.) was the only race about which no prophet would venture a prediction. Cambridge had the better quartette on paper; but despite D. L. Rathbone's international status, I thought that H. L. Lindo might prove just too good for the Cambridge man over the last leg. As things turned out Rathbone got away on the baton exchange with a couple of yards in hand, and it was by just about that margin that he beat Lindo to the tape.

Just as overseas athletes helped Oxford to win the inter-'Varsity sports last March, so in the relays, the running of J. E. Lovelock (New Zealand), N. P. Hallowell (U.S.A.) and H. L. Lindo (Jamaica), together with the brilliant hurdling of C. F. Stanwood, a Canadian from an American University, and C. A. Lee-Steere (Australia) were decisive factors of the Oxford victory.

In the same way, G. C. Weightman-Smith (South Africa), R. M. N. Tisdall (Irish Free State) and J. P. Wallace (Australia), to name but a few, have been towers of strength to Cambridge. All these men have been, or are, ornaments to the sport of their Universities; but the fact remains that they cannot represent Great Britain, and come up as matured athletes, which is a distinct handicap to the British Public schoolboy, who should be trained on to represent Great Britain in international competition.

Apart from this, athletic coaching at our schools leaves much to be desired, and so, while one is gratified by the revival of Oxford athletic prowess, one also welcomes the new Cambridge rule, to come into force next year, whereby Blues, half-Blues and relay colours will be reserved for those who make Cambridge their first choice as a University. This rule will undoubtedly prove a great encouragement to the British Public schoolboy freshman.



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, Student of Wild Life and Nature Lover. 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.

WHERE HANDLEY CROSS WAS

SIR,—I see in the *Field* of November 18th that your correspondent says that the original Handley Cross was almost undoubtedly founded on Leamington. This is not so. "Handley Cross, or Mr. Jorrocks' Hounds," first came out in the *New Sporting Magazine*, of which Surtees was the editor. In the number March, 1838, it started as "The Gin and Water Hunt," and in the next number (April) the name was changed to "The Handley Cross Hounds." In the first chapter of the *New Sporting Magazine* it says "The vale of Sheepwash is in the western part of the county of Kent." At the time of the Hunt dinner it says, "Not only did all the visitors of the place hasten to secure tickets, but people from great distances—Margate, Ramsgate, Broadstairs, Maidstone, Tonbridge and even Rye, showered in their orders by post," and later on it mentions "Captain Slasher from Chatham, Stroud and Rochester" arriving for the dinner.

As no mention of the above is in the edition, "Handley Cross, or Mr. Jorrocks' Hounds," which was illustrated by Seeds, many people do not know these facts. Surtees first published *Handley Cross, or the Spa Hunt* as a book in 1842, in three volumes, and not illustrated. There are many names in this 1842 edition which are altered, as "Happerly" into Pomponius Ego, and many incidents omitted entirely or altered. Mr. Jorrocks' Hounds ran on to downs with the sea in view: this would be a long point from Leamington!

Yours faithfully,
Ickleton Grange, G. W. H. BOWEN.
Essex.

THE WILES OF A FOX

SIR,—When motoring recently I saw some distance ahead what appeared to be a cat lying in the road. As I got nearer I saw it was moving, and was larger than a cat. When about 50yds. away I realised it was a fox, and stopped my engine and got out to see more clearly. The fox was lying on its side, rubbing its shoulders on the road. It paid no attention to me for a minute or two, and then quietly got up and slipped through the hedge and away across a stubble field, up the side of turnips. I thought hounds must be near, and in answer to my holloa heard the horn some distance away. Hounds came quickly, but before reaching me were running a line and going across grass. They took the line on to the road more than 100yds from the spot I had viewed the fox, and then checked. When the Master came up the fox had had three minutes' start, and I had seen him going over a grass field on the skyline, and a farm worker was then viewing him farther on. Apparently the fox had run the tarmac road to the spot where I saw him first, and I found he had evidently been rolling in sheep dirt. It was interesting to see how completely he threw off hounds by this ruse, as scent was excellent up to the road. In spite of the Master knowing the line he took, hounds never spoke while within sight of the road, and the man on the skyline was able to say where he had gone from that point. The hounds spoke to his line about three fields farther on, but he went into a covert, and I understand they then changed foxes, but I am told it is believed they got on to the original fox again later and killed in the open. The hounds referred to are Colonel Milvain's pack. I conclude the occurrence described is not uncommon, but it was very interesting to watch.

Yours faithfully,
Eglingham Lea, E. TATE (Miss).
Eglingham, Northumberland.

[Foxes will often roll in manure, or run among sheep to deaden the scent fumes.—ED.]

HINDS AND A DEAD STAG

SIR,—I have just read in your issue of October 28th "R. M.'s" story of his day's stalking (he was lucky to catch the 6.20!), and of the most interesting incident of the hinds returning to the stag's corpse—in my experience, as far as deer are concerned, unparalleled, though I have known a cow-elk in Norway very loath to leave her fallen lord and master.

But I can cite a similar, and to me even more extraordinary occurrence connected with birds which happened to me a few years ago. I was grouse-driving on a Yorkshire moor, and had just killed a single bird in front of me, when I became aware of a brace of birds flying in single file, one a yard or two in front of the other, behind my butt. It was a "one-gun" shoot, and I had just time to drop the last bird with my remaining cartridge when to my astonishment the leading one turned and settled in the heather near it. When the drive was over I went to pick up the dead bird, taking my gun with me, when, as my dog was retrieving it, the leading one, which had evidently run 30yds or 40yds. as I approached, rose, and I bagged it also. It was a hen, and the other a cock! In 50 and more years of shooting I have never known such an incident, nor have I ever come across anyone else who has.

Yours faithfully,
Travellers' Club, P. S.
Pall Mall, S.W. 1.

THE LOCH NESS MONSTER

SIR,—I have just read the article on "The Loch Ness Monster" in the last number of the *Field* which I have received. The following extract from the *Memoirs of an Ex-Minister*, by the Earl of Malmesbury, may be of interest:

"October 3rd, 1857.—This morning my stalker and his boy gave me an account of a mysterious creature, which they say exists in Loch Arkaig, and which they call the Lake-horse. It is the same animal of which one has occasionally read accounts in the newspapers as having been seen in the Highland lochs, and on the existence of which in Loch Assynt the late Lord Ellesmere wrote an interesting article, but hitherto the story has always been looked upon as fabulous. I am now, however, nearly persuaded of its truth. My stalker, John Stuart, at Achnacarry, has seen it twice, and both times at sunrise in summer on a bright sunny day, when there was not a ripple on the water. The creature was basking on the surface; he only saw the head and hind quarters, proving that its back was hollow, which is not the shape of any fish or of a seal. Its head resembled that of a horse. It was also seen once by his three little children, who were all walking together along the beach. It was then motionless, about 30yds. from the shore, and apparently asleep, and they first took it for a rock, but when they got near it moved its head, and they were so frightened that they ran home, arriving in a state of the greatest terror. There was no mistaking their manner when they related this story, and they offered to make an affidavit before a magistrate. The Highlanders are very superstitious about this creature. They are convinced that there is never more than one in existence at the same time, and I believe they think it has something diabolical in its nature, for when I said I wished I could get within shot of it my stalker observed very gravely: 'Perhaps your Lordship's gun would miss fire.' It would be quite possible, though difficult, for a seal to work up the river Lochy into Loch Arkaig."

Yours truly,
Poplar House, GEORGE L. HARRISON.
St. David's, Pennsylvania.

BREAKING TWIGS

SIR,—There are many noises a hunter may make that will frighten game less than the snap of a twig, and I often wondered why. We used to think lions were dangerous animals when I was a youngster, and I counted myself very fortunate to have the opportunity of learning something about the hunting of the great cats from my friend "Manjoor," whose business it was for many years to keep down their numbers; and right well he did it. One April morning we were riding along a *spruit* in a part of the Eastern Transvaal that is now included in the Kruger Park. It had rained the night before and we hoped to find a fresh spoor. Pendula, Manjoor's best tracker, and a boy to hold the ponies accompanied us. The veld was high and very little of the leaf was off the trees: not the best time of year for walking up lions!

Some vultures perched on a tree indicated a kill, and we dismounted. "They have already cleared up what the lions have left them, or the beasts are still feeding," said Manjoor, pointing to the collection of black objects in the tree.

All that was found was a well-cleaned-up skeleton of an old bull wildebeeste and a strong smell of lion. In an open spot not far away we saw where the troop had rolled and stretched after their meal, while a little farther on at a water-hole in the *spruit* Pendula identified the spoor of five lions and lionesses. By that time the sun was well up, and the lions would probably have found shelter and gone to sleep, so we commenced to search the surrounding bush and belts of stunted palm. We proceeded abreast slowly and cautiously, with Pendula between us looking out for spoor, while we kept our eyes skinned and at a higher level. After a couple of hours of very hot work we realised it was hopeless; the lions must have trekked some distance before lying up, and looking for spoor appeared useless.

As we rested by the water-holes Manjoor asked me if I had noticed Pendula snap a small twig at a time when we thought we were close to the lions. I had, for at such times one notices everything: though the boy seemed to do it unconsciously as he pushed a branch aside. "That is the trouble with Pendula," said Manjoor. "He is splendid on a spoor, but is scared, and he snapped that little dry twig because he knew that if the lions were near they would get up fifteen yards farther off than they would otherwise." I had many a chance afterwards to verify the truth of that observation. At the time it made a particular impression on me, because we three moving through that thick cover made a quite appreciable amount of noise for all our care.

Yours truly,
Windham Club, M. M. HARTIGAN.
St. James's Square, S.W. 1.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' SCHOOLS

SIR,—Among your many readers there are doubtless a large number who are interested in commercial enterprises, and, therefore, will be sympathetic towards the Royal Commercial Travellers Schools Maintenance Appeal, of which appeal I have the honour to be the president for the current year.

At these schools over 300 orphan and necessitous children of commercial travellers are being educated, clothed and maintained in such a way as to fit them for useful citizenship in after life. The educational status of the schools has never been higher than at the present time. This is shown by the outstanding successes recently achieved both by boys and girls in open competition.

No one realises more than I do that my task is no light one; but when it is remembered that the successful development of commerce is so very largely dependent on commercial travellers, it behoves every one of us to do what we can to safeguard the interests of their dependants should unforeseen circumstances arise.

May I appeal to your readers, therefore, to help these children by sending me a contribution, however small, which should be addressed to the Secretary, Royal Commercial Travellers Schools Offices, 17, Cheapside, London, E.C. 2. Every donation will be personally acknowledged.

Yours very truly,
MALCOLM A. ROBERTSON,
President of the Royal Commercial Travellers Maintenance Appeal.

EXPERIMENTS IN WATER DIVINING

SIR,—With reference to the article "Experiments in Water Divining" which appeared in your issue of the 4th of last month. Generally speaking, there are no such things as "underground streams" and dowsers only discredit their work by using the term.

Water only moves underground in anything like a stream when a chain of caverns or fissures are available, such as sometimes occur in limestone formations. In most other geological formations in which water can be found it is diffused below a level varying according to locality, and properly called a "water table."

If underground water moved about in streams such as dowsers profess to locate and follow, then one would frequently see dry or water-belching mouths of pipe or tunnel-like apertures in the face of chalk, grave or clay pits, or other kinds of deep excavations, but one never does.

Yours faithfully,
Wheel Cottage, GORDON FOWLER.
Adelaide, Ely.

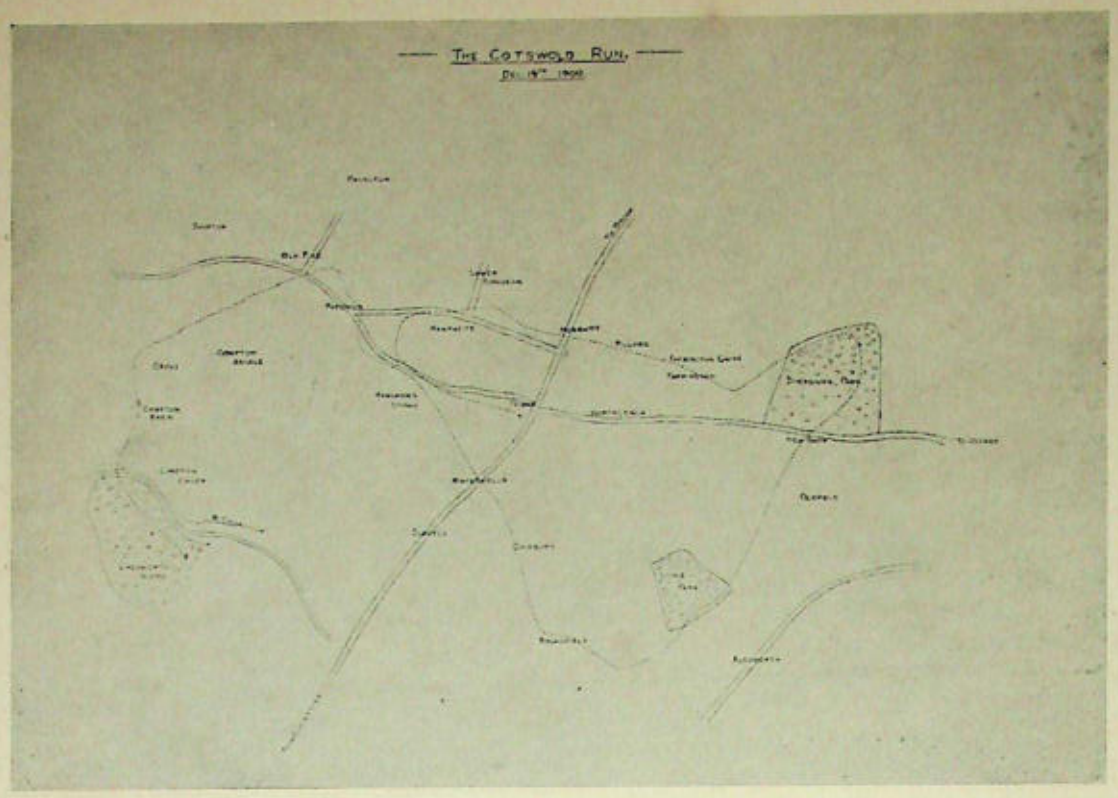
SIR,—Referring to "Experiments in Water Divining," in the *Field* of November 4th. Looking at the left-hand bottom photograph on p. 1153, had the lady taken the twig in her right hand, and the diviner continued to hold her left hand, the twig would have reacted in the usual way.

The note under the right-hand top photograph is interesting because diviners who use two slips of whalebone have their fingers interlocked. It would be interesting to hear the reason which induced the diviner to adopt the unusual and fatiguing method of holding the twig as shown in the photographs.

The "divining rod" reacts in the hands of many men, women and children, possibly in the majority of persons, but to estimate the depth at which water will be found, and the quantity, requires practice.

I recently sunk two wells at spots selected by diviners, and found water at the depths they indicated.

Yours faithfully,
Aberdeen. W. I. F.



FEW SAW THE END OF THIS MEMORABLE RUN
(See Letter "A Great Cotswold Day")

A GREAT COTSWOLD DAY

SIR,—I send a cutting from the *Morning Post*, which describes a most remarkable run with the Cotswold.

This Wednesday hunt revived my memory of many years ago, so I took a map of a run in 1900 from my scrapbook, as it may be of interest to the present-day foxhunters.

I was at the start but not at the finish of this hunt, fell badly near the end. In those days Charles Travers was huntsman and Charley Beacham whipped-in. Beacham is still alive. He was not in the hunt, as he got left.

I think I am right in saying Percy Herbert, Miss Meyrick, Miss Bruce and Miss Johnstone saw the end without the huntsman, whose horse was stone cold.

The recent run was described as follows:

"A large field assembled for the opening meet of the Cotswold at Puesdown Inn and sport was very good considering that scent was not quite of the best. Finding first in a rootfield near Mines, hounds hunted their fox very nicely through Prison Copse and on by Leygore. A big circle into the Heythrop country took them towards Farmington, and then they bore right-handed, to be run out of scent near the New Plantation.

"Coming back to Judith's Grove they refound their hunted fox and killed him and another before going on to Haselton Brake. Finding here they ran down by Turksdean, then right-handed over the Green Lane almost to Mines. Bearing right again they re-crossed the Green Lane and lost their fox where they found. This finished a busy and satisfactory beginning to the season proper."

Yours faithfully,
Dale, Dibden, Hants. C. F. A. BRUCE.

CAUGHT BY THE TONGUE

SIR,—I was very interested in a letter which appeared in your columns describing how a hare was snared by the ears. In October I was shooting with a friend when his dog, a very large Cocker spaniel, became fast in a snare. To our surprise the snare had tightened round the base of the dog's tongue, and although he was very quiet it was with no little difficulty that he was released.

This seems to be nearly as extraordinary as the case of the hare.

Yours faithfully,
The Bank House, Church Stretton. W. A. CADMAN.

PARTRIDGES AND GRIT

SIR,—On a shoot in Cambridgeshire two beats are intersected by two untreated roads, metalled only with gravel and local flints, on which birds are always to be seen, after grit and dusting. Both these beats always have far more birds than the third beat situated far from these roads. The cropping is the same on all three.

A curious instance of the birds seeking grit and dusting places was given by sitting pairs flying in daily at twelve o'clock to a gravel pit near Chrishall, where J. Kent has a crushing plant in operation making gravel a suitable size for partridges, as soon as the machine stops working for the dinner hour. It appears more and more that at the present date these birds need all the help that can be given to dust and find grit, now that the modern highways do not provide any.

Yours faithfully,
Hants. M.

ADDERS AND THEIR YOUNG

SIR,—It may interest readers to know that I have seen a smashed adder give vent to young on one or two occasions. The young lie at full stretch within the body of the parent, and may emerge at an injury, wherever that happens to be. I fancy that young adders are (or seem) longer some time before birth than at the period, and this may be because of the contraction due to the consolidation of the vertebræ. On one occasion the first adder of the season, killed at the mouth of her hibernating shelter, had a few very small young round her, but none inside, and I concluded that the family had hibernated together.

Yours truly,
Invergordon. D. M.

CART-HORSE FACE BRASSES

SIR,—With reference to Mr. L. C. Oakham's inquiry concerning information about horse brasses, he may find the following articles of use to him:

An article from the *Ironmonger* of September 13th, 1930: "Harness Brasses," by E. G. Harcourt.

An article in the *Connoisseur*, July, 1916: "English Horse Amulets," by H. Robinson Carter.

An article, "Brass Amulets," by E. V. Alison, in the *Connoisseur*. I am not sure of the date of this publication, but think it was late 1930 or early 1931.

Chats on Old Brass and Copper, by F. W. Burgess.

Treatise on Horse Brass, by Lina Eckenstein.

Yours truly,
34, Weoley Hill, Selly Oak, Birmingham. L. T. APPLETON.

HOOPOE IN SUSSEX

SIR,—Some weeks ago (at the end of September) a friend told me that he had seen a hoopoe on his lawn. He was not an ornithologist, and I did not really believe him, but when a few weeks later another friend (an authority on birds) told me that he had seen one, I began to think seriously about it.

A few days ago I myself had the good fortune to see one fly through part of a wood and alight on the branch of a tree. I watched it for a few minutes, but then something alarmed it, and with a harsh chirring noise it flew away.

It is not very likely that we all saw the same hoopoe, but if we did it means that the bird probably bred in England, and as it was still about in November it will probably winter in England.

I should like to hear whether any other reader has seen it.

Yours truly,
Sussex. M. A. R.

[The hoopoe occasionally appears in England on migration in autumn, as late as mid-November, but in case this was a locally-bred bird we suppress our contributor's full name and address.—ED.]

FREAK TAIL OF GROUSE

SIR,—I am sending a grouse with a freak tail, consisting of four feathers only, these being of different shape from the ordinary tail feathers of a Connemara grouse.

I think it must be uncommon. We have not met a bird like it on any of Mr. Shepherd's ground. It was quite noticeable on the wing.

Fermoyle Lodge, Costellce, Co. Galway. Yours truly, JOHN MELDON.

[Examination showed that the bird had lost the centre tail feathers, and that new ones were growing. This can plainly be seen in the photograph.—ED.]



NOT A NEW VARIETY
(See Letter "Freak Tail of Grouse")

APOLLO

A JOURNAL OF THE ARTS FOR CONNOISSEURS & COLLECTORS

Treats on the following subjects

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HISTORIC SHOOTING

SIR,—I should like to confirm all that Colonel Begbie says in the *Field* as to the wonderful reputation Major Thornhill used to enjoy, and thoroughly to deserve, as a game shot in India. He is now Colonel Sir Henry Thornhill, K.C.I.E., C.M.G., and it is nearly 60 years since he and I served together. For snipe, duck, etc., he used a 28-bore, and for quail and jack snipe a .410. For birds coming overhead he was fond of using the old *air-gun*, which he used to say he found quite good enough. He was withal perfectly modest about his very remarkable performances. I cannot claim to be any authority on shooting, but can vouch for the facts that I have just stated. I may also, perhaps, be permitted to add as a fact within my positive knowledge that Sir Henry's eldest son shot two woodcock, right and left, when he was only twelve years old.

Yours faithfully,
Sonning Common. A. M. B.

THE ODD EGG

SIR,—The accompanying photograph is of a hooded crows' nest with five eggs, found in Co. Wicklow on March 28th, 1932. Four of the eggs were of the usual crow type, whilst the fifth was pale blue and almost devoid of markings. It is not an uncommon thing to find one egg of a clutch of carrion or hooded crows' eggs much paler than the rest, but what particularly interested me was that in 1926 I had climbed to a hoodies' nest only a few yards away from the nest of 1932, and that this also had contained four normal eggs and one pale blue one.

It is well known that crows use the same nesting site year after year, so that even if the birds that nested there in 1932 were not the same as the 1926 pair, it is probable that they were their descendants. It would be interesting to know whether a crow that lays one egg different to the rest of her clutch will do the same each season. Out of six nests found in the same small marsh during the past few years the two nests mentioned above were the only



HOODED CROW'S CURIOUS CLUTCH
(See Letter "The Odd Egg")

ones that had this variety of egg, the eggs in the other clutches being uniform in colour.

Perhaps some of your readers can throw light on this question, and also whether it is always the last egg laid that is the palest.

Yours truly,
Longtimber, R. CASEMENT
Ivybridge, S. Devon. (Lieut., R.N.).

ECONOMY OF HUNTING

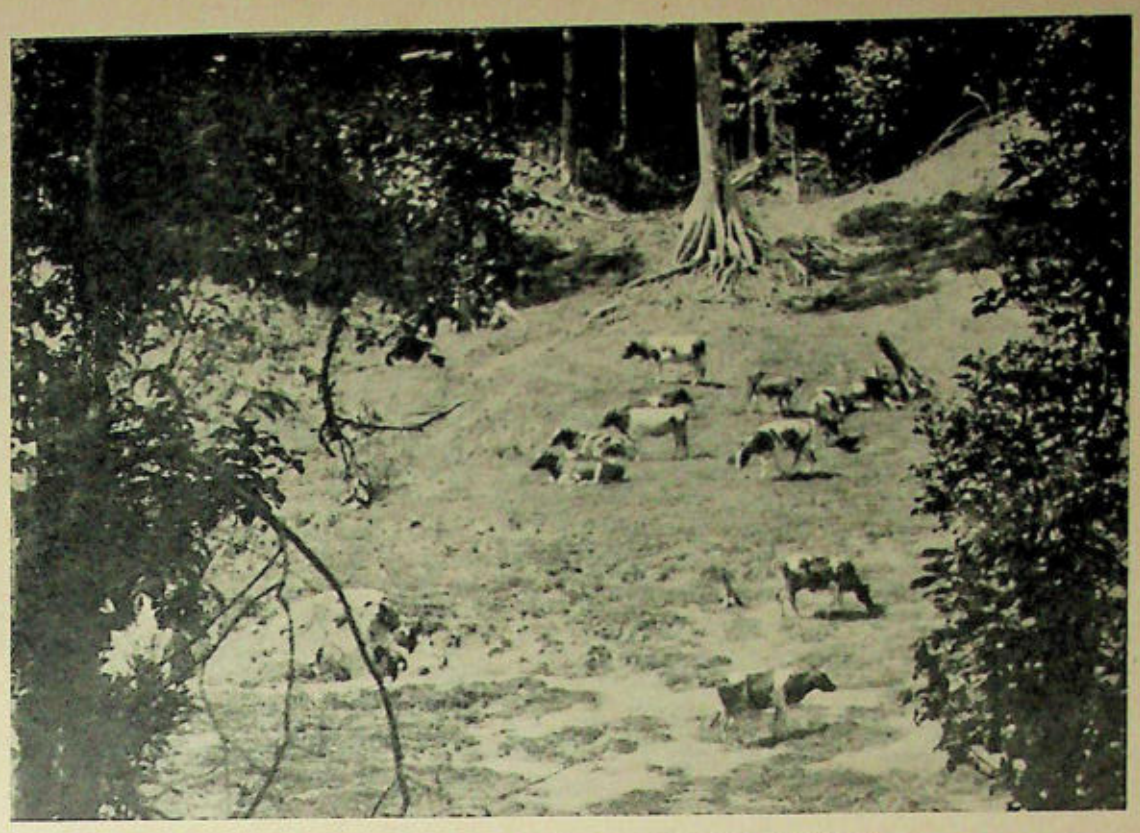
SIR,—I read with interest Captain W. G. L. Meredith's article in the *Field* of November 11th on "The Economy of Hunting," and cordially agree with him as to the measures which make days with hounds possible.

Writing from the point of view of a Colonial civil servant, home on that rare but welcome winter leave, with its opportunity for a season's, or part of a season's, hunting, the very reasonable cost at which this great sport can be enjoyed has been an agreeable surprise to me. Since I arrived in England I have had five days' cubbing and five days' hunting for a total expenditure of £18, comprising "caps," 10/- p. d. cubbing and £1 hunting; hire of horses, 15/- p. d. cubbing and £1 1s. to £2 hunting; the balance being for part use of a motor box on the occasion of a distant meet.

Now, I frankly admit that I do not enjoy riding either unschooled youngsters or decrepit cab-horses. It is with that pleasurable feeling, therefore, of value received that I wish to record my appreciation of the performances of the horses supplied to me by local stables. These left nothing to be desired, whether hounds were drawing or running.

To officers who ride on leave but are under the impression that hunting is beyond their means I would merely suggest that they compare the figures in this letter with the cost of a dinner-theatre-supper party in London for "value received."

Yours faithfully,
Bexhill-on-Sea, Sussex. K. L. HALL.



HEALTHY AND WELL IN SPITE OF HEAT AND ALTITUDE
(See Letter "Farming on the Equator")

FARMING ON THE EQUATOR

SIR,—The enclosed photograph depicts the unusual sight of a herd of Friesian cattle grazing within 4 deg. of the Equator, at the dairy farm up Fraser's Hill in the Federated Malay States. The farm is 3,250ft. above sea level, and, as the photograph shows, is hemmed in by dense jungle, whence tigers have been known to emerge and take the cattle. These cattle were imported from South Africa in 1931 and are doing very well, although the milk yields have so far not proved high. Fraser's Hill is a health resort in the heart of the mountains of Malaya, 4,250ft. above sea level.

Yours faithfully,
Survey Office, T. KITCHING.
Johore Bahru, Malay States.

EXPORT OF HORSES FOR BUTCHERY

SIR,—You most kindly published an appeal in your columns for the funds of the International League against the Export of Horses for Butchery, and for my local scheme for buying up old horses and having them humanely destroyed.

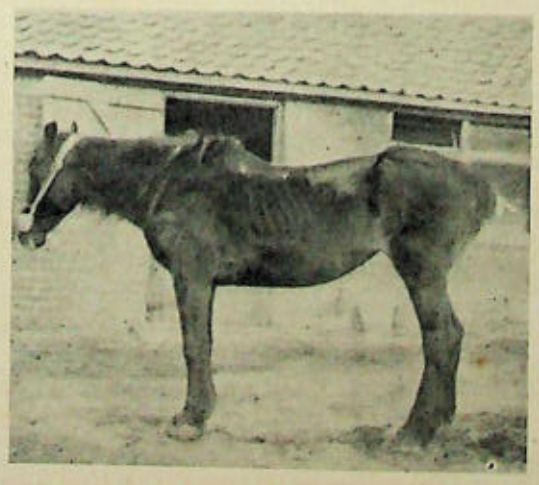
I thought the enclosed photograph might interest your readers, especially those who so kindly sent me donations.

The mare in the photograph is the first one I bought under the local scheme. I paid £2 10s. for her and received £1 from the kennels for her carcase. On the day she was shot she was hardly able to walk, and when she was cut up it was discovered that her lungs were diseased. In spite of this she was out in a low-lying field with no shelter, in snow and a bitter north wind, and she had been ploughing within a fortnight of her death.

I have also bought a black pony, aged, weak and lame in one hind leg. I gave £2 for her and only received 5/- for her carcase. I know now of several more old horses waiting patiently for a merciful release from their misery. If I am unable to buy them through lack of funds they will go abroad, as they are technically "fit to travel and work."

I must not trouble you again, but if you could publish these facts I shall be most grateful.

Withypoole, Yours faithfully,
East Keswick, Leeds. DOREEN TOPE.



THE OBJECT OF AN APPEAL
(See Letter "Export of Horses for Butchery")



Definitely superior for all occasions

BOOTH'S
THE ONLY MATURED
DRY GIN



WHERE THE GOAD IS NO LONGER USED, BUT LITTLE ELSE IS CHANGED
(See Letter "Tuscan Industry")

TUSCAN INDUSTRY

SIR,—The photograph which I enclose is a typical scene throughout the fertile parts of Tuscany.

At the busy seasons of the year all the members of the family, young and old, help in the fields. In this particular scene the "nonna" and her daughter are sowing the seed, whilst her son-in-law directs the harrow. The women wear coloured handkerchiefs on their heads, which makes a pleasant splash of colour.

The stillness is only broken by the words of command shouted at the oxen. Mercifully the use of the goad has died out in this country, and the peasants treat their animals with great kindness.

The plough when used is identical with those employed many centuries ago.

Yours faithfully,

Florence. MARJORIE J. DEAN.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Loch Ness Monster.—Your correspondent, Mr. J. E. Hamilton, writing on the Loch Ness Monster, states "it is impossible to believe that one of them could have passed through the various locks at either end of the Caledonian Canal." If, as Mr. Hamilton appears to suggest, the animal in Loch Ness is of maritime origin, the River Ness, as already mentioned by another of your correspondents would be the normal channel of ingress from the sea to Loch Ness, and not the Caledonian Canal, as stated.—A. MACKENZIE, House of Farr, Inverness.

White Rook.—On October 25th, about 8.30 in the morning, we saw a perfectly white rook near here. He was on the ground among some 20 ordinary rooks. Some of them sat around looking at him, but most seemed quite unconcerned. We watched them from a hedge about 50yds. away for some time. I should like to know if these freaks are often seen.—M. B. BUXTON, Britain's Lodge, Sevenoaks.

[Albinism in rooks is not nearly so common as in, say, blackbirds and house sparrows, but such examples are reported from time to time.—ED.]

Peregrine and Starlings.—I should like to put on record the appearance of a peregrine falcon here (Wye, near Ashford) on the evening of October 25th. I noticed that the enormous numbers of starlings (which collect every evening on the water meadows above the mill) had all risen into the air and were scattering. Suddenly a peregrine dropped down on a party of about 30 birds, killed one and swept up again. It flew around for several minutes, then descended to its prey. It was probably a young bird on migration.—G. H. GUSH, The College, Wye, Kent.

Nest in a Fox Mask.—During the past summer a pair of spotted flycatchers built a nest on an old mask of a fox hung up outside Mr. Townrow's stables in Braintree, Essex. The nest was on the top of the head, between the ears and the wooden mount. The brood was successfully reared. It will be interesting to see if this site is used again next summer.—J. H. OWEN, Felsted School.

A November Swallow.—On November 11th I was surprised to see a swallow hawking over the town here. Although there was a keen touch of frost in the air the bird seemed quite unconcerned. This, I am sure, is an exceptionally late date for the swallow to be observed in such a northerly district.—D. MACDONALD, Elmbank, Dornoch, Sutherland.

A November House Martin.—On November 12th I saw a solitary martin flying about on the front at Broadstairs near the Royal Albion Hotel. I watched the bird for some minutes. It seemed quite strong on the wing, and appeared to be hawking for flies, though I saw no signs of anything it could have fed on.—P. E. W., London, S.W.

Late Appearance of the Clouded Yellow.—On October 18th I was surprised to see large numbers (over 100) of the clouded yellow butterfly, including three of the var. *helice*, along the sea front at Eastbourne, mostly attracted to and feasting on valerian flowers. From the very fresh condition of the majority of the butterflies, some of which were pairing, it is most probable they were British born and not recent immigrants. There were also a large number of painted ladies, equally in fine condition. The late appearance of so many specimens is unusual and worthy of record.—F. W. FROHAWK, Sutton, Surrey.



GAME BIRDS & WILDFOWL

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IN THE CITY

AN OPPORTUNITY

DURING the last few months there has been a considerable volume of selling of Canadian Sterling securities on the London Stock Exchange on behalf of Canadians wishing to take advantage of the fall in the sterling value of the Canadian dollar.

Supposing that a person resident in Canada had purchased £100 of stock at par in London when the exchange rate was quoted at $4.20 to the pound, the cost would have been approximately $420. Supposing that he now finds he can sell the stock at the same price in London, the proceeds would amount to about $520 with the exchange rate at $5.20.

It is not difficult therefore to understand the temptation offered to the Canadian holders of sterling securities to take the very handsome profits that have become available by reason of the fall in the sterling value of the Canadian dollar, and not difficult to explain the fall that has recently taken place in the prices of such stocks as Grand Trunk Railway 4 per cent. debenture stock, that recently changed hands at 99¾, and which can at present be bought at 94½; or the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway 3 per cent. First Mortgage Sterling Bonds that changed hands at £100 earlier this year and which can at present be bought at about £82.

Interest on the former stock which yields £4 4s. per cent. at the current offered price after allowing for all expenses of purchase, is payable in sterling in London or Montreal, and is guaranteed in perpetuity by the Canadian Government. The stock seems to be particularly undervalued as compared with the new Canada 4 per cent. stock 1953/58 that can at present be sold at £105. By an odd coincidence the price at which the Grand Trunk 4 per cent. stock can now be bought is exactly the same as when the stock was mentioned in this column on April 1st last.

The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway 3 per cent. first mortgage debenture stock is redeemable at par on January 1st, 1962, and is guaranteed as to principal and interest by the Canadian Government. At the current price the yield is £3 14s. flat and £4 3s. 6d. allowing for the profit on redemption at par in 1962. Interest is payable in sterling in London or at the fixed rate of $4.86 to the pound in Montreal or New York, which explains the fact that the stock changed hands at 100 earlier in the year when the dollar was quoted at a substantial premium.

The recent selling of such stocks from Canada reflects in no way on their investment merit, and seems to provide the English investor with an opportunity, uncommon enough to-day, of acquiring a first-class fixed-yielding investment on attractive terms.

BRITISH CELANESE

Since the 7½ per cent. participating second cumulative preference shares of £1 each of British Celanese Limited were described in this column on August 12th as a cheap speculation at 11/9, the report in respect of the year ended June 30th, 1933 has been issued, and the shares having changed hands at 15/7½ have again fallen back to about 12/9 offered.

In his speech at the general meeting held last month, the chairman said that the profits earned during the first four months of the current year after deduction of all charges including debenture service, current provision for the commutation of royalties, but before provision for depreciation, were in excess of the total profit earned for last year, and that prospects remained favourable. The profits earned in respect of 1932/33 calculated on the same basis amounted to £325,212, and this current indication seem to be that the company may earn about £1,000,000 in respect of the year ending June, 1934, before making allowance for depreciation. One year's dividend of the 7 per cent. first preference capital, and the 7½ per cent. second preference capital would require approximately £344,000 net.

The second preference shares entitle their holders to receive a preferential dividend of 7½ per cent. and then to participate with the ordinary shareholders up to a maximum dividend of 10 per cent. in all. The current price includes three-and-a-half years' arrears of dividend, or nearly 4/– net per share, and although these arrears may not be cleared off for some few years, unless a capital reconstruction scheme is carried through, the shares appear an interesting speculation for those prepared to take a reasonably long view.

It should, however, be borne in mind that no allowance for depreciation has been made in the company's accounts since June, 1930, and that the bulk of the profits earned during the current year may therefore be utilised for that purpose.

PACTOLUS.

MEMORIES OF A HUNTSMAN

Bert Thatcher's Forty Seasons With Hounds in Many Countries

WHEN I was with the Middleton I used to take hounds round to the front door in the summer while out walking, for Lord Middleton to see, and he would stand on the steps and throw them a bit of biscuit; if it was the dog hounds I had, he was so considerate he would say, "if you haven't too much to do this afternoon will you bring the bitches along too?"

A great gentleman and a great sportsman.

I think I forgot to mention that during my first season with Major the Hon. H. C. Vane, hounds met at Howe Bridge late in October. I was jogging on to the meet with hounds, when Mr. Robin Hill said to me: "You have never been across this bit of country before. It takes a bit of getting over. We had better make some arrangement with each other, that if either of us fall we shall catch each other's horses."

When hounds found and went away, we had only gone about four fields when Mr. Hill's horse came down! I stuck to my word and caught his horse. He remounted and on we went. Later on in the day, I came "it" good and proper, and shouted out to Mr. Hill to do the same for me. His reply I shall ever remember, though possibly I did not see the humour of it then: "I haven't come out here to catch loose horses!" I can see the twinkle in his eye now as he galloped past. But a touch of humour makes us all wondrous kind!

I must not forget to include in these Middleton memories the great run which took place on February 11th, 1920. The morning seemed to be as unpropitious as one could imagine, a high north-westerly wind blowing gusts and very cold. The only hope seemed that the glass was inclined to rise but that the fences on the way to the meet looked black.

The ride to the meet was pure agony, scuds of sleet and rain cutting your face like a lash. On arrival at Sutton-on-Derwent we found a goodly muster of hard-riding fellows, all looking bitter cold, but the hounds seemed right on their toes.

As a correspondent wrote, and I quote his account: "There have always seemed to me possibilities about Sutton Wood; I always have gone there and have seen some nice hunts from it. The only other time I saw it drawn this year five foxes went away; we hunted one with five couple of hounds after we had, I am sure, been cursed by a sheepdog, very much in the same direction as this hunt started.

"On this occasion it was some time before hounds spoke, but eventually we heard Thatcher's horn blowing the signal to go down the river. However, hounds could make nothing of it till a hard-riding member padded the fox into a large rabbit-hole which the hounds subsequently marked in no uncertain manner. Thatcher at once took the steps to keep the occupant there and to prevent any further entrance. He put hounds into the wood at once, and before long a fox jumped up in front of hounds, took one turn around the cover (I noted a rare cry) and ran out towards the York—Hull Road at a great pace almost along the river bank. I decided that despite the wind hounds could run. After crossing the road the fox turned back and was marked to ground in another hole near the wood. Thatcher decided this was a vixen and left her. Then came on the coldest sleet storm I have ever been out in, during which we had to stop and find what shelter we could.

"While this was going on 'Bob' with civilian assistance was quietly and quickly getting down to his fox in rabbit-hole No. 1, and by the time the storm was overpast and the atmosphere had cleared, and despite a rather high wind, the scenting conditions looked good, he was ready to be sent on his last journey. Away he went—this gallant fox—through the wood right up to the end of the young plantation at the north; he then doubled back and went out pointing for Allerthorpe Common, about half-way up on the east side of the wood. I had got behind a long string of horsemen and was not taking much interest, thinking we were bound for the common, but on seeing Thatcher two fields away on my right going fast, with two tail hounds, I turned sharp left-handed and began to gallop.

"I passed four or five people in one field—a heavy plough—jumped into the road opposite an open gate and saw below me two fields away the whole pack running as only Lord Middleton's hounds can, attended by Thatcher, and a field in front of him a man on a black horse in a black coat. Hounds were running in a north direction parallel to the beck.

"The first few fields were the heaviest plough I have ever met, and we had to jump two very fair drains. I noted that the pilot had breathed very hard on one rail in his haste. I now began to realise that we were in for something pretty good, for although I was not within two fields of hounds they were running with a drive and dash which betokened a real scent. After crossing the beck I was lucky to ride up a farm track which I did at top pace, leading to Gale Farm, and close behind me came another, my old second-in-command, and one of my dearest friends; behind me were two others, but some way behind. On nearing Gale Farm I came up with the two leaders and saw that one of them was another old friend. We four were now well up with hounds, which seemed to be making for the common.

"Now we had to jump the Sails Beck, a real good jump, and we all had it in a different place. When within two fields of the extreme west end of the common hounds hesitated for a moment, but put themselves right. This gave us time to jump a real big place. We all helped each other over—it wanted a bit of doing. Hounds having righted themselves, they turned left-handed and ran very hard with gradually increasing speed right across Barmby Common, across the Hull Road, right through an intricate and rabbit-holey country, including the Black Dike—a very formidable place. My horse refused three times, but I got over with a scramble. One of my friends got over first; his horse had only been out hunting once before.

"I fancy this place held up my other two friends, as I never saw them until Bolton Hall. Hounds were still running on with unbated energy, and ran right into Bolton Hall garden, where they checked. Thatcher was about to cast them down-wind—we trotted down the road towards Bolton—when we saw them hit it off, and begin to run very hard towards the Spittle Beck. There we had to jump another nasty drain, a real brute. We four got over, but I fancy it stopped all the others, as I never saw them again till our fox had had the last rites performed.

"We were now faced with the railway and the beck. I had been hunting with Wood's Harriers the week before, and had had leisure to make a reconnaissance of it—luckily at this point; so jumping on to the railway I led the three over the bridge, which got us over the beck. A gate off the railway set us off again, and we rode as hard as we could over some nice grass fields after the hounds, which were two fields ahead. We all joined forces in a lane which leads into Fangfoss and galloped up the village, being very glad to get a bit of hard going for the horses.

"As we were going through the village Thatcher said: 'Where are all the others, Colonel?' Then pointing to one of my friends who was galloping up the road, said: 'Isn't he a marvel?' I cordially assented. My other friend, who came alongside, shouted: 'Isn't this sublime?' Again cordial assent. Hounds crossed the road north of Fangfoss. We had to leave them a little on our right on account of wire, but we had a glorious ride across to Balthope Covert.

"Hounds turned away from the covert and ran very hard over some nice grasses pointing for Youlthorpe and hereabouts I had a curious incident happen. I was riding rather right of the other three and met a fence with the thorns standing rather on my side. I also noticed the hounds had rather gone in and out on the other side, but did not think the ditch was so big. However, I realised it in mid-air. My horse made a wonderful effort, and did not fall, but so nearly did that when he got up my bridoon rein was under his off foreleg. To dismount and arrange matters would have cost me my place, but I took out my knife, cut the rein as near the buckle as I could, and sailed on.

"One wants a knife handy on all occasions, but in these days of string-tied gates out hunting more than anywhere. Hounds now crossed a lane running from Gowthorpe to Bishop Wilton, down which we galloped and jumped out left-handed up a very heavy field, at the end of which was a snorter. One of my friends went at a place on the left, and I heard a crack. I selected a bit of timber on his right; my horse made a good effort and got well over, but I carried a good bit of blackthorn under my knee. Thatcher followed in my friend's hole, my other friend after me. I must have made a bit of a noise, as Thatcher turned around and roared with laughter. We galloped up a grass field, and at the end I saw a few hounds get up their heads and begin to show excitement on nearing the fence. A quick turn, and this gallant fox—for it was Charlie—turned back, slipped into a big ditch, made a final effort to escape, and died, as he had run, like a gentleman. Thatcher got hold of him, but the old dogs had to have another worry, and I had to go and help before he could perform the last rites. He died about three-quarters of a mile from Youlthorpe Covert, the stoutest fox I ever saw, and I never saw one better hunted."

(To be continued.)



HUNTSMEN OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

A group of famous huntsmen at a Bedale puppy judging. Back row: W. Morris, now huntsman to the Earl of Berkeley's; F. Morris, huntsman to the Cleveland; H. Cumpstone, ex-huntsman to the York and Ainsty; and F. Earp, first whipper-in and kennel-huntsman to the Earl of Harrington's at this date. Sitting, from left to right: Bert Thatcher, then hunting the Zetland; the late B. Downs, ex-huntsman to the Hurworth and Bedale, whose last appearance with hounds was in Cecil Aldin's Gaiety play, "The Good Old Days"; and Charles Sturman, late huntsman to the Heythrop



Niall Rankin

LORD YARBOROUGH AND PEAKER, HIS HUNTSMAN, WITH THE BROCKLESBY PACK

FAMILIES FAMOUS IN SPORT—No. 8

The Earls of Yarborough and Brocklesby

PART II.

VERY wonderful is the record of the Brocklesby huntsmen. For 150 years, from father to son, the Brocklesby horn was carried by a member of the famous Smith family, dating from somewhere about the time of the before-mentioned agreement and continuing till 1864, two of them, the second Tom Smith (1761–1816) and the first Will Smith (1816-1845) being most celebrated huntsmen and hound-breeders; and the line is still carried on through the late Tom Smith, who was born at Brocklesby and whipped-in there and was afterwards huntsman to the Bramham Moor from 1877 to 1908, and his son Frank, who has been huntsman to the Dumfriesshire since 1920. Nor were the Smiths the only famous huntsmen to the Brocklesby, for Nimrod Long carried the horn from 1864 to 1877, Will Dale from 1884 to 1896, and Jim Smith (no relation to the other Smiths, but one whose name will always be associated with the pack in happy memory) from 1896 to 1921.

Lord Yarborough and his famous huntsman, the second Tom Smith, both retired from office in 1816, the former having been Master since 1763, and the latter having carried the horn since 1861, and been in service at Brocklesby for 59 years, and both were succeeded by their eldest sons.

One of the best hunters old Will Smith ever had was Nailer, by Quicksilver, a good-looking chesnut and a hard puller except with the old huntsman; and Ploughboy, by Hippomenes, was another. He carried Smith for eight seasons, and his end came gloriously in the hunting field, for he put his foot in a grip at Healing and rolled over as dead as mutton. Mr. Tom Brooks was riding him, and as the huntsman swept past the latter exclaimed, "Not hurt, I hope? Well it's an honourable death for old Ploughboy to die." Smith went on and killed his fox in Lord Yarborough's private room at Brocklesby, and "The Druid" remarked, "It seemed as if he had struggled so far to tell his Lordship that his race was avenged on old Ploughboy at last." Smith had one of the pads mounted as a paper-knife for Mr. Brooks, as a memento of the day, April 6th, 1826. It was a shifty Waverly horse that caused the old huntsman's death at Barnoldby-le-Bec on April 11th, 1845. Mr. Richard Nainby gave the land for the memorial that marks the spot, which surely should be a shrine for the pilgrimage of all Brocklesby sportsmen.

Mention has been made of the antiquity of the Brocklesby pack, and it is safe to say that every foxhound to-day goes back to it, and the sires from that kennel are just as popular to-day as they always have been. Colonel Cook, in his book, mentions Ranter 1790 as being one of the most noted sires of his day, and he founded a famous line; and Earl Bathurst, in his book *The Breeding of Foxhounds*, published in 1926, says Ranter fully proved himself worthy of being so included by Colonel Cook in his list of the best-known stallions of that time. And he also shows that not only does every hound at Belvoir go back to Brocklesby Rallywood 1843, but, "if the pedigrees of the stallion hounds used towards the end of the early period are made out, it will be found that in most cases they strain back in three or four lines to Mr. Pelham's Vigo 1754, Rattler 1752, and Merryman 1750."

The pack which the eighteenth Lord Willoughby de Broke built up in Warwickshire, than which there never has been a better anywhere or at any time, was full of Brocklesby blood; and if one will take the trouble to work out the pedigrees of the leading hounds of any pack to-day, it will be found how much Brocklesby blood flows in their veins. From the days of Rattler 1752 to Aimwell 1924, their names are writ large in foxhound history. But, of course, the greatest of them all was Brocklesby Rallywood 1843, "the hound that made the Belvoir," according to "The Druid," and to which not only Brocklesby and Belvoir, but every other pack traces back.

About the beginning of the nineteenth century Lord Yarborough bought a Sir Peter mare, a sister to Hermione, from Lord Grosvenor, and he used to send his mares to Lord Fitzwilliam's and Lord Egremont's best horses; a mare by Lord Egremont's Driver was one of the best they ever had in the Brocklesby stables. Quicksilver, a small bloodlike horse, was the first noted sire Lord Yarborough had, and his stock were all chesnuts, with duck noses, wide nostrils, and the proverbial "skin like a mouse," and they were as good to tell as if they were labelled. At one time the country was full of his stock, and afterwards with Sir Malagagi's queer-tempered ones.

It was when he was mounted on a mare belonging to Mr. Frank Iles, by Pilgrim from a Devi-sing mare, whose Eclipse sire had been imported into Lincolnshire by Lord Yarborough, that Mr. Tom Brook, of Croxby, won the historic steeple chase from North Thoresby mill to Aylesby Church, on March 30th, 1821, beating his life-long friend, Mr. Field Nicholson, who had come back from the Shires with a mare with which he had been "cutting 'em down and hanging 'em up to dry," but which Mr. Brooks ironically described as "a nice bagman's mare!" The result was a match for fifty pounds a side over the best of Brocklesby.

Generally spoken of as "the Commodore," the first Lord Yarborough had sat in Parliament for Grimsby and the county for 20 years, and he was created Baron Worsley and Earl of Yarborough in 1837. He founded and was the first Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and died on board his yacht the Kestrel, in Vigo Bay, in 1846. The following was quoted in *Baily's Magazine* for August, 1870:

"When death pulled old Yarborough down by the stern,
And the Kestrel returned with the Commodore's urn,
There was weeping at Cowes, lamentations at Ryde,
For the jolly old tar was the whole Ocean's pride."

The first Earl of Yarborough was more devoted to politics and yachting than foxhunting, though the pack and the sport were kept to the highest level under Will Smith; but his Lordship's brother, George, fully maintained the family's love of hunting and racing. The writer's old friend, the late Mr. Charles Nainby, of Barnoldby-le-Bec, used to tell him that Mr. Pelham was full of queer sayings, one being that "he wished he had been tenting pigs in Habrough Field when his brother was born"; in which case he would have been the eldest son and heir to the title and estates. He also used to say, "My brother, Lord Yarborough, is all right at pulley-hauley on a yacht, but he can't say 'Yoi over, boys!' like me." He was in the Army at one time and saw active service; but having no yearning for military glory, soon sent in his papers, much to his father's disappointment.

The celebrated Brocklesby Hunt Club was founded in November, 1835, and its Minute Book was kindly lent to the writer by the late Mr. Charles Nainby of Barnoldby. Mr. Thomas Brooks was the first chairman, and Mr. William Torr, of Aylesby Manor, the first hon. secretary and treasurer. Some of the best riders of the day competed at the annual steeple chases, including Captain Becher, and such famous Brocklesby men as Captain John Henry Skipworth, the Nainbys, other Skipworths, and Mr. W. G. Loft; and such famous horses as Gay Lad, Peter Simple, Ormsby, Northallerton Tommy and Newcastle Tommy. The late Mr. Charles Nainby's first race was in 1842, which he won on Mr. Tom Brooks' Hang 'Em, and he afterwards won it three years in succession on his father's horses Crocus and the before-mentioned Tommys—both greys

The second Earl of Yarborough (1846–1862) was known in Lincolnshire as "Yarborough the Good," and was M.P. both for the county and, after the Reform Bill, for North Lincolnshire; and it was in his time that the Grimsby Docks and the railway were made. He was Lord Lieutenant of the county in 1857, and, like his father and grandfather, was Recorder of Grimsby; and it was to his memory that his tenants and friends erected, at a cost of over £2,000, the handsome arch at the Kirmington entrance to Brocklesby Park.

The third Earl sat as member for Grimsby, while Lord Worsley, and commanded the first battalion of the Lincoln Rifles at the beginning of the Volunteer Movement. He married Lady Victoria Hare, the fourth daughter of the Earl of Listowel, in 1858; was a keen sportsman and a popular and generous landlord; and during his Mastership of the Brocklesby Hounds, with Nimrod Long as huntsman, the Hunt ranked second to none. No expense was spared, Long had a magnificent pack of hounds to hunt, and no huntsman in England was better mounted. During his Mastership and

that of his father, some 70 or 80 tenant farmers used to turn out in scarlet, riding high-class horses, mostly of their own breeding, which they used to pass on to more fashionable countries at high prices.

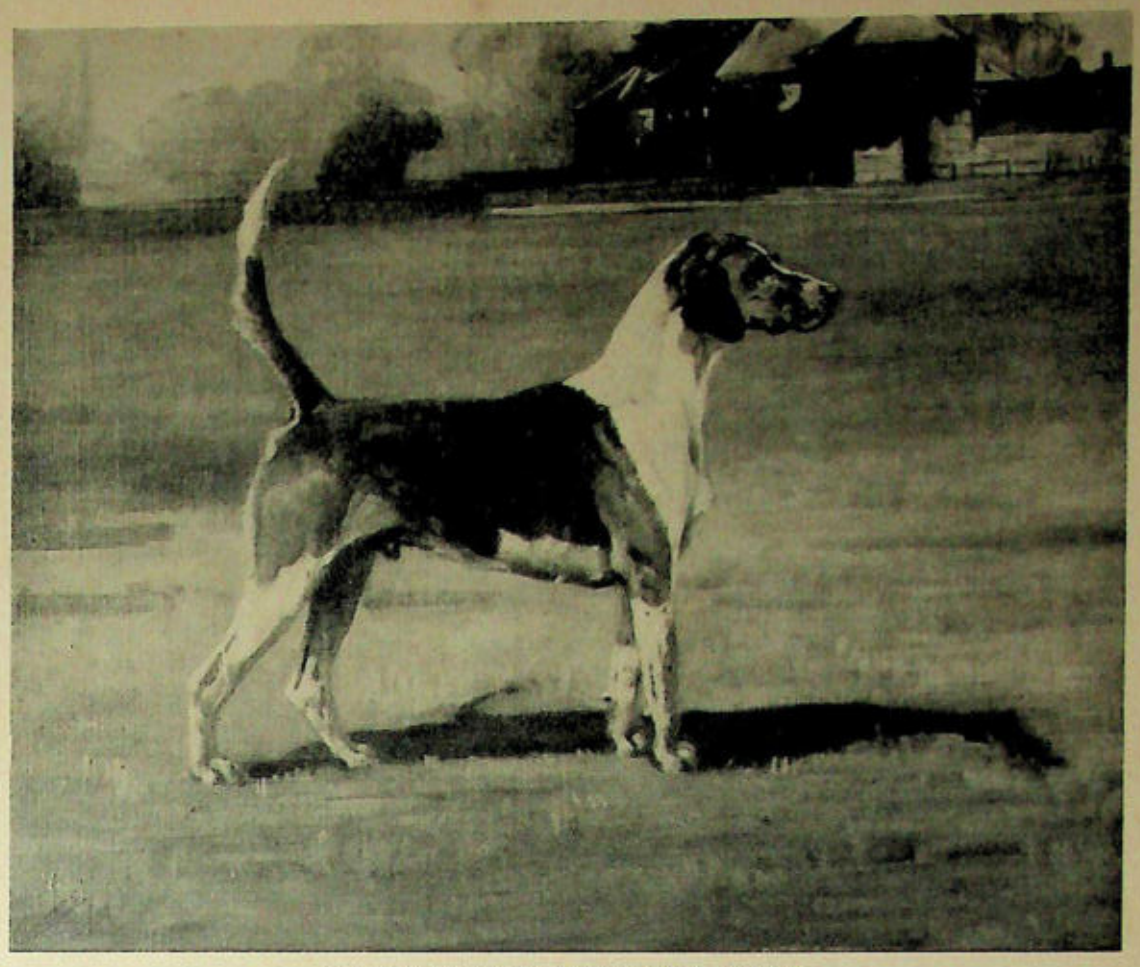
The third Earl died in 1875, and during the minority of his son, who did not come of age till 1880, the management of the hounds was undertaken by his mother, greatly assisted by Mr. J. Maunsell Richardson, whom she married in 1881. A subscription was suggested, but Lady Yarborough came forward in the most handsome manner, stating that the Pelhams had always owned the pack and hunted the Brocklesby country free of cost, and that she would continue to do so till her son came of age.

Mr. Richardson was one of the best riders to hounds, and in silk over fences or on the Flat, of all time. He won every big steeple chase at least twice, including the Grand National on Disturbance and Reugny, horses of his own training, in 1873 and 1874, and he on several occasions beat the best of the Flat-race professional jockeys in welter races. He married Victoria, Countess of Yarborough, in 1881, who died in 1927, having survived her husband fifteen years. Mr. Richardson hunted the Brocklesby dog hounds during the present Earl's minority, frequently judged foxhounds at Peterborough, and hunters at all the principal horse shows in England and Ireland, and was most popular and beloved by everyone he came into contact with.

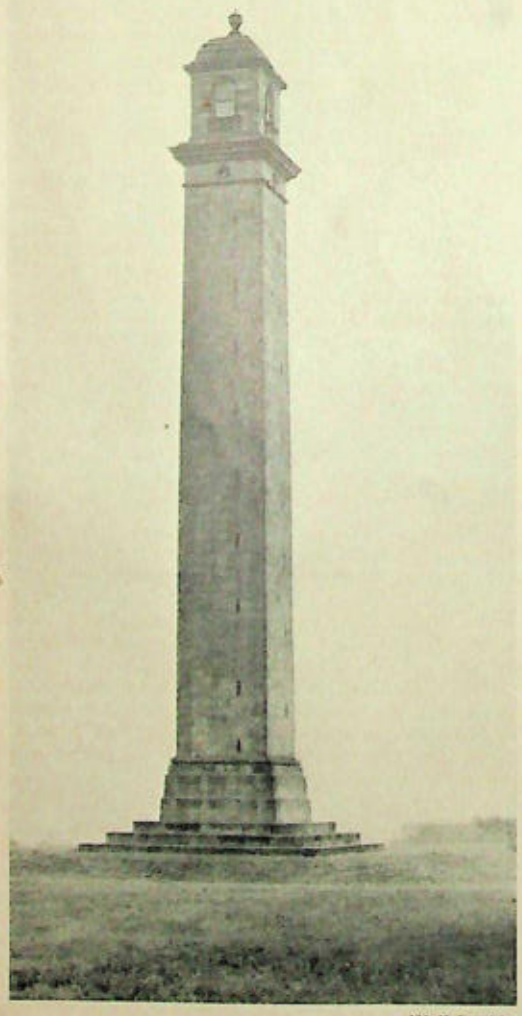
Of the present Earl, Lord Lieutenant of Lincolnshire, little need be said, as he is too well known to need comment. Popular as his ancestors have been in the past, they cannot have been more so than is the present Master of the historic family pack; and the writer's happiest years were spent in North Lincolnshire hunting with his Lordship's hounds and enjoying his kindly hospitality.

Lord Yarborough has had various joint-Masters since the War, but in 1932 he decided to carry on again by himself, and has now entered on his 54th year as Master, and no Hunt ever had a better. As his great-great-grandfather said of Mr. Hugo Meynell: "His manners are so essentially those of a gentleman, that no man would wilfully or willingly offend him."

How few people who travel through North Lincolnshire, noticing the heavy crops of corn and roots, the fine herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, the trim fencing and effective drainage, and all the signs of high farming and agricultural skill and enterprise, ever give a thought to the Pelhams and their incomparable tenants who brought this about. For at one time the Wolds were all open country, consisting of patches of gorse, rabbit warrens and sheep walks; but by the middle of the nineteenth century some 30,000 acres of Lord Yarborough's estate were converted into good corn and turnip land, dotted with handsome farm buildings, on which £150,000 had been spent, and surrounded by lofty stacks, the fields being divided by neat, clipped thorn fences. The farms were not let on lease, nevertheless the tenant was ready to sink as much as £8,000 on a farm at Brocklesby through well-merited confidence in its owner. For generations, though only on a yearly tenure, the farms on Lord Yarborough's estate passed from father to son; and a case is recorded that on one occasion a farmer died and left a son of but three years of age, and two neighbouring tenants were allowed by the landlord to manage the farm for the infant in trust till his majority.



BROCKLESBY AIMWELL (DENMARK—ARTFUL)
Presented to the present Earl of Yarborough in 1930 on completion of 50 years of Mastership of the family pack, by subscribers and friends



Niall Rankin
THE PELHAM PILLAR
A well-known landmark in the Brocklesby country

At one time the parish of Limber, consisting of 4,000 acres, was let to four tenants at 2/6 an acre, and all four became bankrupt. Since it became enclosed and well farmed the tenants have done exceptionally well, and considerable fortunes have been made. Arthur Young, when he visited the Wolds in 1799, said that he was astounded at the change that had been made since his previous visit 40 years before. But even then there was much land to come under cultivation between Louth and Caistor; and "near Brocklesby, etc., there are large tracts of excellent land under gorse, and at Cabourne and Swallow I passed through the same for miles." What would Mr. Young say if he saw this district now?

Mr. Pusey, when writing on one occasion in the journal of the Royal Agricultural Society in 1842, spoke of the exceedingly high standard of agriculture on the Brocklesby estate; and in the same journal in 1852, Mr. J. A. Clark said: "Some of the most celebrated farming is upon the estates of the Earl of Yarborough, where the land has been brought to the very highest pitch of fertility, and every operation in tillage is completely and perfectly done, where whole fortunes are annually expended in the purchase of artificial food and manures, and where the flocks and herds are not only large in number, but every animal is of superior breed and proportions, and where the farm yards, buildings and stacks are generally of suitable dimensions and neatness. All the improvements have been made, and fresh capital is being continually laid out, simply upon the guarantee of a good understanding between landlord and tenant."

The Brocklesby estate has never been associated with large bags of game as many other estates in the Eastern Counties, but partridges, hares and wild pheasants are to be found in most parts of it, and there are always wildfowl on the lakes in the park. For a good many years the present owner has not reared pheasants, but 30 years ago 2,600 pheasants were killed in two days in the big woods, and on one day one of the guns declared he had seen ten different foxes! Some of the old game cards about the middle of the last century have been preserved; the parties usually consisting of neighbours who shot over, not only the Brocklesby and Manby estates belonging to Lord Yarborough, but the neighbouring ones of Normanby, Norton, Appleby, Roxby, Elsham, and Revesby. These old cards are interesting, recording the number of shots fired during the day, and against the name of each gun is given the bag claimed by him. On January 12th, 1858, the claims were: 87 pheasants, 2 partridges, 14 woodcock; while the slain totalled 91 pheasants, 2 partridges, 15 woodcock.

In January, 1855, there were three days' shooting in Roxton Wood, Hendale, and Brompton Dales; the party consisting of Lord Yarborough, Colonel Williams, Dr. Parkinson, Sir J. Nelthorpe, and Messrs. G. Heneage and H. Nelthorpe. The total bags for these three days are not given, but Sir J. Nelthorpe records that "the coverts were most awfully strong with birds." He claimed 12 pheasants in Roxton Wood, 5 pheasants and 2 hares in Hendale, and 10 pheasants and 5 hares in Brompton Dales. Mr. Henry Nelthorpe left it on record that on January 19th at Hendale: "Dr. Parkinson shot Colonel Williams in the hat!" He claimed on these days: 9 pheasants and 1 hare, 17 pheasants and 4 hares, and 12 pheasants and 6 hares. But what a number of foxes they must have seen!

The Brocklesby Pack is one of the great original family packs, and ranks with those of Milton, Badminton, Belvoir and Berkeley. In a sense it has perhaps had the greatest influence of them all on the breed of the English foxhound. The present Lord Yarborough has been Master of his family pack for over 50 years, a really remarkable achievement. But great as the services of the Pelhams to foxhunting have been, it is perhaps not the most notable of their contributions to the life of the Lincolnshire countryside. Lord Yarborough loves his trees almost as much as he loves his hounds. His forester thinks he loves them more. His huntsman is not so sure!

But the Pelhams have turned a barren countryside into profitable homesteads and plantations, and have for many scores of years set an example as model landlords. The accumulated experience of such estates is invaluable to bodies such as the Forestry Commission or the Ministry of Agriculture. Not that they always receive the acknowledgment that is their due! The personal factor plays a great part in everything in life. Its value in sport and agriculture cannot be over exaggerated.

GEORGE COLLINS.

(*Previous numbers in this series have been: The Dukes of Beaufort at Badminton, Parts I. and II.; the Dukes of Richmond at Goodwood; the Dukes of Rutland at Belvoir, Parts I. and II.; the Wingfield Digbys at Sherborne Castle; the Dukes of Roxburghe at Floors, Parts I. and II.: and the Lane Fox's at Bramham.*)

EVERGREEN SHRUBS

A Choice for Small Gardens

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

IN December even large gardens depend chiefly on evergreen trees and shrubs for their beauty and interest. For most of the winter-flowering shrubs do not begin flowering until January. There are, of course, a few exceptions, notably *Viburnum fragrans*, which in the South opens its exquisitely-scented cymes in November, the invaluable *Erica Darleyensis*, and *Rhododendron Nobleanum*.

Most evergreens are so large that it is difficult to find space for them in small gardens, and setting aside the dwarf conifers, I am confining this article to subjects about 2ft. to 5ft. in height, and those of which the foliage is valuable for picking in winter. Flowers such as *Iris stylosa* and sprays of *Jasminum nudiflorum* look particularly attractive in wide, shallow bowls with dainty foliage, and I think it is delightful to have even in a small plot shrubs from which in mid-winter one can pick sprays of leaves ranging from deep claret to clear silver.

A small shrub that I am sure would be in every garden had it a familiar English name is *Cassinia fulvida* (*syn. Diplopappus chrysophyllus*). Although heath-like in appearance, the cassinias are of the Compositæ family and do not resent chalk. *C. fulvida* grows 4ft. high, and even in mid-winter the yellow of its young shoots and leaves gives it a cheery, spring-like appearance. The silver variety, *C. leptophylla*, is pleasing as a contrast, but the *C. fulvida* is the more attractive. The cassinias require no pruning, and they are easily propagated by inserting cuttings in sandy soil under a bell glass in August.

Leptospermum scoparium Nicholsii is one of the daintiest shrubs, and its reddish-purple sprays of diminutive leaves are delightful for picking in winter. This quick-growing subject is only hardy in the South, and if left to grow freely it attains about 12ft. to 15ft., but it can easily be kept to the required height by clipping. It needs no pruning, and being somewhat tender, it is best planted in spring, preferably late April.

Another valuable little shrub, hardy except in very bleak parts, is *Vinca difformis*. Unlike the common periwinkles, this charming species, which is a native of Spain and North Africa, is upright in growth. It makes neat tufts about 18in. high and the same across, and with very attractive foliage and big, pale, lavender-blue flowers. Moreover, these flowers are produced from November onwards, a time when blue flowers are conspicuous by their absence. I think it may justly be described as one of the most pleasing of the small winter-flowering shrubs. It is easily propagated by division of the roots in spring or autumn, or by cuttings of semi-ripe shoots about 3in. long, struck in sandy soil under a glass in August.

The humble lavender cotton (*Santolina chamæcyparissus*) is grown in every garden, but *Artemisia arborescens*, about 3ft. high, is a far more attractive grey-foliaged shrub and yet not grown nearly as commonly as it should be. *Senecio Greyii* is a handsome grey-leaved shrub, though it entirely lacks the delicate fern-like beauty of *Artemisia arborescens*. *Senecio Greyii* is hardy, except in the coldest parts, and apart from its evergreen foliage it has such attractive ball-like heads of golden flowers in summer.

The rather less popular *S. Monroi* has almost as pleasing foliage and daisy-like yellow flowers in summer, produced in great abundance. Jerusalem sage—*Phlomis fruticosa*—which grows to the same height, is equally useful for its evergreen foliage and yellow flowers in summer.

The commonest of the berberises, *Mahonia aquifolium*, is regarded with scorn by the majority of folk, but if it were difficult to grow it would be regarded as one of our most valuable evergreens. On poor sandy soils the glossy leaves in mid-winter range from pink to the richest claret and are a joy to behold. And I think laurustinus is also unduly despised, for the foliage in the depth of winter is the richest green, to say nothing of its demure Victorian-looking panicles of flowers.

Everyone grows some of the lavenders, but the very neat Munstead Dwarf might be more commonly grown, and in small gardens it is the more valuable on account of its compact growth. Lavender hedges are a joy, especially when nearly 4ft. high, but they need care. Drastic clipping with shears is apt to prove fatal to old bushes and to make em die back in patches. What they need is to go over them carefully after the flowering period with secateurs.

Amongst evergreen climbers the most valuable and the most seldom seen in small gardens are the decorative ivies, particularly the Canary Island ivies. For an archway they are wonderfully effective, especially in winter, their big leaves being perhaps the handsomest in the winter garden. *Hedera canariensis variegata* is even more striking than the type, with big leaves rich green at the centre merging into silver and white round the edge. *H. azorica* has even larger leaves and they are five and sometimes seven lobed.

The Persian ivy has very striking leaves, quite 10in. long and about 4in. to 5in. broad. The variegated kind, *H. colchica dentata variegata*, is green and pale yellow, the leaves being rather thin in texture. The berries of the Himalayan ivy (*Hedera cinerea*), being yellow and sometimes red, are its best feature. Many varieties of our native ivy, particularly the dainty small-leaved kinds, are most useful grown not as climbers but in shrub form. All the leading nurseries supply them, either as climbers or as shrubs. The popular little *Hedera conglomerata* and *H. minima* are only forms of our common ivy. The Irish ivy is so vigorous that it is best suited for a high wall and is rather out of place in a small plot. The variegated kind is not very constant.

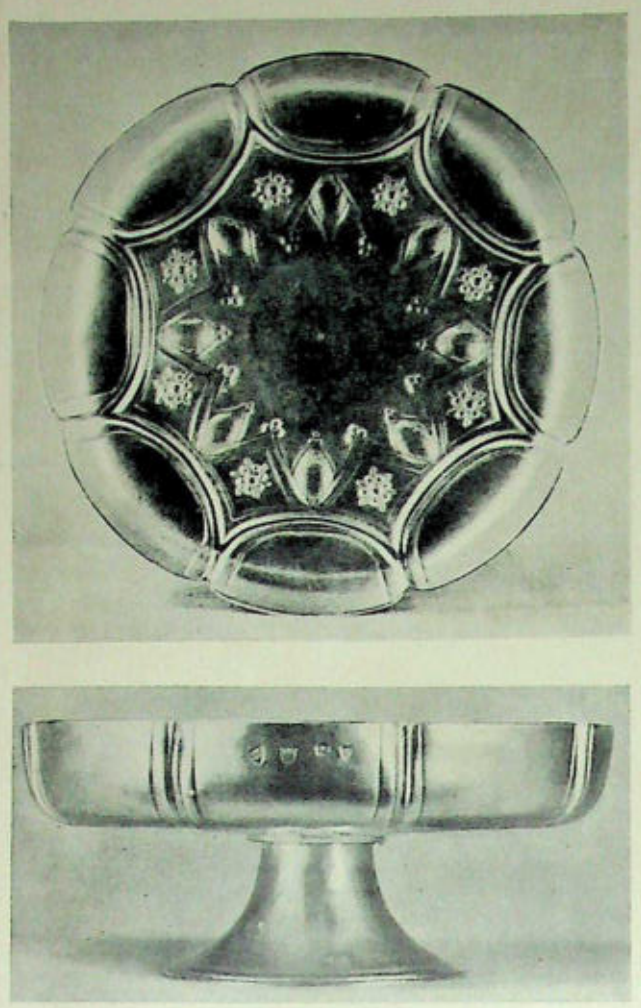
Clematis balearica is very attractive in mid-winter for its fern-like foliage is bronze tinted at this season. *Rubus Henryi* has glossy deeply-lobed leaves.

Euonymus radicans variegata has very attractive foliage, also useful for picking, and this semi trailing shrub is invaluable for growing over low walls or trellis work. The most attractive variety of *Euonymus variegata* is *E. v. colorata*, from the Arnold arboretum. The leaves are variegated rich claret purple, and are even more attractive than the variety Silver Glen, which has pink-edged silver leaves. The most diminutive species is *E. radicans minima*, which is useful for the rock garden.



ART TREASURES AT CHRISTIE'S

Earl Howe's Sale of Paintings, Old English Silver and Furniture



INSIDE AND EXTERIOR OF A CHARLES I. SILVER FRUIT DISH OF 1633



PORTRAIT BY J. FERNELEY OF RICHARD WILLIAM PENN, FIRST EARL HOWE, ON A BAY HUNTER

ONE of the most important sales of recent years takes place at Christie's from Wednesday to Friday next, when a large portion of Earl Howe's collection comes under the hammer. Many of the objects to be sold came into the possession of the vendor's family through Charles Jennens, whose relative, Penn Assheton Curzon, had married the only daughter of the famous admiral. Charles Jennens was known in his day as "Solyman the Magnificent," and was the patron of Handel, who composed the "Messiah" at his magnificent seat of Gopsall.

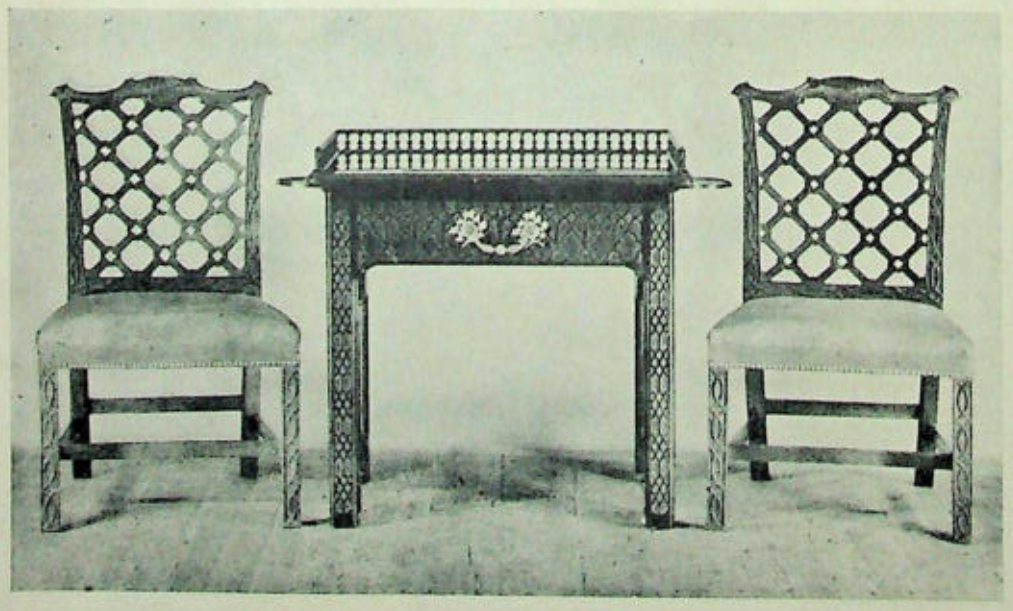
The first day's sale will consist of a collection of fine old English silver. One of the notable items is a Charles I. fruit dish, of the date of 1633, in perfect condition. There is also a large dinner service, including a pair of soup tureens of 686oz. by Paul Storr, and a great quantity of fine Georgian household furniture.

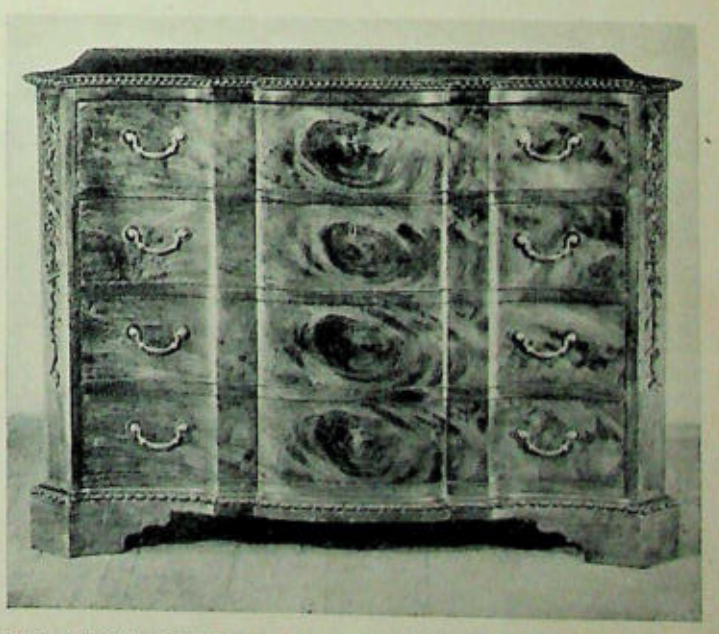
The second day of the sale is devoted to a remarkable collection of pictures. It includes a signed panel by Aelbert Cuyp, 18in. by 28½in., called "Milking Time," a river scene with two peasants and a herd of cows in the foreground; "William Penn, 1st Earl Howe," by Ferneley, a very typical piece of work; a portrait of a man by Franz Hals, on an oval panel 24in. by 19½in.; "A Winding Stream," by Hobbema; William III. as a boy, by Cornelis Jonson; Murillo's "Infant Saviour Asleep"; two Rembrandt's, one a portrait of a man with long white hair and another of an old man with a red cap; and two works by Rubens, the "Adoration of the Shepherds" and "Hercules and Antæus" on panels. This by no means concludes a distinguished list, to which must be added the names of Fragonard, Greuze, Lely, Kneller, Teniers, Canaletto, Herring, senr., and Hogarth, to select but a few; while American interest may be stimulated by portraits of William Penn and Sarah Shalleros, his wife, cousins of William Penn of Pennsylvania, painted by F. Van Hees in 1656.

On the third day of the sale will be auctioned the English and French furniture, porcelain and tapestry, a portion of the valuable collection which will focus the attention of connoisseurs. Featured among it are a pair of Adam mahogany urns and pedestals, *circa* 1770, two very graceful pieces, and other notable lots are a pair of *famille rose* pheasants, a pair of *famille verte* vases and covers, a peculiarly graceful Louis Quinze library table, a Louis Quinze marquetry commode, a Louis Seize lacquer commode and a mahogany writing table of the same period. There are two pieces of Brussels tapestry which will excite comment. They represent two scenes from Tasso's story of Rinaldo and Armida, one panel showing Rinaldo asleep in a beautiful landscape surrounded by three nymphs and Cupid, the other showing Rinaldo and Armida surrounded by nymphs.

The English furniture on sale is an even more representative collection than the French. There is a fine William and Mary walnut arm chair, with cresting, and three finely carved and moulded splats, and a set of four William III. chairs with canework seats and backs. A Chippendale mahogany centre table with keyfret frieze is beautifully proportioned, and there is a similar very fine artist's table, 33in. high, 33in. wide and 21½in. deep, fitted with an adjustable rising top and surrounded on three sides by a balustraded gallery. The pull-out encloses a writing slide with divisions underneath it, and two candlesticks are concealed in the frieze. There are also a pair of Chippendale arm chairs with claw and ball feet upholstered in red leather, a pair of Chippendale mahogany torchères, a set of six Chippendale mahogany chairs and two settees, and a Chippendale mahogany library centre table. This last piece consists of two cupboards duplicated at the front and back, divided in the centre with four drawers, each with two finely chased ormolu handles and ormolu keyholes. The table is 7ft. long, 4ft. 8in. deep and 33in. high.

This gives but a brief idea of some of the articles of a veritable treasure house of craftsmanship and artistry that will attract a great gathering at 8, King Street, St. James's Square, next Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.





LEFT: A PAIR OF CHIPPENDALE MAHOGANY CHAIRS AND A CHIPPENDALE MAHOGANY ARTIST'S TABLE. RIGHT: A CHIPPENDALE MAHOGANY COMMODE, *circa* 1760

RETRIEVERS AT BAYFIELD

Championship Tests in Thick Covert

THIS year the Retriever Championship was held at Bayfield Hall, Holt, Norfolk, by the kind permission of Mr. R. G. Heaton, on November 23rd and 24th. The judges were: Major D. G. Astley, Mr. R. G. Heaton and Mr. Ernest Turner.

The card was as follows:

Lt.-Col. the Hon. D. Carnegie's Golden d *Ch. Heydown Grip*, b. 18.3.27, by Glory of Fyning—Stagden Cross Pamela; br., owner; h., J. Stone.

The Hon. Mrs. J. Hill-Wood's Lab. b *F.T. Ch. Hiwood Chance*, b. 20.3.28, by F.T. Ch. Beningbrough Tanco—Rockstead Swift; br., Mr. R. W. Colling; h., owner.

Mr. A. B. Simpson's Lab. b *F.T. Ch. Tracey Parma*, b. April, '29, by F.T. Ch. Beningbrough Tanco—Tracey Pansy; br., Mrs. E. Weldon; h., E. H. Garner.

Mr. F. T. Bedford's Yellow Lab. b *F.T. Ch. Birdsall Vesper*, b. April, '28, by F.T. Ch. Haylers Defender—Velvet; br., Lord Middleton; h., A. Cant (withdrawn)

Sir George J. Thursby's Lab. b *Bramshaw Mischief*, b. 13.3.31, by F.T. Ch. Main—Bramshaw Glen; br. and h., owner.

Lorna Countess Howe's Lab. d *Dual Ch. Bramshaw Bob*, b. Dec., '29, by Ch. Ingleston Ben—Bramshaw Brimble; br., Mrs. Whitburn; h., T. Gaunt.

The Hon. Arthur Joicey's Lab. d *Franco of Flodden*, b. March, '30, by F.T. Ch. Beningbrough Tanco—Salisbury Mona; br., Major A. Warde; h., T. Perry.

Lorna Countess Howe's Lab. d *F.T. Ch. Banchory Donald*, b. Jan., '29, by Ch. Brocklehirst Donner—Ingleston Nancy; br., Mr. K. Dobie; h., owner.

Mr. G. C. Wood Homer's Lab. d *Bardolf John*, b. 15.6.29, by Iwerne Minster Scarcity—Judy; br., Captain Bainbridge; h., owner.

Major J. A. St. G. F. Despencer Robertson's Lab. b *F.T. Ch. Quest of Wilbury*, b. 3.3.30, by Ch. Ingleston Ben—F.T. Ch. Muntham Raven; br., Colonel Ulric Thynne; h., W. Buckell.

Mr. Reginald Corbet's Lab. b *F.T. Ch. Adderley Trim*, b. Jan., '27, by F.T. Ch. Beningbrough Tanco—Sombre; br., Captain W. S. Medlicott; h., owner (withdrawn).

Lorna Countess Howe's Lab. d *F.T. Ch. Banchory Painter*, b. June, '30, by Peter the Painter—Glenhead Bess; br., Mr. Annand; h., owner.

Mrs. Arthur Wormald's Yellow Lab. d *F.T. Ch. Knaith Brock*, b. 29.1.28, by Golden Morn—Knaith Bunty; br., owner; h., Mr. Richard Wormald.

Mr. R. M. Willington's Lab. d *Duke of St. Kierans*, b. 7.3.28, by Saffrons Bob—Kilcarron Duchess; br., Mrs. E. W. Kenny; h., owner.

Mr. R. Muir Wilson's Flat Coat b *Windle Popular*, b. 19.7.31, by Ch. Specialist—Atherbram Biddy br., Mr. W. J. Phizackles; h., A. J. Pattle (withdrawn).

Sir George Bowyer's Golden b *Wilderness Melody*, b. 18.5.31, by Ch. Haulstone Marker—Speedwell Rosie; br. and h., owner.

These two days were most interesting. There was nothing spectacular in the work on either day, but the covert was very thick with high bracken beaten down and briars showing through, so that only a good dog could possibly come through with credit. Any faults would be at once disclosed, and every good quality must come out. All questions of luck were eliminated.

The winner of the first prize and the Glen Kidston Challenge Cup, Hiwood Chance, made no mistake at all throughout both days. She was at the top of her form, and her owner, Mrs. Hill-Wood, is much to be congratulated. So is Lady Howe, who broke a record not only in owning three dogs who had qualified for the championship, but in having them placed second, third and reserve.

The second, F.T. Ch. Banchory Painter—known by his friends as Bill—was going very well all through both days. His only failure—and that was very slight—was with a woodcock. He was a little slow in picking this and retrieving. Bob, who was third, went better and better as the time went on. He was the best dog in the thick, and although he wanted a little restraint he was the boldest dog in the stake, and any judge would describe him as a wonderful dog to shoot over. Bramshaw Mischief, placed fourth, galloped about a little before she settled down. But she is extraordinarily attractive and will be even better next year. Banchory Donald, placed reserve, was put back because of a not quite perfect delivery on the first day, but he did good work all through.

These five dogs stood out as the best in the stake. They were in a class by themselves. As regards the others, Franco of Flodden and Duke of St. Kierans, who comes from Ireland, were awarded Diplomas. They worked well through both days. Franco had his eye wiped more than once, but otherwise is a good shooting dog. Of the others, Quest and Parma were both disappointing to those who know what good dogs they are. Both seemed to have off-days. Grip, good work though he does, is more than six years old, and perhaps found the covert rather too hard for him. So perhaps did Melody, a very charming bitch but not equal to such a dog as Bob in facing the thick.

Much sympathy was felt with the owner of Birdsall Vesper, who jumped out of the car and disappeared after the Yellow Labrador Trials on the previous day and had not been seen when the Championship Trials began.

Many thanks are due to Mr. Heaton, not only for his hospitality in allowing the Championship Stake to be run over his ground, but also to his keeper for the admirable way in which he had rided the thick covert and given every opportunity to the competing dogs to show their best qualities. Only a really good dog could come through such competition. JUDEX.

FLAT-COATED RETRIEVER ASSOCIATION

WE have received the following notes on the winning dogs at the Flatcoat Association meeting reported in our issue of October 28th. Although not working quite up to his usual standard on the first day, Brynasaph Adam put up a very good performance on the second day, finishing up by finding a very good runner. F.T. Ch. Elwy Mary ran the winner very close, putting up a first-class performance on both days, while Windle Popular, who was third, worked exceedingly well on both days, and but for a slight slip might have been the winner. The winner of the Puppy Cup and Stake, Mrs. R. E. Birch's Pin Money, made no mistakes, was very steady, and should have a good future before her, as should the runner-up, Anningsley Black Diamond, who is a very quick and good retriever.

(Other accounts of Field Trials are unavoidably held over).

THE SQUASH RACKETS CHAMPIONSHIP

Rivals for the Final

By J. ARMITAGE

AS the first round of the Amateur Squash Rackets Championship began on Friday, by the time these words appear in print a number of the selected 64 players will have already fallen by the wayside. Not many, however, for the first round takes two days to complete and the final match will not be played until Monday, December 11th.

The most important absentee is E. Snell, the holder of the South of England Championship and the runner-up in the last Amateur Championship. Snell is a schoolmaster, and, as he has accepted the Jesters' invitation to tour America in January, he is unable to obtain the necessary time off to play in the championship. J. D. P. Wheatley is not competing for the second year in succession, and other notable absentees include W. D. Macpherson, Captain V. A. Cazalet, P. Q. Reiss and A. J. Peech.

It is good to see that C. Browning is making "positively his last appearance" in the Championship on the same occasion that his son, O. C. Browning makes his first. If father and son get through their first round matches, which does not seem improbable, they will meet each other in the second, in the event of which the match will be worth the watching. For the rest it will be left to O. Lerwill and C. L. Stubbs to uphold the traditions of the older players.

The draw itself is interesting. In the top half G. O. Jameson, O. Lerwill, J. N. S. Ridgers and T. C. S. Haywood seem most favourably placed, and I expect to see all four of them among the last eight. Of these four I think that Jameson should reach the final, but there are still many players in this half who may well upset calculations. For instance, Dr. J. C. Gregory is a player whose form might well reach very great heights under tournament conditions, and D. M. Backhouse has a record in the Bath Club Cup which may well frighten any opponent however redoubtable.

The second half does not seem so difficult. Both F. D. Amr Bey and C. P. Hamilton are bound to reach the last eight if current form be considered any guide at all, and it is likely that they will be joined there by W. A. Lewthwaite and G. d'O. Sheppard. Lewthwaite is not a very dependable player, as he is a brilliant stroke player with a careless style, but until he reaches the fourth round there is no opponent who should be able to extend him. Sheppard, also, appears to be placed fortunately. In the first round he must play P. de L. Cazenove, but he ought not to be defeated until he meets Hamilton.

There are many young players who have yet to make a name for themselves but whose play is of the highest promise. The holder of the Drysdale Cup, N. W. D. Yardley, is still at school, but two boys who competed in that Public School Championship last year will be making their initial appearance in the Amateur Championship. One is P. C. Samuelson and the other R. Pulbrook. Then there are R. W. Beadle, who won the Drysdale Cup two years ago, and who has been playing very well of late for Prince's Club, E. E. Harrison and H. D. Bradshaw. Besides these both Oxford and Cambridge have a number of representatives, of whom J. A. Gillies, the Cambridge captain, is the best.



THE MODERN LABOURS OF HERCULES.

NOT SO MUCH OF A SPECULATION NOW

I have been asked very many times, to put this business on a footing which will make it possible for the ordinary investor who knows nothing about silver foxes, and who does not want to know anything about them, any more than he is interested in the various processes of making soap in the factory in which he holds shares, to have a financial stake in this industry in the same way as he has shares in a limited company.

It presented a very difficult problem. I could of course have formed NITHSDALE into a biggish limited liability company long before now, and offered the shares for subscription, but this has never been my idea. I have created the place alone, and by myself, and while I own it I can do as I like. I have no Board of Directors to consult, and it would be a bad job if I had. I have never tried it, but I should say that I would be a bad man to work with in partnership. I think out what I want to do and decide myself what is the correct method of procedure, and then go ahead and DO it. With my acquisition of the great Snow Belt Ranch which, as readers of this column know, I bought recently, I have obtained a limited company, with a registered capital of over £20,000, but this I shall carry on as usual, without disturbing anything. There are no shares available for sale, when the capital is turned over to me within the next few weeks, the SHAREHOLDER will be myself, with my wife, and perhaps a trustee for my son to make weight. I hope that I can trust Mrs. Melross to vote on my side at a Directors' Meeting, but she is quite strong minded enough to vote the other way just to see what would happen! She would probably call me unmanly if I exercised the power of 99% of the shares to squash a poor weak woman—and not so very weak either, she has a heavy hand. HOWEVER—as I said, I have been asked to see what I can do towards making this a safe attractive investment, and here is the best I can do. For the future, Nithsdale Silver Foxes will be sold to absentee owners on the following terms: The price will remain as for the past four years at £125. The animals will be insured at Lloyds at my cost, and an insurance policy issued with each pair of Ownership Documents. The whole of the progeny of each and every pair of foxes will be transferred to myself at the end of each year, and I will pay to the individual owners concerned £12 10s. 0d. per pair of foxes owned, being interest at the rate of 10% on the last day of each year. The Payment will be by means of a voucher the endorsement of which will constitute an authority to the Secretary of the Association to transfer to me all the cubs born to the particular pair of foxes for which the interest is paid. It will be obvious that I cannot obtain this authority duly signed until the draft has been honoured by my bankers and, conversely, the owner of the foxes cannot get the money until he has released the cubs. With the draft will go a receipt for another year's Insurance Premium, and also a receipt for the next year's subscription to the Association. I want it to be clearly understood that, just as I have consistently refused ever to accept "ranching fees," there are absolutely NO expenses for the account of the owner of foxes, any more than there are expenses regarding the ownership of shares. The investment differs from ordinary shareholding in that a man gets not a Scrap of Paper for his money, behind which stands an abstract nebulous thing called CREDIT, which is to say CONFIDENCE, but actual tangible assets registered in his or her own name, which always will have a certain value, and the life in which can be insured, and IS insured. I have been asked why the huge interest, and what is the great risk if the animals are insured against loss. Here is the snag: If you want to get out of shares which have a Stock Exchange quotation, you can sell them through a broker, but there is as yet NO FOX EXCHANGE, and you cannot realise except at certain times. The holdings are not liquid, and that is the price to be paid for the high interest.

T. Melross

To those seriously interested in a speculation which will return more interest than is possible on the majority of industrial shares to-day, and carrying an amount of risk well in proportion to the interest obtainable, the Proprietor of the Nithsdale Silver Fox Ranch, Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, will be glad to send free and post free a copy of the Nithsdale Book on the subject. All clients of Nithsdale have free shooting on a four thousand acres grouse moor.

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR



HIGH SPEED MOTOR BOATS FOR USE ON THE EMPIRE'S WATERWAYS

These four "Power" boats have just completed their trials prior to being despatched to Burma, where they will join two others, already in operation on the Irrawaddy. Mr. Scott Paine's "Miss England III.," which recently exceeded 100 m.p.h. on sea water, thus establishing a world record, is a product of the same firm

WHY THE NEW 8-H.P. FORD SHOULD BE POPULAR

Graceful Lines—Fine Road Performance—Low Running Costs

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

(Holder of the World's Land Speed Record)

Motoring Editor of the "Field"

SELDOM, if ever, has any car leapt so quickly into popularity in this country as the 8-h.p. Ford. When first introduced by the Ford Company it created extraordinary interest amongst the buying public, and that interest has in no way abated.

Why has this particular car, which although built entirely at Dagenham, must be regarded as American rather than British, become so popular over here, in a country which can boast of the cream of the light cars of the world?

First impressions count for a good deal, and the 8-h.p. Ford Saloon is such a well-proportioned little vehicle, giving the impression of speed, comfort and safety, that many sales must have been effected through its sturdy appearance alone. Its finish is far superior to that of many vehicles costing double the price, and when one of these cars passes you on the road it does so silently, and with a steadiness seldom to be seen in a vehicle of these dimensions.

It was not until I inspected one of these models in the Ford showrooms in Regent Street that I realised how comfortable both front and rear seats really were, and what an extraordinary amount of room was available. The point that appealed to me, however, possibly more than any other, was the information that these cars can average over 40 miles per gallon of petrol under normal touring conditions.

When the bonnet is lifted a diminutive four-cylinder engine is seen, and one is assured that, even though the annual tax is only £8, a speed of over 60 m.p.h. can be reached; this is another point which must appeal to all those who appreciate efficiency, and who require, at the same time, a car that is economical to run in every respect.

In these few words, therefore, the 8-h.p. Ford can best be described: It is a car that possesses exceptionally graceful lines; its general finish is beyond criticism; its road performance is excellent, and its low running costs must certainly be unique. One might readily imagine that a really good little car of this calibre would be expensive to buy in the first instance, but it costs, complete, only £120.

The De Luxe model, which is fitted with four doors instead of two, and which includes extra equipment and driving signals, is priced at £145. Real leather upholstery can be supplied with either model at an additional cost of £5 10s., if this is preferred to cloth, which is fitted as standard.

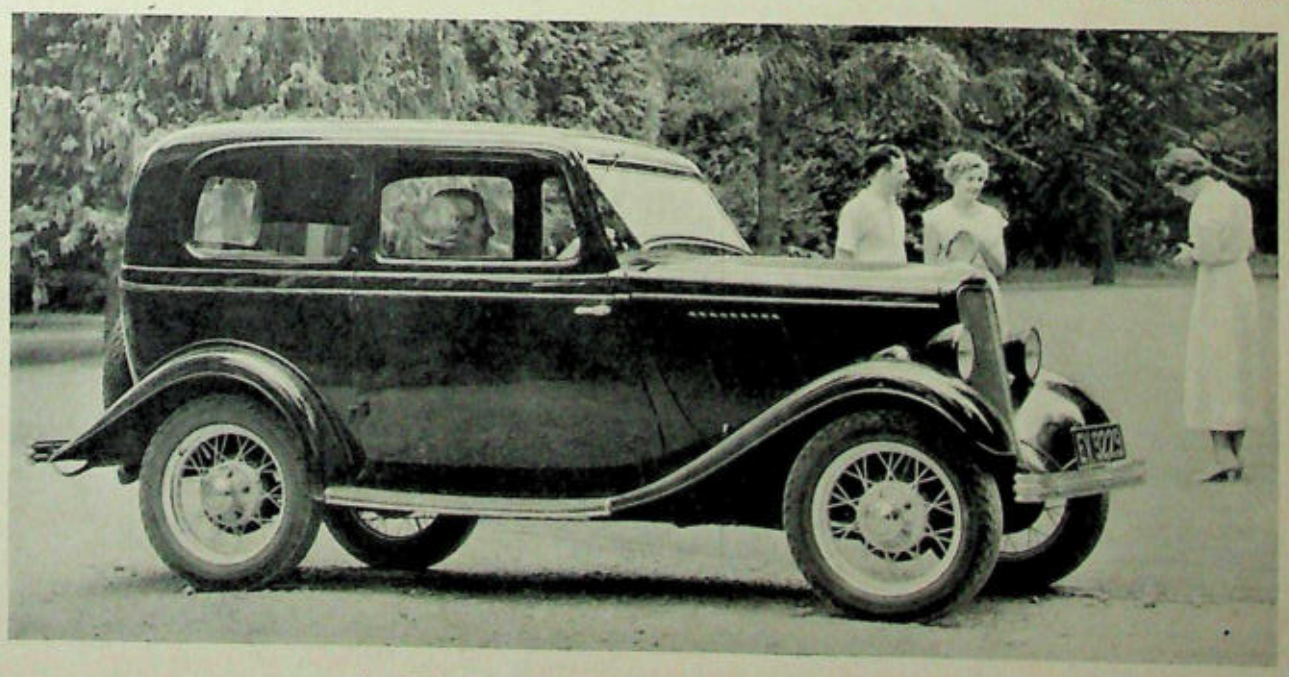
The four-cylinder engine has a bore of 56.64 mm. and a stroke of 92.56 mm. The cubic capacity is 933 c.c., the R.A.C. rating 7.95 h.p., and the tax £8 per annum. Although only rated at a fraction under 8 h.p., this little motor develops, however, 22 b.h.p. at 3,500 r.p.m., the compression ratio being 6.2 to 1.

The reason why this little engine runs so well, and so smoothly, must be due, to no small extent, to the fact that at its three points of suspension it is carried on rubber supports, and also that the sturdy little crankshaft is counterbalanced and possesses three main bearings, the latter feature being rare on an engine of this size.

Forced feed lubrication is employed for the camshaft and the crankshaft main and big end bearings, the gudgeon pins and cylinder walls being lubricated by splash. Cooling is effected by the thermo-syphon principle, which is assisted by a large two-bladed propeller.

The petrol tank, situated at the rear of the chassis, contains 6½ gallons, and the fuel is fed to the carburettor by means of a pump. A full tank should be sufficient for a journey of over 250 miles, which is ample for most requirements. The cylinder head is detachable for facilitating decarbonising and grinding in the valves. The gearbox is in unit construction with the engine, and has three forward speeds and reverse. The gears are of the synchro-mesh type with helically-cut constant mesh and second speed pinions.

In other words, the car has what is



"A REALLY GOOD LITTLE CAR"—THE 8-H.P. FORD

known as a silent second gear, which is a feature that can be appreciated by all. The top gear has a ratio of 5.5 to 1, second 10.76 to 1, and bottom 18.72 to 1. A speed of 60 m.p.h. can be achieved on top, and 35 m.p.h. on second.

The clutch is of the single plate variety, and dry. Suspension is by means of transverse semi-elliptic springs, both front and rear, the front spring possessing eight leaves whilst the rear has ten. Special Ford shock absorbers, which are easily adjustable, are fitted all round. The four-wheel brakes are internal expanding, and are mechanically operated; 10-in. malleable iron drums are fitted.

The width of the linings is 1¼in., and the brakes are exceedingly powerful yet progressive in action, and as they are fully enclosed and protected against grit and water their positive action is assured at all times. The hand brake operates on the rear wheels only. Special Ford wire wheels are fitted as standard, the spokes being electrically welded and exceptionally strong, and they are shod with Firestone tyres, size 4.50in. by 17in. Very effective bumper bars are fitted both front and rear, thus affording ample protection. The wheelbase is 7ft. 6in., the track 3ft. 9in., and the overall length 11ft. 11in.

Performance on the road is exceptionally good. As I have already mentioned, the engine is remarkably free from any vibration periods, possesses very good acceleration, and has an ample turn of speed.

Its suspension and road-holding qualities are excellent, and the steering is light and responsive. The brakes are very powerful, and it would be almost impossible for the beginner to crash his gears, the change being quite easy to manipulate.

With all these excellent qualities in a car which sells complete for £120, it is not surprising that so many of them are to be seen on the road to-day.

CHRISTMAS AIR MAILS

Late Postings by Empire Routes

AS Christmas approaches, the speed of air-mail transport is demonstrated by the later dispatches which become possible.

"Last Christmas," said an official of Imperial Airways, "the weight of our air-mails from London, for delivery along the Empire routes, broke all previous records; and this year we hope to carry still bigger loads, more particularly as the extension to Calcutta is now in operation, together with a link from Calcutta to Rangoon; while this year Christmas mails will also be carried in an inaugural flight over a further section, on the route to Australia, which is being instituted between Rangoon and Singapore.

"To give an idea of the later Christmas dispatches which are possible by air-mail, as compared with the ordinary routes, one can take destinations such as the Straits Settlements and East Africa. To both these areas, in order to ensure Christmas delivery, the latest time for dispatch by surface transport is November 23rd, but by air the date is December 9th for the Straits Settlements, and December 13th for principal destinations in East Africa.

"Christmas letters for South Africa, by the ordinary routes, need to be dispatched from London not later than December 1st, but by air-mail the latest time is December 13th. In the case of letters to India, the latest time by surface transport is December 7th, but by air-mail one can post up to as late as December 16th.

"It should be noted that the dates mentioned are for dispatch from London. For local times of posting in various districts, to catch these outgoing Christmas mails from London, one should inquire at one's nearest post office."

ANOTHER ASPECT OF SPEED ON THE AIRWAYS

Mails and Passengers Should be Carried on Separate Planes

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

IT was stated in my last article that speed, vital though it is to the progress of commercial aviation, cannot be considered independently of reliability, safety and comfort. This is undeniable and axiomatic when passenger transport is considered, for it is obvious that few people would be prepared to suffer cramped confinement in a small cabin merely to save a few hours on a journey.

But the airways are not concerned entirely with passenger transport, though primary attention has, perhaps, been given to this aspect by the British operators. Mails are an essential part of communications, and there are many who feel that the American policy of concentrating first on air mails and developing passenger transport along routes pioneered by the postal services, has been the better one.

Mails demand speed first of all; the whole object should be to transfer letters from one destination to another in the shortest possible time. This is the basis on which our world system of posts has been created, and it is a principle that has been observed since the days of special couriers on foot or horseback.

Applying this policy to the question of air-mail transport, it is obvious that nothing should be allowed to hinder giving effect to the fundamental advantage of aviation. Here speed becomes the paramount factor; the problem of comfort is practically non-existent, beyond ensuring good conditions for the pilot and crew; and reliability can be judged from another basis, for the lives of passengers are not at stake. A first-class pilot could get a mailplane without undue risk through weather in which it would be impracticable to fly passengers—as is proved by the record of the American mail services and the French South-American air mail.

How much considerations of passenger comfort tend to reduce overall speed on the airways is revealed by the conditions obtaining, for example, on the Indian route, where, owing to overnight and other breaks in the journey, the average speed on a 24-hour basis works out at something like 33 m.p.h. These stops are at present necessitated by the fact that facilities for night flying have not yet been organised to any extent, and, of course, even on modern machines, passengers cannot be expected to spend day and night in the air for the period involved; in fact, it is one of the indicated advantages of travel by our Imperial Air Routes that passengers can complete a journey so much more quickly by air and at the same time sleep comfortably on terra firma each night. Yet if the present machines were operated continuously on a day and night schedule, the overall speed could be raised by as much as 200 per cent.

We continue to receive good news of the Master of Sempill's progress. His general condition is excellent and it is hoped that he will soon be able to resume his usual activities. This article, like others published since his accident, was prepared before he left England for the United States, but after this week, articles from another source will appear in these columns until the Master of Sempill's recovery is complete.

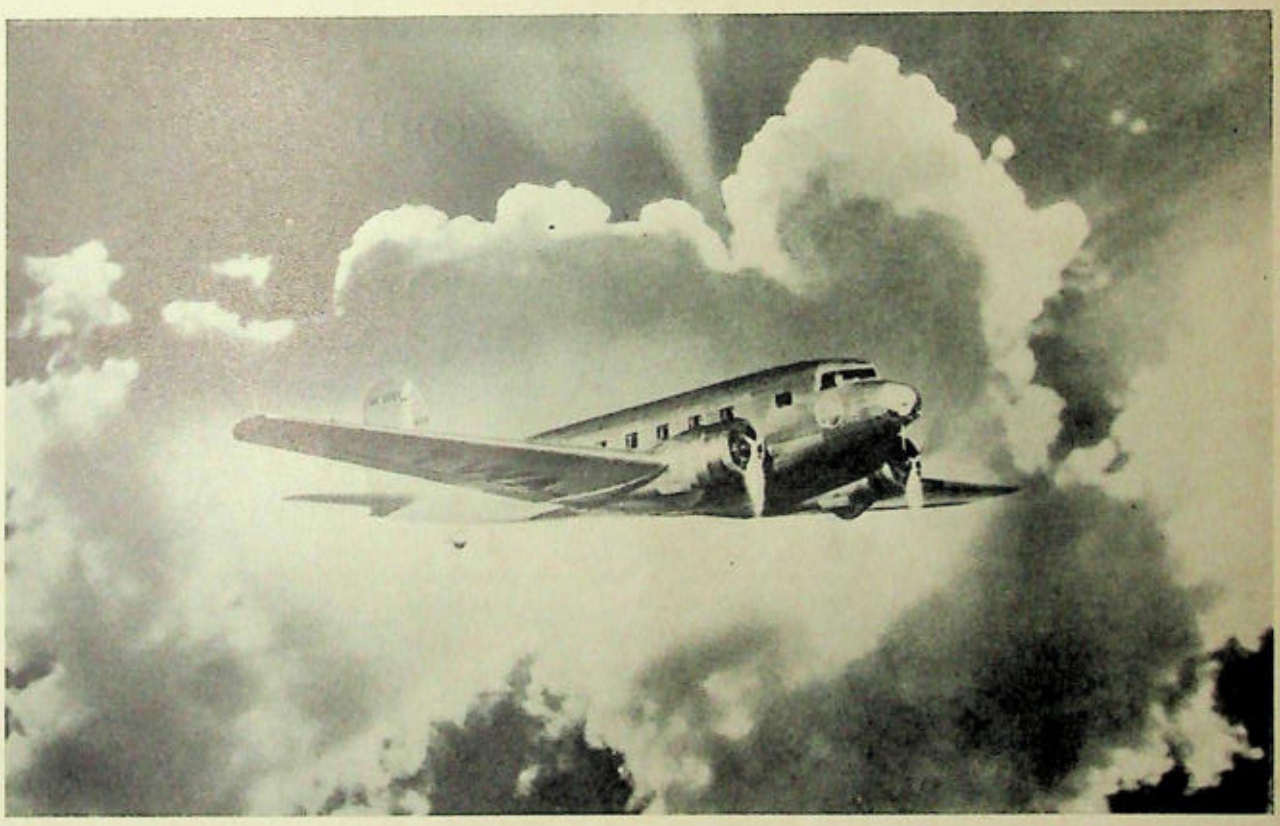
Twenty-four hour operation would be clearly possible for mailplanes, provided that those machines carried no passengers. Relays of machines, or at any rate of pilots, could ensure that practically every hour of the day was utilised in profitable travel; and if it is remembered that even to-day specially built mailplanes might have a cruising speed of 150 to 200 m.p.h., the immense advantages that would accrue are made plain. Serious proposals by responsible bodies vitally interested in the development of fast mails include a daily mileage of 2,500 as a minimum possibility.

Under existing conditions, then, there is a very strong case for segregating mails from passenger traffic, not only on account of the widely different requirements, but because a high-speed mailplane is easier to build than a passenger machine of equivalent performance. If mails alone are carried, there is no need for a large, spacious cabin; an adequate load of letters can be carried in a comparatively small space. Hence, the mailplane can be of better streamline shape, and conform more nearly to the ideal high-speed aeroplane.

An analysis of the British policy in regard to comfort and passenger safety shows that separate air-mail services are virtually corollary to it. While mails and passengers are sent in the same machines, the former must always be delayed to fulfil the conditions laid down for the latter; and in a world demanding speedier and speedier postal communications, that is clearly undesirable.

Moreover, the need for establishing the closest contact between the Mother Country and the overseas units of the Empire is another cogent argument for the inauguration of separate mail services using special machines operating on a 24-hour schedule.

It may be that the future will produce machines that combine the highest speed with the maximum of comfort and safety, as the great Atlantic liners do. But that time is not yet. In the meantime, it seems essential to regard mails and passengers as two independent, though allied, branches of air transport. It is doubtful economy to seek a compromise that is at best a temporary expedient in the present stage of progress, for if mails are slowed up, as they are to-day, because the comfort and convenience of passengers has (rightly) to be given first consideration, a wonderful power for Empire unity is crippled; and if mails take precedence, so that air travellers are subjected to discomfort and strain, the whole future of air travel is likely to be prejudiced.



HIGH-SPEED AIR MAILS: AN OBJECT LESSON FROM THE UNITED STATES
One of the new all-metal Douglas planes recently put into service by Transcontinental and Western Airways. Its two 700 h.p. motors develop a speed of 180–200 miles per hour



ON THE SLOPES OF MOUNT ATHOS, WHERE THE MONKS LIVE AS THEY DID CENTURIES AGO

ISLANDS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN

From the Balearics to Cyprus

As if by some irresistible magnetism of Europe, all the islands of the Mediterranean have chosen to side with our own continent. Cyprus is the only exception, and the whole of the north coast of Africa can claim not one single island of any size or importance.

Of recent years the vogue for cruising has brought the Balearic Isles, and especially Majorca with its capital of Palma, well on to the traveller's map. The islands are really an outpost of the Côte d'Azur, they resemble them from the point of scenery, and have all the charm of Spanish tradition and folk-lore.

Next after the Balearics come the twin islands of Corsica and Sardinia, among the largest in the Mediterranean, yet strangely neglected. Corsica, it is true, is known to quite a few as an ideal place for a quiet sea coast holiday away from the bustle of civilisation, and its capital, Ajaccio, attracts the interest of tourists through its Napoleonic associations. Sardinia is much less visited, and is actually more thinly populated than any other part of Italy.

Another of the larger islands of the Mediterranean is Sicily, though the straits of Messina are so narrow that it can almost be counted as part of the mainland.

Sicily is well accommodated with modern hotels and luxurious ones at that, and among its attractions may be numbered the many remarkably well-preserved ruins of temples, dating from the days when it was part of Magna Grecia and one of the most prolific centres of Hellenic civilisation.

Before reaching Sicily from Corsica and Sardinia, the Lipari Islands will be passed, and if this should happen at night, few passengers will go to bed until they have seen Stromboli, the volcano known as the "Lighthouse of the Mediterranean," which has settled down to a regular routine of emitting a red flare at intervals of a few minutes, and it is rarely that the volcano will not oblige.

After Corsica and Sardinia, the next halt is Naples, whence Capri, but a few miles away is the acknowledged goal of a multitude of authors. In particular, it came into prominence four years ago when Axel Munthe wrote *San Michele*, that remarkable book about his home on this island.

East of Italy groups of little isles prevail, and Corfu, the chief of the Ionian group, is probably the most beautiful of all. It has the advantage of possessing comfortable though not luxurious hotels, and it is one of the few places outside the British Empire where cricket is popular. The reason is, of course, that Corfu had been a British possession till some 80 years ago.

Beyond Corfu we have the Isles of the Archipelago, Crete, and the Dodecanese, and if time and opportunity allows, the three fingered promontories of the Chersonese, which only by an apparent miracle fail to classify for the title of Island.

Mount Athos, the easternmost peninsula of the Chersonese, is almost unique. Not only is it purely mediæval, and Byzantine at that, but it continues to live as an almost autonomous ecclesiastical republic, steeped in the atmosphere of long ago, both in tradition, practice and mode of life.

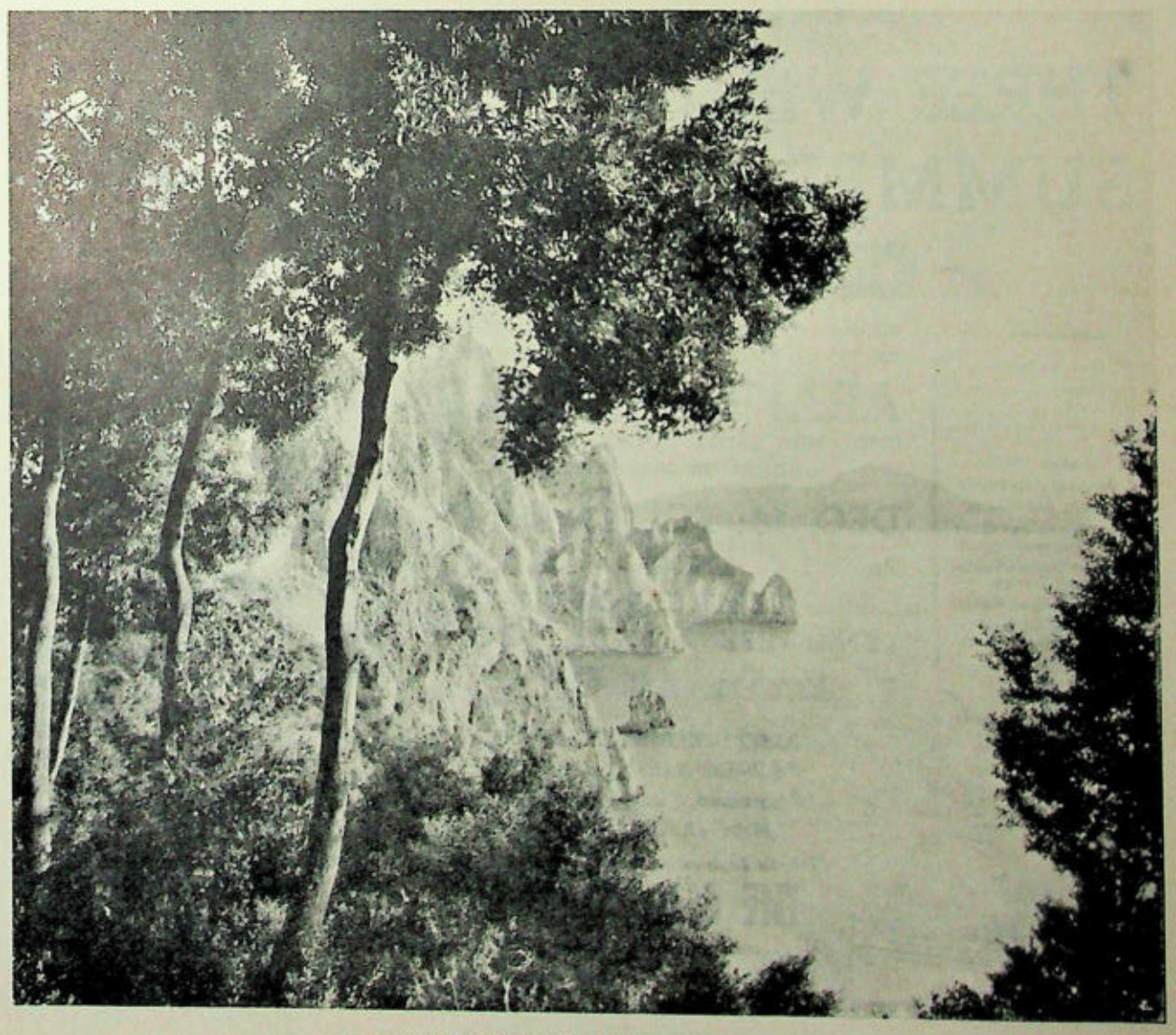
Crete is an island apart, an island of 160 miles in length and comparatively small width. It boasts of many a lofty mountain, but also of many an extremely rich valley, in which some of the finest orange and olive groves flourish. It is perhaps the most interesting of all archæological sites.

The Cretan civilisation was far older than that of classical Greece, yet little is known of its origin. It is not even absolutely known whether Minoan civilisation came from the Peloponnesus, or whether on the contrary Mycenæan civilisation spread from Crete.

The Island of the Roses, as Rhodes means in Greek, has come to the fore since its Italian occupation, and the Rhodian Lido has little in which to grant superiority to its Venetian prototype. The Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem have left their mark in no uncertain manner in the straight and principal thoroughfare, the stone houses still bearing the armorial bearings of their one-time owners, scarcely a dwelling being without such insignia.

Cyprus, its mountain slopes well wooded in pine, is best known, perhaps, from historical association, for it was in this island that Richard Cœur de Lion married Berengaria of Navarre towards the end of the twelfth century.

G.



CAPRI: SCENE OF AXEL MUNTHE'S "SAN MICHELE"

THE CANARY ISLES IN WINTER

Teneriffe and Its Attractions

By LIEUT.-COLONEL J. H. COOKE



ON GRAND CANARY
Pottery makers at the village of cave dwellers, Atalaya

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, Grand Canary was almost unknown to the modern world, save as a port of call for travellers on the South American routes; and Teneriffe was only a name. To-day they are both well known, yet not as much as they deserve.

Taken all the year round, there is, perhaps, no part of the world that has a finer climate than the Canary Islands. Situated on the outer fringe of the Gulf Stream in mid-Atlantic, they are surrounded with mild, moist air which induces an exuberant growth of semi-tropical vegetation; and the invigorating winds of the North-East Trades, blowing continuously for the greater part of the year, temper the solar heat natural to such latitudes.

British residents in Grand Canary and Teneriffe never tire in their praises of these places, and it is difficult, even for one who knows both islands well, to discriminate between their respective claims as holiday resorts. Each has its special points of attraction; but, on the whole, it is to the latter that the palm must be awarded.

Teneriffe is the larger island, and it is certainly more picturesque. It has, moreover, two large ports, Oratava and Santa Cruz, both of which enjoy an enviable reputation as health resorts.



IN THE PORT OF SANTA CRUZ, THE COMMERCIAL CAPITAL OF TENERIFFE

Oratava, in particular, deserves all the nice things that have been said about it. Situated on the shore-line of a coastal valley at the foot of the Peak, it lies embowered in a mass of orange groves, banana plantations, vineyards, and orchards bearing every kind of luscious fruits that the heart of man can desire.

And if these attractions are not enough, then there is sunbathing all the year round, a galaxy of first-class hotels with moderate tariffs, and a variety of social amenities, including horse-racing, and La Sortija (or tilting at the ring). The neighbourhood abounds in delightful walks and drives, and the roads are excellent.

The famous Peak is more easily accessible from here than from any other part of the island, and the coast scenery compares more than favourably with the best along the Riviera Corniche.

So much glamour attaches to Oratava that one is apt to ignore Santa Cruz, the commercial capital of the island. It is true that its sheltered position makes it somewhat trying in hot weather; but, otherwise, it is an attractive town; and with its old-world survivals of buccaneering days, there are many who think it to be more intimate and fascinating than the more modern atmosphere of Oratava.

The ideal plan is to live at Oratava, and pay occasional visits to Santa Cruz. Both places are equally pleasant during the winter season.

For those who seek the really simple life, Laguna is worth considering. The little townlet lies inland at an elevation of about 2,000ft., and it is easily accessible by road or tramway.

The Canary Islands are well served by British steamship companies, and six days spent on a luxurious liner serve as a fitting introduction to the pleasures that will follow.

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THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

VOL. CLXII. NO. 4224. SATURDAY. DECEMBER 9, 1933 REGISTERED. PRICE 1S. POSTAGE {INLAND, 1½D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D.; FOREIGN 3D.}



MR. WILLIAM AND LADY KATHLEEN ROLLO, WITH THE COTTESMORE AT THEIR WHISSENDINE MEET

On the cover of this issue is a coloured portrait of the Hon. Roger Rollo, who was the second son of the seventh Lord Rollo. Mr. William Rollo, son of the late Hon. Eric Rollo, is a nephew of the present (eleventh) Lord Rollo of Duncrub

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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.

BRITISH HEAVY-WEIGHTS

JACK PETERSEN'S meeting with Len Harvey has done more than decide the fate of the British heavy-weight title. It has done much to rehabilitate the reputation of our professional heavy-weights in the eyes of the public, and as such it did boxing in these islands a great service. But it has also shown us something of the nakedness of the land, for Petersen, who held the title till last week, was quite obviously not a champion, and Harvey is equally obviously not a heavy-weight.

We do not wish to belittle the achievement of the winner. He has achieved his ambition, and, like Fitzsimmons, also a Cornishman, has won middle, cruiser, and heavy-weight championships. He has not, however, equalled Fitzsimmons, for they are not championships of the world, nor does he hold all three simultaneously. He has, however, accomplished a wonderful performance, and deserves every credit for so doing. He gave away height, weight and reach to a younger man, who was, moreover, undefeated—and he emerged a clear winner.

The task has been attempted many times before. Indeed, meetings between middles and heavies are as old as boxing. Fitzsimmons was, of course, successful, but then Fitzsimmons was an exceptional man in every way. Carpentier was but a middle-weight when he defeated Bombardier Wells, but Carpentier was also an exceptional man and one, moreover, destined to fill out into a reasonably heavy heavy-weight. These two successfully upheld the saying "a twelve stone man is big enough for anything," though that honour perhaps is solely the property of Fitzsimmons, whose weight, unlike Carpentier's, did not increase. In fact a twelve stone man is *not* big enough for anything.

And so it is with Harvey. The Cornishman was big enough for Petersen, but only because he is a real master of his craft and had, to offset his deficiency in weight, the experience of over 300 fights. He showed such form in this contest as one would expect from a middle-weight champion of the world—a title he should have gained some years ago—but he did not convince as a heavy-weight champion. He proved beyond doubt that he is a great boxer and a man of unlimited courage, but he showed also that he is not big enough to stand up to the big men. Who would say that he has the beating of Carnera or Schmeling or even Doyle?

The fact is that Harvey's defeat of Petersen (while from the "fiasco" point of view it has done boxing a service) has thrown us back a number of years. In Petersen it seemed that we had the man to regain the world's championship. Harvey, with his quick brain and his skill, showed us that Petersen's time is not yet. Harvey is champion; Petersen remains our most promising heavy-weight. We are no further on.

Yet Harvey's defeat of Petersen may prove to be the turning point in the history of British heavy-weight boxing. The fight showed that Petersen has an immense amount to learn before he is fit to take on all comers. Let us in future teach our promising young men before we let them stand out for "big money." Petersen's career during the last year has been the essence of futility. Harvey has shown us that. Let us be thankful and not err again. A pleasing personality and a heavy punch do not make a world champion—nor indeed any champion—and it is to be hoped that Petersen has realised this at last. If he has he may yet regain that world title we lost 34 years ago. Let us also hope that Harvey can put on another stone. He deserves to hold his new championship for some little time, and 12st. as stated is *not* big enough for anything.

British professional heavy-weight boxers must be content with smaller beginnings. The lack of real talent has brought forward champions lacking in the technique of the ring, who have been over-advertised and over-praised. There is in such a situation every promise for the young heavy-weights at the start of their careers. Petersen may be taken as typical of them; let us hope that he and they will rehabilitate British professional boxing.

AMERICA'S WHISKY

AMERICA has formally gone "wet" again this week and the distillers of Scotch whisky are hoping to find a huge market across the Atlantic for their product. The United States cannot do better than buy the best, but they want concessions for their exports of pork, bacon and dairy produce in return for allowing Scotch whisky a preferential share of liquor imports. No one wishes to stand in the way of the expansion of our export trade, but farmers naturally look askance at concessions to America which may mean a further glutting of their home market. There would be more sympathy for the proposal if the distillers of Scotch whisky used home-grown barley exclusively. Scotch whisky made from Danish barley is an anomaly that would have horrified our forefathers.

AMATEUR STATUS IN GOLF

Controlling bodies of organised games might well envy the stringent definition of an amateur laid down by the Amateur Rowing Association, for if it is open to criticism it at least cannot be termed ambiguous. This interpretation, wilful or otherwise, has worried other bodies, and now the committee of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club have determined to tighten up the amateur status of golf. Their new definition is more comprehensive than the old, and leaves no apparent loop-holes for would-be evaders. It is interesting to note that the committee's definition includes rules which the W.S.G.A. laid down before, namely, that those who for remuneration allow their names or likenesses to be used for the advertisement or sale of any goods, except in the usual course of their business as dealers in, or manufacturers or inventors of such goods, "and those who for remuneration permit their names to be advertised or published as authors of books or articles on golf of which they are not actually the authors," forfeit their amateur status. Furthermore, no one will be permitted "to report a golf competition or match in which they are taking part if journalism is not their usual and recognised vocation." This will deal with the vexed question of capital being made out of a name as a golfing celebrity. The definition of a professional has been enlarged to include "those who teach golf for remuneration either by personal demonstration or by lecturing or by allowing themselves to be filmed." If the new regulations are strictly enforced after January 1st next amateurs will know where they stand.

FRANK MITCHELL

Many English visitors to Kashmere will learn of the death of Mr. Frank Mitchell with regret. For many years he had devoted his time to the stocking of the streams of the Happy Valley with trout—brown and rainbow. He established hatcheries at Harwan and Achibal, and taught the local Kashmeris at all his centres the detail and technique of trout culture from spawning to the distribution of yearlings.

He was an authority as a botanist, and was a really first-class game shot, whether after chakor or pheasant on the slopes of the Kashmere Hills, or with wildfowl or snipe on the jhels of Hokra or Anchar. The Kashmeri greatly reveres a good shot, and a mention of "Mitchell Sahib" in a remote village would often evoke smiles of gratitude and pleasure, for besides his ability with a gun he had those qualities which endear the best type of Englishman to the Indian villager.

SHOOTING FROM AN AEROPLANE

When the recent big-game conference assembled they had to consider the question of the effect of aeroplanes on big-game shooting. But they considered them from the point of view of transport and not as a sort of mobile butt. Now an aviator has been fined £15 by a Welsh court for shooting wild duck in the Dwyrya Estuary from an aeroplane. No doubt the experiment was purely jocular, but it is one that gives one furiously to think. And one might add in conclusion that fighting duck are quite hard enough to hit on land without making the calculation of flight a two dimensional one!

WHAT SHALL I GIVE?

It is an awkward moment in a day's shooting when a gun finds he has peppered his host, his host's wife, or his favourite retriever. That, fortunately, is a thing that seldom happens, but at the end of every shoot comes the question of tips, which, apart from its difficulties for the needy, has far more pressing horrors for the sensitive. "What are you going to give?" we mutter in a husky undertone, as we watch the birds being counted at the final stand. How shall we avoid the ostentatious and the mean? With how well-chosen words will the furtive note be passed?

If it is any comfort, let the shy learn the story of the Scottish keeper who returned a hundred pound tip from an American as out of keeping with the traditions of his moor, and his subsequent remark to another gun that he valued a fiver from a man whom he admired far more. Truth to tell the ordinary gamekeeper knows quite well before the day starts which of the guns are well-to-do and which are not. Tips, therefore, are not very frequently a surprise or a disappointment. It is the way they are given that counts.

INTERNATIONAL RUGBY PREPARATIONS

The result of the first English Rugby trial match was at it should be—a decisive win for the England team over the Possibles. A significant fact was that six of England's eight tries were scored by forwards. The forwards were, in fact, much more convincing than the backs—which was also the case in the second Welsh trial played on the same day. A rearrangement of the backs for the England team in the next trial match is notable for the moving of A. L. Novis from wing three-quarter to centre three-quarter, which is considered by many to be his best position, and for the inclusion of H. G. Owen-Smith, the Oxford full back, in place of A. C. Kinnersley, the young player only recently emerged from the Bristol second fifteen, who made an excellent impression and is to be tried again in the Possibles team. Owen-Smith is one of three backs and a forward from Oxford included in the second trial. Cambridge have not a single representative in the teams. If this is not a good omen for Oxford in the 'Varsity match next Tuesday, it should at least inspire them to Herculean efforts.

WITHOUT COMMENT

A picture which appeared recently in a leading sporting daily showing hounds moving off to draw with the first whipper-in trotting in front of them bore the following caption: "Gone Away! The —— strike the trail at the opening meet at ——."

THE COLORADO BEETLE AGAIN

That unremitting vigilance is necessary to guard against this dangerous foreign potato pest invading this country has been emphasised by the report that more specimens have been found on Tilbury allotments. Ever since the first beetle was discovered crushed on the roadway last August the Ministry of Agriculture has been keeping constant watch on the area, and digging has now brought others to light. The habits of this striped Colorado beetle were described in the *Field* of September 2nd. It has done great damage to potato crops in France, and has been eradicated with great difficulty in Germany. The Ministry are to be congratulated on their efforts to prevent the beetle from spreading.

A LOST TEST MATCH

Great Britain was rather badly beaten in the first of the lawn tennis tests against Australia by nine matches to three. But there is no reason to bemoan this, for if Perry was defeated by Crawford, he had already clinched his victory in the United States Championship by beating the Australian player 6/4, 2/6, 6/4, 6/3, in the final of the Victorian Championship. Of the others of the team who are gaining valuable experience against Australia's best, H. G. N. Lee could claim a success against Crawford in the test match, and F. H. D. Wilde has put up creditable performances both in the singles and in his doubles partnership with Perry.

BRITISH SPORTING ART

Criticisms have recently appeared of the Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy in which it has been stated that British sporting art will be poorly represented. No paper would be prepared to take up such a question with greater vigour than the *Field*, but we think that in point of fact these criticisms are ill-founded. In the Academy exhibition every effort has been made by the committee to obtain a really representative collection of sporting pictures, for British sporting art can compare with that of any Continental school, and visitors to the exhibition will not be disappointed. Much regret will, however, be felt that the Duke of Westminster was unable to lend his large picture of the Grosvenor Hunt by Stubbs.

At the same time there will be an exhibition of British prints and drawings at the British Museum which is sure to arouse wide interest and in which sporting subjects have been ensured a very adequate representation.

SALMON AND FROST

Fears are being expressed that a cold winter is about due and will play havoc with the salmon spawning beds. It would certainly be a disaster of the first magnitude if anything seriously destructive happened to the ova or fry this winter as the stock of spawning fish is likely to be much below the average, if the small runs of fish during the rod season can be accounted a gauge of the fish on the redds. Hard frost is undoubtedly a serious danger, a more destructive agent by far than floods, which probably do much less harm than is usually supposed—salmon eggs withstand quite a lot of hard knocks.

The danger this year, should the drought continue, is that the shallower feeders may freeze to the bottom and in the subsequent spate the ice may carry the gravel with it to be deposited who knows where; on the bank perhaps. It is likely, however, that many of the feeders this season have been too shallow for spawning fish and that salmon have already insured against anything but the hardest frost by making use of the deeper redds.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE

If Tennyson may be chosen as the poet of Lincolnshire, as Kipling is the laureate of Sussex, shall we find any *vates sacer* of Cambridgeshire more certainly than in Rupert Brooke's lines written of his home?

"Ah God! to see the branches stir
Across the moon at Grantchester!
To smell the thrilling-sweet and rotten
Unforgettable, unforgotten
River-smell, and hear the breeze
Sobbing in the little trees. . . .
Oh, is the water sweet and cool,
Gentle and brown, above the pool?
And laughs the immortal river still
Under the mill, under the mill?
Say, is there Beauty still to find?
And Certainty? and Quiet kind?
Deep meadows yet, for to forget
The lies, and truths, and pain? . . . oh! yet
Stands the Church clock at ten to three?
And is there honey still for tea?"



A CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PLAYER GETS WELL AWAY FROM THE SCRUM IN A RECENT MATCH AGAINST ST. BART.'S HOSPITAL

SPECIALISTS IN RUGBY

Tactics Which Spoil the University Match

ONE of the few really stable things in Rugby football is the match between Oxford and Cambridge, who meet at Twickenham next Tuesday in the fifty-eighth game of the series instituted in 1871. In tone and spirit it never changes. Club, county and international Rugby may vary from boredom to brilliance. Some of the international matches played at Twickenham in recent years have been hardly worth the pilgrimage to see them, but the 'Varsity match has never yet failed to produce a contest brimful of vitality and the best spirit of the game. The University teams ought to be among the best in the land. More often than not they have been in the past. But in the last two years they have not compared well in skill with some of their predecessors, and this year again the sides have not shown themselves to be outstandingly good. A deterioration in forward play has been the most marked, and there is little doubt that this has been associated with the adoption at both Oxford and Cambridge of the modern doctrine of speed and still more speed among forwards.

Experience in other directions has already proved that this doctrine can be carried too far, particularly as it affects the quick breaking away of back-row forwards from the scrummage. This type of wing forward play has been given free rein in the University teams of the last few years. One or two players have shown something like genius at it—notably P. W. P. Brook and D. Crichton-Miller, of Cambridge, and P. D. Howard and D. H. Swayne, of Oxford, who produced also one of its greatest exponents in H. L. Price. But these players have been exceptional. Others who have followed their example without their genius have done much to spoil the game. In their concentration on breaking away quickly they have brought about a palpable weakening in scrummaging and other arts of forward play. They were largely responsible for the scrambling character of the last two 'Varsity matches.

When the University teams began to take shape this season the scrummaging seemed worse than ever and met with general condemnation. Much improvement has since taken place, but the vogue for specialist wing forward play persists. Oxford has even turned a centre three-quarter into a wing forward. One significant indication of the decline in University forward play may be found in connection with the international teams. In the 1929–30 season Oxford and Cambridge each supplied three international forwards—two to Scotland and four to England. Next season the number was five. It dropped to three in 1931–32, and last season only one University forward was considered good enough for an international team—R. B. Jones, the present Cambridge captain, who played for Wales.

This season's packs reflect a difference that used to be very marked between Oxford and Cambridge forwards, for Cambridge appear to have the heavier eight and Oxford the more mobile, and much is likely to depend upon their struggle for supremacy since there is not a great deal to choose between the rival backs. In the last few seasons both Universities seem almost to have had a preference for forwards as captains. Opinions have always differed as to the best position for a captain. Many good judges prefer a position behind the scrummage on the ground that the backs are better situated to appreciate tactical possibilities than forwards with their heads buried in scrummages half the time. But the Universities can point to as many great captains among forwards as among backs.

Oxford, as it happens, will be captained by a centre three-quarter in Tuesday's match, H. D. B. Lorraine taking over the leadership from J. B. Bowers, the captain proper, who has had to stand down owing to injury. Lorraine may be trusted to see that any tactical advantage arising from his position is not lost. His clever strategy practically made Oxford's two tries last year. But the loss of Bowers, one of their best forwards, and then of S. L. Waide, the Irish international wing three-quarter, has been a severe blow. Injury earlier in the season to K. L. T. Jackson, the Scottish stand-off half, has also militated against the development of full understanding among the backs. The Oxford captain had a very delicate problem to decide when Jackson eventually became fit, for in the meantime his deputy, C. F. Grieve, had shown himself a particularly talented player and had fitted in with J. M. McShane, the scrum-half, as well as any captain could wish. Bowers would, I think, have been justified in keeping Grieve and omitting Jackson—but how can you omit a player who was one of the big successes of both the Oxford and the Scottish teams last season? The Cambridge half-backs, C. W. Jones and J. E. Bowcott, have had the advantage of playing together practically since the beginning of the season, and are moreover a really first-class pair—both Welshmen, whom Wales might do worse than select for their national side.

Despite the loss of Waide, the Oxford three-quarters should be strong in attack, with Lorraine and A. L. Warr the more dangerous wing. Warr is a wing of the best University type—very determined, clever with his legs and pretty fast. The Cambridge three-quarters have been rather kept on tenterhooks about the form of W. Wooller, who created such a stir when he appeared for Wales last season, but Fyfe and Johnston are both very strong wings who know how to go for the line. Oxford have the better full back without question in H. G. Owen-Smith, but G. W. Parker, of Cambridge, is not so very far behind him.

If the season's records of the two teams were any guide to the 'Varsity match, Cambridge would certainly win. They have won more matches than Oxford and have won most of them the more convincingly. Detailed comparisons are useless, because teams sometimes vary considerably; but it is interesting to note that both Universities beat the Harlequins and Richmond and both lost to Blackheath and Leicester. There is a great difference in points scored for and against—Cambridge in twelve matches scoring 197 points as compared with 91 against, while Oxford in the same number of matches scored 126 points as compared with 95 against.

Seldom has place kicking been so bad as Oxford's. In their first five matches they scored fifteen tries and not one was converted, and all told, in twelve matches, they have converted only five out of 30 tries. This weakness might easily cost the side dearly in the 'Varsity match. Cambridge have at least two players with some skill in place kicking—Fyfe and Parker—and their record in twelve matches is 21 goals from 40 tries. Everything considered, Cambridge look the more likely to win.

F. I. W.



A TYPE OF GATEWAY WHICH MAY CAUSE TROUBLE, AND A FINE OPEN FIELD IN WHICH FOLLOWERS COULD EASILY BE CONTROLLED

HUNTING MANNERS FROM ANOTHER ANGLE

Effects of Frayed Nerves and Remedies for Them

By MAJOR C. L. CARLOS CLARKE

FROM time immemorial many sporting writers have written at length on the importance of good manners and cheerfulness in the hunting field. Every father has drummed manners into the head of his son, and, in these days, the various pony clubs carry on the good work. The subject, however, has always been approached by the writer on the assumption that bad manners will only be found in the rank and file of the Hunt, as opposed to the Masters, Field Masters, and that recognised element of all Hunts—the "Old Timers." I will endeavour to prove that a very large proportion of the bad manners and ill-temper is caused by and emanates from those in charge.

Let us first of all deal with the causes. There are, I think, two—the bad example of those who should know better, and fright.

You probably already know to your cost that every Hunt possesses its Old Timers, men whose life has been spent hunting and who, in the past, have gone "top of the Hunt." You might think it would be their privilege to impart knowledge in a kindly way to the less well informed, or in place of leading them over the fences, to hearten them with a cheerful smile and some useful advice. On the contrary, they may be seen taking up the best positions—and heaven help you if you go too near them! In most cases it would be quite useless to ask them for information or advice—they might not even answer!

There are not many of these in each Hunt, as, to qualify, you have to have hunted at least 30 years with the same pack, you have to have no ideas in your head at all except hunting, and you are usually a covert owner, though this is not absolutely essential! That is a rough sketch of the pillars of the Hunt whose example we are expected to follow.

Next we come to *fright*. It has always been my contention that if 100 normal people arrive at a meet, on seeing their horses, 90 per cent. cease to be quite normal. The remaining 10 per cent. are made up of the Hunt servants, three or four "star turns" of both sexes, and a roughrider or two. Of the 90 some are frightened of their own appearance (possibly with just cause); some are frightened of the appearance of their horses; some are frightened of the Master and the Old Timers; some are frightened of making fools of themselves; and nearly all possess a sinking feeling at the pit of the stomach at the thought of the obstacles that they will soon have to negotiate and avoid unnoticed by as many of their friends as possible.



AT A MEET OF THE BELVOIR
Lieut.-Commander H. S. Egerton, sometime Master of the East Sussex

What inflammable material for one man to command: what a mass of pent-up agony and jangled nerves! Surely every Master of Hounds should employ a specialist in nervous diseases as his right-hand man. But does he? No. He usually chooses a martinet of the Hunt Committee.

To show what nerves will do, let me cite the following cases from my own personal experience: Some ten years ago I took a great friend of mine to his first meet of a famous Leicestershire pack. He took one look at the enormous crowd, got straight out of my car and was sick in the ditch! He had served with great distinction through the war and was twice decorated! Nerves!

One day my horse kicked a lady in a gateway. She turned to me in a rage and said: "If you want to kick anybody, kick my sister"! Now I am sure she would not have made that remark had I kicked her on the ankle during a dance. Another clear case of hunting nerves.

So far I have tried to show the reasons for bad manners and ill-temper, and also the various complexes suffered by a majority of the field. Now let us have the impertinence to suggest to the Masters the best way to gain and maintain control, for it is a fact that a well-controlled field is a well-mannered and good-tempered one.

Anyone becoming the member of a Hunt automatically acquires the right to criticise and "crab" the Master (behind his back, of course!), and this right is practically always claimed by all the members. This state of things usually continues until the Master is informed by some friend of his wife's, or by an Old Timer, when he immediately sends in his resignation. Whereupon all the erstwhile





WITH THE QUORN AND THE WOODLAND PYTCHLEY

Left: Lord Manton paying his cap at the Thimble Hall meet of the Quorn. Right: Mr. R. W. Kaye, joint-Master, with Miss O'Brien and Miss Kaye at the Cranford Hall meet of the Woodland Pytchley

"crabbers" beg him to "carry on"; which, he usually does. This is an old hunting custom! On the other hand, it is unheard of to criticise or advise a Master to his face or even in writing. However, we will risk it!

The primary cause of all trouble is that Masters will hold up their fields in small gateways or narrow rides. I have a flock of sheep at home. If they are grazing, scattered over a field, I can walk amongst them unnoticed. If, on the other hand, I approach them when in a pen or gateway, they immediately panic. Imagine the strain on two or three hundred well-bred and highly-strung horses herded together, add two or three hundred probably not quite so well-bred riders, but even more highly strung, and it is no wonder that horses and riders misbehave and tempers become frayed.

Let your followers debouch into the field—and the bigger the field the better—and learn to control them in that formation.

But how? you will ask.

Let me once more cite an example. I have under my control about 50 working men who give me the minimum of trouble. Do I maintain this comforting state of affairs by shouting and swearing at them or by never letting them out of my sight? No; I attain it by seeing extremely little of them. But when things go wrong, which happens every few years, I come down like a ton of bricks. I do not curse and swear then. I "sack"; but I do not sack the yard boy or strapper—I sack one of the Old Timers.

If Masters of Hounds would make it quite clear what they allow and what they will not allow and stick to it consistently, their own lives and those of their followers would be considerably simplified. If a Master would quietly send home the delinquent, whether he be a farmer's son or the biggest subscriber, he would earn the respect of all, and he would only have to do it once every few years. I have seen such Masters, and to hunt with them was heaven.

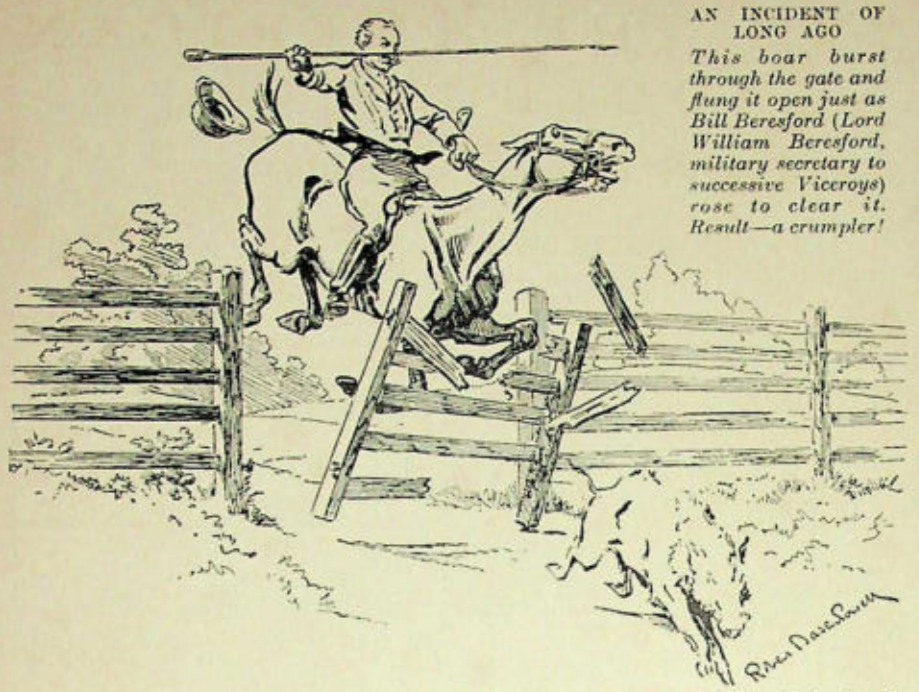
And, above all, Masters and Old Timers, *smile*! Hunting is not war; and even if it was many of us would still smile. I go out hunting first and foremost for the ride, and secondly for a laugh. To have said that will probably be accounted almost sacrilegious, but I know it is the object of thousands more who are not sufficiently brave, or possibly not sufficiently ill-advised, as to say so.



LORD PORTMAN, MASTER OF THE TAUNTON VALE, WITH HOUNDS AT STAPLE FITZPAINE



THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT MOVING OFF TO DRAW AFTER A MEET IN THE PICTURESQUE SURROUNDINGS OF THE NEUTRAL COVER, JACKAMENTS BOTTOM



AN INCIDENT OF LONG AGO

This boar burst through the gate and flung it open just as Bill Beresford (Lord William Beresford, military secretary to successive Viceroys) rose to clear it. Result—a crumpler!

(*From a sketch by Lord Baden-Powell*)

ABOUT PIGSTICKING

A Sport Which Links Britain and India

By LORD BADEN-POWELL

JOHN WATSON, who was known best at home as Master of the Meath, and the finest polo back of his time, was wont to say that if you offered him the choice of a good day's hunting or a good day's pigsticking he would have no hesitation in plumping for the pigsticking. That from a keen man to hounds is a pretty high tribute. It is one which should commend itself to sportsmen in these days.

For one thing, India is much nearer to England than it used to be, only so many *days* distant where formerly it took weeks. Then, too, modernisation and town planning have not, in India, reached such a pitch as yet to interfere with sport. Indeed, since my day the bags on record have increased enormously, and with motor transport, good pigsticking is more accessible than before.

So I would urge those who can make the opportunity, at the end of the hunting season at home, to take it and go to India for a turn at the pig from March to June. Hot? Yes, of course it is hot; but it is healthy, and, my goodness, what fun!

Pigsticking is, briefly—very briefly and coldly—this. One or more parties of three riders apiece go out, mounted and armed with spears. A number of the local inhabitants are engaged to beat the jungle and drive out the pig. If a cover is being beaten the different parties wait at likely points outside; or if an open grass plain is being driven they ride with the line of beaters, just as the guns move with the beaters when walking-up grouse or partridges.

And then—well, I've said I will deal with it coldly, so I will merely state that when a boar is presently sighted and goes lobbing away at his stiff looking canter you all go crazy. You can't help it—horses and men, it's a mad race for all. The sporting old boar lets you get up a bit and then his canter, without any very perceptible change, lengthens its stride and carries him over the ground at a pace that takes you all you know to keep him in sight.

For half-a-mile he can keep ahead on the flat and, if obstacles intervene, he may gain on you considerably. But presently you begin to overhaul him. Your horse, who has seen a pig or two in his time, is all on for a rush, especially with others on either side eager to win "first spear"; but you have to ride him with judgment and to keep a bit in hand for the final work.

Then comes the time when you begin to get within range, and you turn your spear ready for use. I tell you, even now my blood—but no, I must drop that, I'm dealing with it *coldly*. But all the same, it's like drawing swords in the gallop for the charge. It means suddenly *business*. If you are in the happy position of leading, your heart is in your mouth—there are so many slips betwixt the point and the pig. You have got to keep one eye on him lest he should give you the slip, and the other on your rivals, who may come cramming past and beat you in your last stride; or the pig may turn his head the least bit to one side to cock his eye at you, and the next second *he is not*—he has flung himself off to one side or the other, leaving you to swing round; while the man lying second or third gets a short cut across on to the pig's new line and so gains your place at the lead unless you are very quick.

Then, when all are going at full split, the pig may suddenly "prop" off the line with his legs stiffened and head down, and then swinging back again with ears pricked and every bristle on end with rage, he will come hurtling at you in a wicked, snarling charge, determined to rip your horse and get you down.

You catch your mount by the head, grip him fast with your legs and meet charge with charge. At him you go as hard as time and space will allow, and if your horse knows his business he will leap the boar while you on your part drive your spear deep through the pig's back or shoulder and roll him over if you can.

You will thus know the joy of winning first spear, but the game is by no means over. In fact this is where the fun begins. Mr. Boar will no doubt be on his feet again in a twinkling, with murder in his eyes, ready to tackle the next man coming up. Then there will be another charge and another wound, and still more before the gallant old brute sinks down to die.

On the other hand, he may turn the tables on you, or he may—— Oh, there are thousands of diversions that may happen. No two runs are the same. But in all coldness and brevity I have given you a general idea of what is meant by pigsticking. But go and try it for yourself.

"Though wounded and bleeding he's game to the last
And makes one more charge as the foe rushes past,
But the firmly-held spear stops the rush that he tries
And backward he totters, sinks over and dies.
And now when the monster lies dead on the ground
There's one thoughtful man sends his whisky flask round,
And we drink to the boar, good to run and to fight,
And who never says die till you've killed him outright."

Pigsticking is one of the few wild sports in which the hunter is almost always associated with others of his kind. In most big-game expeditions the shooter is attended by only a few trackers, or beaters—more guns would spoil sport; and although there may be, and is, a certain charm for a time in such solitary life, yet eventually the sportsman longs for the companionship of his fellows in his camp. Nor is it good for a man to become accustomed to a solitary life; Englishmen are already quite misanthropical and reserved enough, in all conscience, without such further training.

In pigsticking, on the other hand, the hunters live and move, and hunt in parties; and yet individual excellence is as necessary as ever to success, while it gains the additional spice born of friendly rivalry with one's fellows.

The hot weather which at first used to appal one as a long nightmare became, with pigsticking, the healthiest and the happiest part of the year. So long as there was pigsticking to be got one never wanted to go away to the usual poodle-faking at hill stations. It would scarcely be exaggeration to say that hundreds of lives and thousands of livers are saved every year by the exercise and outdoor life of pigsticking.

It is also equally true that hundreds of young soldiers have in the Kadir picked up experience, an eye for country, horsemastership, endurance, quick decision and determined attack, that has stood them in good stead later on in other sterner fields.

I have said in my book *Pigsticking*:

"Pigsticking has sown that, in spite of racial differences, the white man and the Indian can be mutually good friends and comrades where they have a sport in common. Pertab Singh, who died a few years ago, was admired and beloved by every Briton who ever met him, and he had a large circle of real friends among us in England. So, too, have many other Indian sportsmen like the Maharajas Patiala, Bikanir, 'Ranji' Singh, Kapurtala, Jodhpur and Dholpur. (The fun I've had with the 'Hathi' of Patiala, and with Indur Bir Singh—better known as 'Ginger Beer'!)"

The comradeship between the white officers of Indian regiments and their men is proverbial. And it has been sealed by their blood. If the young Indian was, in the course of his education, encouraged to make himself more of a sportsman and less of a highbrow, he would find himself more of a man and in full mutual friendship with his European brother.

Therefore, when I become Viceroy, I shall make *Pigsticking* and General Wardrop's *Modern Pigsticking* the text-books for the examination for the Indian Civil Service, with possibly a further practical examination in the field!



"*He will come hurtling at you in a wicked snarling charge*"

(*From a sketch by Lord Baden-Powell*)

GAMES AND THE AMERICAN SCHOOLBOY

A Contrast with English Methods

By E. R. SCOTT



ARMOURED FOR THE FRAY—AMERICAN FOOTBALL KIT

THE Englishman at home who wishes to learn of sport in American schools has two sources of information. The first, entertaining but unreliable, is Hollywood. The Americans themselves regard college football pictures as a legitimate form of "ballyhoo," and would be as astonished to hear of their being taken seriously as would an Englishman to imagine the quondam heroes of junior schoolboy fiction described as typical English schoolboys. The two pictures are about equally true to life (which is not to say entirely untrue). For a more authentic idea, the Englishman is reduced to judging the factory by its products. He sees the annual invasion of the best American golfers and tennis players. He welcomes the visits of track teams from Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Cornell, overwhelmingly superior at least in the field events. And he consoles himself by attributing the American possession of world's records to the invigorating American climate.

But climate is not everything. To an Englishman working in the type of American school most closely approximating to an English public school some interesting contrasts are revealed. The most impressive, but in the long run least important, is the elaborate organisation of the whole athletic life of the school. At its head is the "Directer of Physical Education," under whom is a considerable personnel of expert coaches, employed for no other purpose than to coach swimming or running or baseball.

It amuses Americans to be told that the "Director of Physical Education" would in England be called the "Games man," and that with the possible exception of a professional cricket coach the games in English schools are run by men whose main business is to teach school subjects. On the other hand it must be said that the Department of Physical Education is responsible for much more than games. It concerns itself with the "gymnastics" which we are content to leave to an Army drill sergeant. It regards the school doctor as almost part of its personnel. It measures and records the physical development of each boy with the same thoroughness with which other departments measure his "intelligence quotient." In short, it satisfies the American appetite for having everything carefully docketed. Beyond this, it is doubtful if organisation alone is enough to explain American proficiency in sports.

More vital than the method of organising is the multiplicity of games that are organised. To the English boy "Games" in winter means football of one sort or the other, with hockey a possible but not very good second; and in summer it means neither more nor less than cricket. The English boy who prefers fives to Rugby, or lawn tennis to cricket, is a poor fish with little chance of asserting himself among his fellows. Athletic sports in the narrower sense are usually smuggled into the dead end of the football season, depending for their efficient training on the happy chance of one of the masters being a running man.

The American boy finds himself at once with a wide choice. Football (the American adaptation of Rugby) has a slight lead in prestige, and baseball has the strongest claim to be called the national game. But not only does he find Soccer, ice hockey, field hockey, lawn tennis, basketball, golf, track, crew, swimming, squash, handball (fives) and lacrosse all organised for him; he may "go out" for whichever takes his fancy, with no danger of developing an inferiority complex. Provided he takes a prescribed minimum of exercise, he may take it, if he chooses, with mere gymnastic machinery.

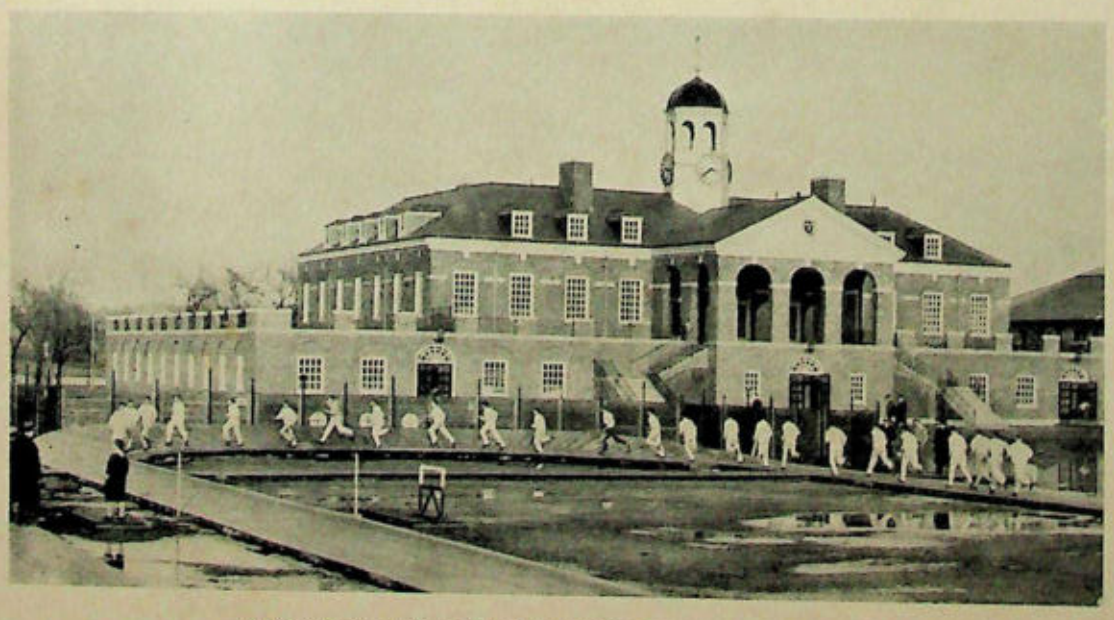
This liberty of choice (in England postponed to University age) is something very dear to American theorists on education. Clearly it means that many American boys miss the training in "team spirit," which is equally dear to the English theorists. But it has compensating advantages. A boy does not grow up to hate a game for which he has no aptitude. He learns to play with some skill a game he can probably enjoy as well at 50 as at 20. And meanwhile, not in local clubs but on school playing fields are bred the Tildens and Sarazens.

But liberty of choice leads to something much more questionable—an intense degree of specialisation. It is, of course, possible (with the American football season ending at Christmas) for a brilliant athlete to shine equally at, say, football, basketball and baseball. But the boy with no claim to general brilliance usually concentrates upon doing as well as possible what he can do at all.

An Englishman sees with astonishment the spectacle of a boy, day after day throughout the year, doing nothing but practise the pole vault. He begins to understand why the school record for the pole vault is something over 12ft., for the broad jump nearly 24ft., for the high jump 6ft. 2in., and why the 100yds. has been run by schoolboys in less than 10sec., and the quarter-mile in less than 50sec. It says much for the skill of American coaches that staleness is not a bigger problem than in fact it is. There was much heart searching on this subject in the American Press in their post-mortems on the Davis Cup, when Vines's eclipse was almost universally ascribed to overtraining.



CONTINUOUS PRACTICE PRODUCES AMERICAN SCHOOL POLE-VAULT RECORDS OF OVER 12FT. AT THE UNIVERSITY THIS IS CONSIDERABLY EXCEEDED



INTENSIVE TRACK TRAINING IN THE MASS AT HARVARD

Questions of staleness apart, however, it must always seem to Englishmen that all is not well with a system which condemns a boy to devote many afternoons to the practice of tee shots—that something has been sacrificed in the pursuit of efficiency. That "something" is, of course, the Englishman's incorrigible amateur spirit, his belief that a game is after all a game. Too often the American (with no question of professionalism) appears to be making a business of it. The bringing on to the field of an American football team is the climax of hours of elaborate work, involving tremendous expenditure of energy with tackling machines, close study of tactics before a blackboard, and constant repetition on the field of the tactical movements that have been mastered in theory, with never more than one actual game a week. It must be noted that the boys themselves see nothing in this that is not obvious common sense.

If there is one thing that English boys might do well to learn from Americans, it is the concentrated purposefulness with which they approach games and work alike. For the rest, all that can be said is that we have here an unalterable difference of national temperament. The English word "Sport," as a general name for games, is unknown in American schools, where they prefer the more strenuous word "Athletics." Be it said, however, that nowhere is there finer sportsmanship.

A FOWLER'S AMBUSH

Days and Ways with Duck

ON a certain marsh in Norfolk there is an old derelict crab boat that lies forlorn and desolate a full mile from the sea. How long it has been there I do not know, but according to the local inhabitants it has lain there for many a long year. There it sleeps, dreaming away its days to the merry music of the sea winds and the keening of passing gulls.

One early morning lately I made my way thither and after some difficulty scaled the side of its shell and dropped into the interior. Inside it appeared like the carcass of a whale, the deck gaped in a dozen places and my dog snuffed loudly for rats under the rotting planking. At the bow end there still remained a section of the upper deck, a tangle of wooden baulks lay aslant beneath it, casting dark and sinister shadows. Standing upright on the floor of the boat I could just see over the top, and it made a splendid hide for a gunner, as it covered the creek that ran past between high banks not thirty yards away. Down this channel redshank and curlew were continually passing, and a stray duck or two on their way to the open sea. My dog amused me greatly by closely scrutinising my face when I saw a bird approaching. On the report of my gun he would leap on to the top of the wooden wall, balance himself precariously for a moment, then hurl himself to the ground. Then over the creek he would go to retrieve my bird. I got many curlew by sending him out on to the marsh and keeping well hidden behind my ambush.

The curlew is one of the most inquisitive of birds, and in nine cases out of ten they came to investigate, to their own undoing. This is a curious fact with regard to the curlew, and if one is well hidden, even in a ditch or gully, and the dog knows what is expected of him, one may often get a shot at this wary, and I may add tasty, bird; for if he is well hung and stuffed with sage and onions in the manner my cook (a Lincolnshire woman) does them, they are excellent fare indeed. Occasionally I have bagged teal from this same hide, but only on wild windy mornings. Being there for so long a time the old boat has become a landmark for flighting fowl too, for they often come over this spot to and from the sea. This question of cover in wildfowling is of the utmost importance, and it is also a matter of instinct on the part of the fowler himself to know what likely spots to look for.

If one has done cross-country flying one can understand more what I mean; one comes to look for landmarks in the shape of trees, ponds, and other natural objects below that help to guide one on one's way. So it is with birds; a string of ponds, a stump in the sand, a narrow neck of land, all mean to them sign posts by the way. The first time I ever essayed to shoot wild geese on a strange marsh I secured a brace, simply through spotting the lie of the land; in this case a long narrow bay between two mud banks. Sure enough, when the light grew, in came the great battalions, following the identical spot I had selected.

More difficult perhaps is the sea bank ambush where there is no tree or definite landmark to fix upon. In this case one must take pot luck and hope for the best. Remove the hat (if any) and do not show oneself until the birds are overhead. Your dog, too, must be well broken and not raise his head above the level of the bank. Another good ambush, I remember, was a derelict row-boat lying on the marshes in Lincolnshire. I could crouch right up in the prow with my dog beside me, and though this was not nearly so efficient as the big crab boat, I got many shots at passing fowl.

The most deadly place I have ever found was on the Solway Firth. A narrow neck of land jutted out into the estuary, and on the landward side there was a natural trench worn in the turf by the action of the sea. Here at the turn of the tide golden plover came to feed on the slimy green stones that were scattered round about, affording wonderfully good sporting shots as they swooped past in round-shouldered, scythe-winged flocks. Mallard too I have often shot from this same hide, and untold numbers of curlew. As yet I have been the only occupant of that place and, as far as I know, the first discoverer. The Solway covers a wide area, and I do not fear of naming this particular spot. I only know that the floor of the trench is inches deep in trampled Eley cases and quite 80 per cent. have done their work.



WILL THEY COME STRAIGHT?
An early morning picture on the dunes

Such natural hides are always far more deadly than artificial ambushes, for the birds suspect nothing.

This last September I visited the Wash, and through the kindness of a charming young lady, daughter of a neighbouring big landowner, I went several nights to a little inland pool surrounded by ploughed fields. Here in the dusk I had great sport, for the mallard came in like sparrows. This shooting in the half-light is not easy work, and as I have as yet to get used to it I am afraid I put up a rather discreditable performance. But it was a wildfowler's paradise, and I shall not easily forget those gentle nights with the first stars pricking the feathery reeds in which I crouched outlined like a Japanese print against the sky, and the whistle of ghostly wings in the mysterious gloom.

There is a peace abiding, at such times, and in such places; there is that sense of uncanny expectation too, that one experiences in night fishing on a Scottish river though no sound of rushing water is present, only perhaps the far barking of a dog or the small voice of the wind in the dead reeds. The pool steams in the damp air and glimmers palely in the eerie light and on its wan face a shaky star trembles and is still. On such a night one is aware of the duck coming a long way off, and it takes considerable self-control to master the hammering of your heart.

B. B.



(ABOVE) "ANOTHER GOOD AMBUSH I REMEMBER WAS A DERELICT ROW-BOAT LYING ON THE MARSHES IN LINCOLNSHIRE"

THE LOWER PICTURE IS OF THE OLD CRAB BOAT ON A NORFOLK MARSH



THE "FIELD" GAME REGISTERS

No better Christmas present could be found for a shooting man than a game book. The *Field* have just issued three new game registers—a deer forest register, a syndicate register, and the conventional game register. They are bound in heavy dark-green leather and cost 8/6 each, postage 6d.

The deer forest register contains columns for forest, beat, head, rifle and stalker, while the syndicate register—a new departure—is divided for columns showing the bag, and which parts of it were sold, and which given away. In the forest and game registers there are blank pages for photographs.

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Kilcash Hill a Horse of Possibilities



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By kind permission of "Country Life"

BERKELEY CASTLE

Hounds have been kept at Berkeley, as documentary proof shows, since the reign of Henry VIII.

FAMILIES FAMOUS IN SPORT—No. 9

The Earls of Berkeley at Berkeley Castle

BERKELEY CASTLE is most interesting to the antiquarian, historian, and the keen lover of hounds. Not only is it the oldest feudal castle lived in by one family to this day, but its outline has not changed since the Wars of the Roses, the Tudors, the Cavaliers and Roundheads, and the early days of foxhunting. Aloof and above, part of, but not in the surrounding countryside, it has symbolised sport to generations of folk living twixt the Cotswolds and mouth of Severn; we have not only tradition, but documentary proof that there have been hounds at Berkeley from the reign of Henry VIII. to the present time in practically unbroken sequence.

The first castle consisted of a small "motte," which one, Roger of Dursley, was commissioned to build on the rising ground above the marshy lands about Berkeley Pill, by his overlord, Earl William Fitz Osborne, during the great castle-building period just after the Conquest. These "marshy lands" were and are of unique interest. It is said that the south-west winds blowing up Bristol Channel have deposited much iodine in this place, accounting for the unusually good feeding values of the grass lands of which the Berkeley Vale is chiefly composed. From earliest times they have been carefully drained by great ditches called "rhines"—the rich depth of which being only too well known to those whose horses one time or another have failed to clear these formidable obstacles. Some say the Romans made the sea wall and the biggest "rhines"—it is likely they were pre-Roman, but, at any rate, from time immemorial from the watch towers of Thornbury and Oldbury anxious eyes have scanned the mouth of Severn for invaders and pirates—Welsh, Irish, Saxon, Dane and Norman, the King's friends or enemies of this curiously fertile strip of marsh lying twixt Gloucester and Bristol.

In the third generation, Roger's successor, having backed Stephen, was dispossessed by Henry Plantagenet, who in 1155 granted Berkeley to a valued partisan of his mother's cause—Robert, son of Hardinge the reeve of Bristol, who built the present castle over the old "motte" on the best mediæval principles of the day, adding an unusual idea of his own—a "forebuilding" or small battlemented protection covering the stairway entrance. Robert Fitzhardinge's son and heir Maurice married Alice de Berkeley, daughter of the dispossessed Roger, and from that time to this Berkeley Castle is unique in that it has never passed through the marriage of an heiress.

When Thomas Lord Berkeley died in 1417 the inheritance of the Berkeleys was claimed by his daughter and her husband and by his nephew James Berkeley—the latter being awarded possession. This caused a quarrel which was not forgotten. Fifty years later during the Wars of the Roses, Thomas Talbot Lord Lisle, grandson of the daughter, and William Berkeley, son of James, had a lively set-to on private affairs unconnected with York or Lancaster, which resulted in the death of Lord Lisle (1470). The victorious William seems to have been a shrewd judge of affairs in difficult times, he received a viscount's title from Edward IV., an earldom from Richard III., and in 1438 Henry VII. created him Earl Marshal of England and Marquess of Berkeley, it being said that this last honour was part of a bargain that at the holder's death, being childless himself, Berkeley should pass to the King, cutting out his brother Maurice, whom the Marquess hated. So when the latter died, Henry VII. took possession, and Berkeley Castle remained in royal hands for 61 years till, at the death of the last male Tudor, it returned to the rightful heir Henry, great grandson of the defrauded Maurice. This Henry lived from 1554 to 1613, and resided chiefly at Caludon House, near Coventry, coming to Berkeley at "buck-huntinge time." From account books kept by an Elizabethan steward, we know that he travelled about the country hunting, hawking and shooting. Among fascinating details as to hawks, spaniels, the lost "yellow brache," the shoeing of Grey Aconburie, the citing of local deer stealers, the purchase of "tawny" cloth, the huntsman's "expenses bringing eight couples of houndes into Leicestershire" and the purchase of "a cast of merlins," we find Lord Berkeley hunting a stag from Kingswood Chase (now a suburb of Bristol) and paying the keeper of "Hide Park" two shillings! He hunted in Warwickshire, Gloucestershire, Northamptonshire, Leicestershire, Yorkshire and Buckinghamshire—to-day the most famous hunting countries in England.

We cannot go into details of Tudor sport, but in studying the historical side of hunting we must appreciate that hunting the buck or hart with "running houndes" was the precursor of fox-hunting such as we know it, while "hawkinge" engendered that love of "a dash in the open" which so distinguishes our modern sport. Berkeley Castle was ideally situated, whether for the chase of deer from Whitcliffe Park to what Shakespeare calls the "wilds of Cotsell," or for hawking on the "marsh," ever the haunt of wildfowl—witness the wild geese there to this day. Hounds with stamina, scenting powers and a good cry were as necessary then as they are now, and from those early Elizabethan accounts it seems possible that the present Berkeley hounds, so noted for their stamina, nose, tongue and fox-catching attributes are lineally descended from those at Berkeley in the time that Shakespeare wrote:

"A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheered with horn."

But, unfortunately, no old hound lists to substantiate the descent have yet to come to light.

Henry, Lord Berkeley's eldest son, exceeded his allowance to such an extent that he was compelled by his father to retire to New Park Lodge, where he was "allowed to keep not more than six couple of hounds." The latter's son George succeeded his grandfather, and being already middle-aged at the outbreak of the Civil War contrived to take little personal part in it. Berkeley Castle was occupied by the Roundheads in 1642, evacuated by them in 1643, when King Charles marched on Gloucester, and held by Royalists till after Naseby Fairfax sent Col. Rainsborough to take it. New ideas of siege guns made it impossible to hold a castle designed to withstand bowmen, and Sir Charles Lucas capitulated when the outer ward had been breached by the "military engines"

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placed strategically and irreverently on the roof of the church. The garrison of 500 marched out with honour, and the usual "slighting" which destroyed so many mediæval castles, though ordered by Parliament, was never applied wholeheartedly to Berkeley, whose owner on occasions sang psalms in a manner appreciated by the Puritans. The epitaph on this George Lord Berkeley states "he was eminent for the candour and ingenuity of his disposition, for his singular bounty and affability towards his inferiors and his readiness (had it been in his power) to oblige all mankind"—which sounds a little like hunting with both the hare and the hounds! The saving of Berkeley was indeed worth a psalm, and as a young man his tutor had counselled him, "I would have you to settle in a country life. Recreate but not weary yourselfe by games and sports . . . above all beware that hunting bewitch you not."

George's son of the same name was prominent with the rest of the West Country in the Restoration of Charles II. He was also interested in trade and colonisation, a Director of the East India Company and created Earl in 1679, which title still continues.

We do not know exactly when the Berkeley hounds changed from stag to fox. In the last quarter of the eighteenth century the foxhounds of Frederick Augustus, the fifth Earl of Berkeley were hunting a "tremendous extent of country, stretching from Gloucestershire right up to Kensington, from point to point about one-hundred-and-twenty miles." (Thormanby.) It is unlikely that this area was continuously hunted at one and the same time, but Lord Berkeley certainly had kennels at Cranford (Middlesex), Gerrard's Cross (Bucks), Nettlebed (Oxfordshire) and at Berkeley. His huntsman for 32 years was Thomas Oldaker—one of the most famous huntsmen of all time. The portraits of him by Marshall, Wootton and Sartorious in his tawny-yellow Berkeley coat, bugle-shaped horn, and his famous horses Brush and Pickle are well known to us all. About 1805, the fifth Earl left Middlesex for good and gave up that country to the Old Berkeley Club, Mr. Hervey Combe becoming Master and Oldaker continuing there as huntsman. The Old Berkeley retains the Berkeley tawny-yellow livery to this day.



A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1863 OF LORD FITZHARDINGE WITH CROMWELL AND WOODBINE

In 1811 occurred the strange family complication, resulting in a gap of 100 years before the owner of the title became again the owner of Berkeley Castle. The fifth earl left all the vast family estates—50,000 acres in Gloucestershire, Worcestershire and Herefordshire with its great rent roll of those days and the still more lucrative Berkeley Square London property—to his eldest son by Mary Cole, Colonel Berkeley, who failed to prove that his father had privately married his mother before he publicly did so some years after the birth of himself and three brothers. Colonel Berkeley was later created Earl Fitzhardinge, while his fifth brother, born in 1796, carried on the legitimate line. In 1916, on the death of the fourth and last Earl Fitzhardinge, Berkeley Castle returned to the present Earl of Berkeley, to the satisfaction of genealogists, antiquarians and the whole countryside.

The first Earl Fitzhardinge established the present pack of hounds at Berkeley about 1807. He also kept staghounds at Cheltenham; the North Cotswold hunting that country to-day show their old connection with Berkeley Castle by the tawny-yellow collars on the Hunt servants' coats. Henry Ayris was huntsman at Berkeley for 40 years to the first Earl Fitzhardinge and his sailor brother successor, the second Earl, who was equally keen on hunting and a lover of hounds.

The first Earl bred Cromwell (1855), who made a great name for himself in the West of England. He was by Lord Henry Bentinck's famous Contest (1848), who also sired seven couple other young hounds put on that same season, so that to this day the Berkeley contain much of Lord Henry's best blood. Lord Bathurst was one of the first to realise the value of Berkeley for sterling hunting qualities, so much of which had been lost previous to the war in the efforts of Masters and huntsmen to breed good-looking hounds without regard to their work. The Berkeley had never been influenced by fashionable theories elsewhere, consequently the hounds had a character of their own, and in place of "Belvoir tan" there was a preponderance of white, hare-pie, yellow and other old colours—so many of whom had been sacrificed to the craze for fashionable marking. The second Lord Fitzhardinge in his downright sailor fashion used to say, "I don't care a damn for looks; huntsmen forget to breed hounds for their noses, they're all for looks. Give *me* the pack that can kill foxes."

To-day it would be hard to find a pack showing a higher average of sport, season after season. The country is fortunate in its present joint-Masters (Lieut.-Colonel Charles Turner, Mr. R. Berkeley and Lieut.-Colonel A. Murray), in its huntsman (Morris) and in its sporting lot of landowners and farmers—many of whose names have stuck in the Berkeley Vale as long as there have been hounds at Berkeley. We wish them all good hunting. FIELD FARE.



THOMAS OLDAKER ON BRUSH, BY J. N. SARTORIUS

MEMORIES OF A HUNTSMAN

Bert Thatcher's Forty Seasons With Hounds in Many Countries



BERT THATCHER, WITH THE ZETLAND

I REMEMBER a sporting farmer who lived in the Derwent country called Mitchell, who one day, after drawing a covert blank, asked us to draw a standing field of wheat, where we killed one cub and ran another to Pickering, which was also accounted for.

The next season during cubhunting we drew the same covert blank, but Mitchell came out and said "We had come ower a fortneet too early." I did not think much of his remark, but recalled it to the full when we went back just two weeks after and two hours later in the morning, and found a good show of foxes. The fact was that they were all in the standing corn, and Mitchell knew it. I can see the twinkle in his eye now!

I have often been asked during my career which was the biggest obstacle I ever saw jumped in the hunting field. Certainly the biggest wall I ever saw jumped was when I was with the Galway "Blazers." Hounds were running out of Castle Hackett, and Sir Henry Havelock-Allan, now hunting with the Zetland, jumped the boundary wall, made of stones and mortar. It was so high that you could not even see his tall hat when he landed over safe and sound. He was riding one of the the ten horses bought by the Master from Mr. Pat Rogers, whom I mentioned before in this series.

But to my story of service with the Middleton. I recall when the late Fred Archer (a nephew of the famous Fred), who trained Double Chance, the Grand National winner, and a good man to hounds, used to ride too near hounds, the universal cry was, "'Old 'ard, Archer." Once as hounds were casting I had occasion to speak to a hound named Archer, saying, "'Old 'ard, Archer." Mr. Archer thought I was speaking to him, and he turned around to a friend and said: "You can see I have not done any harm this time." Many times he was chaffed about this, poor fellow!

And yet another memory. Colonel A. C. J. Wilson, when out with the Middleton one day from Fanlington High Wood, got a better start than the rest of us, hounds were running fast, and Mr. Archer and I were trying to get up to him. Mr. Archer said to me, "The colonel has us beat this time." As I drew nearer to him, I shouted, "'Old 'ard," which he did, and as I drew up to him, I said, "Now then you can go on, sir; I only wanted to be beside you." He has often laughed over this incident with me.

It may interest some to know that all Lord Middleton's hunters had their manes and tails on and the latter were never allowed to be "pulled." We always rode them in double bridles and were not allowed to use snaffles. In those days I used to ride a very good horse called Fireman. When hounds met at Swinton in the October of 1919, we found a fox in a root field close to Swinton Grange and ran him into the Sinnington country, and brought him back to Swinton, when I had a nasty fall over some stiff timber. I got up again and carried on hunting, but when I got back to kennels I found I had two ribs broken, but carried on hunting hounds without going to bed, thanks to the skill and kindness of Dr. McCormick of Malton, who patched me up. And talking of falls, I suppose I have had as many as most and possibly more than most! The worst one I ever had was with the Middleton when jumping on to a road, and my horse fell on top of me and broke the cartilage in my knee and laid me up for a time. I still feel this fall; but I had another from a good mare called Fireworks, also with the Middleton. Hounds met at Ganton Brow, and were running a fox hard towards some pheasant coverts, when my mare put her foot in a rabbit hole, breaking her pastern and very nearly my neck! Marvellous to relate, the mare was patched up and bred some good foals after at stud.

Although I was very happy with the Middleton, I heard from a private source that in 1921 the huntsman's place with the Zetland would be vacant. This was a country for which I have always had a great affection. I liked its people, its country and the freedom from wire. So I applied for the position and was lucky indeed to obtain it, before the joint-Masters, Lord Barnard and the late Mr. Herbert Straker had advertised for a huntsman. I succeeded William Freeman, who had been there for some seasons, and who now hunts the Eridge. His brother Frank, of course, showed for very many seasons brilliant sport with the Pytchley, and his father, Dick of that ilk, was for many years huntsman to the North Durham, a country which is now hunted by the Braes of Derwent. Will Freeman was a really good huntsman, and at that time one of the best men to hounds in England.

It was no easy task to follow him, but my experience stood me in good stead. In my first season we started cubhunting on August 27th at Stanwick we killed a brace and a half, and in the October of the same season we found a fox on the river bank at Wycliffe, and ran him back to Wycliffe Scar, with hounds snapping at his brush. The fox dropped into the Scar on to a ledge, and one-and-a-half couple of hounds went straight into it and were killed. I remember these hounds Nelson, Trojan, and Trywell, the latter bitch having won the first prize at the Puppy Show that year. A sad loss, indeed, for a huntsman in his first season.

The opening meet that season was at Aske Hall, the home of the late Marquess of Zetland, a former Master of the pack, and one of those stately homes where much sporting history has been made. Unfortunately we were stopped by frost and snow, but November 15th in the same year I shall always remember. It was then I had my first fall—a bad one it was, too!—with the Zetland. Hounds met at Selaby, and close to Gainford Big Wood I broke three ribs and hurt my back, which debarred me from the saddle for at least seven weeks.

The same season in March, when hounds found a fox near Eliot's Wood, I was riding a really good



WILL FREEMAN
Huntsman of the Zetland from 1909—1921 *and now with the Eridge*

horse named Kitawake, and the first fence away from covert was a post and rails with a ditch on the landing side. For some reason my horse took off too soon and landed in the ditch with me, re-breaking my ribs and also hurting my back once more. Hounds went on and killed their fox close to Etherich Whin, but I did not see them, and in fact never hunted any more that season. Frequently I saw hounds from my pony and trap, but I speedily came to the conclusion that hunting on wheels is a very tame sort of sport! Many perhaps will agree with me.

We huntsmen often hear the assertion that foxes will not breed close to the kennels. I was told recently that there is always a litter near the Badminton kennels, in a wood-yard not a bow-shot from hounds; and when I hunted the Zetland in 1922 we met at the kennels and found a litter in the next field, and killed one-and-a-half brace during the late cubhunting season, a field from the kennels. It is worth while noting that the same season (1922) we had a young hound named Warrior which won the Champion Cup at the Yorkshire Show that summer. When hounds met at Easby we had a useful morning, killing one-and-a-half brace, and Warrior, a first-season hound, caught one and killed it on his own. He turned out an excellent hound and was used a lot as a sire by many packs.

A keen and good supporter of the Zetland died that same season. When hounds met at Forcett we were going on to draw Brettanby when the late Colonel Vaux brought the news of the death of Mrs. Clark, of Barton Lodge. Hounds were at once sent straight home.

Later on in the same season (January 7th, 1922), when hounds met at Straggleton Gate, we had a good gallop from Forty Acres, taking a line as if for the Bedale country, where the fox turned sharp at Nattress Whin back, leaving Clervaux Castle on the right, to Allan Shin, right-handed up to Stapleton Whin, where the fox did not dwell, but went straight over the Darlington Road, past Wild Duck, and got to ground in a big field drain close to Marfield Whin after 1 hour 40 minutes of the best. We started digging, but could not make anything of it.

The terrier was put in, and Major Whitaker (then the Hunt secretary) went down on the Sunday with some men and got both terrier and fox out, both being quite dead.

(To be continued.)

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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, Student of Wild Life and Nature Lover. 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.

SOME IDEALS OF FOXHUNTING

SIR,—I have been interested in reading Lord Dorchester's article in your last issue, and his advice on manners in the hunting field. I am sure that very much of the rudeness of riders arises from excitement and temper. My experience—which is a fairly long one, as I am over 70—is that nearly every rider to hounds is in a bad temper whether the run be a good or a bad one, and this does not by any means only refer to the field. Why, I ask, is it an all but accepted fact and one of almost daily experience in many hunts that the Master, even if spoken to civilly—anyhow during a run—can seldom conjure up a civil reply? Why should he almost through the whole day regard his field (who are subscribing to keep the Hunt going) as a nuisance and a lot of know-nothings? Scores and scores of times have we all heard a Master speak to his field as if they were an ignorant lot of spoil-sports—many of them probably having hunted when he was in his cradle; I hold that such conduct makes bad blood, and sets an example his field are likely to follow. How often have we heard a yokel—maybe fumbling at a gate—cursed as a fool, and told to hurry up. One instance dwells in my mind when my bailiff was trying to lift a gate off its hinges to let the Master go through. He was first asked, "Why the devil wasn't the gate open?" (there were stock in the field), and then cursed because not being a young man he was a bit slow in his movements. I am glad to say he walked away and refused to help any more. I have heard, and so have most of us, Masters use language to their field which *in any other* circumstances would be unpardonable, especially when we remember how many ladies are generally present.

This letter may, I fear, seem ungrateful to the many Masters who are doing their best in what is often an unthankful and always a difficult job, but I am confident that a request for help rather than a curse for doing anything would make for greater enjoyment all round.

Yours faithfully,
ONCE A HUNT SECRETARY.

RARE VARIETIES OF RED GROUSE

SIR,—Considering the enormous number of grouse annually shot in the British Isles, striking variations in plumage are decidedly rare. It is therefore of special interest that Messrs. Rowland Ward have recently received for preservation no fewer than four very fine varieties, from different localities. I have had the pleasure of examining these at their studios in Piccadilly, and the following is a brief description of each:

No. 1.—The whole of the plumage a delicate pearl-grey with the normal markings—both light and dark bars and speckles—very faintly indicated. The upper breast and flanks sparsely blotched with dusky feathers. The primaries, secondaries and tail very light grey. Sir Ian Walker, Bart., informs me that this bird (an old one) was shot by Mr. R. H. Cobbold on September 13th, on the second drive of the Donal Young beat at Hunthill, Brechin, Angus. It had been seen on several previous occasions this season amongst a lot of about ten to twelve other normal birds. This was the first time this lot had been over the guns, as when seen previously they had always gone back. He also tells me that there is an exact duplicate of this variety in Messrs. Purdey's shop in South Audley Street "which was shot two or three years ago at Millden, which marches with Hunthill," and Sir Ian Walker has given his specimen to Messrs. Purdey to make a pair.

No. 2.—A fine mottled variety, a female. Upper parts mottled with cream-white, each feather barred with rufous and a few normal dark feathers; remainder of plumage rufous-brown, all feathers with rufous bars. Under parts: rufous with apical white margins to feathers. Primaries light pearl-drab; secondaries darker drab. Mr. J. Edelsten tells me he shot this rare variety on September 12th on Glen Muck Moor, Ayrshire. It came up the line of the butts with two ordinary birds, one of which, together with this variety, he shot.

No. 3.—A rare mottled variety, a male. The whole of the ground colour buff, the upper parts and breast uniformly blotched with black becoming plainer on the flanks; the blotches consist of black feathers narrowly margined with buff; primaries and secondaries dark grey.

No. 4.—The whole of the ground colour cream-white and pearl-grey, both upper and underparts barred with amber colour, producing a delicately beautiful white and amber variety; the whole of the wings pearl-grey. This striking and beautiful example was shot on August 28th last at Sherramore, Kingussie.

Probably one of the rarest and most striking phases of variation of the red grouse is that of a remarkably beautiful pied variety I figured and described in the *Field* in March, 1919. This handsome bird had the ground colour pure white, the upper parts, including the wings; spotted and blotched with rich black and dull rufous vermiculated feathers, the entire pattern of variation strikingly symmetrical. It was shot in November, 1918, at Glen Banchor, Newtonmore.

Yours truly,
Sutton, Surrey. F. W. FROHAWK.

SMALL BIRDS AT SEA

SIR,—In the first dog watch on October 24th, when H.M.S. Eagle was on passage from Kagoshima (Japan) to Hong Kong, four of us on the quarter-deck were watching with interest the manœuvres of a small bird of the linnet variety which was flying around the ship. It appeared to be tired and experieneing difficulty in keeping pace with the ship and maintaining its height above the sea. It disappeared from view forward, skimming the wave tops, and we wondered why it did not perch on the ship for a spell. A few seconds afterwards it came floating down, close to the ship's side, in the wash of the propellers, and we gazed sympathetically down at it. It lay partly on its side with its wings half spread, obviously finished. However, just before it met the cross-wash at the stern it suddenly took off from the water and continued to fly around the ship, apparently none the worse for its bathe.

I bring this incident to your notice because it would appear that migratory birds on passage are at liberty to take an occasional, and I suppose limited, rest on the surface of the sea during their journeys; a fact of which I have been unaware.

During this season we have had many migratory birds as temporary passengers. They are usually very tame, and one, which perched on the rail of the fore bridge at the start of a morning watch, allowed itself to be handled and spent the remainder of the watch resting on the chart table. Another time a sparrowhawk made its kill from among the small fry flying around the ship, and later enjoyed its dinner perched in the rigging.

These incidents have occurred when the ship has been at least 100 miles from the nearest land, and have served to relieve the monotony of long sea passages.

Yours truly,
H.M.S. Eagle, China Fleet. A. M. RUNDLE (Lieut.-Commander, Royal Navy).

TWO STRANGE ATTACKS

SIR,—With reference to "H. N.'s" review of *Wild Cargo*, he says, writing of the "seladang," that the author states this is one of the few animals that have been known to turn the tables and stalk the hunter.

I have been twice attacked by night by unwounded animals—once bison, once buffalo—in each instance on pitch-black nights with wind and rain. Similarly, in each case, I was plodding back to camp after a long day hunting for bison and saing in Burma. In each case I was accompanied by a Burman hunter and a coolie, who both shinned up trees on approach of the danger.

I do not think the attacks could have been made on me as a human being, but rather by mistaking me for some enemy animal, probably tiger. My footsteps must have been very muffled as I was wearing soft felt soles. In the first case, I was approaching a bamboo-fringed water-course, when some huge animal charged out at me. As I jumped to one side and remained perfectly still, the animal returned to the crossing, where he remained thrashing the bamboo with his horns, but each time I moved or made any noise he charged again at me. Finally, he appeared to realise from the shouting of the Burmans that we were human beings, as with loud snorts he fled.

Next day I picked up the traces of a bull bison in the vicinity of the night's incident, and after several hours came up to and killed a fine bull.

The other occasion was in much heavier forest, and my attacker came from amongst a herd of elephants I was trying to find my way through back to camp. This attack, as did the other, came suddenly out of unknown blackness, but was more vindictive, as I was pursued whenever I was heard moving. I had to shoot in self-defence, and after some five or six shots was relieved to hear my aggressor go crashing to the ground. I was glad to get safely to camp, and next morning found a magnificent bull buffalo hit three times and eventually killed by a lucky shot through the heart.

Yours truly,
Richmond, Surrey. H. D. KEARY (Lieut.-General).

ABNORMAL ROE ANTLERS

SIR,—Mr. Wolfenden's specimen of the "Perruque" or "Mossed" roebuck head, a photograph of which appeared in your issue of November 18th, is of particular interest, as it appears to be the largest ever recorded from Great Britain. Still larger examples have, however, been obtained on the Continent. Winckell recorded a specimen in which the spongy growth hung down on both sides of the head 2½in. below the jaw and which weighed over 11lb. These monstrosities are, I think, invariably caused by some organic injury, damage to the generative organs probably being the most common cause. The antlers then fail to shed in the normal way and the mucus which should form the new antlers exudes from the base of the old, enveloping them in a spongy mass. In some instances the growth becomes hard all over, but in extreme cases only the top hardens, leaving the remainder in a soft condition. Such abnormalities must cause acute discomfort to the unfortunate animals, and in the worst cases the vision may become obscured by the overhanging growth.

Yours truly,
34, Carshalton Place, Carshalton, Surrey. EDGAR N. BARCLAY.

QUEER SHOTS

SIR,—So often one hears of almost unbelievable flukes and queer shots that are yet well authenticated, and it has seemed to me a pity that such are not published more frequently or gathered together into some sort of book form.

To give one or two of my own experience may be of interest. Flighting one evening, I saw a small bunch of wild duck on my right, which I fired at, and at the moment my man, who was with me, said, "Look to your left, sir," and I swung round and fired my left barrel at another bunch of wild duck. Four duck fell to each barrel. This was done with a 12-bore, using No. 5 shot.

On another occasion a flock of greylag were feeding in a field which was quite unapproachable, so I decided to try a drive, myself going round on a long detour and getting into a position I knew they should cross, which they did, with the result I got four with each barrel. I think I was using No. 3 and the gun a 12-bore.

The queerest shot I ever brought off was when one morning, after being out at morning flight and having got sixteen greylag, I was walking back to the motor, carrying the geese and gun—a very heavy load, which made it quite impossible to carry as well the two tame geese I had as decoys, so I let them loose and drove them in front of me. Crossing a perfectly flat grass field with no corn whatsoever, a flock of greylag passing over spotted the two tame geese, and taking no notice of me started to drop down to them, whereupon, dropping my load, I had time to add another to the bag.

Walking across a stubble, a friend of mine shot a hare going away from him, with the same shot killing one sitting in its form and also killing two others which the beaters on each flank put up, the four hares being all killed dead within a small circle; needless to say, only the first hare was actually fired at. There must be many other and more interesting shots than these mentioned, happening frequently.

Yours faithfully,
Lindores, Fife. J. C. LAIDLAY.

A SURPRISE FOR THE BLACKBIRD

SIR,—Not long ago I was near my goldfish pond in the garden when I heard a splashing, and looked round to see a hen blackbird having a bath in the bird bath at one corner of the pond above the deep water. She had her tail hanging over the edge of the bird bath and just touching the surface of the pond. As I turned, my big golden orfe—12in. long and named "Old Bill"—spotted the feathers on the surface, made a swift dash from the depths, and seizing them, gave a great tug. The moment he tasted feathers he let go and swung off into deep water again, shaking his head disgustedly.

At the same moment the blackbird, who had been pulled into a squatting posture by the old fish's mighty tug, was looking round in a puzzled manner to see who was playing tricks with her tail, and after shaking the water from her wings flew off, leaving me shaking with laughter.

Old Bill is a veritable glutton; he sticks at nothing, and has eaten my four newts.

Yours faithfully,
Richmond, Surrey. A. F. MORDAUNT SMITH.



AN X-RAY PHOTOGRAPH OF A PARTRIDGE, SHOWING THE FATAL SHOT
(*See Letter "Towering Partridges"*)

TOWERING PARTRIDGES

SIR,—The general idea that a bird that "towers" has been hit in the head is, I believe, erroneous.

I have now examined three birds by means of X-rays and a post-mortem. In each case, after being shot at, they have flown on for some 200yds. or 300yds., sometimes even more, apparently unscathed. They were then seen to fly vertically upwards—a most unnatural flight, the wing movements not unlike that of a lark—for some 50ft. or more, only to drop like a stone.

All were found to be stone dead, lying on the back, with a spot of blood on the beak.

In each case the X-ray examination showed but a single pellet in the body, and the post-mortem showed damage to the lungs. In two cases the pellet was resting against the under surface of the breastbone.

Perhaps others might be able to confirm these findings, so that this vexed question may be settled once and for all.

Yours truly,
S. GILBERT SCOTT.
86, Brook Street,
Grosvenor Square,
W. 1.

[The bird "towers" because it has been shot in the lung and fights for breath. This fact was established some 50 years ago by the late W. B. Tegetmeier, who illustrated his article in the *Field* with photographs.—ED.]

RIDING WITH A LOOSE REIN

SIR,—I am much interested in a recent letter to the *Field*, "Riding With a Loose Rein," and am in complete agreement with the writer in so far as such evidently well-trained ponies are concerned. Horses less used to rough ground, if ridden with a loose rein, seem however to require the help of the voice, touch and balance of the rider to keep them on the alert. The pleasure of having ridden over the New Forest, on 60 or 70 horses and ponies (hirelings and others), results in the conviction that there is more, and ever more, to learn. To quote a well-known writer in the *Field*: "Standardisation is not a good thing, and least of all from a horseman's point of view." Beginners, therefore, would be wise to be very sure of their mounts before cantering with reins loose over the New Forest or similar country.

Yours truly,
Holme Farm, LETTICE ERSKINE.
Sway, Lymington, Hants.

MULLET ON FLY

SIR,—Not long ago whilst fishing at the Lizard, Cornwall, I saw numbers of grey mullet close in shore, and I asked the fishermen if they ever caught them, and they said no, except by foul hooking. Seeing they were surface feeders and that they always seemed busy nosing amongst the floating seaweed, I asked the reason, and a native said they fed on a maggot in the weed, so having my trout rod with me I mounted a coachman and presented it to them, and immediately one took it and after a good fight (as I was fishing from the rocks) I landed it. Soon after I landed another, but, unfortunately, broke my top joint.

The two I caught weighed just over 3lb. each. I was never able to fish them again, as although they were in about the same spot they were just too far out for me to cast. I should like to know if any of your readers have tried fishing for them with a fly.

Yours truly,
The Plantations, SIDNEY BRANTOM.
Leighton Buzzard.

MALFORMED ROE HORNS

SIR,—I was most interested to read Mr. Wolfenden's letter in your issue of November 18th. In the late J. G. Millais' book *British Deer and Their Horns*, pages 221 to 223, a description is given of so-called perruque roe heads.

The suggestion is made that these abnormalities are in some way due to an injury to the testicles; it is a well-known fact that the emasculation of an adult red deer causes malformation or even practically complete prevention of the horn growth. Roe are frequently shot at with shot-guns, and injury without fatal results often occurs; it is reasonable, therefore, to suppose that this particular buck of Mr. Wolfenden's may have been wounded in this way.

It would be interesting to learn whether any signs of shot were discovered on skinning.

Is it possible that the diseased liver had some sort of similar effect on the horn growth as an injury to the testicles would have had? I submit this as a possibility.

In the Altyre collection belonging to Sir Alastair Gordon Cummings is a most unusual head, very massive and in velvet, the horn is very heavy and appears to be bristling with points; it does not, however, give quite the same bee-hive impression of the Kingussie head.

To those who are really interested, the illustrations in Millais' book on pages 222 and particularly 224, are worth studying. On the latter page is shown a head very similar in appearance to the present head under discussion.

Apparently there is very little known as to the history of this head, as the caption under it simply states that this is an abnormal head, the horny substance having exuded over the top of the head itself and covered the face like a mask, though the animal could see with one eye. It was alive when secured by H.R.H. Prince Charles of Prussia at Potsdam in December, 1872.

This last is without doubt the nearest approach I have ever seen or heard of to the head shown in Mr. Wolfenden's photograph.

Yours truly,
H. STUART TEGNER.
17, St. Mary Abbots Terrace, W. 14.

AN ANCIENT AIR GUN

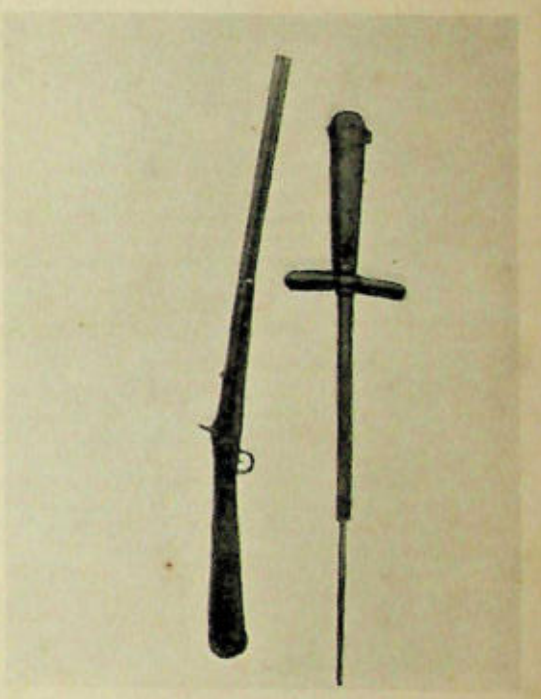
SIR,—Here is a photograph of an air gun of the type illustrated in the *Field* of October 7th.

The thing next it is the pump with spare butt screwed in position.

My brother has another (about same date) in the form of an imitation blackthorn stick; the eight inches or so next the handle form the butt which unscrews and is pumped up in the same manner. It has a solid "ferrule" which screws into the end of the barrel; the trigger folds flat into a recess.

Given the requisite penetration it would be an ideal weapon for a professional assassin!

Yours, truly,
London, W. 1. JAMES DICKIE.



GUN OR BLACKTHORN?
(*See Letter "An Ancient Air Gun"*)

BASEIYIS DOGS

SIR,—You recently published a photograph of a very charming "Baseiyis" dog from the Congo.

I think another picture of this dog appeared a year or two ago. I was very interested in the picture, as I think the dog is absolutely identical in type with a dog which appears fairly often in early Egyptian sculpture and painting.

During the war my mother, Mrs. C. J. Cornish, and I were in Cairo for some time; we found the Egyptian sculpture most fascinating, and as we were both interested in art and in animals, we made notes of which of the animals shown remained unchanged to-day, and which had apparently disappeared.

One of the latter was a type of dog which occurred a number of times but which we thought had no counterpart to-day. It was apparently a rather "stocky" whippet or small greyhound, with beautiful clean, sound lines, and its distinguishing characteristics were rather large prick ears and a short tail tightly curled over its back.

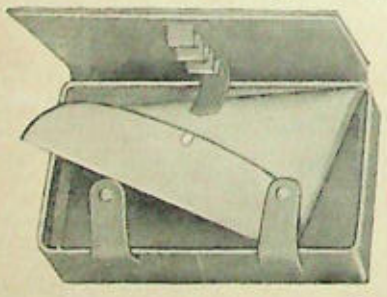
I never saw any native dog in Egypt in the least like it; but the picture of the "Baseiyis" in the *Field* is exactly like it, even the rather tense, very alert position, so I think she must be a lady of very ancient descent.

Yours faithfully,
The Pool House, E. PHYLLIS TOMKINSON.
Astley,
Nr. Stourport.

At 170 Piccadilly

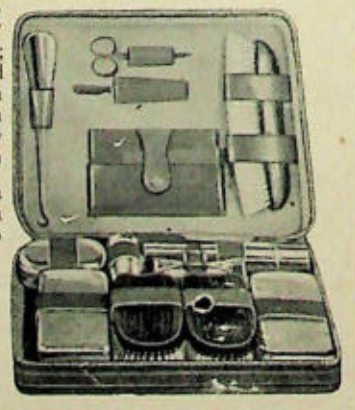
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WORN-OUT WAR HORSES

SIR,—I have just been reading the latest report of the committee which is trying to buy the old war horses which are being slowly worked to death in Egypt. The report is couched in most moderate terms, but it makes harrowing reading for a real horse-lover. Where has our reputed national love of horses gone to? When one thinks of the tragedy of the old war horse in Egypt, and the export of moorland ponies (foals as well) for slaughter in foreign countries, one feels that if we ever deserved the title of horse-lovers we have forfeited it now.

Apathy, the curse of the English. If every man who rides to hounds to-day, and every racehorse owner, would contribute the price of one old war horse—and the report says that the prices range from between £2 and £15—the sum raised would probably be sufficient to buy all that remains, which is estimated at about 500.

If it is to be done at all it must be done before next spring, because then Brig.-General Geoffrey Brooke's command is up, and the committee will then be disbanded, and those of our horses that are not bought before then will be left without any hope save death, and unfortunately a horse's hold on life is strong.

Cannot those of us who are horse-lovers make one grand effort and send the price of at least one horse to the Old War Horse Fund, Lloyds Bank, Fleet, Hants?

Yours truly,
Warwick. HORSE-LOVER

GREY PHALAROPES IN HAMPSHIRE

SIR,—In the *Field* of November 4th, Mr. Morley H. Neale records a red-necked phalarope seen on Chard Reservoir on October 4th. On different dates during the first half of that month, I saw no fewer than nine grey phalaropes on different pools on the marshes bordering the Solent. I got quite close to three on a muddy pool on the 16th, and next day on a large pond ten miles distant watched three more for an hour, swimming, wading, at rest, and on the wing. I also saw two single birds and found one dead one, and I surmise that the latter had been shot by the usual "lout with a gun." Strong westerly winds had been prevailing, and it is under such conditions that in some years invasions of grey phalaropes take place on their autumn passage south. Perhaps other readers will send in further records, as this may possibly turn out to be a phalarope year.

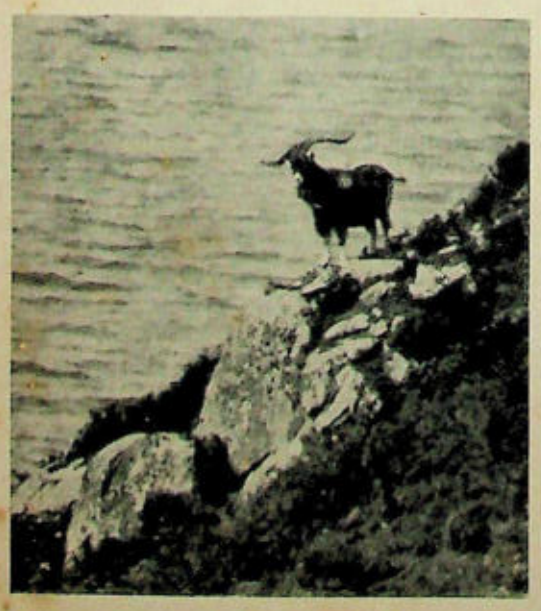
Yours truly,
Hants. J. B. WATSON.

WILD GOATS

SIR,—I was much interested by the letter on the wild goats of Pembroke in a recent *Field*, and I hope that this photograph of a goat on Ailsa Craig will interest your correspondent.

These wild goats—which are less than a dozen in number—have been in residence for well over half a century, for they are recorded as far back as 1880. Although in the past their numbers have somewhat dwindled, there seems little fear at the present, I think, of this colony dying completely out. In addition to these goats, Ailsa affords a dwelling for a herd of wild sheep, numbering some 50 or 60 head, and despite the fact that the inhabitants periodically shoot them for food, they are steadily increasing.

The enclosed photograph of the old billy-goat clearly shows the really magnificent spread of horns that the leader of the herd carried. Although these goats can easily be located on account of their limited territory, near approach for photography is somewhat difficult. Driving the beasts towards the photographer is probably the most certain and quickest method, but with a little luck, stalking will generally lead to success. Actually I was lucky, and surprised them round a corner, and so obtained these pictures by means of a 17-inch telephoto lens.



"A REALLY MAGNIFICENT SPREAD OF HORNS"
(*See Letter "Wild Goats"*)

Yours faithfully,
Greenbank, G. K. WHITEHEAD.
Bury.



QUITE AT SEA BUT SAFE AND SOUND
(*See Letter "A Heron at Sea"*)

A CALL DUCK MYSTERY

SIR,—It would be interesting to know if any of your readers have had a similar experience, or can throw any light on the following occurrence.

Three pairs of call duck were liberated on an island on a small pond of about three-and-a-half acres in extent, which wild duck are accustomed to frequent. The call duck were turned down at about 3.30 p.m., and at the same time some grain was thrown down. They were then left apparently quite happy in their new surroundings, and at the time they were turned down there were no wild duck on the pond.

The following morning, when the keeper went to the island to feed them he discovered the dead bodies of two call duck and another just alive. Three were missing altogether. Examination of the corpses showed that they had been badly pecked at the back of the neck, most of the feathers having been pecked out. It is certain that they were not attacked by any animal with teeth, as there is no sign whatever of any tooth mark. It would appear that they were attacked by the wild duck, of which there were some 50 on the pond when the keeper arrived to feed.

No wild duck have been reared for many years.

Yours faithfully,
West Lothian. W. H. C.

"SWING" IN SHOOTING

SIR,—I think I can claim to having been instructed in the art of shooting at an even earlier age than "'Sbolai," and as far as my memory goes, my instructions were to aim well in front of my bird and fire; there was no mention of "swing."

As far as I am aware I have never "swung" on a bird, in the generally accepted meaning of the term, in my life. It is possible that both "'Sbolai" and I swing without knowing it, but I think not.

Yours faithfully,
Kirkstone, J. E. AUSTIN.
Wadhurst, Sussex.

DEAD, BUT STILL STANDING

SIR,—I remember sharing Mr. MacDonald Tyler's experience about twelve years ago in N. Rhodesia, not far from the Loangwa. Meat hunting, I topped a ridge in a country of scattered bush to see about 70yds. below me a fine roan antelope standing motionless beside a bare bush trunk. I fired. He remained entirely motionless, though the thud of the bullet impact was very distinct. I raised my rifle to try again, when my Angoni gunboy shook his head and smiled. He led me towards the buck, and, only just before we reached it, it crumpled very, very slowly into a sitting position like a cat settling on a hearthrug. The bullet had traversed its heart. In all my experience before or since I never have known the heart shot fail to stimulate its victim into intense temporary activity.

Yours faithfully,
Caledonian Club, FRANK SAVILE
St. James's Square, S.W. 1.

A HERON AT SEA

SIR,—It may be of interest to record that on September 10th, when in Lat. 17° 19′ N., Long. 21° 55′ W., the Blue Star liner Andalucia Star was visited by a large number of land birds, among which was the heron shown in the accompanying photograph. The bird, which was in a very exhausted state, had a ring on one leg with the following markings: "I.R.A. Versailles, France $\frac{1}{1216}$" and has been sent to the London Zoo. It had apparently flown a distance of approximately 2,200 miles from its home in Versailles.

Yours truly,
THE BLUE STAR LINE.
3. Lower Regent Street,
London, S.W. 1.

CAN ARCHER AND RICHARDS BE COMPARED?

SIR,—Gordon Richards is to be congratulated on riding 259 winners this season, but I fail to see that his performance comes anywhere near the late Fred Archer's record, for the simple reason that Archer had only 667 mounts in 1885 when he rode 246 winners; and Richards has had 904 mounts to ride 248 winners; so it really amounts to a handicap, by Archer giving Richards 237 mounts start.

To beat Archer's record, in my opinion, Richards ought to have had the same number of mounts as Archer rode (667); but when you get Richards with 237 more mounts, I cannot see how anyone can say that he has beaten Archer's record.

In my opinion, Archer's record still stands as the finest performance.

Yours faithfully,
JAMES M. K. LUPTON.
London Athletic Club.

BUZZARD AND GROUSE

SIR,—When my father and I were on a fishing holiday in Scotland at Brora, I had an interesting experience related to me by our gillie.

He was ferreting on a hillside one day, when a loud swishing noise behind him attracted his attention. On looking round he saw a fully grown buzzard coming down the side of the hill at a terrific pace, and in front of it, gradually falling back, a grouse. The two passed by him quite close to the ground, but eventually the buzzard got above its victim, and managed, after several vain efforts, to secure its claws in the grouse's back.

I consider this experience rather unique. Has anyone had a similar one?

Yours truly,
West Bank, N. G. B. GRAY.
Uppingham, Rutland.



DIRECTIONS—OLD AND NEW
(See Letter "An Ancient Milestone")

AN ANCIENT MILESTONE

SIR,—Your correspondent, W. E. Ward, writing in the *Field* of October 21st on an old milestone, may be interested to see the enclosed photograph of one which is undoubtedly 20 years older than the one he showed.

This is the White Stone, at Withington, about four miles from Hereford. This was part of an old wayside cross, the shaft has been broken off, and a portion of it, inverted, forms the milestone. It was evidently erected in 1700, which date it bears, together with the following rather defaced inscriptions:

North face: "This is the ro to "
South face: "III?Hereford.
East face: "This is the ro d to Worcester Ledb" (Ledbury).
West face: "This is the ro to Hereford. T.D. 1700."

The name, "White Stone," suggests that this stands on an old White-way or Saltway; and Mr. Watkins, of Straight Track fame, suggests also that there may have stood here a White Stone of Session, which marked a meeting place, and which it was death to remove, according to the ancient laws of Wales. Yours faithfully,

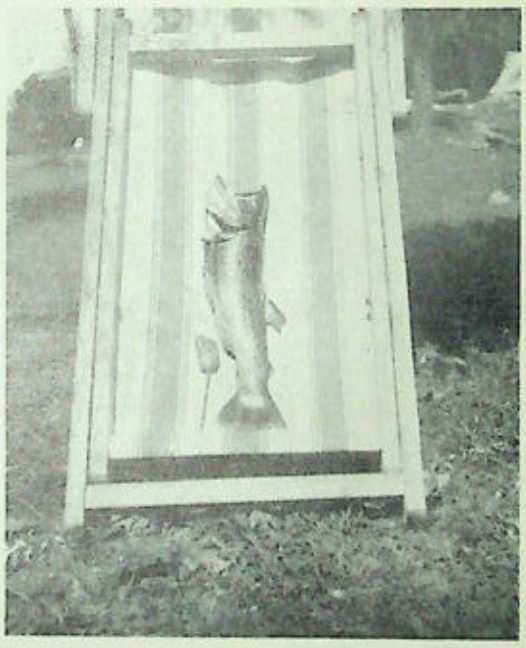
Mordiford, Hereford. M. W.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

A Marked Thrush.—Some weeks ago a reddish ebonite ring was brought to me, reported as found on a dead thrush in a Wallasey, Cheshire, park. The ring bore the number 32, but no address. Efforts to trace it have so far failed, and I should be grateful for any information about it. One might suggest that this using of coloured rings without addresses should be confined to non-migratory birds, or some easier means of tracing them be arranged.—ERIC HARDY, 21, Blantyre Road, Sefton Park, Liverpool.

Quail in Sussex.—As the quail must be regarded as one of the rarer of the summer migrants to Sussex, the following may be of interest. On June 13th this year an adult male was picked up in a dying condition at Glynde, near Lewes, possibly injured by coming in contact with telegraph wires. Quails breed—or used to breed—in the neighbourhood of Rottingdean, where I have heard the trisyllabic call of the male in arable fields.—J. GORDON DALGLIESH, Hove, Sussex.

What Was the Stone For?—I enclose a photograph of a brown trout, and a stone which was found in its stomach when it was gutted. It may be of interest to some of your readers. The fish was caught from the Middle Bringi beat in Kashmir in July this year, and weighed 2lb. 14oz.; the stone was 3in. long, 4½in. round and ¾in. deep, weighing 3oz. I should be interested to know if



A MISTAKEN MEAL
(See Letter "What Was the Stone For?")

trout living in fast water are in the habit of taking stones of this size, presumably in mistake for a minnow.—R. CLEGG-HILL, Rawal Pindi.

Partridge's Egg in November.—On November 17th, Mr. Holder, of Bourton-on-Hill, flushed some partridges, and on walking to where they rose found a warm partridge's egg.—AUBREY SEYMOUR, Burmington Leys, Shipston-on-Stour.

Late Butterflies—I beg to report that I and my N.C.O. saw a very large and vigorous sulphur butterfly flying about the camp here at 11.30 a.m. in bright sunlight, on November 20th.—Major M.F. FOULDS, R.A.M.C., Bramley Camp, Basingstoke.

"Is it a Fake?"—(See the *Field*, November 11th, page 1217.) Yes. The legs and feet are those of a seagull, the wings also resemble a gull's. The body and tail are those of a drake. All birds, while flying, extend their legs and feet under the tail.—W. IRVINE-FORTESCUE, Kingcausie House, near Aberdeen.

[The Editor of *Field and Stream* assures us that the photograph is genuine.—ED.]

APOLLO

A JOURNAL OF THE ARTS FOR CONNOISSEURS & COLLECTORS

DECEMBER CONTENTS

The Earlier Paintings at Westminster Abbey.

Exhibition of the Behrens Collection of Colour Engravings at Birmingham.

Chinese Mirror Paintings of the XVIIIth Century.

Old Silver of American Associations at Cambridge.

The Traditional Welsh Love-Spoon.

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IN THE CITY

HOME RAILWAY STOCKS

A Forecast of the Dividends Likely to be Paid for 1933

THE year is now sufficiently far advanced for it to be possible to give some indication of the dividends likely to be paid by the four Home Railway companies to the holders of their various classes of stocks in respect of 1933.

In respect of 1932, the Great Western Railway Co. paid a dividend of 3 per cent. on its ordinary stock costing £1,287,892, but this was only made possible by the transfer of £1,100,000 from reserve, and by crediting profit and loss account with a profit of £605,927 made on the realisation of investments. In other words, the amount required to pay the dividend on the preference stock was not fully earned last year, and although the report for 1933 will probably show that the preference dividend has been earned with a satisfactory margin, it is improbable that the surplus will represent more than 1½ per cent. on the ordinary capital. Any increase over and above the 3 per cent. dividend paid last year on the ordinary stock appears, therefore, to be completely out of the question, and whether or not the 3 per cent. rate of distribution will be maintained will depend on the policy that the directors decide to pursue. Since the company is still in a strong financial position as compared with the other three lines, the maintenance of last year's rate could be described as probable.

The London Midland and Scottish Railway paid a dividend of 3 per cent. on its 4 per cent. first preference stock in respect of 1932, and of 3¾ per cent. on its 5 per cent. preference stock which ranks *pari passu*. These dividends together required £3,930,980, and earnings actually available came to within £100,000 of that figure. Current indications seem to be that the railway will just about earn, and will therefore probably pay, the full dividends on the two preference stocks mentioned above in respect of 1933, but that any distribution to holders of the 4 per cent. second preference stock (usually known as the 1923 preference stock) is unlikely.

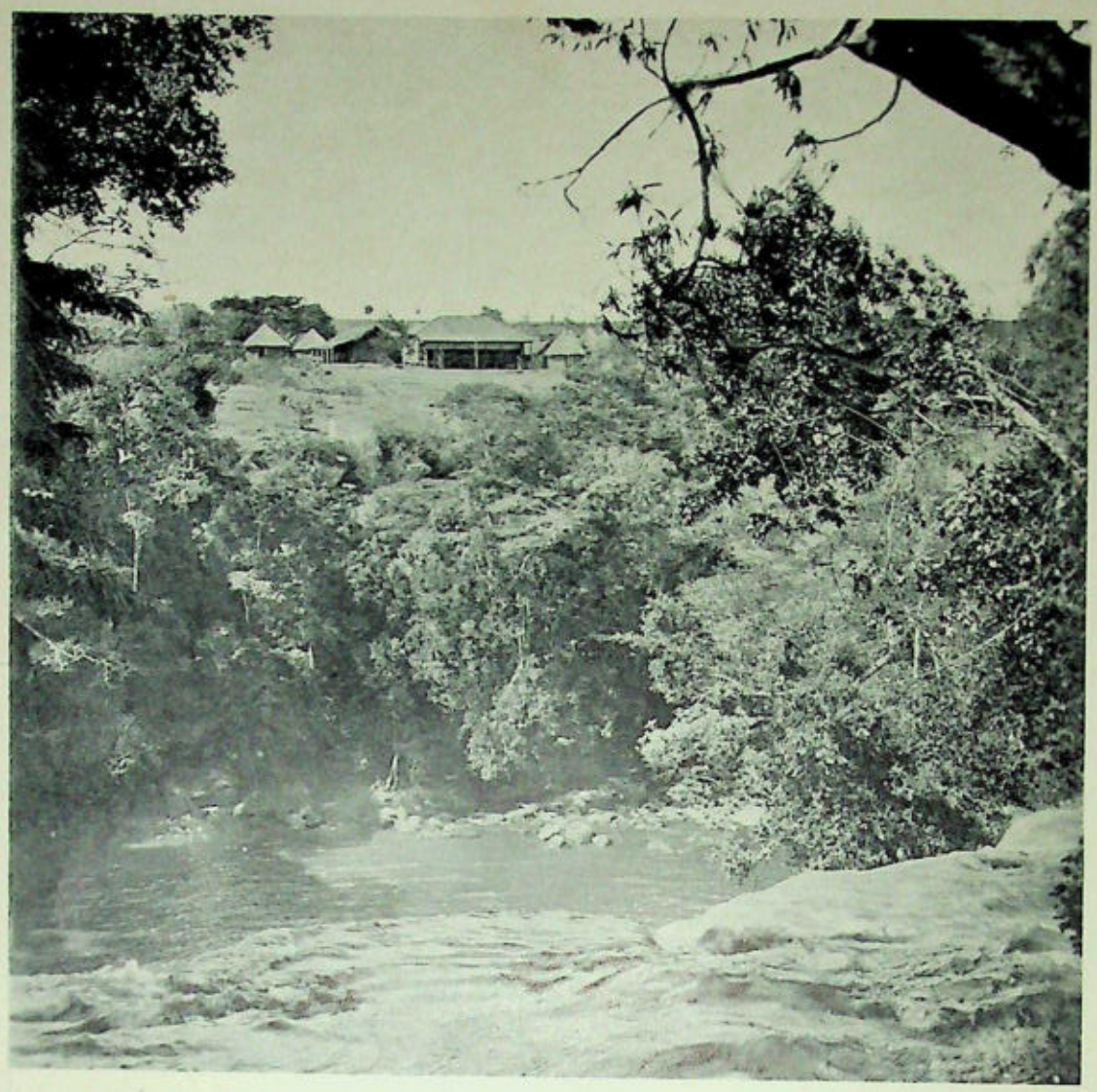
In respect of 1932 the London and North-Eastern Railway paid a dividend of 1 per cent. on its 4 per cent. first preference stock, and of 1¼ per cent. on its 5 per cent. preference stock, which ranks *pari passu*. These dividends together required £532,406, and were short earned by about £49,000. The earnings of this company have improved more than those of the other three lines during the last few months, and it may even be found that the full dividends will be forthcoming on the two preference stocks mentioned just above in respect of the current year, although 3 per cent. and 3¾ per cent. respectively is a more likely estimate. Nothing will be paid on the 4 per cent. second preference stock, and since the amount required to pay the full dividend on this latter stock is £2,645,687 per annum, there can be no question of a payment of any dividend on the preferred ordinary stock, even under the most favourable circumstances, for some considerable time to come. The deferred ordinary stock should only be bought or retained by the very young.

The Southern Railway earned the amount required to pay the dividends on its preference capital with a margin of £389,664 in respect of 1932, and paid a dividend of 1 per cent. on its preferred ordinary stock, which required £275,866. Although the traffic receipts published by this company during August and the earlier half of September showed substantial increases over those for the corresponding weeks of 1932, during the last two months these receipts have shown very little alteration from last year, and it now seems that available earnings for 1933 are likely to represent between 2 and 4 per cent. on the preferred ordinary stock, and a guess of a 2½ per cent. dividend seems reasonable.

A table is set out below of the "border line" stocks of the four railway companies showing the yields calculated at the current offered price on the basis of the above estimated dividends for 1933:

	Est'mated dividend (per cent.)	Current offered price.	Flat Yield.
L. & N.E. Railway 4 per cent. first preference	3	£63	£4 15 0
L. & N.E. Railway 5 per cent. preference (Red. 1955)	3¾	81	4 12 6
L. M. & S. Railway 4 per cent. first preference	4	69	5 16 0
L. M. & S. Railway 5 per cent. preference (Red. 1955)	5	92	5 8 6
Southern Railway preferred	2½	63	3 19 6
G.W. Railway ordinary ...	3	53½	5 12 0

PACTOLUS.



A KENYA TROUT STREAM
Thika river, where there is an hotel—the Blue Posts

RAINBOW TROUT IN KENYA

The Newest Trout in East Africa and Some Suggestions for Catching Them

RECENT discussion in the Press has threshed out pretty fully the question of who was responsible for the introduction of trout into Kenya, and Mrs. Hinde's letter in the November issue of *East Africa* seems to have established the claim, that to her late husband should be given the honour of the first introduction. But few people, except perhaps trout fishermen proper, seem to realise the extraordinary way in which trout have thriven in these equatorial uplands, and still less, perhaps, that the fishing is available to English anglers who have a couple of months to spare for a visit to Kenya.

Rainbow trout in particular have done well. They appear to spawn all the year round, increase very rapidly in numbers, and grow big very quickly. In some places there are now so many fish that there is real danger of the waters becoming overstocked and the fishing deteriorating in consequence.

Two of the best fishing centres in Kenya are Naivasha and Gilgil. The former is roughly 70 miles, and the latter 90 miles, from Nairobi, and both are easily accessible by a good road. From either of these spots the streams and rivers which flow from the Aberdares and surrounding mountains can be tapped.

Perhaps one of the best of them is the Marendot and its tributaries. The upper part of the water runs through an extremely rocky bed, carved between craggy bush-covered hillsides. It is as beautiful as any Highland stream. There is every class of water, rapid running cataracts, slow-moving stretches, great silent deep pools, and tumbling waterfalls. At present one has to be something of an athlete to scramble up and down the steep sides, and frequently patience, not to mention care, is required in working one's way through the thick bush down the banks with a fishing rod. In many parts the banks are covered with tropical growths and beautiful flowers.

At present there are many portions where it is quite impossible to fish owing to the banks being so overhung, but no doubt before very long a great deal of this will be cleared, and the stream will then provide some of the best trout fishing in the world.

The water is very clear and is full of rainbow trout, which take a fly readily. Alexandras, butchers and teals are some of the favourites, and I was able to catch a few on a dry fly as well. I made several bags of over 20 fish on this river, the fish varying between 1lb. and 4lb. In the clear water many bigger ones could be seen. Many fish between 4lb. and 8lb. have been caught, the record for the river being 12lb.

Twenty miles of this fishing belongs to the Gilgil club, the subscription to which is very small. There is good water above and below this as well.

In addition, there is Lake Naivasha, one of the smallest, but one of the most beautiful of all the lakes of the Great Rift Valley. It lies underneath a great escarpment of the Rift, its banks flanked with high thorn trees and broken up here and there with reed-covered lagoons and marshes, the haunt of wildfowl. At one end towers the extinct volcano Longenot. A few years ago it was stocked with black bass. They have grown, and have been caught up to 5lb. in weight. Before long they will be much larger. The lake is full of fish, which will take a fly or small spinner freely. Bags of over 30 fish have been taken by a single rod in a day, and a dozen can be counted on with reasonable certainty. The lake also contains an indigenous species, Talapia, an excellent eating fish, which also provides good sport.

Another good district is around Nyeri, underneath the slopes of the glacier-topped Mount Kenya, 100 miles to the north of Nairobi. Nyeri itself is a beautiful little settlement. The climate and soil are such that anything seems to grow there, and the whole place is a riot of colour. There are many streams, which afford trout fishing, and there are those who prefer this district to Naivasha. In both places there are excellent hotels, where it is possible to live quite comfortably for an inclusive charge of £15 a month.

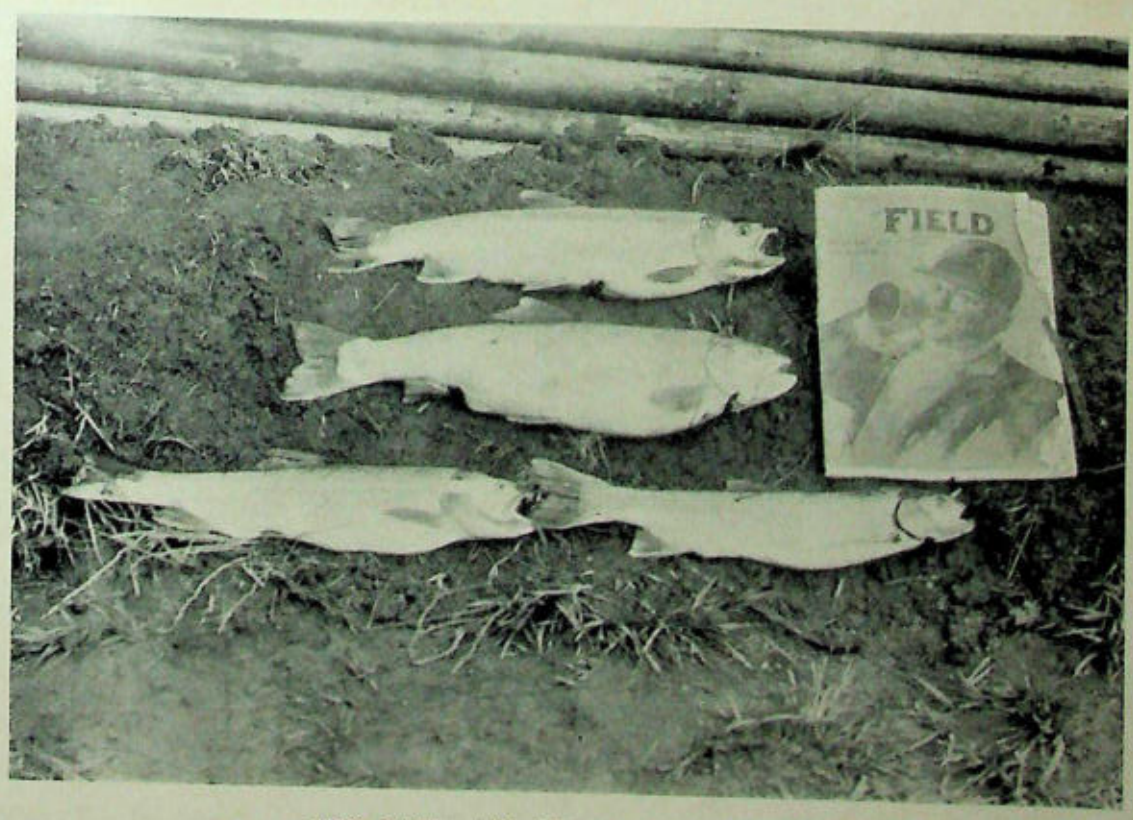
Those who can spare a couple of months for a fishing holiday would be well advised to consider Kenya. You can fly to Kenya in seven days for an inclusive charge of £109. The return ticket costs under £200. There are no extras whatever. Very little kit is required. It can all be taken in the 'plane. The hotel bills will be £15 a month in Kenya unless a lot of luxury is required. Cars cost no more to hire than they do in England. Fishing costs are nil.

You may be as certain that you will catch fish as that the sun will rise—any amount of fish, and big ones as well.

Should any angler arrive in Nairobi and not know anyone, I should suggest his calling upon Mr. Hately and Mr. Dacre Shaw. They are both very keen fishermen, know the country intimately, and are only too willing to help any sportsman from the Home Country.

CONYERS LANG.

[The pictures which accompany this article are published by the courtesy of H.M. Eastern African Dependencies Information Bureau.]



TWO BRACE; THE BEST TROUT IS 5LB. 13OZ.
Caught by Mr. Geoffrey Simpson from the Tulaga F.C. preserves

FIELD TRIALS

Labradors at Idsworth

FOUR meetings each year are now held by the Labrador Club, and the second of these took place at Idsworth on November 28th and 29th, by the kind permission of Lorna Countess Howe—who has looked after the interests of the club since its formation in 1916. The final and perhaps most interesting of all is that confined to gamekeeper members, which is always very strongly supported and invariably attended by the president, Lord Knutsford.

The ground at Idsworth is excellent, but particularly so at present owing to the adjoining estate having been taken over by Lady Howe, which affords exceptionally good and varied tests, not only for the dogs but for the guns. There was a most satisfactory entry of 21, and the awards were :

1. Lorna Countess Howe's Banchory Smiler, a dog which, by careful training, has so improved that there is no telling to what he may reach next season ; as bold and persevering as anyone could wish for.

2. The Hon. Lady Ward's Crag of Chiltonfoliat. The disadvantage of faulty delivery was made up for by good work in other respects ; made use of several opportunities showing nose and dash.

3. Mr. R. G. Heaton's Gay's Don, a dog which further experience will doubtless improve, having all the makings of a good one. He failed rather unaccountably on a wounded pheasant in the gorse.

4. Mr. G. Hallett's Pennwood Joe, a very nice, attractive puppy, a bit unlucky to have his eye wiped by Don at the end, but will do well in the future.

Reserve, Mr. R. G. Heaton's Gay's Dora and certificates of merit to Lorna Countess Howe's Jock of Glastry, Mr. H. A. Saunders' Liddly Blackcock, Captain W. Sparke's Barbrook Ranger, and Mr. A. B. Simpson's Tracey Presto.

The following also competed : The Hon. Mrs. Baring's Northington Janet, Miss Bickerton's Shelsey Naylor, Viscount Adare's Adare Norah, Mr. E. G. Bird's Kildonan Jack, the Hon. Mrs. Baring's Tarnish of Northington, Mrs. Hill-Wood's Ranger of Kentford, Dr. Monro-Home's Drinkstone Queen and Mr. Allbone's Alby Newborn. E. E. T.

WELSH SPRINGERS AT MARGAM

ON November 30th and December 1st the Welsh Springer Spaniel Club held their trials at Margam Park by kind permission of Captain Talbot Fletcher. The judges were Lady Hollins and Lieut.-Colonel C. D. Horsley. The results were :

PUPPY STAKE.—Mr. R. James's d Shot of Canonmoor (h., H. Bartholomew), 1 ; Lieut.-Col. Downes-Powell's d Musketeer o' Mathern (h., F. P. Middleton), 2 ; Mr. R. H. Sprake's d Laddie of Earsham (h.; Owner), 3 ; the following also competed : Lieut.-Col. Horsfield's Tawney Patch, Mrs. Mayall's Rockhill Rowdy, Mr. Herne's Heath Game.

NOVICE STAKE.—Lieut.-Col. Downes-Powell's Musketeer o' Mathern, 1 ; Mr. Sprake's Laddie of Earsham, 2 ; Mr. Horsfield's Tawney Skylark, Mr. Herne's Heath Game and Mrs. Mayall's Rockhill Rowdy also competed.

OPEN STAKE FOR WELSH SPRINGERS.—Lieut.-Col. J. Downes-Powell's d Musketeer o' Mathern, 1 ; Mr. R. H. Sprake's d Legacy Lex also competed.

OPEN STAKE FOR COCKERS.—Dr. W. J. Dawson's b Colleen of Fews (h., J. H. Gibson), 1 ; Lieut.-Comdr. Willoughby's d Breckonhill Bunker (h., Owner), 2 ; Mr. R. MacDonald's b Rockstead Silver (h., Owner), 3 ; Reserve, Miss J. Wykeham-Musgrave's Poddle Crumpet (h., Owner); Certificate of merit, Miss Wykeham-Musgrave's Poddle Crunch and Dr. Dawson's Ragtime of Fews.

THE OPEN STAKE FOR ANY VARIETY SPANIEL.—Captain O. P. Traherne's E.S. b Bryngarw Firefly (h., W. Church), 1 ; Mr. S. C. Jones's E.S. d Sting o' Vara (h., Owner), 2 ; Captain O. P. Traherne's E.S. d Noranby Rattle (h., W. Church), 3 ; Reserve, Mr. S. C. Jones's E.S. d Spy o' Vara (h., T. J. Greatorex).

NOVICE STAKE FOR ANY VARIETY SPANIEL.—Mr. S. C. Jones's E.S. d Span o' Vara (h., T. J. Greatorex), 1 ; Captain O. P. Traherne's E.S. b Bryngarw Colleen (h., W. Church), 2 ; Captain O. P. Traherne's E.S. d Noranby Rusty (h., W. Church), 3 ; Lieut.-Col. Downes-Powell's W.S. d Musketeer o' Mathern, 4.

SPANIELS AT DUNSTER

BY kind permission of Mr. Geoffrey Luttrell, the Western Counties and South Wales Spaniel Club held their meeting at Dunster on November 20th and 21st. The judges were Mr. R. Kelland and Mr. W. East. The results were :

ALL-AGED STAKE FOR COCKERS.—Commander Willoughby's d Breckonhill Bunker (h., owner), 1 ; Miss Wykeham Musgrave's d Poddle Crunch (h., owner), 2 ; Mr. G. H. Rumsey's b Wolvershill Rose Dawn (h., R. Jones), 3 ; Mrs. Berdoe Wilkinson's b Sue of Silverlands (h., J. Kent), reserve. C. of M. : Mr. H. S. Lloyd's Perplexity of Ware, Miss Wykeham Musgrave's Poddle Crusty, Mr. Moreton's Sobbinel Tuppiner, and Mrs. Berdoe Wilkinson's Jen of Silverlands. The following also competed : Mrs. Stonhouse Williams's Flash of Glen, Colonel Casson's Foxberry Phœbe, and Mr. Rumsey's Tolworth Master Noble.

OPEN STAKE FOR ANY VARIETY EXCEPT COCKERS.—Mr. Selwyn Jones's E. S. d Spy O'Vara (h., T. J. Greatorex), 1 ; Mr. Selwyn Jones's E. S. d Don O'Vara (h., T. J. Greatorex), 2 ; Captain O. P. Traherne's b Bryngarw Fire Fly (h., W. Church), 3 ; Dr. Bernard Goodwin's b Hillhampton Susie (h., owner), reserve. C. of M. : Dr. Bernard Goodwin's Hillhampton Trailer, Captain Tredennick's Newburie Bruce, Mr. Gilbert Turner's Jack of Winscales, and Captain Traherne's Noranby Rattle. The following also competed : Captain Holford's Whelford Nancy, Captain Tredennick's Newburie Soda, Colonel Carrell's Roslin of Harting.

NOVICE STAKE FOR ANY VARIETY SPANIEL.—Captain Holford's E. S. b Holford Nancy (h., owner), 1 ; Mr. Selwyn Jones's E. S. d Span O'Vara (h., T. J. Greatorex), 2 ; Mrs. Berdoe Wilkinson's C. b Sue of Silverlands (h., J. Kent), 3 ; Miss J. Wykeham Musgrave's C. d Poddle Crunch, reserve. C. of M. : Mr. Turner's Jack of Winscales, Captain Traherne's Noranby Rusty, Mr. Moreton's Sobenhal Donna, Captain Tredennick's Newburie Soda, Commander Willoughby's Breckonhill Bunker, Mr. Rumsey's Wolvershill Rose Dawn, and Colonel Brook's Croghan Cork. The following also competed : Mrs. Berdoe Wilkinson's Jen of Silverlands, Colonel Carrell's Lovely of Harting, Mr. W. Whittle's Auckwear Jane, and Mrs. Williams's Flash of Glen.

ALL-AGED STAKE FOR ANY VARIETY SPANIEL.—Captain O. P. Traherne's E. S. b Bryngarw Fire Fly (h., W. Church), 1 ; Captain F. Holford's E. S. b Whelford Nancy (h., owner), 2 ; Mrs. Wilkinson's C. b Sue of Silverlands (h., J. Kent), 3 ; Mr. Gilbert Turner's E. S. d Jack of Winscales, reserve. C. of M. : Miss Wykeham Musgrave's Poddle Crusty, Captain Traherne's Noranby Rattle, Mr. Rumsey's Wolvershill Rose Dawn, Captain Tredinnick's Newburie Soda, and Colonel Carrell's Roslin of Harting. The following also competed : Mr. Rumsey's Tolworth Master Noble, Mr. Whittle's Auckwear Jane, Mrs. Berdoe Wilkinson's Jen of Silverlands, Captain Tredinnick's Newburie Bruce, and Mrs. Williams's Flash of Glen.

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 and country life.

RULES.—1. The latest date of entry for the third of these competitions is Saturday, December 16th. Envelopes must be marked "Photographic Competition," and addressed to The Editor, "Field" Newspaper, The Field House, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, E.C.4. 2. Only amateur photographers are eligible to compete. 3. Photographs should be sent unmounted, and no prints will be returned. 4. No correspondence will be entered into concerning the competition, and the Editor's decision will be final. 5. Any photograph reproduced in the "Field," apart from the winning entries, will be paid for at the rate of 10/6.

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* * *

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Gordon's for health!

Only the Purest Gin is Beneficial...

Gordon's Gin

contains the greatest percentage of those important properties which are considered by the Medical Profession to be most beneficial to the system



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NO COLOURING MATTER

NO INJURIOUS INGREDIENTS



A KENYA TROUT STREAM
Thika river, where there is an hotel—the Blue Posts

RAINBOW TROUT IN KENYA

The Newest Trout in East Africa and Some Suggestions for Catching Them

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The water is very clear and is full of rainbow trout, which take a fly readily. Alexandras, butchers and teals are some of the favourites, and I was able to catch a few on a dry fly as well. I made several bags of over 20 fish on this river, the fish varying between 1lb. and 4lb. In the clear water many bigger ones could be seen. Many fish between 4lb. and 8lb. have been caught, the record for the river being 12lb.

Twenty miles of this fishing belongs to the Gilgil club, the subscription to which is very small. There is good water above and below this as well.

In addition, there is Lake Naivasha, one of the smallest, but one of the most beautiful of all the lakes of the Great Rift Valley. It lies underneath a great escarpment of the Rift, its banks flanked with high thorn trees and broken up here and there with reed-covered lagoons and marshes, the haunt of wildfowl. At one end towers the extinct volcano Longenot. A few years ago it was stocked with black bass. They have grown, and have been caught up to 5lb. in weight. Before long they will be much larger. The lake is full of fish, which will take a fly or small spinner freely. Bags of over 30 fish have been taken by a single rod in a day, and a dozen can be counted on with reasonable certainty. The lake also contains an indigenous species, Talapia, an excellent eating fish, which also provides good sport.

Another good district is around Nyeri, underneath the slopes of the glacier-topped Mount Kenya, 100 miles to the north of Nairobi. Nyeri itself is a beautiful little settlement. The climate and soil are such that anything seems to grow there, and the whole place is a riot of colour. There are many streams, which afford trout fishing, and there are those who prefer this district to Naivasha. In both places there are excellent hotels, where it is possible to live quite comfortably for an inclusive charge of £15 a month.

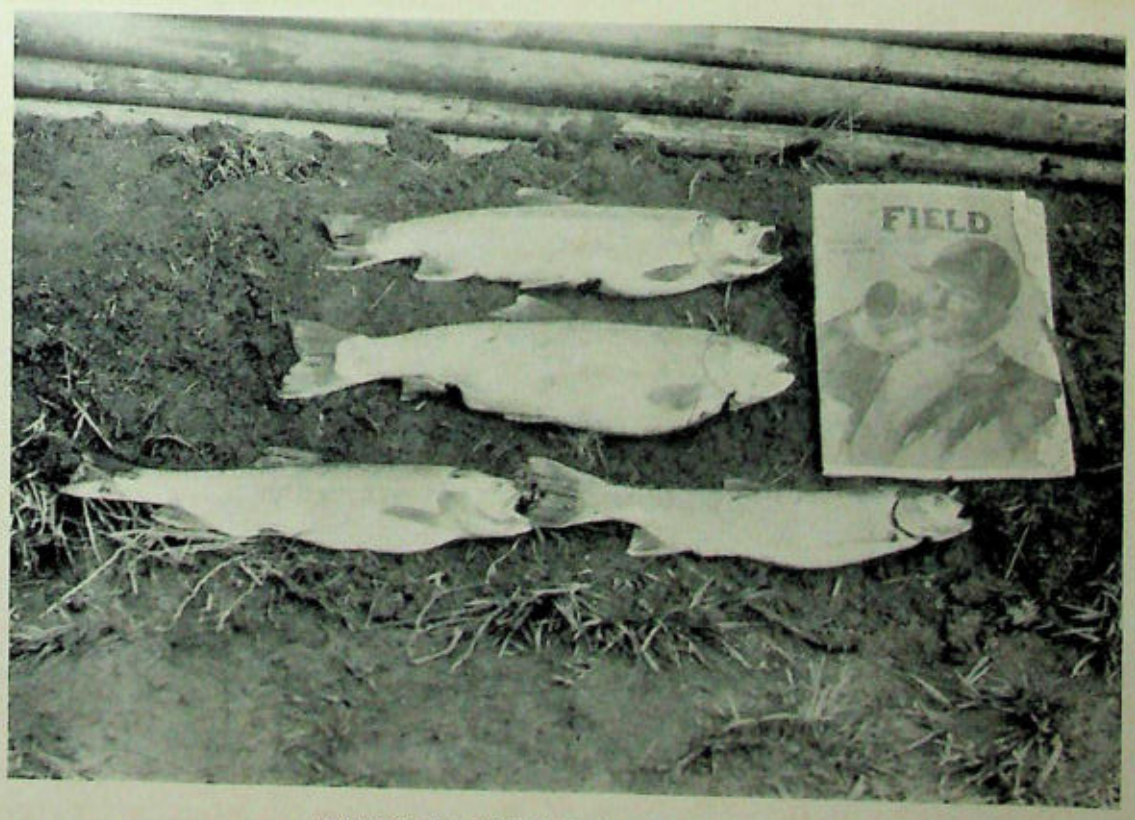
Those who can spare a couple of months for a fishing holiday would be well advised to consider Kenya. You can fly to Kenya in seven days for an inclusive charge of £109. The return ticket costs under £200. There are no extras whatever. Very little kit is required. It can all be taken in the 'plane. The hotel bills will be £15 a month in Kenya unless a lot of luxury is required. Cars cost no more to hire than they do in England. Fishing costs are nil.

You may be as certain that you will catch fish as that the sun will rise—any amount of fish, and big ones as well.

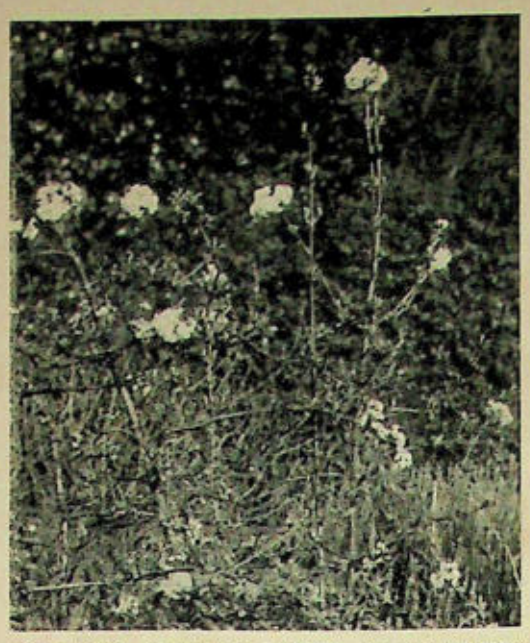
Should any angler arrive in Nairobi and not know anyone, I should suggest his calling upon Mr. Hately and Mr. Dacre Shaw. They are both very keen fishermen, know the country intimately, and are only too willing to help any sportsman from the Home Country.

CONYERS LANG.

[The pictures which accompany this article are published by the courtesy of H.M. Eastern African Dependencies Information Bureau.]



TWO BRACE; THE BEST TROUT IS 5LB. 13OZ.
Caught by Mr. Geoffrey Simpson from the Tulaga F.C. preserves



VIBURNUM FRAGRANS, WHICH IS FLOWERING NOW, AND IS REDOLENT OF CHINESE IMPERIAL GARDENS

The Country House

DECEMBER FLOWERS

Blossoms For Winter's Dark Days.

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

APART from the last survivors of the autumn flowers—and it is wonderful how many there are in a mild season—December flowers are comparatively few. We are all the more grateful for them, for during the shortest and darkest days of the year they herald the distant but surely coming spring—the star-like yellow flowers on the slender, naked branches of *Jasminum nudiflorum* that even on the dullest days seem to radiate light; the earliest of the iris stylosa buds, unfurling their silken blue petals amidst the shelter of the rough leaves that protect their fragile beauty; the rosy sprays of *Erica Darleyensis*; the lavender blue flowers of *Vinca difformis*; the pinkish, richly-scented cymes of *Viburnum fragrans*, redolent of Chinese imperial gardens and temple courts; the few but intensely sweet-scented dainty flowers of *Lonicera fragrantissima*, hidden by the fresh green foliage, the first flowers on the rosemary bushes; the humble blooms of *Tussilago fragrans*, with their rich "cherry pie" fragrance; the red flowers of that valuable new treasure *Schisostylis coccinea Lady Byng*; and above all the Christmas roses.

Tussilago fragrans, the scented coltsfoot, is a native of Italy, and was introduced a little over a century ago, but in spite of its delicious scent it is seldom grown in modern gardens. Doubtless for the excellent reason that once it has taken root it spreads with such alarming rapidity. Years ago, when I first saw this plant, I was charmed with its heliotrope-like scent and the fact that, unlike our native coltsfoot, the plants were in leaf simultaneously with the flowers in December. The new treasure was duly planted, and the next season I was eradicating it literally by the yard, for the long white stolons run in all directions, and go, so to speak, from strength to strength.

For rough banks or any part well away from choice plants *Tussilago fragrans*, with its lilac-coloured, deliciously scented flowers, is a delightful December-flowering subject, but it has to be kept within bounds! An early nineteenth century writer (H. Phillips, the author of *Flora Historica*) describes it as "the heliotrope of the winter garden," and he states that it was also grown in pots—"and thus the plant which so short a time back could not by all its fragrant charms obtain a corner in a cottage garden, now fills a situation in the proud saloon, to the admiration of all the crowd that usually attend the decorated apartments of gay routs."

In equally high-flown language he points the moral: "The modest flowers of this plant were too insignificant to have attracted the notice of the ignorant, who have not souls to admire humble merit whether in men or flowers, until it has received the sanction of fashion or the patronage of the great."

For centuries Christmas roses have been the most treasured of December flowers. Well grown, they are indeed amongst the most beautiful of all flowers, and even more than lilies their lives seem to be apart from other plants. The least observant are arrested by their rare, aloof loveliness, and much of their charm lies in what can only be described as the architectural beauty of the flowers. Every individual flower looks as though it had been cut by a master craftsman out of milk-white, semi-transparent alabaster, the snowy purity enhanced by the pale gold of the stamens. The so-called "petals" of the Christmas rose are in reality bracts, and when one looks closely at the flower one realises how much the true petals, which are minute and pale green, and almost indiscernible owing to the showy stamens, add to the beauty of the flowers. On some stems there are two flowers, on others a half-open bud shelters a few inches below an open bloom, and it is interesting to note how this gives variety and adds to the beauty of the clump.

To my thinking, one of the most remarkable characteristics of Christmas roses is their longevity. Clumps 30 years old are fairly common, and in a garden in this part of Surrey there is a clump which I am told on unimpeachable authority was planted over 50 years ago. They are amongst the plants which seem to do best in cottage gardens, possibly because they are left undisturbed for years and given a generous supply of manure. In poor soil they produce stunted leaves and miserable blooms. A sheltered position and part shade are to their liking, and they need a thoroughly well-prepared site, trenched 3ft. deep and the bottom spit liberally enriched with manure. Three feet apart is not too much space between the clumps.

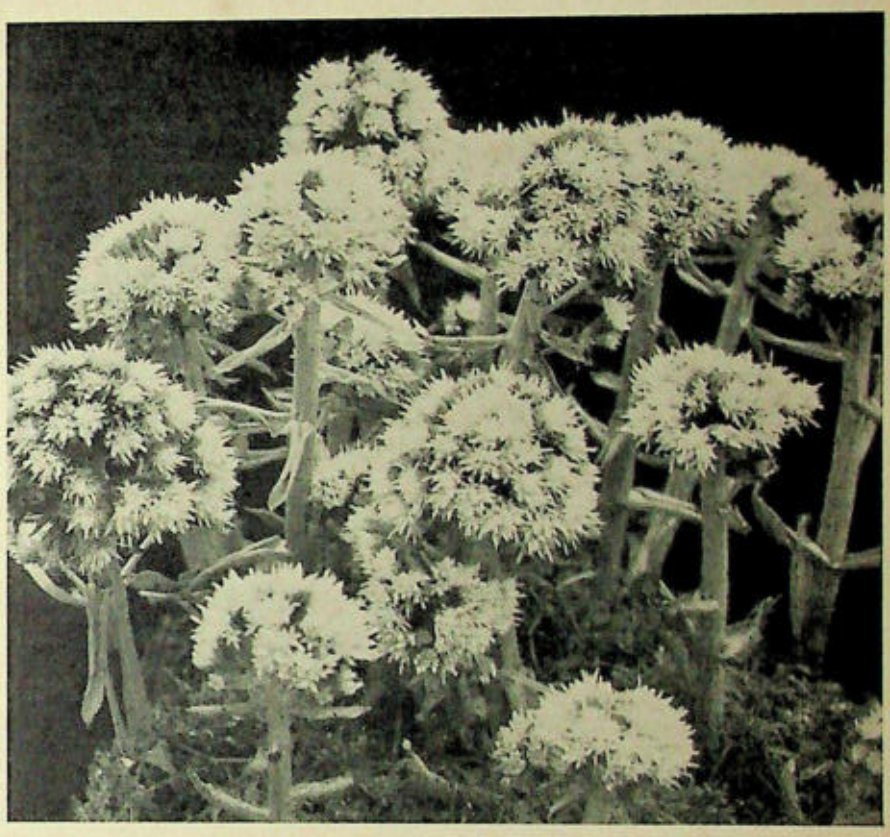
Christmas roses should not be allowed to run to seed. As they fade they should be cut off as near the base as possible, and it is very weakening to the plants to leave handlights over them longer than is necessary. After flowering the ground should be carefully forked over, but not more than two to three inches deep, and the plants fed with weak liquid manure. Mulches put over the soil should be frequently stirred through the summer, especially after heavy rain. Christmas roses are worth any trouble, and they should not be forgotten during the summer months. After a dry summer they often fail to flower unless during periods of drought they were given liberal supplies of water and just an occasional feed of liquid manure.

Formerly Christmas roses were more largely grown in cottage gardens than they are now, and there are still out-of-the-way parts where they maintain the tradition of planting them near the door. This was done in olden times in the belief that no evil spirits would enter a dwelling near which these plants grew.

Rosemary needs careful treatment. If neglected, this shrub after two or three years invariably runs to long bare branches with a few leaves at the end. From the first all the long shoots that have flowered should be pruned to about half-way down, and as the plant grows older all old wood cut out. Rosemary hedges are delightful in theory, but except in the very mildest parts this native of Southern Europe looks "thin" and unhappy unless grown against a warm wall. Sometimes this shrub is mercilessly clipped, but its beauty consists in the long graceful branches, producing their lovely blue flowers from December onwards, and looking in June as though every branch were wreathed in blue mist. With the exception of *Cydonia japonica*, I do not know any shrub that remains in flower for so many months.

The most valuable addition to December-flowering plants is surely *Schisostylis coccinea Lady Byng*. Unlike the type and the variety Mrs. Hegarty, both of which flower in October and November, this new variety flowers in December. These Caffre lilies all need a sheltered spot, well drained loam, and plenty of water in summer. They are delightful pot plants for the cold greenhouse.





LEFT, A CHRISTMAS ROSE, FOR CENTURIES THE MOST TREASURED OF DECEMBER FLOWERS, AND, RIGHT, *TUSSILAGO FRAGRANS*, WHICH IS SELDOM GROWN IN MODERN GARDENS, ALTHOUGH IT WAS VERY POPULAR IN POTS IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

New Books

IRISH SPORT TO-DAY

All Manner of Fish—A Choice for Gardeners

THE intending critic does not as a rule take publishers' jackets too seriously. They served as a useful guide to the author's sex and status, but they are rarely lacking in a certain hyperbole. Nevertheless, the first sentence on the jacket of *Red Letter Days* has found the pith of any criticism of this book—"one can scarcely imagine a more perfect combination than Snaffles and Miss Farrell."

This book—let us say it at once—is not an exhaustive contribution to the science of fox-hunting or to the literature of country life. It is a book of charming impressions from an impressionable pen set off with sketches by one of the few really first-class horse artists. Others have written as well: others have drawn as well. But I cannot call to mind an instance when the styles of artist and author were so well matched or produced a more harmonious whole. The work of both is so even and so well matched that their joint book is a sort of centaur.

Ireland has been neglected since the war. We have waited for a succession to Dorothea Conyers or the Somerville-and-Ross combination. Now if we discern the heavens rightly a new star has arisen. Not another Brontë or anything of that sort, but a fresh and readable young writer, with the true journalistic sense for spotting the story.

This book consists of only six chapters of reading matter, six pictures of Irish life well told. "A Day in County Wexford," "An Irish Point-to-Point," "The Athenry Country," "A Slaney Fish," "Me Two Feet in a Bog" (a snipe shooting episode), and "What Matter," a discursion into the Irish fox catcher's viewpoint of the present lean times. Here is a description which anybody who has hunted in Ireland will recognise. "These girls strive and struggle and scrape for their possible three days a fortnight. They clean—very indifferently—their one horse, and give up trips to London and new clothes, and many other things because of their passion, their really true passion for the Sport of Kings. And the years pass, the long dreary summer months and the swift delight of the winters, and the girls grow gently older until, at last they find themselves the established spinsters of the hunt. . . .

And here is another little scene which must be quoted—from the weighing-in tent at the point-to-point. "Tell me, who is Mickey Fenersey to call himself a farmer?" "Why shouldn't I," said Mickey belligerently, "and I with eighteen store cattle on me place?" "Ye have maybe," replied the objector. He paused a weighty moment before delivering his broadside: "But haven't ye a lake wid a *shwan* on it?"

This is a charming book of the simple sort. And what shall we say of the illustrations? One can only add that except where they appear to have lost in reproduction, as is noticeable in some of the coloured plates, they are genuine Snaffles. And what more could anybody want than that? R. M.

Red Letter Days. By M. J. Farrell and "Snaffles." (Collins; 15/–.)

PHYSIOGNOMY AND FISH

A Book of Valuable Camera Studies

TO fishermen there is always something attractive about pictures of fish, even when, as in this case, they do not portray to any great extent the sporting species for which men angle. Dr. Unger's book consists of camera studies of aquarium fish, with brief details of their peculiarities and a foreword by Mr. E. G. Boulenger, who comments pleasantly on some of the stranger species and the difficulties encountered in obtaining the specimens from which the existing generations have been bred.

Photographic technique has made great strides in the last decade, and this book is evidence of it. Only a few years ago pictures of living fish taken in an aquarium were rather blurred objects and represented, almost invariably, fish at rest on the bottom or poised in mid-water. There was a lack of life about the subject which rarely gave any impression of movement. Many of Dr. Unger's studies have been "snapped" at moments of activity. Look, for example, at No. 29—a pike swallowing its prey. How many people have actually seen a pike swallowing a meal? Even by the river bank one seldom sees more than a shadowy mottled form make a sudden appearance, a swirl as the fish turns, and a long indistinct object which "fades out" into a weed bed, there presumably to absorb at its leisure the victim of that sudden dart.

Fish, living fish, make extraordinarily decorative subjects. The Chinese well understood their value in artistic design, and these studies make one realise why a nation which had developed aquaria as, almost, a national institution, should use fish so extensively as an inspiration for brush or chisel. Nor, for that matter, were they content with imitation. Some of the wonderful results of their "improvements" on Nature's handiwork are here shown—veil-tailed goldfish, with their long gauze-like fins, and those grotesque hybrids with protruding eyes, which remind one of a bad dream.

Nature's own oddities are more beautiful—angel fish and sea horses, for example, or that remarkable X-ray fish from India, which is so transparent that the whole skeleton of the fish can be seen in the photograph. Certainly, as Mr. Boulenger says in his preface, "This book may well fire the reader to possess and propagate some of the charming forms here set before him." Its price is attractive also, and makes it an admirable Christmas gift for anyone who wants to send a fishing friend a pleasant reminder of the by-ways of his pastime. H. D. T.

Big Fish and Little Fish. Forty-eight photographic studies by Paul Unger, with a foreword by E. G. Boulenger. (Routledge; 3/6 net.)



RIDING PRETTY VENOMOUSLY

From the drawing by Snaffles in "Red Letter Days" (Collins)

SOME CHRISTMAS BOOKS

Garden and Farm

THE farm and garden list is never an easy one to make, as gardeners are divided into two classes—the dilettante and the strenuous. I have tried to steer a middle course, and the books that I have recommended are all authoritative and all readable. First of all, three books coming from the pens of two of the makers of the modern English garden. These works are all reprints of works that are held in honour all over the gardening world and which have been re-issued this year. *Wall, Water and Woodland Gardens* and *Children's Gardens*, by Gertrude Jekyll, need no introduction here. They are held in honour wherever there is a geranium in a window box. The two books are of widely differing character, and though the first is one of the few works which have really influenced the theory and practice of modern gardening, the latter is perhaps a book of genius. It is the ideal child's book. Mr. Bernard Darwin says in his preface of her qualities as a writer for children: "She has the two essential qualities—first a perfect seriousness, second a feeling for what I should be inclined to call romance, if I did not think she would have deemed it an affected word; she would rather call it adventure." Besides the death of Gertrude Jekyll this year the gardening world has suffered a further loss in the recent death of Mr. Avray Tipping. His contributions in *Country Life* have had a very wide appeal, and he was a practical gardener who followed modern tendencies carefully. Accordingly anybody who is starting to plan a garden, or who is thinking out alterations and improvements (and what gardener is not?) will be glad to have his *Gardens of To-day*.

The third reprint to which I have referred is probably the best-known gardening book in the language, *The English Flower Garden*, by William Robertson. This veteran authority has, with Miss Jekyll and Miss Wilmot, helped to transform the modern garden, and in this book is stored the gardening lore of many years. There is not one of us that cannot learn from it. Finally, let us give a book for rosarians, firstly because it is a good book, and secondly because rosarians never allow themselves to be forgotten. *Roses of Quality*, by Charles Rigg was issued this year, and it will be most acceptable to those who till one of the most fertile fields for thought in the gardening world, for it is an authoritative book.

One outstanding farm book has appeared this year which will appeal alike to those who have a knowledge of farming and those who have not. Miss Clare Leighton has given us a really notable calendar of the farming seasons, called *The Farmer's Year*, which will delight anyone who finds pleasure in the everyday sights of the countryside. Farming is a vital business, and the life of the land lends itself to bold portrayal by the wood engraver. Miss Leighton's work is both vigorous and accurate—a compliment that cannot honestly be paid to many who illustrate the workaday life of the farm. The word sketches which accompany the woodcuts complete a book that will find a ready welcome.

Wall, Water and Woodland Gardens.

Children's Gardens. By Gertrude Jekyll. (*Country Life*; 15/– each.)

The English Flower Garden. By William Robertson. (John Murray; 18/–.)

Gardens of To-day. By M. Avray Tipping. (Martin Hopkinson; 7/6.)

Roses of Quality. By Charles Rigg. (Benn; 6/–.)

The Farmer's Year. By Clare Leighton. (Collins; 10/6.)

"BAILY'S HUNTING DIRECTORY," 1933-34

WITH the Hunting Season in full swing the Thirty-Seventh Edition of *Baily's Hunting Directory* would be a welcome Christmas gift, presenting a wealth of information, world-wide in its range, and fully maintaining its position as the recognised standard Annual on Hunting at home and abroad. The latest pack following the flag is located at Baghdad, Iraq.

There are two editions of the *Directory*. The red cloth edition is sold at 10/6, by post 11/–. The full red leather edition costs 15/–, by post 15/6. Foreign, 11/6 and 16/–. Messrs. Vinton & Co., Ltd. 8, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, E.C. 4, are the publishers.

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR



AUSTRALIA'S PRIDE: SYDNEY HARBOUR BRIDGE, WITH AN ARCH SPAN OF 1,650FT.—THE LONGEST IN THE WORLD
Passing underneath is the P. & O. liner Strathnaver, which left Sydney for London last Saturday

"DANGEROUS WALKING" SHOULD BE MADE A CRIME

New Legislation which would Make the Roads Safer

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

LATEST figures show that road fatalities are on the increase, despite all manner of laws and penalties, an official "code" of road behaviour, and a vast amount of propaganda, directed against the careless motorist, in the Press.

The number of persons killed in road accidents showed an increase of 16.3/4 per cent., and the number of injured an increase of 9.7 per cent. during the months of July, August and September, as compared with the same period last year. The first nine months of the year show increases of 8.3/4 per cent. in the number killed, and 5.1/4 per cent. in the number injured, over the corresponding period of 1932.

This sounds terrible, but when making comparisons of this kind it is necessary to bear two important facts in mind. The one is, that owing to the abnormally fine weather motorists have travelled many more miles this year than last and, secondly, the registration figures show that there are many more cars on the roads now than there were twelve months ago.

I hope that it is these reasons that have accounted for the appalling increase in fatalities, and not, as some people seem inclined to think, an increase of reckless driving on the part of motorists.

The situation, which I have been watching very closely for a number of years, seems to be that unless new regulations are put into force, road fatalities will continue to increase. I would like to state at this juncture, however, that I cannot for one moment believe that by bringing further pressure to bear on the motorist, any useful purpose will be served. The present laws and penalties are quite sufficient to deal with all cases of dangerous, reckless or careless driving, provided they are enforced.

What is necessary, however, is to bring all road users under one heading, which might be called "Traffic," so that they would all have to obey certain regulations. Until this is done no appreciable improvement can, I think, be expected.

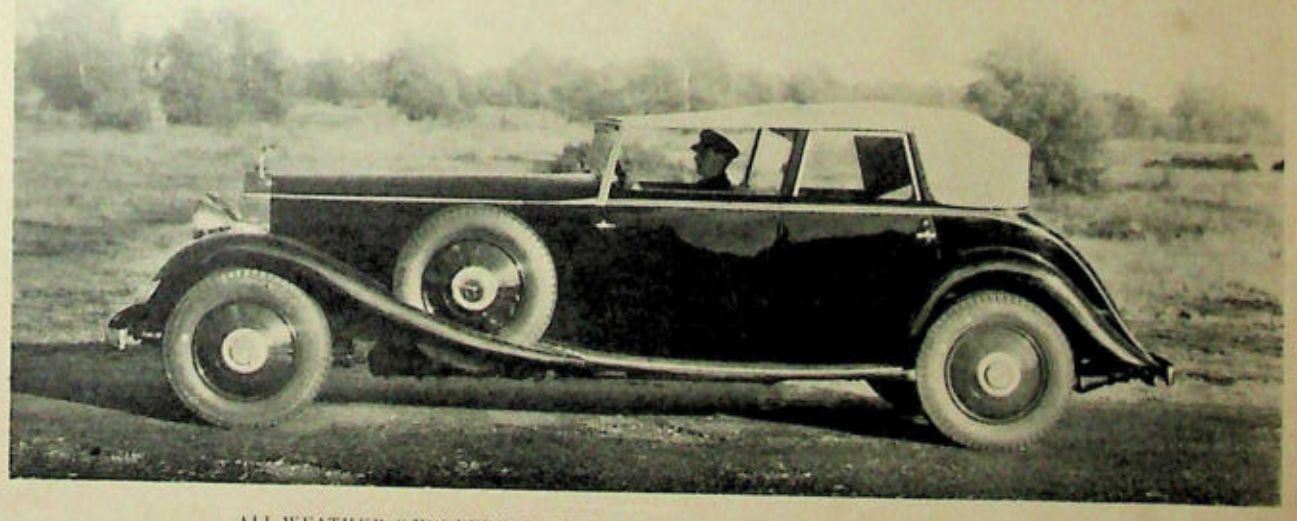
As things are at present, it is really only the motorist who has to obey regulations; all other road users can do practically what they please.

Two instances of this have come before my notice lately. The first concerns a recent accident in the Croydon area. A lorry driver was about to overtake a cyclist when the latter, without any warning, suddenly turned off to the right immediately in front of the lorry. The driver had no alternative but to swerve to the left, in order to avoid running over the cyclist. In doing so, he mounted the pavement and ran into two poor little children, killing them both instantly. The cyclist did not stop, but proceeded on his journey.

Now, who was to blame for this? Obviously the cyclist for his careless and dangerous action. And yet, as the law stands at present, even if the cyclist had been apprehended I very much doubt whether the seriousness of his action could have been brought home to him.

The second case I should like to mention is that of a motorist who was just about to pass a pedestrian when the latter threw a stone across the roadway, and a dog bounded after it immediately in front of the car. The motorist just managed to avoid running over the animal, and pulled up at once.

When he went up to the pedestrian and asked him why he had done this, the latter replied that he should do as he chose, that the dog was not his property, and that if the motorist required any redress, he could have his card and take what action he chose. The motorist got back into his car, and on finding a police constable, reported the incident. He was informed, however, that he (the constable) had no powers to act in the matter, but that if he could find the individual, he would point out to him the error of his ways, and advise him not to adopt such a practice again.



ALL-WEATHER "HOOPER" BODYWORK ON A 40/50 H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE CHASSIS
This car is fitted with special Triplex "Toughened" glass, there is a detachable canopy over the driving seat, and a special folding hood with windows in a glass frame

These two cases alone are, I think, sufficient evidence to show how essential it is that all users of the road should come under one heading, and be made to obey regulations. It is not fair that responsibility should be so one-sided, and that certain sections of the community should be free to do exactly as they choose.

The traffic problem is dealt with to-day in much the same way as it was a hundred years ago—it does not seem to be realised that, nowadays, all sections of the community must help, and be forced to help, in keeping a reasonable standard of safety on the roads.

The motorist is forced to carry a properly illuminated lamp, and quite rightly, yet slow-moving traffic is not required to do so by law. The cyclist is supposed to carry a red reflector lens fixed to the rear mudguard; sometimes he does so, sometimes he does not. If only for his own safety he should be *made* to carry a properly illuminated rear lamp.

To me, as to countless other motorists, it has happened time and again that having dimmed my headlamps to avoid blinding the driver of an approaching vehicle, I have just noticed in time that a cyclist was immediately ahead. The red reflector lens cannot usually be picked up by the light given off by a small pair of side lamps, yet if the headlamps are kept burning all the time, one will be accused of being selfish by other road users.

How often the life of a pedestrian is saved by the skill of the motorist, when the former has stepped unexpectedly off the pavement, immediately in front of the overtaking car. Surely it would be fair to the entire community if pedestrian actions of this kind were made an offence.

In London, and in other large cities, special traffic signals for pedestrians should be erected wherever possible at cross roads, and these should work in conjunction with the ordinary traffic lights. The roadway at these points should be marked off by studs or lines, so that the pedestrian could cross over in safety at these points when, and only when, the lights were in his favour.

The bull should be taken by the horns, and drastic changes made at once. The authorities would be well advised to view the situation from a new and impartial angle, bearing in mind the fact that "Dangerous Walking" is fully as culpable as "Dangerous Driving" and should be punished accordingly.



THE GUARDS' AERO CLUB AT WARSASH, HAMPSHIRE

FLYING CLUBS AND THE FUTURE

Their Part in Guarding and Fostering the Interests of Private Flyers

It is hoped, from the latest reports, that the Master of Sempill will very soon be able to resume his work for the "Field," but until his recovery is complete articles on this page will be contributed by another expert on aeronautical matters

WITH private flying steadily increasing in popularity, and air travel becoming comparatively common, there has been, perhaps, a tendency to overlook the real work of the flying clubs during the last year or two.

It is, without question, unfortunate that this should be the case, for the flying clubs remain the backbone of private aviation. Without them the private aeroplane as we know it to-day would not have been developed so rapidly; interest in flying would not have become so great, and facilities for the private pilot might have been little better than they were ten years ago. By bringing tuition fees within reach of the man and woman of moderate means and providing flying conveniences at attractive rates, the flying clubs have done more to make this an air-conscious country than anything else. They have, too, stimulated interest in the small aeroplane, as the result of which the British aircraft industry has found a new and expanding market that now reaches to almost every quarter of the globe.

There are some who urge that, now all this has been achieved, the usefulness of the flying clubs as originally conceived is almost spent, and that their future lies in their becoming merely social rendezvous and convenient centres for the practice of flying—centres where aerodrome accommodation, workshops, and so on, are available. On the other hand, many contend that the real work of the clubs is only just beginning, and that they should play an increasingly important part in furthering the advance of private flying.

Undoubtedly the latter view is the sound one. The flying clubs were formed to further the practice of aviation among as wide a following as possible; and there is an ever-growing public to be brought into the movement. The fact that eighteen clubs are in receipt of Government assistance is itself evidence of the fact that they have something far more important to do than merely provide social amenities.

The future of the clubs, then, lies in their continuing to play a constructive part in aviation. They must form collectively a convenient means to express the needs of the private pilot, and to represent his interests on relevant matters.

Designers have clearly much to gain from such an activity of the clubs. They can discover more readily what the average private pilot wants, what his problems are, and where his difficulties lie. The clubs can give authoritative information which will help the designer constantly to improve the type of machine intended for the private owner, for not only have they knowledge available of the actual flying experience of the majority—the overwhelming majority—of private pilots, but their workshops can contribute valuable help on maintenance problems.

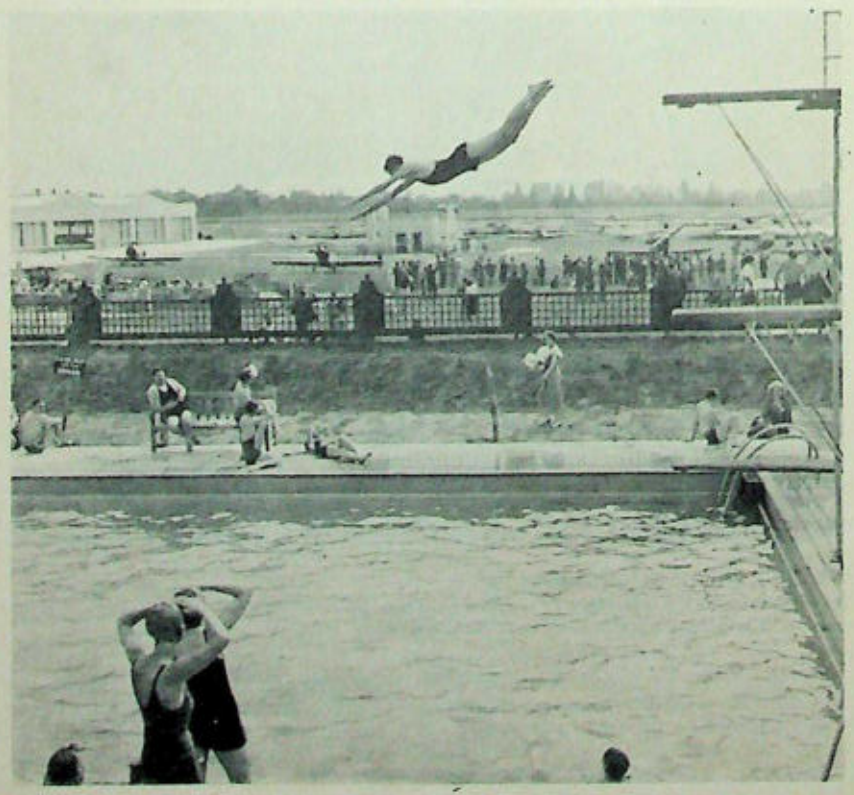
Another constructive aspect of the clubs' activities in the future must be the keeping alive of the sporting side of flying, which has been in danger of becoming neglected. In this, a two-fold purpose would be served one, maintaining the keenness of pilots, and, two, providing further data on the relative characteristics of various types of machines.

There is another most important aspect of the clubs' work which is clearly destined to assume an ever-increasing significance—on what might be termed the political side of flying. There are indications that while regulations may be relaxed in some directions, new restrictions may be imposed in others. It is the duty of the clubs as a whole, in conjunction with their central association, the Royal Aero Club, to watch all such moves with the closest attention.

In this connection the clubs must be universally recognised as live bodies to which questions on various matters affecting the private pilot are automatically referred. They must be in a position to insist on a representative point of view, and certainly strong enough to present an opinion of weight which cannot be denied.

We are only on the verge of popular flying. The creation of such clubs as that of the London General Omnibus Company employees shows that the desire to fly is not confined to those who can afford machines; and while any section of the public remains unprovided for, the work of the clubs must go on unceasingly.

R. M. A. B.



FLYING CLUBS AS SOCIAL RENDEZVOUS

The swimming pool adjoining the club house at Hatfield Aerodrome

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Motoring Editor of the "Field"

LATEST figures show that road fatalities are on the increase, despite all manner of laws and penalties, an official "code" of road behaviour, and a vast amount of propaganda, directed against the careless motorist, in the Press.

The number of persons killed in road accidents showed an increase of 16.3 4 per cent., and the number of injured an increase of 9.7 per cent. during the months of July, August and September, as compared with the same period last year. The first nine months of the year show increases of 8.3 4 per cent. in the number killed, and 5.1 4 per cent. in the number injured, over the corresponding period of 1932.

This sounds terrible, but when making comparisons of this kind it is necessary to bear two important facts in mind. The one is, that owing to the abnormally fine weather motorists have travelled many more miles this year than last and, secondly, the registration figures show that there are many more cars on the roads now than there were twelve months ago.

I hope that it is these reasons that have accounted for the appalling increase in fatalities, and not, as some people seem inclined to think, an increase of reckless driving on the part of motorists.

The situation, which I have been watching very closely for a number of years, seems to be that unless new regulations are put into force, road fatalities will continue to increase. I would like to state at this juncture, however, that I cannot for one moment believe that by bringing further pressure to bear on the motorist, any useful purpose will be served. The present laws and penalties are quite sufficient to deal with all cases of dangerous, reckless or careless driving, provided they are enforced.

What is necessary, however, is to bring all road users under one heading, which might be called "Traffic," so that they would all have to obey certain regulations. Until this is done no appreciable improvement can, I think, be expected.

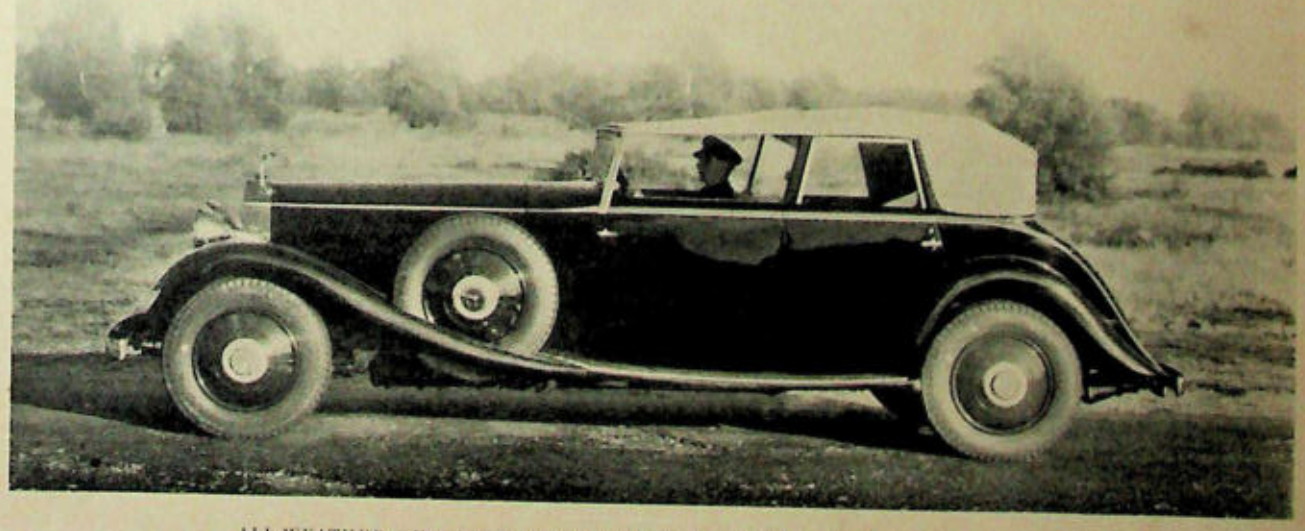
As things are at present, it is really only the motorist who has to obey regulations; all other road users can do practically what they please.

Two instances of this have come before my notice lately. The first concerns a recent accident in the Croydon area. A lorry driver was about to overtake a cyclist when the latter, without any warning, suddenly turned off to the right immediately in front of the lorry. The driver had no alternative but to swerve to the left, in order to avoid running over the cyclist. In doing so, he mounted the pavement and ran into two poor little children, killing them both instantly. The cyclist did not stop, but proceeded on his journey.

Now, who was to blame for this? Obviously the cyclist for his careless and dangerous action. And yet, as the law stands at present, even if the cyclist had been apprehended I very much doubt whether the seriousness of his action could have been brought home to him.

The second case I should like to mention is that of a motorist who was just about to pass a pedestrian when the latter threw a stone across the roadway, and a dog bounded after it immediately in front of the car. The motorist just managed to avoid running over the animal, and pulled up at once.

When he went up to the pedestrian and asked him why he had done this, the latter replied that he should do as he chose, that the dog was not his property, and that if the motorist required any redress, he could have his card and take what action he chose. The motorist got back into his car, and on finding a police constable, reported the incident. He was informed, however, that he (the constable) had no powers to act in the matter, but that if he could find the individual, he would point out to him the error of his ways, and advise him not to adopt such a practice again.



ALL-WEATHER "HOOPER" BODYWORK ON A 40/50 H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE CHASSIS
This car is fitted with special Triplex "Toughened" glass, there is a detachable canopy over the driving seat, and a special folding hood with windows in a glass frame



THE REAL AUSTRALIA

Life in the Backwoods, Within a Few Hours of Melbourne

By FRANK RUSSELL

NEXT year the state of Victoria and its beautiful capital, Melbourne, celebrate their centenary. Many people will visit Australia who never before have found time for the trip. It is hinted that Royalty will be present. There will be visitors, however, who will wish to see more of Australia than is afforded by city illuminations and brilliant functions, however inspiring the spectacle of a hundred years' successful pioneering and the transformation of a wilderness into a garden.

To such as these it will perhaps be news that the real Australia is readily accessible. Not more than a few hours' journey from Melbourne, most modern of cities, are the primeval forests of Gippsland, where life is as it used to be many centuries ago.

Gippsland is a province of Victoria that lies to the south-east, its northern border the high Alps that constitute Victoria's backbone, and its feet in the Southern Ocean. It is a land of deep valleys and high hills, of teeming rivers, of dense forests, in which there is still an abundance of those queer forms of animal and bird life which mark Australia as the oldest continent in the world, where even to-day it may be said that life is only in the transition stage.

In any one of these forests you may pitch camp, with no expensive outlay of kit to bother about, not even pack-horses, for Gippsland is intersected by good main roads and a motor car can negotiate quite easily the bush tracks that will bring you from the great Prince's Highway into your chosen glade.

A river runs noisily over rocks outside the tent door. The clearing stretches for perhaps a hundred yards before the forest swallows it. A rich smell of ferny soil comes from the gully into which the river leaps, and the green, feathery tops of tree-ferns wave to mark the spot where it has disappeared. A thin white plume of spray drifts into the hot air. In the pool below you will later catch your trout.

On the hill opposite the tent the cavalcade of Australian bush life marches. Against the sky-line at dusk you may see a procession of queer, triangular shapes moving thirty feet at a time. They are kangaroos, and you may not shoot them unless it is one of the times when their numbers menace neighbouring farmers' crops. Then you may get a permit. Fences are no obstacle to these creatures, and their appetites are voracious.

Personally, permit or not, I am reluctant to take the life of a creature as interesting as the kangaroo, although on the wide plains, where they are hunted with kangaroo dogs, there are many who enjoy matching their extraordinary speed against that of horse and dog, and their dangerous hind feet, armed with knife-like, tearing claws against the dogs' quickness and sagacity.

For the camera there is sport of another sort, involving much skill. Here, by dint of patient journeying and much fasting and prayer, you may achieve pictures of the elusive lyre-bird at its mating-mound, giving its repertoire of mimicry of bush-sounds, said to contain as many as 161 "numbers." You will, undoubtedly, obtain close-ups of the koala or "native-bear," the most lovable animal in zoology, a child that cries real tears if it is distressed and whimpers like a baby.

You may even have the luck to meet with the platypus, the world's most inexplicable animal, which was first described, scientifically, as a species of duck, which in view of the fact that it has a duck's bill and lays eggs is not surprising, although in fur and form it is not unlike a mole.



IN PRIMEVAL AUSTRALIA

"A motor car can negotiate quite easily the bush tracks that will bring you to your chosen glade"



A TYPICAL RIVER SCENE IN VICTORIA

WINTER SPORTS

Arrangements for the New Year in Switzerland

OWING to the early fall of snow winter sports are already in full swing in Switzerland. We hear that a special train (second class) has been chartered to take members of Cook's Winter Sports Party to Grindelwald, Mürren or Wengen.

The train leaves London, December 27th, so that the party will be in Switzerland in time to enjoy the New Year's festivities which are now being planned by the hôteliers. It returns on January 7th.

We understand that the members of this party will receive free tuition in ski-ing by Swiss experts. The specially reduced fare for this holiday is made possible by close co-operation on the part of Cook's, the railways, and certain first-class hotels in each resort.

ANSWERS to CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored.

Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem examination, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. ***Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.*** *No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.*

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges, Class VI., Division I. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible.

Angling

Gold Fish for Examination.—Examination of these fish show they had been considerably overfed, as all the organs of the body were smothered in fat. No sign of disease could be found, and it looks like a case of overfeeding.

Alternately, the sudden decay of masses of vegetation may have caused death. The gills were very dark coloured and clothed in mucus, which rather suggests vegetable decay having something to do with it.—*E. R. P., Wilts.*

What is a Tailer?—In effect it is a mechanical noose for use in landing a salmon. In the early part of the season when kelts moving seawards are abundant, gaffs are forbidden on many waters. Tailers do not injure fish: in appearance they are rather like an archer's bow mounted on a long handle; the bow is "set" and when the fish is exhausted the angler reaches out with the tailer and "trips" the bow against the fish, whereupon the automatic noose encircles the fish's tail.—*W. J. M., Caithness.*

Winter Fishing.—The only kind of fresh-water fishing available at the moment is for the various kinds of coarse fish which do not close their season until the middle of March. However, they offer great variety. The most profitable species for winter fishing are pike, which can be taken by spinning; perch, which can be taken in the same way, though paternostering with minnows is probably better; and roach, which are taken with pastes or gentles, as a rule, by swimming a float on very fine tackle. Any good book on coarse fishing describes the methods mentioned. For the fly-fisher grayling are still available on some streams, but inquiry is necessary, as their season is often curtailed in consideration for the trout.—*J. R. C., Channel Islands.*

Cards

Suggesting False Strength.—You ask for comment on the calling of the following hands: Y holds ♠ A, x, x; ♤ A, Q, x; ♢ K, Q, x, x; ♣ A, x, x. Z holds ♠ K, J, 10, x; ♤ K, x, x; ♢ x, x; ♣ Q, 10, x, x. Score A B vulnerable. Y deals and bids Two Diamonds; B No bid; Z Two Spades; A No bid; Y Three Spades; B No bid; Z Three No Trumps; A No bid; Y Four Clubs; B No bid; Z Four No Trumps; A No bid; Y Five Hearts; B No bid; Z Five No Trumps; A No bid; Y Six Spades; B Double; Z Six No Trumps; A Double. The contract was defeated by two tricks. Z was severely "slated" for his original response of Two Spades, which it was contended should have been the minimum Two No Trumps.

Answer. Playing the Approach forcing system Z's first response should have been Two No Trumps. Having, however, called Two Spades and Y Three Spades, Z should then have called Four Spades, at which contract Y should leave it. By bidding as he did Z suggested greater strength than he possessed.—*R. N. O. M., Nigeria.*

Farm

Bullocks Used for Ploughing.—Oxen are not used for ploughing in England at all generally. The team, of which a photograph appeared in the *Field* recently, is the property of Lord Bathurst, and appeared at a ploughing match.—*P. G. W., Eggt.*

Oat Straw Chaffed.—Fattening cattle in yards will make good use of oat straw chaffed, which has a feeding value at least equal to second-class hay if the crop was harvested early. Oat straw is not held in such high esteem in England as it is in Scotland, but if supplies of hay are short oat straw will make a useful supplement.—*W. L., Oxon.*

Growing Buckwheat.—Buckwheat is generally considered well suited to light soils. It is very sensitive to frost, and consequently is not sown until the middle of May. The seed is drilled at the rate of one to two bushels per acre after the land has been ploughed and cleaned. There are no particular difficulties about growing this crop as cover for pheasants.—*J. A., London.*

Cattle Eating Cartridge Cases.—Many cases have occurred of cattle eating cartridge cases left on the ground after shooting, and one or two cases have been reported where the results have been fatal. The grease on the cartridge cases seems to have a special attraction. Probably the paper would be digested, but not the brass rim of the cartridge, and this would set up gangrene in the intestines.—*C. R., Dorset.*

Shell-less Eggs.—It is not an unusual occurrence for pullets to lay shell-less eggs when they first come in to full production. The ovary is in a very active condition, and this generally rights itself. If the trouble continues the mash should be altered by the addition of extra bran for a short time. Oyster shell or limestone grit should be in front of the birds always. Dry beech leaves can be used for litter in poultry houses, but this material is not very absorbent.—*A. L. F. N., Bucks.*

Garden

Apple for Identification.—The apple sent for identification was Lane's Prince Albert.—*E. C., Devizes.*

Transplanting Self-sown Oak Trees.—These should be transplanted to permanent positions as soon as possible, *i.e.*, autumn. Specimens 8ft. high have long tap roots and are not likely to transplant satisfactorily, but those a foot high transplant well. Do not trim before or after moving and do not manure when planting. Apply manure in the spring.—*D. F., near Bures.*

Hunting

Curing a Riot.—The only cure for breaking your hounds of the riot of which you speak, is a liberal use of the throng whenever the pack transgress. We are afraid that the habit will take a good deal of eradicating, and we should advise you to draft the ring-leaders immediately and then the rest of the pack will probably settle down.—*R. L. P., Londonderry.*

Kennel

Breeders of Pointers.—Some leading breeders of pointers are: Mrs. Anderson, Bisham Kennels, Lye Green, Chesham, Bucks; Mr. A. Eggleston, Appleby, Westmorland; Miss A. M. Prior, Hinton Manor, Horndean, Hants; Mrs. A. Rowe, Nancolleth, Summercourt, Cornwall.—*F. R. R., Lombard Street.*

Obtaining a Dalmatian.—There are many first-class Dalmatians in England now, the breed having entered upon a period of prosperity. The address of Mrs. Eggo is the Kennels, Farningham, Kent. Other prominent breeders are: Miss Clay, Arnoldsfield, Ayot St. Lawrence, Welwyn, Herts; Miss E. V. Barnes, 9, Oakfield Court Road, Tunbridge Wells; Mrs. Bedwell, Ye Olde Malt House, Heckfield, via Basingstoke, Hants; Captain A. Keevil, Bayards, West Hall Road, Warlingham, Surrey; Mr. F. Wardell, 269, Ladywood Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.—*J. G. L., Denver.*

Lawn Tennis

Book on Hard Courts.—With regard to your hard court query, there has been nothing published recently on the construction of hard courts, but you will find some quite useful data in a little book issued by the *Lawn Tennis and Badminton*, 12, Carey Street, London, S.W. 1, entitled *The Book of the Hard Court*, price 2/-. This gives a good many details concerning the site and construction of hard courts.

You may not be aware that Messrs. En Tout Cas, of Syston, near Leicester, make some cheaper varieties of courts than the well-known red surface. One of their productions is the Griselda, for which an approximate price of £85 is quoted, while there is another, "No Upkeep Court," approximately rated at £190.—*K. M. C., Exeter.*

Legal

Is Trolling Legal?—The term trolling has come to be applied to "trailing" (*i.e.*, pulling a spinning bait behind a boat). It is legal in many rivers, but in some, such as the Thames, it is forbidden by by-law. Actually an angler so fishing is capable of covering miles of river in a day, and the method is rightly considered too destructive in anything but the largest waters.—*P. C., Berks.*

Library

Book on University Sport.—The book we should recommend is *Oxford v. Cambridge: A Record of Inter-University Contests from 1827–1930*, published by Messrs. Faber and Faber, Ltd., of 24, Russell Square, London, at 25/- net.

Compiled and arranged by Mr. H. M. Abrahams and Mr. J. Bruce-Kerr, this book is the most complete record of inter-University sport published. In one volume it contains, so far as can be ascertained, the full results of every inter-University contest ever held. This includes rowing, athletics, badminton, cricket, fencing, golf, lawn tennis, polo, squash rackets, swimming, water polo, ice hockey, motoring, and various other contests.—*J. L. B., London.*

Shooting

Ejector Conversion.—Although most guns of the quality you name can be converted to ejectors, it is impossible to make a definite statement without inspection. No doubt your local gunmaker would inform you and also quote a price which would vary according to the pattern of gun and the class of ejector work employed. For a gun of the quality you name a fair price would be in the vicinity of £6.—*J. B., Abergavenny.*

Cartridge Tests

Your 3in. cartridges contained 38½ grains of Smokeless Diamond powder and 1¼oz. of No. 3 shot. The velocity recorded averaged 1,030ft. per second with slightly heavy recoil and good regular patterns of 72 per cent. in a 30in. circle at 40yds. from a choke barrel. Although the velocity is a little low they should prove effective against large game.—*T. S., Thornhill.*

Your blue cartridges contained 33½ grains of a foreign flake powder and 1⅛oz. No. 6½ shot. The velocity recorded was low, averaging 929ft. per second, the patterns, which were slightly irregular; averaged 66 per cent. in a 30in. circle at 40yds. from a choke barrel. On account of the low velocity the killing power might prove unsatisfactory other than at short and medium range.—*H. E. W., Knowle.*

Your cartridges do not appear to have deteriorated by the hot storage, as the results obtained were well up to average. They should prove effective against game. Load 33½ grains of Diamond Grain powder and 1⅛oz. No. 6 shot. The velocity averaged 1093ft. per second with medium recoil and regular patterns of 62 per cent. in a 30in. circle at 40 yards from a choke barrel.—*H. J., Darlington.*

Your "Challenge" cartridges which contained a full 34 grains of Smokeless Diamond powder and a full ounce of No. 6 shot, gave very good results. The velocity recorded, which we class as medium, averaged 1,050ft. per second with low recoil and good regular patterns of 61 per cent. in a 30in. circle at 40 yards from a choke barrel. They should prove pleasant to use and should kill clean up to 40 yards; for longer distances a higher velocity would be an advantage.—*C. E. M., Sussex.*

Stable

Caring for a Mare.—We would advise you to give your mare plenty of soft food, such as a bran mash twice a week, with an occasional dose of physic. A handful of Epsom salts, or a wineglass of linseed oil in the mash itself, will act as an excellent purgative. Above all, let your mare have plenty of exercise. Turn her out every day in a good paddock, away from cramped and unhealthy surroundings, and do not pamper or fatten her. If she goes off her food, send for a veterinary surgeon, but this should not be necessary if she has the requisite amount of exercise.—*R. M. M., Lymington.*

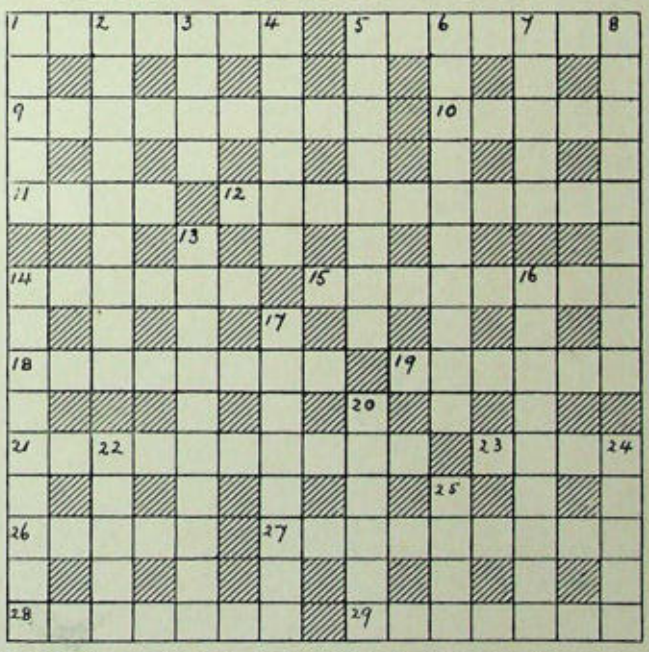
HORSE SALES OF THE WEEK

Leicester

A good number of horses changed hands at Messrs. Warner, Sheppard & Wade's Leicester Repository on Saturday last, when the highest figure was 250gs., paid for Mr. H. Frank's bay gelding Cragscap, a winner of numerous prizes. Mr. J. E. Jones accepted 150gs. for his bay gelding West End, whilst the same owner's bay gelding Fire Escape made 120gs. After spirited bidding Captain the Hon. H. R. Broughton's bay gelding Alderman III. went for 180gs. and his grey gelding Silver Ghost 120gs. The principal sales effected were as follows:

Property of Mr. C. D. Weston: Outlook, ch m, 61gs. Property of Mr. W. D. Pettifor: Tharawaddy, ch g, 52gs. Property of Captain the Hon. H. R. Broughton: Eagle Pass, bk g, 64gs.; Alderman III., b g, 180gs.; Silver Ghost, gr g, 120gs. Property of Mr. J. E. Jones: Juliette, b m, 90gs.; West End, b g, 150gs.; Fire Escape, b g, 120gs. Property of Mr. H. Frank: Cragscap, b g, 250gs.; Gift-of-the-Gods, b m, 56gs.; Barry, ch g, 120gs. Property of Major Mitchell: Pirate, bk g, 67gs. Property of Mrs. Jeffery Walker: Snow Queen, gr m, 60gs. Property of Mr. D. Todd: Lady, b m, 61gs.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE



CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 251

ACROSS.—1, Are these caught off Barking? 5, Miracle (anag.). 9, Hobbs was by Sutcliffe on many occasions. 10, Observes. 11, Tight. 12, Where odds are given and laid. 14, Pan's hoofs were this. 15, Trust. 18, Helped. 19, "Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious by this sun of York." (*King Richard III.*). 21, Representative at foreign court. 23, Associated with odds. 26, Cater in a muddled way. 27, Character of Rabelais. 28, Altered altered. 29, Slight.

DOWN.—1, Storehouse. 2, Loquacious. 3, Fifty in front would produce waterfalls. 4, What you may say when you have solved this puzzle. 5, Blushed. 6, Fault-finding. 7, Perform an alternative. 8, Porthos was the big one. 13, Obstinate. 14, Testimonial. 16, Proposed for election. 17, Thrown out of gear. 20, "——— and camps are the only places to learn the world in." (*Chesterfield.*) 22, Noisy quarrel. 24, Astir (anag.). 25, "O most ——— and impotent conclusion!" (*Othello.*)

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

SOLUTION TO No. 250. Published December 2nd

P	R	O	T	E	C	T	E	D		P		C		I
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THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

VOL. CLXII. NO. 4225. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1933 REGISTERED. PRICE 1S. POSTAGE {INLAND, 1½D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D.; FOREIGN 3D.}



Niall Rankin

MR. E. C. PAGET, A LEADING AMATEUR RIDER UNDER NATIONAL HUNT RULES

Mr. Paget is seen here riding Mr. S. A. Maxwell's good steeple chaser Egremont, which competed in the Grand National this year, and will probably do so again next March



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.

LEVIATHAN?

IT is December, and we are far removed from the season of the giant gooseberry. Yet we have been provided during the last few weeks with the most sensational news of its kind within living memory, which is nothing less than the presence in Loch Ness of a "monster" related in appearance to the so-called "sea-serpent." There appears to be little doubt as to the actual existence of the creature, whatever it may be, though naturally the accounts of eye-witnesses differ in detail. All the accounts have been carefully investigated by Lieut.-Comdr. R. T. Gould, author of that very interesting book *The Case for the Sea-serpent*, and the results of his inquiry have been published under his name in a three-column article in the *Times*. His witnesses number as many as fifty-one, so that even the most sceptical will perhaps admit that there may be "something in it," though we notice that Mr. W. T. Calman, Keeper of Zoology in the Natural History Museum, has made the public statement that the Museum "does not deal in theories, only in specimens." Since the "monster" is now protected by authority, we may hope that Mr. Calman will perhaps at a later date, if fortune should serve, be able to examine the specimen through the medium of a photograph.

Of eye-witnesses who have described the creature, perhaps the most important is Mr. B. A. Russell, M.A., the schoolmaster at Fort Augustus, who made his observations on October 1st of this year under almost ideal conditions. This was a day of brilliant sunshine, and the waters of the loch were as smooth as glass. He was standing on ground about 100ft. above the water level, overlooking the south-western extremity of the loch, and what he saw, and subsequently sketched, was "a serpentine head and neck, arched like a swan's, dark in colour, rising fully five feet out of the water, and turning occasionally from side to side. He saw nothing of the body, but a V-shaped ripple spread off from the neck at the point where it met the water. The creature ultimately sank slowly and disappeared." It had been in view for twelve minutes (10.10 a.m. to 10.22 a.m.), moving slowly from left to right, at a distance of seven or eight hundred yards.

Other important witnesses are Miss J. Fraser and Miss Howden, who, at the Halfway House, Alltsigh, on September 22nd, about 11 a.m. on a clear morning, had a view of the creature corresponding to the description given by Mr. Russell. Miss Fraser noticed "two frill-like appendages at the junction of the head and neck." Of the remaining witnesses, several have seen, not the head and neck, but a series of humps or curved surfaces of body, moving along the surface of the loch. Lieut.-Comdr. Gould sums up the evidence he has studied into the visualisation of a creature of a length of at least 50ft., with a maximum diameter of 5ft. The neck and tail are long and tapering, and its general appearance is that of "a vastly enlarged, long-necked, marine form of the common newt." He thinks that it may have come into the loch when the River Ness was in spate, when there might be some six feet of water above its weirs.

Why should we not accept his conclusions? We use the words "prehistoric" and "antediluvian" of land monsters. Obviously neither of them is applicable to creatures of the sea. Why should we suppose that we know of all, or nearly all, the living animals of the ocean? There are thousands of square miles of sea over which no ship has any need to travel. Who knows what might be seen there, if there were human eyes to look? And what is to prevent Leviathan from swimming where he chooses? At all events, it is pretty well proved that something like him moves in Loch Ness. Perhaps before these words appear in print he may have been photographed—or for that matter, filmed.

TEST MATCH CRICKET

INTERVALS are necessarily long in the exchange of cables between governing bodies on opposite sides of the world, and the M.C.C. cable to the Australian Board of Control, which was sent on October 9th, and which it was hoped in this country would settle matters as regards the Test matches of 1934 once for all, looks now as if it were only the beginning of a series. The Australian Board of Control reopened the question of leg-theory bowling in their cable of November 16th, and the M.C.C. have now, on December 11th, replied again. Australia is asked to regard the cable of October 9th as final. "We cannot go beyond the assurance given." That assurance was that "a form of bowling which is obviously a direct attack by the bowler upon the batsman would be an offence against the spirit of the game."

It would seem that the Australian Board of Control want from the M.C.C. a further undertaking. The phrase "body-line bowling" is the invention of an Australian journalist. We in this country do not admit that English bowlers in the last Test match tour did anything else but bowl at the wicket. What the Australians appear to demand is that our bowlers shall not bowl at the leg stump, because some of their batsmen dislike such bowling. Obviously, no English captain could so handicap himself. Mr. Jardine, at the Oval in September, showed how such bowling should be played. May we not hope that the Australian captain will profess himself and his team to be equally competent? Let him be assured of a generous and sporting reception on English cricket grounds.

THE TEAM IN INDIA

Some varied experiences have fallen to the lot of the M.C.C. team in India. The ability to score runs easily, which was apparent in the earlier matches, has received one or two checks, notably in the match against the Western States, when the M.C.C. lost six wickets in scoring 60 to win. On the other hand, the M.C.C. bowling continues to exemplify its all-round quality, fast and slow bowlers alike accomplishing remarkable performances. The fast bowlers, Nichols and Clark, have been consistently successful, and it is only to be hoped that they are not being allowed to expend too much energy on the tour, in view of the visit of the Australians next year. But from all accounts the tour is proving one of real enjoyment for the players, as it should be, and our envy is not decreased by news that D. R. Jardine has been enjoying some shooting.

REDUCING UNEMPLOYMENT

It is good news that several localities are adopting unemployment schemes similar to that launched last year in Cirencester and its surrounding district. In a recent leading article attention was drawn to the manner in which unemployment figures in a year had been reduced from 591 to 309 by organised local effort and Earl Bathurst's scheme for co-operation by Hunts. Now the numbers of unemployed in the Cirencester district have sunk to 268, the lowest figure yet reached and well below the half-way mark.

QUEEN ELIZABETH ALIVE

If Queen Elizabeth were alive to-day, who is to doubt that she would be the generous and acclaimed leader in all movements of field sport? And of followers of field sports, who would not wish to see her alive? Those who would wish so to see her, should visit the Lefevre Galleries, 1A, King Street, St. James's, where, in an "exhibition of drawings, maquettes and masks for the theatre," Mr. Oliver Messel shows an almost incredible mask-portrait of Queen Elizabeth, so active and pursuing are her eyes and the brain behind them.

Surely the London Museum ought to possess itself of this portrayal? And might it not be the first of a whole line of portraits of kings and queens—Henry VIII., Charles I., Mary Queen of Scots? We have here something more than the work of a portrait maker—it is a new technique.

AN ABSENCE OF "STARS"

The National Sporting Club promotion at Olympia on the 19th is somewhat disappointing. After a lengthy absence from the promoting business the public was entitled to look for something outstanding — something on the lines of the All-Championship nights of a few years ago. Instead, they are promised a promotion that may seem of somewhat inferior quality. The contests will no doubt be excellent, but the big names are—with the exception of the top-liner—noticeable by their absence. And the public like the big names. But if the programme is disappointing, the prices are most encouraging. The Club is to be congratulated most heartily on the stand it has taken against the ridiculous prices that have hitherto been unchallenged.

THE BIG FIGHT

Three names on the programme deserve attention. McGrory, the Scot whom the club has taken over, is to be seen in action. We have been told that he is good. There are excellent judges in the Club and so, no doubt, he is good. Unfortunately he is boxing someone quite unknown to the majority of the boxing public, and it will therefore be difficult to form any true estimate of his worth. This is not so with the chief contest, in which Tommy Watson meets Al Brown. Watson, if successful, is to meet (fortune being favourable) the winner of the Miller—Chocolate fight for the World's Feather-weight Championship. Miller should beat Chocolate, but will Watson beat Brown? If he does he should experience no difficulty in beating Miller. It is a big "if," for we all know Brown. He is one of those queer geniuses that every now and again flash across the boxing world. He is a magnificent boxer, is very fast and possessed of a very heavy punch. He has been bantam-weight champion of the world for some time now, and he has, in addition, conceded weight up to the light-weight limit, and returned a very big percentage of wins.

GENERAL MILLER

There has been no better or more constant source of Masters of Hounds than the British cavalry, and General A. A. Miller, whose death occurred last week, was typical of the cavalry officer and the country gentleman. He had commanded his regiment, the Scots Greys, for four years and in 1914 took over the South Oxfordshire. The war, however, intervened, and it was not till 1926 that he resumed his Mastership. General Miller was widely known and respected in South Oxfordshire, not only as a good sportsman and rider to hounds, but also as one who represented the best traditions of the landed gentry, occupying himself untiringly in local affairs. His death will be widely mourned by the many friends who have enjoyed his hospitality and hunted with him in all parts of the United Kingdom.

WITHOUT COMMENT

A famous Sunday paper describing the Royal shoot at Windsor, states that "about 50 unemployed from Windsor will act as bearers."

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

VOL. CLXII. NO. 4225. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1933

REGISTERED. PRICE 1S.
POSTAGE {INLAND, 1½D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D.; FOREIGN 3D.}



Niall Rankin

MR. E. C. PAGET, A LEADING AMATEUR RIDER UNDER NATIONAL HUNT RULES

Mr. Paget is seen here riding Mr. S. A. Maxwell's good steeple chaser Egremont, which competed in the Grand National this year, and will probably do so again next March

OXFORD'S ATHLETIC LEAD

It may be taken as significant of the better state of athletics now obtaining at Oxford that, during 1933, the Dark Blues have won the Sports, the Relays, and the Cross-country Race. For the Inter-University Cross-country event J. E. Lovelock, O.U.A.C. President and World's One Mile record holder, who tied last year for the title with his then President, C. J. Mabey, was unable to run last Saturday, owing to an operation for knee cartilage trouble, but his absence in no way impaired the prospects of the Dark Blues.

Albery's 42min. 27sec. for Oxford beat the course record of 42min. 38sec., made jointly last year by the Oxonians C. J. Mabey and J. E. Lovelock, who, in their turn, had broken the previous record of 43min. 4sec., established in 1931 by J. E. Cornes, Oxford. The final placings were: Oxford 1, 3, 4, 5, 7; 20 points. Cambridge 2, 6, 8, 9, 10; 35 points.

RUGBY BLUES IN DEMAND

England and Scotland to-day approach a step nearer to the selection of their national Rugby teams with trial matches at Falmouth and Galashiels, and with the 'Varsity match over they are able to make choice from the Oxford and Cambridge teams. We commented last week on the fact that England have chosen three backs and a forward from Oxford, but none from Cambridge. Two more Oxford backs figure in the Scotland team against the Rest of Scotland. Cambridge supplies a wing three-quarter to Scotland and one forward to the Rest team, though at the moment of writing the centre-three-quarters for this side had not been chosen.

PROFANITY ON THE LINKS

When it was learned that the American Professional Golfers' Association was to consider a proposal to disqualify golfers from tournaments who use bad language, the opinion was given in the *Field* that "it would, it seems, be far better to rely on the good sense of the players themselves than to instruct them as to how they should behave. A little trust produces far better results than the imposition of needless laws." The Association's meeting has now taken place, and, contrary to other forecasts, the proposal was not adopted. It was stated that "gentlemen do not need such a rule," and "that persistent swearers can be frowned into silence."

FISHING AT CHRISTMAS

Last week-end's arctic blasts must have dissuaded most men from planning Christmas fishing. Not that many of them would have done so in any case, for even your most obstinate fisherman may well feel that honour is satisfied by regarding Christmas fishing as "such stuff as dreams are made of," and angling comfortably by the fire with a new book on his sport; though to be sure the publishers, or it may be the writers, have this year given him little encouragement.

But there is a strangeness about the forbidding-looking stream which flows threateningly between snow-covered banks that makes it also food for dreams in aftermath—the unaccustomed crunch of the snow, the fretful whirling eddies which the streams throw off where weighted rushes bar its progress—and a spoon cast cleverly along the glass edge flashes surprisingly in the seemingly dark water. Christmas pike, if not now the cherished dish of meat of our forefathers can at least provide a fine *apéritif* for the angler's dinner.

OXFORD

Matthew Arnold is perhaps the poet of Oxford rather than Oxfordshire; and there are others who have written of other parts of the county, and who deserve their place in any county anthology. But the poem which comes first to the mind in thinking of Oxford must surely be "The Scholar Gipsy," with such lines as those of the neighbourhood of the city:

"And once, in winter, on the causeway chill,
Where home through flooded fields foot-travellers go,
Have I not passed thee on the wooden bridge,
Wrapt in thy cloak and battling with the snow,
Thy face tow'rd Hinksey and its wintry ridge?
And thou hast climb'd the hill,
And gain'd the white brow of the Cumner range;
Turn'd once to watch, while thick the snow-flakes fall,
The line of festal light in Christ Church hall—
Then sought thy straw in some sequester'd grange."



A draft of next year's breeding sows

A BOLDER AGRICULTURAL POLICY

Farmers' Prospects for the New Year

FARMERS cannot look back on 1933 with equanimity. It has been a difficult and profitless year and a time of disappointments. Yet real progress has been made in some directions. Both the pig and dairy industries have set out on new careers, arming themselves with the powers of the Agricultural Marketing Acts of 1931 and 1933. From the confusion of impressions and plans we may be able to draw some useful conclusions to guide the industry during the coming year.

Statisticians will not be hurried, and even the final figures emerging from the 1930 census of agricultural production are not yet available. So we cannot gauge at all accurately how home production has been affected by the positive and negative results of Government policy during the past two years. In some sections of agriculture there has certainly been an increase in production. Egg production is a case in point. Here the increase has been exceptional; but milk production, wheat growing, sugar beet, fruit and vegetable growing have also increased. Beef production has declined, and so has the growing of oats and barley. Sheep farming has had ups and downs. Just now the stage seems set for an improvement in the flock-master's prospects.

The Government has temporised and, stated kindly, has been feeling its way to an agricultural policy. The pace has been accelerated since Mr. Walter Elliot went to the Ministry of Agriculture. As he is one of the very few live Ministers farmers have known they hang on his words with pathetic faith. But Mr. Elliot, persuasive and forceful though he is, requires strong reinforcement from the farming community itself.

Mr. Elliot showed his need for support when he asked the Council of Agriculture last week to give their opinion whether some control over Dominion supplies of meat was essential as well as control over foreign supplies. The answer was an emphatic "Yes," which no doubt Mr. Elliot counted upon to strengthen his case before the Cabinet.

So far as meat is concerned the Ottawa agreements come to an end on June 30th next, and after then the Government is free to put restrictions on supplies from New Zealand and Australia, and further restrictions on supplies from South America. The Minister has said that it is "the beef man's turn next," and we may count on a more drastic application of the quota method in 1934. Until now the meat quotas have had no positive results. Foreign supplies of chilled beef and frozen beef and mutton have been reduced considerably, but the Dominions have almost filled the gap, leaving the home producer to face a continuously over-supplied market.

Mr. Elliot's idea now seems to be to "cut and cut again" until prices respond to the progressive shortening of supplies. He has no powers until July, and then only by the grace of a Cabinet which requires to be convinced that it will be sound policy to place a restraining hand on the trade of the Dominions. Mr. Elliot will have to use all his powers of persuasion to carry his policy and provide a sheltered market for the home producer at the expense of both the foreigner and the Dominions. But it must be done.

How far the beef producer in this country can help himself by marketing organisation is a moot question. The Fat Stock Reorganisation Commission has been sitting for nine months, and a report is expected in February. The Commission is likely to recommend the gradual development of the factory abattoir system in this country as it is practised in America, and they will certainly bless the National Mark grading schemes inaugurated by the Ministry of Agriculture; but it is clear to all who know the livestock industry that a rigid system of supply by contract such as now regulates the supply of bacon pigs to the factories is out of the question. The meat industry at home only requires effective protection against the flood of imports and it will be able to work out its own salvation.

As for the bacon industry, the response to definite proposals for development has been overwhelming. During the short-term introductory period farmers have made contracts to supply bacon pigs at a rate which shows an increase of 70 per cent. over last year. Now the awkward question has arisen of the policy to be pursued by the Government for the first contract year which opens in March. Many farmers have assumed that the plan of the Lane-Fox Commission will be followed implicitly, and that no limit will be set in 1934 to the expansion of home production. Farmers will, however, be wise to wait for a definite announcement of the Government's intentions, particularly regarding the control of imports, before they invest large sums in erecting pig-fattening factories on Scandinavian lines, and with like equipment for greatly increased production.

Those who grow wheat and sugar beet have little cause for complaint; they are being handsomely subsidised. Will this prove wise policy in the national interest and ultimately in the interest of agriculture? Lord Astor and those who think with him condemn these "uneconomic developments." Actually to-day all agricultural production is uneconomic if price is taken as the criterion. A nation which chose to import all its food at world prices could live far more cheaply than the country which chooses, as all countries seem now to have decided, to maintain its agriculture as an asset in the national life. But it is a sound criticism that we lack direction in the pursuit of a national agricultural policy.

No one in authority has ever declared the goal. Is it, for instance, to be the aim under the milk marketing scheme to encourage the increased production of milk so that eventually the nation becomes virtually self-supporting in all kinds of milk products? At present, as Mr. Foster, the manager of the Milk Marketing Board, has reminded us, two out of every three gallons of milk consumed as milk or butter, cheese or preserved milk is imported. As yet the Government has not faced up to this position. Until 1936, we are precluded by the Ottawa agreements from imposing any restrictions on Dominion supplies of dairy produce.

Farmers cannot yet see clearly as they would like the prospects ahead or the lines on which they as individuals should develop their business. Subsidies for beet and wheat may be fleeting benefits, tariffs have served the fruit and vegetable growers well, quotas have provided a guaranteed market for the pig producer, but have failed the beef farmer. There are at the close of 1933 no certainties in farming. One of the major tasks of 1934 must be to evolve a coherent and purposeful plan of development which can be pursued with uncompromising boldness. The public has been tolerant of experiments, but one day the electorate will require an account of the advantage to which agriculture's opportunities have been put. The test will be the increase in the amount of foodstuffs produced at home, and the increase in the number of people earning a decent livelihood by the land.

BROADLEAZE.



ONE OF THE OLDEST PACKS IN WALES

The Master of the Pantyscallog, Mr. W. H. P. Rees, and his wife, with some of the pack. These hounds claim descent from those kept at the Monastery of Margam, which was dissolved in 1537. From the painting in oils by Miss M. M. Latham

PRESERVATION OF FOXES

Reconciling the Interests of Hunting and Shooting

By LORD DORCHESTER

TO leave them alone and undisturbed is the best way of keeping foxes about a place—a dictum that applies more particularly when they are lying in small coverts, spinneys, osier beds, rough fields, hedgerows, etc. In big woods foxes will put up with a good deal of routing about by shooting parties without quitting their homes, for they soon learn to distinguish between disturbers and actual pursuers.

I know of a wood that is shot regularly every Saturday throughout the season, where foxes are seen dodging from beat to beat most of the day, yet when hounds come they are away at the first note of the horn. Hence the importance of cubbing such woodlands as often as possible.

During the breeding season this need for neglect cannot be over-emphasised. Once located a nursery should be avoided like the plague if the litter is in a safe place. A single visit at the time may cause the vixen to move her cubs—possibly to a more dangerous locality; a succession of visits will insure this. The shyness of a vixen in this respect can be used to advantage if it is desired to move on the litter. In my own experience the big main earths are seldom the first nurseries, probably because they are liable to visits from outside foxes or even badgers, and also being long established they are well known, a fact of which the vixen is quite aware. For which reasons she usually draws out some convenient rabbit bury or opens up some abandoned earth for the reception of her family.

When the cubs begin to get about, or even before, she almost invariably moves them to other quarters, probably because the nursery has become foul or she fears that her comings and goings have attracted attention. Often the move is made to a main earth, which affords more room for the cubs, who, though still not able to shift for themselves, are yet quite capable of avoiding danger, especially when there are alternative refuges close at hand, as is the case in old-established earths with their numerous holes.

Foxes disregard the mere barking of dogs, but they do object to being stirred up by poaching dogs, and it is rare to find a litter within range of such annoyance, a point to bear in mind if you wish to have a litter in any particular place. If left to themselves, and food is plentiful, I do not think that foxes travel far afield; indeed, they seem very local in their habits until love or necessity urges them to extend their range, and so at the beginning of the season the young foxes have not learnt much country, which accounts for so many short-running foxes at this time of year.

With the closing down of winter and the shortening of food supplies, their nightly raids need to be extended, and so as the season advances the points improve. A keeper may be the foxes' friend or enemy. He knows his young pheasants will be in danger until they are old enough to go to roost, so the hostile keeper takes the short way of trap, gun or poison, while the friendly keeper redoubles his efforts during this critical period. Efforts that are represented by sleepless nights, constant patrolling and the installation of various fox-scaring devices. With such care, however, it is perfectly possible to get the young birds safely to roost and also to have an adequate supply of foxes in the same coverts, or on the same shoot.

Fox and pheasants can and do flourish side by side, if the owner or shooting tenant really desires it, the result depending upon what orders are given to the keeper and how he obeys those orders. Hunting people should always remember that their sport depends very largely upon the goodwill of shooters and keepers in a country where both pheasants and foxes are the chief source of our winter amusements; and, bearing this in mind, should take every opportunity of expressing their gratitude to those concerned. In some instances even the most friendly keeper or his employer is fearful of having a litter within reach of a nesting field, while quite willing to spare any old foxes that may be about. This feeling is quite understandable where the safety of the young pheasants is a prime consideration. Especially is this the case of a syndicate shoot, the members of which are strangers to the countryside, and non-foxhunters at that. I know of many keepers who would welcome a litter once the birds had started to roost. In a case such as this it is wisest to leave things as they are, and trust to foxes coming in during the season.

It happens at times that a section of country becomes denuded of foxes altogether. Mange may be the cause, or some persistent enemy, but whatever the reason the country has got to be re-foxed. The procedure, though artificial in a sense, is quite simple. Foxes must be imported either from outside or from some other part of the country where they are plentiful. If possible, I would prefer to put down a vixen with her cubs, but it is not easy always to arrange this. Cubs, on the other hand, are easily caught, but should not be taken until they are old enough to bite and tear their food.

They should be kept in an enclosure for a week or so, such an enclosure being put round some large groups of rabbit buries, or artificial earth. Here they should be fed daily. At the end of the week, the enclosure should be left open and the food put outside. This will draw the cubs out, who will soon begin to range the immediate neighbourhood. The feeding should be reduced gradually, and finally discontinued. The time of year is all in favour of the cubs, for young birds and rabbits should be plentiful. Water they must have, and I should go on filling their trough as long as I found that they were drinking it, lest in their early youth they might be tempted to seek it in some dangerous locality.

The cubs will drift away in time and probably lie out, but will regard their earth as a refuge. Now, cubs reared in this semi-wild state are handicapped by comparison with wild-bred foxes taught by their own mothers, a fact that should be borne in mind during the cubbing season. It is not fair to look for these foxes early on; they will know little country and can show no sport. If it is considered advisable to give them a morning's cubbing, then their earth should be left open. After Christmas they will be getting useful, and the dogs among them may begin to wander, while the vixens will draw in dog-foxes from other directions.

If mange should be the cause of shortage, then all known earths should be fumigated and hermetically sealed, or preferably dug out altogether and the ground thoroughly disinfected. The need for artificial methods of stocking is always to be deplored, but circumstances arise at times when artifice has to replace nature.

I am asked very often what sort of coverts do foxes prefer? My reply is, those coverts which give them seclusion and warm lying. If to these you can add a plentiful food supply with water near by, so much the better. The absolute propinquity of the two latter are not imperative, but the two former considerations are the *sine qua non* of a good fox covert.

If to save my life I had to find a fox on my side of the Garth country, I would go to a certain overgrown osier bed, twelve acres in extent, bordered on one side by a trout stream and with boggy water-meadows on the other three. Only once in my recollection have I seen it fail to produce a fox. This happened when the floods were out. Hounds could not be persuaded to swim across the intervening water, and no fox was fool enough to come out, blow the huntsman never so loudly.



AT A V.W.H. (EARL BATHURST'S) MEET
Lord Bathurst with Major T. Bouch, moving off to draw Kemble Wood

BLOODSTOCK PRICES IMPROVE

The Hon. Dorothy Paget's Purchase of High-Class Mares

IT may be taken that the Newmarket December Sales acted as barometer for the condition of the bloodstock market. An attraction for buyers from near and far, they set a useful standard for the value of thoroughbred horses for the current period. For the most part the buyers here are a hard-headed discriminating group. They are able minutely to appraise the value of every pedigree. The foal-producing record of each seasoned brood mare is taken into careful account, and no matron with an unfortunate *dossier* in this direction will find favour at these sales, no matter how highly she herself may be bred.

Before the sales it is doubtful whether there would have been many to predict that Salome would make much the highest price of the week; indeed, more than that, the highest figure fetched by any mare at the December sales for several years past. Salome made 8,200gs., the best price at this sale since Lady Peregrine was bought by Sir Laurence Philipps for 9,200gs. in 1929. Bidding for her opened at 3,000gs., which incidentally was the amount paid for her by Count J. McCormack when she was a yearling.

Rapidly it rose, until only Mr. Basil Briscoe, acting on behalf of Miss Dorothy Paget, and Signor Crispi, representing an Italian interest, were left in the field. It was like old times at these sales to find a Continental bidder going so high, but Italy was beaten in the end and Miss Paget secured the mare. The fact that Salome is in foal to Manna, the sire of Colombo, made her a special attraction. Bred by Mr. J. J. Murphy, she is by Spion Kop out of the Roi Hérode mare Herod's Joy, who first came into prominence as the dam of Star Eagle, who won the Baldoyle Derby and was second to Kopi in the Irish Derby. Fruition, the grandam of Salome, was for some time in the Sledmere Stud, and was the winner of the Imperial Produce Plate at Kempton Park.

Miss Paget's new purchase was one of the best three-year-old fillies of her year, as she showed when carrying off the Newmarket Oaks and the Atalanta Stakes. She has developed into a beautiful young matron, and if she breeds two or three as good as she was herself her big purchase price will soon be regained.



IN THE SALE RING AT NEWMARKET
The Hon. and Mrs. George Lambton with Mr. C. McNeill. Next season Mr. Lambton will be a public trainer, and has just purchased Kremlin House at Newmarket

Miss Paget made several other notable purchases during the week, and her collection of brood mares at her stud farm outside Newmarket is becoming one of the finest in the country. Dorigen will be a great ornament to this establishment. In view of her sparkling performances on the racecourse nobody can say that 6,600gs. was too high a price to pay for this daughter of Franklin, though we may safely assume that the Hon. G. Lambton was gratified by the return. He displayed his usual sound judgment when buying her as a yearling for 810gs., and has good cause to remember with pleasure her racing achievements in his colours. Had she been served by a more fashionable sire than Caerleon (though he was brilliant on the day he won the Eclipse Stakes), Dorigen would have fetched even a longer price.



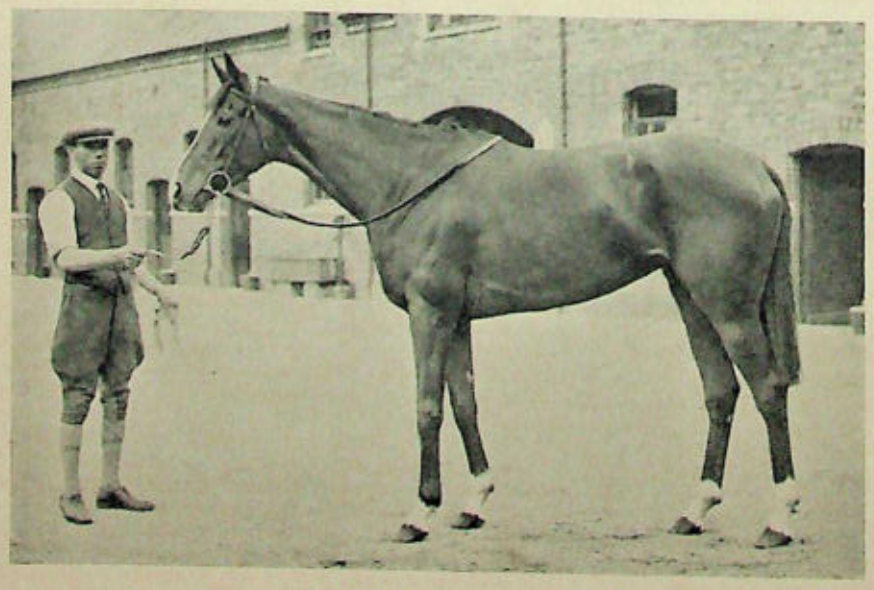
HUNTING IN THE SHIRES
Lady Daresbury with her son the Hon. E. Greenall at the Long Clawson meet of the Belvoir

What makes her specially valuable for the paddocks is the fact that she is from Trilogy (dam of Scarlet Tiger and that extremely smart two-year-old Light Brocade) by Son-in-Law out of Trimestral, the dam of the Gold Cup winners Trimdon and Foxhunter. The Oaks winner Beam also comes from this family, which has become one of the most valuable in the Stud Book during the past decade.

Miss Paget gave 6,200gs. for Speckle and 1,300gs. for Lady Maderty, just out of training. That she expended no less than 20,300gs. in the purchase of four young mares shows that this bloodstock breeder has no fear for the future of the breeding industry, and racing people will hope that her pluck and enterprise will in due course be rewarded in the right way.

The Hon. R. F. Watson made a wise investment when he gave 1,150gs. for Speckle at the sale of the late Sir John Rutherford's horses-in-training in the spring of last year. She won more than that amount in stakes, and then he had the foresight to send her to Blandford, a stallion who, while not at the head of the winning list, has greatly enhanced his reputation during the present year.

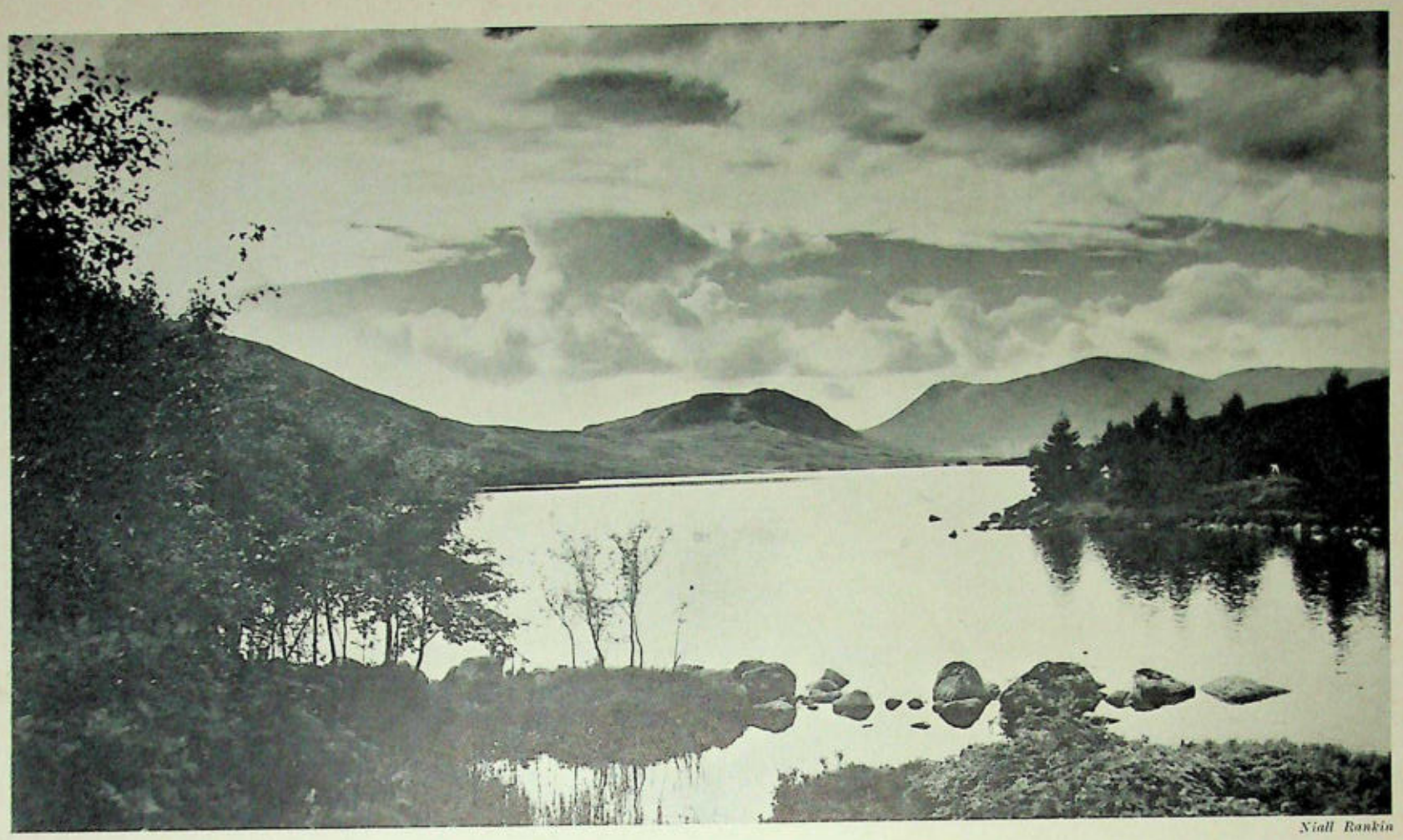
There was an excellent market for foals of good shape and pedigree. One Son-in-Law filly made as much as 2,100gs. Mr. R. C. Dawson evidenced his faith in his own horse Blandford by giving 1,050gs. for a colt by him out of The Margravine. Considering the great possibilities of Blandford's three-year-olds next season this foal is reasonably sure to increase in value. Several purchasers of foals were obviously securing them with a view to offering them again as yearlings. Three Felstead foals were picked up for 860gs., 520gs. and 300gs. respectively. Others by Gainsborough, Manna, Baytown and Call Boy were bought at prices which in most cases will yield a handsome profit at Doncaster or at the Newmarket summer sales.





HIGH-PRICED BLOODSTOCK AT NEWMARKET
(Left) Salome, purchased for 8,200 guineas, and (right) Dorigen, the Lincolnshire Handicap winner, which brought 6,600 guineas. Both these mares were bought by the Hon. Dorothy Paget, as a nucleus for her thoroughbred breeding stud

W. A. Rouch



Niall Rankin

EVENING ON THE LOCH

A PRELUDE TO WINTER

Memories of a Day in a Scottish Forest

By the HON. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE SKEFFINGTON

LEAVES chasing each other across the lawn—to most a depressing and a tragic sight—evidence of another summer passed and heralds of the oncoming of winter. There is something infinitely sad and romantic about this, the most beautiful time of all the year: none of the oppressive drowsiness of mid-day summer, nor the icy blasts of cold, grey winter; yet autumn, the turning point of the two, seems to embody the good points of each.

There is a nip of frost in the air this morning. The hills stand out so clear cut in the keen atmosphere that Angus prophesies rain within the next 24 hours. Coaxing our reluctant ponies along the tortuous and utterly vague windings of a track that led through some silver birch woods, which managed to eke out an existence along the loch side, we set out on our six mile ride to the "Glen of the Wild Horses" (impossible to spell Gaelic name). This being good hind ground we expected to get a stag low down among the hinds. Having got our stag it was intended to shoot our way over to the stalker's house on the far beat and there be met by car.

It might have been a morning in July, so perfect was the cloudless blue of the sky. At intervals a blackcock launched off from some leafy retreat to go fading away with unflurried and silent wing beats; and once a roebuck, startled from his bed in a secluded hollow, cantered lightly away among the silver stems. We came to an opening in this wood of the silver birches, whose fairies seemed already to be casting their spell of enchantment over us poor mortals. Was it not Coleridge, who speaking of the silver birch, said: "Most beautiful of forest trees, the lady of the woods"?

Lo and behold, a score or so of hinds brought us back with a jolt to our senses. Being no whit less surprised at seeing us than we were at seeing them, the inevitable staring match now ensued. It struck us as peculiarly odd that so many perfectly good members of the fair sex, should be on the loose without their lord and master, for look where we might, not a trace of him could be seen. The staring match had been going on for at least five minutes with the odds decidedly in favour of the hinds, when Colin the pony boy, began the old trick of waving a handkerchief on a stick in a well-meaning endeavour to induce them to move off slowly.

The immediate result of this brainwave was to rouse the curiosity of one grey-faced old lady to such a pitch that she cheerily pranced up to within 30yds. of us. The second result was that a more strenuous wave than the others sent the handkerchief flying from the stick to the face of my pony, which obligingly bolted and tied itself round a tree in a knot that would have done justice to any boy scout. Finale—hinds trot off up the hill, and up jumps a big stag. Eventual result—utter confusion. "Quick into the hollow and up to that brackeny knoll before they come into view." That hill made one realise how physically inefficient the human body is compared to a wild animal.

At length, eyes swimming and legs aching, I flung myself down on top simultaneously with the arrival of the first hinds on the opposite knoll. There goes the old grey lady stalking stiffly along in front like a wooden toy. But where, pray, is the elusive quarry? A wheezy roar calmed my fears as I settled down in a comfortable position with the rifle snugly resting on a tussock. Chasing a recalcitrant hind back to his harem, he came coughing and grunting up the hill like a disgruntled old gentleman about to miss a train. I was about to despair of seeing anything but his stern when, evidently uttering a challenge to the world in general, he then half turned and stretching his swollen neck prepared for a roar. The roar died, cut short by my .256 bullet. Running forward 40yds., he faltered, then gathering himself together with head uplifted and wide open mouth, he charged in a furious gallop down the hill, to tumble over 400yds. below. A magnificent death for a magnificent animal. He was a good eleven pointer, a wild head of great beauty, with thick black rough horn; he turned the scales at 18.2.

The first part of the day's work accomplished, the object was now to get something with feathers. Accordingly, fifteen minutes later, I was standing behind a tumbled down old dyke which straggled aimlessly over the hill to mysteriously disappear in the loch. The men were walking down the hill through bracken and patches of scrub in the hopes of sending a few blackcock over. The whole countryside looked fantastically unreal, as if carved out of marble, of such crystallised clearness was the atmosphere; even every individual tree seemed to stand out in sharp relief. The peat smoke from the steading at the top of the loch hung suspended in a delicate thread of washy blue, while the neat little haystacks and fields looked in the distance like a child's plaything. Shadows flit past me—my two barrels are emptied in vain at the retreating forms of three blackcock which, quite unmoved, sail majestically on over the valley. A big pack heaving themselves off a clump of rowan and wheeling in superb order with the sun flashing on the underpart of their wings, made straight for the dyke.

Watching those oncoming black dots has ever held a strong fascination for me—one moment they appear to be stationary and the next second they are on and past with the speed of an express. Stopped dead, twixt heaven and earth, the leader split his crop open on a boulder, such was the impetus of his fall. Once a woodcock completely gorged, with his last night's meal, flapped lazily up to come jinking and dipping along the wall, blinded by the strong sunlight. Could it really be possible to miss this owl-like thing?

The answer came all too soon in the affirmative as the pellets buried themselves in the bracken. Gone was the sleepy brown bird of five seconds ago, in its place was a blurred something, also brown, but doing the combined aerobatics of a snipe, lapwing and veteran rook. Luckily, in spite of every corkscrew turn or spiral nose dive, a stray pellet from my second barrel was persevering enough to bundle him into a hazel bush.

The sun relentlessly pursuing his journey to the west forced us to leave these sunny hillsides of wood and bracken for a desolate stretch of heathery peat bog. Here, at intervals, an old cock grouse, caught napping in the warm heather, clattered up, chortling with rage at this rude intrusion of his isolated domain. A couple of snipe were also kind enough to oblige by flying into the shot and thereby gracing the gamebag with their exquisitely pencilled plumage.

The pangs of hunger now calling, and the sky becoming tinged with red as if to warn us of approaching night, we set off in earnest for the stalker's house. Replenished by scones and oatcake that no English cook could begin to think about, we settled down to our eighteen-mile ride home, the car feeling as smooth as a fairy's chariot to our weary legs. That night lying in bed, fascinated alike with the mad patterns cut by the dancing firelight on the ceiling and the harsh roars of the stags at the height of their love making, it was hard to imagine that the majority of people would rather be shuffling round in an overheated and crowded restaurant. They may have had the hottest of all jazz tunes from America to lull their minds to sleep; but my mind on that frostbound night had the sweetest music of all, music that not all the gold in the world can buy—the irresistible honking of wild geese. Forerunners of winter snows, the air vibrated to ten thousand wings, while the lucid light of the moon itself seemed to be darkened as the musical singsong of their call grew ever fainter to the southward.

WINTER SPORT IN EASTERN CANADA

A Land of Ski-ing Enthusiasts

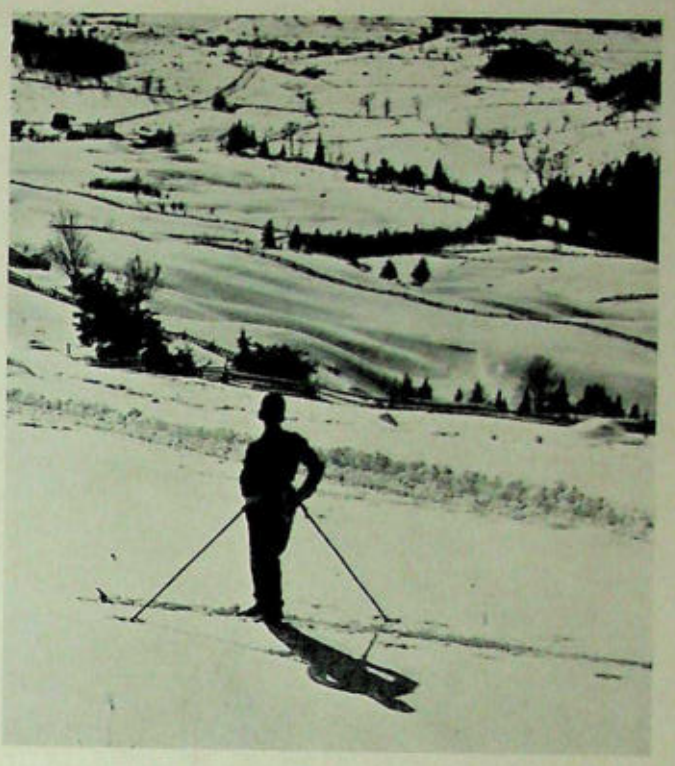
By NIALL RANKIN

CANADA is undoubtedly the winter playground of the Empire. Separated by the vast prairies, there lie two distinct types of country, one on each side of the continent, which, between them, provide every possible requirement for every type of ski-runner. On the west are the gigantic mountain ranges, the Rockies, Selkirks and the Coast Range, offering snowfields and glaciers equal to and, in a great many cases, far better than those of Central Europe. Distances are so enormous out there that ski-ing centres are widely separated; but year by year they grow more numerous as new territory is opened up, while the Coast Range, which has hitherto hardly been explored from the point of view of ski-ing, yields fresh fields each winter as enterprising spirits penetrate farther into its fastnesses.

But it is of the eastern country that I am going to speak—lands bordering on the great St. Lawrence which, even if they cannot provide the tremendous altitudes and consequent snowfalls of the west, present a series of rolling hills of the Scandinavian type. This description I apply with a certain amount of diffidence, for I know that certain people would be apt to look slightly askance on hearing it; they would say that the majority of the ski-ing there would consist in sliding along the flat. But wood-running is by no means the only thing they can have; large open hills for downhill and slalom races are frequently met with.

Montreal itself is probably unique in being the only place on the continent—possibly in the world—where really good ski-ing can be enjoyed in the very heart of a great city. The three big hills, Mount Royal, Outremont and Westmount, at the feet of which cluster the homes of some million people, have on their sides approximately four square miles of woods and parks which provide some wonderful snow-slopes and a splendid toboggan-run. With its world-famous ice-hockey rinks as an added excitement there can be few places to equal it as a winter sports centre.

But the close proximity of the Laurentian Mountains is an even greater attraction, for within an hour-and-a-half of the city by train all types of ground to suit all tastes are to be found. The hills are largely wooded, but there are plenty of open slopes and cleared ground which resemble the region around and above timber-line in higher districts and demand plenty of skill on the part of the runner in turning, while the more densely wooded sections give plenty of practice to the langlaufer (or "bushwhacker" as he is locally called). In short, in this particular bit of country the ski-ing is essentially *Canadian*; while many localities provide either the steep open or the flat wooded country, few can combine the two with better advantage than the part of the Province of Quebec which lies just to the north and west of Montreal.



ON THE SLOPES OF THE LAURENTIAN MOUNTAINS
An ideal combination of wooded and open slopes for ski-ing



SKIJÖRING FROM THE ALPINE INN AT ST. MARGUERITE

Forty odd miles out of the city are the long open hills of Shawbridge and St. Sauveur, where the Montreal Ski Club has its mountain lodge and holds its slalom competitions. Close by is a fine downhill course from the top of Mount Tremblant, which gives a vertical descent of about 2,000ft.

By proceeding a little farther up the railway one reaches what, to my mind, is one of the most attractive spots in the whole countryside—the Alpine Inn of the St. Marguerite Country Club. Descending the steep, icy road from St. Marguerite Station, one rounds a corner and there, on the banks of the frozen North River and nestling under the shelter of a heavily-wooded hill, lies a luxurious log chalet. This is open to anyone with suitable introductions and makes a charming headquarters for some wonderful ski-runs. The chalet itself is the acme of comfort, while the ski-instructor, an Austrian, has laid out a delightfully varied series of ski-trails (all of which comprise a mixture of open slopes and wood-running), and has constructed an admirable jumping hill. It was here that the Oxford and Cambridge ski teams held their meeting in 1931.

As the railway proceeds farther northwards, so it climbs higher into the Laurentians and there are several other places which are good centres for ski-runs of the same type. St. Agathe, ten miles north of St. Marguerite, which is 1,207ft. above the sea, and consequently gets rather more snow, and St. Jovite, another 20 miles farther on, are good examples.

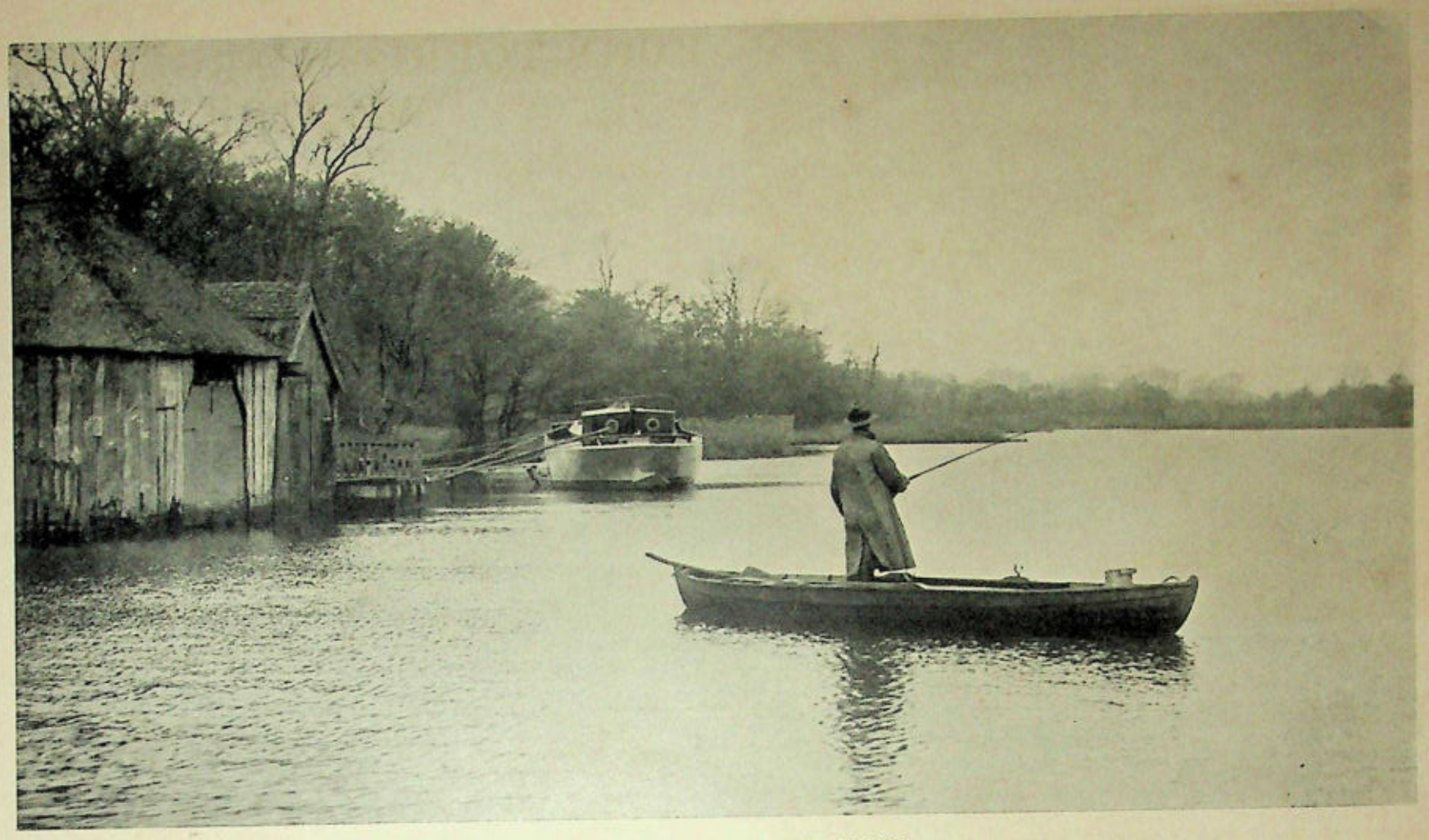
There are many other ski-ing centres, ranging from the Château Frontenac at Quebec to Ottawa and Toronto, all of which are served by the Canadian Pacific system, but there has arisen a new one, sponsored by the railway company, which can be put in a completely separate category from all the rest. The Seigniory Club, with its large estate at Lucerne-in-Quebec, on the north bank of the Ottawa River, is the last word in modern luxury and comfort.



A TYPICAL CABIN OF A MEMBER OF THE SEIGNIORY CLUB
Members have to purchase a plot of ground on the estate. They can live in the log château or build their own cabin

The actual club building is the Manor House, one of the few remaining examples of the old Seigniorial system, and the last and most famous Seigneur who occupied it was the great patriot Louis Joseph Papineau, whose name is so honoured in the Province of Quebec. This club stands in its own grounds, which cover an area of 125 square miles, but none of the members actually reside in it; they either live in their own cabins, which are scattered all over the property, or in the gigantic residential château a few yards from the Manor. This is built entirely of logs and covers an hexagonal area round a six-sided fireplace in the huge main hall. Here, again, with a member's introduction, visitors may stay and enjoy the ski-ing and curling. Under the very able supervision of Captain d'Egville, a famous member of the Kandahar Club whose name is well known amongst English ski-runners, the Seigniory Ski Club has blossomed forth and now offers a country unsurpassed in the east of Canada. Trails have been blazed suitable for both expert and beginner, and no one could turn up his nose at the wood-runs as being tame. They have constructed a 60-metre jumping-hill which is considered the highest and best on the continent. On this, during the contest for the Lucerne Cup in 1930, the Canadian amateur ski-jumping record was broken eleven times in one day, finally standing to the credit of Harold Bagguley at 217ft.

To any winter sports enthusiast who has the time to spare I would say try Canada. He will find novelty in his surroundings and an hospitable people who will give him a warm welcome, and he will leave with the resolve to return to the Dominion and see it in its summer glory.



ONE OF NORFOLK'S WINTER PIKE WATERS
Salhouse Broad, within a few miles of which are a number of fishing broads

FEEDING HABITS OF THE PIKE

Weather Conditions Which Affect Sport

PIKE fishing is a disease. After 30 years I have definitely arrived at that conclusion. One has only to think of the days spent fishing without a touch or suspicion of a run to realise that this kind of fishing is no ordinary "pastime."

Opinions vary as to the best weather conditions. Some men like a nice calm day (I do), others prefer a muggy, warm day; others, again, like to have the wind in the east (I saw two fish, 10lb. and 15lb., landed last January with a deadly cold east wind); and the majority choose a day after a sharp frost. I remember one very keen, observant fisherman who had a definite opinion that during a period of bright moonlight nights it was impossible to catch pike, as they gorged during the night, being able to catch their prey with the light from the moon. It sounds quite feasible.

My own opinion on the chances of sport depend entirely upon the kind of fishing water. A big expanse of water of good depth and exposed to wind will always produce sport after a three-day gale which has made the water thick. Pike have a very lean time while the water is rough and discoloured. They seem to me like greyhounds, easily unsighted. In clear and still water their prey has little or no chance of escape.

During my younger days I studied the habits of pike. One of the principal reasons was that we used to rear about 1,000 wild duck which spread themselves over a number of ponds teeming with pike, and many's the time I have seen a mother duck take her offspring for their first swim; and I have seen a pike take a whole brood of seven ducklings inside a distance of 20yds.

The day arrived, when at last I hooked the gentleman by spinning with a small mackerel; a very fine fish, exactly 36in. in length, enormous depth and girth, yet upon the scales the weight was only 14lb. On opening it up, to my astonishment, I found a large grey flint stone inside its stomach, about the size of a hen's egg, it was thoroughly bedded in the flesh of the paunch and had evidently been there for some years. The weight of that pike should have been about 30lb., taking into consideration the size of head and depth of body.

One of the ponds (about two acres) was situated in the middle of parkland, and at some time a walk for cattle had been cut like a small dyke, leading from deep water for a distance of about 20yds. The depth of water in the cut was approximately 18in., just sufficient for cattle to drink from.

This pond was full of pike and roach, having been well stocked in days gone by by my grandfather, who was a keen angler. Many's the time I have seen pike feeding; their method was simple and could be watched as the water was perfectly clear. Standing behind a small oak pollard which stood almost at the edge of the water, one had a clear view.

The leaping of small fish was the signal that the pike were busy, and very soon the cut would be full of small fish, roach mostly. They had been driven into the cut by a number of pike working like sheep dogs. The pike stopped at the edge of the cut in about 3ft. of water, and as the roach tried to get back into the deep water they would take them with ease and then return to their original position and wait for another roach to try to get past. Very seldom did more than three or four roach try at the same time. The number of pike was difficult to estimate, one could always see about seven or eight lined up about 6ft. apart. The average number of fish swallowed would be about six fish by one pike. The time occupied during this procedure was about five or six minutes. Having had enough, several of the pike would rush into the shallow cut and scatter the fish in all directions, chasing the biggest fish just for fun, but not once did I see a fish touched during this part of the programme.

Let me illustrate the intelligence of pike. One of the ponds, a strip of water about half a mile long and 60yds. wide, with one or two bottle necks, was full of pike, and it was quite a common sight to see quite large grown ducklings, and even a waterhen taken. In those days we were more keen on shooting than fishing, and my uncle spent his life thinking about wild duck and getting them to fly high. Special nets were made, and we had a cart horse on each bank pulling the huge net that reached from bank to bank. I shall always remember the last 30yds. of that water. There must have been tons of fish. The top of the net was attached to a large warp with about four small kegs or wooden barrels to act as floats, which supported the net. We could see about 150 pike of all sizes being driven before the net like sheep. Calling a halt, we started to discuss the best method of getting the fish out of the water, which was about 3ft. in depth. The fish were so thick in numbers that it looked as if the easiest way would be to pull them out with the ordinary farm rake. Somehow no one had thought or made any provision for getting the fish out; nobody had any idea as to the quantity and, to be quite frank, we stood there in amazement.

It was not long before one pike suddenly decided to leap over the top of the net back to safety, and the rest followed suit in two's and three's; in a very short time there were only about 40 to 50 small pike inside the net, weighing, perhaps, 5lb. to 8lb. apiece. The big gentlemen, over 20lb. in weight, all escaped. From that day (about 30 years ago) I have not under-estimated the sagacity of a pike.

H. BARLOW.

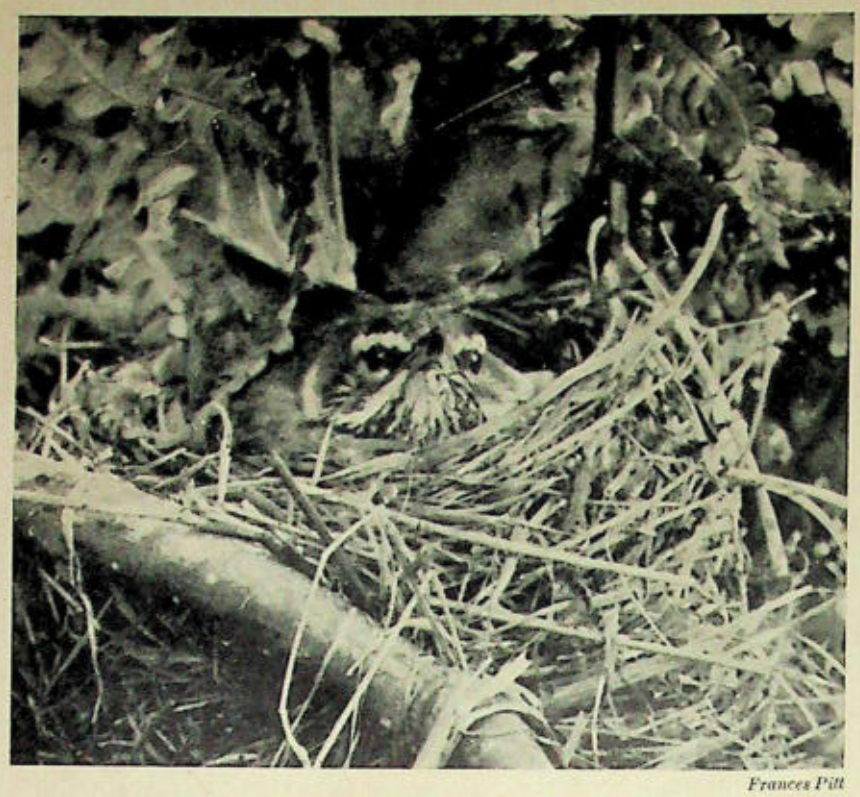
THE LIGHTNING STRIKE

SOME men cannot strike very quickly, and some rods won't. The whippier the latter are, the longer is the interval between the upward bend of the wrist and the tightening of the cast on the fish. In response to the upward stroke at the butt, the rod tip appears to dip—in many instances to an astonishing extent—and thus the action of the hand is immediately followed by a momentary easing of the line before the rebound of the rod top takes up the slack and gets a pull on the hook.

Some time back, pondering on this obstacle to an instantaneous strike, I hit on a method of getting over the difficulty of the slack, which I have since found has occurred to other inquiring minds. However, it is none the less a good tip for all that. Bring both hands into play by holding the line, drawn away for eighteen inches or more from the rod between the reel and the first ring, with the finger and thumb of the left hand. My first notion was, at the sign of a rise, to hold the right hand and rod motionless, and draw back line with the left hand. But it seems to come more naturally to strike as usual with the right hand while at the same instant you draw back line sharply with the left. This, properly executed, leads to the elimination of the slack and spiflication of the fish.

Whether this is due to some curious reflex action in the fibre of the cane, or whether, as has been suggested, it is an optical illusion, makes no difference to the result—a lag between rod and line movement.

W. CARTER PLATTS.



Frances Pitt

A REDWING ON ITS NEST IN NORWAY——

BIRD TOURISTS FROM THE NORTH

Our Winter Visitors as I Know Them

By FRANCES PITT

FIELDFARE, redwing, brambling, snow bunting, lark and woodpigeon, are but a few of the names that the words "winter visitors" instantly conjure up. These birds and many others, such as the woodcock, come to us from over the North Sea to spend an easy winter in our comfortable countryside, yet to most of us it is the two Scandinavian thrushes which personify the autumn invasion.

They come as the last flaming hues of autumn pass, flying in considerable flocks against the grey skies, and spread out over the woods and fields, seeming to have brought winter in their train; yet I never hear the chuckling call of the fieldfare without seeming to feel the hot Norwegian sun, and hear the buzzing of the flies inseparable from a northern summer day.

A big, bold and aggressive thrush, nesting in colonies, the fieldfare is much in evidence throughout Norway, where I have seen it from the public gardens of Oslo up to the heights of the Dovre Fjeld.

Where the growth of the trees allow it nests at some height, building its big typical thrush nest of grass, etc., strengthened and cemented with mud, 15ft. or so up a pine, birch or spruce, but it is an adaptable bird, and will make the best of such sites as are available. On the high ground where trees are stunted and scarce I have found nests on cliff ledges, under overhanging banks, and so on. Once, at Hjerkinn, on the Dovre Fjeld in 1929, I found a number of nests built on the wooden fences of the paddocks around the farmstead. The birds fled shrieking from their eggs (very like those of the blackbird) whenever anyone went by, and much of their time was passed in giving vent to hysterical abuse.

At the nest the fieldfare behaves much like our missel-thrush, but as there are nearly always several nests close together, possibly a dozen or more, the noise is considerably greater.

In contrast to the big bold fieldfare, in contrast, too, to its own large winter flocks, the redwing in its breeding quarters forgets all social spirit, each pair retiring to some quiet, secret place where they can nest in peace. It likes the wooded valleys, the bushy places by the rivers, and wherever the undergrowth affords good cover for a nest in size like that of our thrush, but in appearance precisely that of a blackbird. In this nest it lays a clutch of five or six eggs, rather smaller, though coloured and marked like those of a blackbird, save for the addition in some specimens of a tiny hair streak of black at the broader end.

Frances Pitt

FIELDFARE AT THE NEST—ANOTHER NORWEGIAN PICTURE

I spent a most interesting, though very hot and trying, time within a hiding tent beside one redwing's nest, taking a number of photographs of the old birds feeding their young with juicy red worms, just like our song thrushes do.

The nest was on the steep side of a narrow valley, and the sun poured down relentlessly upon my tent. The temperature within it rose steadily, and even the joy of watching and listening to the cock redwing singing on a nearby twig could not compensate for such a grilling. The flies of all the innumerable biting varieties peculiar to Norway found means of entry, and seldom have I been so thankful to emerge from a hide as I was from that one.

With reference to the song of the redwing, it has a great reputation in its native valleys, being known as the Norwegian nightingale, and certainly when heard in the luminous twilight of a Scandinavian summer night, when the temporarily vanished sun has left the distant snowy fjelds flushed with rose, when the scent of the pine woods is upon the air and enchantment broods over all, it is a miracle of loveliness; but I doubt if it will really bear comparison even with the song thrush.

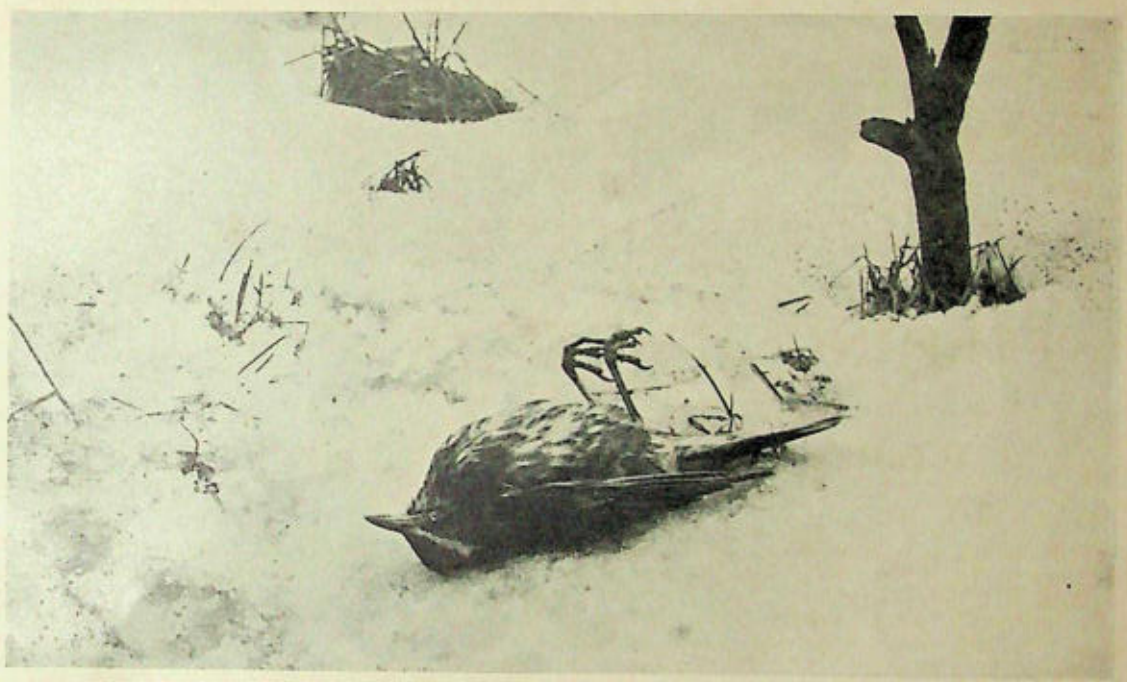
To return to redwings and fieldfares in our English fields, in an ordinary open season they are content to have got so far, and travel no farther; but hard weather will make them move on, for like other thrushes they cannot withstand prolonged bad weather. The terrible winter of 1916–17, which was so disastrous to bird life, took its toll of redwings and fieldfares, as well as the blackbirds and thrushes, but that, thank goodness! was an exceptional season.

No description of winter visitors can omit that handsome finch, with its tortoiseshell colouring, the brambling, which may now be looked for among the flocks of small birds upon the arable ground, or with the sparrows about the farmstead. But however handsome it may be here in winter, it is still more striking at home, as I have seen it, in some Norwegian valley, when the male wears the blackest of caps, and the female keeps guard over a nest which surpasses that of our chaffinch for beauty. It is usually placed in the crotch of a birch branch and lavishly adorned with shreds of silvery bark.

Both cock and hen are excellent parents, sharing the duty of feeding the young and plying them with small caterpillars. I had a most interesting time watching a pair thus engaged. They were such a busy couple, hurrying to and fro with food for their fluffy nestlings. These latter were queer little things, decorated with tufts of dark down. It seemed strange to look at them and think they might later be met again somewhere in the British Isles!

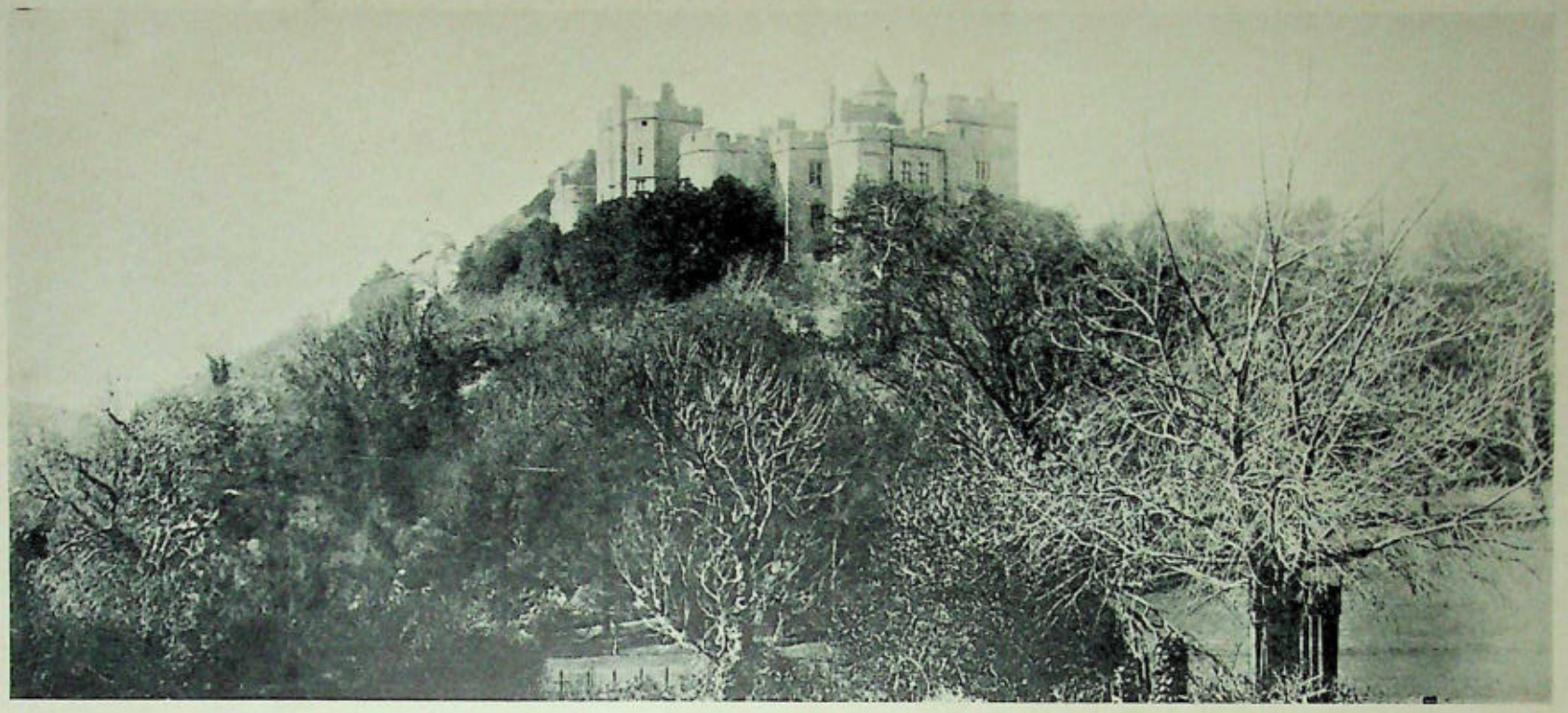
By the way, no one of our smaller winter visitors, even when in company with a host of other small birds, is so easily recognisable as the brambling, the flash of a white rump, as the flock takes flight, distinguishing it at once.

Many other birds come from northern regions to winter in Great Britain. The woodpigeon flocks now so much in evidence about the countryside are mostly composed of foreigners, and the great hordes of starlings which make a nightly nuisance of themselves in many places embrace countless birds from overseas. The parties of larks that fly up from the stubbles are also visitors from abroad—in short, our woods, meadows and arable ground provide untold numbers of tourists from Northern Europe and other regions with a happy winter hunting ground.



Stanley Crook

——AND AS IT IS TOO OFTEN SEEN IN ENGLAND, A VICTIM OF WINTER'S SEVERITY



A FINE VIEW OF DUNSTER CASTLE SHOWING ITS MAGNIFICENT SITUATION
The Avil brook runs at the foot of the Tor, in which excellent trout fishing may be had

FAMILIES FAMOUS IN SPORT—No. 10

The Luttrells and Dunster Castle

PRIOR to the Norman invasion, little is known of the history of Dunster, though in the reign of Edward the Confessor it is believed to have belonged to one Aluric, who appears to have been a great West Country land owner.

Shortly after the invasion the castle passed into the hands of William de Mohun, in whose family it remained for over 300 years. The de Mohuns, or Moions, derived their name from the village of Moyon in Normandy, and many traces of the family may be found in village names in Devon to this day—such, for example, as Ottery Mohun and Tor Mohun in Devonshire and Hammown in Dorset.

William de Mohun's Castle of Dunster was one of the only two in Somersetshire to be mentioned in the Domesday Book, the other being Montacute, then the property of the Count of Mortain. From the de Mohuns Dunster passed into the hands of the Luttrells, in whose family it has remained ever since.

The earliest mention of the name of Luttrell appears to have been in 1195, when mention is made of one Robert Luttrell in Normandy. The family was of French origin, and here, again, we find that there are many variations in the spelling, the most common being Luterel and Loterel, the latter probably being diminutive of the French word, *loutre* meaning an otter.

On leaving Normandy, the Luttrells settled at Irnham in Lincolnshire, from where one branch of the family went to Ireland, while the other went to the West, and settled at East Quantoxhead, a property inherited by Andrew Luttrell, though his mother's family, in 1230.

Although Dunster has only once passed from one family to another by deed of sale, East Quantoxhead is even more remarkable in that the present owner is a direct descendant of Ralph Paganel, who held it in the reign of William the Conqueror.

In 1359 Sir Andrew Luttrell, who was probably a grandson of Andrew Luttrell of East Quantoxhead, married Lady Elizabeth Courtenay, widow of Sir John de Vere, who is described as being a lady "of the most illustrious descent," her father, Hugh Earl of Devon, being the head of the Courtenay family, one of the first members of the Order of the Garter and a companion in Arms of Edward III. In the year of their marriage, Sir Andrew and Lady Luttrell received from Edward III. a grant of £200 per annum "to maintain their social position"; which was later renewed by Richard II. on his ascension to the throne. During her lifetime Lady Elizabeth made many purchases of land and manors, though she did not survive to enjoy what was by far her most important transaction.

In 1374 she purchased the right of succession to the Castle and Manor of Dunster, after the death of Lady Joan de Mohun, for 5,000 marks; which would have amounted to some £3,300. Even in those days this must have been an extremely low figure for such a property; but it must be borne in mind that Lady de Mohun reserved her life interest, and did not die until some 30 years later in 1404, Lady Elizabeth having predeceased her in 1395.

The first Luttrell to own Dunster was Sir Hugh Luttrell, son of Lady Elizabeth, who was a man of great repute, and was "honourably employed by three successive Kings of England." Sir Hugh, however, was not allowed to take possession of Dunster without entering into a considerable amount of litigation. The heirs of John de Mohun, Elizabeth Countess of Salisbury, the Duke and Duchess of York and Sir Richard Strange, laid claim to the inheritance of Dunster on the grounds that it was entailed, the sale of inheritance being therefore invalid. After many months and much discussion, Sir Hugh eventually won both his case and his castle.



THE FIREPLACE IN THE HALL OF THE CASTLE
The ceiling in this room is also very fine

After a distinguished career both as soldier and politician, Sir Hugh Luttrell died on March 24th, 1428.

We now come to a period when for a few years the Luttrells were deprived of their home. In 1460, James Luttrell fought against the Duke of York at Wakefield, being knighted on the battlefield; seven weeks later he was fatally wounded in the second Battle of St. Albans. Edward IV.'s Parliament passed a decree against all those who had adhered to Henry VI., Sir James being included in the list of those who "with grete dispite and cruell violence, horrible and unmanly tyranage, murdered the Duke of York." For this his widow and heirs were deprived of Dunster, all their lands and possessions being granted by the King to the Earl of Pembroke, who, however, was beheaded by the Lancastrians in 1472. Dunster then passed to his son, who retained it until 1485, when, after the Lancastrian victory at Bosworth, Hugh Luttrell, heir to the late Sir James, petitioned to Parliament that he be allowed to take possession of his ancestral domains. His petition was readily granted and the Herberts were ejected from Dunster, thus ending a period of 24 years, the only ones during which the castle has ever been inhabited by any family other than the de Mohuns and Luttrells.

Hugh Luttrell of Dunster was created a Knight of the Bath at the Coronation of Henry VII. in 1487; became Sheriff of Dorset and Somerset, and afterwards attached himself to the suite of the Duke of Buckingham. He was succeeded by his son Andrew in February, 1521, his widow Waltheau surviving him and causing her stepson no inconsiderable amount of trouble. On the death of her husband, Waltheau claimed the manor of East Quantoxhead as part of the jointure settled on her by Sir Hugh, declaring that her stepson had robbed her of all her possessions. She accordingly came to London, leaving one Lewis Griffyth to look after the manor, instructing him to offer no resistance should Andrew Luttrell or any of his representatives try to turn him out. An unfortunate incident occurred, however, on June 7th, 1521, when John Gay, a servant of Andrew Luttrell, was attacked in Quantock Park by Lewis Griffyth and several other persons. Gay declared that eleven arrows were fired at him, being ten in excess of Griffyth's account, and that they did "grevously strike him in dyvers places of hys body." The matter was eventually placed before the King, but history does not relate what steps the Star Chamber took in the matter.

Andrew Luttrell was knighted in 1528, a similar distinction being conferred on his son John in 1544 in recognition of his services during the Scotch wars. Sir John spent very little of his adventurous life at Dunster, most of it being spent abroad in the service of the King. He died at Greenwich in 1551, leaving a widow and three daughters, but being desirous that his estates should remain in the Luttrell family he entailed them on the male issue of his brothers, Thomas, Nicholas and Andrew.

When Thomas Luttrell came into possession he let it to Robert Opy of Cornwall for £47 per annum, obtaining a surrender of the lease in 1556. He in turn was succeeded by his son George, who became engaged to Joan Stewkeley, his guardian's daughter,

at the early age of eleven. After much opposition they were eventually married in 1580. The yarn market in Dunster, so well known to all visitors to the west, was built by George Luttrell, though the initials "G. L." which appear on it are actually those of his grandson.

Dunster Castle played a prominent part in the Civil Wars, being held for the Parliament from August, 1642, until June of the following year, when it was surrendered to the King. In November, 1646, Colonel Blake and Colonel Sydenham laid siege to the castle, which was finally surrendered on April 22nd of the following year. For five years, after the surrender a garrison was kept at Dunster, though George Luttrell was allowed to live in his castle.

William Prynne, whose political writings had proved offensive to Cromwell, was kept a prisoner in Dunster Castle for eight months. During this period he found that the Luttrell muniments were in a state of great disorder and set about the task of rearranging them according to their subjects and dates, the system on which he did this being in force to this day.

The elaborately decorated ceilings and exceptionally fine staircase, one baluster of which depicts hounds hunting a stag, and the other a fox, were put in by Francis Luttrell, who inherited the property on his majority in 1680.

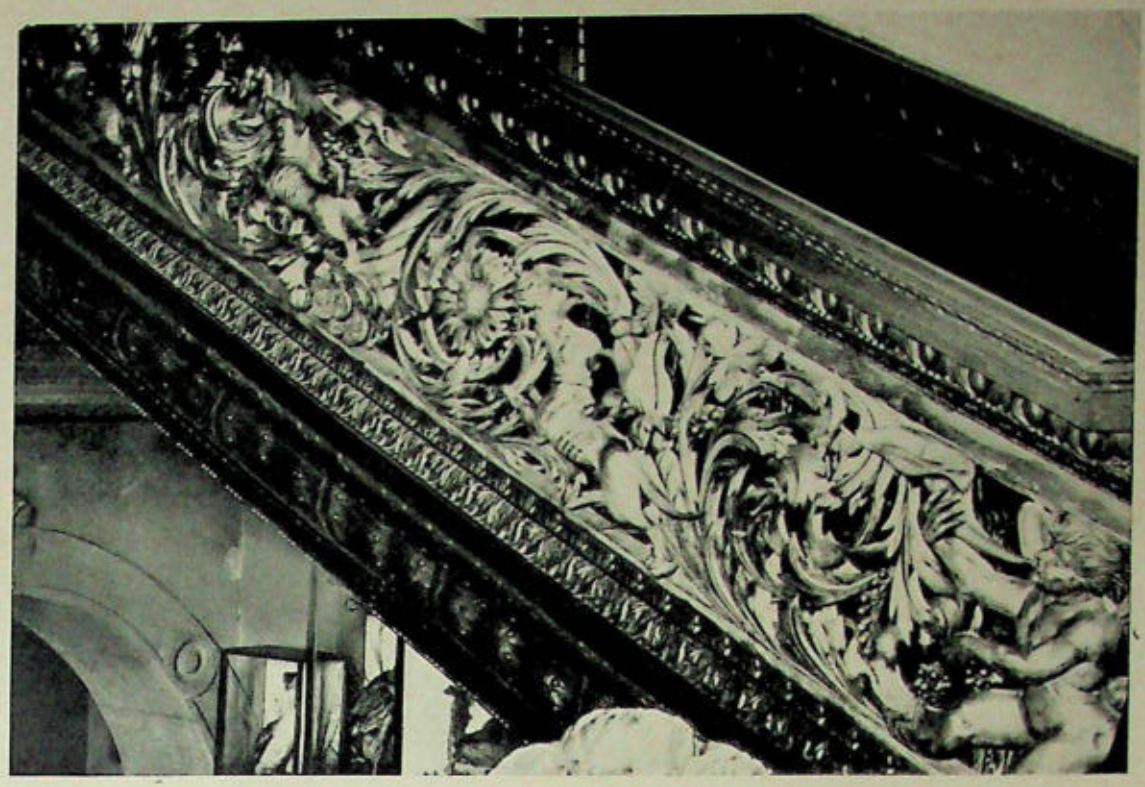
In 1737 the male line of the Luttrell family came to an end with the death of Alexander Luttrell; his daughter Margaret, however, married Henry Fownes of Nethway, who changed his name to Luttrell. He outlived his wife by several years, and in 1780 was succeeded by his son John Fownes Luttrell, who in time was succeeded by his son of the same name. In 1867 the estates were inherited by his nephew, George Fownes Luttrell, grandfather of the present owner.

So far as sport is concerned the Luttrell family are closely linked with the history of the West Somerset Foxhounds. The origin of this pack is somewhat obscure, but it is generally believed that it started as a trencher fed pack and was hunted by Mr. Reed, a retired butler, at Crowcombe Court. In 1824 it became a subscription pack under the mastership of Captain Francis Luttrell, and remained in the family for half a century, during the last 15 years of which time it was known as "Mr. Luttrell's." In 1867 Mr. G. F. Luttrell took over the hounds and ran them as a private pack until his retirement in 1882, when they once more became a subscription pack.

A most interesting fact is that during the past 103 years the West Somerset Foxhounds have known only five huntsmen, and, even more interesting, the present Mr. Luttrell has known all five of them.

The original country was very extensive, being as much as 50 miles in length and 25 in breadth, and although the West Somerset country is still a considerable one, from every point of view, much of the original has been given to other packs, the Exmoor, Dulverton and Taunton Vale being the most notable.

Many years ago, before the country was split up, these hounds used to be taken annually to Simonsbath, on Exmoor, for the month of June to hunt dog foxes. But the Luttrells' connection with hunting goes back to earlier times than the



THE WONDERFUL OAK CARVING ON THE MAIN STAIRCASE DEPICTING THE CHASE
Francis Luttrell was responsible for its erection in 1680

formation of the West Somerset, for a pack of harriers was kept at Dunster Castle prior to 1771, as in that year Mr. Luttrell was presented with two silver cups wishing success to the "Merry Harriers." This pack was still in existence and kennelled at the castle in 1831.

At the present time Dunster Lawns are famous the world over as being one of the finest polo grounds in England; they are the home of the West Somerset Polo Club, and a more perfect setting with Dunster Castle rising up in the background would indeed be hard to imagine.

Two grounds, both as near perfection as can be, with that wonderful Dunster Castle as a background. The "going" laughs at rain (one of the most important points in an English ground), whilst the sands give the most ideal exercising and schooling facilities in all weathers. What more can players want? In its early days the club was run on very modest lines; keen young farmers and yeomen readily joined with the local residents; money wasn't quite as tight as it is now, and it was a very cheery little community. Players who had finished their seasen in London were not long in recognising the merits of this little West Country Club and for some years have invaded it during August.

This year, thanks to the famous Jaipur team, there were enormous crowds of spectators, much gate money must have been taken, and for a month polo flourished, but for the remainder of the season there was practically no play. The whole management has become more pretentious, and with it the local players have gradually disappeared. This is a pity. It is such a delightful part of the world in which to settle for retired officers and others who would like to play a little polo in the summer, and hunt a bit in the winter. As a matter of fact, suitable accommodation is rather lacking. The small house with modern conveniences on about six acres of land with half a dozen nice roomy boxes. There are not many of these. With demand, they would probably spring up. We can well remember watching an exciting polo match there a few years ago. Suddenly, in the middle of a chukker, somebody exclaimed, "By God, I can hear the hounds!" And sure enough, the next second the best music on this earth was audible to everyone. The spectators had lost their interest in the polo and were all looking in the opposite direction. The Devon and Somerset were evidently coming our way in full cry, and in another moment the stag's antlers could be distinctly seen bobbing up and down about 200yds. away. There was a mad stampede and we arrived just in time to see the quarry at bay in the brook which runs close by. We learnt afterwards that had he not been headed the stag would have run bang across the polo ground! Is there any other spot at which this could possibly have occurred? Minehead is indeed a sportsman's paradise.

Of the many hundreds of visitors that go to Dunster and its surrounding country every summer, the number who know anything of its history is probably very small indeed, and it is hoped that these few notes on one of England's oldest and finest castles may help to increase not only their interest in it, but also their love of an unspoiled and historical beauty spot.



A PARADE OF THE WELL-KNOWN JODHPUR TEAM PONIES ON DUNSTER LAWNS
The excellence of the ground is to be judged from the picture



THE WEST SOMERSET HOUNDS IN DUNSTER VILLAGE
In the centre is the famous Yarn Market with the Castle in the background

MEMORIES OF A HUNTSMAN

Bert Thatcher Tells of Good Runs with the Zetland

TO continue my Zetland memories. During 1921–22 we had a fairly good season and killed 95 foxes, but were unfortunately stopped sixteen days by frost and snow. The opening meet that season was at Aske Hall, and I well remember that the late Master, Lord Zetland, promised to hunt with us that day, but we were unable to do so owing to a dense fog, so the late Mr. H. Straker, who was then Master, told me to take hounds to Skeeby the next day if the weather permitted. He then turned round to Lord Zetland, and said: "I hope you will come out. If you do, I expect to hear Thatcher say, 'Old 'ard, your Lordship!'"

But the weather did not change, and we could not hunt, so I had no opportunity of rebuking Lord Zetland.

It was about this time that Lord Zetland caught a very big salmon, which is, I believe, now preserved at Aske. I was congratulating Lord Zetland one day upon this notable feat, and he told me that he had played the fish for a long time before landing it, and during the course of the struggle it went down the river and almost over a weir. Just at this moment, when Lord Zetland expected that both fish and tackle would go, the fish turned round and made up-stream once more. "It was then, Thatcher," said Lord Zetland, "that I took off my hat and said, 'Thank you!'"

Lord Zetland had hunted the country which still bears his name for a long period, and in my time he frequently hunted with us before he finally retired from the saddle altogether. After every day's hunting I would receive a letter from him on the following morning, all about the previous day's sport, how well hounds had worked, or otherwise, with many comments upon hunting the fox. There are few sportsmen of Lord Zetland's type left now, and the hunting world is poorer for their passing.

There were three outstanding hunts during season 1922–23, and they were all in March with love-making foxes. The first of these good days took place on March 8th, when hounds met at Stapleton, and the fox we found in the whin, who took us very fast past Jolby Mill over the Darlington road, leaving Newton Morrel on his left, leaving Barton Station on his right, and ran fast up to Middleton Lodge.

Our next point was Church Whin, where hounds would not let him dwell, straight on over the rough grass to Uckerby in the Bedale country, across the Richmond Railway over the Scorton Road, and saved his brush by finding an earth open in the forest, after one hour and 20 minutes with a seven-mile point.

What a scent there was on this good day, and how hounds raced! I wonder how many times I have been asked what I know of scent. My answer has always been the same—"Nothing." There can, however, be no harm in taking a theoretical view of this most interesting subject, which was described by the poet Somerville (himself a good sportsman, though fonder of hares than foxes):

> "A long streaming trail behind, which by
> The cooler air condensed remains, unless
> By some rude storm dispersed or rarefy'd
> By the meridian sun's intense heat.
> To every shrub the warm effluvia cling,
> Hang on the grass, impregnate earth and skies.
> With nostrils opening wide, o'er hill, o'er dale,
> The vig'rous hounds pursue, with every breath
> Inhale the grateful steam, quick pleasures sting
> Their tingling nerves, while now their thanks repay.
> And in triumphant melody confess
> The titillating joy—thus on the air
> Depend the hunter's hopes."

Without doubt the best scent is that which is occasioned by the effluvia, as Somerville calls it, and the strongest and most favourable to the hound when kept by the gravity of the air to the height of his breast, for then it is neither above his reach nor is it necessary for him to stoop, at which time the scent is said to lay "breast high."

Nevertheless, it will be an evil day when "nose" in a foxhound ceases to be its best attribute; when pace outlives tongue, and when picturesque limbs are preferred to stoutness and sense.

In any event, scent may be said to resemble the West Country parson who was lost in a fog on his way over the moor to church, and who soliloquised thus: "Never mind, there will be no fun until I put in an appearance; they will not even peal the bells!"



A MEET OF THE ZETLAND AT ASKE HALL

It was in March, 1923, that the Bedale were unable to hunt owing to the wet state of their country. The same month, on March 17th, the Zetland met at Halnaby Hall (the seat of the late Sir W. Wilson-Todd, once Master of the Bedale). We found in Forty Acres, ran him up past Millbank to Church Whin, leaving Middleton Tyas Church on his right, over the brook by Southfield Quarrys up to the Great North Road at Scot's Corner, into Sedbury Park, where he did not stop. Leaving the Bog Cover on his left, we had to face the brook. This was unjumpable; we had to do it twice, "in and out." I had the key of the private bridge in my pocket, but hadn't time or inclination to leave the line of hounds. We ran on past Gilling Grange, up to the Riding School at Aske Hall, the pace being a cracker up to here, and I knew the fox couldn't stand up much longer. After going through the Woodlands he turned right-handed, leaving Ginger Field on his left and was pulled down in the open after one hour and ten minutes of the best, with a seven-mile point.

But this did not end the day. We trotted back and found again at Mirky Hill Plantation, ran past Halnaby Home Farm up to Allans Whin, when the fox turned right-handed as if for Barton Quarrys, turned left to Ingol Whin, ran through the Lodge Whin, and on to Kirkbank, where hounds pulled him down in a field behind Church Whin. This was one of the best days I have ever had, and one of the days when hounds could do what they liked with foxes. Scent was breast-high all day, and it was a day when hounds were not a moment off the line—



THE LATE MARQUESS OF ZETLAND

a day of distress to horses and many falls; a day when

> "Where are your disappointments, wrongs,
> Vexations, sickness, care?
> All, all are fled, and with the parting winds, lag behind."

But my experience tells me that if you take a whole season through, it is surprising how few really good hunts are seen. And of these few are of more than an hour's duration, while the majority of them do not exceed more than 30 minutes. But the joy that is condensed into those fleeting minutes might be fittingly compared with the feelings of the highwayman at the foot of the gallows, who turned to the chaplain and exclaimed: "Oh, for a gallop on a good horse across a common by moonlight. It brought me to this—but oh, you dog, it was delicious!"

I have read of the wonderful Quorn run on December 14th, 1894, and the one which fell to the lot of the Radnor and West Herefordshire in February 1889, both of which were over 30 miles as hounds ran and of four hours' duration—if with the same fox. But if such a fox can be found then to stand up before hounds for so long, of what were the foxes of the olden days made of?

(To be continued.)



Definitely superior for all occasions

BOOTH'S

THE ONLY MATURED

DRY GIN

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, Student of Wild Life and Nature Lover. 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.

PROTECTION OF BIRDS

SIR,—Major Hills's objection to the discrimination shown between the different species of owls in Lord Buckmaster's Bill seems to me to be perfectly reasonable. The object of the Bill is supposed to be the prevention of cruelty to birds in confinement. The little owl, on account of its small size, is far more often kept in dealers' stores than any other species. It is less easy to keep in health in confinement than the larger kinds, is very active and playful, and needs plenty of space and, being a bird of much greater brain development, has a greater capacity for suffering under mismanagement than any small passerine.

It is, however, denied protection from bad treatment in captivity because it is a "naughty" bird and eats quarry the supporters of the Bill do not approve of its eating. But we do not find consistency even in the Bill's attempt to teach birds morals, for the sparrow, also surely a "naughty" bird, may *not* be caged.

In regard to the little owl's diet between August and June, there is not a scrap of evidence that it kills more birds than the tawny owl.

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

[Lord Tavistock's letter is typical of the attitude of opponents of the Protection of Birds Bill which has recently passed into law. There is nothing in the Act which denies protection to the Little owl from ill-treatment in captivity.—ED.]

DID SURTEES' CHARACTERS EVER EXIST?

SIR,—I was much interested in the article written by your correspondent, "P. S.," which appeared in your issue of November 18th.

I lived my early life in the neighbourhood of Hamsterley, the residence of Robert S. Surtees, and was friendly with his family, the late Viscountess Gort, and Miss Surtees. Several of the characters and places in Surtees' works were of definite origin, but by a novelist's licence and for obvious reasons appeared in his books of a composite character, distorted beyond recognition.

"Jonathan Richardson" did not live at Shotley Lodge. He lived at Woodlands, near Consett, and was an extreme Quaker, to whom foxhunting was anathema. His son, Jonathan Backhouse Richardson, lived at Shotley Lodge, and had a small pack kennelled at Castleside, near Shotley Bridge, which was more or less the foundation of the Braes of Derwent Hunt, of which Mr. Lewis Priestman, his nephew, is now, and has for the last 37 years, been Master. The late Charles Richardson, a friend of mine, who wrote under the name of "Shotley," and was hunting editor for many years of the *Field*, was the son of Jonathan Backhouse Richardson.

Shotley Bridge, a distance of only about five miles from Hamsterley, has always locally been claimed as the origin of Handley Cross. If your correspondent will refer to *Granville's Spas of England*, published in 1841, he will find it was considered then as of sufficient importance to merit a place in the book. Yours faithfully,

Coles Park, JOHN G. MURRAY.
nr. Buntingford,
Herts.

[Our correspondent was, of course, referring to Jonathan Backhouse Richardson,—ED.]

A CHOICE OF RIFLES

SIR,—The article by Major H. C. Maydon under this title has interested me, and I can corroborate many of his statements. Having had considerable experience with all the rifles he mentions, particularly the 7.9 m.m. (.311 bore) and the .256, perhaps you can find space for a few remarks on the subject. The 7.9 m.m. was, I think, the best killing weapon I ever used, and one I had was a Rigby-Mauser with a 24in. barrel. I can remember several remarkable proofs of its deadliness on tough African game, which I need not give details of here, although it is enough to say that I consider there is no rifle of approximate bore made at the present time which is more deadly and reliable. With solid projectiles it was splendid for rhino and buffalo, and its penetrative powers in elephant skulls was remarkable. With regard to this latter point it was far superior to solid .256 bullets, as the latter were rather thin to prevent frequent bending of the bullet on impact.

I liked the .256, but found one had to shoot very accurately with it to do the best work, and it was more troublesome to keep clean than the 7.9 m.m. rifle. As Major Maydon remarks, the ammunition for the latter rifle can be bought all over the world, which is not the case with many other types.

I have never believed in "Magnum" rifles for African game, as I consider it a mistake to use light, sharp-pointed bullets, notwithstanding the benefit which accrues in a very flat trajectory. What one wants is a bullet that does not break up too easily, and has plenty of drive to get well inside.

The great advantage of using a magazine rifle, often badly balanced compared to a best single falling-block or double, is naturally the rapidity of fire, especially against dangerous game, and its quickness in reloading. With regard to the latter point, a very important one, the old type .256 Mannlicher is far superior to any other magazine rifle, as the clip of five cartridges can be put in just as quickly as a single round can be loaded into a Mauser or Mannlicher-Schonauer action. This is probably the main reason why the old type Mannlicher was so popular with many of a previous generation of big-game men, plus its extreme accuracy and pleasantness of shooting compared to the old "Express" rifles of .450, .500 and other bores.

Perhaps the most sporting type of weapon to use would be a single falling-block, with such an action as Gibbs's bottom lever, or the out-of-date side lever the late Daniel Fraser fitted to his single rifles. This would even up the chances between the hunter and his quarry, and add some risks to the exhilarating sport of hunting dangerous game.

Yours truly,
Belmont, Moffat. DENIS D. LYELL.

LAMENESS IN SHEEP

SIR,—I noted in your issue of November 25th a reply to a reader's query concerning lameness in his sheep. It may, therefore, interest you to have an account of our experience here with this particular complaint, which is, I understand, caused by a bacillus, and is known as *Necrobacillosis*.

We bought about 70 half-bred gimmers in September from the North of England, and within a fortnight about a dozen were showing dark scabs on the pasterns. When these were removed considerable bleeding followed, and the tissue below the scab appeared to be quite rotten, and certainly smelt as though it was. Treatment was of the rough and ready type for a time, until we realised that the complaint was spreading among the other animals in the flock and that more cleanly methods must be employed. Accordingly the following treatment was carried out at daily intervals to the sheep most affected, but as the sores became smaller in size and presented a more healthy appearance less frequent dressings, naturally, became necessary.

Long hair around the sore was first cut away, the scab was then removed, care being exercised to see that it did not fall to the ground and prove a source of further infection. The sore was then bathed to remove all purulent material and dead tissue. The antiseptic solution used for the purpose consisted of potassium permanganate added to the water until it was a port wine shade. Small swabs of cotton wool were used, and these, together with all scabs, etc., were carefully burnt after the dressing of the sheep had been completed. Having thoroughly cleaned the sore it was dried with a swab squeezed practically dry and tincture of iodine then applied. While the dressing is in actual progress all instruments not actually in use are kept in the above antiseptic solution.

This treatment has proved most successful, for at first 31 sheep—all badly affected, some possessing sores as big as a half-crown—were under treatment. This number has dwindled to eleven, and these will, I expect, join the others in ten days' time.

I prefer iodine to vaseline for dressing the cleaned sore, since the former is astringent in its effect, whereas the latter, I think, tends to keep the sore place open. I should also mention that we have isolated all sheep immediately which show signs of infection, although actually no fresh outbreaks have occurred for the past month.

Yours faithfully,
The Lord Wandsworth A. J. MARVAL.
Agricultural College,
Long Sutton, Basingstoke, Hants.

MONKFISH AND GULLS

SIR,—An unusual occurrence happened here a few days ago. One of the local fishermen was "plummeting" (hooking) for mackerel within a mile from the shore.

He noticed an object floating on the water, and steered towards it. He found it to be a large monkfish (*Squalis squatina*), which had just sufficient strength to move its fins and tail. He gaffed it aboard, and noticing a curious bulge in the fish he opened it.

Inside he found two full-grown herring gulls. He tells me the birds were fresh, their feathers clean, and that he could not detect any signs of their having been shot. The monkfish is a ground fish, and rarely rises high in the water in search of prey. I have confirmed the facts from the man who gaffed the fish, and from the fish buyer who purchased it. Have you, or any of your readers known of a similar case? None of the "Ancients" here can recall one. Yours faithfully,

Mevagissey, GUY DE MAUPAS.
Cornwall.

[A very similar case was reported in our letter columns on November 14th, 1931, when two fishermen from Salterton found a monkfish apparently choked by eating gulls. An earlier case was reported in the *Field* of July 23rd, 1881, when a monkfish was found choked by trying to swallow a cormorant. Since monkfish feed largely on flat fish, for which they lie in wait on the bottom, this habit of feeding on gulls is extraordinary. We hope fishermen will keep a look-out for other cases as the matter is of obvious interest.—ED.]

A HANDICAP TO BRITISH SKATERS

SIR,—My attention has only just been called to a letter from Mr. T. D. Richardson, which appeared in your issue of November 18th, in which the following appears: "Last summer at the International Congress at Prague, the I.S.U. ruled out the new or Canadian 'take off' for the inside back edge. The N.S.A. have now decided to allow it in competitions under their Rules. I talked with Major K. M. Beaumont on this point recently, and he agreed with me that this ruling of the N.S.A. is short-sighted. . . ."

As Mr. Richardson's letter appears to have been written under a misapprehension, and as he had no authority to use my name in connection with implied criticism of the N.S.A., I should be much obliged if you would have the goodness to publish the following, which I believe to represent the actual circumstances.

1. The International Skating Union, at its last Congress, referred the matter of the Canadian "take off" to a sub-committee, which was requested to report on the subject to the next Congress two years thence, and in the meantime decided that this method of "take off" should not be permitted in international competitions.

2. To the best of my knowledge, no decision of the N.S.A. had been reached on the subject at the date of Mr. Richardson's letter, or in fact prior to December 6th, when the question was considered by the Figure Departmental Committee. It was then decided that, as the "take off" in question had been barred in international competitions, including championships, it was desirable that it should similarly be barred in all British championships, so that British skaters likely to participate in international competitions would be skating under the same conditions in their national championships. At the same time it was felt that no ruling on the subject should be applied to tests or competitions, other than international competitions and national championships; and a paragraph to this effect will be circulated in the Memorandum accompanying the N.S.A. Handbook circulated to all members.

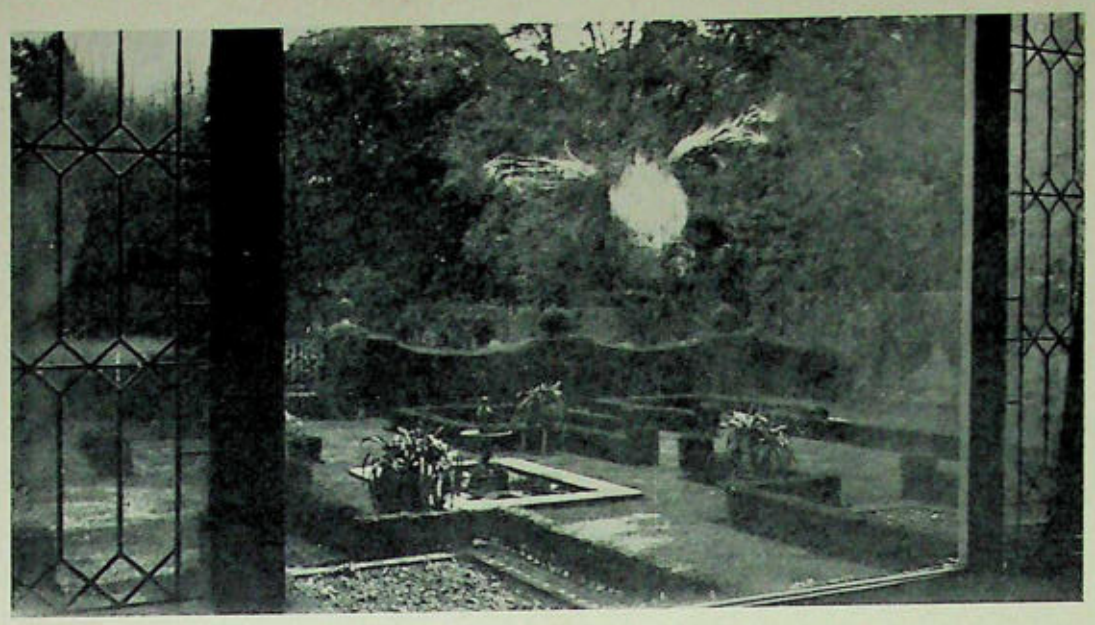
3. While still remaining a member of the Council and Figure Committee of the N.S.A., with which I have been associated for more years than I care to remember, I should never willingly permit my name to be associated with public criticism of any decision of the N.S.A. Yours faithfully,

380, Gresham House, K. M. BEAUMONT.
Old Broad Street, London, E.C. 2.

CLOUDED YELLOW BUTTERFLIES

SIR,—On October 12th I saw a Pale Clouded yellow (*Colias hyale*) flying in the garden and later for a minute on the Michaelmas daisy border—such a perfect specimen that I can only assume that it was recently emerged, though it is late for this to happen. On October 13th, when partridge driving, I saw three separate specimens of clouded yellow (*Colias edusa*) sampling late thistle flowers in Hampshire, and the next day in Wiltshire I saw two more. The Michaelmas daisies also had several comma butterflies (*Polygonia c. album* of the var. *Hutchinsoni*) and in very perfect condition. These are surely very late, but this long summer was abnormal, and even two young house martins were hawking flies on October 13th.

Yours truly,
M. PORTAL.



THE GHOST-LIKE IMPRESSION OF AN OWL
(See Letter "Curious Marking on Window Pane")

CURIOUS MARKING ON WINDOW PANE

SIR,—One day we saw to our astonishment the picture of a large bird on a large plate-glass window of the billiard room of my house. There had been a bright moonlight night and it seemed to have been an owl which had left its ghost-like impression on the glass. From the enclosed photograph the curious impression is quite visible.

I am quite at a loss to explain in what way the markings were produced. The owl must have flown against the window with great force, but we could find no trace of it in the morning.

The photographs were taken about October 10th, and on December 2nd the impression still was partly visible on the window, although some very strong winds and rainstorms have passed over it. I think there must have been some grease in the feathers, for, if the owl had been coming from an old tree or loft which had been whitewashed, the ghostlike impression could not have stayed on the window more than two or three days at most.

The window is a very large plate-glass one, about a quarter of an inch thick, and we have picked up many birds which have flown against it and killed themselves.

A good many of my friends have seen the glass and the photographs, and are very puzzled about the whole thing, and I shall be interested if any of your readers can furnish any explanation of the marks.

I think the owl had been flying on a moonlight night against the reflection of the window. There is a similar window on the other side of the room, and it might even have looked right through the two.

Yours faithfully,
Old Alresford House, C. F. G. R. SCHWERDT.
Alresford, Hants.

A WHITE GROUSE

SIR,—On the Crask beat of the Lairg Estate we saw, on December 1st, what appeared to be a pure white grouse. It was flushed with a small pack of twelve ordinary grouse. Had this bird been bred here it is safe to assume that it would have been noticed before, the beat having been shot over eight times this season. The ground on which the bird was seen is not more than 900ft. above sea level, which rules out the possibility of it having been a ptarmigan, and recently there has been a big influx of grouse to that part of the moor.

It would be of interest if any of your readers know of a white grouse having recently been seen in the neighbourhood of Lairg.

Lairg, Yours faithfully,
Sutherland, N.B. B. CAZENOVE.

A DOG ANGLER

SIR,—The following, which I quote from a letter received on November 10th from a friend in Strathcarron, Ross-shire, may be of interest: "I have a dog which actually took out of a burn a sea-trout of about 6lb.—surely a record for a collie dog. He saw the trout and chased it, lost it once but got it the second time."

Yours faithfully,
Vallay, GEORGE BEVERIDGE.
Lochmaddy, North Uist.

WHERE FOXES AND PHEASANTS THRIVE

SIR,—I enclose you a card of my covert shoot here recently. It shows how very well wild birds have done this season. I rear no pheasants, nor have I done so since the war, and foxes are strictly preserved. On November 25th the Holderness hounds met here, and foxes were found in every covert drawn in spite of the shooting during the three previous days.

Yours faithfully,
Houghton Hall, PHILIP LANGDALE
Sancton, York. (Colonel).

1933 HOUGHTON HALL.

DATE Nov:	No. of Guns	Partridges	Pheasants	Hares	Rabbits	Woodcocks	Snipe	Wild Fowl	Various	TOTAL
22	7	8	449	22	58	2				539
23	6	2	339	30	30	6			2	399
24	6		207	14	14	5			2	242

Sir A. K. Muir; Capt: Hon. H. Fitzgerald Howard; Lord Stafford; Gen[l] Sir A. Wardrop, † Col: Laugdale Hon: G. Yorke shot on 22[nd] † Col: B. Fairfax.

A MOST INTERESTING CARD
(See Letter "Where Foxes and Pheasants Thrive")

PIGS EATING CRAYFISH

SIR,—On several occasions of late years I have seen large pigs in a rapidly-running part of the River Misbourne wading about and turning over stones, and, finding some food which they evidently enjoyed eating. I could not see what it was, but my man, who is an acute observer, has several times seen crayfish in their mouths before the pigs had started mastication.

This may be well known to others, but I have never heard of it.

Yours faithfully,
37, Cavendish Square, W. 1. C. SCHELLING.

"IS SHOOTING BECOMING TOO SOFT?"

SIR,—On September 2nd an article appeared in the *Field* entitled "Is Shooting Becoming Too Soft?" The article was signed "R. M. C." This has been attributed to me by a considerable number of people, both in East Africa and at Home.

I should be extremely grateful if you would be kind enough to publish this letter in order to show that I was not the author of the article in question.

Yours, truly,
Machakos, RICHARD M. CROFTON.
Kenya Colony.

SALMON IN NEWFOUNDLAND

SIR,—Some little time ago an article appeared in the *Field* describing the opportunities available for salmon and sea trout fishing in Newfoundland. Upon inquiries being made on behalf of several anglers who have been in the habit of going to Norway and Finland, and who would prefer to do their fishing within the Empire, it was found that the steamship charges (apparently owing to an agreement amongst the shipowners) for the voyage of about six days were such as to discourage entirely the man of ordinary means from making the journey.

If the owners of the passenger boats are not prepared to grant facilities, would it not be possible for some of the larger cargo ships to take a limited number of passengers, as many lines already do in other parts of the world?

Yours faithfully,
Wellington Club, FREDK. J. RATCLIFFE.
Reading.

BIRDS AT SEA

SIR,—With reference to the letter "A Linnet at Sea" in your issue of November 11th, it may interest Mr. Seago and other readers to know that on several occasions during the last two years a hawk has been seen perched on our lower main yard, in the lee of the main top, when our ship was out of sight of land. Once, indeed, a cuckoo was seen flying close to the ship about 20 miles from the north coast of Africa.

It would be interesting to know what a hawk would be doing about 50 miles from land, as in one case when we were in the Bay of Biscay.

H.M.S. Royal Oak, Yours truly,
Mediterranean Fleet, G. GOODDEN.
At Malta.

HIND AND A DEAD STAG

SIR,—With regard to "R. M.'s" story of his day's stalking and his account of the behaviour of the hind, it may be of interest to your readers to hear an experience I had in June, 1931, when stalking roe in Dorset.

I had been after a particularly nice head for two years previously, and this buck never seemed to move far from a certain part of Milton Park Wood, so that on this morning I write of I was out at 4.30; the mist was fairly thick, and when I got to the spot where the buck usually worked I saw him standing on a knoll 75yds. away, broadside and an easy shot. He went down stone dead, his doe, whom I had also seen on previous occasions, galloped across the valley, and I last saw her moving into some hazel bushes on the opposite slope.

As it was yet quite early, I decided to go on to see what else I could, leaving the buck, after bleeding it, where it dropped. At 8.20, when I was working my way back to pick him up, I noticed, whilst still a quarter of a mile away, a movement near the dead buck. Through my field glasses I saw the doe grazing quite peacefully within 3yds. of the dead roe. She was in full sight of the body, and seemed to work a circle round it whilst feeding.

On my approaching nearer she got my wind and moved off, barking, in the same direction she took when I first fired at the buck. She did not seem greatly alarmed, and I am convinced was watching me when I slung the dead beast to carry it home.

Did the doe still think the buck alive but asleep? Or did some instinct make her return to the body of her mate? I rather lean to the latter theory.

Yours truly,
"DAWN."
17, St. Mary Abbots Terrace, W. 14.

BY AIR
TO YOUR SPORT IN AFRICA OR INDIA

Do you realise the wonderful opportunity Imperial Airways offers to sportsmen? A month's holiday from England gives you a fortnight's shooting in East Africa or India, if you go by air. Or if you are simply in search of the sun, Imperial Airways will take you to Athens in 2 days, Cairo in 3 days, and through Africa to Cape Town in 10 days

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Stuarts

WATER DIVINING

SIR,—Many years ago Professor Ray Lankester made a scientific investigation in this subject and recorded his experiments with various well-known diviners in some magazine or book, possibly *Science From an Easy Chair*. I forget the details, but I remember that the results of his inquiry were unconvincing, and that when the subjects were blindfolded they were unable to find the place where before, with open eyes, they had experienced the presence of water. If there has been any real scientific examination of the claims of diviners since Lankester's I think it would be interesting if you could tell us where it is reported. My own experience makes me sign myself.

Yours truly,
AGNOSTIC.

Eastleach,
Lechlade,
Gloucestershire.

"MORALITY AND 'OSSMANSHIP"

SIR,—The quotation which the Countess of Oxford and Asquith has in mind is from *Handley Cross*, Chapter 18. Mr. Jorrocks is delivering his first sporting "Lector," and says:

"Well did that great man, I think it was Walter Scott, but if it warn't, 'twas little Bartley, the boot-maker, say, that there was no young man wot would not rather have a himputation on his morality, than on his 'ossmanship."

"Yours to serve," as "J. J." used to say-

R. H. M.
Tunbridge Wells.

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SIR,—It was obvious enough how birds suffered from the intense heat of the past summer, and amongst the worst sufferers were the nesting gulls. I spent a fortnight last June photographing birds on the Cornish seaboard, and the state of the herring and greater black-backed gulls nesting there was pitiable. In the blazing sun every sitting bird panted continually, for the number of sheltered nests was very small. The young gulls were in an even worse condition than their parents. Most of them left the nest soon after hatching, in search of shade. But the majority of nests being quite unprotected on the exposed rocks, there were many dead bodies. The boulders on the shore became so hot that as the tide came in they steamed and, of course, it was quite impossible to walk barefoot on them.

My photograph of a greater black-backed gull incubating shows something of the bird's distress. I need not mention what it was like within the hide.

Yours truly,
ROBERT ATKINSON.
St. Catharine's College,
Cambridge.



"AS PANTS THE GULL"
(See Letter "Birds in this Year's Heat-wave")

COLOUR IN HORSES

SIR,—In a recent *Field* I notice that one of your correspondents mentions the fact that no one seems to breed piebalds or skewbalds in this country.

In the neighbourhood of Blakeney and Cley-next-the-Sea, in Norfolk, a large quantity of skewbalds are bred; they are mostly of the light carthorse type, and are worked on the local farms, although a few of the lighter ones find their way to circuses.

It is curious that it is only in this one very small portion of Norfolk that they are at all numerous.

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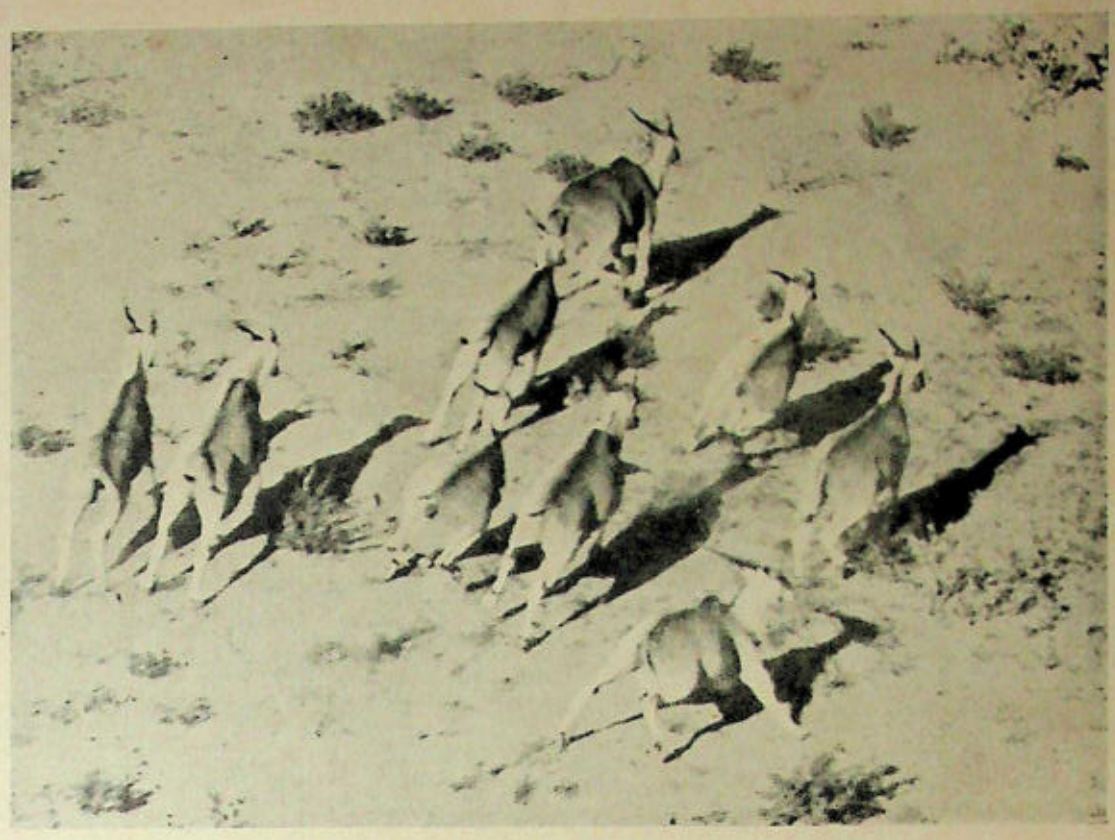
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Yours faithfully,
A. E. STEWART (Colonel).
Dalgarno,
Glen Gairn, Ballater.



FEAR CAUSED BY UNNECESSARY LOW FLYING
(See Letter "Frightened by Aeroplanes")

FRIGHTENED BY AEROPLANES

SIR,—I enclose a photograph which perhaps may be of interest in view of the recent African Fauna Conference in London. The picture appeared in *L'illustration* about three weeks ago, and shows a troop of eland flying, in an obviously terrified state, before an aeroplane. The photograph was apparently taken by an airman on the recently opened air-mail route from Windhoek to Kimberley, and I think it effectively illustrates the unnecessary terror which is caused to animals by unscrupulous aviators—and would make it clear that the sooner a law is passed to prohibit low-flying over these areas, the better.

Yours faithfully,
G. O. CRITCHLEY.
London, S.W.

HOW DOES THE SNIPE DRUM?

SIR,—Correspondents interested in this subject will find the problem examined and fully explained in a pamphlet "On the Bleating or Drumming of the Snipe," by P. H. Bahr, B.A., F.Z.S., published June 12th, 1907, from the Proceedings of the Zoological Society. That the active agents in causing the bleating noise are the two outer tail feathers can be definitely proved by experiment.

During the action of drumming the bird holds its tail in the shape of a fan, but the two outer tail feathers are held out stiffly with a gap between them and the fan. The special position of these two feathers can be observed, when a snipe is drumming, with good field-glasses. The typical bleating noise can be exactly reproduced experimentally if these two feathers from a snipe's tail are fixed in a cork and used in accordance with the careful instructions given in the pamphlet above referred to.

Yours faithfully,
F. A. B.
Flintshire.

RARE HAWK MOTH IN BERKSHIRE

SIR,—My letter on the above subject has led to a correspondence with Mr. Eustace which proves beyond doubt that the 30 larvæ taken were indeed those of the bedstraw hawk moth (*Deilephila galii*). Coloured drawings were made of the larvæ, and although taken on a strange food-plant, they exhibited the sun-loving habit of the species—feeding by day well up the plant, even among the flowers. These facts would have been conclusive, as the elephant hawk (*Chaerocampa elpenor*) is mainly nocturnal in its habits, but the issue is settled beyond doubt by the emergence of eleven moths, the remaining pupæ probably lying over until the spring. The majority were found on one large bed of willow-herb, and the remaining few on small isolated patches about half-a-mile away, probably the progeny of one single female.

This is an exceedingly interesting capture. Not only have I heard of no other specimen this year, but, as far as I can trace, it is the first case of *galii* feeding at large on willow-herb. I congratulate Mr. Eustace, and am extremely pleased that the record of this beautiful moth occurring once again in Britain is established beyond doubt.

Yours faithfully,
RUSSELL JAMES, F.R.E.S.
The Dial House,
Ongar Park, Essex.

A Beautiful Skin and Soft, White Hands



Skin beauty . . . delicate hands and a radiantly clear face . . . quickly follows the regular use of Larola. Hands that have had harsh treatment or exposure to winter weather instantly yield to the soothing influence of this world-renowned skin emollient, and are made beautifully soft and white. Larola is also essential to the face, cleansing and stimulating the pores of the skin and imparting a petal-like softness. Larola makes an ideal powder base.

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M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND
Write for a copy of the interesting and informative Larola Booklet, "The Cult of Beauty." Sent free.



AFTER A FIVE-HOUR BATTLE
(See Letter "Big Game Fishing Off Chile")

A MOLE'S LONG SWIM

SIR,—At the end of September I was sitting at the head of a hill loch in Western Ross (the day was bright and the loch exceptionally calm) when I was astonished to see that a slight movement in the water was caused by a mole which came by swimming slowly and strongly down the centre of the loch. I followed its passage with field glasses for more than a mile, when it was lost to view in a slight ripple which sprang up in the breeze. The mole was still keeping a perfectly straight passage down the centre of the loch and making no attempt to swim inshore or alter its course in any way.

This loch is four miles long, and it must be a matter of conjecture as to whether the mole reached the other end! As I was at the head of the loch when it took to the water I could see nothing to account for this strange expedition, and there was apparently no enemy in pursuit. I should be interested to know whether moles often take to water in this way. Yours truly,

C. MITFORD.

The Ferry House,
Ullapool.

[Moles are expert swimmers, but we do not know what constitutes the record swim.—ED.]

BIG GAME FISHING OFF CHILE

SIR,—Mr. W. E. Sanger Tuker, who has been fishing off Tocopilla, Chile, made the catch shown in the illustration, which he thinks is a record for a broadbill swordfish. The monster weighs 619lb., and is 11ft. 11in. long. Mr. Tuker caught it with rod and line after a five-hours' battle, which, he declares, "was very good exercise!" Mr. Tuker is seen on the right-hand side of the picture looking proudly up at his catch. Yours truly,

C. E. R. ALFORD.

Heale Bungalow,
Speyside-on-Sea, Tobago, B.W.I.

[This is a remarkable fish, though a larger broadbill (673lb.) has been caught off the New Zealand coast.—ED.]

Bat Attacked by Sparrowhawk.—With reference to Mr. Macintyre's letter on this subject, it may be of interest that I once saw a similar incident in broad daylight one afternoon in the Park, Sherborne, Dorset. I was watching a large bat flying to and fro at the edge of a spinney, when suddenly a sparrowhawk dashed out of the trees, seized the bat, and carried it squeaking for about 30yds. It then let go, and the bat flew off unharmed.—PETER HOGG, New College, Oxford.

"Peculiar Behaviour of Thrushes."—Referring to Mr. Parry's letter on this subject, I think the "peculiar behaviour" can be accounted for by the fact that the birds in question had hit a telegraph wire and were in a stunned condition. I have seen a partridge stand in the same mazed way after hitting a wire fence.—A. W. M. BUDGETT, Nethercott, Iddesleigh, N. Devon.

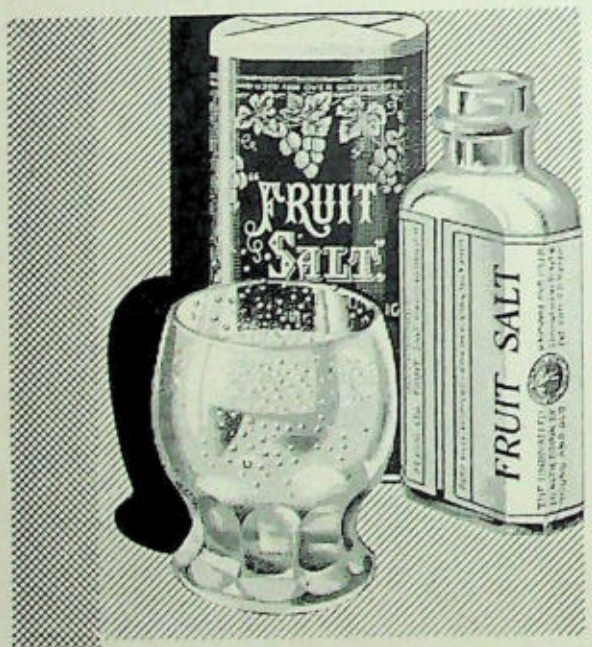
Marked Teal.—On November 22nd, at Auchenfranco, about seven miles from Dumfries, I shot a teal which was found to have a leg-ring bearing the inscription: "P. Skovgaard, Viborg, Danmark. M 1329."—W. G. M. DOBIE, Benula, Maxwelltown, Dumfries.

FIXED TRUST INVESTMENTS

THE principle of Fixed Trust Investment is now becoming fairly well known in this country, and its popularity is exemplified by the growth in the number of fixed trusts during the past year or two. The trusts are a convenience to the small or moderately small investor who is able to obtain through them an interest in a number of leading fixed investments. The trust purchases a group of investments known as a unit, and issues to the investor certificates representing sub-units, or shares, in this group of securities. The dividends paid on the investments held are collected and distributed by the trustees. The National Fixed Investment Trust introduced in June, 1932, certificates, purchasable for £25 and upwards, representing a holding in "Unit A" consisting of shares of 27 first-class British companies. So popular have these proved that certificates are now also obtainable in "Unit B," representing a holding in a further list of 20 first-class British companies, the certificates giving a yield of about 4¼ per cent. The Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Co. acts as trustee for the National Fixed Trust, and also for the British Empire Fixed Trust, which is now issuing certificates for investments of about £15 and upwards, representing holdings in a most interesting list of Empire securities. This list includes shares in the Bank of England, some of Britain's leading industrial undertakings, Burmah Oil and Trinidad Leaseholds, Guinness's Brewery and Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Co., the gross yield at the price of 18/9 per sub-unit being about £4 13s. per cent. on the basis of the dividends paid by the companies, in which the investments are held, for the last complete year. The yield is a good one considering the chance of capital appreciation which these shares offer.

A further opportunity for fixed trust investment is offered by the certificates for the Commercial Fixed Trust. In this case the sub-units at 20/6 yield about 4½ per cent. on the basis of the dividends paid for the past year by the companies in which shares are held. The initial purchase must be not less than 20 sub-units. The list of securities held is again an interesting selection combining safety of income with the chance of capital appreciation in a way which makes the fixed trust attractive to the ordinary investor who has neither the means nor the time to make such a selection for himself. In the case of the Commercial Fixed Trust the National Provincial Bank acts as trustee and will distribute dividends to investors on June 15th and December 15th.

QUIDAM.



Liverish? Good health cannot come from a system shirking its normal duties. Be wise. Keep clean "inside." Take ENO's 'FRUIT SALT' first thing every morning.

ENO'S

'FRUIT SALT'

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IN THE CITY

THE REWARD OF ENTERPRISE

THE preferred ordinary shares of £1 of S. Smith and Sons (Motor Accessories) Limited can at present be bought at 48/9 to yield nearly 5¼ per cent. on the basis of the 14 per cent. dividend paid in respect of the year ended August 5th, 1933.

The company was formed in 1914—20 days before the declaration of War—to carry on the business of manufacturers of motor accessories. Satisfactory and increasing profits were derived from this business for several years up to and including that ended August, 1929, when profits began to dwindle. The directors of the company then refused to be drawn into cut-throat competition with other concerns in the same line of trade, and sold the department of the company's business that concerned the manufacture of magnetos and electric lighting and starting apparatus to Joseph Lucas Limited. There was no question of an amalgamation between the two companies, but they arrived at an eminently sensible and friendly agreement.

S. Smith & Sons then concentrated more seriously on other lines of trade, and to-day, in addition to the motor accessory trade, the company holds the position of the largest manufacturer of aircraft instruments—such as speed indicators, revolution indicators, pressure gauges, etc.—in Europe. It also owns the entire share capital of K.L.G. Sparking Plugs Limited, and a 75 per cent. interest in British Jaeger Investments Limited—the agents selling "Jaeger" instruments in this country.

But perhaps the most interesting and the most promising of the more recent developments of the company's business is that of clock-making. Most people have by now seen advertisements in the papers inviting them to "plug in to Greenwich time with Smith's Synchronous Electric Clocks," but many people may not have realised that the company making these clocks is a wholly-owned subsidiary of S. Smith & Sons (Motor Accessories) Limited. At present not one house in 20 owns one of these electric clocks, but it seems to the writer that in time to come a clock that has to be wound up and regulated will be regarded as an interesting antique, and that there is a really big future for firms supplying the electric clock that needs no attention. In this connection it is interesting to note that Ericssons—a name familiar to and perhaps not unpopular with regular readers of these notes—has recently bought a licence from S. Smith & Sons to manufacture their clocks in European countries.

A BRILLIANT RECOVERY

The following figures illustrate the gradually increasing profits to 1928-29, the decline in the company's fortunes, and the remarkable recovery brought about by the enterprise of the management:

Year ended August 1st. (Approx.)	Net Profit.	Preferred Ordinary Capital, Percentage Earned	Dividend paid (per cent.).
1924 ...	£24,694 ...	...	...
1925 ...	55,652 ...	...	...
1926 ...	73,336 ...	33.1 ...	7.0
1927 ..	101,432 ...	37.8 ...	14.0
1928 ...	110,522 ...	37.1 ...	17.5
1929 ...	114,089 ...	29.8 ...	17.5
1930 ...	96,547 ...	20.0 ...	12.25
1931 ...	53,231 ...	7.6 ...	7.0
1932 ...	61,647 ...	10.4 ...	7.0
1933 ...	100,265 ...	20.9 ...	14.0

Half a million preference shares were issued early in 1927, and in January, 1929, the preferred capital was increased from £150,000 to £200,000, which facts explain the smaller percentage available for distribution to preferred stockholders in respect of 1928-29 in spite of the increased profit.

The issued capital is now as under:

7½ per cent. cumulative preference shares of £1 each	£500,000
7 per cent. non-cumulative preferred ordinary shares of £1 each	200,000
Deferred ordinary shares of 1/ each .	56,000
	£756,000

The preferred ordinary shares entitle their holders to a fixed dividend of 7 per cent. and to divide the remaining available profits equally with the holders of the deferred capital. In the event of liquidation the preferred shareholders would be entitled to repayment of 53/4 per share before any distribution was made to the deferred shareholders.

A sound industrial share that yields such a satisfactory rate of income return, and offers scope for substantial capital appreciation, is something of a rarity nowadays, and the above preferred ordinary shares thus appear an attractive purchase for those who do not object to incurring a moderate risk.

PACTOLUS.

WATER DIVINING

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(See Letter "Birds in this Year's Heat-wave")

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(Colonel).
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Glen Gairn, Ballater.



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(See Letter "Frightened by Aeroplanes")

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HOW DOES THE SNIPE DRUM?

SIR,—Correspondents interested in this subject will find the problem examined and fully explained in a pamphlet "On the Bleating or Drumming of the Snipe," by P. H. Bahr, B.A., F.Z.S., published June 12th, 1907, from the Proceedings of the Zoological Society. That the active agents in causing the bleating noise are the two outer tail feathers can be definitely proved by experiment.

During the action of drumming the bird holds its tail in the shape of a fan, but the two outer tail feathers are held out stiffly with a gap between them and the fan. The special position of these two feathers can be observed, when a snipe is drumming, with good field-glasses. The typical bleating noise can be exactly reproduced experimentally if these two feathers from a snipe's tail are fixed in a cork and used in accordance with the careful instructions given in the pamphlet above referred to.

Yours faithfully,
F. A. B.
Flintshire.

RARE HAWK MOTH IN BERKSHIRE

SIR,—My letter on the above subject has led to a correspondence with Mr. Eustace which proves beyond doubt that the 30 larvæ taken were indeed those of the bedstraw hawk moth (*Deilephila galii*). Coloured drawings were made of the larvæ, and although taken on a strange food-plant, they exhibited the sun-loving habit of the species—feeding by day well up the plant, even among the flowers. These facts would have been conclusive, as the elephant hawk (*Chaerocampa elpenor*) is mainly nocturnal in its habits, but the issue is settled beyond doubt by the emergence of eleven moths, the remaining pupæ probably lying over until the spring. The majority were found on one large bed of willow-herb, and the remaining few on small isolated patches about half-a-mile away, probably the progeny of one single female.

This is an exceedingly interesting capture. Not only have I heard of no other specimen this year, but, as far as I can trace, it is the first case of *galii* feeding at large on willow-herb. I congratulate Mr. Eustace, and am extremely pleased that the record of this beautiful moth occurring once again in Britain is established beyond doubt.

Yours faithfully,
RUSSELL JAMES, F.R.E.S.
The Dial House,
Ongar Park, Essex.

A Beautiful Skin and Soft, White Hands

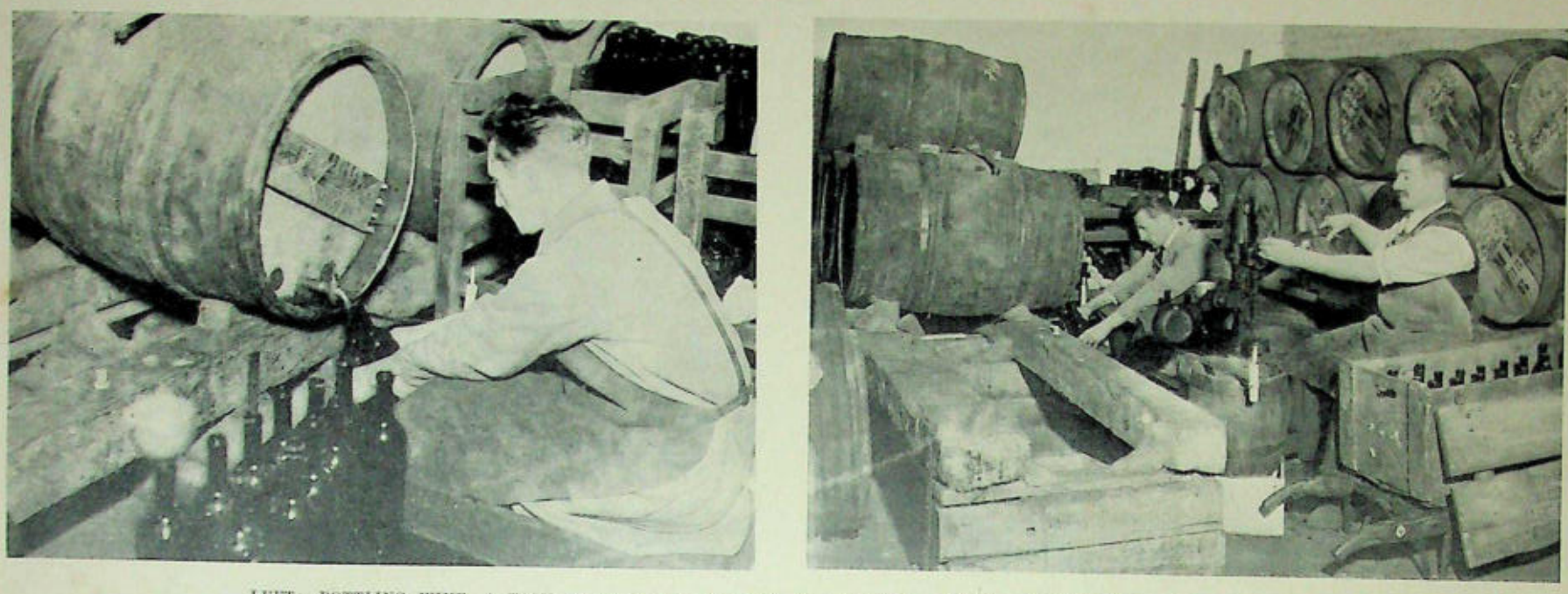


Skin beauty . . . delicate hands and a radiantly clear face . . . quickly follows the regular use of Larola. Hands that have had harsh treatment or exposure to winter weather instantly yield to the soothing influence of this world-renowned skin emollient, and are made beautifully soft and white. Larola is also essential to the face, cleansing and stimulating the pores of the skin and imparting a petal-like softness. Larola makes an ideal powder base.

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LEFT: BOTTLING WINE, A TASK THAT IS NOT SO EASY AS IT LOOKS. RIGHT: THE CORKING MACHINE IN USE

The art of bottling is more difficult than might be supposed, for besides passing bottles under the tap in such a way as to avoid waste, the operator has to test each bottle for cleanliness and soundness. Once started, the entire cask, in the case of unfortified wines, must be bottled without the tap being turned off. The man corking has to check the height to which the bottle is filled

WINES FOR CHRISTMAS

Some Hints on Their Choice

WINE at Christmas! Too few consider with care the choice of wine, either for their own requirements or for giving as presents. Briefly, in reviewing any list of wines, it is advisable to give a piece of sound advice, and that is to tell would-be purchasers, at this or any other time of the year, to go to a reputable wine merchant and ask his advice. It may be more convenient to go to the wine department of some general establishment, but the knowledge of wine of the man behind the counter in such a place is rarely gained from personal acquaintance with wine itself.

In the list let us first take sherry. It is quite unnecessary to pay a fancy price for any variety of this—the most useful of all wines; between 5/– and 6/– a bottle is enough. Sherry is divided into groups ranging from the very dry Manzanillas to the rich Old Browns, passing through the Amontillados and Olorosos on the way. The sherries for normal use at a sherry party may be found in the Amontillado group, with possibly as an alternative for those who prefer a richer wine in something of an Oloroso style.

George Saintsbury (whose appreciation of sherry was founded on an infinite knowledge of that wine) once said that it was perfectly feasible to ring the changes with different varieties of sherry through the most elaborate dinner party. He suggested that one should commence with the driest of Manzanillas with oysters, work through Montilla with soup and fish, an Amontillado with entrées and roast, and an Amoroso with sweets, finishing after dinner with the oldest and brownest of brown sherries. A thing to appreciate about sherry is that it improves in the decanter.

From the vineyards of the Rhine come hocks and moselles; this latter, the daintiest of all, is the perfect wine to start with when it is intended that a variety of wines shall be drunk at a meal. The attractiveness of young moselle is a thing so often missed by those whose knowledge of wine is small. To-day the 1931 moselle is perfect, and the price of a good bottle should be about 5/–. To appreciate any wine fully it must be served in a glass capable of developing the bouquet. No wine, with the possible exception of claret, has a more delicate "nose" than moselle. In the choice of hock, the 1929's must be considered. These are generous wines, but they are good ones, though expensive, but when one appreciates the price of the German mark, the reason for this is easily understood.

It seems to me that the boisterousness of Christmas is hardly the time when the finer points of claret can be discussed, and I suggest that claret is for the gathering of connoisseurs, rather than for the convivial party. And so to champagne. There is more misguided snobbery shown in the choice of champagne than in any other wine. Among the vintage wines of the unfashionable marks and among the non-vintage wines of all champagnes may be found some very fine specimens. It is folly to buy champagne on its price alone, particularly if one is buying down to a figure, but any reputable wine merchant will gladly suggest varieties to choose from. The price in any case should be in the neighbourhood of 12/– a bottle.

To sum up the wines of Burgundy in a few words is the most difficult task, for they need much consideration. The white ones—Chablis, Montrachet, and others are held by some to be the finest of all wines, while of the red Burgundies one can only say to the uninformed, "be wary."

In the fewest possible words: the '26's are excellent, but the ordinary names such as Beaune and Pommard convey little, and should be as a general rule avoided by the uninitiated. A good burgundy should cost about 5/– a bottle.

If it is intended that vintage port should be included in the Christmas list, this should be laid in at once in order that it should have time to recover from its journey. The 1920 and the 1922 ports have developed fast, and are now quite ready for drinking. Again the merchant must be consulted as to the characteristics of the wine of the various shippers. The price again will be in the neighbourhood of 6/– a bottle.

It is as well to remember at Christmas one excellent rule—"grape with grape," and to confine one's attention after dinner to the noblest of all liqueurs, old brandy. The public taste has been so vitiated with doctored brandy, and the public intelligence has been so insulted with the unlimited supplies of alleged 1865 brandy, that it is difficult to persuade people to believe that a genuine undoctored "fine champagne" is magnificent brandy, or that 1906 is a vintage worthy of their consideration; and yet these are facts. A bottle of brandy of this character, and I ask for no better, should cost about 25/–.

As Christmas calls for a hot punch, I propose to include a recipe. Here it is:

One part of lemon juice, two parts of brandy, three parts of rum, six parts of boiling water, and sugar to your taste. May you enjoy your Christmas wine, choose wisely, and drink well. C. S.

[Our photographs were taken by kind permission of Messrs. H. B. Fearon Block & Co., Ltd., 39, Holborn Viaduct, whose cellars, besides being among the largest in London, are of great historical interest. A curious situation has arisen in the St. Andrew's Bar, which is attached to this establishment, part of it being in the Borough of Holborn, and part in the City of London. A dividing line has therefore had to be drawn between the two areas; on the City side drinks may be sold half an hour before the Holborn side has opened.]

CHARITABLE APPEALS

ALTHOUGH at this time of the year there are many calls made upon the pocket, it is a season when those institutions which work unceasingly to relieve suffering and distress should be remembered. The Cancer Hospital, in Fulham Road, London, S.W. 3, is a case in point of a great work which needs constant support.

For the Ex-Services Welfare Society, 51–53, Victoria Street, London, S.W. 1, the President is making a strong appeal for the mentally disabled ex-Service men.

The British Sailors' Society, 680, Commercial Road, London, E. 14, will this year provide, for the 116th time, Christmas Cheer for Sailors, their widows and orphans the world over.

The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C. 2, should also be remembered at this season, and the Church Army, 35, Bryanston Square, London, W. 1, which provides Christmas cheer and help for the destitute. Other equally deserving causes are: The British Home and Hospital for Incurables, 73, Cheapside, London, E.C. 2, and the Disabled Men's Handicrafts, Ltd., who sell wool rugs, soft toys, etc., for which inquiries should be addressed to Mrs. Ernest C. Thomas, Room 412, County Chambers, Corporation Street, Birmingham.



PART OF A CELLAR IN ONE OF LONDON'S LARGEST WINE VAULTS

New Books

AN ANIMAL ANTHOLOGY

Golden Retrievers—America's Furthest South

MR. ERNEST SETON THOMPSON has collected together into an omnibus volume 116 stories under the title of *Famous Animal Stories*. In a short foreword he explains that he has divided animal stories into four well-marked types of the Myth, the Fable, the Animal Fairy Tale, and the Literally True. This division is an interesting one, and it is certainly more generally embracing than that which most of us would have made. To the ordinary reader, or the ordinary *Field* reader at any rate, an animal story denotes one describing the life of an animal either from a point of view of the animal itself, or from the point of view of a human being brought into contact with it.

Of these last two the latter is judged by every man according to his own approach to animals. There is no real criterion of them except to what extent they carry conviction. After all, what do we really know of the mentality of animals? We know nothing at all. But that is just where the ordinary animal story fails. It writes of an animal's mentality in terms of a man's. It divests the animal's mind of the few often rather base instincts which it possesses, and although it accurately describes its actions it makes those actions attributable to motives springing from a human mentality. Thus stories such as *Tarka the Otter*, admirable though they be in their own way or from the standpoint of a work of art, are apt to give rise to a false view of animals and to raise humanitarian feeling of the wrong sort.

Let me try to give an elementary instance of what I mean, taken from a field in which it would be impossible to suggest that the *Field* is not on the side of the angels. An account of the life of a linnet in a cage written from the point of view of what a man would feel if he was in a cage is not, however well-intentioned, fair comment. An account of what a man saw of the life of a linnet in a cage and of the delight that it showed when it was set free *is* fair comment. The Poet Laureate's *Reynard the Fox* is a great poem, but at times it errs in giving the fox too high a feeling of sentiment. The account of a fox's thoughts when hunted written by the huntsman eager to kill him would be nearer the mark. A story of the *Maltese Cat* variety probably describes the animal mind better than the *Tarka the Otter* type, for all the detailed knowledge of the latter.

It may be said that this is one of those books which are small libraries in themselves sold at the remarkably low price which the best modern publishing seems to make possible. Kingsley's "Perseus and the Medusa," a number of Æsop's Fables, Mark Twain's Scientific Expedition, "The *Jaberwork*," Walt Whitman's "Mocking Bird," several of the best of Andrew Lang, Balzac's "Passion in the Desert," and a large selection from the editor's own writings and titles taken from the volume to show that there is something here to suit all tastes. Yet personally I would wish for a volume which deals only with animals as man knows and loves them. R. M.

Famous Animal Stories. Edited by Ernest Seton Thompson. (John Lane, The Bodley Head; 8/6.)

FOR THE DOG OWNER

The Story of a Great Breed

LET me say at once that I like this book enormously, it is quite the best book of the sort devoted to dogs that I have read for a long time.

Mrs. Charlesworth has ever since she commenced breeding Goldens in 1908 been the most ardent and unwearying champion of the breed, and has been faithful to it to the exclusion of all others. She has certainly done more to rout its detractors—of whom there were many in the early days—than anyone else. She was, indeed, the second person in the country to breed the Golden Retriever as we know him to-day, and it was she, too, who founded the Golden Retriever Club in 1911, which has done so much to bring the breed into its present-day prominence not only on the show bench but at the heels of keen and experienced dog-loving "guns" and into the line at Field Trials. In this, the first book dealing with the breed, she sets out clearly the excellent characteristics in the "Golden's" disposition, showing that he provides that ideal of the sportsman, the perfect companion and an excellent shooting dog.

The origin of the breed has been somewhat obscure, and so the authoress devotes several pages to its history and shows how the dog has been evolved by a cross from the very hardy Russian tracker dog and the Bloodhound, the combined instincts of which should indeed produce, with capable training, the ideal Retriever, for he is equally at home in the water as on land. I have never owned a "Golden" in my kennel of gundogs, but it is impossible to resist her enthusiasm for the breed, and I shall certainly have to include one in the near future.

There has always been some doubt in the minds of certain breeders as to what points regarding conformation and colour go to the making of the



FROM "LIONS WILD AND FRIENDLY." BY E. F. V. WELLS. (CASSELL; 8/6)

perfect animal, but these matters are carefully and authoritatively enumerated, and explained in great detail, so no uncertainty should be possible in future.

Of its 115 pages only 37 deal exclusively with the "Golden," the remaining 78 containing quite the best condensed instructions and hints on mating, the rearing and training of puppies and showing dogs that I have ever read; while the chapter on diet and medicine practically dispenses with the need of any veterinary book on canine matters for the ordinary individual, as practically all the everyday ailments are dealt with in a most succinct and simple manner. It is certainly the first book to which I shall turn in future for guidance when in doubt upon any matter with which it deals. D. L.

The Book of the Golden Retriever. By W. M. Charlesworth. (The Field; 7/6.)

IN THE LAND OF MAGELLAN

An Addition to Travel Literature

WHERE TEMPESTS BLOW is, in the words of its author, "the daily or occasional record of a private expedition, with no missionary, commercial or scientific objective, into little-known or unexplored parts of the Magellan territory . . ." Mr. Mason chartered the Violeta, a fifteen-ton steam launch, condemned ten years before by the Chilean Navy as unfit even for harbour work. He provisioned her for two months, engaged a Latin crew of four, and then put out to sea. The large-scale charts he took with him were of small assistance except in the outer channels, for little or no investigation has been made of the hinterland. Thus it was that Mr. Mason found several undiscovered bays and peaks in country branded "Inesplorado" on the maps.

Young men with a bent for exploration, of whom there must be an inexhaustible supply judging by the number of minor expeditions that go forth from Oxford and Cambridge, would do well to turn their attention to Patagonia. It is in the same latitude in the South as Labrador is in the North, and, as is not generally known, similar "arctic" conditions prevail there in winter. To explore part of South America by polar methods would be an interesting experiment. No doubt the great glaciers of the Andes (one of which, about five miles broad and roughly 200ft. in height, was discovered by Mr. Mason) could be climbed by a sledging party as easily as those of Greenland. And the expedition would live at its base according to the best traditions of Scott and Shackleton, eating the seals and penguins carried up from the South by the cold current of Antarctica.

That nightmare of the unprepared polar navigator, the fear of being "frozen-in" for the winter, assailed Mr. Mason when the engines of the Violeta broke down, inevitably, on their way back. However, somehow she managed to limp through to her journey's end, nobody having suffered any worse privation than that of being obliged to live for a time on a ration of lentils and ship's biscuits.

Mr. Mason has given us a luxury travel book. He has illustrated it with thumb-nail sketches of the kind that one draws for children—but for which an editor of a children's paper would pay highly. And the eighteen photographs taken by the author's wife are quite superb; both in technique and reproduction they are worthy of a professional's exhibition. M. L.

Where Tempests Blow. By Michael Mason. (Hodder & Stoughton; 12/6.)

BOOKS IN BRIEF

R. G. Mathews has written an illustrated and very charming book of the sea called *Sailing Magic*, published by Eyre & Spottiswoode for 25/-. It will find a welcome home on the shelves of any yachtsman.

The lion is Britain's emblem, and with the tiger and the elephant probably the most interesting animal alive. So others besides naturalists will welcome Mr. E. F. V. Wells' book, *Lions Wild and Friendly* (Cassell; 8/6), full of information and very well illustrated.

All who follow the thrills of motor racing know Captain Eyston, and when they have read *Flat Out* (John Miles; 6/-), to which Sir Malcolm Campbell has written a preface, they will feel that they share his races as if they were taking part in them.

Sudden, by Oliver Strange (Newnes; 7/6), is a welcome addition to the stories about this attractive character of the Wild West. The atmosphere of the cow-punching country is admirably portrayed, and Sudden's cool, collected courage, to say nothing of his truly amazing accuracy with a "gun," carry the reader from page to page, if anything, all too quickly.

It would have been an advantage if those responsible for the production of the *Point-to-Point Calendar* (published at 146, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C. 2, at 2/6 net) had arranged the results of the various Point-to-Point meetings in alphabetical rather than chronological order. The result would have been utility rather than confusion in an otherwise admirably arranged volume, which will act as a very useful guide to form when the Point-to-Point season comes round once more.

"Now is the time to buy land," we are told, and so a close perusal of *Investment in Property*, by Ronald Sunnucks, will repay itself. (The Banbury Publishing Company; 2 vols., 1/- each.)

All horse-lovers know the Quadriga on Constitution Hill. Now its sculptor, Captain Adrian Jones, has given us reminiscences hardly less delightful, published by Stanley Paul at 12/6, and called *Memoirs of a Soldier Artist*.

In *Sport in Silhouette* (*Country Life*; 10/6 net), to which Major-General Geoffrey White writes an introduction, Wilfrid Jelf has compiled a series of delightfully light sketches covering a wide field of sport from the racecourse and the hunting field, the polo ground, Olympia, and Lord's, to that of the rifle and the 12-bore gun. For these Gilbert Holiday has furnished some of his finest illustrations.

A History of the Corinthian Football Club, by F. N. S. Creek (Longmans, Green & Co.; 10/6) is a book which is mostly devoted to statistics. Finely illustrated, the book is a valuable record of the Corinthian Football Club since it originated in 1882.

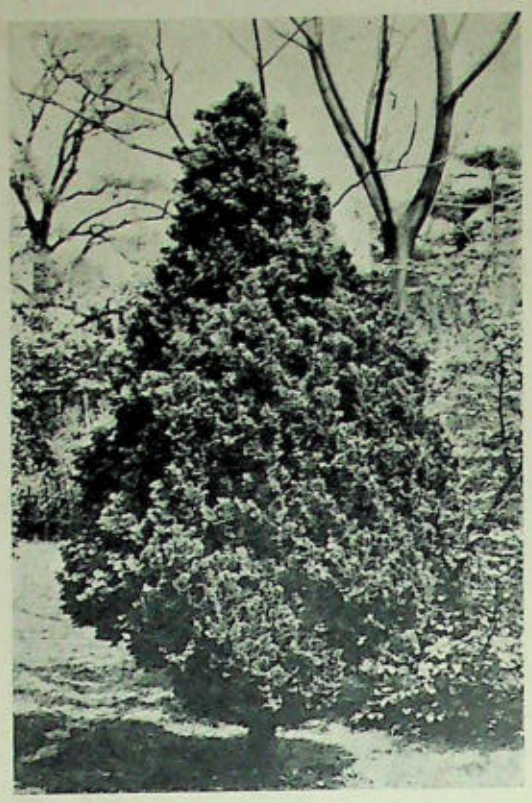
DON'T BE VAGUE
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Right and Left

Haig

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE



AN ATTRACTIVE DWARF CONIFER, *CUPRESSUS OBTUSA NANA*

The Country House

DWARF CONIFERS

Selections for the Rock Garden

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

DWARF conifers are such curious and beautiful plants that merely writing about them is most unsatisfactory. What one needs is the brush of a gifted Japanese or Chinese artist to portray adequately the rare loveliness and extraordinary range of their colourings, the beauty of their forms, the fantastic charm of many of them, and, lastly, but far from least, their importance in the rock garden.

A good collection of dwarf conifers is one of the most interesting it is possible to have in a modern garden. The vast majority of them are of recent introduction, and they differ wholly from the types of garden plants to which we have been accustomed for centuries. I feel sure that when the history of the twentieth century garden comes to be written they will occupy a prominent place. In many ways they are amongst the easiest shrubs to place because they are of such slow growth that it is easy to visualise what they will look like in their allotted positions for years. Those of upright growth are even slower than the prostrate kinds.

Dwarf conifers need a great deal of root room, and must always be placed where their growth will never be checked by lack of room or lack of sufficient moisture. To plant them on a hungry soil that is dust-dry in summer is useless. But except on such soils they are very accommodating: and it is, I think, remarkable that about 90 per cent. of the known conifers from all parts of the world can be grown in the open in these islands. What the majority of the dwarf conifers like is a rich but light well-drained loam, but they do fairly well on gravelly soils, and even on chalk if given a good depth (2ft.) of loam above it. A very heavy clay soil has to be well lightened. The yews and junipers like chalk.

November, and in some parts December, is a suitable time for planting, but in many parts it is advisable to wait till early April. The actual planting needs to be done with great care, for once established these shrubs should never be moved. Usually they are sent from the nurseries either in pots or with good balls of soil. In either case some of the outside roots are sure to have grown wrapped round, and without in any way disturbing the main ball these should be gently spread out. Thrust into the holes prepared for them just as they are is most unlikely to have successful results. With dwarf conifers, as with all shrubs, it is important not to plant them too deeply, *i.e.* the soil when made firm should just reach the soil line on the stem, and no more. Further, they should not be planted too near an upstanding rock, or they will naturally grow lop-sided.

The retinosporas (which we now have to call *Cupressus pisifera*, etc.) are amongst the most popular of the dwarf conifers. *Retinospora pisifera ericoides* is particularly charming, for its dainty, feathery foliage turns a beautiful bronze red in winter. *R. squarrosa nana* has rich bluish green leaves. *R. pisifera nana aureo-variegata* is a very dwarf form with yellow-tipped leaves. *R. filifera aurea* is a golden-leaved dwarf form of *R. filifera*. Although dense in growth it is slender and graceful. *Cryptomeria elegans compacta*, a dwarf form of *C. elegans*, is, like *Retinospora pisifera ericoides*, remarkable for the beauty of its reddish brown foliage in winter. *Cryptomeria japonica cristata* is a very striking species with contorted branchlets that look like cockscombs. *C. j. compacta*, another dwarf cryptomeria, attains about 2ft.

Cupressus Lawsonia nana is very attractive, being dense and rather globular, and the golden variety is even more pleasing. Both *Lawsonia nana* and *L. minima* are extremely slow growing. So is the well-known *L. Fletcheri*, which is generally regarded as the most popular dwarf conifer introduced in recent years. Ultimately this lovely feathery shrub with bluish grey foliage attains about 4ft., but quite how slowly it grows may be judged from the fact that specimens only 3in. high take quite two years to attain 6in. *C. Forsteckiana* is dwarf and globular, with rather juniper-like foliage. *C. obtusa nana* is particularly attractive, and so is the golden-leaved variety. *C. obtusa nana albo-variegata* has leaves variegated silver-white. All the obtusas look well near dwarf and semi-dwarf heaths. They show each other off to perfection.

C. obtusa pygmea is a gem. Ultimately it attains just over 2ft. and when full grown the fan-like branches are a lovely bronze green. That the branches are horizontally poised adds to the attraction of this shrub. Another delightful *Cupressus obtusa* is *C. o. tetragona aurea*, for its soft golden leaves have a mossy appearance. The very dwarf form *C. o. tetragona minima* is only 2in. or 3in. high. *C. obtusa lycopodioides* is a semi- dwarf with rather coarser foliage than the type.

The dwarf form of *Cupressus thyoides*—*C. t. leptoclada nana*—is a striking little variety of the "white cypress," and there is also a variegated variety with leaves speckled yellow. *Cupressus nootkatensis nidiformis* is a dwarf form of the "yellow cypress," and is best described as tamarisk-like in appearance.

Then there are the dwarf junipers, of which the Irish juniper (*Juniperus communis hibernica*), the very dwarf *J. c. compressa* and *J. c. nana*, both seldom more than 1ft. high, are the most commonly grown. Most of the junipers flourish on chalky soils. The more modern introductions come from all parts of the world—North America, China, Syria, etc. The prostrate kinds are amongst the most effective. The prostrate form of the common juniper takes the shape of the stone over which it grows. The foliage of *J. horizontalis*, the curious North American species, that grows on sea cliffs, turns a deep purplish blue in late autumn. The Japanese creeping juniper, *J. procumbens*, is very handsome. Amongst the dwarf junipers of upright growth are *J. chinensis globosa*, the Syrian juniper (*J. drupacea*), *J. virginiana globosa*, the charming *J. virginiana pendula nana*, the rare *J. squamata* from Afghanistan and the Himalayas and smallest of all, *J. communis echiniformis* (the hedgehog juniper), which grows only a few inches high.

Of the thuyas, *Thuya occidentalis ericoides*, with foliage that turns bronze in winter, the curious *T. occidentalis Ohlendorffii*, and the dense-growing *T. occidentalis globosa*, the effective and popular *T. occidentalis Rheingold*, golden in summer and a beautiful bronze in winter, and *T. occidentalis Rogersii aurea*, with gold and bronze foliage, are the most commonly grown.

The yews, like the junipers, thrive on chalky soils. The most suitable for the rock garden are *Taxus baccata pygmæa* (the most diminutive of all the yews), *T. baccata repandens*, *T. baccata compacta*, and *T. baccata horizontalis*.

Amongst other dwarf conifers suitable for the rock garden are *Cedrus Libani nana*, the rare dwarf form of the Cedar of Lebanon, the lovely *C. Deodara pendula*, the dwarf form of the Himalayan deodar, several dwarf spruces, notably *Picea excelsa humilis*, and *P. e. Gregoryana*, both of them cushion-like in growth, the very slow-growing *P. e. pygmæa*, *P. e. pumila*, with fan-like growth, the spiny *P. e. echinæformis*, and *P. e. Clanbrassiliana*.

Tsuga canadensis nana is the dwarf form of the hemlock spruce, and like the type, it does not resent a chalky soil. Of the pines, *Pinus sylvestris pumila* and *P. montana pumilio* are the only ones suitable for the rock garden. Amongst the firs are *Abies balsamæ hudsonia*, which attains nearly 2ft., and *A. nobilis glauca prostrata*.



CRITICISM

As I have frequently remarked in this column, I get the greatest encouragement from the letters which I receive and the interviews which I have with interested persons and I do not mind in the least whether the criticism I have passed on my business is favourable or not, as long as it is CONSTRUCTIVE. Any idiot can tear anything to pieces, it takes a clever man to build up and a patient one also. Recently I was in London, and I called in and saw one of my clients in the City, he said, "Now then, I have been wanting to see you about this new announcement of yours. As you know, it is my job to go through all these things, and find all the faults, and this scheme of yours simply won't hold water. It's nonsense, unless, of course, you have left something out, which of course is probable." I said that what I wanted was criticism and he replied that I was going to get it. The main query was What is the Life of a Fox ? The answer is that the effective breeding life of a fox might be put at about eight years more or less. Very well then—if a man gets 10 per cent. per annum, he will have got his money back in ten years. Yes ? No ?—Certainly. All right, WHERE IS THE FOX THEN ? Of course, I had omitted to explain that we kept the herd up, and that every five or six years to ensure being on the safe side, we would pelt the old animals, and sell their skins to obtain our revenue, and replace them with yearlings to keep the stock up. It must be understood that the skin of a silver fox is at its best at about the fifth or sixth year, and its value as a pelt is then greater than at the end of its first year of life. This satisfied my friend, on this point, and he then went on to observe that in effect I had such confidence in the industry, based of course, and undoubtedly, upon my own personal experience, that I was simply borrowing money on 10 per cent. and giving a definite specified security to the lender. Boiled down, he is perfectly correct, I had not thought of it in that light, but it is nevertheless the fact. It seems to be a lot to be paying for money, but in all conscience, I don't see how I could possibly offer less, when I consider what I am making out of the arrangement myself. This evening, I have just received about 20 pelts in from the dressers, and I can sell the whole lot at about £20 each, and that is a moderate price for the skins. I have no more at present, but I am receiving orders by nearly every post. And these are not by any means the best I have, on the ranch, nor the second best either. In nearly every case they are cubs which in our opinion, do not come up to the standard which we have set ourselves for quality breeding, and that is all there is to it. This being so, how can I possibly offer less than £12 10s. 0d. a pair interest and take the whole litter of cubs ? It can't be done, even although it does seem that I am offering a lot for the money. I have always been used to sneer at 7 per cent. and security, and I still do, but I am bound to admit, that in view of the fact that the lives of the foxes which is to say the capital is covered by insurance at my cost, there is very little risking this business for the absentee speculator.

T. Melross

To those seriously interested in a speculation which will return more interest than is possible on the majority of industrial shares to-day, and carrying an amount of risk well in proportion to the interest obtainable, the Proprietor of the Nithsdale Silver Fox Ranch, Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, will be glad to send free and post free a copy of the Nithsdale Book on the subject.



PROOF THAT BRITISH CARS ARE WELL FITTED FOR ARDUOUS WORK IN THE DOMINIONS AND COLONIES
This photograph was taken on a tour sponsored by the Australian National Travel Association and the New South Wales Government Tourist Bureau. It shows a Vauxhall car about to negotiate a river crossing—much to the annoyance of the pigs in the foreground

ROAD ACCIDENTS ANALYSED

What the Ministry of Transport's Report Shows

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

A REPORT just issued by the Ministry of Transport is of profound interest to all road users, and bears out my belief that it is the carelessness of pedestrians that is responsible for a large proportion of road fatalities. The report shows that the toll of the roads during the first six months of the year was as follows:

Pedestrians	1,581
Cyclists	520
Motor cyclists	514
Motorists	410
	3,025

Of the 1,581 pedestrians who lost their lives 857 were killed while crossing roads, and of these 224 were knocked down while passing behind or in front of stationary vehicles; 314 people were killed in the act of running into the roadway. Nearly all these unfortunate people might now be alive if only they had exercised greater caution.

On the other hand, 46 people met their deaths while walking on the footpaths, and one unfortunate pedestrian was even killed while standing on a refuge. Of 84 people killed while walking along the roads, 66 were going in the same direction as the traffic, and 18 against it. Five, it should be noted, were run over on roads where a footpath was available.

Several very important deductions can be arrived at from these facts. First, pedestrians are too fond of walking in the roadway where a footpath exists. This is courting disaster, especially after dark, and if, from lack of footpaths or any other reason, the pedestrian finds himself forced into the roadway he should always be careful to face oncoming traffic.

There are two reasons why this course should be adopted. First, the obvious benefit of being able to see what is coming and get out of the way in time; and, secondly, the fact that the pedestrian's face—a white patch in the darkness—can be picked up by a car's headlamps before his form can be seen. Many accidents are thus avoided.

One of the features of the report is the fact disclosed that so large a percentage of those killed are elderly people. It is stated that 49 male pedestrians of more than 80 years of age were killed—a rate of more than 37 per 100,000; whereas of male pedestrians between 20 and 30 years old, only one in every 180,000 was killed. Of the appalling total it was found that 80 were deaf, 78 infirm, and 51 suffering from bad eyesight.

It is obvious that the aged pedestrian, especially if he suffers from deafness or any other infirmity, is running very grave risks indeed in crossing busy streets to-day. I have always advocated that more subways should be built in traffic-congested thoroughfares, and I am of the opinion also that there should be regulated crossings for pedestrians in all busy streets, that these should be worked on the traffic lights principle, and that for a pedestrian to cross when the lights were against him should be a punishable offence.

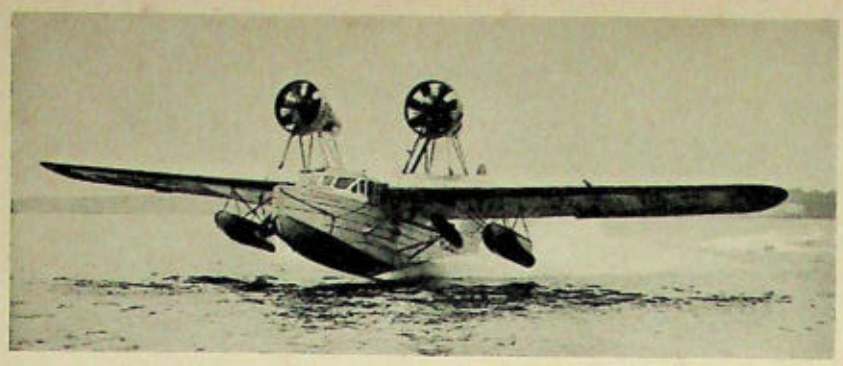
It appears that the most dangerous hour of the day is between 5 p.m. and 6 p.m., when people are on their way home from business. The next most dangerous period is between 10 p.m. and 11 p.m., when the streets are crowded with people leaving the theatres and cinemas. Other perilous times are between 7 a.m. and 9 a.m., when the vast majority are on their way to work; and again from 12 noon until 2 p.m., when the same crowds are on their way to and from their lunch.

A certain section of the public have recently been advocating the re-imposition of the 20-m.p.h. speed limit, notwithstanding the fact that there has been a decrease in the number of fatal accidents since its repeal. The report states that 1,837 of the fatal accidents occurred in built-up areas, and 1,126 in areas that are not built up. This must go to prove that the majority of the accidents took place in places where it would not be possible for the motorist to have been travelling at a high rate of speed.

It is further stated that excessive speed was to blame in only 265 cases out of 2,963 accidents, and that most of the deaths were caused by cars travelling at less than 20 miles per hour. It is, therefore, fairly obvious that the



ANOTHER INCIDENT ON THE VAUXHALL'S AUSTRALIAN TEST RUN
After crossing the river, a way has to be found over huge boulders before the car can be forced back to the trail



TAKING OFF FOR A PRACTICE FLIGHT
Pupils of the Air Service Training School in a Saro Cutty Sark Amphibian on Southampton Water

reintroduction of the old speed limit would not help at all.

The report certainly goes to prove that it is the careless pedestrian who is most to blame for the toll of deaths on our roads to-day. With regard to the greater proportion of deaths among pedestrians who have passed the age of 30, this is no doubt partly due to the natural decline in alertness and physical power, but also to the fact that the older members of the community were not in their younger days accustomed to the present day conditions of the roads.

It is to be hoped that the Government will take steps to see that the present deplorable state of affairs is improved, by the introduction of legislation which will make every road user—be he pedestrian, cyclist or motorist—mindful of his obligations to the community at large. It is only by this means that our roads can be made safe.

FROST PRECAUTIONS

DURING periods of frost, motorists run the risk of serious damage to the water system of their cars, and the following safeguards against freezing are suggested by the Automobile Association:

If the car is not in use, drain the radiator, cylinder jackets and water-pump casing. On many cars it is insufficient to open the radiator drain tap, and additional taps will be found for draining the cylinder block and the pump.

If the car is being used daily an anti-freezing mixture may be poured into the radiator, to lower the freezing point of the water circulating in the cooling system. This is a certain precaution against damage.

CHEAPER FLYING TUITION

Its Advantages in the Event of National Emergency

NO problem has come more into prominence during recent weeks than that of Britain's aerial defences. A powerful and well-informed section of public opinion is urging an immediate increase in the size of the Royal Air Force, for it is widely felt that its present strength is considerably below that which common prudence dictates.

A recent pronouncement by the Secretary of State for Air shows that the Government are fully alive to the situation that has developed, and it is fairly safe to predict that the next Air Estimates will provide for a definite expansion.

But however much a larger Air Force may be needed, further measures are desirable to insure that a state of national emergency can be adequately met. The decisive factor on active service is often the quantity and quality of reserves; and this is a part of the problem that must receive the closest attention of those whose duty it is to provide for the safety of the country.

It will be remembered that this problem of providing trained pilots in reserve to the regular and auxiliary air forces was the reason for the original subsidy to the flying clubs. By Government aid, it was sought to reduce the cost of flying instruction to a level that would bring it within the reach of large numbers of moderately well-to-do young men, and to provide inexpensive facilities for continuous practice. There can be little doubt that a considerable measure of success has been met with in this direction.

Nevertheless, this side of the flying clubs' activities does seem to have become somewhat obscured in the past two or three years. There is a growing tendency to concentrate more on the purely touring and sporting sides. These should, of course, be strongly encouraged; but the value of the clubs as a reserve in case of a possible national emergency must not be forgotten.

From this aspect, the primary duty of the clubs, either independently or with Government assistance, is to reduce the cost of flying tuition so that as wide a public as possible can be tapped. The aim should be to attract young men of physical and mental fitness; and it has been argued in some quarters that the Government subsidy in respect of training pilots, *ab initio*, should be paid only in respect of those who, by age and physique, are suited for service with military units. While this is an extreme view there is room for discussion as to whether some sort of preferential treatment for men of this class ought to be provided.

Tuition costs have been reduced generally and in some directions very substantially in the last two or three years, and that is all to the good, for the flying-club movement is now appealing to a much wider public than it did at first. There is much room for progress, however, and in view of the national importance of the question, it might be worth while to encourage research with a view to discovering some cheaper type of machine for elementary instruction.

Clubs provided with machines such, for example, as the Lowe-Wylde "planette," a type which has proved very easy to fly and cheap to maintain, would be able to give initial tuition at a reduced cost which would attract many newcomers, while leaving their standard equipment freer for advanced instruction and practice flying.

The direct value of the clubs, as a contribution towards our ability to meet an aggressive challenge, lies in their capacity to provide personnel that could, with very little further training, act as a reserve to the regular Air Force. But there is one other, and very vital, aspect of the clubs' activities as a national asset that must be clearly borne in mind.

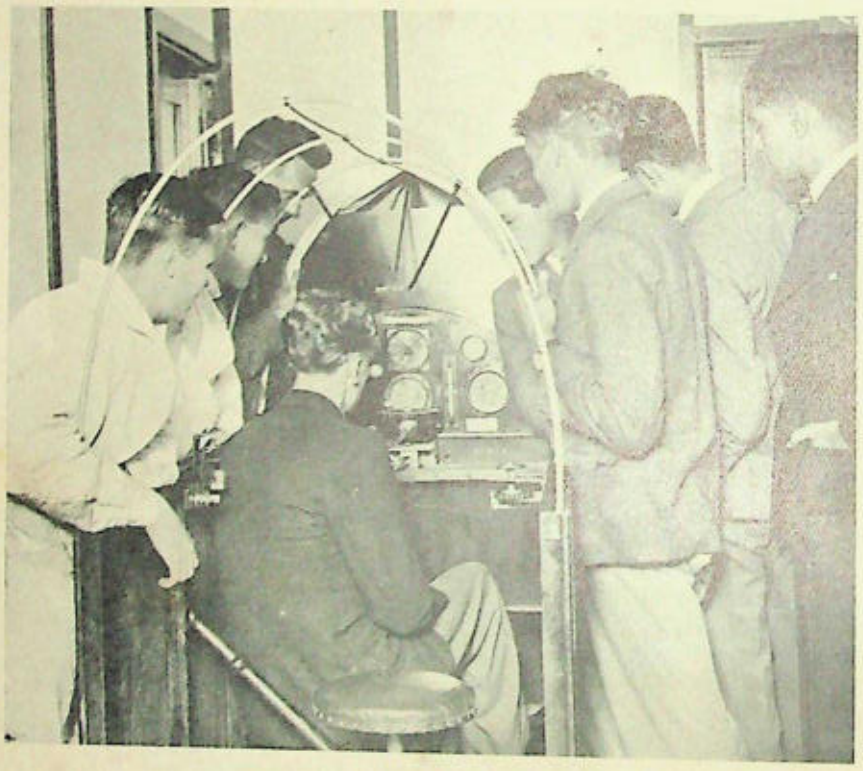
That is the tremendously important one of helping to keep together a strong, well-equipped aircraft industry. No matter how great a trained personnel a country may possess, it is of little value unless it is backed by an industry capable of making good rapidly the wastage of machines that active operations would bring.

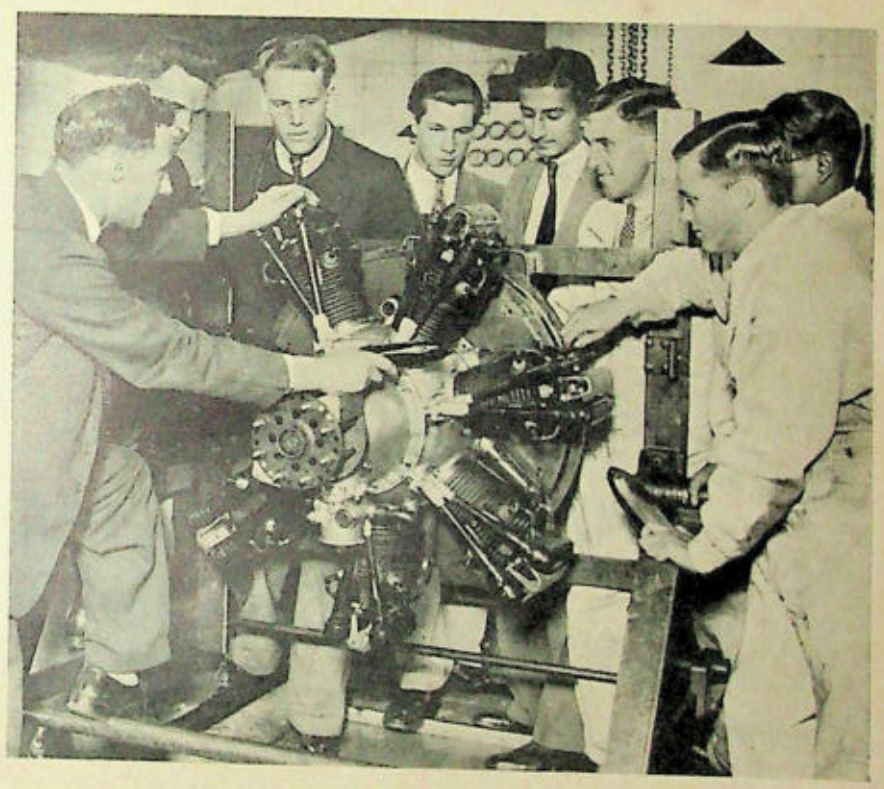
The cheaper flying can be made the more people it will attract; and the more people there are flying the greater will be the demand for machines. It might be argued that light aeroplanes such as are used by the clubs have little or no military value. That is, of course, true; but the point is that a big demand for private and commercial aeroplanes enables factories to install quantity production plant capable of high output in an emergency; and, perhaps even more important, to retain the services of a large, highly trained and experienced design staff.

In this direction, the clubs have done a great deal to assist since their establishment. The aircraft industry in this country was virtually moribund when they came into existence; now it is more firmly founded than at any time since the war.

But the good work must go on; a sound progressive aircraft industry is the backbone of a country's aerial defences; and it is as necessary that our factories should be expanded as that we should have an adequate reserve of initially trained pilots on which to draw.

R. M. A. B.





PILOTS IN THE MAKING AT THE AIR SERVICE TRAINING SCHOOL AT HAMBLE, HANTS
Pupils receiving instruction in the Blind Flying training apparatus, and (right) being shown the finer points of aero engine adjustment at the school

AN AERO ENGINE RECORD

A SIDDELEY Lynx engine fitted in an Avro airplane has completed six months' work in the service of the British Hospitals Air Pageants. During the period it completed some 400 hours' running without any top overhaul, and even at the conclusion of the tour there were no indications of this being necessary.

It was the only engine to complete the tour without trouble or replacements of any description, a truly remarkable performance.

MAKING THE MOST OF A SOUTH AFRICAN HOLIDAY

Where to Go and What to See

THERE are two ways of reading a guide book: to read it, and to read beyond it.

The over-seasoned traveller—the man who has to look at the labels on his suitcase to see what place he came from last—has no use for guide books. He knows—or likes to think he knows—all about the line of travel he intends taking.

But, to the host of people who are starting on journeys that are all unknown to them the guide book is a real friend. The tourist—hateful word!—has become too important a factor for foreign governments to overlook. Our own Dominions and Colonies have fallen into line, and the result is that there is scarcely a mile of the globe that is not thrown open and made easy for the traveller who has a little money to leave behind.

It says much for the astonishing march of progress that, to-day, Africa may be travelled by the invalid with as much impunity as by the type that was explorer when there was still anything left to explore.

The writer of this is sitting within long-distance range of a fire, one side of him at least sub-tropical, the other frozen to the consistency of New Zealand mutton; but he remembers how, time and time again, he has seen the miracle of Table Mountain rising out of that crazy welter of cross-seas where the Indian and the Atlantic Oceans meet. And he remembers with pleasure and with gratitude the civilised comfort with which, each time he revisited it, Africa met him.

And having arrived at the Cape, in which direction should you steer your course? How deal with Africa in the short space of a few weeks' holiday? Best go through it, following (for there are few better guides), your guide books.

The trouble is, there are so many guide books issued. What is needed to counterbalance the unstinted attractions they offer, is a book of "don'ts." Among the most important would be a list of climatic "don'ts." Africa beckons with one hand and smites with the other. At this time of year the weather of the Cape Province is on its very best behaviour, that of Durban moist and unpleasantly hot, while the Rhodesias are definitely at their worst.

To cover all South Africa at any given time of the year one would need a wardrobe ranging from the very warmest clothes that one is called upon to wear in a normal English winter to the lightest kind of tropical kit.

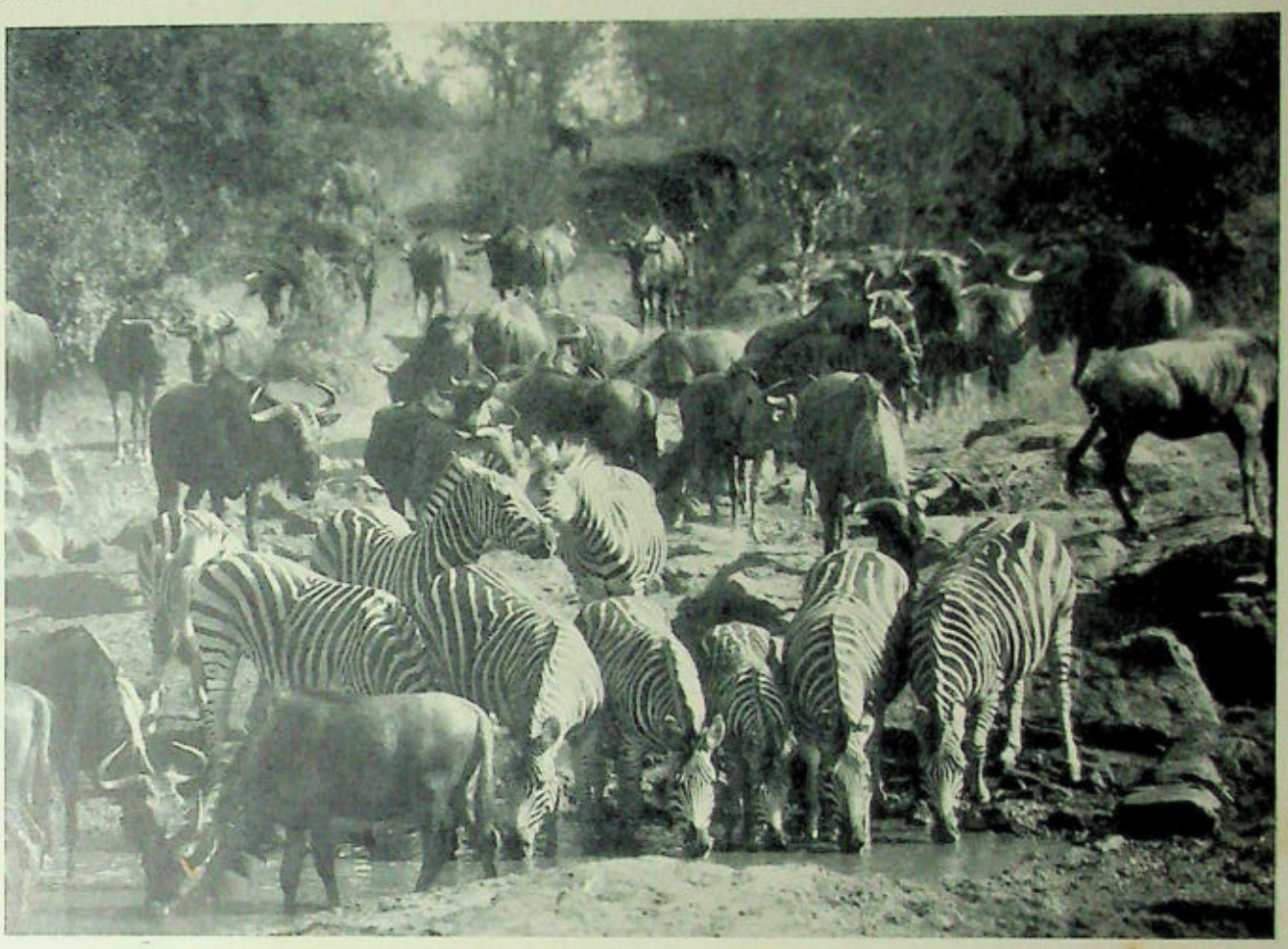
It is not always easy to make out an itinerary to suit any one particular period. There is so much that one simply cannot afford to miss.

First I would place the Kruger National Park, where one may see the great game animals of Africa—eland, buffalo, wildebeeste, and a host of others; where, too, one may almost count on seeing lions, walking the earth as unafraid as they were before Africa knew firearms.

Before leaving Cape Province you must, however, see Outshoorn and its caves, take the George Railway and see the timbered beauty of its hills—Kashmir has little better to offer—and then travel northward (keeping to the main track; Johannesburg, being too civilised, has little to offer to the tourist) and so to the Rhodesias.

Do not waste an undue amount of time at the Victoria Falls. The first sight of it is too tremendous—too like a stunning blow, robbing one of thought and, in a sense, impression—to be of real value as a memory. It is, however, quite definitely a sight that must not be missed.

Here, if you will take the advice of one who has sampled Africa, is where you pack your guide book (for later reference) at the bottom of your least-wanted suitcase, and take yourself to a place called Katombora. There you will meet someone whose business it is to help you to see Africa as she was in the beginning.



ZEBRA AND WILDEBEESTE AT A WATERHOLE IN THE KRUGER NATIONAL PARK



Photographs, South African Railways

IN THE CANGO CAVES NEAR OUTSHOORN, IN THE CAPE PROVINCE

There, you may hire a barge (there are numerous agencies who will do this for you—inexpensively as prices go in South Africa; will equip you, feed you, and cherish you to your heart's content), and from there you may set off on a fortnight's, a three-weeks' or a month's cruise, up the river that Livingstone found, and see all that is good and attractive in native Africa spread out for your delectation day after day as you travel farther northward and eastward, as wares are set out on a counter in more civilised lands.

There, through the door of your tent as you drink your morning tea, you may see (as I have seen within the last two years), buffalo grazing unafraid. You may (though you cannot count on it) hear lions at night. Hippos you will certainly see. And antelope—oh, antelope galore! Above all, you will be charmed with the unspoiled Africa; with the little clustered groups of villages, and the half-shy, half-impudent folk who come down to see you, to greet you, to sell you food, and to exchange news. They have not yet learned to beg.

Go and see.

J. P. K. R.

ANSWERS to CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored.

Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem examination, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. ***Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.*** *No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.*

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges, Class VI., Division I. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible.

Angling

Trout Dying in a Pond.—Our biologist reports that he can find no symptom of definite disease in the trout, nor anything that indicates the cause of death. The mouth was slightly open and some débris in the gills. It looks as if some toxic substance had suddenly got into the water. This might have come in with sewage, but there is no evidence that it did so.—*C. R. G., Bats.*

Trout and Perch in a Lake.—Trout and perch will, on occasion, live together in a lake, but it would not be advisable to stock with trout unless you first get rid of the perch. If possible, the pond should be emptied and all the perch removed and the stocking with trout done in the spring, when the food supply is growing adequate. If it is impossible to empty the pond, net out as many perch as possible and stock with two- or three-year-old trout. If you stock with fry or fingerlings the perch will probably get the lot.—*"Bucks."*

Cards

Under Calling.—You write: "A dealt and called One Heart; Y No bid; B, not having heard his partner's call, bid One Diamond. Z called attention to the underbid, but under the impression that the original call of One Heart would stand, also said No bid. A and Y passed, and then B said One No Trump. Had he the right to make any bid at all?"

Answer.—Z by passing condoned B's undercall, and the bidding could continue in the ordinary way. When Z called attention to the underbid, he could and should have exacted one of the penalties allowed to him by Law 40. By saying No bid, he deprived himself of that right. B's bid of One Diamond stood as no one had bid after it. His bid of One No Trump was an illegal bid, and the player on his left could demand a new deal. In this case the bidding could have gone after B's undercall had been condoned; Z No bid; A One Heart (repeating his original bid if he pleases). But if Z, A and Y say No bid, B cannot call again, and the declaration is One Diamond.—*E. W. P., Weybridge.*

Cricket

England Teams in India.—The first English team visited India in 1889–90, and was got together by the well-known Middlesex amateur, G. F. Vernon. It consisted entirely of amateurs, amongst whom was Lord Hawke. The latter player took a team to India 1892–3. Captain C. K. Nayudu, the captain of the Indian Test team in the present match, is a fine attacking batsman, and scored 153 for the Hindus at Bombay against A. ■. R. Gilligan's XI. some years ago.—*J. R. C., Gidea Park.*

Farm

Grading English Meat.—No report has yet been issued by the Fat Stock Reorganisation Commission, and it is now stated that their recommendations will not be published until February. It is, therefore, premature to oppose the institution of a nationalised system of public abattoirs, which is no more than an anticipation of the Commission's report. You may be interested to have the details of the Ministry of Agriculture's scheme for the sale of fat stock direct from farm to wholesale butcher, which is carried out on a grade basis. Pamphlets can be obtained from the Ministry of Agriculture, Whitehall Place, London, S.W. 1.—*R. F. K., Northumberland.*

Football

The Army Rugby Cup.—The 1st Duke of Wellington's Regiment beat the 2nd Leicesters in the final of the Army Cup at Aldershot, on March 8th last season, by two goals and three tries (19 points) to one goal and one try (8 points). The game was extremely exciting, and at half time the Duke's were 8 points down. It was not until they had scored their third try, in the second half, that their superior weight and fitness told heavily. The scoring occurred as follows: Novis, a try converted by himself; and Dunham, a try, both for the Leicesters in the first half. Afterwards, tries were scored for the Duke's by Bentley, Laing, Bentley, Miles and Bentley.—*F. K. T., Tidworth.*

Off-side Players On-side?—At Rugby football an "off-side" player becomes "on-side" (*a*) when an opponent carrying the ball has run 5yds.; (*b*) when the ball has been kicked by an opponent; (*c*) when an opponent has *intentionally* touched the ball, provided such opponent does not catch or gather it; (*d*) when one of his own team has run in front of him either carrying the ball or after having kicked the ball when behind him. Such kicker must be in the field-of-play to put the off-side player on-side, though he is not debarred from previously following up in touch.—*U. D. W., Rugby.*

Football (*Continued*)

Tackling Apparatus.—We have heard from Mr. B. W. Hammond, of the Cedars School, Leighton Buzzard with regard to the tackling apparatus, which is used at that school. He writes as follows: "The apparatus was bought in 1926 from the maker, Mr. R. J. Atkinson, 92, Kimbolton Road, Bedford, and cost £18 10s. The machine is excellent for training young boys, one of the few faults being that it swings out when any speed is applied, and often the bag swings higher than the boy's head, thus showing the wrong shape to tackle. What the apparatus needs is something to keep it vertical as it is turned, such as rope attached from the dummy to the main support. Perhaps also legs could be fitted to the dummy, for although the tendency is to go for the waist, the main object of the apparatus is to get boys to tackle and not be afraid of feet or the fall."—*H. H., Wellington.*

Garden

Rock Plants.—(1) Sedum praealtum. This sedum is a native of Mexico, and is not commonly grown in this country. It is not listed by any nurseryman. It grows 18in. to 2ft. high, and thrives in any well-drained soil. It is hardy in the drier parts of the rock garden in mild districts. (2) You do not say which species, and it is, therefore, impossible to answer this query.—*T. H. K., Edinburgh.*

R.H.S. Examinations, 1934.—Entries for The Royal Horticultural Society's examinations for 1934 close as follows: General Examination (Seniors and Juniors), January 8th; Teachers' Examination in School and Cottage Gardening (Preliminary and Advanced), January 8th; National Diploma in Horticulture, February 1st; British Floral Art Diploma, February 5th. Copies of the syllabus and entry forms may be obtained from the Secretary, Royal Horticultural Society, Vincent Square, London, S.W. 1.—*K. B., Keswick.*

Hunting

Wearing Hunt Uniform.—The member of the Hunt Club in Ireland which you mention is quite justified in wearing his Hunt uniform at a Hunt Ball in this country.—*J. B. P., Dublin.*

Kennel

Scottish Terriers.—Some leading breeders of Scottish terriers within convenient reach of your residence are Messrs. J. Edwards and Beeby, Broxton Kennels, South Road, Waterloo, Liverpool; Mr. S. Bamford, 1, Beresford Road, Blackburn; and Mrs. John Sharp, Rookes Kennels, Norwood Green, Halifax.—*G. D., Criccieth.*

Worm Diseases of Dogs.—(1) The information required about the worms dogs suffer from and their cure is contained in *Diseases of the Dog*, by Muller and Glass (Bailliere, Tindall & Cox, London). (2) Probably a segment of the *Dipylidium canina*, the intermediate host of this tapeworm being the dog louse. The best cure is to starve for 24 hours and give capsule containing ¼ grain Arecoline Hydrobromide; Chloretone 2½ grains.—*K. E., Cardiff.*

Training a Foxterrier.—There is no reason why a foxterrier should not be taught most of the exercises through which Alsatians are supposed to go at their trials. Modified obedience tests, without the tracking or police course, are now common at shows, and small dogs are taking part in them successfully against Alsatians. A book that should help you is *The Popular Alsatian*, by John Schwabacher, with chapters on training by Major Beddoes. It may be had from the Tailwaggers' Club, 58, Mark Lane, E.C. 3, price 4/9, post free.—*C. F. R., Woolwich.*

Miscellaneous

Ladies' Skating Championship.—The championship of the world in figure skating for ladies, which takes place on February 10th and 11th, at the open rink of the Frogner Stadium, Oslo, Norway, is open to ladies of all countries. The winner receives the title Lady Champion of the World in Figure Skating for 1934, the championship gold medal and a prize. Entries, which should give particulars as to (1) the character of the competition, (2) the name of the club or association making the entry, (3) the name and pre-name of the competitor, (4) a certificate of amateur status from the club or association making the entry; close on Monday, February 5th, at 8 p.m. All communications should be sent to Oslo Skoiteklub, P.O. Box 587.

The winner last year was Miss Sonja Henie of Norway.—*D. S., Edinburgh.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Death of Rook.—The rook was infested with worms of the strongyle type, and suffering from enteritis. Yes, it would be advisable to move the other birds to fresh quarters.—*R. A., Surrey.*

Diseased Partridge.—The partridge was infested with the gapeworm, several of which were discovered at the lower end of the trachea (windpipe). No sign of any other disease was observed.—*C. S., Cumberland.*

Pheasant Deaths

Your suspicion as to the cause of the pheasant's death was confirmed by the post-mortem examination.—*Gamekeeper.*

——The result of the examination in this case was to show that the cock bird died from yew poisoning, while signs of pneumonia were discovered in the hen.—*Countess L. H., Hants.*

Fowl Deaths

The hen was undoubtedly diseased. The immediate cause of its death was internal hemorrhage resulting from rupture of the liver, which was extensively affected with avian tuberculosis. The disease is very infectious, and all sickly birds should be killed and their carcasses burned.—*E. B. B., Norfolk.*

——The fowl's death was evidently due to a malignant growth situated in one of the cæca (intestinal pouches). The disease had spread to the liver, giving rise to several nodules of secondary growth. The nature of the growth will be determined by microscopic examination.—*H. E. W., Warwickshire.*

Shooting

Markhor in Baltistan.—The markhor in Baltistan is of the species with wide spiral horns commonly known as the Astor variety. It is now increasingly scarce, and the chances of shooting a head unless one secures a "reserved" nullah are poor.—*S. G. L., Thrums.*

Cartridge Tests

Your "A" cartridges contained a bare 35 grains of Empire powder and 1 oz. No. 7 shot. The velocity recorded was 1,104ft. per second with recoil of 9.49in. The pressure at 1in. was 3.08 tons per square inch. Patterns from a choke barrel at 40 yards in 30in. circle averaged 45 per cent.

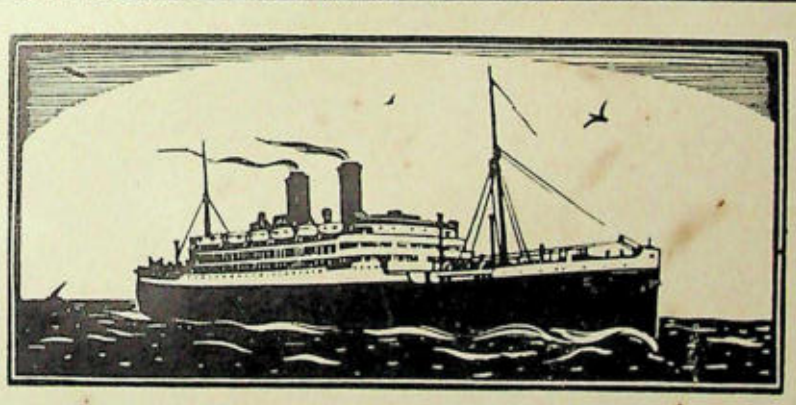
Your "B" cartridges contained 33 grains of Smokeless Diamond powder and a bare ounce No. 7 shot. The velocity recorded was 1,100ft. per second, with recoil of 9.12in. Pressure at 1in. was 2.58 tons per square inch. Patterns from a choke barrel at 40 yards in 30in. circle averaged 51 per cent. All patterns were fairly regular and well distributed, but as is usual with most high-velocity cartridges, were not well concentrated; they, however, should prove effective against game.—*W. S. B., Basingstoke.*

HORSE SALES OF THE WEEK

Leicester

THERE was quite a good company at Messrs. Warner, Sheppard & Wade's Leicester Repository on Saturday last, when the catalogue was a full one and most of the entries found new owners. Major J. R. Aird sent up his entire stud of four, three of which changed hands, his bay gelding Oakham making 360gs. and his grey gelding Paris 220gs. Mr. Hubert Sturdy's brown gelding Barney and bay gelding Trilby went for 160gs. and 120gs. respectively. The principal transactions were as follows:

Property of Captain A. Philip: Br g, 66gs. Property of Major J. R. Aird: Paris, gr g, 220gs.; Lucas, b g, 190gs; Oakham, b g, 360gs. Property of Captain R. B. Lucas: Hunty, b g, 60gs. Property of Mr. H. Davenport Price: Kerry, gr g 53gs. Property of Mrs. W. E. Dickens: The Miller, br g, 75gs. Property of Mr. Hubert Sturdy: Barney, br g, 160gs.; Trilby, b m, 120gs. Property of Mr. W. J. Fryer: Coke, b g, 55gs. Property of Captain J. H. Marshall: Br m, 75gs. Property of Mrs. Whitgreave: Chang, ch g, 50gs. Property of Mr. J. C. Slatter: Jimmie, b g, 90gs. Property of Mr. T. A. Dixon: Silver Birch, b g, 70gs.



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THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

VOL. CLXII. NO. 4226. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1933 REGISTERED. PRICE 1S. POSTAGE {INLAND, 1 D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D.; FOREIGN 2½D.}



Studio Piaz, Paris

THE MARQUIS DE BARTHÉLEMY

One of the most experienced of French Big-Game Hunters and President of the Syndicat des Grandes Chasses Coloniales Françaises, which recently organised the Paris Exhibition of French Big-Game Trophies and Photographs described in this issue

APOLLO

A JOURNAL OF THE ARTS FOR CONNOISSEURS & COLLECTORS

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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.*

HOW THE NEW ACT PROTECTS BIRDS

IN the discussion in the House of Commons of the Protection of Birds Bill now passed into law, and in the correspondence relating to it in the columns of the *Field*, nothing has been more remarkable than the irrelevance of its critics. Among the letters printed in the present number, and in our issue of December 16th, we have included communications from the Marquess of Tavistock and Major E. G. Hills, Member of Parliament for the Ripon division of Yorkshire. Both are obviously actuated by the highest motives, in their zeal for the prevention of cruelty to birds, and in their wish that the study of bird life should be open to every member of the community; and neither of them appears to have read the Bill—now an Act—carefully, or to have grasped what its provisions entail and exclude.

Lord Tavistock, in our issue of December 16th, states that "the object of the Bill is supposed to be the prevention of cruelty to birds in confinement," and he goes on to assert that the Little owl, although more often caged than the larger species, under the Act "is denied protection from bad treatment in captivity." Could there be a more perverse criticism? In the first place, the object of the Act is to prevent the *sale* of certain wild birds, entailing as it does the acknowledged cruelty of catching and snaring them. There is nothing in the Act about "cruelty to birds in confinement," nor does it deny "protection from bad treatment in captivity" to the Little owl or any other bird whatever.

Major Hills is no more reasonable than Lord Tavistock. He says that "the immense majority of bird-keepers can only obtain birds by buying the wild-caught bird." Then, are the would-be bird-keepers who form this "immense majority" to be supplied in the market with wild-caught birds, no matter what cruelty and suffering may be involved in the catching and selling of them? And how does the Act "prevent the keeping of a tame bird"? Are not canaries and budgerigars tame birds? The shops in the East End markets are full of canaries, which certainly find buyers, or they would not be offered in hundreds for sale. How does the Act prevent anyone from keeping them?

As to the Little owl, which seems to be a sort of King Charles's head to objectors to the Act, it was presumably excluded from the schedule by those who framed the Bill because it is specifically excluded from protection in practically every County Council schedule. It is extraordinary to what lengths argument can be carried by people who once begin to talk about "class legislation." Every shooting man knows that the brown owl is mischievous to pheasants, though Major Hills says it is not; while the Little owl's chief sin is the destruction of singing birds in the nesting time. As to it being the instinct of rich and poor alike to observe birds, while the poor man, according to Major Hills, "can only observe them captive," is it really a pleasure to the poor man to "observe" the wretched newly-caught linnets in Club Row trying to get out of their cages?

Major Hills ends by asserting that the *Field* prevents "the keeping of British birds in cages . . . which many people do not think cruel." The *Field* does not try to prevent anyone from keeping birds in cages. What we have tried to prevent—and what the new Act does prevent—is the abominable cruelty of trapping and snaring wild singing birds and selling them to die in captivity.

POINT-TO-POINT RACING

THIS year was a record as regards the number of separate Point-to-Point meetings held—173 as against 166 in 1932. With the growing public appreciation, points of variance developed between the Masters of Hounds Point-to-Point Committee and the National Hunt Committee, who in 1912 suggested the rules which have up to the present time governed the administration of Point-to-Points. So acute did these differences become, that in the summer of 1932 it was arranged that a Select Committee should be appointed by the Masters of Foxhounds Association with a view to having a conference between the stewards of the National Hunt Committee and the Point-to-Point Committee. Presumably their differences have now been settled satisfactorily, for in the *Racing Calendar* for December 14th appears this significant notice, after a general meeting of the National Hunt Committee: "It was decided that the National Hunt Committee should resume direct control of Point-to-Point racing as from July 1st, 1934."

WHO WILL GOVERN?

Some further explanation is due. It is obvious that this season's Point-to-Point meetings will still be governed by the Masters of Hounds' Point-to-Point Committee, but what of the future? Will the National Hunt Committee act as registrars for the registry of hunter certificates? If so, who will benefit from the registration fees? Presumably the National Hunt Committee will grant fixtures to Hunts and regiments and clubs, but here will they act in conjunction with the Masters of Foxhounds' Association? These points require clearing up.

INDIA's CRICKET TEST

It was not at all surprising that India should soon find themselves fighting an up-hill game in the first Test match against the England team at Bombay; on the contrary, it is something to their credit that they scored as many as 477 in face of the array of bowlers set against them. Many an England team against Australia has had less variety of bowling, and the cabled reports indicate that D. R. Jardine made the most of it by frequent shrewd changes. It is significant that the Indian players found the slow bowlers, Verity and Langridge, the most difficult to play, although the wicket was described as perfect.

England's batting in reply looked impressive enough on figures, but was largely discounted by the number of fielding errors made by the Indian players. It seems, indeed, as though fielding made a world of difference between the two innings, for the English fieldsmen gave very little away. But at least the Indian players must have enjoyed the batting of Jardine and B. H. Valentine. We can imagine no more attractive partnership than theirs, particularly as both were in their most aggressive mood. The English players in turn could have had nothing but admiration for the batting in the second innings of Amar Nath, who scored the first hundred for India in a Test match. It is something of a shock to realise that the English bowlers could not prevent the enterprising young player from scoring 44 of his first 50 by boundary hits.

MORE FROM LOCH NESS

Witness after witness comes forward to tell us of the "Monster" of Loch Ness. Five feet out of water is the generally reckoned length of his neck; his head is bull-like, his colour elephantine. And one eye-witness, driving his car, has seen the creature ashore; he was 250yds. away, and accelerated, but the animal was in the loch before he could get up to him.

What is remarkable about these witnesses is that it should be only now, weeks after their visions, that they should be telling us what they have seen. Most of them say that they have been afraid of being disbelieved, or of being ridiculed. One of them, a minister, will not give his name. But why all this reticence? Why should any educated person, if he has in very truth and with his own eyes seen a creature like a prehistoric monster in a Scottish loch, be afraid of talking about what he has seen? It is the witnesses who have hitherto said nothing that invite incredulity.

INTERNATIONAL RUGBY TRIALS

Not often has an English Rugby Trial match had to be postponed on account of frost, as was the case with the match which was to have been played at Falmouth last Saturday; but London followers may count themselves fortunate in the prospect of seeing the match at Twickenham this Saturday. Scotland, more favoured by the weather at Galashiels, had every reason to be satisfied with a trial resulting in a handsome victory for the team built chiefly round last year's internationals over the Rest. It seems clear that Scottish Rugby is as devoid of brilliant new stars as English Rugby, but as last season's triumphant team was largely a young one, this is nothing to worry about. Improvement was foreshadowed in the form of the Oxford and Cambridge contingent among the backs, H. D. B. Lorraine, K. L. T. Jackson and K. C. Fyfe all doing markedly well.

BOXING CONTROL

As the result of the meeting held on December 13th the stewards of the British Boxing Board of Control have regained the position they lost at the memorable general meeting. Most people will be glad that they are to remain in power, but it would be idle to pretend that the position is satisfactory. In point of fact, the stewards were saved by a few stamps. They won their case on a technicality. They were entitled legally to rule out 228 of the proxy votes against them because they had not been properly stamped and signed, or had been insufficiently stamped; actually, on the voting they were well beaten, for had the opposition been aware of the law governing votes by proxy the stewards would have been compelled to resign. A pertinent query is whether the Board made it its duty to see that all licence holders were acquainted with law of proxy voting, especially since proxy voters were in operation for the first time.

UNITY ESSENTIAL

At the moment the stewards are sitting upon a volcano. If they now lean back and assure themselves that all is well there will very soon be a fresh eruption. The "rebels" have a grievance. The storm may well have done good by clearing the air, but until the grievances are met and smoothed away there can be no proper form of control. It must be remembered that the "rebels" state they are in favour of control. Surely it is possible to clear away the obstacles to unity and concord? It will not be done by either side taking a stand on technicalities. In the meanwhile sympathy must be extended to the difficulties encountered by the National Sporting Club over the Al Brown fight. Here, it seems, is a case for control.

WITHOUT COMMENT

An advertisement from a recent issue of the *Louth and North Lincolnshire Advertiser*: "Wanted for shipping, blackbirds and thrushes.—Mansfield Wilkinson, Louth."

ROAD, RAIL AND AIR

Comparisons are always odious, and there is no more barren argument than comparing the relative merits of the various forms of transport. The truth is that no final answer can be given in questions of this sort, for what may suit this or that individual or this or that journey will not hold good in different circumstances. When we motor, preferably rather slowly, through the summer countryside, stopping where and when it pleases us best, who would change to a train or aeroplane ? Alternatively, what can be better than leaving Euston by the night train and waking up in Scotland ? And who would wish for anything better than to step into an aeroplane at Croydon and step out again at Le Bourget, having lunched comfortably on board and escaped the possibility of those tributes which passengers on the sea below are paying to tempestuous Neptune ?

THE CIRCUS AGAIN

Christmas comes but once a year, and so does the circus. Mr. Bertram Mills remains our great showman, and this year he has provided a spectacle surpassing even his previous efforts. He has not been able to stage for us the Monster of Loch Ness, but it may be safely said that the International Circus which was opened on December 21st, and will attract sightseers until January 25th, will have the lion's share of popularity among the amusements of the season.

FLY FISHING AT CHRISTMAS

It is many years since London anglers, some of them, tramped out through the snow on Christmas morning with a bag of maggots snugly ensconced in a trouser pocket to keep the "kicking gentlemen" warm and lively for the roach of Lea. Nowadays even the least fastidious angler hesitates before carrying bluebottle larvæ on his person, but the old tip of keeping "gentles" (the modern abbreviation of their descriptive title) warm for winter use has been responsible for the capture of many a fine fish whose appetite could not resist so active a morsel.

Fly fishing and winter's snow seem an ill-assorted couple, but in fact fly fishing can be made warm work, and there is no need to dispense with protection for the hands as there is in spinning. Neither grayling, nor chub, nor dace will be seen rising, as a rule, with snow on the ground, but it is wonderful how the addition of an "active morsel" at the tail end of a fly will bestir fish even in the coldest weather.

DECEMBER DROUGHT

Not within living memory have November and December provided us with such untimely pre-Christmas weather. North and north-east winds day after day ; frost at night, up to 15 degrees and more ; and no rain. Fields cannot be ploughed, gardens cannot be dug. Wells have gone dry and villages are without water.

Fortunately it has been a great autumn for nuts and fruit. Acorns and sweet chestnuts still strew the ground, and have provided an ample diet for the hordes of woodpigeons which flock to us from Northern Europe. Hawthorns are still crimson with berries. But the signs of spring for which we hope at this time of year are absent. Primrose plants are frozen, and the snowdrops show no more than spikes. It looks like being a white Christmas.

OXFORDSHIRE

Matthew Arnold remains the poet of Oxford and the country round the city as he used to know it. Much of that countryside has changed ; what remains unchanging is the river, as St. John Lucas sees it in the opening lines of his delightful poem, *The Stripling Thames* :

"As I came down from Bablock Hythe
Through meads yet virgin of the scythe,
The air was sweet, the birds were blithe
Along the stream to Eynsham ;

"The guelder bloom and flower o' May
And marguerites and elder-spray,
Made either bank a milky way
From Bablock Hythe to Eynsham.

"Fast anchored 'neath the wild-rose bowers,
Like lovely thoughts transformed to flowers
The lilies dreamed away the hours
From Bablock Hythe to Eynsham :

"And youthful yet, and lately bound
On his adventure, he has found,
Our pilgrim Thames, a holy ground
'Twixt Bablock Hythe and Eynsham."



Looking down the line at a private shoot in Hertfordshire

HARSH WORDS ABOUT SYNDICATE SHOOTS

Some Charges Which Are Seldom Justified

THERE has recently appeared in the *Field's* correspondence columns a discussion on the question of syndicates and private shoots. Before considering the subject two conclusions must be agreed upon. Firstly, that whether you like it or not, syndicates have come to stay. And secondly, a just definition of a syndicate must be arrived at. There are some people who regard a syndicate as a term suggesting six heavy-weight parvenus without knowledge or dignity who are a menace to the safety of everything within shot except the target. They further believe perhaps that it is a purely post-war development.

This is not the case. A syndicate consists of any shoot where two or more people join together and pool the expenses. As such these shoots have been in existence since shooting first began ; and in a very large number of cases their members have been men of the very best sporting instincts. One might perhaps add that nobody would wish to form a syndicate even of the most elementary form if he could afford to take a particular shoot himself and entertain his friends. Hospitality is inherent in the majority of us, but because we may be no longer able to take our friends to the Ritz it would seem foolish not to seek a modest dinner elsewhere.

Unfortunately post-war conditions made the syndicate shoot as much a necessity as an increase in taxation. Take an analogy from the early days of foxhunting. Certain great noblemen kept family packs and the squirearchy and small farmers hunted with them free. In due course the squires clubbed together and started packs of their own, the forerunners of the subscription packs of to-day. It was merely a change in fashion dictated by changing economic conditions. To oppose a change like this in principle is merely one more push of Mrs. Partington's mop. So much for the general charge against syndicates. They enable thousands to shoot who could not do so otherwise, and without them game would have disappeared on quite a large number of estates, and many keepers would be out of work.

As regards particular charges, one must take every case on its merits. There are no doubt many syndicates which are far from perfect. Most of us have been at privately owned shoots of which the same may be said. A charge which may be fairly brought against certain syndicates is that where possible its members shoot to the limit of their bag regardless of leaving an adequate breeding stock. Any temporary tenancy makes this a possibility. It is a drawback which owners of shoots have to face, and they face it as a rule in their contract. The next most common criticism is that the ordinary syndicate is under-dogged. This is also often true. But the same may be said of many small shoots. And it is possible for every owner of shooting who lets it to a syndicate to make it a condition that the keeper must be provided with at least an adequate supply of dogs. The daily hiring of dogs, at any rate unless accompanied by their handlers, does not seem to me to be a solution of this problem. I consider that these two charges do represent two sides of syndicate shooting which compare unfavourably with privately owned shoots.

There is a third charge against syndicates which has a reasonable basis of fact, but it is by no means confined to them. The last drive often takes place far too late and the coveys are unable to reassemble in the dark, and, at covert shoots, it is impossible to arrange for an adequate pick-up, so that it may happen that wounded birds are left out all night. Late drives are of course very much to be deprecated. It is perhaps possible to limit shooting to an hour before sunset.

Yet none of these conditions will be fulfilled merely by clauses inserted into a lease. Undoubtedly the kindly advice of neighbours, and the general spread of sporting education will in time eliminate, to some extent at all events, factors like these. There is no crime in being a beginner. We have all started at some age or other. And for a business man of 40 to start shooting, without the encouragement of upbringing or environment, is surely not a matter for scoffing. It is perhaps more difficult to offer elementary advice to a middle-aged man, but surely one of the first rules in any sport is to give a helping hand where it is necessary.

Other charges against syndicates, though occasionally true, are not, I think, generally substantiated. It is often said that no effort is made at a syndicate shoot to ensure the pick-up being properly conducted. Looking at this from the lowest motive, I think it disproves itself. Nearly every syndicate sells its game. The hard-boiled business men who are supposed to motor from industrial towns and mop up every head of game in the parish are not going to leave 3/6 worth of pheasant lying on the ground if they can help it !

I do not think that the experience of the vast majority of people who have shot with syndicates is that the common charges of danger, vulgarity or lack of sportsmanship can be generally upheld. Personally I have only once in my life been hit by a pellet, and that was not at a syndicate shoot. I know of a number of victims of gun accidents ; none were at syndicate shoots. My own view is that the majority of *raw* guns (always assuming that syndicates consist of raw guns), after the first torrent of abuse when they follow a rabbit down the line, are ultra careful. As regards vulgarity, champagne at lunch, foul language to keepers, pheasants' tails in homburg hats, and so on—these are the stuff of shooting party stories rather than personal experience. How many of us have actually encountered them ?

As regards lack of sportsmanship, I do not think there is much of this in a syndicate where there is a nucleus of those who have a genuine sporting education. The remaining guns only wish to avoid making fools of themselves. In those comparatively rare cases where six more or less complete novices are courageous enough to embark on taking a shoot, the errors that must undoubtedly occur are more of lack of knowledge than lack of sportsmanship.

Let the matter rest there. In the perfect shooting world, after the division of the atom or the Communist revolution, we will quarter Elysian fields of asphodel which will all be privately owned. As things stand syndicates are as inevitable as large blocks of flats, and though they have certain drawbacks these will gradually be eliminated. In placing my inauspicious initials at the end of this page, I make it clear that these views are personal and not necessarily those of the *Field*. But I think that readers of the *Field*, conservative though they may be, would not be in strong disagreement with much of what I have written. R. M.



ELEPHANTS ENJOYING A BATH

This photograph is from the collection of Baron Gourgaud, one of the leading French Big-Game photographers

SPORTSMEN OF FRANCE

Members of the French Big-Game Hunters' Club and Their Achievements

IT is impossible in these days of aeroplanes to think about the continent of Africa in terms of boundaries and frontiers. Yet English sportsmen with the enormous resources of our own Colonial Empire at their disposal know very little of the French, Belgian and Portuguese colonies, whose flora and fauna hardly differ from our own, and whose total area represents so large a portion of the African continent. The Prince of Wales has set an example in this respect by his expedition into the Belgian Congo. We have a hundred years of sport behind us, and even to-day our own resources seem adequate to our needs. We have possibly been rather apt to dismiss the efforts of foreign big-game hunters, and the territories in which they operate, with too little consideration. It is perhaps true that Great Britain has set certain fashions in blood sports, whether it be plus-fours from Savile Row, guns from Purdey or Holland, or Rowland Ward's taxidermy. We have also set certain standards of sporting conduct to which the sportsmen of the Continent subscribe. But in this as in other fields we have only shown the way: foreign sportsmen may reach and outstrip us, for we must live up to our traditions, not on them.

Heaven forbid that it should be thought this purports international competition in big-game shooting! Nothing could be less desirable. What is required is international co-operation. Sport and travel represent the greatest possible international links, and there is no greater source of goodfellowship than days spent on shikar and safari.

Those who visit Rowland Ward's shop at frequent intervals, as every good big-game shooter must from time to time do, will have noticed the increasing number of good heads sent in by French sportsmen. I remember seeing Baron Gourgaud's heads after his 1931 and 1932 expeditions, a large number of museum groups which have since found a home in his interesting museum. In 1932 I can recall a Dorcas gazelle from Nigeria an inch above the record, and during the last two years I have had the pleasure of seeing some of the heads of M. François and M. Eddy Edmond Blanc, each of whom have married enthusiastic shikaris. I noticed particularly a Western defassa (waterbuck) an inch over record, a Western kob a quarter of an inch over record, and a very fine Lord Derby's eland, an animal more common apparently in French Equatorial Africa than is generally supposed. These records were made by M. François, but were beaten by M. Eddy, as both his Western defassa and Western kob proved bigger than those of his brother. Mme. Eddy Edmond Blanc has also to her credit a 29in. roan antelope.

So, when I went over to Paris last week for the exhibition of big-game photographs organised by the Syndicat des Grandes Chasses Coloniales Français, I was quite prepared to find as high a standard of sportsmanship and sporting achievement among French big-game hunters as among English ones. This view was indeed strengthened by the concerted action taken by the French and British delegations at the recent Big-Game Conference in London, which had shown that the sportsmen and naturalists of both countries were actuated by the same motives. I was assured by a member of the French delegation to that conference that in both countries common ground was found as to the elementary



COUNT DE JANZÉ

A member of the Executive Committee of the Syndicat des Grandes Chasses Coloniales Françaises



Studio Piaz

PRINCE PIERRE MURAT

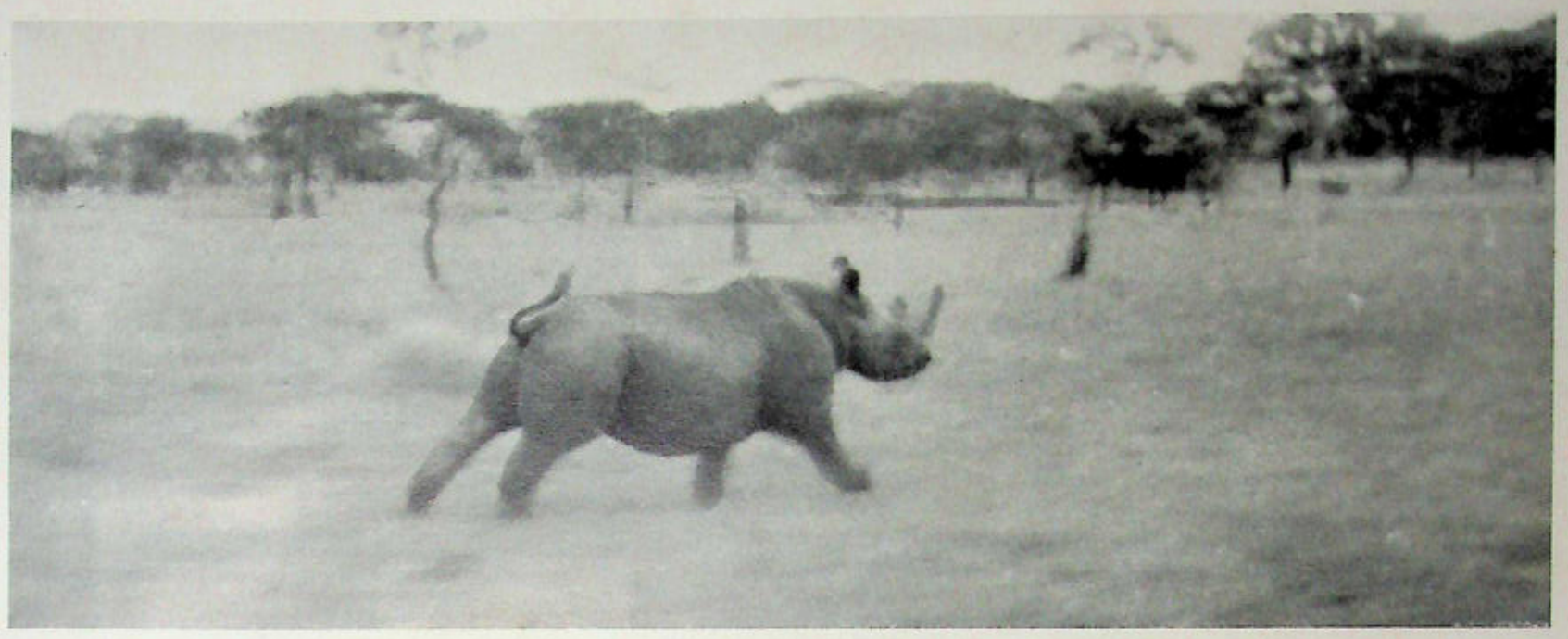
Another enthusiastic Big-Game shot, and a member of the famous French family descended from Napoleon's brother-in-law and Marshal



Studio Piaz

PRINCE SIXTE DE BOURBON

A photograph taken on an African safari. Prince Sixte is brother of the ex-Empress Zita of Austria-Hungary



A RHINO AT THE CANTER

Another exhibit by Baron Gourgaud, taken from a car and clearly demonstrating the peculiar gait of the rhino in a hurry

rules of conduct which should govern big-game shooting. Sitting up over waterholes, shooting from motor cars and under lights, the slaying of rare species, the slaughter of animals for the pleasure of killing, are all as much taboo in France as they are here, while French sportsmen to-day are as keen as those of this country to assist in the preservation of game, to prevent needless sufferings to wounded animals, and to help the local authorities in the control of poaching. These matters, I was told, are only just being properly considered in France. "We are," they would say, "a newer colonising power, and we have not as old-established sporting traditions as the English. But we are very proud of our Empire in Africa and Indo-China, and we are determined that our big-game shooting shall be beyond reproach. It is true that in the past there has often been too low a code among our big-game shooters. But now the Syndicat des Grandes Chasses is determined to set an example." That, in short, seems a typical view.

Arrived in France, and touring the very interesting exhibition of photographs, and meeting some of the sportsmen who had taken them, I realised how fine a lead aspiring young French shikari were being given. President of the Executive Committee of the Syndicat des Grandes Chasses is the Marquis de Barthélemy, one of the most experienced and successful big-game shots in Europe, who is at present on his way to Indo-China for a new expedition. He has had many thrilling experiences with dangerous game, and on one occasion was mauled by a tiger when shooting in the Beauce district of French Indo-China.

Vice-President of the Committee is M. Jean Lebaudy, who has a wide knowledge of African shooting, and who has only recently returned from an expedition in that country. Among the members of the executive committee, particular mention must be made of Count Antoine de la Chevasnerie, who was the organising secretary of the exhibition, and whose journeyings in Northern Africa have covered many thousands of miles. The Count is of the best type of French sportsman, a real lover of animals large and small, one who gets the maximum of enjoyment out of travel and stalking, and who looks for quality, not quantity, in his bag. I am indebted to him for a great deal of most interesting information about the exhibition.

Other members who take an active part in the work of the executive committee, all keen sportsmen, are Prince Achille Murat, who has shot extensively in Indo-China and in America, the Duke de Maillé, who is at present shooting in India, and who has shot in Poland and Africa on many occasions, General Andlauer, a hardened and experienced sportsman of many years' standing, who was formerly commander of the troops in French Indo-China, M. Jean Delacour, and M. François Edmond Blanc. M. François and M. Eddy Edmond Blanc, his brother, with their wives, have recently carried out a very extensive tour in Uganda, Kenya and Tanganyika, and made a remarkable collection of heads, reference to which has already been made.

On the general committee are to be found big-game hunters whose names are well-known in France as sportsmen of the best type. They include Prince Sixte de Bourbon, Count de Luart, a young and enthusiastic shot, who is giving a lead to the more enlightened views on the position of the big-game hunter as a factor in faunal preservation, Count de Janzé, M. Jacques Pastré the well-known polo player, M. Prud'homme, M. de Boislambert, who has extensive lands in Kenya, M. Maxime Ducrocq, a member of the Conseil International de la Chasse, M. Jacques Menier, the master of a well-known pack of staghounds, and M. de Ramecourt, who, during the last five years has travelled 85,000 kilometres on safari.



COUNT DE LA CHEVASNERIE

One of the keenest French shots and a leading spirit in the organisation of the exhibition

No account of French sportsmen would be complete without reference to Baron Gourgaud, two of whose studies from the exhibition are used as illustrations to this page. His name is well known in this country since his film *L'Afrique Vous Parle* was one of the most popular of animal moving pictures. He has had many years of experience of shooting of every kind and he now occupies himself with the remarkable Musée Africaine, which he has formed at the Ile d'Aix, and which contains some of the best-arranged natural history groups in Europe, including among other curiosities Napoleon's camel.

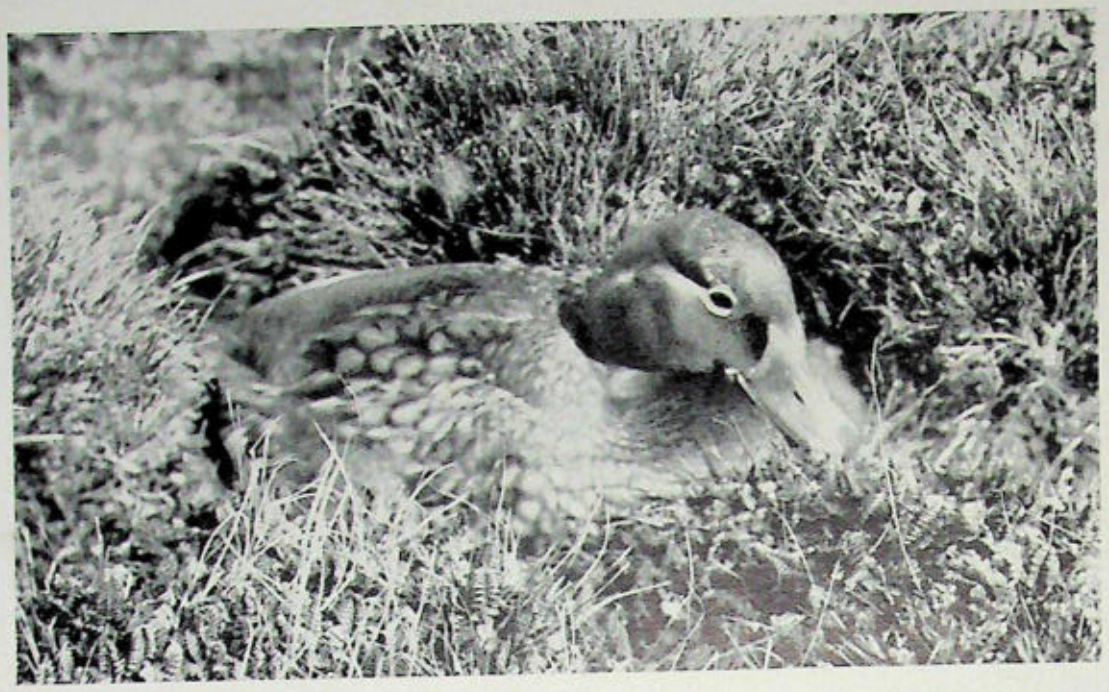
I have tried to indicate in this short account something of the common feeling which actuates the best big-game hunters on either side of the Channel. The French were perhaps later in the field than we. We are bound to them by peculiarly strong ties. If there is anything of distinction to be won in the best forms of big-game shooting and photography, we will gladly share it with them.

M. S.



MADAME EDDY EDMOND BLANC

A French sportswoman who accompanies her husband on many of his expeditions and who has shot a number of good heads herself



THE FLIGHTLESS LOGGERHEAD DUCK OF THE FALKLANDS ON ITS NEST
This nest was built, as is often the case, at a considerable distance from the sea

DUCKS THAT CANNOT FLY

The Queerest Inhabitants of the Falkland Islands

ALTHOUGH the loggerhead or steamer ducks which inhabit the Falkland Islands are heavy birds and unable to fly, they can scuttle along over the surface of the water or land at a tremendous rate, if surprised or chased by some enemy or supposed enemy, moving their absurdly small wings very rapidly and rising slightly from the ground every now and again.

They do not, as a rule, go far from the sea, except at nesting time. Why they should build, as they frequently do, at such a distance from the shore is a mystery, because each time one of these ducks is disturbed off her nest by a passing shepherd on horseback or some other cause, she invariably makes a beeline for the nearest beach, where the drake will be found either sitting sunning himself or swimming up and down in the sea on sentry duty.

Should he see or hear danger approaching, he calls to his duck with a shrill note like that of a bull-frog. If she is at the nest merely for laying purposes, the duck hurries down at once, but should she be well on with her sitting operations, she will stay till the last possible second on her nest, perhaps until a rider is just on top of her, when out she will burst with such a flapping and noise that only a very sedate old horse can endure without stampeding. The usual time for nesting is September, eggs being almost always to be found about the third week, and on through October. Six or eight is the usual clutch, but big broods of ten or eleven are hatched out occasionally.

It is a wonderfully pretty sight to watch a big crowd of little ducklings riding a choppy sea and trying to keep close behind mother, who in her turn endeavours to protect her little brood from being snapped up by an Antarctic skua or one of the big gulls, which are ever on the watch for such morsels. It is sad to see such a family dropping off in numbers day after day like the ten little nigger boys.

Nests may be built either in dry kelp (seaweed) above high-water mark on the beach, under the shelter of a bank or cliff, in a hole in the ground similar to that of a jackass penguin, or in grass, a diddledee bush, a furze hedge or in tussac grass.

One nest seen by the writer was under an old dinghy lying bottom up on the beach, and if the duck had not suddenly jumped out she would not have been noticed. The eggs being stained and well covered with down must have been near to hatching, but the duck deserted the nest, or it would have been interesting to see how she got the young ones out of the boat, a jump of about two feet up through a hole in the bottom.

Another curious nest was a semi-detached affair in a diddledee bush tenanted conjointly by an upland goose and an elderly loggerhead duck. The goose jumped off, leaving her four eggs exposed close astern of the duck, who sat on and allowed herself to be lifted off in a sort of mesmerised condition. She was a very old bird with big corns on her wings, and her six exceptionally big eggs had evidently been laid first. Whether she was too weak to drive the goose away, or whether the goose had chosen the site some time before and refused to go elsewhere, could not be ascertained. It certainly was not from any lack of desirable vacant building plots, there being hundreds of acres to pick from.

After the young birds are big enough to fend for themselves, the old loggerheads drive them away from the nesting-place, and they form huge colonies, sometimes several hundreds in number, until they are old enough to settle down on a pitch of their own as respectable mated pairs.

Judging from a duck skinned, in which there were over 450 small mussel shells of various sizes, they must consume an enormous quantity of shellfish. In the crop of a drake were three small crabs and a large quantity of sand and tiny double shells, all of which would add to the bird's difficulties if it attempted to fly.

When fishing in shallow water they will remain with their heads under the surface for 10 to 15 seconds, paddling with their big feet and rotating, so that their white underparts and grey backs are visible alternately, a curious effect. They know where fresh water streams are, and will swim up to one and, as soon as they touch bottom, start drinking the water flowing into the sea. In deep water they will stay right under about half a minute, and then up for about a quarter of a minute to breathe, bringing up what must be a rather stupid or deaf fish occasionally.

In their turn the loggerheads, or "loggers," as they are called locally, are chased by porpoises and seals, so they never go out very far from the shore.

They are very handsome birds, their plumage, which is mainly greyish brown, being shot with greens and purples with white feathers here and there. The drake has an orange bill, while that of the female and immature birds is of a greenish colour.

The light cream-coloured eggs are quite good eating when fresh and, being over 3½in. in length, make a good meal when fried or boiled.

ARTHUR F. COBB.

INDIAN BIRD CHARTS

An Idea That Might Be Adopted Here

SOME little while ago a series of five coloured charts of Indian birds was issued by the Bombay Natural History Society, each one being some 3ft. square and containing a number of beautifully drawn and coloured figures of the commoner Indian species.

Nos. 1 and 2 represent the perching birds, and in these two alone no less than 86 species are figured, some, such as the shama, mynahs, bulbuls, and others being known to us here as cage and aviary birds. Chart No. 3 illustrates the woodpeckers, barbets, parrots, cuckoos, kingfishers, bee-eaters, swifts, and owls, and also the birds of prey.

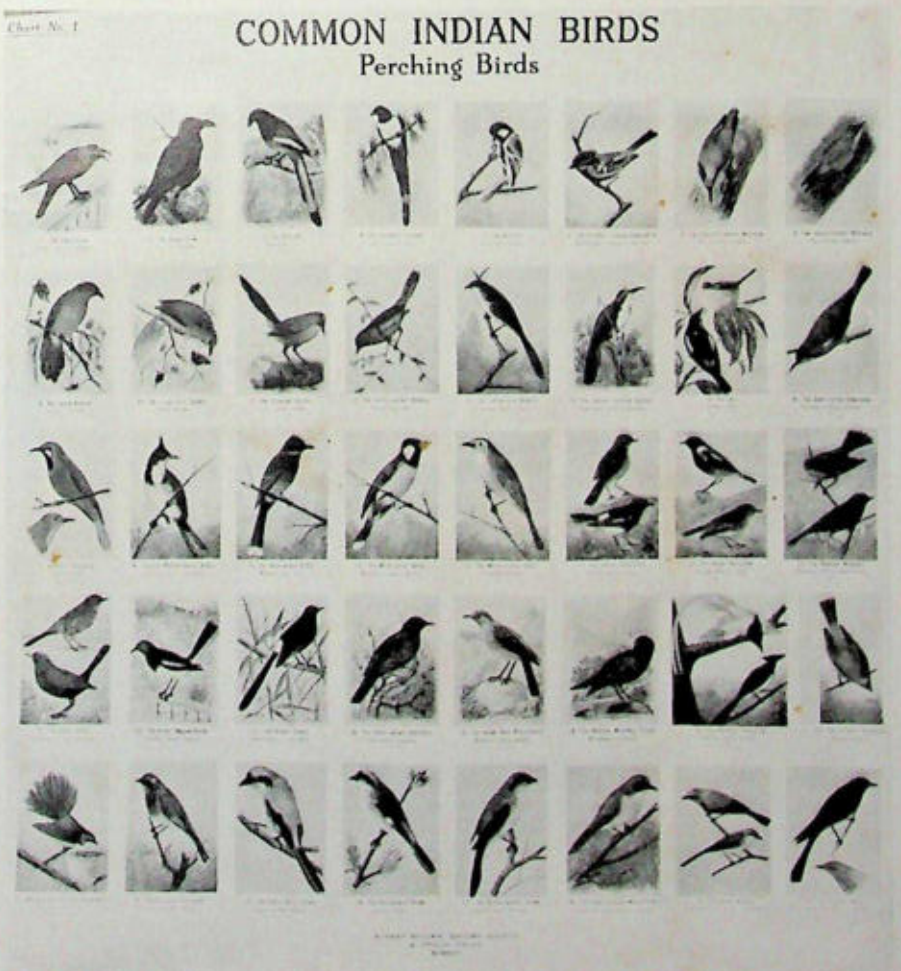
Chart No. 4 shows us the gamebirds—pigeons, jungle-fowl (the progenitors of our domestic poultry), sand-grouse, partridges, and quail, in its first half, the second half and the whole of Chart No. 5 dealing with wading and swimming birds. Here we have a fine series of pictures of cranes, bustards, jacanas, plovers, storks, ibises, herons, and egrets; duck, geese and the flamingo. On Chart No. 5 are also printed some excellent diagrams showing the topography of a bird and the heads, beaks, and feet of the different orders.

These charts are mounted on strong canvas, varnished and fitted with rollers so that if one has not room to permanently hang them, and they take up a good deal of wall space, they can be rolled up and put away until required; and we have little doubt that they will be in constant demand from Anglo-Indians and all who are interested in Indian birds, while for museums they should be invaluable.

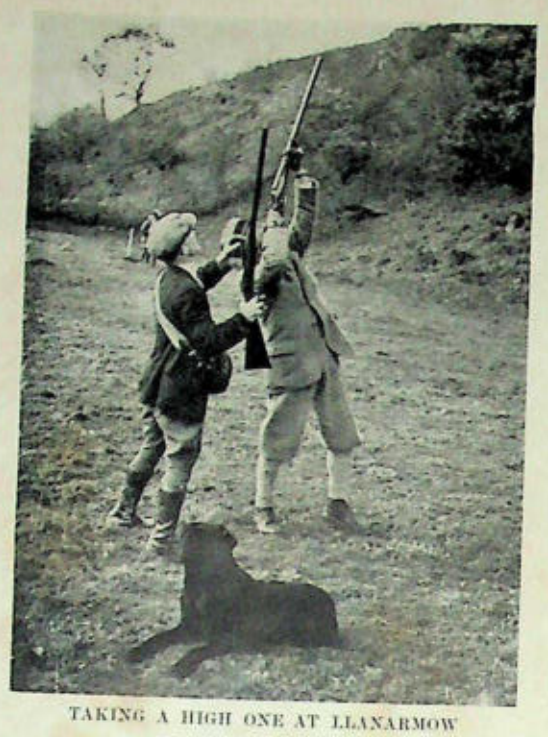
From an educational point of view such charts are most useful, for after all, we all learn to identify birds quicker and more surely by seeing really good coloured illustrations, than by all the descriptions in text-books. And why cannot the same idea be applied to British birds? A series of charts of our own birds like these of Indian birds would be very helpful in the schools. Is it too much to hope that the R.S.P.B. or some kindred society will take the hint?

In the meantime the Bombay Natural History Society are to be congratulated on their enterprise in producing these excellent aids to identification, as are Messrs. Vitty & Seaborne, of London, who have done the actual work of printing and mounting, and from whom the charts can be obtained, price £3 7s. 6d. The price in India to the public is Rs. 45 per set of 5 charts or Rs. 40 bound in book form, plus postage and packing, but a reduction in price is made to members of the Bombay Natural History Society.

D. SETH-SMITH.



PART I. OF THE INDIAN BIRD-CHARTS
This shows forty common species of perching birds, including the crows, tits, babblers, bulbuls, chats, robins, thrushes, flycatchers, and shrikes



TAKING A HIGH ONE AT LLANARMOW

BEATERS IN COVERT

Details of Management Which Affect the Success of a Shoot

By COMMANDER DOUGLAS LANG, R.N.

TO control beaters while actually beating a covert on many estates entails much variety in method. And while the method adopted is probably the result of many conferences between master and servant, the actual control of the beaters is generally left entirely to the headkeeper, as undoubtedly it should be. The importance of such control is sometimes apt to be overlooked, for at some shoots one notices a complete lack of supervision, the only object appearing to be to go through the covert making as much disturbance as possible, accompanied by much talking and shouting of instructions. West Country beaters are probably the worst offenders, for they *must* talk, and it is nearly impossible to keep them quiet. (Who was the General who once said he never had to ask where a famous West Country regiment was, as he could always hear them!)

As the control of beaters is so varied, let us consider what is the ideal method of managing them with the object of putting the game over the guns in such a manner as to produce as killing a rise as possible. For the amount of game shot at during a stand can be controlled to a considerable extent by the headkeeper's manipulation of his beaters.

The guns can either be treated to a glorious five minutes when the air is full of birds, when comparatively few will be shot, or a very careful, slow and systematic advance will eventually produce small flushes of five or six birds at a time and spread over the whole line, which will present ample opportunities for the guns to take a heavy toll of them. A good team of beaters should be comparatively easy to obtain on large estates, for it should generally be possible to collect the same men for each shooting day. These beaters should be taught their duties on small days with as much care as if your big shoot was taking place. They will then know how to act on all occasions whether they are beating out a wood containing several hundred pheasants, or one that holds only a few. It saves a great deal of misunderstanding if before they line out at the beginning of *each* cover the beaters are told by the headkeeper exactly how the drive is to be conducted. The ideal is to divide them up into three parties—right, left and centre—each under an underkeeper with the headkeeper free to go wherever he can best supervise the whole line. The use of a horn would appear preferable to a whistle as a signal for the beaters to advance, for it is much more unmistakable then the latter, which may be misunderstood as a call for a wandering dog.

Progression should be slow and each party should keep in line as a unit, the necessary pauses being made to enable individual beaters to negotiate the thicker places. It should be quite unnecessary for a beater to speak at all during the drive, for the object is not to frighten the birds but to move the pheasants forward *on their feet* to the flushing area. Beating a covert with sticks will not unduly frighten the birds, but talking and shouting assuredly will, and frightened birds will frequently take to their wings and fly back or to a flank which is the last thing that is wanted. Pheasants that are only slightly alarmed will always run in preference to flying, and they will only fly when they find their legs will no longer enable them to avoid danger such as at the flushing point.

Sides of a cover require particular attention and should be thoroughly searched by the flank beaters as a large number of birds will assuredly run to these borders and hide there. It must always be remembered that the ideal is for no pheasant to take to the air until he is expelled from the flushing point, and therefore if it is seen that a large number of birds who are unduly alarmed have collected in a small area of the wood, the line must be halted until they have dispersed; they should similarly be halted every time a small accidental flush occurs, for pheasants are in some ways rather like sheep, and there is always the danger of a considerable number of birds following the example of two or three frightened birds and flushing too early if the line is not stopped immediately they rise. Every advantage should be taken on reaching transverse rides to realign the position of the beaters, and they should be instructed to remain in the ride until a note on the horn sends them forward again.

The closer the line gets to the flushing area the slower and the more carefully must it advance, and bushes should be more prodded than beaten, for this method makes less noise. The last 50yds. of the advance must be done most carefully until the flushing point is surrounded on three sides by all the beaters, where they should remain motionless and completely silent, for the pheasants will see them all right, and so there is no necessity to make their presence known in any other manner.

If the flushing area has been properly planted or constructed, all the birds should be collected in bunches of five or six in every isolated clump of undergrowth. One man is frequently sufficient to rise the birds from the flushing point, but at most the headkeeper and his assistants are all that are required. Only one clump of undergrowth must be tackled at a time, and it should be definitely "prodded" close to the ground and not "whacked," for silence is now of paramount importance. All the birds from a clump must be allowed to pass over the guns before the next one is attacked, the keeper standing quite still and silent between the flushes. If this silence is rigidly maintained and the flushing point is correctly constructed, there need be no fear of a general rise. When every clump has been beaten out the beaters should put out any birds that have had the courage to remain.

Silence is the most difficult point to obtain, for one rabbit excites a beater far more than 50 pheasants, and the sight of a roedeer fills them with delirium. The latter will generally break back through the line, which is the way he is wanted to go so as not to disturb the game in front. If the cover contains many woodcock or rabbits it must be beaten even more methodically closely and slowly than with pheasants, for they lie much closer. Remember that a rabbit, on the approach of beaters, generally remains motionless in the hope of escaping detection, and if driven from his seat runs *back* if he can. A very careful search is therefore necessary to discover him and a close, well-kept line is essential to send him forward.

When one considers the expense of a big pheasant shoot, the additional outlay in providing each beater with suitable protection is a mere bagatelle, and well worth the money. All that is required is a smock made of some light-coloured strong twill, opening at the neck only, and reaching well down below the knees. A pair of strong gaiters and a belt worn outside the smock, will then enable them to go through the thickest brambles with impunity. Smocks only cost about 16/-, but if this sum cannot be afforded, obtain squares of strong twill and cut a hole in the centre to go over the beater's head. A stout cord round the waist will then turn this sheet into a fair imitation of a smock. It will keep off the rain, protect the beater's clothes, and being made of a light-coloured material is quickly seen by the game and easily recognised by the guns.



COMING OVER

Lord Rossmore in action at a recent shoot at Rossmore Park

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 and country life.

RULES.—1. The latest date of entry for the next of these competitions is Saturday, January 27th. Envelopes must be marked "Photographic Competition," and addressed to The Editor, "Field" Newspaper, The 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.



Niall Rankin

LORD LECONFIELD'S HOUNDS WITH HIS HUNTSMAN F. GOSDEN IN THE CENTRE

FAMILIES FAMOUS IN SPORT—No. 11

The Wyndhams at Petworth

THE history of Petworth goes back to early Norman days, when this great estate came into the hands of the Percies, Earls of Northumberland, from whom the present Lord Leconfield is descended. But its modern sporting records commence about the year 1720, when the sixth Duke of Somerset, who married the heiress of the Percies nicknamed "The Proud," got together a pack of hounds in opposition to the famous Charlton Hunt, which was then owned by the Duke of Bolton and a Mr. Roper of Kent.

The inception of the Petworth Hounds provides an amusing example of the jealousy that was all too common amongst some of the great personages of that day, in that the success and importance of the Charlton Hunt had assumed such large dimensions that it provoked the envy of the owner of Petworth, who, accustomed as he was to be paramount in West Sussex, could not brook the sight of horses and hounds hunting over his estate. His Grace angrily inquired whose hounds they were so frequently coming near his house. On being told that they were the Charlton Pack belonging to Mr. Roper, he cried out stammering with anger : "Who is he? Where is his estate? What right has he to hunt this country? I'll have hounds and horses of my own." Despite the repeated remonstrances of his neighbours, he built kennels and stables upon the downs near Waltham, which were afterwards used by Lord Egremont as racing stables. So anxious was the Duke to outdo the Charlton Hunt that he sent down the finest cooks he could procure to tempt the Sussex sportsmen with the most sumptuous of hunt breakfasts, but all his endeavours were in vain, for they remained faithful in their allegiance to Mr. Roper, and after a few years His Grace gave up the unequal struggle, disposed of his hounds and left the field in disgust.

In 1750 Petworth passed into the hands of the Earl of Egremont, who inherited it through his mother, the Duke of Somerset's daughter, but there is no mention of any Hunt being maintained there until in 1773 the third Earl purchased Sir Thomas Gascoyne's pack. His huntsman was Luke Freeman who, it is interesting to note, was an ancestor of the famous Pytchley huntsman of the same name.

In 1813 the famous Charlton, or Goodwood Hunt, as it was then called, came to an end owing to the absence of the fourth Duke of Richmond as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and so the country was consequently taken over by Lord Egremont, who thus obtained the privilege of hunting West Sussex, which all the rank and power of his great ancestor, "the proud Duke of Somerset" was never able to grasp.

Lord Egremont subsequently gave up the hounds to the Duke of Richmond, but after a few seasons the latter relinquished them to Lord Egremont's eldest son, Colonel George Wyndham, who then started to hunt not only the old Goodwood country, but also that part of the Findon country as well which now belongs to the Crawley and Horsham pack. The kennels were at Drove, near Singleton, where he lived, the house being the old Drovers' Inn which he converted into a residence.

Lord Egremont's second son, General Sir Henry Wyndham, was also a very keen man to hounds, and started another pack which he kept at Sladeland, about four miles north of Petworth, and hunted the country which now belongs to the present Lord Leconfield. The existence of this pack evidently annoyed the other brother exceedingly, for he seems to have wanted to hunt the whole surrounding country himself. A series of most regrettable and unseemly incidents occurred between the two brothers, which eventually culminated in an investigation into the whole matter by the Masters of Foxhounds' Association Committee in 1839. There is little doubt that all the blame lay at the door of the elder brother, who made things so impossible for Sir Henry Wyndham by shooting his foxes, among other unneighbourly acts, that the latter had to give up his hounds and in the following year went to live at Cockermouth Castle in Cumberland. This country was therefore not hunted for a space of eight years, in fact not until 1848, when the elder brother annexed it and brought it into his own hunt.

In that year Colonel George Wyndham moved his pack from Drove and brought it to Petworth, where on his elevation to the peerage in 1858 they were known as Lord Leconfield's hounds. He hunted hounds himself for the first few seasons, but then engaged the services of Squires, who was celebrated for his very fine voice. He was a magnifi-



Niall Rankin

TWO VIEWS IN THE PARK AT PETWORTH

On the left is Petworth House with the spire of the church behind, and on the right is a view over the lake looking towards the Downs

cent huntsman in every way, much resembling James Pigg. He was, however, unable to keep on friendly terms with the other hunt servants, and therefore left in 1862, and went to hunt the Lanark and Renfrew country, where he eventually broke his neck while galloping down a ride. His successor, Charles Shepherd, served the first peer until he died in 1869 and continued to carry the horn for the second Lord Leconfield until he eventually retired at the age of 79, after 34 years' service. The country hunted over by this pack in the middle of Shepherd's time was immense, for it not only embraced the whole of the old Goodwood country and the Petworth country, but for three seasons the Findon country as well. In 1883, however, that portion of the country that was originally hunted by the famous Charlton Hounds in the 1730's was handed over to the sixth Duke of Richmond, who wished to restart the Goodwood Hunt once more.

The second Lord Leconfield died in 1901, when the Hunt passed into the hands of the present Master, who started by hunting the bitch pack himself for two days a week while his huntsman, Charles White, carried the horn with the dog pack. This arrangement lasted until 1918, when he hunted both packs himself.

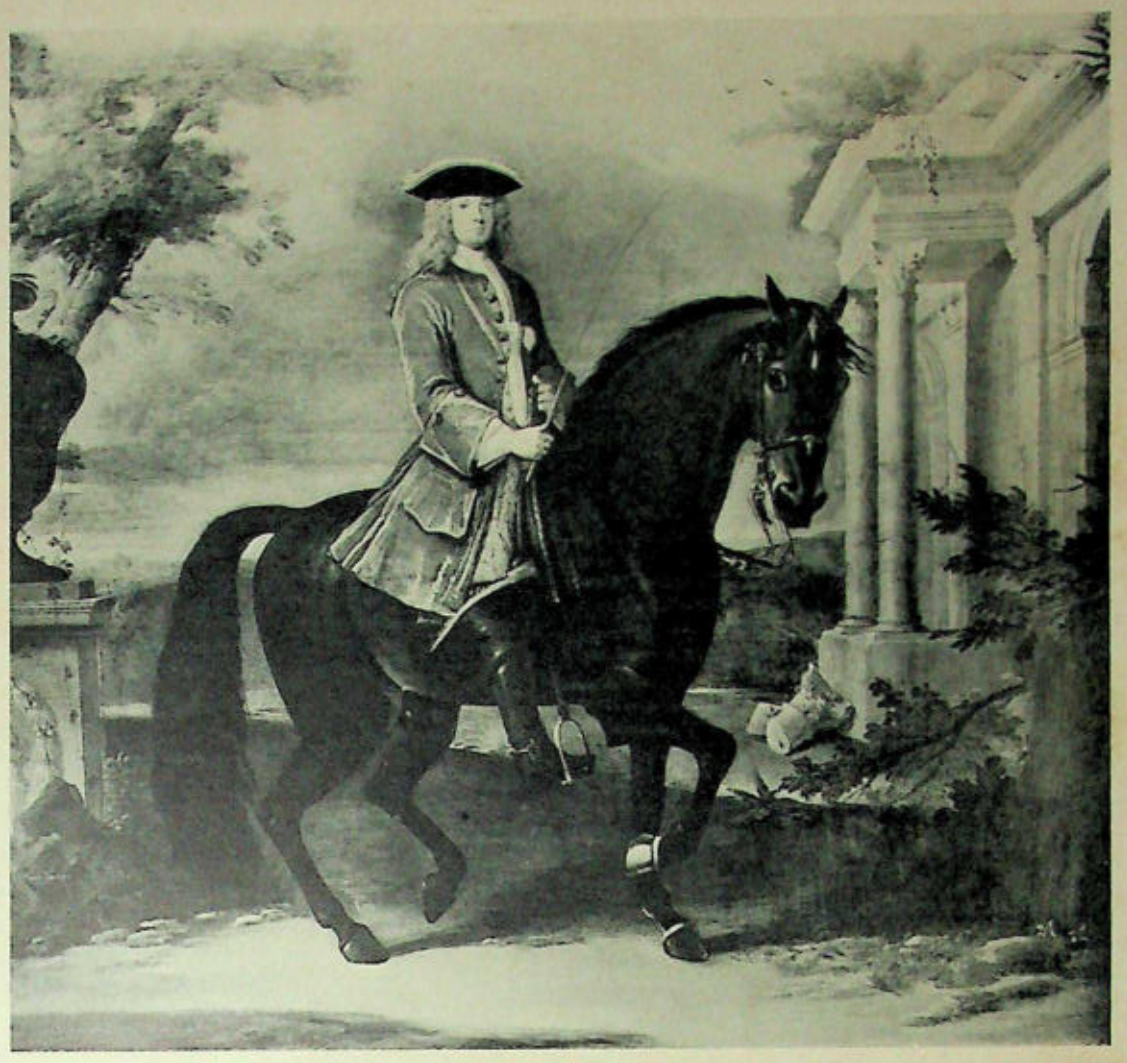
The resurrection of the Goodwood pack, previously mentioned, only lasted till 1895, and the country was not hunted again until Lord Leconfield reannexed it in 1905, starting at its eastern end but gradually penetrating west until two years later it all came under his control once more, and thereafter he hunted six days a week. After the war Lord Leconfield only hunted four days a week, but in 1922, when he gave up the old Goodwood country to the Cowdray hounds, hunting days have been reduced to two a week. Up to the season of 1931–1932 the Hunt had always been a private one, the Master defraying all expenses out of his own pocket; but although the country gave a contribution last year it will in future become entirely a subscription pack.

While hunting undoubtedly sounds the predominating note in the sporting history of Petworth, racing also played its part, for the third Earl of Egremont was an ardent supporter of the Turf and bred extensively at Petworth; the famous Whalebone being one of his principal sires. His son kept the racing stud going for some years, but it gradually dwindled, and at his death was dispersed.

The very beautiful paddocks which lie to the south-west of the house no longer contain any bloodstock, but now probably serve a more generally useful purpose in that they accommodate a hockey ground, several lawn tennis courts and a really excellent cricket ground, which are used by the local sports club, whose members must, indeed, consider themselves fortunate to enjoy such ideal pitches and surroundings.

Although tennis cannot be technically called a sport, the sporting history of Petworth would certainly not be complete without some reference to the tennis court, which has a remarkable history in that it has been moved no less than three times, and is certainly one of the oldest in the country. The first court was built by the ninth Earl of Northumberland in the middle of the seventeenth century as a wing to the old original Saxon house and quite close to the chapel, which still exists in the present mansion. This court was, however, pulled down in 1695 and rebuilt in 1700 on the same site on which the present one stands. It remained in this position for 97 years, when it was demolished by Lord Egremont and re-erected in its original position. This in turn was pulled down by Lord Leconfield in 1872 and moved back to its present position. The grey stone used in the construction of the second court—which has been moved twice—still forms the masonry of the present court, and in a sense may be said to date back to 1700, and is thus the second oldest of the private courts in England. Including the pent houses it is 106ft. 7½in. long, and is magnificently built and certainly worthy of the highest class tennis.

Another old building well worthy of mention is the riding school which abuts on to the stables. In this connection it is interesting to note that Lord Leconfield keeps his hunters "up" all the year round, the only exercise they get in the summer being an hour a day in this school. A very large and fine herd of fallow deer is still kept in the park, which undoubtedly owes its present existence to its excellence, for it was one of the few that was selected by the Ministry of Agriculture not to be destroyed during the war.



KNELLER'S PORTRAIT OF SIR WILLIAM WYNDHAM WITH A HORSE PAINTED BY WOOTON
From the picture in the Petworth collection



LORD LECONFIELD WITH HIS HOUNDS
A picture by A. G. Haigh presented to Lord Leconfield on his ceasing to hunt hounds in 1931

ROUND THE WORLD WITH A SHOT GUN

No. 17.—Peru and Bolivia

WHEN proceeding up the coast of Peru, Mollendo should be the first port of call, for the railway which runs inland from there to Juliaca, and then branches off to Cuzco, passes through some very good duck country.

Some large lakes border the railway between Crucero and Lagunillas; but do not be tempted to stop at them, for although they sometimes hold duck in considerable numbers, they are unapproachable except in a boat, as the lakes are very deep and there is no surrounding fringe of reeds in which to take cover; rather go on to Juliaca and then take the branch line which runs through the very fertile valley of Marangani to Cuzco, where there are some good lagoons 40 miles away from the town, which, however, have to be reached on horseback. The best duck shooting in the vicinity of this line is between Juliaca and La Raya, where there are some excellent swamps and lagoons which hold considerable numbers of waterfowl, the best stopping-places between these limits probably being Chuquehambilla, Santa Rosa and Laro.

At the first place there is a large lagoon about a mile-and-a-quarter long and 400yds. broad, and only about 2ft. deep, so it is easily waded.

Lake Titicaca, a hundred miles long and fifty broad, looks ideal for duck shooting, as in many places it is covered with thick reeds, but in practice it yields but a mediocre bag. The natives build canoes out of the reeds, which come in handy for shooting, but a motor boat is better, and this can generally be procured. Puna is the best centre on the Peruvian shore, and Guaqui on the Bolivian one, the two being interconnected by a very good line of steamers.

Using the port of Callao as a base some good duck shooting is obtainable. From Oroya the Cerro de Pasco Railway will take you to Junin, where there is an excellent lake at an altitude of 14,000ft., where a motor boat and some duck punts can be obtained. Teal are to be found there in large numbers; but coscoroba swan, ibis, bittern and grebe are also plentiful.

Although it is not generally known in that locality, the spectacled bear is to be found in the mountains near Oroya.

Independencia Bay, about 70 miles south of Callao, is a good anchorage from which to reach Mala, 50 miles inland, where there are some renowned marshes and swamps where large bags of pintail duck and cinnamon teal can be had. PINTAIL.

SALMON IN THE 17TH CENTURY

Some Records From the Yore

By SIR T. LAWSON-TANCRED, BART.

IN days gone by many salmon were netted in the Yore between Boroughbridge and the mouth of the Swale, which runs in some two miles south-east of the town. The fishery was an old adjunct of the manor of Aldborough, and formerly was of some value, but nowadays the salmon do not collect and remain in this part of the river in any numbers. They pass on to the purer water above Ripon, owing no doubt to the present system of salmon ladders. Numbers are now caught by rod and line in the higher reaches. Netting in this part of the river has long been discontinued, but the memory of the fishermen survives in Fishergate Street, in Boroughbridge, at one end of which the fishermen used to live.

The manor of Aldborough, which had formerly belonged to the Duchy of Lancaster, was purchased in 1629 by a Mr. Arthur Aldburgh. At the time of his purchase the river was regularly netted by seven or eight pairs of boats.

The fishermen, however, refused to pay rent for the fishing. They based their case on a decree of the Duchy, dated February 4th, 23 Elizabeth, which, they claimed, went to prove that the Duchy had not exercised rights over the river and fishery; and they appealed to the Duchy. Mr. Aldburgh, however, proved by a number of ancient charters and Court Rolls that the Crown had always exercised its rights over the river and fishery and had always exacted rent for the fishing. These ancient charters are all contained in the Charterlary of Fountains Abbey, and most of the Ancient Court Rolls are still extant. The charters refer to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries only, but the Court Rolls cover a much longer period.

Having quoted the ancient charters and Court Rolls, Mr. Aldburgh, in his brief, proceeds: "Nowe whereas the peticoners in their peticon alleadge that I prosecute unnecessary suite against them to vexe them and putt them to chardges. Before I commenced any suite against them I did treate fairely with them 4 or 5 yeares by way of love and friendshipp, and in respect of my rent & purchase did demand in satisfacon of their fishing in the said river yearely of evry paire of boats a salmon in winter which is worth about iv. s. and another in somer which may be bought for 1 6d. And ytt is confest and I can make ytt appeare that some paire of boats gett salmon, trout, and other fish worth xx£ yearly, some xxtie five, and none under x£."

Twenty pounds was a considerable income in those days and it is evident that the fishermen did well. Mr. Aldburgh mentions trout as being caught. This part of the river is quite unsuited to brown trout, and it was so heavily netted that few could have survived. Perhaps there was a run of sea trout in those days?

In the Court Rolls the fishery is often referred to and the obstruction to traffic on the river caused by the erection of fish traps along the banks by the Abbeys owning property on the river. A list of the pools to be fished is given in the Rolls. Among them was the mouth of the Swale. Salmon must have ascended the Swale, but a heavy toll must have been taken of them by the nets at the mouth. Then, as now, there was an early spring run of salmon (they are called "winter" salmon by Mr. Aldburgh) and a later summer run, and the laws against the killing of kelts and salmon fry were strictly enforced. The season appears to have opened and closed earlier than now.

There is no mention of rod fishing for salmon, for which this part of the Yore is unsuited. In fact, rod fishing for salmon does not appear to have become popular anywhere until a much later date. Gervase Markham, who wrote towards the end of the seventeenth century, says of the salmon as a sporting fish: "He is a fish which in truth is unfit for your travel, both because he is too huge and cumbersome as also that he naturally delighteth to lie in the bottoms of great deep rivers." Netting was the only legal method of fishing, but a number of illegal methods were often resorted to.

Among the latter were fish garths and weirs, which were no doubt enclosures into which the salmon passed and from which they could not escape. Piles and kiddels appear to have been stakes driven into the banks and bed of the river to which fixed nets were attached. They were no doubt a great obstruction to traffic on the river. What "heck wans" and "ran webs" were I have been unable to discover. Spears were also used, but whether legal or not does not appear.



A MODERN SALMON TRAP

It differs but little from those used in the 17th Century. The picture shows a set of pots on the Severn

A PURIST'S FALL

By CAPTAIN A. COURTNEY WILLIAMS

SOME few months ago a correspondent in the *Field* suggested that the dry-fly purist no longer exists except amongst beginners, an aspersion (or a compliment) which up to date no one appears to have contradicted.

Like hundreds of other fly fishermen, my own initiation into the art was via the medium of the wet fly, and it was a good many years before the undoubted fascination of the dry fly caused me to transfer my allegiance to it and almost unknowingly converted me into what is termed a "purist." As might be expected, this phase of my piscatorial education was of brief duration, for it soon became obvious that on occasions the wet fly proved far more killing, and that the judicious use of both methods was the ideal.

Thereafter for some ten or twelve years the floating fly became my mainstay, but the wet fly and the nymph were utilised whenever circumstances demanded. This, I imagine, is the system adopted by the majority of experienced and successful anglers. It is founded on common sense, and has much to commend it.

Three years ago a bad attack of what Americans have termed the "bug fever" intervened, and up to a short while ago the identification and classification of aquatic insects (more particularly of the Ephemeridæ) proved an all-absorbing occupation. The actual catching of fish became of necessity a secondary consideration. When I managed to find a few minutes to fish it was almost exclusively with patterns which imitated the natural insects on which the trout were feeding at the time. The nymph was seldom used: the wet fly only as the very last resource.

Last spring a few paragraphs in Mr. T. J. Hanna's book, *Fly-fishing in Ireland*, made a great impression upon me. "Bitter words have been bandied about," he wrote, "in discussing this point, but it should always be remembered that the man who puts up, say, a butcher when the blue-winged olive is on in force has missed the whole point of fly fishing. He, poor fellow, is more to be pitied than scorned, for he has deliberately acknowledged his defeat. Fly fishing is a riddle, and he has confessed his inability to read that riddle. Thereafter fly fishing must be to that man a mere recreation. The only satisfaction he is likely to get is the killing of a few fish, but the pleasures of angling cannot be weighed in pounds and ounces on a spring balance. . . . . The main point to be remembered is to play the game out with no thought of quitting. If an angler is a quitter he misses the joy of striving to reach those apparently unscaleable heights which every fly fisher of vision sees rising before him."

Fired by these words (and by the flight over Mount Everest) it seemed to me that the heights should no longer be considered unscaleable, and therefore, I emerged as the complete and definite purist, vowing that never again should anything but the driest of dry flies decorate my line. It was in this frame of mind that I set forth one evening to fish a small lake, rather glorying in the fact that according to your correspondent I might well be the only specimen of the "genus purist" in the whole country. Reaching the waterside it was a little disappointing to find every trout standing on its head, engaged in that topsy-turvy business known to anglers as "tailing." An artificial shrimp or a nymph were indicated, but both being forms of the sunken lure it was decided to prove that even in such adverse conditions the floating fly could produce satisfactory results.

Except for a certain number of sedges, chironomus and cænis, no flies were visible on the water. A start was, therefore, made with a medium sedge, followed later by excellent imitations of the other two species. That they brought no response was understandable, for the fish were too busily engaged with their underwater diet to take any notice of surface offerings.

Suddenly a few olives appeared; only an odd one here and there, and truth to tell the trout showed no inclination to take them. To cut a long story short, in a lake in which the fish average only 1lb. each, and where a brace during the evening is considered "good going," five decent trout came to my rod in less than an hour, the heaviest two weighing 2lb. 1oz. and 2lb. 14oz. respectively.

All fell (including myself) to a mallard and claret—a very wet one too—for the fish invariably took it right off the bottom.

After all, if the trout want a mallard and claret and nothing else, why not let them have one? A chaque Saint sa Chandelle!



From Generation to Generation —
Dewar's



MASTERS AND HUNTSMEN AT THE YORKSHIRE SHOW IN 1925

Back row from left to right: Major Rhodes, C. Littleworth (York and Ainsty), Frank Smith (Dumfriesshire), E. Short (Bramham Moor), H. Cumpstone (York and Ainsty), N. Friend (Badsworth), T. Wardle (Sinnington), B. Thatcher (Middleton). Seated, from left to right: F. Morris (Cleveland), J. Scott (Morpeth), Major Gordon Foster (Master of the Sinnington), the late Mr. W. M. Wroughton (one of the judges), Lord Stalbridge (then Master of the Fernie), Colonel W. H. A. Wharton (Master of the Cleveland), B. Thatcher (Zetland), and J. Wright (Cheshire). It was at this show the Zetland won the Champion Cup with Gaffer

MEMORIES OF A HUNTSMAN

More Runs With the Zetland

By BERT THATCHER

FROM 1923–24 I chanced upon that huntsman's bugbear, a bad scenting season; in fact, it was the only season with the Zetland in which I did not kill a fox upon the first morning of cub-hunting. In addition, that horrible scourge of foot and mouth disease forbade us to hunt for many weeks, and it was well into February before we could hunt again. But compensation awaited us, for a good fox showed himself at the top of Carlton, and a holloa was heard straightaway. Hounds flew to the horn, at a pace that showed me we were going to have a gallop. Not quite so easy was the course of the horsemen; the rain was enough to make the top of the ground greasy, and the bone was still there.

Hounds ran very fast over Mr. Lax's farm, on by Gerald's Wood, along Manfield Scar and killed him. There was another fox in front of us, so going on immediately many thought it was the same fox, but as hounds were close up to him, we killed him in Pinkney Carrs.

We found again in Crabby and ran very fast to the Ashes to ground. Not waiting to stop we drew again later in the afternoon and found in Greystones, and ran very fast again past Carlton Grange, and turning left-handed, leaving Lucy Cross on the right and the kennels on the left, the fox ran through Nine Acres, past Big Allans back to Greystones, where hounds killed him. It was one of those days when foxes could not live before hounds, and one I shall always recall with pleasure.

In season 1924–25, we had some bad luck with the Zetland, for during the second morning of cub-hunting my first whipper-in, George Samways (who upon my retirement succeeded me as huntsman) had the misfortune to break his arm, and later on in the season I came to grief at a fence close to Peel Acres, in which fall I broke some ribs and missed thirteen days' hunting. Then we were stopped by frost for a long while, and about this time came the news that Colonel Ernest Vaux of Brettanby Manor, a well-known hunting man and a great patron of Northern steeple chasing, had died from getting a fish bone stuck in his throat. This was a sad loss to the Zetland, and also to me, as the Colonel had always been a good friend to hunting and sport.

One good day during this season I remember. On December 8th, 1924, hounds met at Kinninvie; the weather was still very doubtful, but Lord Barnard, the joint-Master, who is always keen, decided to turn out, he being the only one except the Hunt servants out that day.

We soon found, and ran a fox into Pallet Crag, dug him out and killed him; that ended the day, which was both good exercise for horses and hounds; and we were very lucky—we had no lame hounds the next day.

We were stopped for five days between December 18th and the 29th. The best hunt that season was on January 5th, when we met at Stainton. We found in Streatlam Big Woods; they went away at a rare pace by Dunne House Quarry, turned left to Shotterton Hall, past Gowan House, over the railway to Etherwick Whin, and straight up to How Gill, where hounds never dwelt, and then on to Stob Green on the moors, where we stopped hounds, after 50 minutes of the best, with a six-and-a-half mile point.

After this run we had a long hack back to Westrick Whin, where we soon found and ran very fast to ground at Stainton Quarry. I was anxious to reward hounds, so decided to try and get the fox out. The horses were all left outside the Quarry, and the Hunt servants and myself assisted by some of those grand sportsmen, the Durham pitmen, started to dig. During these operations the fox bolted and hounds got away with him. As the horses were outside the quarry it was some time before we could get mounted, but we heard hounds running through How Gill, and after that we never saw them again. Presumably they turned left-handed by Knott and ran their fox to the banks of the Tees, where, I was told later, they killed. I cannot vouch for this, but I well remember staying out in the dark, blowing my horn and calling for hounds. At long length we managed to get seven-and-a-half couple of hounds together, but ten couple stayed out all night, and were not recovered until 3.30 p.m. on the following day, when the whippers-in brought them back safe and sound to kennel.

In February of the 1927–28 season we met at Heighington. Hounds found a fox at once, which, after a short gallop, ran into a hollow tree. One hound went in after the fox, but could not get out again, so a whip thong was put round its neck to pull it out. During this operation the Rev. W. Drury, the hunting parson from Darlington, and a man of full habit of body, was up the tree to see if he could be of any assistance. A Durham pitman who, standing by, observed of the whipper-in, who was struggling with the hound: "This man down here looks as if he wor calven a coo!"

I have often been asked by people, when they have been looking hounds over in kennel, what are the most important qualities of the foxhound. After over 40 years' experience I should unhesitatingly say that a successful hound must possess: (1) Tongue; (2) nose; (3) drive. All these are important, and I place them in the above order for the following reason—because however good a nose a hound may possess, it is useless in the field if it runs mute. I would put down every mute hound; they are more trouble than they are worth to a huntsman.

(To be continued)

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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, Student of Wild Life and Nature Lover. 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.

PROTECTION OF WILD BIRDS

SIR,—You ask why the Protection of Birds Act prevents the keeping of a tame bird. The fact that this question should be asked shows the cloud of misunderstanding in which the Act has been involved, so I will answer it. If the Act is enforced, none of the birds in the schedule which is caught alive can be sold. If there are no sellers there can be no buyers. The immense majority of bird-keepers can only obtain birds by buying the wild-caught bird, for they are town-dwellers, and have not the means either to catch the birds themselves or to employ a bird-catcher. Nor can cage-bred British birds, which are exempt from the Act, supply more than a fraction of the demand. The rich are not touched by the Act, for they have ample means of obtaining pet birds without buying them.

That is why the Act in effect prevents the keeping of a tame British bird, except by the well-to-do, and that is why I call the Act class legislation, and the treatment of the little owl confirms this charge. You, and the other supporters of the Act, say that it is cruel to catch birds for the purpose of selling them alive, and you want to protect them against this cruelty. You extend this protection to the brown owl; you deny it to the little owl. The little owl is a nuisance to the game preserver, the brown owl is not. This is the only reason which I can conceive for distinguishing between them. The Act is tender to game preservers who, as a class, are well-to-do; it penalises bird-keepers, who, as a class, are not. And I may add that you, who are thinking only of protecting birds from cruelty, have no right to distinguish between one bird and another because you happen to dislike its habits.

But the matter does not rest there. The rich man has no occasion to keep a linnet in a cage; he can observe it in the wild. If it is the instinct of the rich man to observe birds, it is equally the instinct of the poor man, and he can only observe them captive. Of this right you deprive him. This again is class legislation.

And if this letter is not too long, what about shooting birds? I am sure, and I say it in all sincerity, that you support shooting because you believe that there is no substantial cruelty in it. But have you considered that you are encouraging shooting, which is essentially the pursuit of the well-to-do and which many people think cruel, and preventing the keeping of British birds in cages, which is essentially the pursuit of the poorer, and which many people do not think cruel?

This, I do assure you, is a practical and not a theoretical question. If I am not mistaken, it will be asked with ever increasing force in the near future.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN W. HILLS.

13, Cowley Street,
Westminster, S.W. 1.

[This letter is dealt with in a leading article on p. 1580.—ED.]

RUGBY AND ITS FINANCES

SIR,—It is one of my weekly pleasures to read the *Field*, but it is some time since anything in the football section interested me so much as your article on "Rugby Football and its Funds."

I was recently taken to task by some old Rugby Union friends of mine for my share in bringing Rugby League football to London. My reply to them was, "More than 30 years ago I wrote to the *Sportsman* suggesting that the most effectual way for the Rugby Union to deal with professionalism would be to prohibit the taking of gate money by their clubs. If, in some places a check on the number of the spectators was necessary, the whole business of collecting and disposing of the gate could be taken in hand by a local charity. The Union itself could take all proceeds of county, trial and international matches and use any surplus to help needy affiliated clubs."

This letter was not published. To-day, as I see it, the position is very similar. When and where there is sufficient gate-money taken, some of it, in some form or other, will find its way to some of the players. This is identical and inevitable, whether it is Rugby Union, Rugby League, lawn tennis or cricket. That being so, and the Union and the League both handling good gates, why should not they carry on side by side in the South as in the North? The fundamental difference is in the playing rules, and the recognition of the paying of some players.

I believe the League rules to be a distinct improvement both for player and spectator; and the payment, as I said, inevitable, in the modern view of sport and business being so mixed, and so much part of the life of the whole nation.

I got no satisfactory answer from any one of my friends. Perhaps some of your readers will give their views.

Yours truly,
128, Piccadilly, W. 1. CECIL WALSH.

EXPERIMENTS IN WATER DIVINING

SIR,—In your issue of December 2nd your correspondent says, "Generally speaking there are no such things as 'underground streams' and dowsers only discredit their work by using the term."

The aim of an experienced dowser when finding water is to find what is known as "fissure water." This is water which rises from the substrata to some point below the surface of the ground and then flows underground in a channel which it makes for itself.

A dowser is able, on finding indications of such a stream, to tell which way it is running and can follow upstream until he comes to the point where the water rises from the substrata through a fissure.

There are two reasons for his quest for this particular form of "underground water":

1. That it is less likely to be affected in times of drought than that in a "water-table."
2. That it is generally purer than that in a "water-table" as it is less prone to contamination than "water-table" water, which must of necessity be obtained largely through "seepage."

I agree with your correspondent that it is unusual to find evidence of these "underground streams" in chalk pits, etc., but they have often been found in tunnels and, in places where wells have been dug at the side of, instead of directly over, an "underground stream." Diggers have had narrow escapes owing to the water bursting through the side of the well after the shaft had been sunk below its level.

I think that if your correspondent will question any experienced well-*digger* (not a well *borer*) he will find that this is not uncommon, and that they will confirm that water, especially in chalk or clay soils, does run in "underground streams."

Yours truly,
Hampshire. RHAB.

SEALS ON THE COAST OF WALES

SIR,—During last September my wife and I were in Wales on an unfrequented coast formed mostly of cliffs, but having little bays and narrow inlets often terminating in sea caverns.

We were bathing one day in one of these deep inlets which ran into a cave, and my wife had swum across to the base of the cliff which formed the farther side, when, without any warning, a large seal raised its whiskered head within five yards and stared at her.

She was badly startled by this unexpected apparition, and quickly scrambled out on to a ledge of rock. The seal made no attempt to escape out to open sea and took no notice of our shouts. It snorted loudly several times and even swam across to within a few yards of me, where I stood on the near side of the creek, and fixed me with a glassy eye.

My wife called across to me that the beast probably had young in the cave and might possibly attack anyone in the water, she was therefore most averse to swimming back or to letting me swim across the intervening 20 yards to escort her back. The affair, which had seemed at first to be rather diverting, began to assume a somewhat serious aspect, for the only alternative then was for her to scale the cliff behind her; this did not appear to be unduly perilous and she started off.

Actually it proved to be infinitely worse than either of us had imagined. She got into difficulties, and I went back round the head of the inlet and climbed down to her. We were both in very serious danger before gaining the top; altogether it was an extremely unpleasant experience, and probably quite unnecessary. Incidentally, as we climbed, our efforts were enlivened by snortings and mournful hootings from the seal or seals in the cave, which echoed dismally among the rocks.

Subsequently we saw several solitary seals, but, though mildly inquisitive, they were definitely timid, in marked contrast to the truculent individual who had given us such a scare.

I had always imagined seals to be timid, inoffensive creatures, and had certainly never heard of one attacking human beings.

I would be most interested to know whether seals breed on the coast of Wales, and whether there would be any possibility of a seal attacking anyone in the water who approached too close to its young.

Yours faithfully,
London, W. T.

[There are many places on the Welsh coast where seals breed. The common seal pairs in September and produces its young in June. They are in the habit of grunting loudly, and often this rises into a snort of defiance, though more of sportiveness than pugnacity. They are entirely harmless. Probably you happened on a cavern where they were mating. ED.]

PROTECTING A NESTING LAPWING

SIR,—Considerable efforts have been made of late to preserve the lapwing, but there is a constant loss of eggs during the progress of agricultural operations in the nesting season, where the birds nest on arable fields which have to be worked in preparation for root crops, etc.

That even this may be avoided to a very considerable extent is shown by an interesting experiment carried out this spring by a young farmer friend, Mr. T. R. Ammonds, of Shobdon, Herefordshire. In this instance, a nest was found on an upland fallow which had to be worked to clean it of "couch" grass, with a subsequent dressing with farmyard manure which was ploughed in. The experiment consisted in moving the eggs to fresh sites during the process of these various farming operations, the distance being about 5yds. each time. The procedure was to take up the four eggs and the small amount of nesting material and replace these in a similar hollow made with the boot heel. This was done about fifteen times, yet the birds continued to incubate and two of the eggs finally hatched.

In this connection one may draw attention to a recent article by G. Marples, "Experimental Studies of the Ringed Plover," *British Birds*, XXV., July 2nd, 1931. Yours truly,
34, Northumberland Road, C. L. WALTON.
Redland, Bristol, 6.

ROAD DEATH STATISTICS

SIR,—The recent figures published by the Ministry of Transport show that out of 3,025 road fatalities in the first six months of this year 1,171 occurred to pedestrians "crossing or running into the road."

The majority of these were due, admittedly, to the carelessness or thoughtlessness of the victims themselves. At the same time there is the possibility that the motorist involved in the accident, even though exonerated from blame, might have been able to save the situation if he had been more skilled and careful, or if his car had had better brakes.

All British motor car manufacturers have for some years past aimed at safety first and foremost. We ourselves equip our cars with a transmission which enables the engine itself to be used as a powerful additional brake in an emergency. But all these safety factors will not secure safety unless the motorist keeps his eyes on the road and the pedestrian looks both up and down the road before he "crosses or runs into it."

The New Year is not far away. Here is a New Year resolution for motorists and pedestrians alike! Reduce road dangers in 1934 by the exercise of care, common sense and forethought.

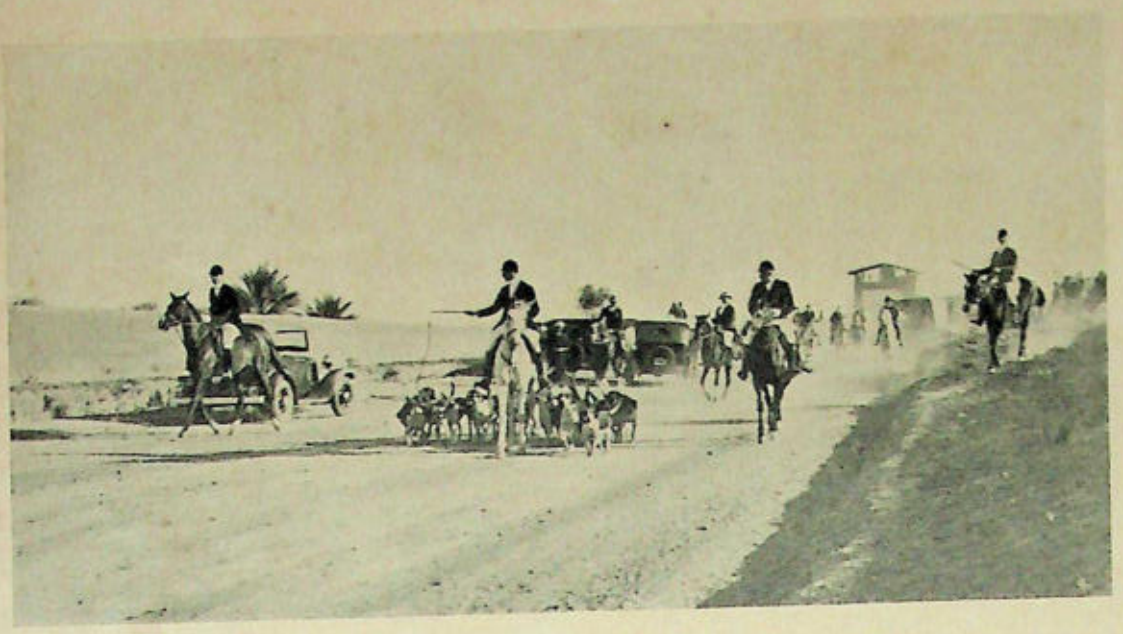
Yours faithfully,
Coventry. THE DAIMLER COMPANY, LIMITED.

THE GREAT COTSWOLD DAY

SIR,—The letter of C. F. A. Bruce referring to the great Cotswold run on December 19th, 1900, with the map depicted in the *Field* of December 2nd is most interesting to me, as the original drawing of the plan was prepared by my father, who was out that day on foot. He also made a copy which was handed to one of the Cotswold Hunt members, who had a number of copies made.

I think I am correct in stating that no one on horseback saw hounds kill their fox, although a few—including those mentioned—got up after hounds had broken up the fox. The huntsman, Charles Travess, eventually arrived, but hounds had then killed for some considerable time. A younger brother—now, alas! with my father in other hunting fields—was a great runner, and got to Puesdown, where he was informed that hounds had turned left instead of right and so lost them. In the next few days he, with others also very interested, made most careful inquiries as to the exact line, going over practically every yard of the country and interviewing farmers, keepers, shepherds, labourers, and taking every care to obtain the correct particulars.

Yours faithfully,
Constitutional Club, G. N. CARTER.
London.



THE START OF A DAY IN PURSUIT OF JACKAL
(See Letter "Hunting in Iraq")

HUNTING IN IRAQ

SIR,—I have pleasure in enclosing a snapshot taken by my son last season of the Hunt at Baghdad named as the last addition to *Baily's List*. The snap shows the "Exodus Hunt" (R.A.F.) moving off from their Lancaster Bridge meet, Iraq, and may be of interest to you. The jackal, of course, takes the place of Reynard Yours faithfully,

Scalby, Weirholm, Near Scarborough. FULL SUTTON.

EARLY CRICKET BAT MAKERS

SIR,—What is known about the eighteenth-century makers of cricket bats in London? What were the names of famous makers before the days of the Clapshaws and the Darks who flourished in the early part of the last century?

The game of cricket began to get a hold in London about 1730, but a hundred years or so elapsed before the London Directories recognised the craft of bat-making by giving a separate heading to the industry. In the year 1832 two makers only are mentioned: "Aquila Clapshaw, of 43, Bunhill Row," and "Benjamin Dark, of St. John's Wood Road." It is interesting to note that this tardy recognition on the part of Directory compilers seems to have followed closely upon the introduction of the parallel-sided bat.

In the early days of the game, when the curved bat was in use, the trade seems to have been taken up by the wood turners, the makers of brooms, clogs, and such like small wooden wares, for I have a trade card of one very early maker, Christopher Thorn, which bears a bill on the back of it dated September 29th, 1764. The wording of this trade card runs:

> "Thorn's Cricket Bat and Turnery Warehouse, at the Beehive and Patten, in John Street, Oxford Market."

He claims to have made and sold "Cricket bats, pattens and clogs, wholesale or retail at the most reasonable prices."

Oxford Market was near Oxford Circus, on the North Side of the road to Tyburn, as Oxford Street was then called, and it may have been that this was the district where cricket bats at that time were mostly made, for it will be remembered that the Green Man, in Oxford Street, was a well-known rendezvous for cricketers in the early days of the game.

It would be interesting to know whether Christopher Thorn is the oldest London maker of cricket bats of whom record has come down to us. Perhaps students of the history of the game can tell us, also, who were the makers of bats at Tonbridge and Hambledon before the game spread to the metropolis? Yours truly,

Beaconsfield. AMBROSE HEAL.

THE "MOUNTAIN" PARTRIDGE

SIR,—There is, at the present time, in the Rowland Ward Studios, Piccadilly, a very fine example of the so-called mountain partridge, which Brisson, in 1760, described as a distinct species (*Perdix montana*). Specimens of this variety of the partridge occur in various localities in this country, and every year two or three, and occasionally more, are obtained. The specimen in question is an extreme form of this variety, having the head and neck rufous-buff, and the rest of the plumage a rich dark chestnut or liver colour, the wings and scapulars being slightly tipped with white.

Sutton, Surrey. Yours truly, F. W. FROHAWK.

COLOUR IN HORSES

SIR,—With reference to the correspondence "Colour in Horses," I have before me an illustrated list of the ponies of the Hungarian Polo Pony Association, and amongst them is a skewbald mare and a piebald stallion. The mare was purchased in 1931 with other ponies by the Maharaja of Kashmir and the stallion is, I understand, still at Budapest.

It would be interesting to know if the apparent prejudice against horses of these colours is confined to Britain. There appears to be no prejudice against them in the Western parts of the United States and Canada, and possibly the same may apply to South America and to European countries, in a lesser degree. Yours faithfully,

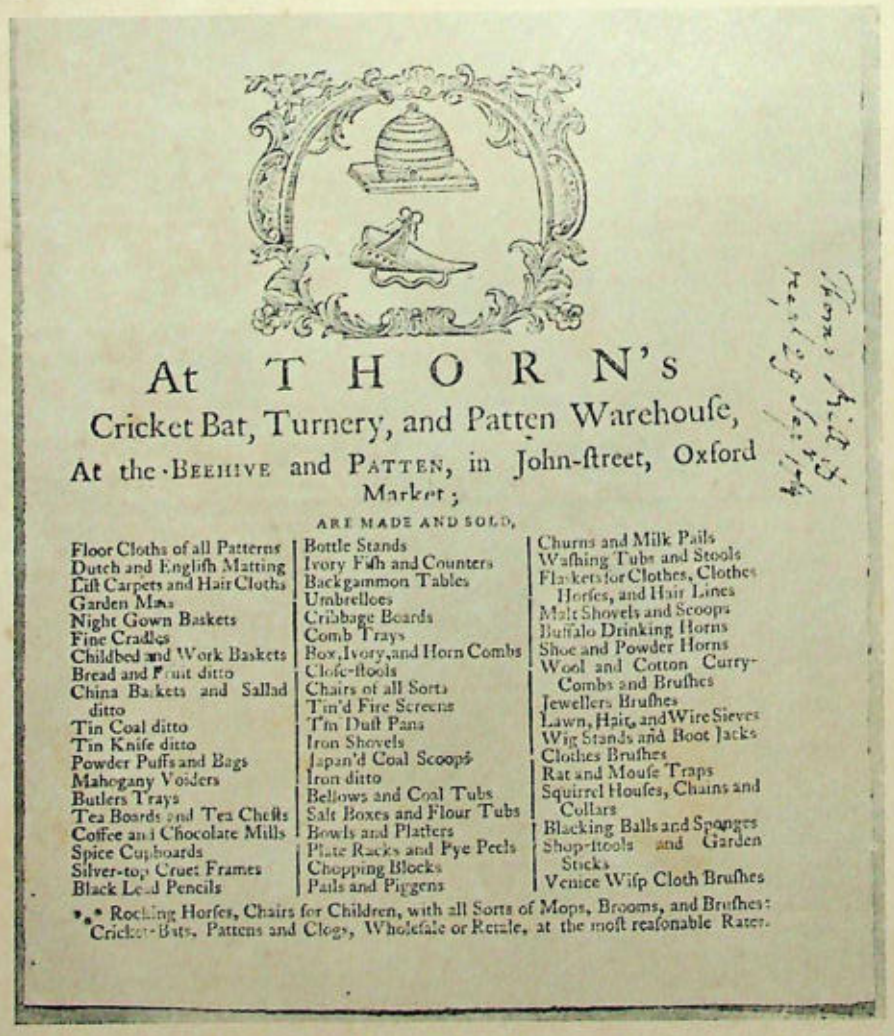
36, Northwood Avenue, Purley, Surrey. D. W. LAKER.

INN SIGN OF AN ANCIENT CRAFT

SIR,—The small town of Brandon, in Norfolk, is believed to be the only place in the world where flint is quarried and worked, and the industry has been carried on in the same families for centuries. The chief markets are China and West Africa, where flintlock firearms are still used. As part of a movement to give Brandon fuller publicity, an old inn has been rebuilt in the Tudor style, and its name changed to that of the Flint-Knappers. The built-in sign, framed in squared flints, is a reproduction in colour of an old oil-painting representing a flint-knapper at work. The smoke-room of the inn contains an oak-moulded ceiling nearly 400 years old. This narrowly escaped being auctioned as firewood at Norwich, and afterwards some Americans made an unsuccessful bid for it.

Yours faithfully,

Horning, Norfolk. C. F. CARRODUS.



POSSIBLY THE FIRST TRADE CARD TO MENTION A CRICKET BAT
(See Letter "Early Cricket Bat Makers")



A FLINT KNAPPER AT WORK FRAMED IN SQUARED FLINTS
(See Letter "Inn Sign of an Ancient Craft")



THOMAS SMITH (SENIOR), HUNTSMAN, AND THOMAS SMITH (JUNIOR), FIRST WHIPPER-IN, WITH HOUND WONDER. PAINTED BY STUBBS, 1776



TOM SMITH, WHO HUNTED THE BRAMHAM MOOR HOUNDS FOR TWENTY-ONE SEASONS, 1877-1908

(See Letter "Faithful Service")

FAITHFUL SERVICE

SIR,—The paragraphs that appear from time to time in *The Times* under this heading regarding long service in one family rarely fail to inspire interest. Here is an example of long service in one sport that is surely very remarkable. "Old Tom Smith" was huntsman to the Brocklesby in the early days of foxhunting. His son, "Young Tom Smith," succeeded him. Their picture by Stubbs is still at Brocklesby. Young Tom's son was "Smith of Bramham," one of the most famous huntsmen of his day, who was associated for many seasons with Squire Lane Fox. "Smith of Bramham's" son is at present huntsman of the Dumfries. This record, covering four generations and about a century-and-a-half, must be nearly unique. It is one that any foxhunting family in the land would be proud of. Except in the case of one or two of the great family packs, I know of no parallel among masters of hound. The picture by Stubbs is in the Earl of Yarborough's collection, by whose kind permission it is reproduced.

Curiously enough another fine sporting family of the name of Smith was mentioned in Colonel Foley's amusing article in the Christmas number. For nearly a hundred years the Smith family were gamekeepers to the Earls Cadogan, and the present representative of the family is headkeeper to the Duke of Grafton at Euston.

Yours faithfully,
London, W. 1. R. M.

NARRO MORU TENT CLUB

SIR,—A tent club has been formed at Narro Moru on the slopes of Mount Kenya, and the following is the bag up to date for four spears—7, 5, 3, 1, 3.

Recently, two members were out when they came on a herd of kongoni; the kongoni is supposed to be too fast to be ridden down.

One of the spears was mounted on a Somali pony, the other on a pony by a T.B. horse out of a Somali mare. They galloped at a full-grown bull, who, after a little pressure, left the herd. After three-and-a-half miles the Somali was outpaced, the other could just hang on. Suddenly the kongoni whirled round and charged. Pony and kongoni met in a head-on collision, and rider, horse and quarry crashed to the ground. The spear felt himself all over, but could only find a broken nose. The pony had two horn wounds in the chest. The second spear now arrived, and the kongoni went off, pursued by both spears.

After about a mile, being very blown, he took to thick jungle and the spears had to dismount and go in on foot. The kongoni charged the second spear, but was checked by a boulder thrown by the first spear, which hit him on the head.

He then got into a thick patch, where he was finished off with the spear. It seems to me that it is worth placing on record.

Yours faithfully,
Narro Moru, Kenya. "SPEAR."

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION

SIR,—Now that Hunt balls, for which farmers are largely instrumental, are being organised, I would like to remind readers how grateful the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution will be for such donations as Hunt committees can beg for it. "The services of the R.A.B.I. have never been more needed," as H.R.H. the Prince of Wales said recently, and no one knows this better. It provides pensions for ruined farmers and relations, who have worked hard; pensions which are, for couples, £52 per annum, paid quarterly in advance; for single candidates, £26, ditto. The London secretary, Miss Allwright, 8, Waterloo Place, is doing all she can to get these for so many deserving cases.

The Old House, Yours faithfully,
Warminster, Wilts. C. ETHEL MARTIN.

WHEN SHIP STRIKES WHALE

SIR,—Many whales have been hit at different times by steamers, but it is doubtful if many such incidents have been witnessed.

Whilst proceeding on a passage from Liverpool to Durban with general cargo, on July 6th, at 00.40 p.m., in latitude 00.05 S., longitude 08.40 W., course S.38E., speed 13·2 knots, in calm weather and excellent visibility, a large school of whales were observed at varying distances from the ship.



FRANK SMITH, HUNTSMAN TO THE DUMFRIESSHIRE HOUNDS, 1919-33
(See Letter "Faithful Service")

Eventually, a little on the starboard side, two whales were seen swimming very close together and crossing at right angles to the ship's track; we rapidly converged, the whales making no apparent attempt to get out of the way.

Then they disappeared under the bow. I rushed to the port wing of the bridge just in time to see one whale diving and swimming rapidly away from the ship; the other whale was absolutely obscured by a thick patch of muddy-coloured water, evidently discoloured by blood. A second or so later this whale's head appeared right out of the water alongside the after-end of the ship in very close proximity to the propeller, in the opposite course or direction in which it was originally seen.

Whether it was also hit by the propeller it is impossible to say, but as this vessel has twin screws it seems highly probable.

The original impact must have done it a considerable amount of damage, to judge by the amount of blood seen.

I have seen innumerable whales brought in here (Durban) at different times, and I should imagine from these the one we hit was of medium size, possibly about 50–60 tons, of the square or bottle-nose variety.

Subsequent investigation proved the ship was entirely undamaged, and no sign of blood or flesh was observed on the stern immediately after the collision.

There was no shock or vibration at all when we hit, and the ship was 28ft. immersed forward, and has a displacement of 20,000 tons (approx.).

Yours faithfully,
S.S. Clan Urquhart, J. J. MILLAR
Durban, Natal. (2nd Officer).

A GIANT RAY

SIR,—I enclose a cutting from the *Statesman* of some date in October this year. Extracts may be of interest. Yours faithfully,
Delhi, India. R. LAWDER.

[The cutting enclosed describes the capture of a giant ray: "What is probably the record giant ray or sea-devil has been caught by Mr. N. A. Tombazi of Karachi after it had nearly wrecked a boat in which he and a crew of six were fishing off Cape Monze. The tail of this creature had become entangled in a 30-fathom anchor cable. In its efforts to get away it not only dragged the anchor, but for a considerable distance towed the boat, which was several times on the point of capsizing. This ray measured 22ft. from wing-tip and 21ft. from head to tail and was estimated to weigh 5,000lb."—ED.]

MINNOW TRAPS

SIR,—The following wrinkle may interest your readers who require a cheap trap which can be made anywhere they happen to be fishing.

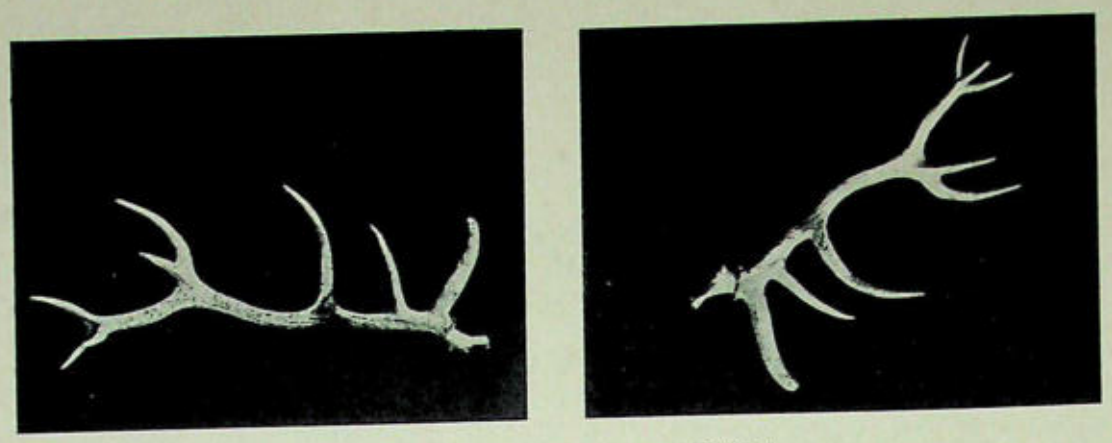
Obtain an empty brandy bottle, turn it upside down, with a piece of iron (a kitchen steel will do) and a hammer, give the apex of the concave bottom a sharp tap—when the little thick lump of glass will come right out. Cut into the cork four or five V-shaped cuts lengthways, place a few bread-crumbs in the bottle, replace the cork, and tie some string round the bottom of the bottle and the shoulder, and there you are—as good a trap as anyone wants—and you can catch as many minnows as you wish. Yours truly,
3, Church Hill, H. C. CALCUTT.
Leamington Spa.

BIRDS AT SEA

SIR,—It may be of interest to record that while on passage home from Gibraltar on December 4th we came across several sandpipers and a woodcock some 40 miles south-west of Ushant. A fresh N.E. wind was blowing which had presumably carried them out of their course.

None of them appeared exhausted, but one of the sandpipers crashed into a gun shield and stunned itself. An hour's sleep with its head under its wing standing in a bowl of bread and water near my electric radiator completely revived it however, and when released next day near land it seemed none the worse for its advanture.

Yours faithfully,
H.M.S. Frobisher, H. K. TOTTON
Chatham. (Paymaster-Commander, R.N.)



TWO VIEWS OF A REMARKABLE ANTLER
(See letter "A Red Deer Relic")

A RED DEER RELIC

SIR,—The enclosed photographs show what Argyll could do in the old days in the way of red deer, for the stag which carried this antler must have been a magnificent specimen of its race.

This horn was found some 80 years ago, at the head of a sea loch, by some tinkers, who wrenched it out of the mud in which they found it embedded and gave it to a nearby farmer in return for hospitality.

Later the laird was informed of the find and an effort was then made to discover the rest of the skeleton, it being thought probable that the whole of the beast was lying buried in the mud—but without success.

Had the gentlemen of the road seen fit to look for it at the time, it might easily have been discovered, but they had passed on their way and were therefore not available to show the exact spot at which the horn had been found.

Yours truly,
M. B. CAMPBELL.

Ardachuidh,
Colinliaw, Argyll.

DECEMBER SWALLOWS

SIR,—It is not often one sees swallows around London in December, but by some queer chance three birds were in evidence over the canal by-pass which runs alongside the King George Reservoir at Chingford on December 2nd. The weather was bitterly cold, with an icy wind from the north-east.

The circumstance of their belated departure can only be a matter for conjecture, but the persistence of their cruising up and down the stream bed suggested they were finding food a-wing.

I have wondered if the same kind providence that traditionally causes the iron blue dun to hatch on cold shivery days to fishermen's advantage was befriending the swallows, too. There is little doubt that a hatch of flies of the ephemeridæ order was in progress, for both pied wagtails and chaffinches were making aerial forays from the spits in the stream bed.

Yours faithfully,
F. J. JOHNSTON.

Chingford.

SALMON FLY PICTURE

SIR,—I enclose a "picture" of salmon and trout flies which may be of some interest. It was shown at the Fisheries Exhibition by Messrs. Aldred, as the name in the pattern denotes, nearly 50 years ago, and is still in a good state of preservation, except that the golden pheasant toppings have faded to almost white, also the tippets, except for the dark bands, which still remain.

The other feathers have retained their colour pretty well, particularly the jungle cock, while most ribbings and tinsels are quite bright. I may say the "picture" has been in my possession for some years, and has been well cared for.

Yours faithfully,
R. S. K. EYRE.

Woodside,
Crowborough,
Sussex.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Albino Snipe.—While out shooting on October 29th, about 40 miles from Calcutta, I shot an almost white snipe. Its basic colour was a pale cream, with slightly darker markings on the feathers. I have once seen this in a stuffed woodcock, but would be interested to know if it often occurs in snipe. The shikaris, who must have seen thousands of snipe killed, said they had never seen such a thing.—J. D. M. Bateson, Chandernagore, Bengal.

Owl and Pigeon Sharing Nest.—In May this year I found a woodpigeon's nest with five eggs. Two were woodpigeon's and three were tawny owl's. Mrs. Tawny Owl was at home, her portly figure overhanging the nest in all directions like a thatch. After gazing at me for a few seconds, she hastily departed, knocking one of her own eggs out of the nest in the process.—G. A. EWBANK, Nunthorpe, Yorks.

Food for the Birds.—I was much interested in Miss Pitt's article on "A Christmas Feast for the Birds." There is one food, however, she did not mention, and that is cheese. I find there is nothing more acceptable to all birds than a piece of Cheddar, either chopped into small bits or hung on string. If troubled with starlings it is advisable to hang on string, otherwise the cheese is very quickly demolished.—B. L'E. BURGES, Newton House, Clevedon, Somerset.

Striped Hawk Moth in Cornwall.—This summer I was very lucky in obtaining five perfect specimens of the striped hawk moth (*Phryxus* [*Deilephila*] *livornica*), bred from caterpillars found in a garden in South Cornwall. The caterpillars were found on July 28th, feeding on antirrhinum, and were fully grown. The half-destroyed remains of a sixth caterpillar were also found. They pupated on August 6th and the moths emerged between September 7th and 9th.—ERIC LEWNS, 6, Princes Gate Court, London, S.W.

Late Swallows.—It may be of interest to your readers to know that I saw a swallow here on November 7th. The bird was evidently a youngster, as the forks of the tail were not quite so long as in the adult. Subsequently I saw another on the 9th of the same month, and a friend saw one about two miles from Ilfracombe on the same day.—L. M. BLACKMORE, Torrs Park, Ilfracombe.



FIFTY YEARS OLD BUT STILL IN GOOD CONDITION
(See letter "Salmon Fly Picture")

Rooks on Golf Links.—We have two eighteen-hole courses here, and we are greatly troubled by starlings and rooks lifting divots (which are made by the players) searching for grubs. I should be greatly obliged if any of your readers know of any remedy to obviate this.—H. ABERCROMBY, Addington Golf Club, Addington, Surrey.

Swallows at Sea.—A swallow, apparently the same as the English species except that the markings under the chin were rusty dun rather than bright chestnut and the bird seemed rather small, came on board on November 14th in Lat. 5° 5.7′ N., Long. 29° W. That is to say 810 miles off the nearest African coast (Portuguese Guinea) and 600 miles from the Cape Verde Islands. I have never known a land bird alight on a ship so far from land.—Commodore R. H. O. LANE-POOLE, H.M.S. Durban, South American Division.

Low Score at Piquet.—In a game of piquet I played the other day the score was as follows: Self: 25, 37, 29, 41, 29, 22=183+128=311. Opponent: 5, 3, 6, 6, 6, 2—28. The above might be of interest to some of your readers. I have never heard of a lower score.—C. H. DE ST. P. BUNBURY (Lieut.-Colonel), 74, St. James's Street, S.W. 1.

NOT IN THE CITY

CHRISTMAS 1953

THE ladies had left the room. The Country Squire was congratulating his brother—a partner in one of the largest firms of stock-brokers—upon the success with which he had managed the family's financial affairs during the year.

"I suppose there's no need to sell those Home Railway ordinary stocks, even now. At the end of every year their prices seem to be considerably higher than they were at the beginning, but I suppose they're first-class investments for a conservative man like myself—people must get about—the railways and the roads can't run away."

"It's true enough to say the railways can't run away," interrupted the stockbroker; "but I remember just about the time I was first made a partner that everyone seemed convinced that the *earnings* of the railway companies had disappeared for good and all. It was in 1932, about the worst time of the slump of the early 'thirties, and the companies really were *railway* companies in those days, as opposed to *transport* companies, as they are to-day. Their ordinary stocks were regarded in those days as mere speculations for the long shot, and although the recovery in their fortunes started with the trade revival, and the agreements made with, and absorption of, road transport companies, it was not until they"—he rose from his chair and stood with his back to the fire puffing his cigar—"until they really gained control of the inland business of the air transport companies that their ordinary stocks began to be regarded as suitable investments for the widow and orphan."

"It seems to me," said the country squire, "that the Government have been very kind to the railway companies all the way along, and more especially in recent years, what with the grantin' to them of powers to take over these air transport companies at prices fixed by arbitration and——"

"Thereby hangs a tale, or I am very much mistaken. If one had been allowed to see behind the scenes I imagine that what actually happened was something like this. The railway companies went to the Government and said, 'Now listen! You're at your wits' end to know how to provide landing grounds in the centres of large towns, and particularly in London. Now that our last steam engine has been abolished, we don't need specially constructed roofs to our stations anymore to let out the smoke, and we will build, at our own expense, landing grounds over any stations of ours you may like to name, *provided* you, for your part, grant us powers to take over these homeless transport companies at a reasonable figure.' I don't know that that's what happened, but it seems a reasonable bargain. They tell me, incidentally, that just as the Southern was the first line to complete the electrification of its system, that they were also the first in the field with the new rubber-mounted noiseless track."

"We live in a remarkable age, everything——"

"They also tell me that every man that has ever lived has made that remark, at least once in his life. And I know how you were going to finish your sentence—'everything is either rubber or electric'—weren't you? We've heard that before, too. But seriously I suppose the lessening of noise has been one of the most remarkable features of the progress of the last decade. It seems just as unbelievable now that we could ever have endured the noise of 20 years ago, as that our ancestors could ever have endured the smells of 200 years ago. Certainly the craze for silence has played a large part in the prosperity of the rubber industry during recent years. The effect of the advance of science upon the fortunes of various industries would make a rather interesting subject for a lecture, I think. Supposing that wood was still used for railway sleepers, building, etc., where would the iron and steel industries stand to-day? What kind of dividends would the companies producing lead, zinc, copper, nickel and tin be paying to-day if the scientists had not frequently discovered new uses for these metals?"

"It's no use asking me," objected the country squire, "but tell me what you think about the purchase of a few textile shares for 1954."

"I think one can say that the English companies are at least finding themselves capable of meeting competition from Japan in the world markets, although it's been a hard struggle. But I really can't discuss the advisability of a purchase with you in this ludicrous paper hat." Nor can PACTOLUS.

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KENYA SANDGROUSE

Dawn at a Waterhole

THE "yellow throated" sandgrouse of Kenya Colony is a very sporting bird. I was once lucky enough to be stationed at Simba station on the main line from Mombasa to Nairobi, where they abound.

There is a waterhole at Simba which no doubt a good many people know, especially those who were in the East Masai country during the war. At this waterhole, which is a short distance from the station, there is some of the finest sandgrouse shooting in the world.

Having dug a hole with a "blind" of thorns and grass round it the previous evening, just before the sun rises, one gets into it. It is a good thing to have an empty box to sit on. A pit is not a very comfortable thing in which to disport oneself.

The waterhole is about 20yds. away down a gentle slope. The reeds round it rustle. The sky above is blue and cloudless, promising of hotter hours to come. Flies buzz. More flies buzz. Many flies buzz. They are horribly persistent these Masai flies. Away in the distance a native cattle boma comes to life. A single shout. Cattle low. The sun rises, getting warmer every minute. Nearby, across the clearing by the water, a yellow-throated spurfowl begins to call. The springer at my feet sits up and cocks his ears. Whimpers and wags his tail. He knows all the various calls of the Kenya spurfowl. This sort of shooting he has never done before. He appears to be very worried. Another sound comes floating down from the surrounding hills: "U-a-Aa," "U-a-Aa." One looks up. Sandgrouse.

Away in the distance a thin line advances out of the blue sky. It advances with that steady flight of duck and geese. "U-a-Aa." A kind of laughing cackle. Behind the first line another comes. Away behind that comes another. And, one knows that there are many more coming, still out of sight.

The first line swishes overhead, and with equal suddenness settle down on the ground about 20yds. away. This, to say the least of it, is disconcerting. Along come the others. They also settle nearby. Still more. Still more. And more. Like large domestic pigeons they sit on the ground—the males a slaty brown with yellow throats and buff waistcoats, the females are easily distinguishable, they are dark brown and brindled, with curious light patches.

Out goes the spaniel. He has never seen so many birds in one place before. Up get the sandgrouse, and round they go. This time they pass overhead singly. Grand shooting. The pile of empty cartridges grows apace. Then all the birds disappear.

Out one comes, and with the help of the springer gather up the bag. Back into the hole once more. Flies buzz round the food one munches. They are intolerable. All of a sudden away in the distance comes the "U-a-Aa" call once more. Everything is ready. Down come the birds and settle, and out goes the spaniel. Thus goes on for possibly an hour and a half. When, high overhead, "Kur-ku-mees," "Kur-ku-mees" and, looking up, there are two small sandgrouse, very high coming straight over, the sun shining on their light-coloured bodies. They are the "Kenya pin-tailed sandgrouse." They keep on coming for, say, half an hour, till at length one realises that no sandgrouse are coming. And no more will till the next morning.

Back to the station, and by means of sundry pieces of string, the birds are tied together and labelled by an obliging Indian stationmaster, to be despatched by the first train up to Nairobi to the mess there and various friends. C. D.

COCKERS AT KINTBURY

BY kind permission of Mr. A. Ernest Baker, the Cocker Spaniel Club held their trials at Combe, near Kintbury, on Monday, December 4th. The judges were Mr. E. Trimble and Mr. J. Greatorex. The results were:

ALL-AGED STAKE.—Mr. C. A. Phillips's b Rivington Playmate (h., C. Thompson), 1; Mr. J. Goddard's d Galloper of the Links (h., D. Connel), 2; Mr. R. Kelland's d Nobel Nippy's Nipper (h., Owner), 3; Dr. W. J. Dawson's b Colleen of Fews (h., J. H. Gibson), reserve. Certificates of merit: Commander A. M. Willoughby's Breckonhill Bunker, Miss Wykeham-Musgrave's Poddle Crunch, Mrs. Wilkinson's Sue of Silverlands, Mr. Joe Scott's Jigs Bairn, Mr. Rumsey's Wolvershill Rosedawn.

NOVICE STAKE.—Mr. G. H. Rumsey's b Wolvershill Rosedawn (h., R. Jones), 1; Mrs. Wilkinson's b Sue of Silverlands h., J. Kent), 2; Mr. R. Kelland's d Nobel Nippy's Nipper (h., Owner), 3; Mr. J. H. Gibson's d Heathmynd Nap (h., Owner), reserve. Certificates of merit: Mr. C. A. Phillips's Rivington Bunny, Miss Wykeham-Musgrave's Poddle Crinkle, Mrs. Wilkinson's Jen of Silverlands, Dr. Dawson's Rag-Time of Fews, Mrs. Stonhouse-Williams's Flash of Glen.

Charles Letts Diaries.—This well-known firm have produced their usual fine variety of diaries for 1934, varying in price from 9d. to 18/6, and designed to suit every need. Readers of the *Field* will probably care most for the small Sportsman's and Countryside Diaries. They are obtainable through booksellers, or direct from Charles Letts, Southwark Bridge Buildings, S.E. 1.



AN ALTERED HOLE AT SANDY LODGE

This green permits only one method of approach if disaster is to be avoided

ARE OUR GOLF COURSES TOO EASY?—II

The Proper Placing of Bunkers

By E. R. TIPPLE

IN the New World, Americans refuse to live in the past. Here is a typical example. A group of men buy some ground, they call in an architect the best obtainable—and tell him to do his work—cost being a minor item. They require a good course, and only the best possible as afforded by the local conditions, will satisfy them. From the above it is seen how conflicting are the two sets of opinion.

Although the cost of alterations is a more important item in this country, it is an erroneous belief that it is prohibitive. In any case the process of improvement can be spread over a period of years, so that the drain on the existing resources is lessened and made easier. Whenever this topic comes up for discussion at golf clubs, those members who are classified as "rabbits"—an unkind description at the best of times—become quite abnormal with emotion. They say that they maintain the club, for without them it could not exist, and they do not want more bunkers. Actually tightening up does not mean a littering of the course with bunkers, dotted about so that the ground resembles a maze. In point of fact the presence of numerous bunkers is a course's confession of weakness. The best players like bunkers because they assist them. Already we have far too many bunkers—which cost clubs a great deal for upkeep—and their number should be decreased instead of increased.

The modern construction of holes is to provide two methods of playing them; one for the good player and one for the humble brethren, so that they become difficult for both classes in the respective ways. As Mr. Tom Simpson has so aptly put it, "A course shall provide at least as much opportunity for mental agility as it does for physical effort." Would that that truth was more appreciated! This eminent gentleman continues: "Nowhere in the world is there a single example of a classic hole that is a straightforward hole. For a hole to be really great it must possess qualities one finds in a man who lives by his wits. There must be qualities about a hole that escape the notice of the superficial observer." As examples he includes the 8th on the new course at Addington, the 4th at Woking, and the 17th at St. Andrews. These holes have to be played with the head as well as with the clubs. Unfortunately there are not many like them.

The player on a British course usually has something to guide him, some bunker or landmark. This Mr. Simpson condemns and few can disagree with his comment. "Any feature that acts as a lighthouse to define a channel or one that lends assistance in judging distance is definitely to be deplored." Those who are acquainted with the little-known (outside the immediate locality) courses which abound in profusion on both coasts of Scotland will appreciate their difficulties. There the golfer has to use his wits to overcome the natural hazards. He has no help in judging distance for the nature of the ground tends always to keep him guessing—more often than not wrongly! Such courses are infinitely more testing than some of those in championship class, for the latter by their abundance of difficulties, artificial and natural, defeat themselves.

From now until the spring golf clubs will be carrying out their winter programme of improvements, some slight, some of major proportions. Usually this work is undertaken by the local workmen who put into operation, as I have said, the ideas of the committee responsible. It would be better if reputed architects were consulted more frequently. The Glamorgan County Union—as progressive a body as to be found anywhere—have instituted a novel scheme which could be copied advantageously by others. It is proposed to obtain the services of a well-known architect on behalf of the clubs affiliated to the Union. Golf clubs in Wales have monetary difficulties which those in other parts do not experience, so this scheme is especially welcome. It will mean a reduction in expenses because of the concerted action. It will also give more employment, thus helping all and hurting none. The two main conditions laid down are (1) "Advice to be given to existing clubs on existing courses, such advice to be verbal during each visit and supplemented by a short written report," and (2) "A plan in each case to be supplied on a 25in. ordnance sheet of the position of the trees and greens." Thus in time it is hoped to improve the Welsh courses and bring them up to modern requirements. The probable cost will be 10 guineas for an eighteen-hole course and 5 guineas for a nine.

For long enough have we talked of modernising our golf courses. Committees must appreciate that the days of the amateur designer are ended. We possess architects second to none in the world, and we should utilise their services. More important still, they should be given a free hand within certain natural limits, of course. Instead of allowing the long driver plenty of scope, he should be forced to use his skill to the utmost and so in time achieve greater accuracy. The orientation of the greens should be considered most carefully, and bold play in approaching rewarded, not punished as it is at present. The leading players can be trusted to improve their own play, they have learned how important regular practice is. It is up to those in charge to assist their golfers by improving courses. Greater satisfaction and better play will be the reward, of that there is not the slightest doubt. Mr. Simpson has struck the nail on the head by remarking, "One thing is certain and that is, if we are to compete with any chance of success with the Americans our courses generally must be so planned that our targets must be apples and not haystacks." And I am convinced that if this is done properly the struggling handicap golfer will have no cause for complaints.



THE ORANGE FRUIT VARIETY OF *ILEX AQUIFOLIUM*

The Country House

HOLLY TIME

Our Finest Winter Hedges

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

HOLLY trees in the almost leafless woodlands seem to gather to themselves all the sunlight there is and to radiate it again from countless glossy leaves and blood-red berries. Winter reigns, but the hollies in their vivid splendour are symbols of abounding, vigorous life. In bleak, exposed parts where other trees would perish, the holly flourishes. The colder the season, the more beautiful is this tree, for what lovelier on a misty December morning, when everything is faintly shrouded in pearly grey, than a holly tree with every leaf rimmed with furry sparkling silver ?

The common holly (*Ilex aquifolium*) is indisputably our finest native evergreen, and in the garden can hold its own, not only amongst hollies from other lands, but any other shrub at this season. It is generally believed to be the tallest growing of any hollies in the world, for it attains 80ft. From time immemorial the holly has been a "holy" tree in these islands, and it is said to have been held in special veneration by the Druids. In mediæval days, as now, it was used for Christmas decorations, and an old name for the tree is "holme," or "hulver." Chaucer, Gerard and Parkinson all use the word "holme." "Holme" survives in the name Holmwood, the village near Dorking. Chaucer refers to the ancient custom of using the wood for whip handles. In Norfolk the word "hulver" is still in use in out-of-the-way parts. Chaucer uses this word as well as "holme."

For centuries the wood of holly has been valued for its hardness, its beautiful grain, and because it takes a very high polish. The wood when first cut has a slight greenish tinge, but it soon turns perfectly white. The leaves were used in herbal medicines, and in the Lake district bird-lime used to be made from the fermented young shoots in quantities.

In the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, when broad, stately walks between well-kept hedges were amongst the most impressive features of gardens, old holly hedges were highly esteemed. The classic description of a fine holly hedge of this period is that by John Evelyn. "Is there under heaven a more glorious and refreshing object of the kind, than an impregnable Hedge a hundred and sixty feet in length, and seven feet high, and five in diameter, which I can shew in my poor garden at any time of the year, glittering with its armed and varnish'd leaves ? The taller Standards at orderly distances, blushing with their natural Corall. It mocks at the rudest assaults of the Weather, Beasts and Hedgebreakers."

Hollies over 2ft. high transplant badly unless moved with a good ball of earth. Early autumn or May is the best time, but never in winter. Hollies need the utmost care in transplanting, for they resent root disturbance. The two first summers after transplanting they need attention in the way of liberal supplies of water, and a top-dressing of well decayed manure or leaf mould is useful.

Holly hedges have to be clipped, but it is a thousand pities to prune a specimen tree or shrub. Most of the hollies have a beautiful, rather formal, growth, and mercilessly clipped makes them look a pitiable travesty of what they should be. All they need is to cut away straggling branches and cutting right back all branches that touch the ground. Holly hedges are usually clipped in August. There is a great difference in the appearance of a hedge carefully trimmed and one ruthlessly cut back.

There are numerous varieties of the common holly nowadays, and the origin of many is unknown. Of the variegated kinds, *Ilex aquifolium aurea regina* is generally regarded as the finest. Some of the leaves are quite yellow. Other fine golden variegated hollies are Madame Briot, which produces berries freely ; Golden King ; and *flavescens* (the Moonlight Holly). In all these the variegation is on the outer part of the leaves. In *aurea medio picta* (the Golden Milkmaid Holly) the centres of the leaves are variegated and the margins green. Of the silver variegated kinds, *Argentea medio picta* (the Silver Milkmaid Holly) is one of the best. *Argentea regina* (Silver Queen) is very attractive, but it is a small form. Of the weeping hollies, Perry's Silver Weeping Holly and *aurea pendula* are both very fine. The variety *fructu luteo* is attractive for its bright yellow berries.

One of the most popular hollies is *I. aquifolium ferox*, the Hedgehog Holly. The leaves are small and have spines not only round the margins, but bands of spines on the surface. The silver and golden variegated kinds are even more striking. *I. aquifolium ferox* is a male form.

Of the large-leaved hollies, *I. aquifolium Shepherdii* and *I. platyphylla* (the Canary Island holly) are amongst the most striking. *I. Shepherdii* is a male form ; *I. Hodginsii*, which is similar, is female and



ILEX AQUIFOLIUM WILSONII, ONE OF THE FINEST BALEARIC HYBRIDS

free berrying. The leaves of *I. Hodginsii* are quite 4in. long, and the berries very large.

Of the Japanese and Chinese hollies, *I. latifolia* is generally regarded as one of the finest Japanese evergreens that can be grown in these islands. It is hardy in mild parts. The leaves are immense, almost as large as those of *magnolia grandiflora*. The berries, too, are very large, about ½in. in diameter.

The Canary Island holly (*I. platyphylla*) is similar to *I. aquifolium*, and there is a variety that is a native of the Balearic Islands and Southern Spain. The Azores holly, *I. Perado*, is only hardy in mild parts. One of the most famous hollies, *I. paraguariensis*, cannot be grown in these islands. From its leaves the South American "tea"—maté—is made. It is said that about 70,000 tons of the dried leaves are exported annually.

Interesting as other hollies are, we should be loth to exchange our native species for any of them. We are apt to ignore the holly in early summer, when the blue butterflies haunt its flowers, but during the shortest and darkest days of the year, when "mid ten thousand thorns it smoulders its fires away," its vigorous splendour attracts every eye. Small wonder that the holly figures so largely in the old carols, for from time immemorial its rich beautiful green during the bleakest months has been our truest symbol of life everlasting and hope.



CRITICISM

As I have frequently remarked in this column, I get the greatest encouragement from the letters which I receive and the interviews which I have with interested persons and I do not mind in the least whether the criticism I have passed on my business is favourable or not, as long as it is CONSTRUCTIVE. Any idiot can tear anything to pieces, it takes a clever man to build up—and a patient one also. Recently I was in London, and I called in and saw one of my clients in the City, he said, "Now then, I have been wanting to see you about this new announcement of yours. As you know, it is my job to go through all these things, and find all the faults, and this scheme of yours simply won't hold water. It's nonsense, unless, of course, you have left something out, which of course is probable." I said that what I wanted was criticism and he replied that I was going to get it. The main query was What is the Life of a Fox ? The answer is that the effective breeding life of a fox might be put at about eight years more or less. Very well then—if a man gets 10 per cent. per annum, he will have got his money back in ten years. Yes ? No ?—Certainly. All right, WHERE IS THE FOX THEN ? Of course, I had omitted to explain that we kept the herd up, and that every five or six years to ensure being on the safe side, we would pelt the old animals, and sell their skins to obtain our revenue, and replace them with yearlings to keep the stock up. It must be understood that the skin of a silver fox is at its best at about the fifth or sixth year, and its value as a pelt is then greater than at the end of its first year of life. This satisfied my friend, on this point, and he then went on to observe that in effect I had such confidence in the industry, based of course, and undoubtedly, upon my own personal experience, that I was simply borrowing money on 10 per cent. and giving a definite specified security to the lender. Boiled down, he is perfectly correct, I had not thought of it in that light, but it is nevertheless the fact. It seems to be a lot to be paying for money, but in all conscience, I don't see how I could possibly offer less, when I consider what I am making out of the arrangement myself. This evening, I have just received about 20 pelts in from the dressers, and I can sell the whole lot at about £20 each, and that is a moderate price for the skins. I have no more at present, but I am receiving orders by nearly every post. And these are not by any means the best I have, on the ranch, nor the second best either. In nearly every case they are cubs which in our opinion, do not come up to the standard which we have set ourselves for quality breeding, and that is all there is to it. This being so, how can I possibly offer less than £12 10s. 0d. a pair interest and take the whole litter of cubs ? It can't be done, even although it does seem that I am offering a lot for the money. I have always been used to sneer at 7 per cent. and security, and I still do, but I am bound to admit, that in view of the fact that the lives of the foxes which is to say the capital is covered by insurance at my cost, there is very little risking this business for the absentee speculator.

T. Milross

To those seriously interested in a speculation which will return more interest than is possible on the majority of industrial shares to-day, and carrying an amount of risk well in proportion to the interest obtainable, the Proprietor of the Nithsdale Silver Fox Ranch, Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, will be glad to send free and post free a copy of the Nithsdale Book on the subject.



WILL THIS BE SEEN ON CHRISTMAS DAY?—A SNOW PLOUGH AT WORK ON THE ROAD OVER HOLME MOSS, IN THE WEST RIDING]

THE CAR THAT WAS PLANNED BY A DRESS DESIGNER

My Opinion of the Humber "Vogue" Saloon

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

(Holder of the World's Land Speed Record)

Motoring Editor of the "Field"

IF proof had been needed of the popularity of Humber cars it would have been found in the interest shown, at the Olympia Motor Show last October, in the latest addition to this range—the Humber "Vogue" saloon.

This is, of course, a development of the Humber Twelve, which made its debut in 1932, and although in main essentials the chassis remains the same as before, various improvements have been incorporated, including the fitting of a freewheel device and "Startix" automatic engine starting.

The "Vogue" saloon was planned by Captain Molyneux, the well-known dress designer of Paris and London. It is a two-door saloon, possessing very smart lines, with ample room for four passengers. There is also plenty of accommodation for luggage, which is carried in a special container situated at the rear of the chassis.

Much attention has been paid to suitable colour schemes, and here it is that we again see the work of an artist. There are five different dual shades to choose from, all carefully selected, so that the colours blend extremely well with the upholstery.

The car lent to me for a test run had a white body, with black wings, wheels and roof, black discs with white centres and lines and light green upholstery. I do not, in the ordinary way, care for white cars, but I must admit that the manner in which this particular car was turned out was most pleasing to the eye.

Among the outstanding features of the bodywork are the wide pillarless doors, which afford easy access to both front and rear seats. Much attention has been paid to ventilation, there being air scoops under the scuttle which ensure a plentiful supply of cool air when desired, while a sliding roof is also provided. The spare wheel is carried behind the luggage container, and is encased in an Ace cover, which is painted to blend with the general colour scheme.

It is characteristic of the car, also, the the twin windscreen wipers are concealed when out of action, and that the electric traffic signal indicators, when not in use, are cleverly hidden on either side of the scuttle dash.

For all these reasons the new model should appeal not only to ladies, but to all who value orderliness and beauty of line and colour.

On the road the performance of this car is certainly extremely good. I must admit that until I arrived home and opened the bonnet I never realised that the engine had only four cylinders. From this it can be gathered that the motor runs very sweetly indeed, and is practically vibrationless, the rubber engine mountings assisting greatly in this respect.

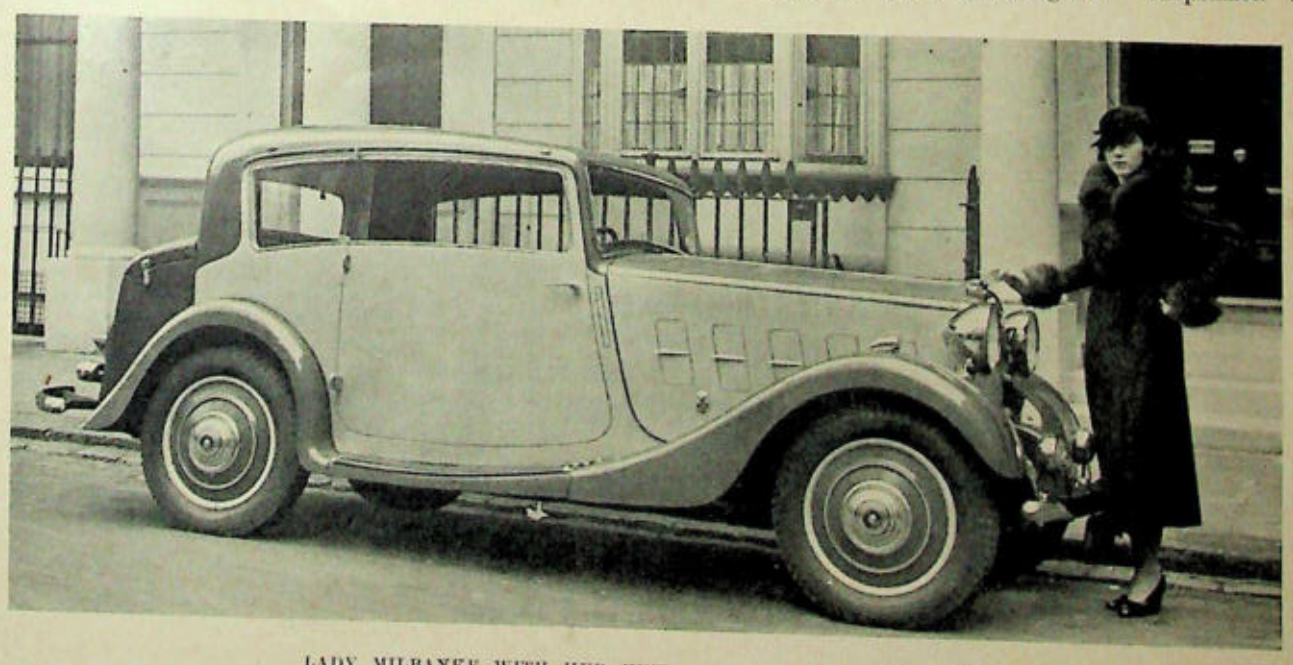
The engine is a four-cylinder, with a bore of 69.5 mm. and a stroke of 110 mm., the cubic capacity is 1,669 c.c., the R.A.C. rating is 11.98 h.p., and the annual tax £12. The valves are side by side, and the head is detachable, to facilitate decarbonising and grinding in the valves. The crankshaft has three large bearings, and forced feed lubrication is employed throughout.

Aluminium pistons are employed, the compression ratio being 5.7 to 1, and the motor is suspended at three points on rubber cushions. The carburettor is a down-draught Stromberg, and ignition is by means of a coil and twelve-volt accumulator. The gearbox is in unit with the engine, and has four forward speeds and reverse, top gear being 5.33 to 1, third 8 to 1, second 13.5 to 1, and low 19.2 to 1.

The third speed is of the silent type. The clutch, which has always been such a good feature of Humber cars, is of the single dry-plate variety. A freewheel device has been incorporated in the design of all the 1934 models, and its control is regulated by a push and pull knob, which is on the facia board, and within easy reach of the driver.

The rear axle is of the semi-floating type, the final drive being through spiral bevel gears. Suspension is effected by means of long half-elliptic springs, the rear having a length of 46in. and the front 35½in. Silent bloc shackles are also employed. The brakes are of a similar type to those previously employed, namely "Bendix" Duo-Servo, the drums having a diameter of 10in.

Steering is of the Marles-Weller type, and the ignition throttle and



LADY MILBANKE WITH HER NEW HUMBER "VOGUE" SALOON

dimming switch are fitted immediately above the steering wheel, as is also the combined starter and electric horn switch. The petrol tank, which is situated at the rear of the chassis, contains ten gallons, the fuel being fed to the carburettor by means of a pump. The wheelbase is 8ft. 2¼in., the track is 4ft. 3in., and the minimum ground clearance is 7½in.

I am quite sure that any motorist taking over the wheel of a Humber "Vogue" for the first time will be very much surprised to be told, after completing his run, that the engine is only of 12 h.p. nominal rating.

The power given off by this unit is really amazing, for a speed of 70 miles per hour can be achieved, and the acceleration on top gear is exceedingly good for an engine of this size. The brakes are powerful, the steering light and responsive, and the suspension undoubtedly good.

I had no opportunity of ascertaining how the petrol consumption works out per gallon, but the carburettor seemed to suit the engine admirably, for there was not the slightest trace of flat spots.

The price of the special "Vogue" two-door saloon body is £335, but the same chassis can be acquired for £265, fitted with the Six, Light Saloon body, or £285 for the sports tourer. Without a doubt the Humber Twelve is an excellent car, and its performance on the road is remarkable when the size of the engine is taken into consideration.

CRUISING NEWS

On January 20th, the Cunard liner Laconia leaves Liverpool on the first and longest of three cruises scheduled for the early part of 1934. She makes due south for Madeira and then after visiting some of the most colourful and interesting ports in the Caribbean, as well as the Panama Canal and La Guayra at the foot of the Andes, the course is shaped for Dakar, West Africa, and so back to Southampton via Gibraltar. The itinerary has been specially planned to ensure the maximum amount of time in southern waters and the whole cruise takes 46 days. Rates are from 75 guineas.

Owing to the success of her recent cruising voyages to Australia (embracing Java and the Barrier Reef) and the number of bookings already received for her next trip on February 24th, 1934, the Blue Funnel Line have decided to send the Ulysses on a similar cruise next September. She will sail from Liverpool on September 22nd, and arrive back in this country on January 23rd, 1935. The round voyage rate will be £135.

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS' FLYING START

Guernsey's Home-made Aeroplane—Two Clubs and What They are Doing

By B. C. de GUERIN

STRANGE as it may seem when their geographical isolation is considered, the people of the Channel Islands have reached a very advanced stage of air-mindedness.

Early in the war the defence of this group was handed over to the French Aviation Maritime, and Guernsey became a seaplane base. The harbour of the quaint old town of St. Peter Port sprang suddenly into life as a busy aerodrome, and is still the only licensed landing place on the island.

Regular patrols set out daily and bombing practice on the rocks at the harbour mouth kept the aviators busy and the inhabitants interested. The marksmanship attained by these flying men became wonderfully accurate, and success against enemy submarines was registered on several occasions, although the censorship of news at the time prevented the knowledge becoming public.

Wireless, of course, kept the depot in touch with their divisional headquarters at Cherbourg, and the dispatch with which matters of routine were dealt with there would have been a lesson to our own Services. On one occasion at about 4 p.m. on a darkening winter's evening, a patrol sighted an enemy submarine near the Guernsey coast. Two direct hits were registered, and the patrol was concluded according to schedule. The matter was reported by wireless, and the airman responsible was flown to Cherbourg, promoted to sergeant, decorated with the Médaille Militaire and was back in Guernsey in time for his regular 8 a.m. patrol the following morning.

For some years after the war Imperial Airways ran a subsidised service from Guernsey to Southampton, and later intermittent attempts have been made to run commercial undertakings for the same purpose, but these have not proved a success owing to lack of proper organisation.

But the love of the air is as apparent in the blood of the present generation as that of the sea was in so many hundreds of their forbears. And the young folk living on the islands have given up waiting for others to bring machines to them and are making and flying their own.

In Jersey a flying club was formed last summer under the direction of Captain H. S. Lloyd, who organised the visit of an aerial circus, complete with autogyro, to that island. Unfortunately, at the moment development of its activities has been suspended owing to injuries sustained by the founder in a crash.

In Guernsey, however, an enthusiastic band of amateurs and ex-R.A.F. men have formed a flying and gliding club under the practical guidance of Mr. C. W. Noel, who was at one time a pilot-instructor in the Royal Flying Corps.

A series of lectures on the elementary theory of flying having been completed, it is proposed that members will design and build their own glider and sailplane, in which they will be catapulted to receive their baptism of flight before they graduate to power machines. The founder of this club has already proved his practical knowledge of the subject by building and flying his own aeroplane.

Less than two years ago Mr. Noel conceived the idea of constructing his own machine, and five months were spent in designing and planning. Then, the practical work having commenced, he was joined by Mr. H. Le Parmentier, a clever motor-mechanic, and together they eventually produced the completed article. Every part was constructed from the raw material except the engine, which was a 30–35 h.p. A.B.C. "Scorpion" salved from a car smash.

Initial tests on the sandy foreshore showed that too much vibration was caused by this engine, and a nine-cylinder 40 h.p. radial Salmson was fitted with which, after necessary adjustments had been made to the structure, Mr. Noel has, this summer, flown at 93 m.p.h. and climbed at 450ft. per minute.

One of the principal difficulties in the path of aerial visitors to the islands is landing accommodation. Both the major islands of the group have recognised aerodromes for seaplanes in their harbours, but aeroplanes at present have to take pot-luck. When the tide serves, Jersey has wonderful stretches of sand available practically on the doorstep of her town, but in Guernsey the only suitable sands are on the opposite side of the island to the trading centre.

In Guernsey, where cultivation of crops or grazing for the island's famous cows occupies every available inch of space, the price of land is too high to make the idea of any extensive levelling operations feasible for private endeavour. But such obstacles are not insuperable, and it speaks well for the progressive ideas of the insular authorities that they are engaged even now in considering the matter with a view to offering reasonable accommodation for any type of aircraft.

Many private planes have "discovered" the islands within the last few years, and all have been welcomed, and the flight from Calshot is also a popular one with Service pilots on a test course. Even little Sark has had its visitations from the sky, and has the honour of having shipped the first heifer to the mainland by air.

The need of a regular air service to these islands is a very real one, as at present a daily service of steamers alternately to Weymouth or Southampton is insufficient for the needs either of the visiting public or the very considerable trading community resident there.

In addition, the growers would welcome a more rapid means of transport for their produce, but the machines must be such as to justify confidence. Struts mended with the ribs of an umbrella and wings patched with stamp paper have been seen in the past, but life in the islands is too sweet for adventure in such craft and prospective aerial-taximen are advised accordingly.

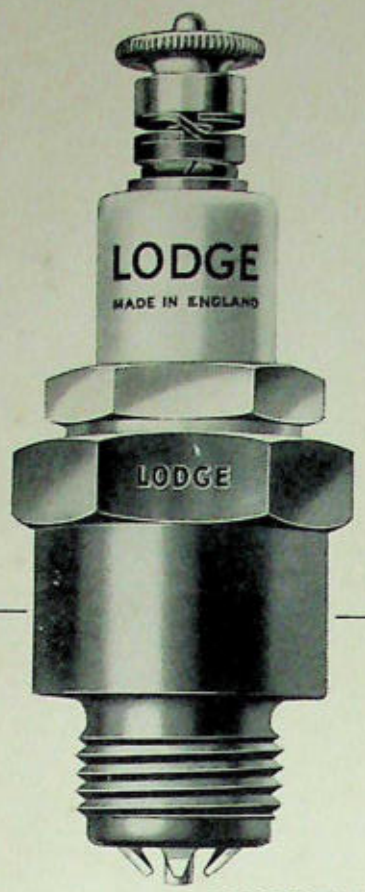
But it is quite within the realms of possibility that a regular service will be built up by the islanders themselves, flying their own machines, and the mantle of those sturdy ancestors known throughout the seven seas as the builders af the fastest clippers in the sea-trade will fall on the shoulders of the pioneers of aviation in the Channel Isles.





Photographs, Guernsey Press Co., Ltd.

TWO VIEWS OF GUERNSEY'S OWN AEROPLANE, DURING CONSTRUCTION AND READY FOR ACTION
Mr. C. W. Noel, founder of the island's Flying Club, designed and constructed this machine, and is seen (right) at the wheel

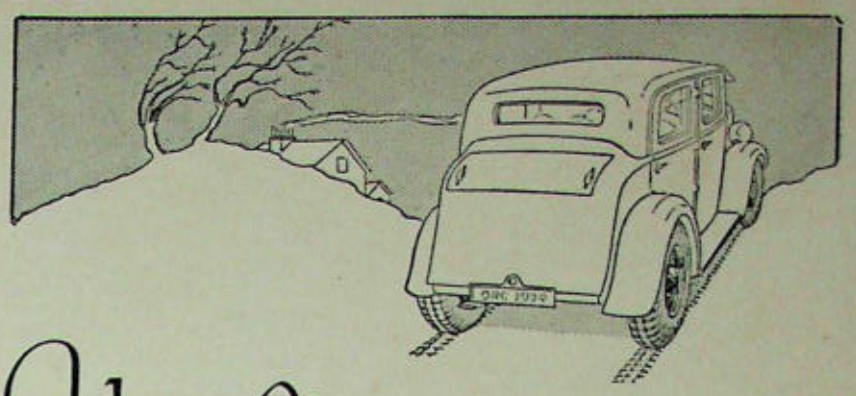


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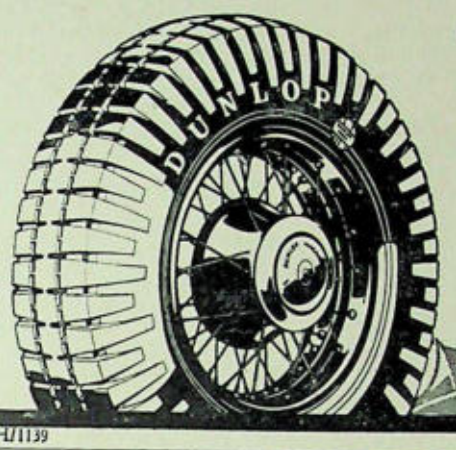
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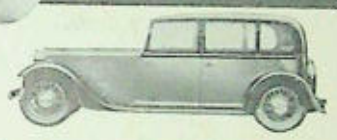


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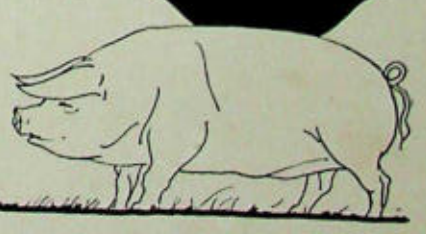
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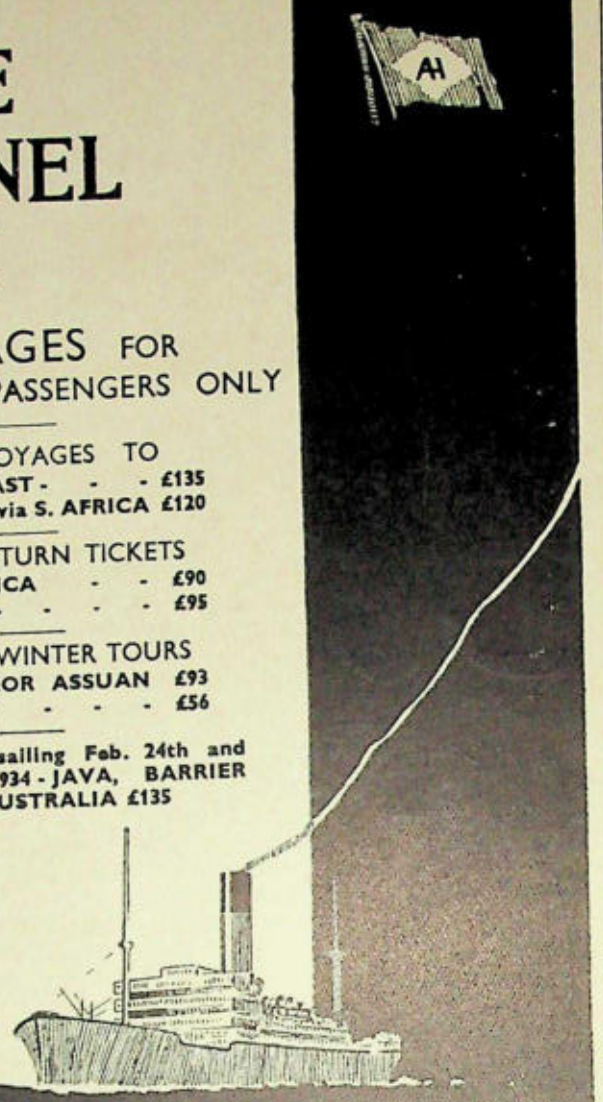
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WINTER IN THE WEST

The Many Attractions of Devon and Cornwall

By MAXWELL FRASER

ENGLISH people are discovering in increasing numbers that it is not only possible, but exceedingly pleasant, to spend a winter holiday in their own country, and to no one has England's winter playground of Devon and Cornwall a greater appeal than to the sportsman.

There is the hind-hunting on Exmoor—lasting from November until the middle of March—and the spring stag-hunting at Easter—wonderful sport, unobtainable elsewhere in England, and still carried on in much the same way as in the days of Katerfelto and John Garnet. There are also famous packs like the South Devon, Lamerton and Tiverton in both counties. Hunting in the West is of a high standard, and the country has a charm of its own, especially from a hound lover's point of view. Various forms of sea and river fishing, and facilities for golf, lawn tennis, badminton and bowls are also obtainable in all the winter resorts.

It is the fashion to deride the description of our south-western coast-line as "the English Riviera," but it is a fact that the winter climate of Devon and Cornwall rivals that of the South of France, or even Madeira, whilst there is a brilliance of colouring, both in the scenery and in the sub-tropical vegetation, which is suggestive of a sunny southern land. With it all there is a vigour and freshness, and a clinging to age-old traditions, which extends to every branch of West Country sport and makes it as congenial to the sportsman, as its climate, scenery and historic interest are to every type of holiday-maker.

Nowhere in England is there a greater variety of beauty and interest than in the West. Devon's sea coast has much in common with the Côte D'Azur: bright red cliffs, a blue sea, splendid bathing beaches, a succession of popular holiday towns within easy reach of one another, luxurious hotels, fine shops, and a continuous round of amusements in the larger towns for those in search of gaiety, while for those who prefer quietude there are adorable villages tucked away in secluded bays and valleys.

Yet with all its kinship with the South of France, and all its riot of colour, Devon has an intensely English atmosphere. Its river valleys have the quiet beauty of dense woodlands, in contrast to the brilliance of the coast, while inland there is the wild grandeur of Dartmoor to provide yet another phase of the ever-changing beauty which is Devon.

Cornwall's splendour is concentrated in the wonderful coastline of gigantic granite cliffs, although eastern Cornwall can boast some exquisite woods and valleys. There is a perpetual fascination in the quaint little fishing villages of Cornwall, which are built on the sides of cliffs, and straggle in picturesque confusion down steep streets to the water's edge, while each of the Cornish towns has an individuality of setting which is as delightful as it is unusual.

Chief among Devon's popular winter resorts are the delightful little towns of Dawlish and Teignmouth, and the three great resorts on Torbay—Torquay, the largest yet the loveliest of Devon's seaside towns; Paignton, indefatigable in planning amusements for its visitors; and Brixham, which is rapidly losing its fame as a fishing resort in its greater popularity and development as a holiday resort.



WITH THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS ON EXMOOR

The beautiful little towns of Dartmouth, Kingswear and Salcombe, with historic Plymouth, make up the tale of South Devon resorts, with a formidable rival in Ilfracombe on the north coast.

Cornwall's winter resorts include the newly developed Carlyon Bay; Falmouth, by virtue of its incomparable situation the loveliest place in Cornwall; Penzance, on glorious Mount's Bay; and quaint old St. Ives. Newquay, set on the gigantic cliffs of the North Cornish coast, has the attraction of a particularly good golf course.

There is no end to the charm of the West Country, for in addition to the amusements and sports offered by its various seaside towns each place visited has some fresh and engrossing interest of history and legend, and some special beauty of ancient buildings or natural surroundings. Who could resist a countryside with such a variety of interest, with such a perfect background of sunshine and warmth, vouched for by the strong outdoor growth of palm trees as convincingly as by statistics of temperature?

Those who visit Devon or Cornwall find ample opportunities for indulging in their own particular tastes and inclinations, and hospitable people ready to greet them with a real West Country welcome.



BATHING AND SAILING IN PERFECT SECURITY
Boys from the Somers School, Bermuda, enjoying themselves in shark-free waters

BERMUDA AS A BRITISH RESORT

Coral Islands Within Six Days of England

TO take a month's vacation within the Empire at a reasonable cost, and at the same time be able to enjoy a complete change of climate, scenery and customs, may seem to some people an ideal difficult to attain; let me dispel any such ideas from the minds of English people. The Bermudas, that small chain of islands in the mid-Atlantic, the most beautiful I have seen in all my travels, provide a perfect setting for winter holidays, and the Bermudas are renowned for their hospitality.

Six days at sea, and then the never-to-be-forgotten sight of those low tree-clad hills, and long beaches of silver sand glittering in the warm sunlight, and then round the headland of Spanish Point to discover the beauty of Hamilton, the capital of Bermuda.

The wellnigh perfect, sub-tropical climate of Bermuda is ideal for swimming, and at the same time the coral rock reefs surrounding the islands make the bather perfectly safe from the incursions of sharks. Along the coast may be found sandy coves and palm-shaded lagoons, which may be the cause of the popularity of moonlight bathing picnics. Sea fishing and sailing are also to be enjoyed, and there is one type of boat which is, I should say, found nowhere else outside these waters. I refer to the small rowing boats with glass bottoms, through which one has a clear view not only of the multi-coloured fish swimming below, but of the sandy bed of the sea some 40ft. or 50ft. down.

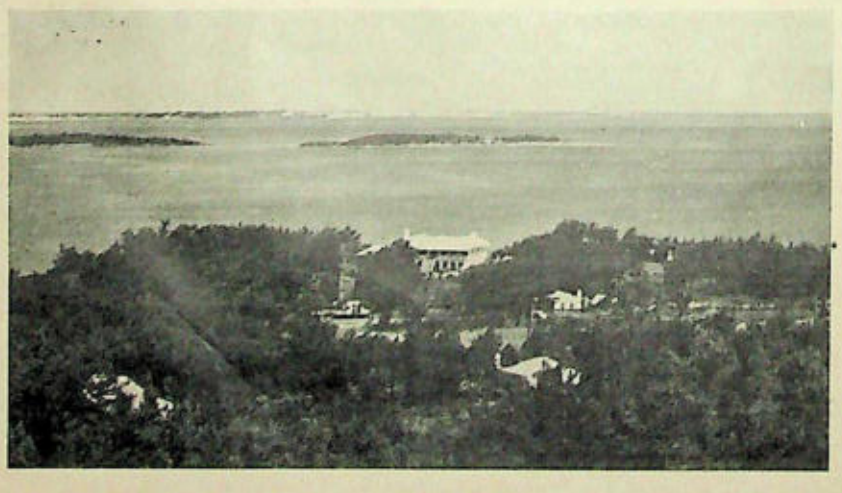
Tennis and golf (there are two excellent courses) are also obtainable under the best possible conditions, and there is luxurious hotel accommodation, where all the amenities of modern life are provided.

At times the visitor will wish to get away from the sun-bathed streets, where the flat-roofed houses built of white coral rock reflect the strong light, making the scene cheerful but a little too bright for the unaccustomed eye. He may then walk through the tree-shaded lanes, past fields of flowers, the like of which cannot be seen outside the tropics.

His peace will not be disturbed by the warning hooter of an oncoming motor car, nor will he have to scramble hurriedly into the hedge to allow some Juggernaut an uninterrupted passage down the road. Strange though it may seem in this age of screaming mechanism, no mechanically-propelled vehicle is allowed on the island. The buggy cart and the pony-trap are the general means of transport, but no place outside an English University town can compare with Hamilton or St. George for the number of bicycles to be seen in the streets.

As an antidote to grey skies, cold, fog and rain, I strongly suggest Bermuda with its warmth, colour and peacefulness, added to which is her wide range of outdoor recreation on land and sea, and the more sophisticated forms of entertainment.

At the conclusion of your visit, as your ship sails slowly out of Hamilton Harbour past the multitude of tiny islets, I am sure you will walk astern to look upon this happy land with a feeling of regret that you must leave. F. C. M.



ONE OF BERMUDA'S ISLAND-DOTTED BAYS
Viewed from the grounds of the Somers School for boys, seen in foreground

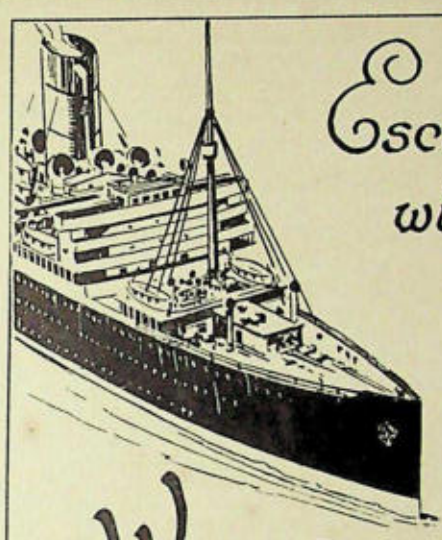


THE SUN HOLIDAY

The Sun is Life. It was an axiom of the Ancients. In the Dark Ages the power of sunshine as a natural means of health and healing was neglected, but Science, in its sure advance, has led us into the glowing reality of another Sun Age. It is visible in the improved health of nations, in the active minds, the bronzed bodies and the daring and enterprise of modern youth. They are children of the New Sun Age.

The certain enjoyment of sunlight—temperate, healthy sunlight—is one of the stimulating qualities of a visit to South Africa. The ocean voyage, the continuous fresh air, the rest and the completeness of the change—these variations, all in the radiance of summer warmth, make this holiday one long sun-bath of recuperation.

Furthermore, it is travel arranged with the greatest ease, simply by communicating with The Director, Travel Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C. 2, or the leading Tourist Agencies. Our special programme *The Sign of the Springbok* (*W.*), with details of Winter tours at reduced rates, sent *gratis* on request.



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ANSWERS to CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored.

Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem examination, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. ***Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.*** *No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.*

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges, Class VI., Division 1. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible.

Angling

What is the Largest Freshwater Fish?—As far as is known the largest freshwater species is the Arapaima (*Arapaimagigas*), which is found in the Amazon system in South America. The largest rod-caught specimen is one of 200lb. taken by Sir Walter Egerton on the Rupununi, British Guiana, in 1913.—*Greenwell, Scotland.*

A Book on Fly Entomology.—There is what may be called a sequel to Halford's book in Martin E. Mosely's *Dry-fly Fisherman's Entomology* (Routledge; 42– net) which contains, in particular, some admirably coloured plates of natural flies. Another book which can be recommended to the practical fly fisher, especially for the preliminary study of water-bred flies, is *The Trout Fisher's Entomology*, by C. A. N. Wauton (*Fishing Gazette*; 5– net).—*J. F. B., Paignton.*

Frozen Fish Ponds.—As a general rule fish suffer little from being under the ice. If the pond is a small one it is just as well to keep at least a section broken so that the water may be aerated and gasses allowed to escape. Where green weeds which do not die down in winter exist, it is probable that the light penetrating the ice enables the weed to produce enough oxygen to keep the water in fair condition, but it must be remembered that, at night, weeds produce carbon dioxide gas, and presumably this cannot escape if the pond is completely frozen over.—*T. B., Bucks.*

Spawning Time of Winter Salmon.—The salmon which run up rivers during the winter are now usually known as spring salmon and spend a whole year in freshwater before spawning; that is to say, the salmon now entering our rivers will, most of them, not spawn until the late autumn of 1934. There seems little difference between the spawning time of a fish which runs in December and one which runs in the following October, though it is always possible that some very late-running fish may spawn immediately upon arrival at suitable spawning gravel if a mate is available.—*W. J. M., Scotland.*

What is the Season for Rainbow Trout?—Legally there is no close season for rainbows, which may be fished for all the year round. Most waters which contain them, however, have a close season imposed by their owners, which may be from October 1st to March 31st, or may only run from January 1st to about April 30th or the middle of May, according to the time at which the fish are known to spawn. Rainbows in their natural waters (Pacific slope of America) spawn in the spring, but some of the generations bred in this country from importations of many years ago have adopted an autumn spawning habit like our own brown trout.—*K. D., Somerset.*

Cards

Contract Bridge

Is this a Record?—You ask, "Is this a record? Dealer bid One No Trump and was left in. Dummy put down ♠ 8, 6, 5, 4; ♡ 7, 4, 2; ◇ 7, 6, 5; ♣ 7, 4 3. Incidentally, the Declarer made One No Trump, the odd trick being taken by Dummy with the 8 of Spades"

Answer.—We have many similar records of Yarboroughs.—*R. W., Clairwood, Natal.*

Additional Information.—You write: "I find that a good many partners do not raise me in the suit that I have called, although they could do so, but first call to show what they hold. For instance, I call One Heart, and my partner holding ♠ Q, x, x; ♡ Q, x, x, ◇ x, x; ♣ A, K, x, x, x calls Two Clubs; Should he first call that, or Two Hearts? And if he calls Two Clubs, what should I do, holding ♠ K, x, x, x; ♡ A, K, x, x; ◇ x, x, x; ♣ x, x?"

Answer.—The bid of another suit at Contract does not deny support of partner's suit, but offers additional information. After the call of One Heart partner is quite right to bid Two Clubs and your reply should be Two No Trumps. Your partner should then bid Three Hearts, and you should leave it.—*H. H. B., London.*

Farm

Poultryman-Gardener's Wages.—In the usual hours of work an experienced man, capable of attending to 500 hens and a small garden, would expect a weekly wage of 35– to 40– with cottage.—*N., Bucks.*

Water for Pigs in Winter.—If practicable, it is certainly sound practice to use warm water in mixing wet food for pigs in extremely cold weather. Ice-cold water will make pigs disinclined for their food, and part of the food value of the meal is expended in recovering body heat lost after the consumption of very cold wet food. The proportion of water to meal can be reduced with advantage in winter, and the slop fed at the consisteney of thick porridge.—*L. N., Wilts.*

Grain for Hens.—At this season a mixture of equal parts of wheat and cracked maize is suitable. In the summer wheat alone, or wheat and clipped oats, is more satisfactory as the grain feed for laying hens. The compound mash mentioned is thoroughly reliable, but oyster shell should, in addition, be in front of the birds always. Fresh water, with the chill off preferably in severe weather, should complete their food requirements. As regards the purchase of day-old chicks, if you decide to buy Rhode Island Red chicks, March-hatched birds should give the maximum output of autumn and winter eggs.—*C. L. R., Yorks.*

Garden

Seeds Wanted.—The seeds of *Datura coccinea, D. bicolor, D. floribunda, Aristolochia elegans, A. moupinensis* and *A. tricandate* are unobtainable in this country.—*W. S. D., Espana.*

Hunting

Information About Foxhunting.—As you are to take part in a debate upon foxhunting you could not do better than apply to the British Field Sports' Society, St. Stephen's House, Westminster, S.W. 1, who no doubt will supply you with all the data you require.—*J. T. H., Doncaster.*

Kennel

Training an Irish Setter.—Trainers of setters are John Kent, Chrishall, Royston, Herts, and G. Bennett, Hardmeade, Newport Pagnell, Bucks. If you were to write to Mr. Herbert Mitchell, Box Tree Cottage, Bradford, he might be able to tell you of someone nearer your district.—*W. F., Windermere.*

Prevention of Fouling.—A new preparation called Antipollute is advertised by the Keepaway Laboratory, 1A, Penywern Road, Earl's Court Road, London, S.W. 1, which is designed to prevent dogs fouling posts, etc. We have heard nothing about its efficacy, and we will be interested to have your experience when you have tried it.—*H. W. C., Bridgwater.*

Breeding from an Old Bitch.—It would not hurt to breed from your eleven-year-old bitch as she has already had a litter. We doubt, however, if the experiment would be worth making, as at her age we should expect the litter to be small and probably weakly. It would be more satisfactory to get a younger bitch.—*R. A. G., Hull.*

Spaniel Chasing Birds.—You should read *Spaniels: Their Breaking for Sport and Field Trials*, published at the *Field* office. You would be helped much more than we can do in a few words. Apparently, the trouble is that you have not taught your dog to drop to whistle. If you could perfect him in this you would cure him of his bad habit of yapping and pursuing any bird or animal he happens to see.—*J. H., Staffordshire.*

Naturalist

Woodpigeon Feeding on Oak Spangles.—The contents of the woodpigeon's crop received are oak-galls, commonly known as oak-spangles, produced by a very small gall-fly (*Neuropterus lenticularis*). Each spangle contains a minute grub of the fly. Just before the fall of the oak leaves, the spangles become detached from the leaves and fall to the ground, which is often densely strewed with them. Pheasants greedily devour them.

Naturalist (*Continued*)

It is interesting to know that the pigeon you shot had filled its crop with these galls.—*K. D., Devon.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Pheasants for Inspection

We will reply as to the sex of the bird after a microscopic examination has been made. Dissection points to it being a hen.—*Sir K. F., Forfar.*

——On examination we could find no evidence of disease to account for the bird's death. The appearance of the viscera was very suggestive of yew poisoning.—*W. W., Hants.*

Tumour in a Fowl.—Dissection in this case revealed an enormous accumulation of hard egg contents in the oviduct (egg canal) causing what is known as an egg tumour which had pressed on the surrounding parts. The intestines were swollen by the pressure of the tumour, and in one part gangrene (mortification) had set in.—*Major F. P., Northampton.*

A Shot Grouse in Poor Condition.—The grouse showed no sign of the disease which you had in mind. As shown by microscopic examination the bird was harbouring many coccidia, the causative parasite of coccidiosis, a very infectious and fatal disease to grouse chicks, though adult birds are more resistant to it. It is possible that the bird sent was one that had survived an attack of this disease, as a chick, and by still harbouring the causal parasite was acting as a source of a new infection on the moor.—*C. I. F.*

Shooting

Shooting in Africa.—The most up-to-date and comprehensive book on this subject is the *Big Game Shooting in Africa* (Lonsdale Library, Volume 14), published by Seeley, Service at 25/–.—*Safari, Burford.*

Late Drives.—It is inadvisable, especially in the case of partridge driving when coveys should have an opportunity of collecting before dark, to shoot up to sunset. It also handicaps the pickers-up, and allows of wounded birds being left out.—*A. H., Rothbury.*

Shot Balling.—We experienced only slight balling with your cartridges; the patterns, however, were poor and patchy, averaging 35 per cent. to 50 per cent. in a 30in. circle at 40 yards from a chole barrel. The recorded velocity averaged 985ft. per second as against a standard velocity of 1,070 f.s. The barrel after firing was badly leaded, probably due to an escape of powder gases through the shot charge. It is difficult without further evidence to assign a reason for the balling you mention—possibly the charge of 1¼ oz. of No. 6 shot does not suit your gun.—*Deans, London.*

Shooting (*Continued*)

Cartridges with Heavy Shot Load.—(1) The 12-bore 2½in. cartridges you mention are loaded with the new progressive burning powder "Neoflak," and a 1¼oz. charge of shot, which load while developing a lower pressure at 1in. from breech than the 1⅛oz. smokeless cartridges in general use develops a slightly higher pressure at 6in. Although the makers state they are perfectly safe to fire in guns proved for 1¼oz. of shot, it is for the user to decide if the firing of heavier loads than his gun has been proved for is a wise procedure when the re-proving of guns for any specified service load is carried out by the proof houses at trivial cost.

(2) It is difficult to recommend a size of shot for killing rabbits at long range, as so much depends upon the gun; we do not think a larger size than No. 4 would be found advantageous; we, however, recommend you to test various sizes and loads at a target.—*J. D. U. W., Reading.*

Squash Rackets

Size of a Court.—The dimensions of a squash rackets court are as follows: Length, 32ft.; breadth, 21ft.; height of front wall line, 15ft.; height of back wall line, 7ft.; distance of short line from front wall, 18ft.; height of cut line on front wall, 6ft.; height of board from ground, 19in.; height of side wall line. . . . The diagonal line joining the front wall line and the back wall line. As regards cost, this varies, of course, according to the manner in which the court is constructed. You can get quotations from Messrs. G. H. Carter, Ltd., Clissold Works, 57–69, Green Lanes, London, N. 16, and information concerning various types of courts is published in the handbook of the Squash Rackets Association, price 1/–, issued from the Royal Automobile Club, Pall Mall, London, S.W. 1. There is no satisfactory enamel paint or whitewash which will render the walls of a squash rackets court non-sweating, and the only really satisfactory treatment of the court walls is to have a special non-sweating composition. There are one or two makes of paint suitable for cement floors which will stand a fair amount of wear.—*W. H. S. C., Bromsgrove.*

Information Wanted

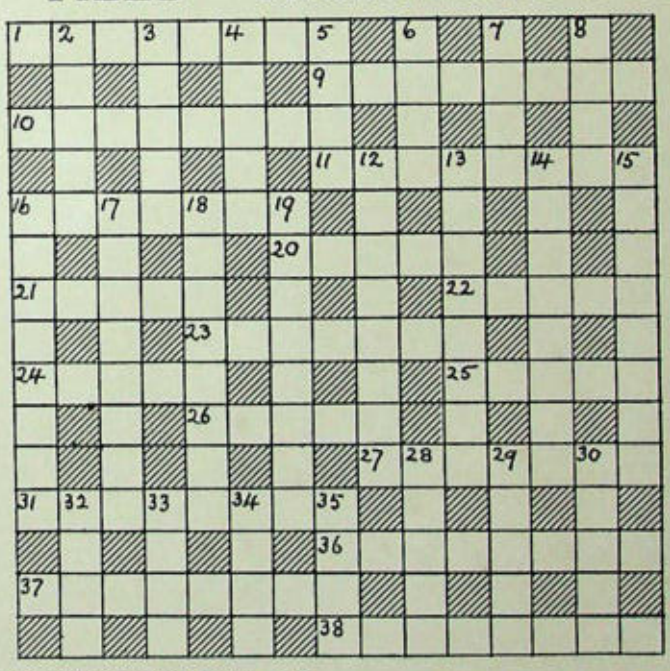
RINGED WOODCOCK

THE HON. ERNEST GUINNESS, owner of the Ashford Estate, Cong, Co. Galway, has marked a number of young woodcock this year. The rings are stamped:—

G. CONG 33 IRELAND

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

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE



CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 253

ACROSS.—1, A figure, geometrical, musical and eternal. 9, Majesty. 10, Fleet—but small. 11, Putting off. 16, Tree. 20, Turn out. 21, Peel. 22, Reprobation. 23, Kind of fever. 24, Troubled. 25, A sentry has to keep this. 26, Almost a winner. 27, Money. 31, Certainly not willingly. 36, The common fate of myths. 37, Exceptional. 38, No commercial traveller should be this.

DOWN.—2, Chaff. 3, Change. 4, Heraldic colour. 5, An interjection now hardly ever used. 6, Christian name. 7, Small whirlpool. 8, "—— seize thee, ruthless king!" (Gray). 12, Rulers over vast dominions. 13, Assign. 14, Point out. 15, Feeble lights. 16, Are cowards fed on these? 17, The sides of 1 can never be this. 18, Assist progress. 19, Guard. 28, Expectations and desires. 29, Mound. 30, Sidelong glances. 32, A major in the heavens. 33, The right of aliens. 34, On the this is at once. 35, Shrill cry.

SOLUTION TO No. 252. Published December 16th

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

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

VOL. CLXII. NO. 4227. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1933 REGISTERED PRICE 1S. POSTAGE { INLAND, 1½D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D.; FOREIGN 2½D. }



SIR HENRY MILDMAY

(From the portrait by Romney lent to the Royal Academy Exhibition of British Art by Lord Mildmay of Flete)

Born in 1763, Sir Henry Mildmay was in residence at St. John's College, Cambridge, when this portrait was began. He gave Romney nine sittings in 1783, five in 1784, and one in 1785, in which year the painting was finished. He lived the life of a country gentleman at Dogmersfield, in Hampshire, and represented various constituencies in Parliament. It is recorded in the *Annual Register* for December, 1797, that in attempting to caress a vicious mount named Telegraph, the horse seized his right hand in its mouth and crushed it so badly that the fingers had to be amputated.

APOLLO

A JOURNAL OF THE ARTS FOR CONNOISSEURS & COLLECTORS

BRITISH ART NUMBER

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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*

POINT-TO-POINTS AND THEIR FUTURE

IN the old days a Point-to-Point meeting was simply a gathering of the members of a Hunt, who pitted their hunters one against another in friendly rivalry over a natural country. The course was unknown until the day of the race, when the competitors were led out by the huntsman to a given point and told to make the best of their way homewards. No one who rode in these old races with their primitive arrangements could have envisaged a modern meeting with its prepared course, specially trained horses, riders with colours, luncheon parties and books of form. Nothing has changed so rapidly in the hunting world as the Point-to-Point meeting. It may or may not be for the better, but the crowds who flock in their thousands to every fixture furnish ample proof that Point-to-Point racing is increasing in popularity—year by year. Not that a reason is hard to find, for unless the meeting be a *bona fide* one, a fine day's sport may be enjoyed at a very small cost. It is possible that in the future Point-to-Point meetings will become serious competitors to National Hunt racing proper. And it was the National Hunt Committee that gave the Masters of Foxhounds' Point-to-Point Committee their Magna Charta in a set of rules and regulations which have governed their events up to the present time.

We are now faced with the fact that, from July 1st, 1934, the control of Point-to-Point racing is to be taken over by the National Hunt Committee. From this it may be presumed that the Masters of Foxhounds' Point-to-Point Committee will for the last time control the meetings held at the end of the present season, and what the future may hold will be in the thoughts of everyone interested in hunting. What exactly does the significant word "control" imply? Does it mean that a warning-off notice by the Stewards of the National Hunt Committee (and also by the Jockey and National Coursing Clubs, both of which have reciprocal agreements in this respect) will also operate upon Point-to-Point courses? Further, will a "disqualified person" under both rules of racing become one under Point-to-Point management? If so, what will be the difference between Steeple Chasing and Point-to-Point racing? It may also be fair to ask, what arrangements the National Hunt Committee will make as regards the registration of Masters of Foxhounds' certificates, as presumably this will be one of their chief labours, and, taking into consideration the fees paid for registration, also one of the chief forms of revenue.

It is to be hoped that the new governing body will make clean-cut, stringent rules as to the interpretation of that elastic phrase "regularly and fairly hunted." As things are to-day, some Masters of Hounds see that this rule is carried out in its strictest sense, while others are by no means so particular. It has happened before now that a Point-to-Point winner has only been shown hounds a few times (and that at the meet) during the season and has then been taken quietly and soberly home. Such an animal cannot be said to have been "regularly and fairly hunted." Point-to-Points are for hunters pure and simple, which have done their turn each week with hounds throughout the season, and not for cast-off steeple chasers which are kept for one purpose only. This is one of the tasks which will face the National Hunt Committee. It is to be supposed that they will also have the power of granting or refusing the right to hold meetings, and here there is an opportunity for sane organisation to avoid the needless annoyance occasionally caused by granting fixtures to adjoining Hunts on the same day.

Perhaps the most important point of all for the National Hunt Committee to solve will be the granting of sanctions for *bona fide* Hunt meetings, where charges for admission may be made. These meetings to-day are a bone of contention, for, while it may be argued that a Hunt with a falling revenue may recoup its finances by holding such a meeting, there is no reason why every Hunt should have one. Farmers, by whose sufferance hunting exists, regard an ordinary Point-to-Point meeting as a holiday to which they can take their wives and children. If *bona fide* Hunt meetings increase greatly in number it is not going too far to say that the future of hunting itself may be imperilled.

OLYMPIA'S REVIVAL

NO better start to the New Year from the horse-lover's point of view could be imagined than the news that the International Horse Show is to be re-born. Its absence from the calendar of sporting and social engagements last year certainly provided the horse world with a badly-needed stimulus, and we wish the new enterprise every success with the show they propose to hold at Olympia next June. Those responsible for its revival realised that the welfare of the light-horse breeding industry depended very largely upon the prosperity of the International Horse Show, and they combined together to find ways and means for providing the necessary funds. With the Duke of Beaufort as President, there seems no reason why this most popular event should not flourish as it did in the days when its boxes and stables attracted visitors and the leading exponents of horsemanship from all over the world, for the International Horse Show is to horse-lovers what Henley is to the rowing man, Aintree to the amateur rider and Wimbledon to the lawn tennis enthusiast.

THREE FAMOUS FIGURES

Christmas week has been saddened for many by the death of three prominent figures in the sporting world. Tod Sloan, the wizard of the Turf in the 'nineties—one of the first, though not the first, as is supposed by many, to introduce the crouching seat into this country—died on December 21st in hospital at Los Angeles. After amassing and losing a vast fortune on the Turf, he ended his days in the direst poverty. In his day Sloan created as great a furore as Richards did during the past season.

On the same day came the sad news of Mr. Eugene Corri's death at the age of 76. Referee of a thousand fights, he was one of the most popular figures the boxing world has ever known. Of all the important fights that he refereed, two in particular stood out in his memory—the meeting between Freddy Welsh and Willie Ritchie for the light-weight championship of the world, and that between Gunboat Smith and Georges Carpentier, which ended in the sixth round, Smith being disqualified. Sportsmen of all classes have paid tribute to Eugene Corri, a figure that the sporting world could ill afford to lose. In his later years he could supply many amusing reminiscences, some of which he wrote for the *Field*.

Joseph Butters, who died at Newmarket on December 19th retired from racing in 1926. Although he never trained a classic winner in this country, he had many successes on the Continent, where, riding for the Emperor Francis Joseph, he won all the classic races in Germany, Austria, and Hungary. When his riding career came to an end, he spent a further 30 years training abroad. On returning to England in 1903 he took charge of the late Prince Soltykoff's horses, for whom he won many races. Prince Soltykoff was the breeder of St. Simon. Rightly was Joseph Butters called one of the Grand Old Men of the Turf, and one of the most popular figures in Newmarket, he will be sadly mourned by his many friends.

BEAUTY CULTURE AT SMITHFIELD

The "malpractice" which has robbed Mr. James Craig's Galloway steers Gold Flake and Mike 5th of their honours at the Smithfield Show is universally deplored. Who performed the deed is still a mystery, but the unpleasant fact has been established to the satisfaction of the Council of the Smithfield Club that both these animals were interfered with and were shown under false colours at the Show.

It is not an unknown occurrence in America for show beasts to be faked, and one known method is to inject turpentine at a weak spot, perhaps round the tail head or in the back, which results in a swelling that covers up deficiencies. But in this country exhibitors have not stooped to such practices, and an animal stands or falls by its natural condition unaided by such artificial beauty culture. It is to be hoped that the Smithfield Club will probe this mystery until the culprit is exposed. Galloway breeders were extremely keen to win the honours this year, but the breed must not be left under a stigma.

A RHODESIAN SANCTUARY

Mr. Herbert George Robins of Toms Farms, Wankie, Southern Rhodesia, has made an offer to the Southern Rhodesian Government of his lands, some 40 square miles, so that they may be set apart as a sanctuary for wild animals. The Government of Southern Rhodesia has gratefully accepted this offer, and it should go a long way to solving their difficulties in implementing the recent Big Game Convention to which they were signatory.

How far the area is suitable to form the nucleus of a National Park it is, of course, impossible to say without a detailed survey, but it contains sable and roan antelope, sassaby, impala and eland, besides giraffe, elephant and warthog. This generous action is the more noteworthy as Mr. Robins, who is not a man of unbounded wealth, could well have made a considerable income by leasing his sporting rights as the estate is close to the railway from Bulawayo to Victoria Falls, and is sure to attract many visitors in the future.

L.B.W.

No one has a better right to speak of the spirit of cricket than a member of the Ford family; and when Mr. F. G. J. Ford writes a letter to the *Times* on the law of leg-before-wicket he is entitled to more than a mere hearing. Is there anything, he asks, more contrary to "the spirit of the game"—a phrase recently used by the M.C.C. in a cable to Australia—than deliberately using the legs to keep the ball out of the wicket? Then why not alter the rule, as the Australians themselves apparently wish to do, to make this unfair and unsportsmanlike method of play illegal?

"Come along, M.C.C.!" calls Mr. Ford encouragingly—it sounds as if the great left-hander had just made one of his superb drives to mid-off. We hope the M.C.C. will not send him back.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a famous literary monthly's November issue: "The huntsmen, too, invade the woods. Squawks of pheasants tear the air as sharp shots are heard. But the thick undergrowth is kind to the birds, and crimson and gold of late bramble leaf protect the gorgeous colouring of the cock pheasant."

FEN SKATING

Speed skating in England has been for so long in the hands of Fen skaters that a strong challenge from London competitors invested with special interest the Amateur Championship of Great Britain held at Lingay Fen, near Cambridge. It was expected that the London skaters would be favoured by the adoption for the first time since 1880 of an oval course on the Continental system; but once again the result was a triumph for Fen skating in the person of C. W. Horn, who won the championship for the fourth time in succession by a considerable margin. None the less, London skaters were able to demonstrate the material progress that has followed the popularisation of the sport by means of indoor rinks, the Fen men being beaten out of the second and third places.

ALL THE FUN OF THE CIRCUS

There are old and new thrills at the circus which Mr. Bertram Mills has staged this year at Olympia, and although that great showman has been unable to produce the Monster of Loch Ness, he has many interesting substitutes. Our old friends the Lippizana stallions give a wonderful exhibition in the Grand Carrousel, which consists of more than 50 horses being in the ring at the same time. Both humour and thrills are provided by the Parisian Flying Ballet, while Cubanos, or the Flying Dutchman, impresses everyone by the daring of his act, in which he falls 70ft. He is rivalled by a lady lion tamer who has only had two years' training. No one should miss this feast of good things at Olympia, which will appeal to young and old alike.

SALMON IN THE NEW YEAR

Two days more and 1933 with its drought and other miseries will be behind us—"and a good riddance, too," will probably be its epitaph in most anglers' minds; though, to be sure, New Year's Day is of no prominence in the fishing calendar, January 11th, when the earliest of the Scottish salmon rivers open their season, would be, perhaps, a more propitious occasion.

What of salmon in 1934? Permutations and combinations as calculated for the salmon rivers are not very encouraging, but if, and when, the fish do return to the rivers, there is at least some prospect that they will be better protected when they get there. Rumour whispers (it is no more than that unfortunately at the moment) that Parliament may be urged to give some consideration to salmon legislation this spring—"if time can be found for it." Existing legislation dates largely from 1868.

THE YEAR'S WEATHER

Now that records of the weather of the year are approaching completion, it is interesting to be able to compare last summer with other years of drought and heat. It seems, according to a paper prepared by Mr. J. Glasspoole and Mr. W. L. Andrew, which was read last week before the Royal Meteorological Society, that the summer half-year of 1933, was not so dry as that of 1921, and that although the totals of sunshine in the months June to September exceeded the average in each month, the total itself was not so high as that for the corresponding period in 1911. The summer, perhaps, most resembles that of 1778—the best that Horace Walpole could remember. "It is Italy in a green gown."

Which would be the wintriest December that Walpole could remember? Does anyone remember a more remarkable pre-Christmas period, with its prolonged frost and its lack of rain, than that which lies behind us?

NORTHUMBERLAND

Of two English counties at opposite sides of the country, the name and fame are indissolubly connected with the sea. Sir Henry Newbolt has written moving poetry of both: of Devonshire in *Drake's Drum*, and of Nelson and his admirals in *Northumberland*:

> "When Nelson sailed for Trafalgar
> With all his country's best,
> He held them dear as brothers are,
> But one before the rest."

One of his admirals—"the boast of old Northumberland"—he sent to lead the van:

> "Himself by *Victory's* bulwarks stood
> And cheered to see the sight:
> 'That noble fellow Collingwood
> How bold he goes to fight!'
> Love, that the league of Ocean spanned,
> Heard him as face to face:
> 'What would he give, Northumberland,
> To share our pride of place?'"



"The sight of hounds speeding arrow-shaped across the side of a hill is poetry of motion itself"

MANNERS IN THE HUNTING FIELD

A Reply To a Critic

By MAJOR C. L. CARLOS CLARKE

MY article on "Hunting Manners" which was published in the *Field* of December 9th has caused a great concourse of people to seize their pens and write to me personally. There were, I am glad to say, a number of complimentary letters; but these were also accompanied by a mass ranging from the pained to the unprintable.

I am glad, because this influx of abuse only tends to show that I am right in my contention that the present generation of hunting people take themselves and the sport altogether too seriously. They are the first to laugh at each other and the last to laugh at themselves.

If I had the time or the ability I should like to answer all the letters I received, but as I have neither, I propose to quote one and to answer it. It was not signed, which, perhaps, in the end, will save complications. Incidentally, it was written on the back of an old bridge score, and if it was his own, I am delighted to see he went down 3,000 points! Here is the letter:

> "SIR,—Your article in the *Field* shows only too clearly that: 1. You know very little about hunting. 2. You are frightened yourself. 3. You know nothing of Hunting Manners—the first of which is to refrain from all criticism of those in charge. 4. That you are a Leicestershire 'snob' and think that hunting is carried on in no other country. Anyhow, manners and morals have never existed there."

In all humility I took up my pen to write an article on hunting, and my worst enemy could never accuse me of setting myself up as an authority. Having started my task I tried to approach a part of the subject from my own point of view, which has always been that of the smallest subscriber on the worst horse.

The men and women who gaze knowingly at hounds in kennel and pretend they like the smell, cut no ice with me, but for the real hound expert, of which there are a very few, I have the greatest admiration. I even have a sneaking envy of anyone who can pick out the puppy they have walked six months after they have sent it in or returned it to store, whichever is the correct expression.

Of scent I know nothing except that it is more often "catchy" than not. All "casts" are the same to me except a backward cast, and earth-stopping is Greek. Although there are thousands as ignorant as I am, I fear they would never admit it. The sight of hounds speeding arrow-shaped across the side of a hill is poetry of motion itself, and to present one's horse correctly at a fence, leave the ground in rhythm with him (difficult) and arrive perfectly balanced in the next field (almost impossible) is an achievement producing an exquisite thrill. In the eyes of the experts, I know nothing of foxhunting. But do I love it? I should just think I do!

To deal with point 2, That "You are frightened yourself." No, I am not frightened of jumping moderate fences on a good horse. Thank heavens it is hardly ever necessary to jump a big fence in Leicestershire unless you happen to be showing off or in a hurry. There are things that frighten me much more than hunting, and for the edification of my anonymous correspondent, some of them are the geyser in my flat, my aunt, young Guardsmen and landing an aeroplane. A sense of humour and a not very pretty gift of repartee has made me immune from the horrors of a crowded gateway, and it is a peculiar horse with which I am not more or less at peace. Please do not assume from this that I ever aspired to being a "star turn," the anxiety and heart-burnings entailed thereby are far too acute.

Now for 3, That "You know nothing of Hunting Manners—the first of which is to refrain from all criticism of those in charge." Here I must contradict my anonymous friend flatly. I do not believe a Hunt exists where there is not a certain amount of criticism levelled at those in charge. Buoyed up by a good many years' experience, I proffered advice and suggestions from the under-dog's point of view. Probably no one will listen, but done publicly as it was it can do not the slightest harm.

"That you are a Leicestershire 'snob,' and think that hunting is carried on in no other country. Anyhow, manners and morals have never existed there," is the fourth accusation. If one is a Leicestershire "snob" for thinking that the best hunting is to be had there, then I am the king of them all. As a boy of sixteen, home from Eton, I had two days on hirelings through the kindness of a friend. I never forgot them, and I carried the memory of them to Canada, back to England and all through the war.

When other young men were choosing a career and mapping out a glorious future I could think of nothing but Leicestershire and how to get there with practically no income and absolutely no inclination to work. I got there eventually, and by dint of letting out horses I survived the first few years until a sound job offered itself.

This is not the place to discuss the morals of Leicestershire, but suffice it to say that most of the stories which are told are untrue or, in any case, grossly exaggerated. The rumours of tremendous gaities and wild parties undoubtedly bring the crowds, but on arrival they are bitterly disappointed, hence some of their ill-humour. Certain it is that I have developed a card sense and a taste for beautiful women, but then I could have done that with the Devon and Somerset Staghounds.

Well, my anonymous friend and others may still think I know nothing about hunting, but I hope I have convinced them that I love it. But let me tell them that people like them who take the sport too seriously do a great deal of harm. If hunting is to flourish, the young man must be encouraged, as there are to-day so many attractions calculated to appeal to him if he finds difficulties put in his way. If I can ever afford to hunt again I shall still think that a good ride and a laugh are the two most important factors, and you could not change my mind in a thousand years.



THE MEET. BY J. F. HERRING, 1840
A hunting group reproduced from the picture lent to the British Art Exhibition by Lord Woolavington

BRITISH ART AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

Sport and Its Place in the New Year's Exhibition

By WALTER SHAW SPARROW

NEXT week's exhibition of British Art will be welcomed as a patriotic novelty, though it has come too late in a series of historical shows at Burlington House. It might not have been undertaken, even yet, if the cosmopolitanism of British official tastes in the fine arts could have given precedence to another foreign country whose genius in painting and drawing and sculpture could have been chosen with prudence in politics, and tact in aesthetics, and profit from entrance fees.

From the Middle Ages to our own times foreign ideals and styles have been allowed to retain an impeding sway over British artists and their patrons, though nothing could be right and best for the nation but that which arose freely from her own gifts, inclinations and needs. Even when the Royal Academy of Arts was founded in 1768, ten of the 36 original members were foreigners! How are we to explain this meek habit of mind in our countrymen? It has been a puzzle to foreign students of British arts and crafts, who have seen no reason why the British people, noted for originality and unrivalled in colonisation, should have wished to be colonised in three ways: by adopting too many artists from abroad, by sending too many young men to study art on the Continent, and by collecting a very large number of foreign pictures, generation after generation.

In Continental public galleries and private houses only a few British works are found, and they are seldom representative. Abroad, as at home, the value of our country's own doings in the national arts of Europe is a necessary thing to be made known.

The present gleanings from the centuries will reveal what that value is in a general survey, but as no portion of it can aim at completeness, there will be much criticism; and if controversies should come they will do good by agitating public



VICE-ADMIRAL WILLIAM LUKIN AND BROTHERS
A shooting group by William Redmore Bigg from the collection of Mr. R. W. Ketton-Cremer



THE PRINCE OF WALES (GEORGE IV.) ON HORSEBACK
One of the paintings by George Stubbs lent to the exhibition by His Majesty the King

opinion. The handicrafts include manuscripts, sculpture, carved wood, alabasters, ivories, armour, tiles, goldsmiths' and silversmiths' work, embroideries, some tapestries and some furniture. There are miniatures, from 35 portraitists; monochrome drawings or pastels, from only 95 selected artists, one of whom is Queen Victoria; water-colours, from only 49 of the simple great ones gone; and paintings, from only 122 of the adventurers who have united the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries to the lifetime and genius of George Frederick Watts (who died in 1904) like A. F. A. Sandys, who will be seen in two drawings, not chosen from his best productions. As the Royal Academy will give to this attempted summary of British Art no more space than its annual show of current work occupies, the selectors ought to have been worried by the fear that they would accomplish too little by attempting to do over much in too many ways.

Readers of the *Field* will not find that the influences of British country life on native artists have been shown with enough sequence and variety. They became active in the seventeenth century, the birth-time of Francis Barlow, Luke Cradock, Charles Collins, and John Wootton; and from those days to our own the pleasure of being out of doors, among British animals and birds, and of seeing sport in the field and work on the farm, has been of inestimable service to our country's pictorial arts. It ran counter to studio vogues in historical painting, so called, and to wayward fashions in



THE MENIL DEER. BY JAMES WARD
From the collection of Mr. Davies Randall



THE COUNTESS OF MAR. BY SIR GODFREY KNELLER
From the collection of the Earl of Mar and Kellie

style imported from the Continent and supported by cliques. Most phases of pictorial design have been connected in Britain with country life and its changing sports. Many studio portraitists have been obliged to paint animals also, because many painters of sports have painted human portraits with success; and landscapists could not be neglectful towards human figures and farm animals, because the animal painters were obliged by their work to be landscapists also and figure painters. So the best Academy of British Art has been Great Britain herself; and we shall see very soon to what extent the selections in the present exhibition do justice to this cardinal fact.

The water-colours omit James Seymour (who died in 1752), and Henry T. Alken, and sport by James Ward, Francis Wheatley, Landseer, Frederick Tayler, and J. M. W. Turner; and Turner's "Trout Stream" has been left out somehow from the painting section. Francis Barlow will be seen in two fine drawings, but not as a pioneer in oil-painting; and only nine of the historic sporting painters have been chosen—Abraham Cooper, John Ferneley, Sawrey Gilpin, J. F. Herring, Sir Edwin Landseer, Ben Marshall, George Stubbs, James Ward, and John Wootton. Only a little of the work by this nine will be unknown to readers of the *Field*, but other paintings variously enriched by aspects of old British country life come from a good many artists who have long been accepted as masters.

A very Lucky Thirteen have been picked out by the selectors to make a glorious appeal as oil-painters. Taken alphabetically, they are Bonington, Constable, Cotman, Crome, Gainsborough, Hogarth, Hoppner, Lawrence, Raeburn, Reynolds, Romney, Turner, and Richard Wilson. Wall space for 219 paintings will be provided for the genius in this baker's dozen; an average of more than sixteen apiece. Did they need more than an average of nine? Surely not. A total of 117 paintings from thirteen familiar masters should have been enough; and then the committee could have given an oil-picture each to 102 of the notable painters who have been rejected.

It is impossible to show the continuity and variations of British painting when Safety First governs the selection. To believe in 1933 that Gainsborough needs 35 canvases, and Reynolds 28, and Richard Wilson 25, and Constable and Turner 18 apiece, is to tell the world that genius in British painting has produced no schools.

Among the other oil-painters whose work has been chosen there are six that invite discussion, because they belong to the foreign artists who made their homes in England; and if we accept six as really English or British, why reject others of equal—and sometimes of superior—merit? The selected half-dozen are Lely and Kneller, Hans Eworth, P. J. De Loutherbourg, Dominique Serres, and Johann Zoffany. Yet Paul Van Somer (*circa* 1576–1624) is not chosen, though his best portraiture was done in England; and many other absentees, not of British birth, include Willem van de Velde, senior and junior, who were buried in the parish of St. James, Westminster, London; and J. J. Chalon, J. A. McNeill Whistler, and Alphonse Legros served England loyally through more than 40 years from 1863. A great many persons believe that in a summary of British art the exhibited works should be by producers of British birth, and this attitude of mind cannot be wrong, since every nation should regard it as a duty to be proud of her own good achievements.

That the exhibition in its general appeal will make a very fine, a very generous impression, there can be no doubt; and foreign visitors will note that private collectors lend even more works than the nation's public galleries and other institutions. The King has lent a number of drawings, fifteen miniatures, and seventeen oil-paintings: four by Gainsborough, two each by Stubbs, Wilkie, Lawrence and Zoffany, and one each by Lely, Hogarth, Hoppner, Wheatley and Francis Grant. The other contributors are too numerous to be named here, though they prove that the British Isles have to be visited by researchers in order to collect in London a fine display of works from the history of British Art. The Louvre sends five of Bonington's paintings, and thus reminds us of the valued influence which this English painter, who died in 1828, had in France, like John Constable, who lived to 1837.



HARE HUNTING IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. BY FRANCIS BARLOW
From the collection of Mr. L. G. Duke



ABOVE, AN OLD BELT OF SCOTS AND AUSTRIAN PINE, THE STEMS OF WHICH HAVE LONG BEEN BARE. BELOW, A BELT OF SCOTS PINE PLANTED IN 1921, WHICH IN TIME WILL GET BARE ALSO

PLANTING FOR HIGH PARTRIDGES

And the Construction of "Remises"

MOST people who shoot driven partridges will agree that it is much more amusing and satisfactory to shoot them coming over a high hedge or a belt, than on a level with one's head at a hurdle butt or low hedge. Also, belts make good nesting-places, as soon as the rabbit-netting can be taken away; and nesting-ground is badly lacking on many partridge manors in the East of England.

I must explain that the remarks which follow apply to such soil as we have here on the Kentish hills, a flinty loam or clay overlying the chalk at depths varying from a few inches to 8ft. or 10ft., two or three-horse land. Of other soils the writer has no personal knowledge.

Firs of various kinds make good belts. But if Scots only are used, in course of time the stems get bare, and then they are useless for driving partridges over. The photograph of an old belt of Scots and Austrian pine, planted 68 years ago, shows how the stems have been bare for 40 years.

Another belt of Scots was planted before the drought in 1921, and got a very bad start. It is serviceable now, but in time the stems will get bare, and there is no under covert. This belt divides roughly in half, at the narrowest place, a stretch of land about 1,000yds. long by 600yds. wide, at one time over 100 acres in one field without a hedge of any kind.

A very good belt is formed of a double row of Scots in the centre, with a row of spruce on each side, planted opposite the intervals between the Scots. The Scots give height to lift the birds, and the spruce provide perfect covert from view. In this soil, the spruce are inclined to die at the bottom after about fifteen years and get ragged and unsightly; so we cut the leaders out when they get to about 5ft. and trim them back every year, and the effect is to keep them green and bushy at the base.

I know of a belt planted in 1924 and treated in this way, of which a photograph illustrates this article. In this case there is only one row of Scots; two would have been better. Another photograph shows a belt planted at the same time to fill a gap. It is an ideal partridge belt and has been the scene of many a good drive. The trees should be planted 6ft. apart each way, "diamond fashion." It is no disadvantage to plant a few Japanese larch among the Scots, for they hold their leaves till November, they grow quickly and look very handsome. It is a good thing to plant St. John's wort (*Hypericum calycinum*) among the trees; it holds its own anywhere, and forms the best ground covert.

Scots and spruce can be bought as seedlings for 5/- or 6/- a thousand and grown on in the nursery. After two years the Scots can be planted out, but the spruce take a little longer. It is an advantage to transplant the trees once in the nursery, but it adds considerably to the expense. It is quite essential to protect the young trees from rabbits and hares, and for this purpose the netting should be 6in. under the ground and 3ft. above it, and not larger mesh than 1½in. A single wire along the top of the posts makes it less likely to be trodden down.

It is sometimes difficult, in this soil anyway, to induce conifers to make a good start. After 20 years of experimenting, I have come to the conclusion that *shelter* is the most important factor of all. On these bleak wind-swept hills of ours, the little trees are blown incessantly this way and that, till there is a hole round the stem, into which the rain-water runs and the plants never have a chance to get a root-hold. Shelter for the first few years makes the whole difference; it adds to the expense, but it pays over and over.

Shelter can be provided by means of what is called in Kent "Hop-lewing," a kind of coarse net made of coir fibre. At a yard wide it costs 8½d. a yard run. It can be tied on to the rabbit netting, and it lasts for about three years. Wattles made of woven hazel rods, such as are used in Sussex for folding sheep, or sheep hurdles thatched with broom or birch, are better and more durable, but probably more expensive. A belt 200yds. long, which is about the right length for a partridge drive, would take 400 trees and nine 50-yard rolls of rabbit netting. In places where spruce fir will not grow at all, probably clumps of beech would do as well.

Small enclosures or "remises," are a valuable help towards the preservation of partridges. In these days, when almost every acre of corn on hill land is grown at a loss, and when poor land, quite suitable for game, can scarcely be given away, it is no great sacrifice to give up a few acres here and there to the partridges, which are probably the most profitable crop that can be grown on such land.

A belt is planted, as described above, enclosing about two acres of land which can be cropped, half and half, in alternate years, with buckwheat and mustard. The buckwheat holds its seed, or some of it, well into the winter, and mustard always seems to have an attraction for partridges; in the hard weather last February they were busy feeding on the seeds.

I believe that in some parts of England, notably on the Duke of Portland's estate at Welbeck, much larger enclosures are used and cropped on a four-course rotation with turnips, barley and clover; of course, these are ideal, but they involve something like farming operations, and are rather beyond the scope of the kind of shoot I have in mind.

In such small enclosures as I have described, birds can be found the whole year round. The surrounding belt makes good nesting ground from the first year, because, owing to the extra space inside, the rabbit netting is no handicap to the birds, as it is in the case of a narrow belt. (Of course, the netting should be put round the outside of the whole enclosure, not along each side of the belt.) In hard weather, if a little feed is thrown down regularly, a good part of the stock on the manor will be found in the enclosures.

If possible, the site should have a slope to the south, and it is a mistake to let the belt grow up too high, the birds do not like it nearly so well. The ideal would be to let the belt grow up on the north and north-east sides, and keep it at about the height of a low hedge on the side towards the sun.

A dust-bath in a sunny corner of the belt is a good idea. Ponds I am not sure about, unless the water is changed nearly every day, which would never be done. I think it possible that they may become harbours for gape-worm and so do more harm than good. I do not believe, personally, that partridges often drink at ponds in normal weather, though I am open to correction.

On my shoot of about 1,300 acres there are four of these little enclosures. They have been in existence for several years, and they are greatly loved by partridges.

J. W. B. W.



ABOVE, A SINGLE ROW OF SCOTS WITH A ROW OF SPRUCE ON EACH SIDE. TWO ROWS OF SCOTS WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER. BELOW, A DOUBLE ROW OF SCOTS WITH SPRUCE ON EACH SIDE—AN IDEAL PARTRIDGE BELT



MERTON HALL, WHICH STANDS IN THE CENTRE OF ONE OF THE BEST-KNOWN SPORTING ESTATES IN NORFOLK

FAMILIES FAMOUS IN SPORT—No. 12

The de Greys at Merton

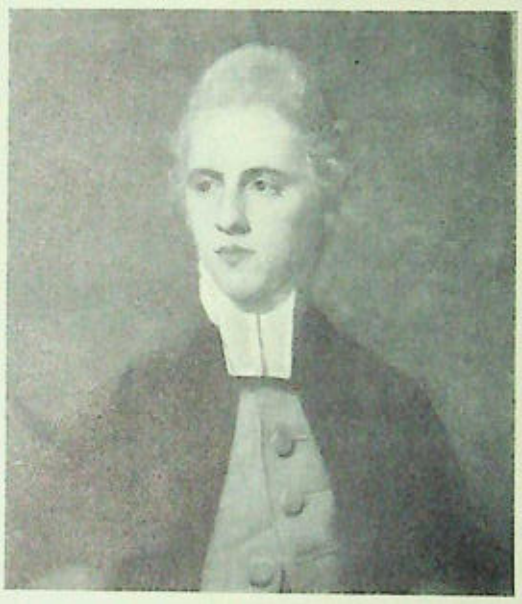
By The HON. R. P. de GREY

ONE day in the early thirteen hundreds, a young Suffolk squire named Thomas de Grey, of decent standing but of no great note, received in marriage the hand of Isabel Baynard, and thereby, in due course, inherited her father's manor of Merton, which her ancestors had held since a certain Duke of Normandy had seized and granted it to them.

Since that date, their descendants, through many vicissitudes, have held it, dealing with it now well, now ill, now faithfully, now unfaithfully; but perhaps, on balance, we may hope that they have justified their tenure. And so, although much neighbouring land has been added by purchase to the original manor, Merton at least can claim that it has never changed hands for money: by seizure once, by marriage once, but by sale never.

To give a comprehensive account of its story from a sporting point of view is not easy, because for so many of the earlier centuries there is little or no record of sport as we understand the term: no mention of early days of hawking or of hunting the buck: and practically the only written references to the pursuit of game in early times relate to cases of poaching, a thing perennial in our rural annals. The earliest of these that I know of occurs under the year 1403, when "Edw. Howard came hunting into the lord's warren to take hares, and Wm. Rokel, chaplain, did the same"; and in 1410 the same pair were again before the court of the manor on a similar charge, and were fined 6d. Pretty conduct, indeed, for a respectable young priest! But in the same year this rector of Merton was also fined for trespassing on the lord's pastures, so he seems to have been a troublesome sort of fellow.

Poaching, however, was dropped on with a very heavy hand if the offenders were strangers to the manor, as witness this entry in 1447: "Walter Waller, servant of Sir Robert Conyers, Knt., and William Bettes, servant of Master Richard Mounteney, trespassed on the lord's warren without licence, and took rabbits with ferrets and nets. Fined 40/–." Compared with the 6d. fine inflicted on the rector and his friend in 1410, this was pretty hot.



ROMNEY'S PICTURE OF THOMAS, SECOND LORD WALSINGHAM

It is not to be supposed that these penalties were inflicted by the arbitrary whim of the lord of the manor. He, like the other tenants, could be pulled up sharp in his own court if he transgressed manorial rights, as we see in 1441, when "The jury present that Wm. de Grey, lord of this manor, keeps swine not rung, and they turn up the soil to the injury of the tenants. Fined 6d." There is no despotic tyranny here, but a real sense of mutual responsibility for land held in trust from the Crown. The Wars of the Roses might rage, and Merton men might see them pass, like a small cloud of dust and sweat, upon the far horizons: but the swine must be duly rung, whoever owned them.

In 1539/40 there is a most entertaining entry in the rolls. (I have quoted these extracts in the columns of the *Field* before, but I hope I may be excused for doing so again): "Presentment. John Wyat of Thomeston, yeoman, and John Maryner of the same place, husbandman, with four others unknown, arrayed in a riotous manner at Bishop's Close within the said Manor, assaulted with their sticks William, the son of Thomas Grey, clerk, lord of this manor, and beat, wounded and badly treated him: and afterwards they hunted hares with hare hounds, and chased a hare into a coney-hole near the tenement of John Bradam, and dug it out with a certain instrument called a spade."

What would not one give to have witnessed this typically English scene? Or to have seen John Salter, who kept the inn in Merton and held 70 acres of land, going out one fine day in 1562 to poach with "a dog called a tumbler," which "he improperly kept and with it killed rabbits." (Fined 6d.) I am told that a tumbler is a dog



THOMSTON WATER, A FIFTY-ACRE LAKE MADE BY THE FIFTH LORD WALSINGHAM

trained to throw itself about in a curious manner until the rabbits are tempted to investigate, whereupon it up and pounces on them. I do not know, but the Elizabethan rabbit in Merton must have been a very guileless beast. I have never met one of his descendants who would be so rash as to approach within pounce-length of any dog in order to analyse its peculiar conduct. Perhaps there is something in modern education after all.

But by this date the old manorial days were all but numbered. The Golden Age of Elizabeth produced, among other innovations, the Recusancy Laws; and Robert de Grey, a staunch old Tory who had no use for the new-fangled religion, endured nearly 40 years of persecution rather than bow down in what he regarded as the house of Rimmon. Ruinous fines, repeated imprisonment in Norwich, the destruction of his woods by Crown lessees, availed no whit to quench his stubborn spirit. And when at last, in 1601, they let him drag his old, tired bones to Merton, to die a Catholic in some unfinished corner of the new manor-house, which in more prosperous days he had begun to build, the curtain had rung down, for better or for worse, upon the Middle Ages. The great, breezy life of old, with its brawls, its crudeness, its heroic faith, its grand alliance of the landlord and the people, its rough and ready justice, and its home-brewed ale, must give place to the England of the Puritans and all their legacies. The sporting history of Merton is a blank for 200 years.

During this time, too, the fortunes of the family were to undergo a change. The long line of country squires, with their simple tastes and rural interests, were to give place to men of a different type. William de Grey, a younger son of the house, faced with the problem of making his own landless way in an eighteenth century world, embarked upon a highly successful legal career, which brought him in due course to the offices of Attorney-General and Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. He was offered the Lord Chancellorship in 1770, after the lamentable suicide of Charles Yorke, but he wisely shunned a woolsack stuffed with thorns, and ultimately retired with prudent dignity into the ranks of the Peerage.

His elder brother, Thomas de Grey of Merton ("Long Tom" as his friends called him) was childless; and so William's son Thomas, in due course succeeded to both title and estates, the latter substantially increased by the additional lands which his father had purchased. Of him Merton saw but little. As Chairman of Committees in the House of Lords, his time was chiefly spent in London; and though by frequent letters to his steward, John Andrewes, he kept a close supervision over the financial administration of the estates, I do not think his heart was ever really there. "How many hoggs have I?" he writes on one occasion: "How many dogs?" His grandfather would have known all the dogs by name. The first references I can find to the modern art of shooting birds with a gun occur in some old account books of the 1780's. Here there is record of the game, which, by this Lord Walsingham's orders, was shot and despatched weekly to a number of distinguished persons. Even "Her Majesty" seems to have had a partiality for Merton hares and partridges, not to mention that then rarer bird, the pheasant; for every week for seven or eight successive seasons, a consignment was sent to her by John Andrewes. The totals recorded as despatched in these early years are as follows:

Season.	Hares.	Partridges.	Pheasants.	Rabbits.	Ducks.	Various.
1783/4	77	169	28	10	2	—
1786/7	56	170	46	—	4 teal	7 w'cock, 8 snipe.
1787/8	65	182	39	30	8	5 w'cock, 5 snipe.
1788/9	55	144	46	11	24	—
1789/90	61	186	52	48	4	—
1790/1	51	182	55	27	6	1 w'cock.
1791/2	71	211	58	3	2	—
1792/3 (total game killed)	53	281	37	55	9	—

I also find, under the year 1788/9, the following note in the steward's book, which is of some interest:

Game shot by the Prince of Wales in Norfolk:

	Hares.		Pheasants.
Lord Peetre's (*sic*)	17	....	12
2nd day	5	....	6
Lord Orford's	23	....	22
2nd day	30	....	28
Lord Townshend's	10	....	11
2nd day	2	....	12

That Merton at this period was not entirely untroubled by poachers—and poachers who ought to have known better, at that—is evidenced by the following letter: "Sr,—Havving equainted Lord Walsingham that you and some offersers friends of youers had bin shooting in Merton, Wayland Wood, etc., & when waited on said they ware friends of Mr. Bachelers & had Lord Walsingham's *leave*, Lord Walsingham orderd me to informe you that no application had bin made to him nor any such leave given. I did not doubt but you wood give me the officers' names. His Lordship said he wish'd not to hinder aney of his Unkels friends of a Days Divertion. Its the manner of Doing it that is so verry exceptionable.

"From Sr Yr moust Humble Servant,
"Merton, 4th Dec., 1782. JNO. ANDREWS."

Within the last few years, a disaster which I hope may even yet be remedied has overtaken us. The Merton Game Books, dating back to very early days, have disappeared, and the most diligent search has failed to reveal them. If and when found they would provide an interesting summary of the gradual development of Merton as a sporting estate from the haphazard pot-hunting of the eighteenth century to the big organised days of covert shooting and partridge driving of the twentieth.

In the Badminton volume on Shooting, however, my uncle has quoted from the game books, as regards pheasants shot, for various years from 1821 to 1881, as follows:

Year.	Pheasants killed in season.	Best day.	No. of guns.	Year.	Pheasants killed in season.	Best day.	No. of guns.
1821	39	10	1	1854	1,866	206	8
1825	89	11	1	1860	2,256	219	6
1830	119	6	1	1865	2,887	943	8
1835	297	28	5	1869	2,697	477	8
1840	778	63	6	1875	5,069	1,576	9
1845	1,011	73	7	1881	5,363	1,136	8
1850	1,716	—	—				

Here it can be seen that things had remained almost stationary between 1792 and 1821, but



THOMAS DE GREY, SIXTH LORD WALSINGHAM, ONE OF THE GREATEST SHOTS OF ALL TIME
(*From "Hit and Miss," Philip Allan*)

thereafter figures went up by leaps and bounds, the most notable increases being between 1835 and 1845, and again between 1869 and 1875.

The first of these increases coincides with a period when Merton was coming into its own again as the centre of family life and family tradition. My grandfather, the fifth Lord Walsingham, made of its development his life's work. Woodlands, houses, schools, farms reclaimed from barren heath, swamps made into lakes, all sprang into being at his command. With regard to sport, the head of game on the place, under the stimulus of these reclamations and plantations, naturally increased apace; and the above figures show that it was during this time that the shooting of pheasants by organised parties of guns was first initiated.

In his earlier days "the old lord," as ancient men at home still call him, was fond of the sport himself; but in later years the magnitude of his figure grew to match the grandeur of his conceptions, and he had to give it up. I remember my father telling me how once, when he was a boy, he persuaded the 20-odd stone of parental stature to come out with him to shoot partridges. For a time all went well, but at length, in the middle of a stiffish piece of plough, a despairing voice boomed out, "Jack, I am stuck!" He was. The little pony cart in which he customarily drove had to be brought to the middle of the field; the huge figure was heaved into it, and the old man drove home.

He died in 1870; and the second big jump in the figures quoted, between 1869 and 1875, is undoubtedly due to the fact that the estate then descended to my uncle, Thomas, sixth Lord Walsingham, who is universally admitted to have been one of the greatest exponents of shooting of his own, or indeed, any day; and who was besides, on his own ground, a master of organisation. It was he who developed the sporting potentialities of the estate to their highest pitch, and invested it with a reputation in that respect which it has ever since retained.

The natural features of the place are, of course, very largely responsible. The soil is of a light and rather sandy description which greatly favours the rearing of game; and while the northern and eastern parts of the estate are mainly farm and park lands, which are generously wooded, the southern and western portion is principally open sandy heath, interspersed with plantations and belts of firs, and with occasional patches of arable scattered over it. In very wet seasons birds will survive on this lighter land in numbers which could not be hoped for under other conditions. Personally, I think the partridge driving on the heaths is the pick of the whole show; but as regards pheasants the two most noted beats are the Merton House Wood and Sturston Carr (a carr being a spinney with a stream running through it). Space does not permit of a detailed description of these stands, though those who are interested can find one in my father's little book, *Hit and Miss* (Philip Allan, London, 1927); but both at one time or another have produced prodigious bags.

On one day in 1905, six guns at Sturston Carr killed 837 pheasants at a single stand; and on November 14th, 1873, when the then Prince of Wales was shooting at Merton, the Home Wood and Gloucester Hill, about 70 acres in all, produced 2,008 head, as follows: Pheasants 1,664, partridges 13, hares 259, rabbits 54, woodcock 6, pigeons and various 12. Between 1893 and 1913, over some 11,000 acres, the total of game shot was 258,197 head, including 141,874 pheasants and 34,930 partridges.

In these rather difficult days the estate is shot by a syndicate organised by the present owner, and by this means it is still possible to keep up something of its ancient traditions, and what is far more important, to create employment, permanent or seasonal, for a substantial number of men.

NEW RACING YACHTS

The Royal Corinthian's 5-Metre Class

FOR some time past it has been felt that there is a definite need for a new class, or classes, between the International six-metre boats costing about £1,200 and the International 14ft. dinghies costing about £150. Early this year, no fewer than three such classes were adopted by the Yacht Racing Association, after the question had been given careful consideration by a committee of specially appointed experts.

In spite of the National status given to the Y.R.A. scheme, there seems to be little prospect at the present time of adequate support being forthcoming. In the meantime, the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club—always to the fore in any progressive movement—has decided to adopt a new class for next season. This step was largely brought about by the alteration in the Rating Rule at the late International Conference on yacht measurement, which had the effect of outclassing the club's fine fleet of "sixes."

The main points kept in view by the Royal Corinthian Committee were a reasonably low cost of building and upkeep, combined with relatively high speed, a desirable amount of latitude both in hull design and rig, and a definite guarantee that outbuilding, from the standpoint of size, would be impossible. To achieve this object, it was decided to fix the extreme limits for the class at from 3,100 to 3,500lb. displacement, with a sail area of from 255 to 270 sq. ft. and a rating of 16.4ft., or 5-metres, by a formula which would set a limit on the length of load waterline of 18.5 ft. In the formation of the rules for the class, only well tried principles have been made use of. The method of measuring "length" is the same as that in the Universal Rule, and the restrictions on draft and freeboard are similar to those which obtain in American waters.

Sail Area is measured as by the International Rule, with the exception that no restrictions have been placed on the size of foresails and spinnakers. It would appear probable that the new class has every chance of being successful, as Mr. Charles Nicholson, in commenting upon it, after a lecture by a member of the club on the New Rule, said that it combined the good qualities of the Universal and International systems of measurement while it avoided their obviously weak points. An order for one of the new "Fives" has already been placed by a well-known East Coast yachtsman.

MALDEN HECKSTALL-SMITH.



WHERE RAINBOWS THRIVE
One of the picturesque lakes of the Enton Fly Fishers' Club in Surrey

THE MYSTERY OF RAINBOW TROUT

Wastage Which Needs Explaining

By T. C. BRIDGES

ON a September afternoon some 30 odd years ago, I was fishing for brown trout in a Herefordshire brook. It was a sleepy day, and the fish seemed equally sleepy. The few I had taken had come in very quietly. I reached a pool below a footbridge and cast. Something came at my fly like a tiger, hooked itself, jumped a foot out of the water, then went round that pool like a fury, every now and then flinging itself high into the air.

I was so amazed that it was more by luck than judgment I managed to hold on and bring the fish to the net, and then, to tell truth, I hardly knew what the beautiful thing was that I had taken. The fact was that I had never before seen a live rainbow trout, let alone caught one. That fish had come up from a pond lower down which had been stocked with *irideus*. Perhaps if I had caught it in the pond I should have been still more surprised, for the way in which rainbows will fight in stagnant water is one of the most startling experiences in any angler's life.

I believe I am right in saying that the only two English rivers in which the rainbow breeds and remains are the Buckinghamshire Chess and the Derbyshire Wye. I have never fished the Wye, but I have had some nice rainbows from the mill pool at Chenies on the Duke of Bedford's stretch of the Chess. These were, none of them, large. The biggest rainbow I ever hooked, and the fiercest fighter, was in a shallow pond about a quarter of an acre in extent. This fish was in the neighbourhood of 3lb. Unfortunately I never weighed it, for, in its wild leaps for liberty, the hook came away.

Surely it is a strange thing that the rainbow, gamest of all the trout family, will flourish in small ponds and, despite the necessarily high summer temperature of such water, never fail in fighting qualities. The pond of which I speak is one of three which cover in all an area of about an acre. They are artificial ponds made a great many years ago, and fed by a never-failing spring. In depth they vary from a foot or so around the edge to 4ft. 6in. in the middle. They possess one main requisite for trout ponds—plenty of shade from tall and beautiful trees.

In 1921 the present owner stocked these ponds with brown trout, which did well. He adopted the plan of leaving the ponds for three years, then draining them in autumn, liming them with from half a ton to a ton of lime apiece and leaving them empty until the following spring, when they were filled again and restocked. In March, 1927, he tried the experiment of stocking the top pond with rainbow trout. He put in 100 yearling fish, which were about 7in. long, and weighed something under 2oz. apiece. The little fish were fed with fish meal, at first twice, and later once a week.

Now listen to the result. During the next few weeks nine were picked out dead, and one was accidentally killed while raking weeds out of the pond. That is, only ten fish were found dead out of 100. During 1928 five were caught. These averaged 1lb. 4oz. in weight, and three more were picked up dead, killed by a heron. These were evidently too large for the heron to swallow. They had been spiked and left. Herons, I may mention, are rare visitors to these waters. The ponds are within sight of the garden, and the gardener keeps a pretty keen watch for these birds. In 1929 six more fish were taken out with fly. Their average weight was just under 2lb. 4oz. In November 1929 the pond was netted. Only six fish remained in it. These varied in weight from 1lb. 12oz. up to an ounce under 3lb.

We see, then, that but 30 fish were accounted for out of 100 put in. 70 had vanished. Such wastage is very difficult to account for. It is out of the question that any could have escaped, for there is no way by which they could do so. A grating protects the pipe which carries the water down into the lower ponds.

The middle pond has also been stocked with rainbows. A hundred and fifty were put in, but since the pond was undoubtedly overstocked, 30 were caught during that summer and 21 during the following season. The latter averaged about 10oz. in weight. During the third season eleven fine rainbows were caught, and when the pond came to be drained in the following November only four fish were found. In this case 66 fish were accounted for out of 150.

One thinks of eels, yet eels are certainly not common in these ponds. In the diary of the owner—to which I am indebted for these notes—there is mention of only three eels being found when the ponds were drained. All three, it is true, were large—over 2ft. in length. But I have yet to learn that an eel, however large, is a serious threat to strong yearling trout.

When these ponds were first stocked they were full of American weed, which grew so thickly that at intervals during the summer it was cut and dragged out in great quantities. This weed harboured quantities of shrimp, and the fish caught, both brown trout and rainbows, were pink-fleshed and most excellent table fish. Repeated limings destroyed most of the American weed, and in place came that horrible stuff called flannel weed. That in turn is passing, but now the trouble is duck weed, which covers the entire surface of the water during the warm months and makes fly fishing quite impossible unless there is a wind strong enough to blow the green coating aside. Since the ponds are very sheltered it takes something like a gale to clear the surface sufficiently to cast a fly.

If only some way can be found of preventing this excessive wastage, rainbow trout are without doubt the ideal fish for ponds. They grow much more rapidly than brown trout. During the first summer these rainbows increased from 2oz. to ¾lb. and were already bonny fighters; at the end of the second year they were 1¼lb., and in the third, 2lb. and over. Again, rainbows can stand heat far better than brown trout. During the blazing June of 1925, when there was practically no rain, the temperature of the water in the rainbow pond rose to 72 deg., yet the fish seemed none the worse.

They rise more readily than fario to a floating fly and their fighting qualities are superior to that of any other species of trout. I have had better sport with rainbows in these ponds than with big brown trout in a dry-fly river. They are, in fact, so strong that their owner prefers one to use nothing finer than 3x gut. With anything lighter the big rainbow is apt to break away and go off with the fly in its jaw.

MEMORIES OF A HUNTSMAN

Bert Thatcher's Great Days with Hounds

IT was during the season 1929 that my brother Arthur came down to have a busman's holiday with us, and I mounted him on my daughter's horse, Tom Firr—which, by the way, was a topper for his size, ran in six Point-to-Points, and was placed in every one. We met at Aske, and found in Black Plantation, ran straight through Gilling and Hadforth Woods, leaving the Hall on the left, up through The Lythe, across the Scots' Corner Road, and over the Point-to-Point course. Forcett Burn was the next point, and the fox got to ground in a drain near Dog Kennel Wood at Stanwick.

Tommy Weston, the famous jockey, and my brother Arthur had a pounding match that day. I remember Captain W. Bigge saying to me: "Are those two hunting or racing?" But my brother did not get off scot-free. That day I was riding my favourite old horse, The Fawn, and my brother tried to follow me over some stiff timber, where the only landing place was flooded. The splash of my landing made his horse stop dead, sending the ex-Fernie and Cottesmore huntsman over the rails on to the broad of his back, into the water. "Well done, Arthur," said I; "if the horse can't do it, you can!"



A ZETLAND MEET IN THE SNOW
Bert Thatcher with the Zetland at Aske Hall in wintry conditions

Which reminds me once having a go with the late Mr. Charlie Cunningham (of Why Not fame). We had a good hard gallop, and had to jump some stiff timber out of deep plough into ploughland once more. I went at it first, hit it very hard, and turned turtle. Mr. Cunningham remarked, "That serves you right." "Yes, sir," was my answer; "but I am on the right side and you are not." His horse would not face the timber.

In 1929, Mr. H. Straker died. This was a great blow to the Hunt, and I lost a kind and considerate Master, to whom I was deeply attached. How relieved I was when I knew that Lord Barnard was going to carry on as Master single-handed. The joint-Mastership of Mr. Straker and Lord Barnard was a perfect one, and both kept up the great traditions of the Zetland.

I remember once, when Mr. Straker was alive, a farmer brought a horse from the Cleveland country for him to try. The owner was telling Mr. Straker what a wonderful horse his was over timber, and how his horse could jump a gate "as easy as owt." Perhaps the horse did not quite take Mr. Straker's eye, as he remarked drily: "He's no good to me if he jumps gates; they were made to open."

When several of the neighbouring packs were stopped owing to foot and mouth disease restrictions, we had a big invasion by strangers with the Zetland. Some of them were not at all particular as to how much damage they did, and I remember one coming to grief in the stell beside Allan's Whin as Mr. Straker was passing by. The stranger said: "I have got my horse in the stell and can't get him out." My Master's reply was terse and to the point: "I hope he'll stop there for ever," and rode on to hounds.

Again, Mr. Straker once brought three well-known Masters of Hounds to the kennels in the summer. They had a good look over the hounds, and when I was showing the stallion hounds, one called Gaffer took one of the Master's fancy. He said to me, "Why ever didn't you show him at Peterborough?" "We did, sir." "Did he get a prize?" "No, sir." "Good heavens!" exclaimed the Master. "Whoever was judging to miss a hound like this?" "You were, sir," was my reply. But here is a story against myself.

Scent was good when once we met at Manfield. We found in Crow Wood, ran very fast to Manfield Scar, killing our fox in the Tees. We found again at Manfield and ran to Pinkney Carrs, and as the fox was about to cross the Manfield Road he was headed by a motor car, and got into a drain. When Lord Barnard came up I told him a good hunt had been spoiled, so he asked Captain W. Bigge to go forward and find out whose car it was. Imagine my dismay to find when Captain Bigge returned that the offending motor car was my own, being driven into Darlington by my daughter. It was then I wished that I could have got to ground with the fox as well!

But motor cars which follow hounds have always been a source of annoyance to me, as they always seem to be in the wrong place at the right time. I remember one night going home with hounds when it was very dark, and as my first whipper-in, George Samways, was riding a horse which was nervous of headlights, I suggested I should go in front. Upon rounding a corner a man on a motor cycle came slap-bang into hounds. I yelled at him. "Where the devil are *you* going to?" To which he replied, "Oh! I'm going home," and off he went. Luckily no damage was done, but there might have been.

In this same season (1929-30), Colonel Cradock, Mr. H. Straker's brother-in-law, died. He was a great supporter of the Hunt, which his father founded, and had views of his own about hounds. One day he came across to the kennels, and while we were looking through the hounds, observed: "These hounds, Thatcher, seem to lack drive." A few days later we found a fox in the Halnaby country, and, after a sharp hunt, pulled him down in the open; so I said to Colonel Cradock, who was standing by: "Do you see any improvement now, sir, in their drive?" "Yes," said the Colonel, "but not d——d much."

Lord Barnard commenced his first season as sole Master in 1930, and we held our opening meet at Raby. Just after this we had a very good hunt, again from Sedbury, for we found there and ran down by Holme Farm, leaving Jacques Plantation on the left and Skeeky Whin on our right. The fox swung right-handed as if for St. Trinnions, where he bore left and crossed the River Swale, which we had to swim, and a few plucky ladies, I remember, followed. Then the fox ran to Brough Hall, through part of the Catterick Camp, where we lost him, after two hours and 25 minutes. It was then too late to draw again, and Mr. N. Field, acting as Field Master, gave the order for home.

My last season (1931-32) with the Zetland was the best of the whole lot from a hunting point of view, but it was the worst from other angles, for it was the year when all the world was suffering from a financial crisis. The depression forbade many to hunt this season, and all private meets at country houses were abandoned for the season. I have said that this was the best season I have ever known. Some of the hunts I must relate, hoping that not a few of the lucky ones who were out on these days will live them over again when reading them, as I often do myself. What a scenting season! Can you hear them and see them now? I can. After meeting at Piercebridge, we were going to draw Fanny Banks when the quick eye of Captain W. Bigge saw a fox jump up in the middle of a fallow field, and he shouted to me, "Yonder he goes!" First of all hounds only hunted him slowly on as if for Dines; here they settled down, through Killerby Kilns, over the Morton Tynemouth Farm by Bolam Village. Bildershaw was his point, where they raced into him in the open, after 50 minutes of the best with a four-and-a-half mile point. That did not finish the day, as we went and drew Dobbinson, where another good fox was viewed away, which ran down on the left of Summerhouse by Killerby, turned here left-handed nearly down to Dines and back by Ingleton Village, and was killed in the open, after 45 minutes. It was then only 2.15, but everybody had had enough, horses cooked to a turn, so the order was for home.

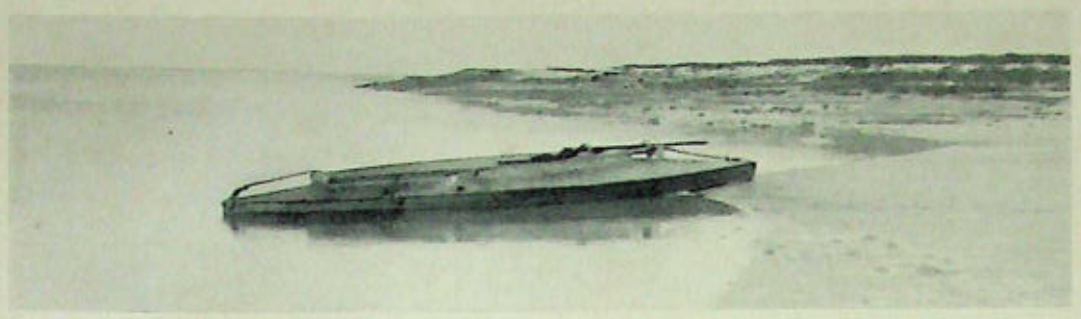
One November meet held at Winston Bridge showed how foxes on good scenting days will often beat hounds by going to ground. We found in the banks: they fairly coursed our fox, but he got to ground in a few fields. We found again in Sella Gill, ran over the Barnard Castle Road on to the railway, but he got to ground in a drain. Westwick Whin was the next draw. A fox was at home: a stout fellow, too—I can see him now—he knew the point he was making for. Over the railway he took us through Dunne House Plantation, ran nearly up to Gowan House, leaving it on his left, turned right-handed over the Staindrop Road by Raby Old Lodge, went up by Rains to Wheatley Hill, straight through Penny Hill to ground in the breeding earths at Arn Gill, a five-mile point and 45 minutes of the best.

In January from a Scots Corner meet we had a great day's sport. We found in Sedbury Park, but I got left with some hounds, having received some wrong information. Half of the pack went away with a fox to Aske before my first whipper-in could stop them.

I blew my horn, and he picked me up at Skeeby, which we drew blank. We came back to Sedbury, found again, and fairly raced by Merrybent Whin to Barton Quarrys. No doubt the fox thought he could get in there, but it was stopped, and the bitches gave him no time to dwell. The fox went on through Spoil Bank, where he turned left-handed on to the main road. Here I think I saw the prettiest bit of hound work I have ever seen in my life. The bitches threw themselves over the road, but in a flash they came back, and a little bitch called Trifle took the line down the middle of the road for a quarter of a mile, where the fox had turned left-handed, by Micklow Hill, over the Aldbrough Road, leaving Langdale on his left, through Eleven Acres, to Stanwick, when he was killed in the open, after 35 minutes of the very best.

In concluding this account of a few hunting memories, I must say a word or two in praise of the Zetland farmers, a first-class lot of sportsmen, always pleased to see hounds and walk puppies. Perhaps this partly explains why there is so little wire in the country. I must say that my twelve seasons as huntsman with the Zetland were very happy ones, mainly due to having such good Masters, Mr. Straker and Lord Barnard, both of whom were excellent sportsmen, whose first thoughts were to make you happy. But I have always been lucky with my Masters, and I shall always remember the late Lord Middleton's last words to me when I left Birdsall. He said: "Well, there is only one thing to say now, Thatcher: I only regret that I did not know you earlier."

(Concluded)



WILDFOWLING IN WALCHEREN

Forty-one Years With a Punt Gun

By H. LEYBORNE POPHAM

FOR some years I have been sending to the *Field* a short report each season on the sport obtained in Walcheren amongst the wildfowl, and as I have now almost reached the allotted span of three score years and ten, it is time I gave it up. After all, creeping about in a single-handed gunning punt in hard frost and a bitter wind for hours at a time, and sometimes for days, on the chance of a shot, with its exposure and hard work, is a young man's job.

Some scorn the punt-gunner's method of sport and call it slaughter to kill many birds at a shot, but which of them would not fire 50 or 60 shots to get their 25 or 30 birds, which the puntsman prefers to bag by one or two shots after toiling in a punt to outwit the wary fowl by his skill in handling the boat, knowledge of the tides, mudflats, creeks, etc.?

I think those sportsmen who follow wildfowling afloat may be interested to read a summary of my experiences and bags obtained during the 41 years that I have enjoyed this form of sport. The little town of Veere in Walcheren has from time immemorial been the headquarters of English duck shooters—and justly so, for no estuary in Holland that I have tried has its equal.

It is not so wide as others, and consequently not so exposed and unworkable in fresh winds. It has good feeding grounds for the fowl, and not so many middle banks which cover when the tide is up and leave the punt-gunner in the middle of nowhere if he gets caught in a strong wind. In the Zandkreek and Veere Gat almost all the best grounds and marshes are connected to the shore. The harbour is conveniently situated in the centre of the shooting, so that a day can be spent either above or below, according to the tide and weather.

Hardly a winter passed in the old days without a visit from one or two English yachts with a punt in davits. The town itself, with its massive old church and slender spire of the town hall, is picturesque, and attracts many artists in summertime. It was formerly a big commercial port carrying on a large trade with Scotland; its fortifications were evidently very complete, judging by the ramparts and moats still in existence round the town. Ducks and wigeon now rest in "Ruiter's Diep," through which the great admiral formerly brought his fleet.

I first saw the place in 1882, when on a winter cruise in a small yacht, but having no punt with us, we got no shooting. I passed through again in the winter of 1887 in a yacht on a cruise to Amsterdam for skating, but it was not until the winter of 1892–93 that I started to visit Holland regularly for shooting. In that season my friend T. M. Pike and I took the yacht Paradox over there with punts and guns aboard, but she was not a suitable vessel, being too deep draught; however, we remained until the middle of March without getting much sport: wigeon were very scarce, following a severe winter, and our bag of these birds was only about 50 for the whole season.

During the following winter I hired the steam yacht Bulldog, and spent January and February in Holland, again with poor results. I then spent three shooting seasons with Pike at Veere without a yacht, living on shore and rowing out of the harbour in our punts. After that I hired the steam yacht Tors, a perfect boat for this kind of work, with moderate draught and a flat bottom, but although I spent the greater part of four months in the country, my bag was only 89 wildfowl with the punt gun, owing to persistent south-west gales and rain.

T. M. Pike, with the help of the British Vice-Consul, Mr. de Bruyne, obtained a lease of the Veere Gat shooting from the Government, and I got one of the Haringvhit for three years. This estuary had the drawback of freezing over very quickly in frost, owing to the quantity of fresh water coming down the river, and it had a very strong tidal stream; but it was a good haunt of grey lag geese on their October and March migrations.

After these three years I rejoined Pike at Veere until the winter of 1906–07, after which the punt gun was made illegal, and Pike retired from the lease. I was then joined by G. R. Peck, and we experimented with 4-bores and 8-bores, used from a punt. This was not very successful until we each procured a long-barrelled 4-bore, made by Messrs. Bland. I obtained a decision of the Dutch Court that this pattern of gun was legitimate, and we continued shooting together until the winter of 1923–24, when Peck retired from the partnership, and I have paid short visits each season to Veere up to the present time.

When we were first granted a lease of the shooting few birds were to be seen in the estuary except in hard frost, but now, owing to our protection and very little shooting, sometimes for only a week or two during a whole season, great numbers of wildfowl remain unmolested throughout the day.

A summary of the bags per season is as follows:

1892–93	283	1912–13	995
1893–94	148	1913–14	869
1894–95	218	1914–15	26
1895–96	70	1919–20	73
1896–97	287	1920–21	220
1897–98	89	1921–22	366
1898–99	228	1922–23	455
1899–1900	449	1923–24	868
1900–01	336	1924–25	126
1901–02	574	1925–26	233
1902–03	392	1926–27	127
1903–04	561	1927–28	427
1904–05	517	1928–29	398
1905–06	137	1929–30	67
1906–07	878	1930–31	47
1907–08	90	1931–32	86
1908–09	302	1932–33	89
1909–10	309		
1910–11	336		12,396
1911–12	720		

The varieties were as follows:

Greylag geese, 93; bean geese, 146; pinkfooted geese, 390; whitefronted geese, 78; brent geese, 240; barnacle geese, 164; whooper swans, 5; shelducks, 52; mallard, 2,185; shovellers, 103; teal, 810; pintail, 181; wigeon, 7,787; scaup, 131; eiders, 12; scoters, 10; various, 9; total 12,396.

Some of these have been bagged by double shots with two punts, but none have been included unless I was in one of the punts; those shot by Pike or Peck alone are not counted. The results of our daytime flighting with 12-bores on the marshes were:

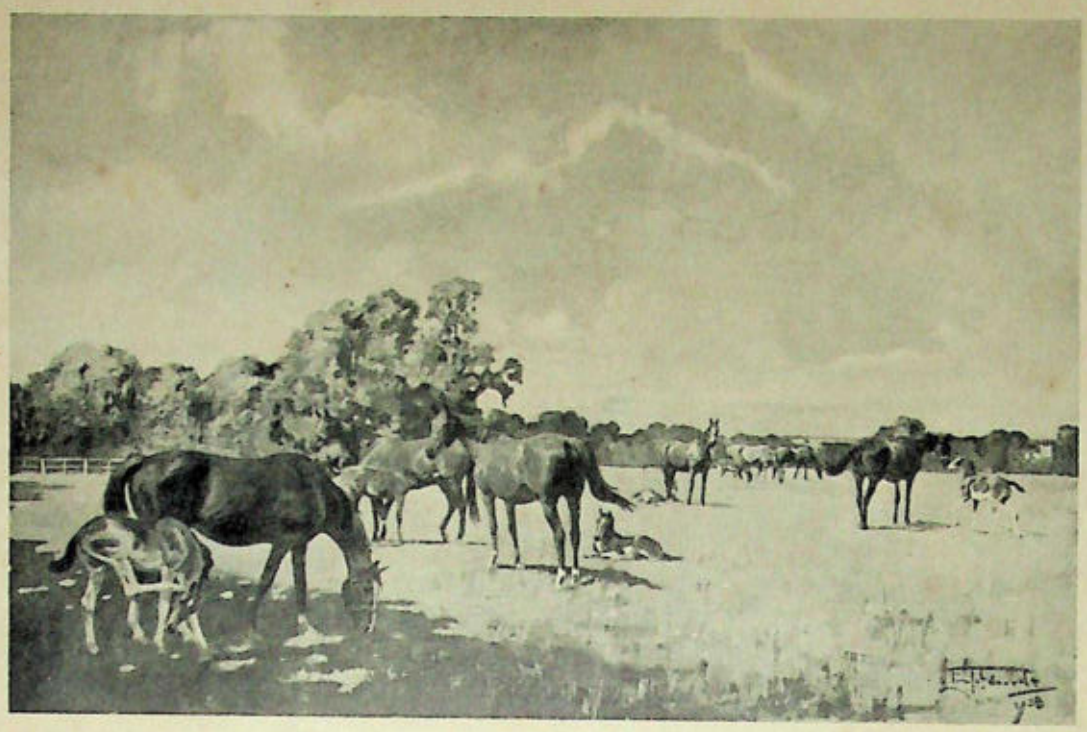
Greylag geese, 261; bean geese, 41; pinkfooted geese, 13; whitefronted geese, 4; brent geese, 3; barnacle geese, 22; shelducks, 8; mallard, 1,590; gadwall, 10; shovellers, 30; teal, 429; pintails, 47; wigeon, 678; goldeneye, 12; various, 12.

The total is 3,160, and with punts added, 12,396; a grand total of 15,556.

This may appear a heavy toll, but is in reality a very small quota from the many thousands of birds which frequent the estuary every winter; the average of the 37 seasons being 335. For the sport we have had we are greatly indebted to Mr. de Bruyne and his father before him, without whose help we should never have been able to negotiate the leases, and to J. de Blieck, our keeper, whose knowledge of the habits of the wildfowl and local conditions of tides and weather has been invaluable to us. The punt I have used is single-handed, and 17ft. long, with a beam of 3ft. 3in., a well rounded deck, and flared out sides.



THE WILDFOWLER
From the etching by A. Clarence



THOROUGHBRED MARES AND FOALS—NORMAN COURT STUD

(From the picture by Lionel Edwards in his book "Sketches in Stable and Kennel." Putnams ; 10/6.)

This new book of sketches by one of the greatest living horse artists will have an instant appeal to readers of the "Field." It is not a book of conventional studies of hounds in full cry and horses at the gallop, but it shows us the friends of hunting days off duty and as the ordinary man knows them best. It is a beautifully prepared book, and published at a very reasonable price

New Books

MR. GREATHEART

Scott's Last Journey Retold

NOTHING that has happened in the last 20 years—excluding the events of 1914–18—has so stirred the consciousness of the British peoples as the death of Captain Scott and his four companions in the Antarctic. His effort to reach the Pole was a matter of national pride ; it was made possible by public subscription, and followed with an interest out of all proportion to the scientific value of the expedition. "The Race to the Pole" had "captured the public imagination"—how horribly do these *clichés* divest a great adventure of its worth ! The noble manner of the dying of these five men has remained a constant theme of heroic inspiration since then. It has now been chosen by Mr. Peter Davies as subject for one of his "Great Occasion" series.

To find an author to write under such a title in a series like this requires an extreme nicety of judgment. In choosing Mr. Martin Lindsay no finer selection could have been made. Himself an arctic explorer of note, young, intensely in sympathy with his subject, and possessed of a gift of fine prose, he has given us a book that should be in the hands of every English-speaking schoolboy, and indeed of everybody who is proud of what Englishmen can do.

Perhaps the most decisive of the many small points, nearly all of them entirely impossible to foresee, which brought the expedition to disaster, was the decision to take a fifth member on to the Pole. Mr. Lindsay describes this as "the most important decision of Scott's career," for "all the organisation for sledge travelling was for the four-man unit : the rations were made up for four men for one week ; the tents held four men, and the cookers four mugs, four plates and four spoons. Now, at the turning point, there were only four pair of skis. To take on a fifth man as an after-thought could only be a grave risk. But Bowers had earned the supreme reward in that service of going to the Pole. *And Scott could not bear to disappoint him.*" For Scott was not only a magnificent leader, but a man with a sensitive delicacy of feeling. He cried easily, Mr. Lindsay tells us, and though "immensely strong, both physically and mentally, he was also sensitive and shy, kind and gentle."

The course of the expedition to its tragic conclusion is traced unerringly. The delay at the Beardmore, the shock of finding Amundsen was before them, the death of Edgar Evans, the strong man of the party, the unexpected shortage of fuel, the sickening of "Titus" Oates, and above all the constantly adverse weather, all combined to bring on the end. They faced it magnificently. Scott's last letter stirred public opinion to the core. Indeed, its only counterpart is Haig's famous "Backs to the Wall" message. It is curious that no written word of any professional writer or statesman has had the same extraordinary effect as these two simple but splendid documents, written by two plain God-fearing fighting men.

"We are weak, writing is difficult, but for my own sake I do not regret this journey, which has shown that Englishmen can endure hardships, help one another, and meet death with as great a fortitude as ever in the past. We took risks, we knew we took them ; things have come out against us, and therefore we have no cause for complaint, but bow to the will of Providence, determined still to do our best to the last."

That was his own epitaph. It is impossible to add more. R. M.

The Epic of Captain Scott. By Martin Lindsay. (Peter Davies ; 5/–.)

EVERYBODY'S VET

A Practical Book for Beginners

ALTHOUGH the number of books on horses and stable management are legion, those which deal with the ailments of the horse from a veterinary point of view are comparatively few. Not since the late Captain M. H. Hayes published his excellent work *Veterinary Notes for Horse Owners*, has a comprehensive practical book appeared, for it is passing strange that nearly every author who has written of the horse surmises that his or her reader knows a certain amount.

And yet, after years of experience, how sparse and bare is our knowledge and how little about the horse and its ailments we really know ! It must, moreover, be admitted that it is not an easy matter to make veterinary subjects interesting reading. One is prejudiced beforehand by the thought that the matter will be deep and prolix, interspersed with long technical names. Yet that task has been satisfactorily accomplished by Major W. E. Lyon in his *First Aid Hints for the Horse Owner*, which may be summed up as a practical book written by a practical man.

Not that Major Lyon has any definite literary style. He does not pretend to, and like the practical man he is, "cuts the cackle and gets to the 'osses" without any preparatory matter. The book itself is arranged upon a very practical plan. There are clear and simple notes on diagnosis and cure, and some excellent diagrams to explain how and where ailments may and do occur. The purpose of the book is divided into sub-sections, which deal with stable management, lameness, skin diseases, wind and eyes, and a glance through any one of them enables us to form the opinion that any horse-owner can attend to minor ailments, and carry out intelligently the instructions of a veterinary surgeon in more serious cases. Not that Major Lyon presumes that his reader already possesses a groundwork of knowledge. He starts at the bottom as if the reader had never seen, heard or read of a horse, and by doing so makes his purpose clearer, and lays his vast knowledge before us in simple, crisp, forcible language every word of which has been fairly tried in the balance of practical experience.

The author tells us in a short preface that at the outset he was to have had the assistance of that most kindliest of men, the late Colonel Hugh Jagger, and goes on to say that "it was not until I started to write . . . that I realised how numerous were the diseases that could render our mutual friend the horse temporarily or permanently useless to man. More poignantly still, I realised how meagre was my knowledge of their various ailments." How true this last sentences is, anyone who has had anything to do with horses will prove. But Major Lyon has rendered the horse-owning and horse-breeding community—a larger one than many people imagine—a great service, for we can benefit by his advice and profit by his knowledge. W. F.

First Aid Hints for the Horse Owner. By W. E. Lyon. (Constable ; 8/6 net.)

PLAFOND BRIDGE

The Game of the Past and the Future

MR. MANNING FOSTER'S book entitled *Bridge Plafond* appears opportunely, since at the moment negotiations are in progress between the legislative authorities in London and Paris and New York for a game on the lines of Plafond, which is described as the original form of Contract Bridge—the game with a Past and a Future.

Mr. Manning Foster is enthusiastic and persuasive. He sees in Plafond the solution of the difficulties which confront so many Bridge players at the present time. The game can be, and has been, played in France and on the Continent for the past eighteen years, without the necessity of the many elaborate, artificial and arbitrary devices and conventions which vitiate Contract.

It is, he states, essentially the game for the amateur rather than the professional. It is less savage and hectic, and involves none of the arguments and recriminations which Contract so frequently produces. Also it is a better club game, since the rubbers are shorter and the player is not involved in unknown "quantities," but can gauge and limit his possible losses.

Whether you agree or not with Mr. Manning Foster that Plafond is a better game than Contract you will be well advised to read the book and give the game a fair trial.

Bridge Plafond. By A. E. Manning Foster (Ernest Benn ; 3/6.)

THE FIELD

AN IDEAL NEW YEAR'S GIFT FOR FRIENDS AT HOME AND OVERSEAS —— A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE FIELD

FULL PARTICULARS FROM
Circulation Manager
THE FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, LONDON, E.C.4

Letters to the Editor

Letters—with photographs, when possible (packed flat, not rolled)—for insertion in THE "FIELD," from any part of the world, are welcomed. They should deal with topics and incidents of general interest to the Sportsman (and Sportswoman), Traveller, Student of Wild Life and Nature Lover. 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.

GERMANY'S OLYMPIC GAMES ATTITUDE

SIR,—I have read with much interest your leading article "Olympic Games—Or Politics?" You are right in suggesting that neither America nor any other country has the right to dictate the manner of the selection of Germany's Olympic team.

It appears to me, however, that the point at issue is in relation to the question, how far the attitude of Germany towards Jews who are nationalised Germans may contravene the Olympic spirit in such a way that other nations would feel that the harmony of the eleventh Olympiad would be disturbed by such nations themselves including their own nationalised Jews in their teams.

How far the barring of German-Jew sportsmen, like Daniel Prenn, the lawn tennis player, from participation in German sport, or international sport as the representatives of Germany, is a matter of Government dictation, or policy on the part of the association governing a particular sport, or the player's club, we do not know; and, without that very vital information, it is unfair for any other nation to presume to sit in judgment upon Germany.

It is for the International Olympic Committee, and not for any one nation, to decide whether the Olympic spirit is being, or is likely to be, contravened. If the I.O.C. is satisfied that all is not well, or is not likely to be well, it lies within the power of the supreme Olympic authority to re-allot the holding of the Olympiad to some country other than Germany.

What evidence have we, or has America, that Germany does not intend to fulfil the pledges given by her delegates at the Conference of the International Olympic Committee held at Vienna last June, and is it generally known what those pledges were?

In order that the position may be fairly stated I would draw your attention to the statement appearing in the June, 1933, issue of the Official Bulletin of the International Olympic Committee, which is as follows:

STATEMENT.

"The President of the International Olympic Committee asked the German delegates if they would guarantee the observance of the articles in the Charter dealing with the Organising Committee and the Rules of Qualification.

"On behalf of the three delegates, His Excellency Doctor Lewald replied that, with the consent of his Government,

"(1) The German Olympic Committee has delegated the mandate, which has been entrusted to it, to a Special Organising Committee.

"(2) All the laws regulating the Olympic Games shall be observed.

"(3) *As a principle German Jews shall not be excluded from German teams at the games of the eleventh Olympiad.*"

In view of these pledges, given under Government sanction, and in no way since rescinded, how can we doubt either the desire or the intention of Germany to afford fair play to her own nationalised German Jews at the next Olympic Games, or to do anything that would jeopardise the harmonious carrying out of the eleventh Olympiad in the true Olympic spirit?

Yours faithfully,
F. A. M. WEBSTER.

Kings Close,
Biddenham, near Bedford.

WATER DIVINING

SIR,—Having read the very interesting letters in the *Field* on the above subject, it appears to me that this divining does not get the attention it really deserves.

I have certainly had a surprise just recently, and I think perhaps the following may be of interest to your many readers.

Mr. Guy, market gardener, Kingham, Oxon, whose 22ft. deep well dried up, called in a diviner who lives close to him. The result was that the old well was condemned and a strong spring located about 3ft. away at about 24ft. deep.

The new well was begun and the material dumped into the old well. At 24ft., an abundance of water was found, and when I saw it a short time back the water had risen to within 3ft. of the top. In fact, I was told, up to the overflow.

We have had to draw water from here to a farm we have two miles away all the summer, and after the Kingham result we decided to try the same diviner. When the diviner arrived we took him to a convenient place for a well, where there is plenty of water when springs are high, but there was no spring. He followed the old overflow through into the rickyard. There he came to the spring, and said there were two other springs leading to this one main spring, and he could guarantee an abundance of water at about 55ft.

I then asked him to try the south side of the hill, where there is usually a lot of overflow, but no spring could be located.

Going back to the main spring I asked him if he could hold the stick strong enough to avoid it jumping out of his hands. The result was that the stick snapped in two the moment he reached the spot.

I then tried the stick myself—or rather, another one. He carried three. My son also tried, but the stick did not make the slightest tremble. This result was one of the surprises of my life.

The diviner used an ordinary V-shaped hazel stick, about the size of a common fountain pen holder, and the sight of it jumping out of his hand when he came to a spring must be seen to be appreciated.

In contrast to the above, some digging is going on near here trying to find a water supply. Pits are being dug along the brow of a hill, about every 60yds., from 4ft. to 12ft. deep for quite 300yds., when I feel sure a diviner would have told in a very short time whether water was there, the strength of the spring and how far below the surface.

Yours truly,
W. H.

Great Rollright,
Chipping Norton.

A SPLENDID SIGHT

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Peacock's letter in your paper a short time ago, entitled "In Ambush for Bison," I have undoubtedly seen a herd of well over 100 bison in Burma; this was in a large "lwin" or "kwin" situated just above the junction of the Shweli river with the Irrawady.

I was in company with the late Sir Bertram Carey, then Mr. Carey, Commissioner of the Ruby Mines Division. He and I were watching this lwin one evening in May, 1904. Towards sunset we observed coming down to the lwin a number of herds of bison. The whole of the sparse jungle on the opposite side of the lwin seemed alive with bison. When they all collected in the open plain they must have aggregated well over 100 bulls and cows. On assembling on the lwin, they did not spread out or stop to graze, but continued to move rapidly along the farther edge of the plain along its length way.

The evening was growing dark with a strong wind blowing down the length of the plain between us and the bison, heavy clouds were gathering and showing signs of an immediate storm. Our only way of approach was to cross the plain well behind the bison and, following, attempt to catch them up. I advocated leaving them in peace, and trying to find them next day under more favourable conditions. My companion was anxious to get a shot, and as it was his shoot I acquiesced. We had to run across the narrow end of the lwin to cover on the far side, and then along the edge of the forest to catch up the bison. Having carried out this manœuvre we at last got close up to the tail of the herd, but in a hopeless position to select any good head or get a decent shot. However, Mr. Carey, finding a youngish bull, fired and killed it. The rest naturally stampeded, giving me no chance of a shot.

What this concentration of bison was I do not know, though I should imagine it was a general migration from that to some other part of the forest. It was an unsatisfactory ending, but a magnificent sight.

Yours truly,
H. D. KEARY
(Lieut.-General).

Richmond,
Surrey.

BUTTERFLIES IN THE OUTER HEBRIDES

SIR,—I was interested in Mr. Campbell's record of the clouded yellow butterfly in the Outer Hebrides, and it is certainly a most unusual occurrence. In reply to his question, there has been a very considerable migration of the species this year, especially in the south-west. An eye-witness records large numbers arriving on the coast at Kingsbridge, coming over the sea from the south-east between August 18th and 23rd, and they evidently continued onwards to the north-west, as the species has also been recorded from Dumfries and Arran, and Tyrone in Ireland.

From my own observation, it was abundant in August at Swanage, Bere Regis, Wimborne, and in less numbers through the New Forest, but in East Kent—usually the most favoured locality—it was scarce and considerably outnumbered by its near ally the pale clouded yellow (*Colias hyale*).

With regard to the lepidoptera of the Outer Hebrides, although apparently little systematic work has been done of late years, in 1881 Mr. Meek sent a collector to work in the islands, and his results were recorded in the *Entomologist*, vol. xiv., p. 218. Again in 1887, Mr. McArthur, a professional collector, did a year's research, as recorded in the *Entomologist*, vol. xxi., pp. 25-27. A table compiling both these results and other records up to that date show that, including the smaller moths (generally known as the micro-lepidoptera), 131 species in all have been observed. Among these Mr. Campbell may be interested to learn that the puss moth is included on the strength of a single specimen, thus confirming the record reported to him.

The list is doubtless far from complete, as of the butterflies Mr. Campbell mentions neither the red admiral nor painted lady nor small tortoiseshell is included, although the two former have been recorded both from the Orkneys and the Shetlands.

Yours faithfully,
RUSSELL JAMES, F.R.E.S.

The Dial House,
Ongar Park, Essex.

PICTURES BY REFLECTION

SIR,—Mr. Graham Hood's letter in the *Field* of October 28th, with the picture and description of "Reflected Glory, or a Jacobite Relic," has interested me much, for I have a set of six pictures which my mother always called "Catoptrics."

They represent: 1, a peacock with tail displayed; 2, a stag; 3, a greyhound; 4, a man with a black three-cornered hat; 5, a man playing a pipe, wearing a hat trimmed with feathers; 6, a bald-headed man in blue uniform with gold buttons. It has been suggested this one might give the date of painting, as it probably represents an officer who might be described as Admiral-General before the Forces were separated. Mr. Graham Hood's picture looks very like the last. Mine are all painted on boards and have felt at the back.

My reflector is half a cylinder fitted into wood top and bottom and is of polished silver. Its tin case, also half a cylinder, is the size of the wood frame and so prevents any rubbing of the reflector.

I should much like to know if there are any other pictures that Mr. Graham Hood has seen.

Yours faithfully,
(Mrs.) FRANCES E. POPE.

Coplestone House, Copplestone.

CAN FISH REASON?

SIR,—Taking a stroll to the end of my garden which overlooks Oulton Broad about the first week in October, I saw a pike at work feeding just off a small boat slip adjoining my dock. My pike rod is always ready in the summer house, and I netted a medium-size roach from a large bait can. My bait soon spotted the pike, and dashed away, almost submerging the float. I thought any minute that the pike would take my bait, which started to swim straight towards me at a fast speed from a distance of about 25yds. Turning neither left nor right, my bait made one frantic dash, and to my surprise came into the shallow water between the rails of the slip and leapt over a "sleeper," which protruded about a quarter of an inch out of the water.

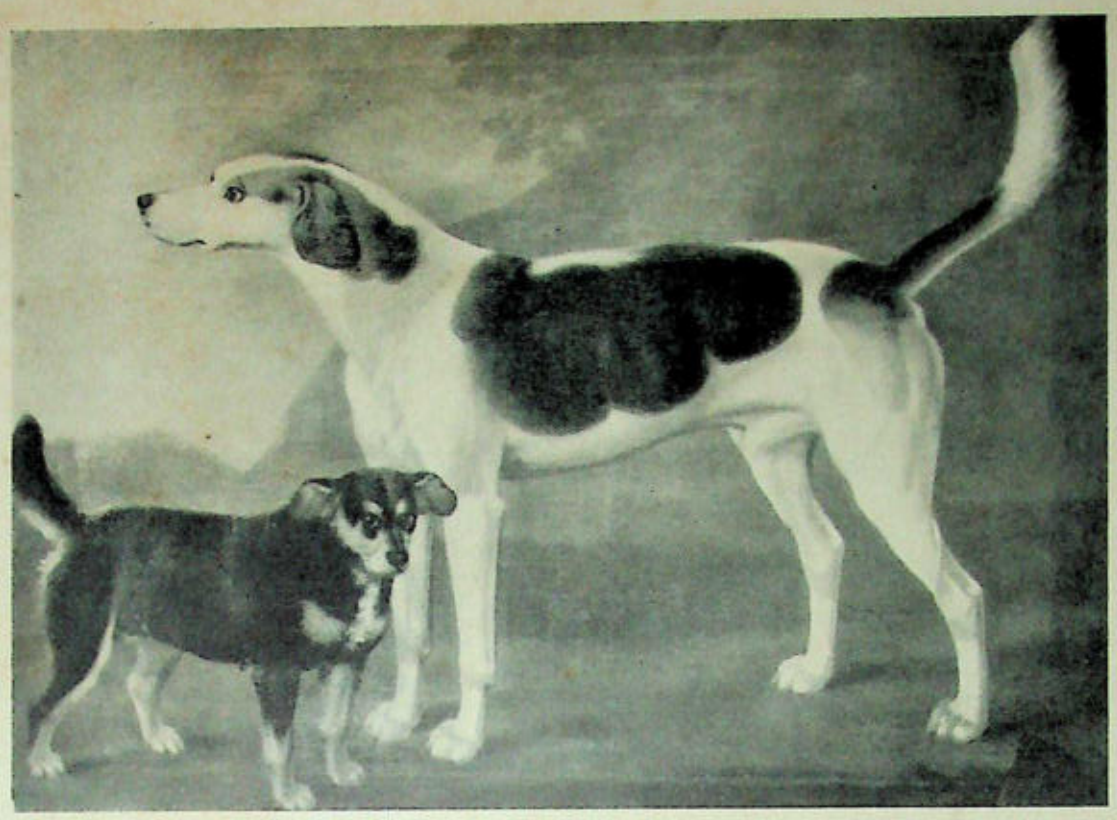
Surprised and annoyed at the sagacity of my bait, I made another cast. The water was very smooth and like gin. It was not long before my bait again got very active, and dashed away, this time to my left. A sudden stop, and then a circle of 3ft. told me the pike was circling my bait. Another dash—this time my float submerged twice—and my bait was again making a bee-line at me. My float submerged once more, and I was just going to congratulate myself that the pike had accepted, when the float appeared. Without stopping, my bait came on full speed, and, to my astonishment, I saw the pike (about 10lb. or 12lb.) within 18in. of his quarry. While I was reeling in the slack my bait again jumped over the sleeper to safety. The pike gave one look at me and did a very quick "about turn."

This time my bait actually laid in about 2in. of water "beat to the wide." As I only use one triple hook and do not hurt my bait, I very carefully removed the hook from its fin and returned the fish to the reeds, which meant safety for the time being.

It may be just a coincidence that my bait swam for safety towards the slip, but I cannot help thinking, that the roach did not jump the sleeper twice without using a power or sense of reasoning. Though the water was as clear as crystal, the roach did not evince any fear of my presence and made no effort to swim out of my reach.

Yours truly,
H. BARLOW.

Bremen House,
Oulton Broad, near Lowestoft.



FOXHOUND AND TERRIER, PROBABLY PAINTED BETWEEN 1800–20
(See Letter "An Unknown Hound Picture")

AN UNKNOWN HOUND PICTURE

SIR,—I am enclosing a photograph of an oil-painting I recently acquired of a foxhound and black and tan terrier bitch. The painting is a canvas 4ft. by 3ft. and was in a very sorry state when I purchased it for 2/6, one slit came right through the terrier.

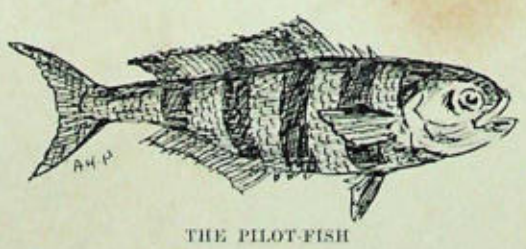
I imagine the date of the picture to be 1800–20, but there is no brand-mark behind the shoulder of the foxhound which was usual with many packs at that period. The stern is set on low after the manner of Stubb's Brocklesby Ringwood (1788) and Ferneley's Mr. Foljambe's Jason (1822). Ferneley's later works have the stern set on higher, viz., Brocklesby Rallywood (1843) and Mr. Foljambe's hounds with his huntsman Butler on Wildhare, for example, which would be about 1845.

I have always made a hobby of tracing the lineage of famous foxhounds, harriers and beagles. I wonder how many "houndmen" are aware that some of the best working blood in the present-day beagle strains back through a beautiful little 16in. Roundway Harrier bitch to Lord Coventry's (Croome), Rambler (1873) to John Warde's Alfred (1805) then back to Smith Barry's famous Bluecap.

Yours truly,
Roundway Park, Devizes. HENRY ROBINSON.

PILOT-FISH AT LOWESTOFT

SIR,—I have been interested in birds for over 70 years, but not until July, 1881 had thrown a beautiful example of the rosy-coloured boarfish (*Capros aper*) in my way, did I turn my eye upon the Norfolk fishes; some three dozen species new to the county being the result—so far. The boarfish



THE PILOT-FISH

was laid in state on top of a heap of boiled shrimps, exposed by the catcher to arrest the attention of a wealthy naturalist friend, who passed the little shop daily: on this particular occasion I had forestalled him. Since then I have had two others shown me.

My latest East Anglian—a pilot-fish (*Naucrates ductor*) was caught by hook and bait from Lowestoft North Beach, on November 4th. The fish was captured by a lad, who ran home to tell his father (Mr. F. C. Cook, a Suffolk naturalist). It had several adventures, until my friend Cook ran its last owner to earth—one Butcher, a Lowestoft fish merchant, who had a short time before dispatched it to the Fisheries Laboratory, where it seems likely to remain.

This makes two for Suffolk; the first being recorded by J. H. Gurney, sen., as follows: "Many years ago I saw a specimen freshly caught on the Suffolk Coast, and sent to J. Tims, of Norwich (taxidermist) for preservation, in whose house it was unfortunately destroyed by a fire on the premises."

I have been through the faunal lists of Durham, Yorkshire, and Essex, but do not find this fish referred to. Thomas Edward, of Banff, gives no date for his fish beyond stating that it was "taken in our bay some years ago."

Yours faithfully,
Yarmouth. A. H. PATTERSON.

LIFTING POWER OF HAWKS

SIR,—The other day I saw a hawk carry away a chick, in spite of the fact that I was close enough to hustle the bird by shouting and throwing stones at it. The following day it revisited the run and I shot it. I weighed the hawk and the smallest of the remaining chicks from the same brood. The weight of the hawk was 5oz. and that of the chick 4½oz. I was astonished at the comparatively high weight lifted.

Unfortunately, I do not know the name of the hawk, but some of your readers may be able to identify it. The bird has a russet, shading to white, breast, and dark grey wings and back with white stripes under the tail.

Yours faithfully,
Linquenda, Elgin, Cape Province, South Africa. J. GRAHAM (Lieut.-Com. R.N., retd.).

FAMOUS WILTSHIRE ATHLETES

SIR,—There is a movement by sportsmen in Calne, Wiltshire, to take steps to erect a tablet, or drinking fountain in Calne, recording the fact that the famous brothers, W. G. and A. B. George, are natives of the town. I think it is a splendid idea, as both have achieved the highest distinction in the athletic world. "W. G." has won twelve A.A.A. championships, and the National and Midland cross-country championships in 1882 and 1884, and still holds to-day the world's professional one mile record of 4min. 12⅘sec. "A. B." (ten years junior to "W. G.") has won five United States national championships, four Canadian national championships, and the two miles steeple chase of the A.A.A. in 1894. He also broke the Canadian one-mile record (twice), and the United States three-miles record, besides creating a world's record for running half-a-mile in heavy marching order. Their records as athletes are unapproached by brothers throughout the world, and it is to be hoped that all interested in the scheme will communicate with Mr. Joseph I. Chappell, Mount Pleasant, Redhill Heights, Bournemouth, Hampshire.

Yours faithfully,
London Athletic Club. JAMES M. K. LUPTON.

HOOPOE IN IRELAND

SIR,—With reference to the letter from "M. A. R.," which describes seeing a hoopoe in Sussex, it may be of interest that one was a constant visitor to my lawn during the greater part of August. It used to probe in the short grass not more than 20yds. from the house for about a couple of hours at a time. To my great regret I never succeeded in getting a photograph of it, and eventually it appeared to weary of my importunity and left us to visit a house about a quarter of a mile away.

I was away from home during September, but as far as I could discover, it was not seen here after the first week of that month.

One odd thing about this bird was that it showed very little objection to two hound puppies playing on the lawn—to say nothing of three other dogs—while it was probing in search of food.

Yours faithfully,
Farthings, Whiteabbey, Co. Antrim. J. B. H. TORRENT.

A PEAFOWL PROBLEM

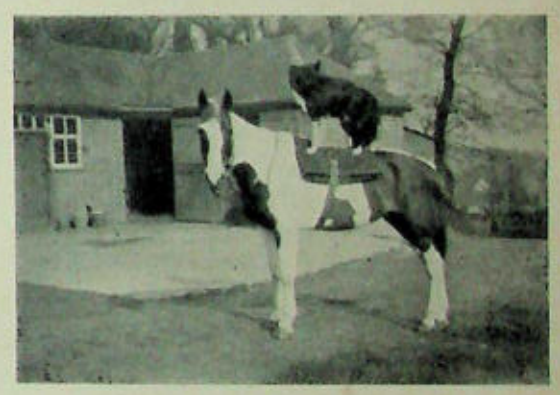
SIR,—Every peahen I have ever had has waited until she has laid five eggs, and has then sat. Until this year I have never seen more than four eggs hatched, but this summer a four-year-old peahen hatched all five. She has done her best until just lately to kill or starve one particular chick, but we managed to protect it. None of the other peahens hatched more than four out of their five eggs, and nearly every hen tried to dispose of one of her brood.

I should be glad to know if I am right in assuming that all peahens defer sitting until they have laid five eggs, and also if peahens prefer to keep only a family of three or four. The feeding of five with insects is, of course, very laborious for the mother.

Yours faithfully,
Dixton Manor, Gotherington, near Cheltenham. C. H. LEVESON (Lieut.-Colonel).

COLOUR IN HORSES

SIR,—I was very interested in the letter and photograph from Mr. H. A. Bryden in a recent *Field* about parti-coloured horses. I think there are a large number of people who will always have an odd-coloured pony or hack if they can, especially children, and a well-marked, odd-coloured pony will usually sell very well, providing, of course, it has manners and is sound. There is a farmer who lives here and keeps two stallions—a black and white heavy cob, and a 13.2 chesnut and white pony; he puts ponies and bigger mares and cart-horse mares to these two, and last year had an excellent batch of foals, some odd-coloured, some with only long stockings. The owner of them is very confident that they will be much sought after when they are broken and ready for work. I also have a friend who deals in horses and who generally has one or two odd-coloured ones for sale who



A GOOD HUNTER AT FIFTEEN
(See Letter "Colour in Horses")

finds that there is always a small demand for a well-marked one.

I enclose a photograph of a skewbald (chesnut and white) pony that I have had for nearly seven years; she is 14.3½ hands high and is now fifteen years old. She was very fast, is still amazingly handy, and a good jumper. I have hunted her for five seasons. Many people have asked me if I will sell her, but she is too good a friend to part with.

Yours faithfully,
Oak Cottage, Compton, Berks. JOAN ALLCROFT.

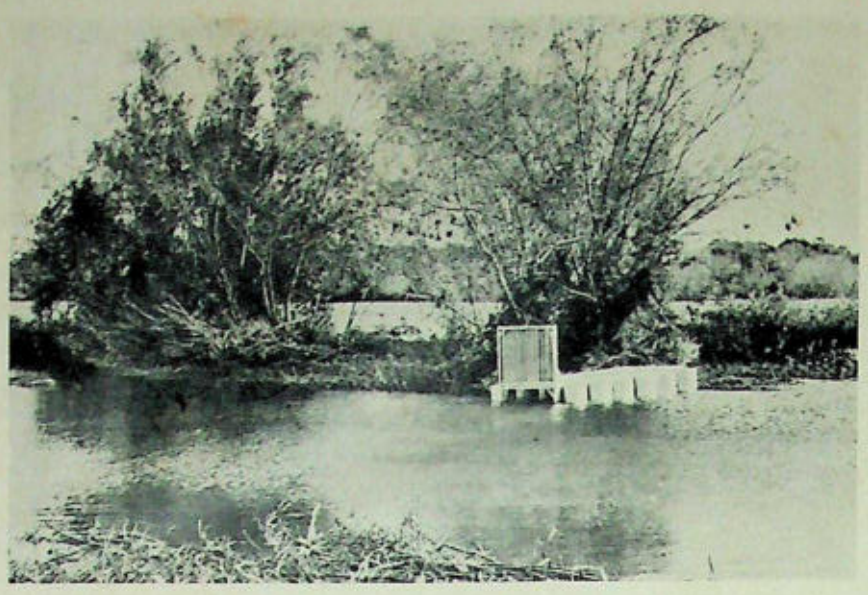
A NEW FISH FOR HOME WATERS?

SIR,—I saw recently, in a daily paper, that near Hungerford, a piscatorial and therefore veracious locality, an attempt is about to be made to cross trout with salmon, with the object of producing a large game fish not so addicted to visiting the sea.

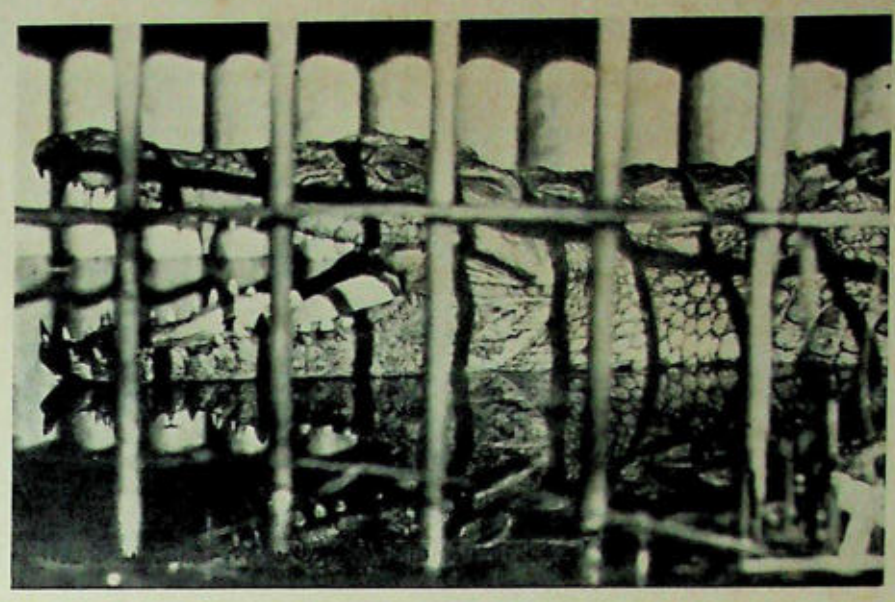
It is worth considering that if the *Salmo salar* entering our fresh water were to make it their permanent abode, our trout and trout food would speedily disappear. It is also worth considering whether an attempt might not be made to cross a bantam with an ostrich, with the object of producing a bird that will not run so fast—easier to catch at plucking time!

I do not think either experiment would be successful. However, "Wonders will never cease."

Villa Tréfles Roses, St. Raphael, S. France. Yours truly, JOHN M. MELDON, LL.B.



THE TRAP SET AND READY



ITS WORK DONE, A CAPTIVE FAIRLY CAUGHT

(See Letter "Trapping Crocodiles")

TRAPPING CROCODILES

SIR,—I am sending herewith some photographs I have taken, which you may think worthy of publication.

I have been a resident of this place for the past 28 years and see many people from all parts of the world, who always seem to show such an interest in the trapping of crocodiles, etc., in which I am engaged, that I feel sure that the same interest will extend to your readers in England.

The trap in which I catch the crocodiles I have made entirely myself, here. It measures 12ft. long by 3ft. wide, and 2ft. 6in. high.

The largest crocodile I have caught alive and uninjured so far was one of 15ft. 3in., which weighed 1,759lb.

The trap is supported in the water by twelve petrol drums of 8-gallon capacity, and it is thus a mobile trap which I can tow about the river although it weighs about 6000lb. Yours faithfully,

Victoria Falls, S. Rhodesia. J. W. SOPER.

[Owing to lack of space we are, unfortunately, unable to publish more than two of these interesting pictures.—ED.]



HOLDER OF A NEW RECORD

(See Letter "A Champion Homer")

HOUND HYSTERIA

SIR,—As there has been a good deal of correspondence on this subject, probably our recent experience with the Royal Agricultural College Beagles may be of interest to your readers.

At the opening of the season hysteria was very prevalent and had been for some twelve weeks, and we were unable to hunt on the day fixed for the opening meet. At the suggestion of the Principal, Mr. R. Boutflour, we added to the diet of the hounds 3 per cent. of the mineral mixture which is usually fed to dairy cows. This mixture was composed of one part ground chalk, one part salt, and two parts sterilised steam bone flour. From the time this addition was made hysteria has practically disappeared, and the hounds are very fit. This may be merely a coincidence, of course, but the opinion of other readers will be of interest. Yours faithfully,

J. R. FITZHERBERT.

Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester.

THAMES TROUT—A TRAGEDY

SIR,—Readers who know how rarely one nowadays catches a trout in Marlow waters will sympathise with me in a bitter but interesting experience. While spinning recently for jack from the weir, at the first cast I hooked a 4lb. trout; three casts later a second of 2–2½lb., and immediately afterwards a third, 6lb. at the lowest estimate.

As is our custom with fish which must be returned, all three were fully played out and then given a chance to come unstuck on a slack line to save handling, but two had to be netted. The third, which came free when left to itself, while I got the net from my friend, Buckmaster, on the gangway (an awestruck witness of all three), had been lying on its side not 10ft. from my eyes, and there could be no doubt of its exceptional weight—it looked like a salmon. All these fish seemed in perfect condition, with no thoughts of spawning. Very harrowing!

33, Dorset Square, London, N.W. 1. Yours faithfully, DESMOND H. DICKSON.

A CHAMPION HOMER

SIR,—This picture of Mr. R. D. Gilbert, of Totland, Isle of Wight, with his champion homer pigeon, may be of interest to your readers. The bird flew from Thurso to Totland, Isle of Wight, in one day, a distance of 552 miles, in the record time of 14hrs. 9min., averaging a speed of 40 miles per hour, thus creating a record for Isle of Wight pigeon flying. There were 29 entries.

For this feat its owner was awarded from the National Homing Union the North Road Challenge Cup and Gold Medal for 1933.

In addition to its flying, the bird has won 1st and special, Newport Agricultural Show; 2nd prize at Cowes; and 1st and special, Columbrian Show.

East Cowes, I. of W. Yours faithfully, W. WIGHT.

WEIGHTS OF PHEASANTS

SIR,—On November 17th I shot in Easton Wood, near Grantham, a cock pheasant that turned the scale at 4lb. 12½oz. Is this nearly a record weight? I once shot one that weighed 4lb. 9oz., weight certified by Dr. A. E. Harrisson, of Daventry.

Yours truly,

The Stone House, Daventry. F. S. NEWBOULD.

[This was certainly a heavy bird, but does not constitute a record. The heaviest recorded cock was one of 5lb. 15oz., killed at Gnaton, near Yealmpton, S. Devon, while Admiral Sir Houston Stewart was living there, between the years 1860–70. Another cock of 5lb. 12oz. is recorded as having been shot by Mr. Akroyd, of Doddington Park, Nantwich, in 1859.—ED.]

FOOD OF KINGFISHERS

SIR,—Rowing home one evening on a Devon estuary I was surprised to see two kingfishers on a rock just above the water, their plumage reflected below. Noticing that one of them had its back to the water I approached as close as I dared to watch. With the aid of field glasses I saw one bend his head forward with effort, hunching the back, and open his beak with a slight quivering. Then a rock pipit approached, and the kingfishers became furious, making a sound I had not heard before—a series of high and short notes, quickly repeated as in the scold of the robin, suggestive in form, though not in sound, of an angry bird shaking water from its wings.

Afterwards I examined the rock and found three pellets (kingfishers vomit in pellets all of their food which they cannot digest). These were analysed by Mr. A. G. Lowndes, and found to consist almost entirely of masses of chitin and the remains of various crustacea. Parts of chelipeds were recognised, probably belonging to *Portunus puber* or *P. depurator*, or possibly to *Carcinus moenas*. There was an appreciable amount of monocotyledon (probably *Zostera marina*), a few grains of sand, and some very small pebbles of mica-schist.

These particular kingfishers subsist entirely on a salt water diet, and can even be seen fishing from rocks at the sea's edge when the pools are filled by the incoming waves.

Marlborough, Wilts. Yours faithfully, L. J. BUSSELL.

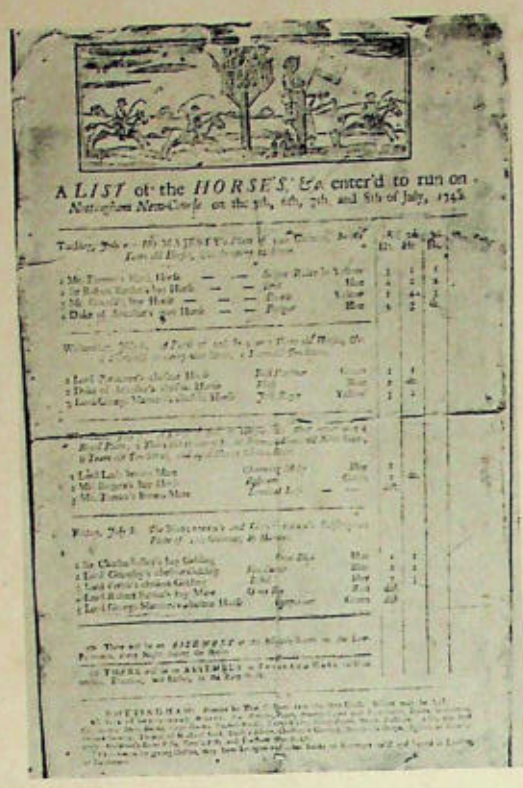


Definitely superior for all occasions

BOOTH'S

THE ONLY MATURED

DRY GIN



A RACE CARD OF 1748
(See Letter "Nottingham Races")

NOTTINGHAM RACES

SIR,—Recently I came across an old card for Nottingham Races, which were "held on the new course," on July 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th, 1748. There were four races run in heats, and presumably there was one race upon each day, so that the winner had to gallop twelve miles for a "purse of £50," with a big weight on its back! The "big" race seems to have been the "Noblemen's and Gentlemen's Subscription Plate of 100 guineas," which was won by Sir Charles Sedley's (he was a well-known racing man of that epoch) True Blue.

And to end four days' sport in Georgian England, there was an Assembly each evening at Thurland Hall. It is strange that no mention of cock fighting appears on the card, as this was a favourite sport at that time, and our forefathers adjourned to the cockpit after a race meeting in much the same fashion as we go to a theatre or cinema to-day.

Yours truly,
VIATOR.

London.

RIFLE OR CAMERA?

SIR,—I have been following with interest the correspondence on this subject for the past few months. Rifle or camera?—there is a great deal to be said for each, and each has its champion, more power to his arm (or lens). But why this fanaticism? Why should not each sportsman, if such he be in fact, satisfy his hunting instincts in the way he pleases? Some have not the taste for photography, others shrink from killing. Personally, I have a distinct penchant for both, namely, the use of the camera and the rifle, and as simultaneously as possible.

A stalk to take a daylight photograph, I contend, requires more skill and wood- or mountain-craft than a stalk for a shot. If one is successful in getting close enough for a photograph one has every possible chance of being able to study the animal alive, in its natural surroundings and unaware of one's presence. Then, if the animal is sufficiently fine a specimen to warrant a bullet, one is near enough to ensure that the shot is a well placed one and the animal will feel no pain at all.

I was very fortunate in this respect last month while after Kabuli markhor on Khalifat, one of the group of mountains forming the central highlands of Baluchistan.

A herd of eight markhor had been spotted, from a distance of about three-quarters of a mile, grazing near a steep-sided nullah. Presently they all disappeared into the nullah, and under cover of dead ground I was able to get almost on top of them without their knowing it, and to take up my position behind a small bush—camera in one hand and rifle in the other. After a few minutes' wait the markhor began to graze up my side of the nullah down wind towards me. Two young ones came first, passed and disappeared without showing any signs of suspicion. Then came another, which stood on a rock not 22 yards from me, and I was able to study him for about five minutes while the rest were approaching along the same ledge of rock up which he had just come. It was then that I was able to take a photograph, not with an expensive telephoto lens camera but with an Agfa Standard. The largest animal brought up the rear and was well behind the rest.

My shikari, almost frenzied with impatience (this influenced me no doubt), finally succeeded, with whispered exhortations, in making me take up the rifle and shoot the biggest one. He was only 60 yards away and he dropped stone dead. I was then able to exchange the rifle for the camera again, and took a snap as some of the herd sprang off their rocks and disappeared up the mountain side. (This photograph did not come out well.)

Yours truly,
R. K. M. BATTYE.

Loralai,
Baluchistan.

[The Kabuli markhor is not so difficult to approach as the Astor or Kaj-i-Nag variety, nor is their ground so difficult. Nevertheless, we consider this photograph, although technically unfinished, to be a very remarkable achievement, but it is, unfortunately, not distinct enough for reproduction.—ED.]

LETTERS IN BRIEF

A Death's Head Year—In your issue of November 25th, Mr. L. M. Blackmore states that the death's head hawk moth appeared to be very abundant this year in the West Country, and asks whether this was the case in other districts. Seven specimens have been sent in here for identification from the West Midland counties (Staffs, Warwick, and Shropshire). All the caterpillars have pupated, and one emerged early in November. From this it is to be presumed that the species was more numerous than usual in this district, as no specimens have been sent in in recent years.—R. P. RICE, Harper Adams Agricultural College, Newport, Shropshire.

—— It must be 30 years or more since I saw the larva of the death's head hawk moth. This year I have heard of four instances of the pupa being found, within a few hundred yards of my house. When I mentioned this to a friend, who takes an interest in entomology, he suggested that there had been a migration from the Continent.—AUSTIN M. DARLING, Trimley, Ipswich.

The Odd Egg.—With reference to Mr. Casement's enquiry, may I, as one who has done a fair amount of birds-nesting, state that my experience has shown that the same birds lay more or less the same type of eggs throughout life, and also that although sometimes the first egg is palest, it is generally the last. I have sometimes found these odd eggs in different order in various clutches. This applies to eggs of most of the species I have come across.—G. N. CARTER, Constitutional Club.



PHOTOGRAPHED BOTH DEAD AND ALIVE
(See Letter "Rifle or Camera?")

What Was the Stone For?—The pebble referred to in Mr. R. Clegg-Hill's letter (December 9th) would be accidentally swallowed by the trout, and is interesting, inasmuch that it is possible that pebbles in certain geological formations have been transported by fish as stomach stones, *i.e.*, gastroliths.—ALBERT WADE, Liverpool.

Buzzard and Grouse.—I once spent many years on a coast that had a great many buzzards. One season nine pairs nested within six miles of my quarters. I have never known a buzzard attempt to kill any game bird on the wing. Was it not possible that the gillie at Brora did not know a buzzard from a peregrine falcon?—D. J. W. EDWARDES, Royal Southern Yacht Club, Southampton.

Wild Goats.—In reply to your correspondent's inquiry about wild goats, there used to be a small flock on the Trenassen Rocks, a little to the south of Fishguard, Pembrokeshire. I got a beauty, a black billy, with a horn span of 22in., on January 2nd, 1889. They were very shy and my only chance to get within rifle shot happened after three unsuccessful annual attempts. The two or three wild goats then living on Dinas Head disappeared many years ago.—F. W. PICKINGTON, Parkstone, Dorset.

Curlews' Nest in Hayfield.—A farmer near Moreton-in-Marsh told me that "two big brown birds that made a funny noise" had a nest of four eggs in one of his hayfields this last season, but the eggs were addled. He sent me one of the eggs, and it is undoubtedly a curlew's, a bird usually only seen in these parts on migration.—AUBREY SEYMOUR, Burmington Leys, Shipston-on-Stour.

IN THE CITY

RETROSPECT

THE following paragraph appeared in this column on January 7th last when the prospects for 1933 were being discussed: "Now that Great Britain is firmly planted on her financial feet once more, and her depressed industries are protected by tariffs, the outlook for her internal trade may justifiably be described as more hopeful than for some years past." It now seems that 1933 will be described by our children as the beginning of the industrial recovery, and not as the fourth year of the slump, and it has certainly been kinder to the investing public than any of its four predecessors. 1932 was a year of industrial disappointment and brilliant financial achievement, during which the National Debt was reduced by approximately £40,000,000 per annum by means of the most brilliantly conceived and executed scheme in the financial history of our country. The year just ending has been a period of industrial achievement, but of political disappointment. The statesmen of the world have failed during the year to find a solution to the problem of war debts, and changing currency values still retain their stranglehold on international trade. In fact, the effective stabilisation of currency values now appears to be even more distant than it did at the end of last year. If and when the governments of the world succeed in providing for the free movement of capital, the directors of those companies which rely for their prosperity on international trade will be given a fair chance to resuscitate the fortunes of the concerns which they control, but 1933 has given them little encouragement.

The expectations at the beginning of the year of improved internal trade have, however, not led to disappointment. The percentage of unemployment in the brewing industries is now about 11.1 as against 14.8 at the beginning of the year, and that in the building trade about 19.8 as against 37.7. The production of steel in this country during the first ten months of this year amounted to 5,639,000 long tons as against 5,257,000 long tons during the whole of 1932, and very satisfactory progress has been made, during the year, in the motor industry, the Yorkshire woollen trade, the Leicester hosiery trade, and the chemical industry.

The "Selected List of Investments" that appeared in the column at the beginning of the year is worth a substantially larger sum to-day than it was then, and the largest gains are shown by securities included in that list that were then regarded as speculative. For instance, London and North Eastern Railway 4 per cent. second guaranteed stock has risen from £56½ to the current price of about £88, and the Savoy Hotel 7 per cent. preference shares from 15/9 to the current price of about 21/3.

Altogether, 1933 has been a most refreshing and lucrative period for the speculator, the speculative investor, and for the investor, while British merchants are mostly richer than they were at the beginning of the year. What of 1934?

AN OPPORTUNITY

The writer feels compelled temporarily to digress from the discussion of the happenings of 1933 and the prospects of 1934 in order to draw attention to the £1 shares of the British and Dominions Film Corporation Limited that were offered for public subscription at par on the 13th of this month and which can at present be bought at about 1/6 discount.

For some reason or another the issue proved unpopular and 78 per cent. of the shares offered were left with the underwriters. To those who had carefully studied the prospectus then published this result seemed rather surprising, since the company has made remarkable progress during the last few years, and seems likely to earn satisfactory profits in the future. In any case the opportunity of acquiring the shares at a substantial discount should not be allowed to pass unnoticed.

Shortly after the company commenced operations in 1928 the film industry changed over from silent to talking pictures, and this unforeseen revolution in the industry involved the company in losses which aggregated £224,340. Earlier this year these losses were written off by reducing the issued capital to £74,780, and they may now be considered as misfortunes of the past. The recent issue of 425,220 shares restores the capital to the originally authorised amount of £500,000, which is now fully issued in one class of share of £1 each.

In a full working year the company is due to receive £44,000 in rentals for two of its sound stages, which rentals alone would represent 8½ per cent. on the issued capital.

There is no wish to portray the shares as other than speculative, but current indications seem to be that those who purchase the shares at a discount will receive a very remunerative rate of income return on their outlay. PACTOLUS.

A YEAR OF GOLF IN RETROSPECT

Variable Form of Amateurs and Professionals

By E. R. TIPPLE

LOOKING back over the events of the past competitive season, which even now are becoming history, one is conscious of rather mixed feelings. The year 1933 has been a curious one, if only from the standpoint of form. Indeed, one is forced to the conclusion that British golfers are still just as variable as our climate. One day they give of their best, and surprise everyone with their skill; then the next they fall from their high estate, and play many poor strokes. Nevertheless, despite this, there have been several very encouraging incidents.

On the credit side of the year's golf the Ryder Cup victory stands out by itself. I am aware that our team of professionals only won by the smallest possible margin—a single stroke; yet the very fact that Britain did win has provided a stimulus which was needed urgently. For the first time a British team was trained for the event, showing that at last our officials have recognised the importance of absolute physical fitness for golf.

Then followed the weary procession at St. Andrews in the Open Championship, when our optimistic



"JACK McLEAN, THE OUTSTANDING AMATEUR OF THE YEAR"

McLean receiving the cup after winning the Irish Open Amateur Championship

hopes for a long overdue British victory were shattered once again.

No one professional dominated affairs during 1933. Of those with established reputations Percy Alliss and W. H. Davies appear to have the best claims for primary distinction. The former confounded the prophets (perhaps himself, too) by winning his first match-play tournament of any importance—the *News of the World* event. But apart from winning the German Open Championship, he did not figure very successfully elsewhere. Davies, if not such a stylist as Alliss, showed the right quality of his make-up at Southport, but after that he was seldom in the picture. Of the old school, Abe Mitchell deserves mention for his fine performance in the Ryder Cup match, for his magnificent victory over Cotton at Leeds, and for his effort at St. Andrews.

The Rochampton tournament early in the season gave Dailey prominence, and he must be reckoned as one of the best of the young body of "hopes." S. L. King and Bert Gadd, S. J. Easterbrook and E. W. H. Kenyon, are others of the same band who added to their reputations. But Henry Cotton and Padgham experienced a very disappointing year. In my opinion the former is the best golfer in Europe, but he has still to conquer himself. Considering the question generally, the best of the younger school of professionals seem to have good styles, the sure foundation for brilliant golf.

In recent years the Amateur Championship has provided a surprise winner each time and this season did not disappoint in this respect. That the Hon. Michael Scott is a worthy champion few would care to deny. In the past he has won many titles abroad, and it is only surprising that he did not win this country's major amateur event before he reached the age of 55. Thus Michael Scott has dealt youth a shattering blow. At Hoylake we had two very conspicuous entrants from overseas, George Dunlap and C. Ross Somerville. The latter did not upset our patriotic spirits, but Dunlap made us distinctly frightened by the way he disposed of his early opponents.

With respect to Michael Scott and Dale Bourn, the outstanding amateur was without doubt Jack McLean. Once again he brought off the double—the Scottish and Irish Open Amateur titles—and tied with Tolley for leading amateur position in the Open. So impressed was Walter Hagen with his play that if he takes his proposed visit to America next month, he will travel under the expert guidance of the world's "best golf showman."

The English championship produced an "unknown" winner in John Woollam, and was notable for the overthrow of the many favourites. Like the professionals, the amateurs generally have given inconsistent displays, and few good impressions have been made.

In the feminine world, Miss Enid Wilson stands alone, quite unchallenged. For the third successive year she won the major title and so has equalled Lady Margaret Scott's and Miss Cecil Leitch's performances. Her attempt to storm the American citadel again failed, she being beaten by the ultimate winner, Miss Van Wie, in the penultimate round.

For the first time a woman professional took part in a competition along with men—at Leeds. But she failed to pass the qualifying stage, and it is obvious that some time will elapse before women professionals can compete on a par with men.

From the political aspect—if one can use such a term—the year has seen three important changes. At the very beginning the Standard Scratch Scores of courses throughout the British Isles were adjusted and, consequently, handicaps altered. This move caused, and is still causing, a great deal of trouble. Some clubs have increased their members' handicaps, subsequent to the reduction in the Standard Scratch Scores, whilst others have not. Then the new draft of the rules was issued to take the place of the old from January 1st next. The rules in their modified form received a great deal of criticism, for many had hoped for more changes and also for a cutting down of the number. Rash moves and false steps can do much harm. Therefore, I believe that in making a few wise alterations, which the governing bodies in other countries agree to, those at St. Andrews have done well.

Thirdly, the definition of an amateur golfer has been tightened up, as was expected. Although those attached to sports goods firms appear to be hit rather severely, I think the general feeling concerning this alteration will be one of satisfaction, though it is no easy matter to legislate on this subject. Despite the talk about sham amateurs to-day, golfers are by no means the worst offenders. However, these three moves are steps forward, steps in the right direction. And if the season just ended has been a conflicting one, if form has been topsy-turvy, there are sufficient encouraging signs to enable golfers to look towards 1934 with some comfort and not a little hope.



THE HON. MICHAEL SCOTT, A WORTHY CHAMPION

Winner of this year's Amateur Championship at Muirfield



NEWBURIE BRUCE RETRIEVING A PHEASANT

THE SPANIEL CLUB FIELD TRIALS

Two Good Days at Merton

THE 31st Field Trial Meeting of this club was held, by kind permission of Lord Walsingham, at Merton, Norfolk, on December 13th and 14th. The judges were Mr. Herbert L. May and Mr. R. R. Kelland. Major Harry Jones, acting on his doctor's orders, was unable to keep his appointment as referee; his place was filled by Mr. J. Allbones.

Everyone regretted the absence, through indisposition of the popular hon. secretary, Mr. Philip Lee. He was fortunate in persuading Mr. H. W. Booth to act as his substitute, and with his experience as hon. secretary of the Northern Midland Spaniel Club, no better substitute could have been found. There was plenty of game—pheasants, rabbits, and an occasional woodcock—in the huge tract of bracken, which provided an equal test for all the dogs.

Scent was not good—it never is in bracken—though better when dry as it was at Merton, than wet as it was for the Retriever trials on Mr. R. G. Heaton's shoot near Swaffham. The awards were:

OPEN STAKE.—1st, Mr. Selwyn Jones's F.T. Ch. Spy O'Vara; 2nd, Mr. F. C. A. Church's F.T. Ch. Mutali Busy; 3rd, Captain N. W. Tredinnick's F.T. Ch. Newburie Bruce; reserve, Captain O. Traherne's Noranby Rattle; certificates of merit went to Mr. J. A. Jefferson's F.T. Ch. Shot of Packwood; Mr. C. McNeill's Renrut Tickie, Mr. J. R. Arkwright's Saxpence, Captain F. Holford's Whelford Nancy, Dr. B. Goodwin's Hillhampton Trailer, Major H. Beaumont's Bramble of Strouds, Captain O. Traherne's Bryngarw Firefly, Mr. S. C. Jones's F.T. Ch. Sting O'Vara, and Mr. Jefferson's Diana of Packwood.

Spy O'Vara followed up his success at the Eastern Counties and other meetings, excelled in questing and retrieving, and made good his ground.

Mutali Busy, under excellent control, worked automatically, giving her owner-handler no anxiety, quartered well, steady, and quick in her retrieving.

Newburie Bruce, a hard worker, ranged a bit wide at times, finished up well by sinking the wind and finding a pheasant which had dropped 100 yards out on the left.

Hillhampton Susie and Holefield Gem, who were in the short list of six after lunch, had bad luck; the former apparently was upset by an unfortunate incident, her owner treading accidentally on her foot; she was evidently in pain.

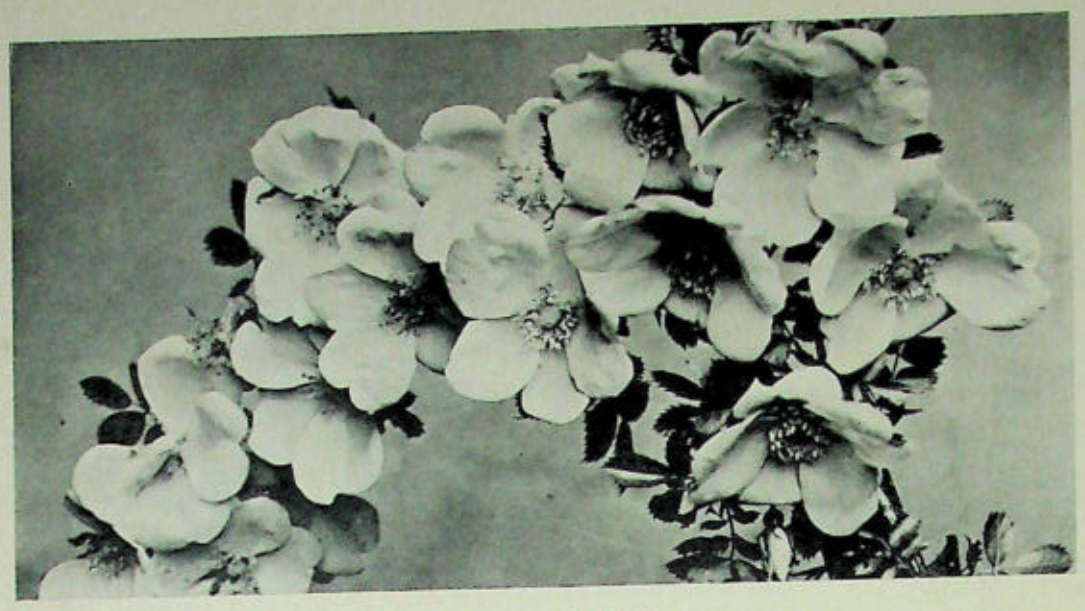
Captain N. W. Tredinnick's Newburie Soda scored his second success of the week in the Novice Stake, having won at the Eastern Counties; an honest worker who took full advantage of any opportunity that came his way. Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's Slip O'Vara, who was second, and Mr. Maurice Moreton's Sobenhal Donna, who was third, did useful work, but nothing outstanding. Mist of the Cairnies looked all over a winner, but succumbed to a very tempting rabbit the last time down. Mr. Charles McNeill's Renrut Tickie was reserve; and a certificate of merit went to Lt.-Col. G. P. Humphery's Truby Chip.

On the second day some of the youngsters in this stake had the good luck to be put down upwind; others had to sink the wind. This may be all right with old dogs, but is a questionable procedure with puppies. The work in the Cocker Stakes is difficult to describe. The bracken was so thick, and so were the rabbits, that observation was not easy.

OPEN STAKE.—1st, Mrs. Berdoe-Wilkinson's Sue of Silverlands; 2nd, Mr. J. Goddard's Galloper of the Links; 3rd, Dr. W. J. Dawson's F.T. Ch. Colleen of Fews; reserve, Miss J. Wykeham-Musgrave's Poddle Crunch.

NOVICE STAKE.—1st, Mrs. Berdoe-Wilkinson's Sue of Silverlands; 2nd, Mr. J. H. Gibson's Heathmynd Nap; 3rd, Miss Wykeham-Musgrave's Poddle Crinkle.

The Open Stake for Any Variety Except Springers and Cockers proved full of interest, with three breeds entered. Justice, and it was fairly meted out, went to Ireland. The winner, Sir G. Clive Coates's Water Spaniel Qui Hi of Helperby quested well, retrieved well and was rock steady—a real good one. The second and third prizes were awarded to the Field Spaniels, Mr. J. A. Jefferson's Roy and Tiny of Packwood. LEWIS D. WIGAN.



THE PERSIAN ROSE

The Country House

ROSE SPECIES

Early Flowering Varieties for the Garden

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

ROSE species are still strangely neglected, and it is all the more remarkable in these days of shortage of labour, for, unlike garden hybrids, the species once planted require the minimum of attention. All that is needed in the way of pruning is to cut out worn-out growths to the ground, and this is usually done in winter. Planting can be done any time from now till March, provided the weather remains open. The majority of the species do not flourish on heavy clay soils, and where the soil is of this nature it has to be lightened with sand and leaf-mould.

One of the most charming of the early-flowering species is *R. Hugonis*, frequently in flower in mid-May. Its long, graceful stems, 6ft. to 8ft. high, starred with lemon-yellow flowers, are a delight when few other roses are in bloom. Of the yellow-flowered species it is by far the most vigorous, yet it makes a neat bush and is very suitable for small gardens. There is a new and very beautiful hybrid of *R. Hugonis* and *R. sericea*. This hybrid, *R. cantabrigiensis*, was raised in the Cambridge Botanic Garden. It has big single, sulphur-yellow flowers and is very free flowering.

R. sericea var. *pteracantha* is as early flowering as *R. Hugonis*, these being the two earliest-flowering species. *R. sericea* var. *pteracantha* is now botanically listed as *R. omeiensis* var. *pteracantha*. The gorgeous translucent blood-red spines, frequently over an inch broad at the base on the young shoots (also red), and the vivid red, pear-shaped hips in autumn, are the chief attractions of this rose. It is a rampant grower with arching stems over 10ft. high, the flowers, produced in mid-May, being pale cream. Another early-flowering treasure is *R. sinica anemone*, but unfortunately it is tender, and even in the South needs a warm wall. It is aptly named, for the flowers are very suggestive of a rosy pink anemone. The foliage is evergreen.

Of all the rose species, the most popular is indisputably *R. Moyesii*. An old specimen, either in flower or fruit, is a glorious sight. The finest I know are the two growing on either side of the archway leading to the kitchen garden at Petworth. In autumn the numerous tall, arching stems, loaded with great vivid scarlet hips, the broad edging of heliotrope near them, and beyond glimpses of the herbaceous borders in full sunlight, are a sight no one could forget. When *R. Moyesii* was first introduced in 1908 (by Messrs. Veitch) it attracted universal admiration, and what mature bushes must look like in their native haunts 9,000ft. up in the Himalayas or the Tibetan frontier it is impossible to imagine. For the colour of this rose is not only unlike that of any other rose, but of any other flower. A vivid, yet deep warm velvety reddish terra-cotta, a colour one sometimes sees in old velvet and impossible to describe. Unfortunately seedlings do not always come true to colour, and some years ago this rose could be bought very cheaply for this reason.

R. Moyesii on its own roots is naturally preferable to a grafted plant, but the trouble is the uncertainty of getting the true colour. When buying grafted plants it is essential to procure them from a first-rate firm who guarantee that their stock is raised from the best-coloured form. It is essential to give this glorious rose part shade, and the finest specimens in this country have been left untouched; i.e., old wood has not been cut out. There is a fine new hybrid—*Highdownensis*—raised in Major F. Stern's garden. It produces its big scarlet heps in great profusion, and in autumn it is a wonderful spectacle.

Two native species that it seems strange indeed are not more commonly grown are *R. spinosissima* and *R. villosa*. *R. spinosissima* is the sweetest scented of all our wild roses, even more sweetly scented than sweetbriar. No rose grows farther north, and it is the only rose that grows in Iceland. It still grows wild in parts of these islands; it flourishes on sandy waste land and chalk, and is the only British rose that grows naturally near the sea. By the sea it is very dwarf, usually only 1 ft. high, but inland it attains between 2ft. and 4ft. Certainly it looks loveliest in its native haunts, with its red-tipped buds and blush-white flowers, seen in their natural surroundings of wild flowers and tangled undergrowth. But it is well worthy of a place in every garden, especially as a dwarf hedge. It has every virtue, for apart from its delicious scent it is very floriferous, and yet it remains one of our scarcer wild roses and is seldom seen in gardens. Our Elizabethan ancestors prized it, and Gerard in his *Herbal* calls it the pimpernel rose. *R. spinosissima* is the parent of the Scottish roses.

Some of the natural hybrids are very beautiful, notably *R. s. altaica*. This hybrid attains about 6ft., and every branch of the previous year's growth is starred its whole length with cream-coloured flowers, 3in. across, at the end of May. *R. s. altaica*, frequently listed in catalogues as *R. altaica*, is easily obtainable, but *R. s. lutea* is rather rare. This is a lovely rose with rich yellow flowers, similar to those of the Persian rose, but unlike the Persian rose it is a vigorous grower.

R. pomifera, usually listed as *R. villosa*, was a favourite garden rose in the early nineteenth century. According to some authorities, it is not one of our true natives. It is one of the most striking of all wild roses, and has larger hips than those of any other. It makes a bush about 5ft. high, the foliage is glaucous, and the flowers, about 2in. across, are pink, semi-double and fragrant.

The cinnamon rose, *R. cinnamomea*, was once believed to be a true native, but not by modern authorities. It is a native of Europe, however, also of Siberia and North China. Cottages used to call it the Whitsuntide rose, and it has been cultivated in these islands for over three centuries. It makes a bush about 7ft. or 8ft. high, the stems are erect, the sweetly-scented pink flowers are 2in. across, and the fruits are red. In spite of its name, there is no trace of cinnamon in the scent of the flowers. Gerard, who grew both the single and the double cinnamon, states that the rose was so called from the scent of the leaves. But it is difficult to trace "the savour or smell of cinnamon whereof it tooke his name," even in the leaves.

R. Carolina is a species that does well in rather marshy ground or in part shade in the wild garden. It is a native of Canada and New England, and was introduced as long ago as 1726. The deliciously-scented flowers are purplish pink and grow in clusters. The fruits are red and globular.

R. nitida is a valuable species for the rock garden. It is a native of Eastern North America, and was introduced over a century ago. It is a dwarf species, rather under 2ft. high, with very shiny foliage, which colours beautifully in autumn. The flowers, 2in. across, are bright rose-pink, and the fruits a vivid scarlet.



Christmas Day at the Fox Ranch

I would remind all readers of these announcements, that the period for purchasing silver foxes to participate in one whole year's interest as an absentee ownership speculation will expire at the end of this year. Any foxes bought after December 31st and before March 31st will be cum nine months, interest only. To its hundreds of clients at Home and Abroad and to all the readers of these announcements in the "Field," The Nithsdale Silver Fox Ranch sends the Compliments of the Festive Season.

T. Milross

To those seriously interested in a speculation which will return more interest than is possible on the majority of industrial shares to-day, and carrying an amount of risk well in proportion to the interest obtainable, the Proprietor of the Nithsdale Silver Fox Ranch, Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, will be glad to send free and post free a copy of the Nithsdale Book on the subject.



BRITISH CARS IN AUSTRALIA: A MORRIS ISIS HALTED BESIDE A MONUMENT AT GUNDAGAI, ERECTED IN MEMORY OF THE OLD PIONEERS
The bronze dog is seated upon a representation of the "tucker box" in which the pioneer settlers carried their food

A CAR PERFECTED FROM RACE-TRACK EXPERIENCE

The 1½-Litre Aston-Martin—a Thoroughbred Two-Seater

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

(Holder of the World's Land Speed Record)

Motoring Editor of the "Field"

THAT keen sense of pleasure which the handling of a thoroughbred racing car gives to the discriminating motorist is, no doubt, responsible for the present large demand for the light and fast type of Sports two-seater. Such cars as the M.G., the Wolseley Hornet, the 9 h.p. Singer and the Riley, have lately become very popular; but a car that has always been outstanding in this class is the 1½-litre Aston Martin.

Ever since Aston-Martins were first built, the firm has concentrated its energies on the 1½-litre model—a car which has been raced regularly on the track and on the road, not only in this country but on the Continent as well. Aston-Martins of this make won the Le Mans Rudge-Whitworth Biennial Cup in 1932, and obtained second and fourth places in the same gruelling race this year.

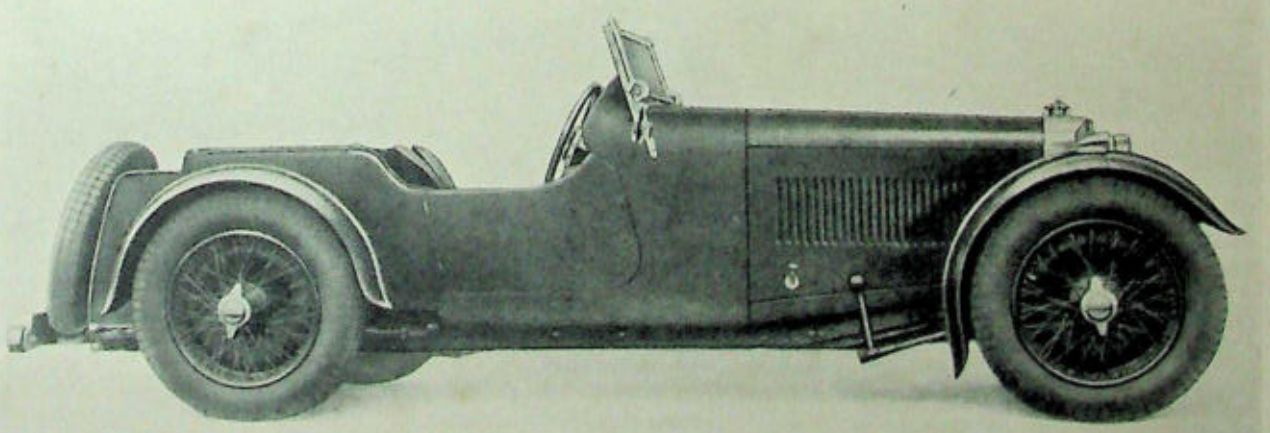
Owing to the severe tests these cars have undergone in the past, they can be relied upon to stand up to practically any treatment they are likely to receive at the hands of a private owner.

On the road the performance of the Le Mans model is very good indeed, for although it has all the qualifications of a thoroughbred racer, it is practically as docile on top gear as a high-grade touring car.

Its road-holding qualities are about as good as they could be, and corners can be taken at a speed that would be out of the question with any ordinary car. The brakes are very powerful, and the car can be pulled up in 28ft. when travelling at a speed of 30 miles per hour. The steering is light and responsive, and this, combined with perfect road holding and good brakes, means everything when speed and safety are to be considered.

Such a car is, as can be imagined, a delight to handle on the road, and the driver has at all times a sense of the utmost security. The engine is extraordinarily flexible, notwithstanding the high compression ratio employed, and the S.U. carburettors seem to suit the motor admirably.

There is no sign of flat spots throughout the range of revolutions, and the petrol consumption works out at approximately 27 miles per gallon.



THE ASTON-MARTIN LE MANS 2-4 SEATER

In its earlier days the engine of the 1½-litre Aston-Martin was fitted with side-to-side valves, but the motors are now equipped with overhead valve gear. The present engine is a four-cylinder, having a bore of 69 m.m. and a stroke of 99 m.m., the cubic capacity being 1,493 c.c. The annual tax is £12.

The overhead valves are operated by an overhead camshaft, which is supported by three large diameter bearings, and is driven by a silent chain from the front end of the crankshaft. A point worth mentioning is the fact that the cylinder head, camshaft and valve gear can be removed without dismantling the chain and losing the valve timing. The valves are made of a special steel and have triple springs; each spring, therefore, is lowly stressed, and the possibility of a breakage occurring is remote.

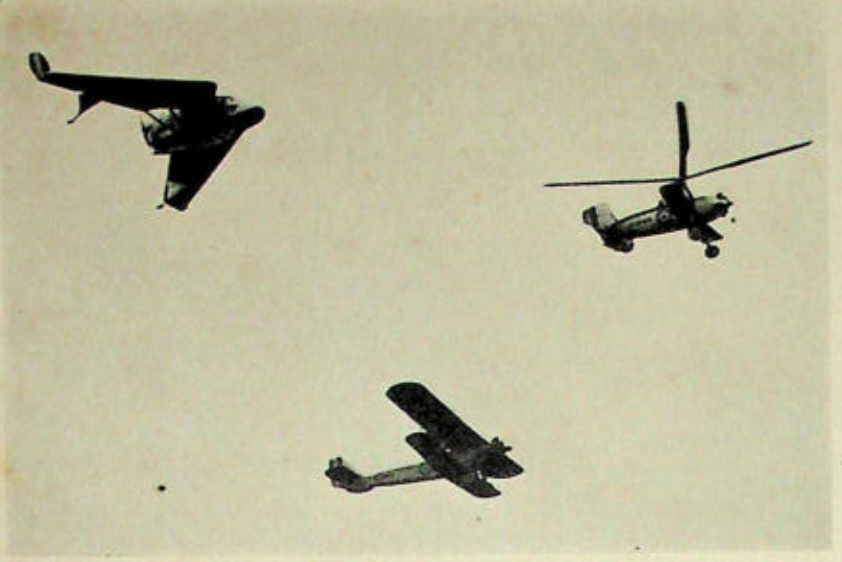
The compression ratio of the Le Mans model is 7.5 to 1, and at the maximum engine revolutions, *i.e.*, 4,750, 70 b.h.p., is developed. The lubrication of the motor is carried out on the dry sump principle. The oil tank is situated between the front dumb irons.

There are two pumps; one of which draws the oil from the sump and returns it to the tank, thereby acting as a scavenger, while the other delivers oil under pressure from the tank to the engine. The great advantage of this system is that the oil can never exceed a certain temperature, so that it retains its viscosity under the most rigorous conditions.

The capacity of the tank is 2½ gallons. The cooling of the engine is on the thermo-syphon principle, but it is also assisted by means of a pump which is bolted on the front end of the timing cover. Twin S.U. carburettors are employed, and are bolted on to one manifold. The petrol tank holds 19 gallons, and is situated at the rear of the chassis.

Fuel is fed to the two carburettors by means of twin Autopulse electric pumps, these being controlled by a switch on the dashboard; and either one or both can be used at a time. With a full tank there is sufficient fuel for a journey of over 500 miles. On the Le Mans type a mixture of 50 per cent. pure Benzol and No. 1 petrol should be used.

The gear-box, which is mounted on the engine, has four forward speeds and reverse: top speed having a ratio of 4.66 to 1, third, 5.91 to 1, second, 8.7 to 1 and low, 14 to 1. It will be seen, therefore, that close ratio gears



PTERODACTYL, AUTOGYRO AND A HANDLEY-PAGE WITH SLOTTED WINGS
Two modern tendencies towards safer flying are the evolution of the autogyro and the wider use of slotted wings

are chosen—an important point in cars of this class. A speed of 84 miles per hour is achieved on top gear, when the engine is turning at 4,750 engine revolutions.

Final drive is through an open propeller shaft and spiral gears. Marles cam steering is employed, giving a fairly high ratio, which is necessary when high speed is indulged in. The brakes are mechanically operated, but have no compensating mechanism; instead, each is fitted with a separate adjustment which is readily accessible.

In order to keep the unsprung weight down to a minimum, aluminium brake drums are used and the liners are shrunk on. Their diameter is 14in. Rudge-Whitworth wire wheels are fitted as standard, and are shod with Dunlop tyres, size 5.25in. The 12-volt. dynamo is driven direct off the front end of the crankshaft, this acting at the same time as a torsional damper.

The standard Le Mans body is a two-four seater; the back seats, although capable of seating two people for a short journey, are more suitable for the accommodation of luggage. Both front seats are adjustable, and afford the maximum amount of comfort. The windscreen is set close up to the steering wheel, giving ample protection.

The hood is concealed in the back of the tonneau, and the cover buttons over this and the back seats. The front mudguards are of the cycle type, and turn with the wheels, this pattern having been first used in competition work in 1929.

Taken all in all, the car may well be termed a thoroughbred in every meaning of the word, and can be driven at high or at low speed with equal comfort. It is British built throughout, the Aston-Martin works being situated at Feltham in Middlesex. The price of the Le Mans model, complete with full equipment, is £595. The wheelbase is 8ft. 6in., the track 4ft. 4in., and the weight 19cwt.

OVERSEAS SERVICE

ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY MOTORS, LTD., have always believed in assisting the owners of their cars by means of adequate service facilities, and a few years ago they very wisely commenced to develop the same idea overseas.

Thus in South Africa the company, having successfully started its own service depots in Durban and Johannesburg, is shortly opening another service station in Cape Town. In Canada at Ottawa and in Australia at Sydney similar depots have been established for a number of years.

The latest extension of the plan is to open a new service depot in Calcutta, for which purpose Mr. H. P. Henry, one of the directors of the firm, has just left England.

SAFER FLYING

How Risks are being Eliminated

AIR accidents have been much in the news again during the past few weeks, and it is to be feared that the prominence given, in some sensational quarters, to these events may have once more given life to the belief that flying is less safe than other means of transport.

There is no need to remind readers of this page of the amazing record of safety set up by the world's leading air lines, particularly those of this country; while the freedom from accident of the aeroplane clubs is another, and perhaps even more striking, circumstance. The low accident rate in the clubs is, indeed, a remarkable tribute to the safety of the modern aeroplane, for it must be remembered that a large number of members are comparatively inexperienced.

Such disasters as that to the great six-engined Russian K-7 machine, designed to carry 128 passengers, do, however, remain in the public memory long after the favourable reports of such organisations as Imperial Airways, with their relatively unattractive arrays of statistics, have passed into the realm of the forgotten.

It is, therefore, extremely timely that the Annual Report on the Health of the Royal Air Force should recently have been issued. Service flying is admittedly more dangerous than any other, for the military pilot must, as part of his normal training, take risks that are prohibited to the civil or commercial aviator. Not long ago, the rate of fatalities in the R.A.F. led to considerable disquiet, but there has been steady improvement over the past few years; and 1933 has been no exception.

The most striking point that emerges from this report is that actual flying does not appear to be the most dangerous activity of the R.A.F. Accidents directly connected with flying during 1932 occurred to one out of every 230 members of the R.A.F., yet as high a ratio as one in 27 met with injury sustained in athletics. This is a very remarkable piece of evidence, which goes to show that the risks of Service flying—risks that are inevitable—are steadily being minimised by improved training methods and the use of up-to-date flying equipment.

Motoring seems to be a far more prolific cause of accidents to the personnel of the R.A.F.—a fact that stresses that flying risks are by no means the sole cause of injury and fatality to military aviators, who apparently find the air safer than the road.

There is, in fact, clear all-round evidence that flying is becoming safer than ever, and safer in the right sense—the safety that depends less and less on the variable human element.

Aeroplanes which are easy to fly are a great aid to safety, since they do not impose so continuous a strain on the pilot that he becomes tired at the end of a long flight, and thus less able to make a good landing. Most modern machines, particularly monoplane types, can be flown for considerable periods "hands off." Among technical advances leading to safety in the air is the improvement of controllability below the stalling speed, while it is generally conceded that the universal fitting of wheel brakes, and on some machines air brakes, is a powerful aid to danger-free landing—the greatest of all safety problems.

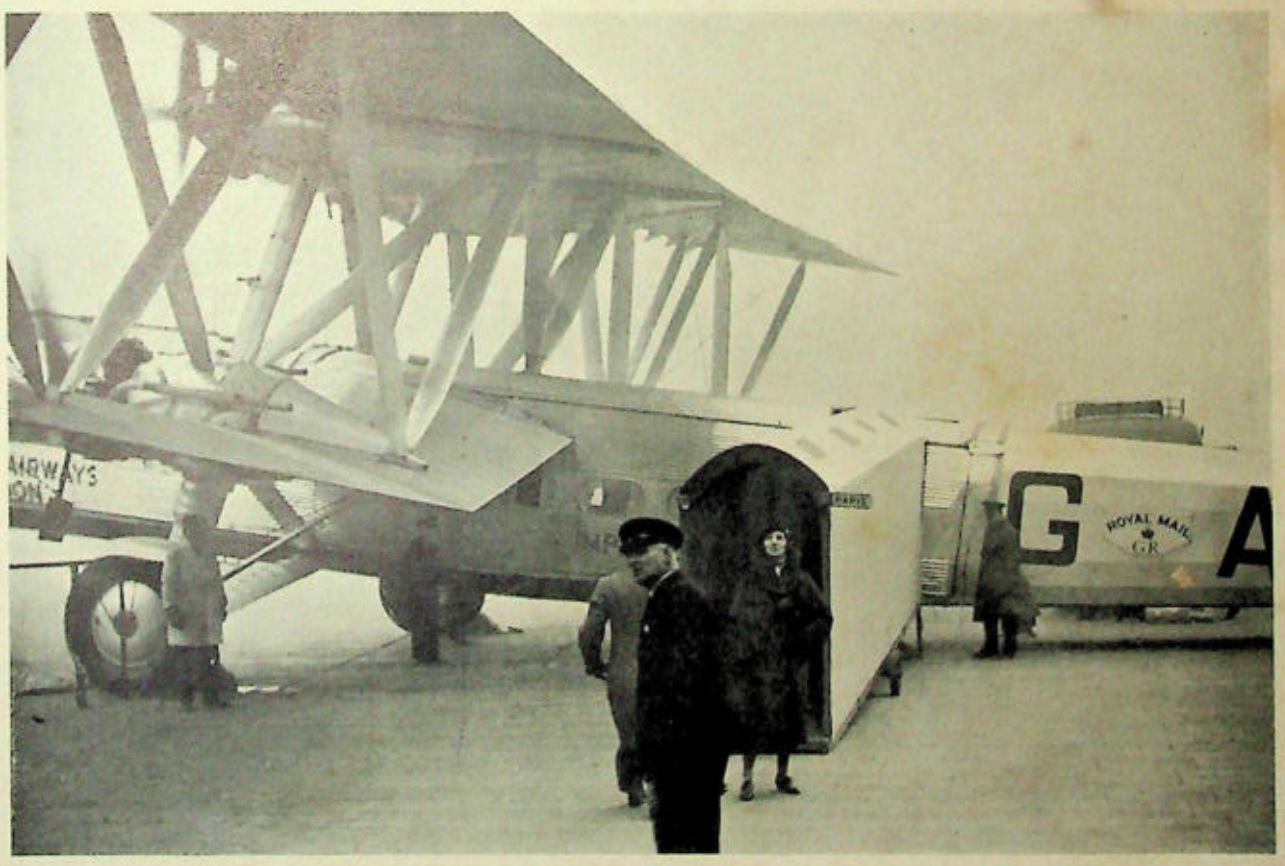
Further lines of development towards greater security are the evolution of the autogyro, the wider use of slotted wings, and the investigations now being made into the use of trailing-edge flaps and wing-tip rotors.

Probably one of the greatest contributions towards the safety of flying is the rapid progress of the heavy-oil engine. Fire in the air is even more appalling than fire at sea, and many brilliant aviators would still be with us if their machines had not burst into flames after a crash or a bad landing. The heavy-oil engine does, to a very great extent if not entirely, eliminate this danger of fire, since the flash point of the fuel used is much higher than that of aviation spirit.

Another development which illustrates how risks are being eliminated is the proposed zone-system for Croydon aerodrome. This, briefly, provides that machines not equipped with wireless shall not approach the aerodrome when fog exists, in order that collision in the air may be avoided. Though this may seem repressive to private flying, the general consensus of opinion is that it represents a notable step forward in the interests of all those who fly, since the potential danger of a "blind" machine cruising in fog is enormous.

The reduction of landing speeds, the improvement of the speed range, and the simplification of wireless are all points that are making for greater safety; and the position now is that the flying public has little reason to fear the possibility of disastrous accident, in comparison with the heavy toll of the roads which is all too frequently taken as a matter of course.

R. M. A. B.



MAKING AIR TRAVEL PLEASANTER
Passengers leaving Croydon for Paris now enter the plane by means of an enclosed gangway, which protects them from the whirl set up by the propellers and from flying specks of oil

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF SOUTHERN RHODESIA

An Experience That Will Never Be Forgotten

IN these days there is no need to describe a voyage on a mail-boat. It is about as adventurous as a rest cure in a well-run nursing home. My wife and I walked on to a ship at Southampton and seventeen days later walked off again into a waiting train at Cape Town, already acclimatised for the country we were to visit.

At ten in the morning, two days later, we were in Bulawayo, nearly fourteen hundred miles from Table Bay and four-and-a-half thousand feet above sea level. It was May, and we needed our English clothes. So far it had all been rather disappointingly simple. At Bulawayo we had, for the first time, to think for ourselves. We felt that our first excursion in Rhodesia should be a pilgrimage to the grave of Cecil Rhodes.

A car was chartered at the hotel, and in half an hour we were in amongst the Matopos mountains.

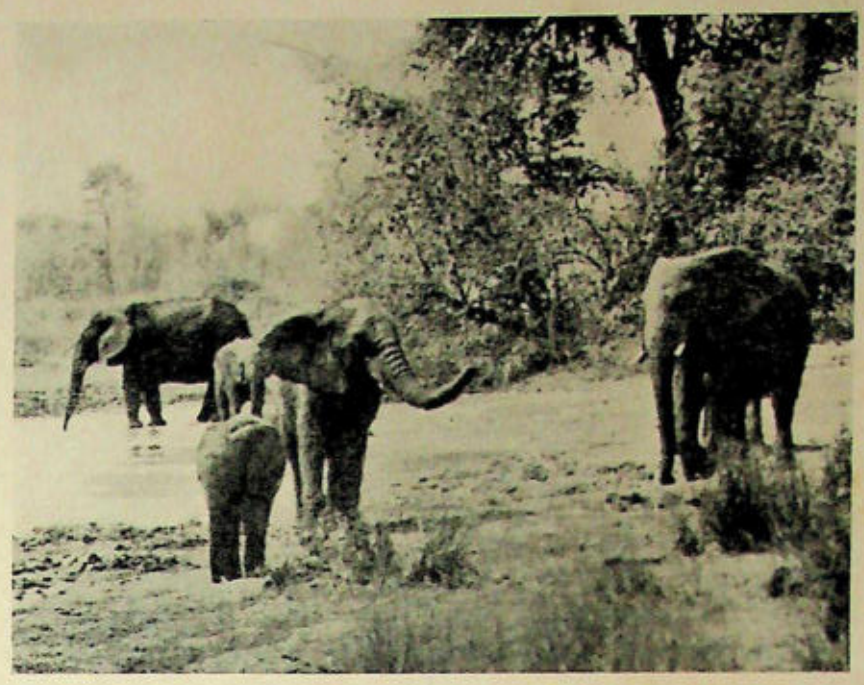
Why do the guide books describe these lovely granite hills as a "range?" They are not. "Range" suggests some order—a line or chain of mountains ranked more or less in a row, place himself and called it "A view of the world."

As far as the eye can reach in every direction rise hills of weird and fantastic forms, most of them piled with vast granite boulders broken into impossible shapes and balanced in impossible positions.

Under the cloudless blue sky the colours are extraordinarily beautiful. Greens in valleys, browns and yellows as the eye climbed the heights, the bare grey granite near the summits splashed here and there with lichens of countless shades. It was easy to imagine the spirit of the great dreamer brooding, solitary, on the chaos around him.

If I have given undue space to this our first day's excursion in Rhodesia it is because it was the first, and because it invoked an enthusiasm for the country that nothing can ever dim.

A day spent in Bulawayo and we were off again. The train left at 2 p.m. and we reached the Victoria Falls Hotel, which is beside the Station, before 7 the next morning.



IN THE KAZUMA PAN RESERVE

"Elephant we saw, roaming free . . . it is extraordinary how soon the wildest animals realise when they are safe from even such a strange thing as a motor car"



"A DISTINGUISHING FEATURE OF THE MATOPOS IS THE ENTIRE ABSENCE OF ORDER"

"As far as the eye can reach rise hills of weird and fantastic forms, most of them piled with vast granite boulders broken into impossible shapes and balanced in impossible positions"

A distinguishing feature of the Matopos is the entire absence of order. They are massed in hopeless confusion and completely cover an area of about 50 by 30 miles.

The Grave (Rhodesians speak of it like that, with a capital "G") is on the summit of a solitary mountain in the midst of this wild panorama. Cut down into the living rock, it is marked by a plain bronze tablet bearing the inscription, "Here lie the remains of Cecil John Rhodes." It is magnificent in its simplicity. No Pharaoh in his pyramid had so mighty or resplendent a tomb. Rhodes chose the

I will not attempt to describe what we saw that day because, *pace* the guide-book writers, we repeated it all the next day in a much better sequence. We came down the mile-wide Zambesi, as did Livingstone 78 years ago. We saw the river placidly running between low, forest-clad banks; the surface broken here and there by palm-covered islands. (What a river to fish!) There are no mountains in view, but low across the blue sky ahead of us hung an oblong cloud.

As we approached this cloud there came a roar as of a ceaseless barrage of mighty artillery. Almost suddenly we realised that a third bank, of the same height as those on either side, completely barred the progress of the river. Under our eyes the whole mighty stream inexplicably disappeared.

We landed on the right (S. Rhodesian) bank and continued a few hundred yards on foot. The mystery was revealed. The whole river, in one straight line, was falling 400ft. into a long narrow crack. The noise was deafening, the sight almost terrifying in its immensity and awful beauty. Was this pit bottomless, as it seemed? The flood poured eternally in, but what happened to the furious and tortured waters? No outlet was visible. Why did not this great black fissure in the earth's surface fill up?

Turning sharply to the left, we walked along the edge of the precipitous "third bank" amongst the dripping trees and ferns. We were in front of the river, facing its onrush, distant by 100ft. or less from the wall of solid water as it took its sheer plunge into the abyss. In this "third bank," along which we walked, nature has provided a grand-stand—a dress circle—level with the stage. But it is too close, the angle is too wide, the scene too vast. No human eye can see it, and no camera picture it, all at once. The uprush of air continually threw up great columns of spray which joined the line of overhanging cloud and occasionally drenched us. This spray alternately hid and revealed the amazing scenes before us.

Thus we walked on till we had covered three-quarters of a mile and three-quarters of the way towards the Northern Rhodesia side, when the second mystery was revealed. The waters of the mile-wide river were rushing, panic-stricken, out from their prison into a deep and narrow gorge set, in one corner, at right angles to the chasm that confined them.

For the next 20 or 30 miles the river, hidden below the surface of the surrounding country, zig-zags its way in a deep and tortuous canyon. As we found the next day, the twists and turns of the river's course below the Falls are so abrupt that in places one can stand with knife-edge precipices on either side, at the bottom of which the river runs in directly opposite directions.

While at the Falls we learned, almost by accident, that the Southern Rhodesia Government has set aside a tract of country as a Game Sanctuary and that it was accessible by car from the hotel. By arrangement with the game ranger we were taken, under escort, a 50-mile drive along the southern bank of the Zambesi, towards the Kazuma Pan Reserve on the Bechuanaland border.

To attempt to describe that expedition into the primeval wilds in any detail would be absurd. Elephant we saw roaming free, and lion, in which we were lucky (though my wife expressed doubts about this)—various antelope and huge flocks of guinea-fowl. It is extraordinary how soon the wildest animals realise when they are safe from even such a strange thing as a motor car.

From the Victoria Falls we went to Salisbury, from Salisbury to Umtali, and from thence, by car, to Chimanimani Mountains and to Inyanga—the Switzerland of Rhodesia,—and if every day of this journey were adequately described it would fill an issue of the *Field*.

S. R.

ANSWERS to CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored.

Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem examination, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. ***Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.*** *No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.*

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges, Class VI. Division I. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible.*

Angling

How to Filter Fish Pond Water for the House. The trouble from small fish, etc., getting into the intake pipe of your pump can easily be overcome. Fill a tub (a galvanised iron one is better than wood) with clean gravel, and turn the end of the intake pipe down into it with a bend. The tub should be a fair size in diameter, so as not to put too much "friction head" on the pump.—*"Country House Owner," Bucks.*

Where to Fish in January. Salmon fishing in Scotland opens, in one or two early rivers in the extreme North, on January 11th, but you are not likely to be able to obtain a rod on any of them at such short notice. Several Irish streams are open in January. There is a note about them in our "From River, Loch and Sea" column of December 23rd. For full particulars of the possibilities see the *Field's* volume *Where to Fish* (5/- net).—*B. L. B., London.*

How to Get Rid of Weed. The weed which troubles you is the so-called American weed (*Elodea canadensis*). It is certainly better than no weed at all, as it keeps the water oxygenated, but in ponds its free and often overwhelming growth can make it an unmitigated nuisance. There is no effective way of getting rid of it. Both swans and ducks will keep it down to some extent. Your best plan will be to rake patches out by the roots. If there is a stream through the pond, rake out a circuitous course for it through the weed beds and the current will tend to keep it clear.—*H. H., London.*

When to Move Fish. Cold weather is better than warm, and with modern appliances fish can be moved at almost any time of the year, though it is always better to call in professional assistance if the stock is valuable. Grayling have the reputation of travelling badly, but of recent years they have been successfully moved long distances by motor lorry. The main point is to see that the water temperature in the cans is the same as the river into which the fish are to be put. This adjustment should be made gradually by pouring buckets of water into the fish carriers, and the fish turned very gently into the river. —*E. R. B., Worcs.*

Country House

Squash and Lawn Tennis near London. Concerning facilities for squash rackets, lawn tennis and rackets near London, we would recommend you to get into touch with Lieut.-Colonel G. E. Bruce, M.C., the secretary of Queen's Club, London, W. 14. Country clubs which enter for squash and have hard courts are the R.A.C. Country Club at Epsom, whose secretary is Commander S. T. Armstrong, the Royal Automobile Club, Pall Mall, London, S.W. 11, and the Great Fosters Club at Egham, whose secretary will supply you with particulars of membership. For indoor lawn tennis there is the Covered Courts Club at Dulwich. The Toksowa Hotel at Dulwich Common, S.E. 21, advertises golf and lawn tennis among its attractions. The manageress would supply you with full details.—*J. G. S. B., Chichester.*

Making a Filter. There are, of course, a number of different designs of filters for the purpose you mention, and you could no doubt get one from any substantial ironmonger. At the same time, it is not really necessary to do more than have a home-made filter, and one type which you would probably find satisfactory is simply an ordinary barrel with about a foot of sand at the bottom and the rest filled up with fairly small gravel. A pipe can be run out of this to the underground tank, and you should have no trouble with the water being dirty. It should, however, be so arranged with a box round the end of the pipe so that the sand itself does not wash into the tank. With regard to guttering, you will find that metal as a rule lasts better than wood, and with regard to the width this will depend on the thickness of the thatch. If there are other thatched roofs in the neighbourhood you will probably find a local man who understands what is wanted. If there is difficulty in getting metal guttering of a required width creosoted wood would no doubt answer the purpose.—*W. E. F., Rye.*

Farm

Feeding Cod-liver Oil to Pigs. The reputable brands of cod-liver oil which carry a guarantee of quality can be fed economically to pigs. Breeding sows kept indoors will benefit, and also pork pigs which are growing fast. There is no risk of the flesh being tainted if "Plough" brand cod-liver oil, manufactured by Messrs. Allen & Hanbury's or Boots' cod liver oil are used. You will realise that there is a considerable difference in the value of the oil for feeding purposes and that only guaranteed products are worth using.—*L. C. P., Wilts.*

Kennel

Dog Suffering from Diabetes. The Royal Veterinary College, Camden Town, London, would be in the best position to confirm the diagnosis, and advise you as regards the Insulin treatment.—*E. B. B., Surrey.*

Cure for Worms.—Charcoal is not a vermicide, but when given over a period of time apparently renders their habitat distasteful to the worms and so favours their expulsion. Charcoal is quite inert and harmless, so may be given in teaspoonful doses mixed with the food of dogs of all ages, or in the form of tablets, which are obtainable from the chemists.—*F. M. H., Ledbury.*

Australian Terriers.—Australian terriers may have either erect or drop ears, but there is no doubt that the prick-eared ones look smarter. The jaws should be long for the size of the dog. Correct colours: blue or grey body, with rich tan on legs and face, or clear sandy or red. Black is disliked. The coat should be straight and hard, and the weight between 8lb. to 14lb. Body rather long in proportion to height.—*L. J. D., Westbury.*

Library

Book on Fly Dressing. We think you have in mind one of two books which came out about a year ago: (1) *Trout Flies*, by A. Courtney Williams (A. & C. Black; 21/- net). This is a very unusual book, which gives the history and other particulars of many of the standard flies as well as their dressings, and has several very practical chapters on fly fishing; (2) *Fly Dressing*, by J. Bernard (Herbert Jenkins; 7/6 net). This is a book devoted exclusively to fly tying; the bulk of it consists of a list of dressings, of which several hundred are given in detail. —*R. A. B., Yorks.*

Naturalist

Winter Moths. The grey, flimsy-winged moth seen outlined against the window (outside) on a night of strong N.E. wind in December, was a winter moth (*Cheimatobia brumata*). It is unusual, of course, for this to be on the wing during periods of frost or cold wind, at which times such specimens as have emerged take refuge in bark crevices on the sheltered side of tree trunks, etc., but a warm night any time between October and mid-January will bring them out in hundreds. They are strongly attracted to light, and may be seen fluttering around street lamps and against the lighted windows of rooms. Only the male flies, the female being a squat, wingless creature, more like a spider than a moth.—*W. G. L., Wimbledon.*

Birds and Berries. When one hawthorn in a hedgerow retains its berries long after all the others have been stripped bare by the birds, it may mean that it has been slower in ripening, but a more probable reason would be the adoption of this particular tree by a missel thrush. It is the habit of this bold, aggressive bird to single out a tree or trees as its own special property, and to spend the whole day driving away the hordes of hungry blackbirds, redwings and song thrushes, thus keeping a "larder" of berries for its own use. In a prolonged frost, the missel thrush's efforts do not avail for long, for while one band of marauders is being driven out, others, emboldened by hunger, will slip in behind the defender's back. In the meantime, the harsh jarring cries of the missel thrush are usually to be heard wherever a richly-berried tree shows upagainst the bare brown background of winter hedges.—*F. C. B., Bromley.*

Shooting

Magnum Rifles. (1) As authorities hold diverse opinions it is difficult to define the term "Magnum" as applied to rifles. Stonehenge in 1884 described them as "those rifles which carry bullets heavier than 400 grains," etc., whereas others describe them as rifles in which, owing to the introduction of heavy powder charges, a bottle-necked case is employed, which latter definition appears to be more generally accepted. As far as can be ascertained the term first came into use about 50 years ago, one of the earliest Magnum rifles being the .500/.450 in which a .500 case necked down to .450 was employed. Then came the .400 firing a 230 grain bullet, followed later by the Holland .275 firing a 160 grain bullet, which latter finally laid at rest Stonehenge's definition. Previous to the introduction of the name Magnum, high velocity sporting rifles were described as Express, a term apparently first used by Greener in the year 1856.

(2) Rifles such as you describe are made for two kinds of cartridges, namely, flanged and belted rimless, containing respectively 60 grains and 62 grains of powder, the muzzle velocity of the former being quoted as 2,600ft. per second and the latter as 2,700ft. *J. T., Sudan.*

Cartridge Tests

Your brown cartridges contained 34½ grains of Empire powder and 1oz. No. 5 shot. The velocity recorded from a choke barrel was 1,114ft. per second with medium recoil. Patterns were close but slightly irregular, averaging 75 per cent. in a 30in. circle at 40yds.

The green cartridges contained 33½ grains of Empire powder and 1oz. of No. 5 shot. The velocity recorded was 1,084ft. with rather low recoil. Patterns were rather patchy and only averaged 50 per cent.

Your request for report on shooting from an improved cylinder barrel, unfortunately, cannot be complied with, as we only report on patterns from choke or cylinder barrels there being no acknowledged standard boring for improved cylinders and in consequence the amount of constriction in the bore is at the discretion of the gunmaker.

There is no doubt the brown cartridges would be found most successful. We, however, recommend you to shoot your gun at a 40yds. target before deciding upon any special load. With an improved cylinder you should get approximately 50 per cent. of the pellets in a 30in. circle as against 60 per cent. from a modified choke and 70 per cent. from a full choke (an ounce of No. 5 English shot contains 220 pellets).—*T. D. S.-S., Corbridge.*

Stable

Obtaining Welsh Ponies.—Your best plan would be to obtain a copy of the *Welsh Pony Stud Book*, Queen Building, Queen Street, Wrexham. Messrs. A. W. Rouch,. 161, Strand, London, W.C. 2, have a large selection of photographs of Welsh ponies.—*C. K. B., New York.*

Residential Riding Schools. If you require a residential riding school for three months you could not do better than apply to the following: Captain J. Hance, Equitation School, Malvern; Mr. S. Marsh, Scamperdale Stables, Redhill, Surrey; Major H. Faudel-Phillips, Phillip Temple House, Theobald's Park, Waltham Cross, Herts.—*E. J. S., St. Ives.*

Marketing an Arab. There is quite a good market for Arabs in this country if the right customer can be found. Arabs as a rule cross well with the pony breeds. Perhaps your best plan, before sending your Arab to England, would be to communicate with the Secretary of the Arab Horse Society, Brig.-General W. H. Anderson, Cavalry Club, London, W. 1.—*B. C. S., Egypt.*

Information Wanted

RINGED WOODCOCK

THE HON. ERNEST GUINNESS, owner of the Ashford Estate, Cong, Co. Galway, has marked a number of young woodcock this year. The rings are stamped:—

G. CONG 33 IRELAND

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

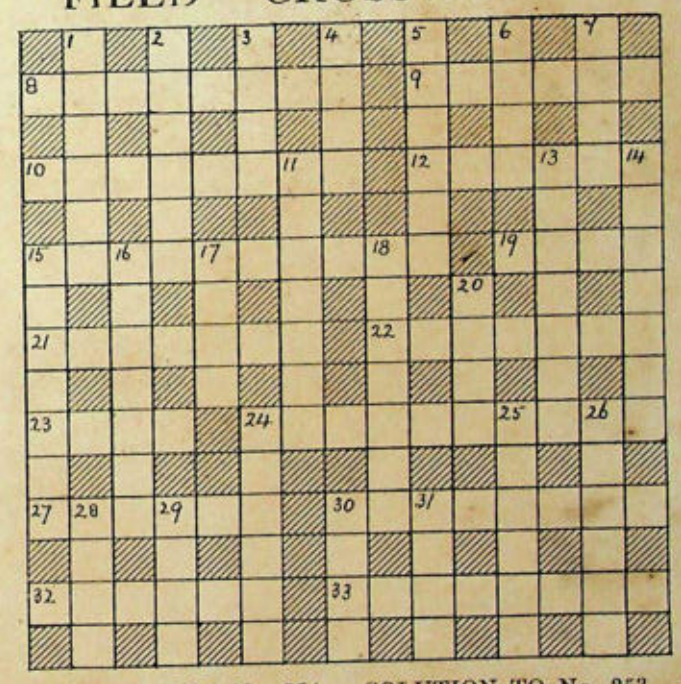
HORSE SALES OF THE WEEK

Leicester

MESSRS. WARNER SHEPPARD & WADE, LTD., held their last sale of the year on Saturday, December 16th, when the highest price, 155gs., was paid for Mr. John Wither's brown gelding Billy Boy. The grey gelding Superman, ridden by Mr. B. Balding and Miss Judy Balding, went for 120gs., and Mr. S. A. B. Harries got 110gs. for his chestnut gelding Blue Peter.

The following were the principal lots sold: Property of Mr. John Withers: Billy Boy, br g, 155gs. Property of Mr. J. D'Arcy Hartley: Biddy, br m, 70gs. Property of Mr. E. Tinley: Greta, ch m, 55gs. Property of Mr. H. Beeby: Rambler, b m, 65gs.; Waverley, b m, 68gs.; Pip, gr m, 50gs. Property of Mr. S. A. B. Harries: Blue Peter, ch g, 110gs. Hunted by Mr. B. Balding and Miss Judy Balding: Superman, gr g, 120gs.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE



CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 254

ACROSS.—*, Wayward. 9, Expresses. 10, If the waters are this, use oil. 12, Ragged (anag.). 15, Miserably. 19, Thin flat piece of stone. 21, Pulpit. 22, People with no stability of character lack this. 23, "The thousand natural shocks That flesh is —— to."—(*Hamlet.*) 24, Characteristic qualities. 27, Form of poem favoured by Shakespeare, Milton and Wordsworth. 30, "The —— of neighb'ring eyes."—(Milton.) 32, Turbulent woman. 33, Hot-tempered person.

DOWN.—1, This reigned in France in 1793-4. 2, A beast? No! begone! 3, Spoken. 4, Ward off. 5, The first part will do the second to you after a dip. 6, Male deer. 7, "This above all, To thine own self be ——."—(*Hamlet.*) 11, The ancients thought that fire was this. 13, Brave. 14, Discounts. 15, What a sentry does. 16, A first one may be valuable. 17, One of 36 on this page. 18, "O ——! how many crimes have been committed in thy name!" 20, Stick with one thick end. 24, Writer. 25, Not free from danger. 26, Mistakes. 28, Leave out. 29, Close. 30, State of affairs. 31, On the this is without delay.

SOLUTION TO No. 253. Published December 23rd

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

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